

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

REVISED

11/06/00 be

11/06/00 pk

11/08/00 yw

"Prophecy"

40840-260

Story
by
Larry Nemecek & J. Kelley Burke
and
Raf Green & Kenneth Biller

Teleplay
by
Mike Sussman & Phyllis Strong

Directed
by
Terry Windell

FINAL DRAFT

NOVEMBER 3, 2000

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Prophecy"

SETS

INTERIORS

EXTERIORS

VOYAGER

SPACE/VOYAGER

ASTROMETRICS LAB
BRIDGE
BRIEFING ROOM
CARGO BAY
CORRIDOR
ENGINEERING
MESS HALL
PARIS/TORRES' QUARTERS
READY ROOM
SHUTTLEBAY
SICKBAY
TRANSPORTER ROOM
TUVOK'S QUARTERS

HOLODECK/CAVES

KLINGON SHIP
BRIDGE

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Prophecy"

CAST

JANEWAY

KOHLAR

CHAKOTAY

T'GRETH

KIM

MORAK

PARIS

CH'REGHA

DOCTOR

TUVOK

TORRES

SEVEN OF NINE

NEELIX

COMPUTER VOICE

Non-Speaking

Non-Speaking

N.D. SUPERNUMERARIES

STAR TREK: VOYAGER"Prophecy"PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

STO-VO-KOR	STO-vo-kor
METAPHASIC	meh-tuh-FAZE-ick
KOHLAR	KO-lar
NAY' POQ	NAY-pok
KHITOMER	KIT-uh-mur
T' GRETH	tih-GRETH
KUVAH' MAGH	koo-vuh-MAKH
GAGH	GAKH
MORAK	mor-AK
KAHLESS	KAY-less
L' NAAN	lih-NAHN
KOLAX	KO-laks
AMAR	AY-mahr
TALI J	tuh-LEEJ
K' RENE	KAY-reen
KRELIK	KRELL-ik
P' TAK	puh-TAHK
MUR' EQ	mur-EK
CH' REGHA	chih-RAY-guh
BRAK' T	BRAKT
TAGH	TAKH
NEHRET	nuh-REHT
PAR' MACHKAI	par-much-KI
QAPLA'	kuh-PLAH

STAR TREK: VOYAGER"Prophecy"TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE (OPTICAL) 1

An antiquated KLINGON BATTLE CRUISER travelling at impulse.

2 INT. KLINGON BRIDGE 2

In a worn, rusting command center, several Klingon warriors are gathered around a pedestal atop which lies the BODY of their dead CAPTAIN. His face is MOTTLED with disease, his hands wrapped around a knife in a death pose. The ship's new commander, KOHLAR, is leading his troops in prayer. Their heads are bowed.

KOHLAR

Open your gates, Sto-Vo-Kor.
Welcome this honored warrior into
your halls.

A beat. The prayer over, they raise their heads.
Kohlar looks at the body, rueful.

KOHLAR

He should have died in battle.

The ship's First Officer, T'GRETH, steps forward, puts a hand on Kohlar's shoulder.

T'GRETH

He lead us to many victories.
He'll be welcomed into Sto-Vo-Kor.

T'GRETH removes the knife from the hands of the dead Captain and hands it to Kohlar.

T'GRETH

This is yours now... Captain.

Kohlar accepts the knife with a grateful nod and slips it into a sheath. He addresses the others.

KOHLAR

Scan for a worthy resting place to
bury his body.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

The assembled warriors move toward their posts, others EXIT. Suddenly, there's an ALERT from the tactical console. The ship's Second Officer, MORAK, moves to his panel.

MORAK

I'm detecting a vessel... range,
one-half light year.

(beat)

It has a Federation signature.

A beat as the crew REACT to this astonishing news.

KOHLAR

Visual.

3 INCLUDE VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL) 3

The screen changes to show Voyager, travelling at impulse.

KOHLAR

Have they detected us?

MORAK

Not yet.

KOHLAR

Engage the cloak! Battle
stations!

(beat)

It's time to honor our fallen
Captain with another victory.

An ALERT FLASHES as the crew ready for battle. OFF the scene...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

(NOTE: Episode credits fall over opening scenes.)

4	EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)	4
	at impulse as it's struck by disruptor FIRE from (O.C.).	
5	OMITTED	5

6 INT. BRIDGE (CONTINUOUS)

6

RED ALERT. PARIS, KIM, TUVOK, CHAKOTAY and N.D.s at stations. JANEWAY ENTERS from her Ready Room.

JANEWAY

Report.

PARIS

A ship just decloaked off the port stern.

JANEWAY

Can you identify them?

KIM

(working)

They recloaked.

The ship suddenly SHAKES again.

TUVOK

That disruptor blast had a Klingon signature.

Janeway and the crew REACT to this...

JANEWAY

Evasive maneuvers.
(to Tuvok)
Hail them.

TUVOK

(beat)
No response.

7 EXT. SPACE (OPTICAL) 7

The Klingon ship SHIMMERS into view and FIRES its disruptors at Voyager!

8 INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS 8

Another sharp JOLT! Tuvok works his panel.

TUVOK

Port shields are down to fifty percent.

KIM

They've recloak again.

TUVOK

(off console)

The tetrion readings indicate it's a D-Seven Class cruiser.

PARIS

D-Seven? Those were retired decades ago.

TUVOK

If their technology is antiquated...

Chakotay sees where Tuvok is going with this.

CHAKOTAY

A metaphasic scan might be able to penetrate their cloak.

JANEWAY

Do it.

CHAKOTAY

Bridge to Astrometrics...

INTERCUT:

9 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB (OPTICAL) 9

Red Alert. SEVEN OF NINE at her console.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

CHAKOTAY'S COM VOICE
Initiate a metaphasic sweep.

Seven works. After a beat, the DOMESCREEN shows a
SILHOUETTE of the Klingon ship.

SEVEN OF NINE
I've detected a vessel.
Transferring the trajectory to
Tactical.

A beat.

TUVOK
I have them.

JANEWAY
Fire phasers.

10 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

10

Voyager FIRES, hitting the cloaked ship. As it FRITZES
into view...

11 INT. KLINGON BRIDGE

11

JOLTED hard, SPARKS flying, VENTING nitrogen!

MORAK
Our cloak has failed!

KOHLAR
Divert emergency power to shields!

The ship JOLTS again.

MORAK
Forward emitters are off-line.

Morak's console BEEPS.

MORAK
The Federation ship is hailing
again.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

KOHLAR
Answer them.

T'GRETH
(protesting)
Captain --

KOHLAR
It may give us time to get the
cloak back on-line.
(beat)
Visual.

12 INCLUDE VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

12

where Janeway APPEARS, speaking from the Bridge of
Voyager.

JANEWAY
This is Captain Kathryn Janeway of
the Federation Starship Voyager.
Stand down.

KOHLAR
We will not surrender to sworn
enemies of the Klingon Empire!

INTERCUT:

13 INT. BRIDGE

13

Janeway shares a confused look with Chakotay.

JANEWAY
I think there's been a
misunderstanding. The Empire
signed a peace treaty with the
Federation... more than eighty
years ago. If I'm not mistaken,
it's still in effect.

KOHLAR
You're lying.

JANEWAY
I'm not lying. But even if I
were, your ship is no match for
mine.

A beat. Kohlar doesn't have a good response for that.

JANEWAY
I suggest we discuss this.

KOHLAR
What is there to talk about?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

JANEWAY

The treaty, for one thing. I'll give you access to our database, show you I'm telling the truth.

KOHLAR

(skeptical)

Databases can be falsified.

A beat as Janeway considers.

JANEWAY

I have a Klingon serving aboard this ship.

KOHLAR

Impossible.

JANEWAY

She's my Chief Engineer.

Kohlar eyes her, clearly intrigued.

KOHLAR

I will meet this "Chief Engineer."

JANEWAY

We'd be... honored to have you as our guest.

OFF Kohlar, considering the request...

TIME CUT TO:

14 INT. CORRIDOR

14

Still at Red Alert. Janeway and Tuvok escort Kohlar out of the Transporter Room, followed by a SECURITY N.D. Kohlar looks around cautiously.

JANEWAY

You're safe here, you have my word.

KOHLAR

Forgive me if I don't find the "word" of a human very reassuring.

A beat. Janeway's still confused by his attitude, and she wants answers.

JANEWAY

I'd like to know what you're doing in the Delta Quadrant.

KOHLAR

I'm not answering any questions until I see the Klingon.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

They EXIT into a Turbolift. Tuvok shoots Janeway a curious look as the doors CLOSE.

15 INT. BRIEFING ROOM 15

Red Alert. Chakotay and TORRES are waiting. Her pregnancy is just beginning to show. Janeway, Tuvok, Kohlar and the N.D. ENTER.

JANEWAY

Captain Kohlar, Lieutenant Torres,
our Chief Engineer.

A beat as Kohlar eyes her. His gaze falls to her belly. He reacts.

KOHLAR

You're with child.

TORRES

(dry)

That's what the Doctor tells me.

KOHLAR

Did you conceive during the Holy
Month of Nay'Poq?

TORRES

I have no idea.

Kohlar moves a step closer, as if to touch her stomach. Torres takes a cautious step back, looks at him like he's crazy. But he's completely focussed on her.

KOHLAR

It would have been fourteen or
fifteen weeks ago.

Torres glances at Janeway, annoyed. Janeway gives her a look that asks for her patience.

TORRES

That sounds about right...

(beat)

...not that it's any of your
business.

KOHLAR

(abrupt)

I must return to my ship.

The Starfleet Officers exchange looks. Tuvok is suspicious.

TUVOK

Aren't you interested in learning
about the treaty?

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

Chakotay steps forward and offers Kohlar a PADD.

CHAKOTAY

A copy of the Khitomer Accords.

Kohlar takes the PADD, strangely disinterested in it.

KOHLAR

I must return to my vessel.

JANEWAY

Not without your assurance that you won't fire on my ship again.

A beat, then Kohlar looks from Torres to Janeway.

KOHLAR

You have my word.

JANEWAY

(to Tuvok)

Escort Captain Kohlar back to the Transporter Room.

TUVOK

Aye, Captain.

Tuvok and the Security N.D. escort Kohlar to the EXIT.

TORRES

What the hell was that about?

OFF the question...

CUT TO:

16

EXT. SPACE (OPTICAL)

16

Voyager and the Klingon ship holding position.

17

INT. KLINGON BRIDGE

17

Mid-scene. Kohlar is speaking to T'Greth, Morak, and other N.D. Council leaders.

KOHLAR

It's the truth.

T'GRETH

How can you be certain?

KOHLAR

The Scrolls say...

(quoting)

"You will find me after two warring Houses make peace."

Kohlar holds up the Starfleet PADD Chakotay gave him.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED: (2)

17

KOHLAR

Our people and the Federation --
our greatest enemy -- are at
peace.

T'GRETH

So the humans claim. These
"Accords" could be a deception.

KOHLAR

The other signs are present.
(again quoting)
"You will know me before I know
the world."

This snippet of prophecy hangs in the air. After a
beat, Morak figures it out.

MORAK

The child is unborn... it doesn't
"know the world!"

KOHLAR

You interpret the Scrolls well.

Morak nods, pleased at the compliment. But T'Greth is
still skeptical.

T'GRETH

We must verify the evidence.

KOHLAR

Your skepticism darkens my heart,
T'Greth. What "evidence" did our
ancestors have when they began
this journey? Nothing but their
faith.

The other Klingons murmur in agreement.

KOHLAR

Tell the others to prepare.
(beat)
The "Day of Separation" has
arrived.

Morak EXITS. T'Greth gives Kohlar a skeptical look.
OFF this...

18 INT. BRIDGE

18

As before. Kim's console starts to BEEP.

KIM

Captain... the Klingon ship... its core is breaching.

A beat as Janeway and Chakotay REACT to this.

JANEWAY

Red Alert. Hail them.

The lights change to RED ALERT.

19 INCLUDE VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

19

Also on Alert. A rattled-looking Kohlar APPEARS on-screen. There are consoles SPARKING behind him.

KOHLAR

I salute you, Captain. You did more damage to our vessel than my engineer thought.

JANEWAY

We can send over a team to help you establish a containment field.

KOHLAR

There isn't time.

KIM

He's right.

(off console)

Their core's going to breach in less than thirty seconds.

KOHLAR

I'm requesting emergency transport.

TUVOK

Captain... their crew complement is two hundred and four.

Janeway REACTS, but she has no choice.

JANEWAY

Erect forcefields around the Shuttlebay, transport them there.

(to Viewscreen)

Tell your crew to stand by for evacuation.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

KIM
Ten seconds.

As Tuvok works, Chakotay moves to Janeway, his tone ominous.

CHAKOTAY
If we're still too close when their core breaches...

JANEWAY
(to Paris)
Go to warp as soon as their crew is aboard.

Paris nods, works.

KIM
Five... four... three...

Tuvok works his panel.

TUVOK
We have them.

As Paris works...

20 EXT. SPACE (OPTICAL) 20

Voyager jumps to warp as the Klingon ship EXPLODES in a massive fireball!

21 INT. SHUTTLEBAY - CLOSE ANGLE 21

We see a number of Klingon women and children among the crowd. They're carrying a few sacks and other possessions. One child grabs his mother's hand for comfort. REVEAL...

22 WIDE SHOT (OPTICAL) 22

Surrounding the Delta Flyer and another Voyager shuttle, are more than two hundred Klingons, packing every available space. OFF the startling sight...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

23

INT. READY ROOM

23

Kohlar ENTERS, escorted by a Security N.D. Janeway and Tuvok are waiting, their expressions chilly.

KOHLAR

You spared us a dishonorable death.

Janeway glances toward Tuvok, who steps forward, PADD in hand.

TUVOK

Our sensor logs indicate the containment failure was not caused by our weapons.

JANEWAY

You activated a self-destruct sequence.

Kohlar considers a beat, decides to tell the truth.

KOHLAR

It was the only way to get us aboard Voyager.

JANEWAY

(confused)

Why was that so important?

KOHLAR

It's our sacred duty to be here.

JANEWAY

I don't understand.

A beat as Kohlar gathers his thoughts.

KOHLAR

More than a hundred years ago, my great-grandfather was part of a sect which believed the Empire had lost its way. They discovered a sacred text. It told them to embark on a journey to a distant region of the galaxy...

JANEWAY

(realizing)

You've been travelling for four generations...

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

KOHLAR

(nods)

My people have always known the voyage would be long and difficult. But the Scrolls said we would be rewarded.

JANEWAY

How?

KOHLAR

We would find the "Kuvah'Magh."

Janeway gives him a puzzled look.

KOHLAR

"The Savior of our People," the one who will lead us to a new Empire. The Scrolls instruct us to follow her wherever she goes.

Janeway and Tuvok share a look.

JANEWAY

What does any of this have to do with Voyager?

A beat. Then:

KOHLAR

I believe the Kuvah'Magh is the unborn child of B'Elanna Torres.

As Janeway and Tuvok react to the startling statement...

24 INT. BRIEFING ROOM

24

Janeway has just finished explaining the situation to Chakotay, Tuvok, Paris, Kim, Torres, THE DOCTOR and NEELIX.

TORRES

You're joking.

Janeway shakes her head.

JANEWAY

They take their beliefs very seriously.

PARIS

Seriously enough to destroy their own ship.

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

KIM

Couldn't they have just followed us?

JANEWAY

Apparently, their sacred text told them to "cast off the old ways" as soon as they found this... Kuvah'Magh.

TUVOK

They saw their vessel as the last vestige of the "corrupt" Empire.

PARIS

(light)

I was hoping our daughter would be special. But I never dreamed she'd turn out to be the Klingon "Messiah."

TORRES

It's not funny. These are dangerous people. What if they try to hurt the baby?

CHAKOTAY

To them, your baby's sacred. It's unlikely they'd do anything to harm her.

TUVOK

Still, two hundred Klingons pose a significant security threat. I suggest we keep them confined to the Shuttlebay until we can find them a suitable home.

NEELIX

There are women and children down there. We can't just lock them up...

JANEWAY

I agree.

TUVOK

(protesting)

Captain --

JANEWAY

Assign extra security to every deck, and make sure the Klingons know the rules.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

TUVOK
(grudgingly)
The Bridge would have to be off-limits... Engineering, too.

JANEWAY
(nods)
Keep them out of all restricted areas.

TUVOK
And despite their "reverence" for Lieutenant Torres, she should be assigned a twenty-four hour security detail.

TORRES
(dry)
Just what I need.

Kim's trying to digest the implications.

KIM
Where are they going to sleep?

NEELIX
We could "double up" in quarters. I'll ask for volunteers.

JANEWAY
Good idea.

DOCTOR
These people have never had access to "modern medicine." I should at least give them routine physicals.

Janeway nods, looks at the others.

JANEWAY
I know this isn't going to be easy, but until we can find another place for them, we should do our best to make them feel at home.
(beat)
Dismissed.

As the senior staff rise and head for the door...

25 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL) 25
at impulse.

26 INT. MESS HALL 26
crowded with Klingon N.D.s as well as a few Starfleet people, including Security N.D.s. A magnificent spread of Klingon food has been laid out. Janeway ENTERS, takes in the scene, pleased. Neelix approaches, holding a plate of wiggling WORMS.

NEELIX

Captain, you must try the gagh.

Janeway eyes the unappealing fare.

JANEWAY

I'll pass, thank you.

(beat)

But I'm glad to see you're getting into the spirit of things.

NEELIX

I've been studying the Klingon database. They're a fascinating, people... very robust.

He points out a table of Klingons eating enthusiastically. Among them is a large, sexy Klingon woman, CH'REGHA.

NEELIX

And they certainly appreciate my culinary skills.

Janeway takes in the scene.

JANEWAY

It looks like everything's running smoothly.

NEELIX

Well, not quite everything.

Janeway gives him a concerned look.

NEELIX

Some of the Starfleet people have been complaining...

(sotto)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

NEELIX (cont'd)
about the smell.
(beat)
Personally, I think it's
appealing... a kind of musky
aroma.

He shrugs, trying to be delicate. Janeway smiles.

JANEWAY
Maybe we can adjust the
environmental controls to filter
out the... "musk."

CH'REGHA (O.C.)
Thief!

Janeway and Neelix look to see Ch'Regha pushing herself
angrily away from the table to stand nose-to-nose with a
male Klingon N.D., ready to fight.

CH'REGHA
Touch my food again, and I'll kill
you.

Kim and a Security N.D. take a step forward.

KIM
Okay, everybody relax.

But the Klingons don't seem to be backing down.
Ch'Regha gestures to the N.D.

CH'REGHA
He took gagh from my plate!

Neelix moves to intervene.

NEELIX
If you don't mind, Ensign, I've
been studying Klingon etiquette.

Kim looks to Janeway who nods her approval. Neelix
straightens his uniform, then steps between the two
adversaries who are still glaring at each other
threateningly.

NEELIX
You shouldn't quarrel over food!
Save your strength for battle...
to fight those who would challenge
you!

Ch'Regha and the Klingon N.D. share a look... then, they
both shove Neelix away, and start grappling with each
other. Kim and the Security N.D. move to break up the
fight.

KIM
Take it easy.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (2)

26

Kim tries to pull the large woman away from her opponent. She begins to struggle against Kim. Finally, he has to push her up against a wall.

KIM

That's enough.

The Klingon woman smiles.

CH'REGHA

You have a fiery spirit!

(beat)

You'll make a worthy mate!

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (3) 26

Ch'Regha smiles seductively. OFF Kim's horrified reaction...

CUT TO:

27 INT. SICKBAY 27

A long line of KLINGONS stretches out the door, being watched by a SECURITY N.D. Paris, the Doctor and a MEDICAL N.D. are conducting exams. The Doctor is examining Morak, who sits on a bio-bed, impatient.

DOCTOR
Please, hold still.

The Doctor raises a hypospray to inject Morak in the neck. Morak grabs the Doctor's hand.

MORAK
What are you doing?

DOCTOR
It's a vitamin supplement. You're malnourished.

Morak abruptly stands, towering over the Doctor.

MORAK
I'm healthy as a targ.

DOCTOR
My tricorder begs to differ.

Paris can see the situation getting out of hand. He steps in.

PARIS
Could I talk to you for a minute, Doc?

The Doctor sighs.

27A NEW ANGLE 27A

as they move off to confer privately.

PARIS
One thing you have to understand about Klingons... they see medical care as a sign of weakness.

DOCTOR
(re: Morak)
Are you suggesting I ignore his condition for the sake of his ego.

(CONTINUED)

27A CONTINUED:

27A

PARIS

Of course not. It's all in the way you approach it. Watch.

Paris moves back to Morak.

PARIS

It's okay. You don't have to take the medicine.

Morak nods, eyes the Doctor. Paris "confides" in him, sotto voce.

PARIS

Between you and me, I'm afraid of hyposprays too.

Morak's eyes widen at this, protesting.

MORAK

I'm not afraid of anything!

PARIS

It's okay. I won't tell your Captain...

(re: the other Klingons)

...and I'm sure they won't either.

MORAK

Give me the injection.

PARIS

Really, it's okay...

MORAK

Give it to me now!

PARIS

(shrugs)

If you insist.

Paris moves back to the Doctor, sotto.

PARIS

You see?

DOCTOR

Apparently, I have a lot to learn about Klingon social customs.

As he moves to inject Morak...

28 INT. TUVOK'S QUARTERS

28

Tuvok is in night clothes, preparing to retire when the door CHIMES. He touches a panel and it OPENS, revealing Neelix carrying a duffel bag and a PADD. Neelix looks exhausted.

NEELIX

What a day...

Neelix slips past a confused Tuvok and ENTERS.

NEELIX

I've never met a more ravenous group in my life! I must've served more than three hundred meals!

Neelix tosses his duffel bag on Tuvok's sofa.

TUVOK

Mister Neelix. May I ask what you're doing here?

NEELIX

(thrilled)

We're bunkmates!

TUVOK

There must be some mistake.

NEELIX

It's no mistake. I gave up my quarters to a Klingon family.

(shrugs)

By the time I checked with Commander Chakotay, you were the only one who still hadn't been "paired up."

TUVOK

You should've consulted me.

NEELIX

(grins)

We're such close friends, I knew you wouldn't mind.

Tuvok tries to be forbearing.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

TUVOK

Mister Neelix, as much as... I
enjoy your company... I prefer
solitude in my own quarters.

Neelix looks concerned.

NEELIX

You don't really want me to go
back and tell that family to get
out, do you?

Tuvok sighs, gives him a resigned look.

NEELIX

Good, because I promise you, we're
going to have fun, Mister Vulcan!

Tuvok sighs. Neelix upends his duffel bag, and his
clothes and personal items spill into a heap on the
floor.

NEELIX

I learned some Klingon drinking
songs today. I'll teach them to
you.

Neelix begins SINGING as he sorts through his clothes
and belongings.

NEELIX

"Ej IM-ta fey DE-ja i. Ejdahk-so-
TAS ghos va Skral byteek..."

OFF Tuvok, setting his jaw...

29 INT. ENGINEERING

29

Torres is finishing up a late shift. Bleary-eyed, she
works a console. A Security N.D. waits for her.

PARIS' COM VOICE

Paris to Torres.

TORRES

(to com)

I'm almost finished.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

PARIS' COM VOICE
You said that an hour ago.

TORRES
I'll be there in a minute, I
promise. Torres out.

She taps a final command into the console, then turns to
an Engineering N.D.

TORRES
Keep an eye on the replicators.
They've already gone down once
today.

The Security N.D. follows her as she EXITS into:

30 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

30

Where Morak and several other Klingon N.D.s have
obviously been waiting for her.

MORAK
It's her!

The other Klingons MURMUR. Torres REACTS, exasperated,
then steps back into Engineering.

31 INT. PARIS/TORRES' QUARTERS (OPTICAL)

31

Paris is carrying a plate from the replicator to the
dinner table when Torres suddenly MATERIALIZES in the
middle of the room.

PARIS
When you said, "be there in a
minute," you weren't kidding.

TORRES
A group of Klingons "ambushed" me
outside Engineering. I decided
transporting myself would be
easier than "running the
gauntlet."

She collapses on the sofa.

TORRES
I'm starting to feel like a
prisoner.

Paris joins her.

PARIS
At least you've got a handsome
cellmate.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

A beat.

TORRES

How long do you think they'll be on board?

PARIS

I thought you'd be glad to have other Klingons around. You've told me how uncomfortable it is being the only one.

TORRES

I guess I should be careful what I wish for.

PARIS

Maybe you should talk to some of them... give them a chance.

The door CHIMES.

PARIS

Come in.

The doors open to reveal Janeway (a Security N.D. is posted outside). Paris and Torres stand.

TORRES

Captain...

JANEWAY

I'm sorry to bother you, but I need your help.

Janeway ENTERS.

JANEWAY

(continuing)

Ten of the Klingons have started a "hunger strike." They say they won't eat until you agree to meet with their "Council of Elders."

Torres shakes her head, annoyed.

TORRES

That's ridiculous.

JANEWAY

Their faith is obviously very important to them.

TORRES

They think I'm something I'm not.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

JANEWAY
Just talk to them, hear what they
have to say.

TORRES
If you're ordering me--

JANEWAY
It's not an order.
(beat)
But I'd consider it a personal
favor.

Torres hesitates.

PARIS
We could be with these people for
a while. You can't avoid them
forever.

TORRES
(dry)
I can try.

PARIS
If it makes you feel any better,
I'll go with you.

OFF Torres, still unsure...

32 INT. CARGO BAY

32

The room is smoky, illuminated by candles. Kohlar,
wearing a religious cloak, sits cross-legged at the
middle of a semi-circle. T'Greth and Morak (the Klingon
we saw outside Engineering) are also here. The group is
CHANTING in a monotone, eyes closed...

KLINGONS
Mo-BAR... Doh-lo-MAJ... Koo-vuh-
MAKH. Mo-BAR... Doh-lo-MAJ... Koo-
vuh-MAKH...

The doors OPEN and Janeway, Paris, Torres and two
Security N.D.s ENTER. Kohlar and the others look up,
then stand to greet the Starfleet people.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

KOHLAR

You honor us with your presence.

Torres nods uncomfortably. The other Klingons eye Torres warily, scrutinizing her features. A MURMUR of discord goes through a small group. T'Greth steps forward.

T'GRETH

Look at her ridges! Morak was right.

(to Torres)

Your blood is not pure.

A beat as Torres senses trouble brewing.

TORRES

No. My father was human.

More of the Klingons begin to MUMBLE. Furious, T'Greth looks to Kohlar.

T'GRETH

Didn't you see this for yourself?

KOHLAR

Yes, but --

T'GRETH

Why didn't you tell us?

KOHLAR

It wasn't important.

T'GRETH

Not important! We destroyed our ship because you said she was the mother of the Kuvah'Magh.

Kohlar faces T'Greth squarely, answering his challenge.

KOHLAR

Show me where it's written that the Kuvah'Magh must have pure Klingon blood!

T'GRETH

The Prophecy would not lead us to a mongrel child!

Paris steps forward.

PARIS

Hey, take it easy.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

T'GRETH

Who are you?

PARIS

The father of that "mongrel
child."

T'GRETH

(to Kohlar)

More human blood. Your Kuvah'Magh
isn't even half Klingon!More GRUMBLING from the others. Kohlar tries to control
the damage.

KOHLAR

I've spent my life interpreting
the Scrolls. And I say all the
signs of the Prophecy are here!

T'GRETH

Liar!

(beat)

You've led us to a false savior!

OFF his angry pronouncement...

CUT TO:

33 INT. CORRIDOR

33

Moments later. Paris, Janeway and an angry Torres ENTER
from the Cargo Bay. Kohlar follows, a few steps behind.

TORRES

I told you this was a mistake.

KOHLAR

Lieutenant!

They slow and Kohlar catches up with them.

KOHLAR

I need your help.

TORRES

Any more "help" from me and you're
going to have a "holy war" on your
hands.

KOHLAR

That's what I'm trying to prevent.

OFF that...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

34 INT. BRIEFING ROOM

34

Mid-scene. Torres and Kohlar are in the midst of a conversation while Janeway and Paris look on.

TORRES

My baby's just a baby.

(beat)

She's not a savior.

KOHLAR

Perhaps you're right.

Everyone is surprised to hear Kohlar say this.

KOHLAR

But we must convince my people
that she is.

JANEWAY

Why?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

KOHLAR

We've travelled more than thirty-thousand light years in search of this... savior. And in more than one hundred years, we've found nothing...

(beat)

...except hardship and isolation.

A beat as the others react to his admission of vulnerability.

KOHLAR

When I saw Lieutenant Torres... that she was with child... I didn't know if I was looking at the mother of the Kuvah'Magh or not.

(beat)

But I did know that I was looking at an opportunity... to end this wasteful journey.

PARIS

(beat)

Then you don't believe the prophecy?

KOHLAR

What I believe is that my people have suffered enough.

(beat)

If they accept your child as the Kuvah'Magh, you'll hold great influence over them. We can find a suitable planet. You can tell them it's their new home, and they'll follow you there.

TORRES

I'm not going to lie to them.

KOHLAR

What's the alternative? My people staying aboard your ship? Draining your resources?

Torres and Janeway exchange a glance.

JANEWAY

I agree with Lieutenant Torres. I'm not comfortable deceiving your people.

KOHLAR

Perhaps you wouldn't have to lie to convince them.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

TORRES

What are you suggesting?

KOHLAR

If you study the Scrolls with me, we may be able to interpret them in a way that appears consistent with the events of your life. Then we'll bring those consistencies to the attention of the council.

PARIS

So you just want to "stretch the truth" a little.

Kohlar takes a beat.

KOHLAR

It's possible the Sacred Scrolls were scrawled by a madman in a cave. Or perhaps they really were divinely inspired.

(beat)

Either way, they've guided us for over a century. If my people start to believe that the Scrolls have led them astray...

(beat)

...there may be violence.

JANEWAY

Is that a threat?

KOHLAR

Merely a fact.

A beat as Janeway and the others digest this. Kohlar makes a last plea.

KOHLAR

You're doing everything you can to get your people home, Captain. That's all I'm doing for mine.

OFF Janeway and Torres, contemplating his words...

TIME CUT TO:

35 INT. PARIS/TORRES' QUARTERS

35

Kohlar and Torres are studying a series of antique Klingon PADDs spread out on the table. Torres holds up one of them.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

TORRES

It says that the Kuvah'Magh will be "descended from a noble house."

(dry)

I don't come from one, and I'm pretty sure my husband doesn't either.

KOHLAR

We all have "nobility" in our blood, if we go back far enough.

Torres is skeptical.

TORRES

So these Scrolls can mean anything you want them to.

Kohlar doesn't answer. Instead he hands her another PADD.

KOHLAR

It's written that the mother of the Kuvah'Magh would be an off-worlder. Weren't you born on a Federation colony?

TORRES

A lot of Klingons are born off-world.

KOHLAR

It also says you would've lived a life of solitude and endured many hardships. That's accurate, isn't it?

Torres reads off the PADD, wry:

TORRES

According to this, I'm supposed to have won a "glorious victory" against an army of ten-thousand warriors.

KOHLAR

Haven't you?

TORRES

We've never even encountered ten thousand warriors.

(considers)

Unless you include the Borg.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

KOHLAR

Did you help destroy one of their
vessels?

TORRES

I suppose, but --

KOHLAR

Couldn't that have been your
glorious victory?

A beat. Kohlar rises, leaving Torres to ponder that.
He walks around the room, picking up Paris' antique
toaster. He eyes it curiously. Then he looks around at
the decor.

KOHLAR

Where are the images of Kahless?
Where is your family crest?

TORRES

(dry)

They clashed with the carpet.

Kohlar shoots her a disapproving look.

KOHLAR

Don't you honor any of your
people's traditions?

TORRES

(a little embarrassed)

Not really.

Kohlar considers a beat. Then...

KOHLAR

There is one tradition we can
honor together.

Kohlar removes his cloak and begins to spread it on the
floor, near the window.

TORRES

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED: (3)

35

KOHLAR

It's midday. Time to remember the sacrifice of our ancestors.

(beat)

Haven't you made a "Plea for the Dead" before?

TORRES

Not since I was a child.

KOHLAR

The dead can't rest in Sto-Vo-Kor if the living don't honor their memory.

Kohlar sits cross-legged on the cloak, facing the stars.

KOHLAR

Perhaps there's someone I can honor on your behalf.

(beat)

Who did you plead for as a child?

TORRES

(beat)

My grandmother.

KOHLAR

She was called...?

TORRES

L'Naan.

Kohlar closes his eyes and begins.

KOHLAR

"Kahless, we implore you to remember those warriors who have fallen in your name."

Torres begins to remember the prayer and joins in...

KOHLAR & TORRES

(continuing)

"Lift them out of the Cavern of Despair and reveal yourself to them..."

She hesitates, forgetting some of the words. Kohlar prompts her.

KOHLAR

"...in all your glory..."

TORRES

Right. "In all your glory."

He continues.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (4)

35

KOHLAR

Remember Kolax, son of Amar.
Remember Taliq, daughter of
K'rene.

TORRES

(beat)

Remember L'Naan... daughter of
Krelik.

A beat, then they both open their eyes. Kohlar nods his approval. OFF Torres, touched by the moment.

36 INT. SICKBAY

36

The Doctor is working when Kim ENTERS. He's holding a bloodied cloth to his cheek.

DOCTOR

What happened to you?

KIM

(dry)

I cut myself shaving.

Kim removes his hand from his face, revealing a nasty mark on his cheek. The Doctor reacts.

DOCTOR

Is that a bite mark?

KIM

One of the Klingons attacked me.

As the Doctor ushers Kim to a bio-bed...

DOCTOR

Did you do something to provoke
him?

KIM

Not "him"... her.

The Doctor reacts. Kim's embarrassed.

KIM

And she wasn't "provoked," she
was... "aroused."

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

DOCTOR
(fascinated)
I'm not surprised. I came across
a section on Klingon mating
rituals in their cultural
database...

KIM
Then maybe you can tell me how to
convince a female twice my size
that I'm not interested.

DOCTOR
You probably can't.

KIM
Great.

DOCTOR
As I understand it, you have two
options... kill her... or mate
with her.
(beat)
Since the first option is clearly
unacceptable...

The Doctor works a PADD, hands it to a puzzled Kim.

KIM
What's this?

DOCTOR
Authorization for you to engage in
intimate relations with a member
of an alien species. Be sure to
get the Captain's approval as
well.

OFF Kim, stunned...

37 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB - ANGLE ON DOMESCREEN (OPTICAL) 37

Showing a blue-green planet rotating on the Dome.

SEVEN OF NINE (V.O.)
It's a Class-M planet in Grid six-
two-two, less than a week off our
current course.

38 REVEAL JANEWAY, CHAKOTAY AND SEVEN 38

eying the image on the Domescreen.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

SEVEN OF NINE

The relative humidity is twelve point six percent lower than on Kronos, but the Klingons should adapt.

CHAKOTAY

Assuming they want to.

Janeway eyes him.

JANEWAY

With a little luck, B'Elanna will convince them before we reach orbit.

CHAKOTAY

And if she doesn't?

An awkward beat as this possibility sits with Janeway.

SEVEN OF NINE

We should beam them off the ship.

CHAKOTAY

Just like that? Over two hundred of them?

SEVEN OF NINE

They forced their way on to Voyager. We should have no misgivings about transporting them to a suitable planet.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

CHAKOTAY

(pointed)

That was the same tactic the
Cardassians used against my
people...

SEVEN OF NINE

Unlike the Cardassians, we'll
provide adequate supplies and
technology.

(beat)

The Klingons are a robust species.
They'll survive.

CHAKOTAY

Maybe.

(beat)

But if they want to stay on
Voyager, we should let them.

A beat as Janeway weighs what she's heard, re: the
image.

JANEWAY

Let's see what happens when we get
there.

39 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

39

at impulse.

TORRES (V.O.)

Chief Engineer's Personal Log,
Stardate 54518.2.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

TORRES (V.O.) (cont'd)
I've spent the last two days reviewing the "Sacred Scrolls" in preparation for my appearance before the Klingon Council. Kohlar also suggested I prepare a few "colorful stories" to help win them over.

40

INT. MESS HALL

40

A ritual feast is in progress. The room is decorated as before, now with CANDLES. The tables are occupied by Klingons. Neelix is keeping the goblets filled with bloodwine. Torres, dressed in Klingon attire, is enthusiastically telling a story, getting into the spirit of things. Paris is also there, as are Security N.D.s in the B.G.

TORRES

That's when they beamed aboard the Flyer, weapons firing. Tuvok and Neelix fought valiantly, but there were too many Hirogen. I had to face ten of their fiercest hunters... alone.

She pauses for effect. Paris leans toward Neelix, and asks quietly:

PARIS

Is that how you remember it?

NEELIX

Exaggeration is part of Klingon custom. She's doing great!

Torres resumes.

TORRES

I cut them down two at a time, but still, they kept coming. Then, my phaser was shot out of my hand... forcing me to take down the last hunter in hand-to-hand combat. It was a glorious fight!

KOHLAR

Your ancestors would be honored!

All of the Klingons (except T'Greth) POUND their goblets on the table to signify their approval. Paris follows suit. Then T'Greth rises, his tone confrontational.

T'GRETH

You tell a good story, but that's not why you're here.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

T'GRETH (cont'd)
Some say you're the mother of the
Kuvah'Magh... the one who will
guide us to a new homeworld.
(sarcastic)
Has your unborn child told you
where that is?

A few Klingons LAUGH at his challenge. Torres thinks
for a beat.

TORRES
The Scrolls say: "You will follow
in my footsteps before I have made
them."
(beat)
Yesterday we changed course toward
a planet very much like Kronos.
So, in a manner of speaking...
you're now following my child to a
new home.

A MURMUR of agreement goes through the crowd. The
Klingons pound their goblets. T'Greth glares at Torres.

T'GRETH
You deliver the words we want to
hear, but it's Kohlar who gives
them to you.
(beat)
Are you his puppet in the
bedchamber as well?

Another MURMUR. Paris rises.

PARIS
Watch it. That's my wife you're
talking about.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED: (2)

40

T'GRETH
(to all, derisive)
He speaks!
(to Paris)
I didn't think you had a tongue.

TORRES
Leave him out of this.

T'GRETH
(to all)
Do you see how he hides behind his
female?
(beat)
It's also written... that the
father of the Kuvah'Magh will be
an "honorable warrior."

He turns to the assembled.

T'GRETH
Would an honorable warrior ever
refuse a challenge?

Murmurs of "no" and head shakes from the Klingons.

PARIS
I haven't refused any challenge.

T'GRETH
(turning on him)
I haven't made one yet!

Suddenly, he takes a carving knife from a tray and STABS
it into a cutting board in front of Paris.

T'GRETH
You and I.
(beat)
To the death!

A tense beat as the eyes of every Klingon in the room
fall on Paris. He takes in the mood of the crowd, all
waiting to see what he'll do.

TORRES
Tom...

But he puts out a hand to silence her without taking his
eyes off T'Greth.

PARIS
Stay out of this.

Another beat, and then Paris PULLS the dagger out of the
cutting board.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3)

40

PARIS
I accept.

The Klingons ERUPT into enthusiastic CHEERS. OFF
Torres, dismayed...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

