

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Author, Author"

40840-266

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FINAL DRAFT

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STAR TREK: VOYAGER

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SETS

INTERIORS

VOYAGER

ASTROMETRICS LAB  
BRIDGE  
BRIEFING ROOM  
CARGO BAY  
CORRIDOR  
DOCTOR'S OFFICE  
ENGINEERING  
HOLO-LAB  
MESS HALL  
SICKBAY

HOLODECK

CORRIDOR  
ENGINEERING  
READY ROOM  
SICKBAY  
TURBOLIFT

ASTEROID MINING STATION

EXTERIORS

SPACE/VOYAGER

ASTEROID STATION

PATHFINDER BUILDING

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

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CAST

JANEWAY	BROHT
CHAKOTAY	BARCLAY
KIM	ADMIRAL PARIS
PARIS	ARBITRATOR
DOCTOR	MARY KIM
TUVOK	IRENE
TORRES	JOHN TORRES
SEVEN OF NINE	JOHN KIM
NEELIX	EMH #1
COMPUTER VOICE	EMH #2

Holo-Characters

Non-Speaking

N.D. SUPERNUMERARIES

JENKINS  
KATANAY  
KYMBLE  
MARSEILLES  
THREE OF EIGHT  
TORAT  
TULAK  
NARRATOR  
N.D. #1  
FEMALE N.D. #1  
FEMALE N.D. #2

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. HOLODECK (OPTICAL)

1

It's DARK. The grid is barely visible. Then, we HEAR the DOCTOR'S VOICE:

DOCTOR'S VOICE

In the beginning, there is darkness... the emptiness of a matrix waiting for the light...

(beat)

Then, a single photon flares into existence...

We SEE a SMALL FLASH against the Hologrid as a "photon" MATERIALIZES (like a bright star against the night sky).

DOCTOR'S VOICE

...then another.

A second FLASH, and another "star" APPEARS. Followed by another. Then, in a quick succession, a multitude...

DOCTOR'S VOICE

Soon, thousands more.

The particles rapidly coalesce into a holo-matrix, a skeletal WIREFRAME in the shape of a man.

DOCTOR'S VOICE

Optronic pathways connect... subroutines emerge from the chaos... and a holographic consciousness is born.

"Flesh and clothing" are layered over the wireframe. We finally reveal the HOLOGRAPHIC NARRATOR -- he looks exactly like the Doctor, except he's wearing a smoking jacket and cravat. A beat later, an antique desk and chair ZIMMER in. The Narrator sits, opens a book, dips a quill pen in an inkwell, and begins to write on a blank page. The Doctor's voice CONTINUES OVER THIS, as though we're hearing the thoughts of the author as he writes.

DOCTOR'S VOICE

I awaken into this world fully programmed, yet completely innocent...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

DOCTOR'S VOICE (cont'd)  
unaware of the hardships I'll  
endure, or the great potential I  
will one day fulfill.

REVEAL:

2 THE REAL DOCTOR (OPTICAL)

2

watching his "creation" with pride.

DOCTOR  
Computer, save revisions and open  
Chapter One.

\*

The Doctor gives his alter-ego a look of satisfaction as  
we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

(NOTE: Episode credits fall over opening scenes.)

3 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL) 3  
at warp.

JANEWAY (V.O.)  
Captain's Log, Stardate 54732.3. \*  
It's been three weeks since we  
received Starfleet's instructions  
in the last data stream, and we're  
finally ready to begin "Operation  
Watson." We're all holding our  
breath.

4 INT. BRIDGE 4  
JANEWAY, CHAKOTAY, TUVOK, PARIS, N.D.s at stations.  
Tension and excitement in the air. To Paris:

JANEWAY  
Full stop.

Paris works. To com:

JANEWAY  
Bridge to Engineering.

INTERCUT:

5 INT. ENGINEERING 5  
TORRES at the warp core panel.

TORRES  
Torres here.

JANEWAY  
Begin the alignment sequence.

TORRES  
Aye, Captain.  
(working panel)  
Transferring power to the main  
deflector.

6 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL) 6  
turning slightly, aligning the deflector, which HUMS and  
GLOWS with power.

7 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB

7

SEVEN OF NINE and KIM are working when Janeway, Tuvok and Chakotay ENTER.

KIM  
The deflector's in position.

JANEWAY  
Anything?

A beat as Kim works the console, then smiles slightly.

KIM  
I'm picking up a phased tachyon beam.

Janeway and the others REACT, excitement growing. Seven works.

SEVEN OF NINE  
There's a triaxialating signal embedded in it.

JANEWAY  
On screen.

8 INCLUDE DOMESCREEN (OPTICAL)

8

FRITZING with STATIC. Through the interference, we can barely make out the form of two Starfleet Officers.

BARCLAY'S COM VOICE  
(fritzing)  
Voyager, this... Lieutenant...  
...fleet Command... you  
receiving...?

JANEWAY  
Can you clear it up?

KIM  
I'll try.

Kim works, and the picture finally STABILIZES, revealing REG BARCLAY and ADMIRAL PARIS at the Pathfinder Project Research Lab. The image FRITZES intermittently. (NOTE: the real-time images should have a degraded, staticky look throughout the episode.)

ADMIRAL PARIS  
Captain Janeway. It's a pleasure to finally talk to you in person.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

JANEWAY

The pleasure's mine, Admiral.  
(wry)  
How's the weather in San  
Francisco?

ADMIRAL PARIS

Cold and rainy, as usual.

JANEWAY

It sounds delightful.  
(beat)  
Lieutenant Barclay, my  
congratulations on establishing  
the first trans-galactic com link.  
You've earned a place in the  
history books.

BARCLAY

I can't take all the credit,  
Captain. It was Harry and Seven  
who suggested bouncing a tachyon  
beam off a quantum singularity.

KIM

(light)  
Just be sure to thank us when you  
accept the Daystrom Prize.

ADMIRAL PARIS

(pointed)  
I wish we had more time for small  
talk, but the singularity only  
stays in alignment for eleven  
minutes a day.

Janeway and her officers REACT slightly to this.

JANEWAY

Eleven minutes are better than  
none, Admiral.  
(to Barclay)  
We appreciate all your work, Reg.

Barclay nods, appreciative.

ADMIRAL PARIS

We're going to leave it up to you  
to determine how to allocate the  
com time.

(CONTINUED)



8

CONTINUED: (2)

8

BARCLAY

Admiral... there was something else?

ADMIRAL PARIS

Oh, yes. Mister Barclay's arranged a small "gift" for you and your crew.

Admiral Paris nods to Barclay, who works a panel. The image from Pathfinder is pushed to a small "window," as a live picture of THE EARTH FROM SPACE fills the rest of the Dome.

BARCLAY

This is a live image from McKinley Station.

(beat)

Not too much cloud cover over North America today.

A beat as Janeway and the others view the image. Touched:

JANEWAY

Quite a view. Thank you, Reg.

BARCLAY

My pleasure, Captain.

9

INT. CORRIDOR

9

Janeway, Chakotay, and Tuvok move down the corridor.

TUVOK

I suggest restricting the com link to emergency communications only.

JANEWAY

Isn't that a little extreme?

TUVOK

Lowering our shields every time we reposition the deflector dish presents a security risk.

\*  
\*

JANEWAY

(light)

I think we can go eleven minutes without getting into a phaser fight. Besides, I'm not going to deny this crew a chance to talk to their families.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

CHAKOTAY

Admit it, Tuvok. You must be looking forward to talking to your wife.

TUVOK

(beat)

It would be... gratifying.

CHAKOTAY

(wry)

From you, that's practically an emotional outburst.

Tuvok shoots Chakotay a look. Janeway smiles.

JANEWAY

We'll need to allocate a few minutes for official business, but I think we can split up the rest. Three people a day, three minutes each.

CHAKOTAY

How do we decide who goes first?

OFF the question...

10 INT. MESS HALL

10

Janeway, Chakotay, Tuvok, Paris, Kim, the Doctor, and N.D.s. NEELIX is carrying a chef's hat filled with isolinear chips.

NEELIX

In my hat, I hold a hundred and forty-six sequentially numbered isolinear chips, one for every member of the crew. Each chip will entitle the bearer to three minutes of uninterrupted com time with his loved ones in the Alpha Quadrant.

Neelix holds out the hat to several N.D.s who reach in and withdraw chips. The senior officers wait in a corner of the room as Neelix works his way toward them.

KIM

My mom's birthday's next week... this could be the best present I ever gave her.

(to all)

Who's everyone else calling?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

CHAKOTAY

My sister.

(beat)

What about you, Captain?

JANEWAY

My friend, Joanne. We have seven years of "war stories" to catch up on.

DOCTOR

Doesn't anyone want to know who I'm calling?

PARIS

(wry)

Let me guess. Reg Barclay?  
Doctor Zimmerman?

DOCTOR

(sly)

What makes you so sure it's either of them?

PARIS

Maybe because they're the only people you know in the Alpha Quadrant.

The Doctor is about to argue the point, when Neelix reaches the group. He offers the hat to Paris, who reaches in and selects a chip. Paris reads the number, and smiles slightly, bemused.

PARIS

Number six.

NEELIX

The lowest one yet! You'll be talking to your family the day after tomorrow.

Kim withdraws a chip, reading it, disappointed.

KIM

One hundred thirty.

(beat, calculating)

That's a month and a half from now.

(upset)

So much for Mom's birthday.

Tuvok, Chakotay and the Doctor reach in and each draw a chip. The Doctor is beaming. He holds up the chip: a number one is inscribed on it.

DOCTOR

Apparently, the line forms here.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

TUVOK  
Congratulations.

KIM  
Doc, how about a trade? I'm  
willing to throw in some Holodeck  
time.  
(off his look)  
Come on, it'd mean a lot to my  
mother.

DOCTOR  
I wish I could help, but I have a  
very important call to make.

The Doctor EXITS. Paris moves to Kim and offers his  
chip.

PARIS  
Here. Give your mom my best.

KIM  
Are you sure?

PARIS  
(light)  
I've waited this long. What's  
another six weeks?

OFF Kim and Paris as they trade chips...

11 OMITTED

11 \*

12 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB (OPTICAL)

12

The Doctor is speaking to a Bolian publisher on the  
Domescreen, ARDON BROHT. Seven is at a rear station,  
monitoring the com link. Broht sits behind a desk in a  
ONE-WALL OFFICE SET cluttered with PADDs. He's brimming  
with enthusiasm. Mid-scene:

BROHT  
In all my years in this  
profession, I've never been so  
captivated. I felt as though I'd  
been transported to the Delta  
Quadrant myself.

The Doctor is drinking up the praise.

DOCTOR  
It's gratifying to have my work  
appreciated by someone of your  
stature.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

BROHT

I won't be the only one. I can hear the critics already: "A new voice has arrived."

(beat)

You could be the next K'ratak, or a modern-day Tolstoy.

(beat)

I'd like to start distribution by the end of the month.

A slightly confused look crosses the Doctor's face.

DOCTOR

The material I sent was only a "working draft." I need time to make revisions.

BROHT

If you insist. But please... do it quickly.

DOCTOR

I will.

(beat, fishing for compliments)

So, tell me... what did you think of the characters?

BROHT

They were... very real... compelling... I almost forgot they were holograms.

\*

DOCTOR

(pleased)

Who was your favorite?

BROHT

Without a doubt, it would have to be Lieutenant--

The Domescreen abruptly switches to a graphic as Seven ends the transmission. The Doctor turns to her.

DOCTOR

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

SEVEN OF NINE  
Your time has expired.

DOCTOR  
You could've let the man finish  
his sentence.

SEVEN OF NINE  
(dry)  
I believe your ego's received  
enough "stroking" for one day.

The Doctor shoots Seven an annoyed look, then heads for the doors. Two N.D.s are outside, waiting to use the com link. One N.D. ENTERS as the Doctor EXITS.

13 INT. SICKBAY

13

Paris is loading hyposprays when the Doctor ENTERS, WHISTLING jauntily.

PARIS  
So how's Reg doing? \*

The Doctor puffs himself up.

DOCTOR  
I'll have you know I was speaking  
with Ardon Broht of "Broht and  
Forrester."

PARIS  
(beat)  
The publishers of the "Dixon Hill"  
series? \*

DOCTOR  
(nods)  
Who are now about to publish my  
work. \*

(beat)  
It seems you're not the only one  
aboard with a flair for  
holographic narratives. \*

A beat as Paris takes this in, impressed and surprised.

PARIS  
Congratulations.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

DOCTOR

Thank you.

PARIS

So... what's it about?

DOCTOR

It's a roman à clef, inspired by my life on Voyager.

PARIS

(beat, musing)

You know, I never thought about trying to get my own work published.

(beat)

Maybe I could talk to your people about "Captain Proton."

The Doctor takes a moment before responding delicately.

DOCTOR

Broht and Forrester deals in... sophisticated literature.

PARIS

(light)

What are you saying? That I'm "low brow?"

DOCTOR

(backpedaling)

Not at all. I'd be... delighted to talk to them.

PARIS

Thanks.

(beat)

So, when do I get a look at this opus?

The Doctor's eager to show off his work, but plays it coy.

DOCTOR

It's not ready yet.

PARIS

It was "ready" enough for Broht and Forrester.

The Doctor considers a beat.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

DOCTOR

Maybe it could use a fresh pair of eyes. After all, you are a fellow author.

The Doctor takes the hypospray out of Paris' hand, dismissing him.

DOCTOR

I'll cover the rest of your shift.

Paris moves toward the exit. He stops, and turns.

PARIS

I almost forgot. What's the program called?

DOCTOR

(proudly)

"Photons Be Free."

Paris makes a face. After a beat, light:

PARIS

Catchy.

Paris EXITS. OFF the Doctor, slightly concerned...

14 INT. HOLODECK (OPTICAL)

14

Paris stands on the grid, watching the Narrator (as before, the Doctor in a smoking jacket). He is sitting at the antique desk, writing as the Doctor's voice over continues (mid-scene, picking up where the Teaser ended).

DOCTOR'S VOICE

I awaken into this world fully programmed, yet completely innocent... unaware of the hardships I'll endure, or the great potential I will one day fulfill.

The Narrator puts down the pen, stands and moves toward Paris.

NARRATOR

Welcome. You've made an excellent choice.

(beat)

You're about to take part in a thrilling, first-person narrative.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



14

CONTINUED:

14

NARRATOR (cont'd)

You will take on the role of an  
"Emergency Medical Hologram" --  
the Chief Medical Officer of the  
Starship "Vortex."

PARIS

"Vortex?"

NARRATOR

As our story begins, an anomaly has  
hurled your ship thousands of light  
years across the galaxy. Your mission:  
to uphold your medical and ethical  
standards as you struggle against the  
crew's bigotry and intolerance.

Paris REACTS to this remark.

NARRATOR

Persons with vascular disorders  
should consult a physician before  
running this program.

(beat)

And now, a few acknowledgments.  
First, Doctor Lewis Zimmerman, the  
creator of my holo-matrix, whose  
foresight and dedication made it  
possible for me to achieve...

\*  
\*  
\*

Paris shifts impatiently. To com:

PARIS

Computer, freeze program.

(beat)

How much longer is this  
"introduction"?

COMPUTER VOICE

Fourteen minutes.

Paris sighs.

PARIS

Skip to the first chapter.

COMPUTER VOICE

Chapter One: "A Healer is Born...  
in which our protagonist must make  
a difficult choice."

Paris' clothing turns into a blue EMH uniform as the  
room around him CHANGES TO:

15

INT. HOLODECK - SICKBAY (OPTICAL)

15

RED ALERT. A half-dozen injured patients occupy every  
available space (the scene is an embellished re-enactment  
of the Doctor's activation in the pilot). A panel SPARKS.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

The room and the entire ship is different from what we know... darker and foreboding. A couple of WRIST BEACONS pierce the smoky gloom. A STARFLEET N.D. (#1) approaches Paris. As we will see, the N.D. and the other characters in the program will often prompt the "player" to make certain decisions or head in a certain direction.

N.D. #1

Are you the EMH?

PARIS

(wry)

Please state the nature of the medical emergency.

N.D. #1

Our Doctor's dead. We've got wounded!

N.D. #1 takes Paris by the arm and moves him to the bio-beds, where we find two N.D. PATIENTS with serious injuries. N.D. #1 hands a tricorder to Paris.

N.D. #1

They're both hurt badly... who should we treat first?

A beat as Paris figures out the "plot point" he's been presented with. He runs the tricorder over the female N.D.

PARIS

Second-degree plasma burns.

Paris moves to the second patient, who we'll call the CRITICAL N.D. Off the tricorder:

PARIS

He's got an aortic rupture. Get him to the Surgical Bay, now.

N.D. #1 and another crewman begin to help the patient to the clamshell.

KATANAY (O.C.)

You, over here!

16 NEW ANGLE

16 \*

as COMMANDER KATANAY ENTERS, supporting an injured officer in a red uniform.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

"Katanay" is a thinly-disguised Chakotay, except he's Bajoran with a different tattoo and long hair in a ponytail. (We'll learn the Doctor has written Katanay and the other crewmembers as exaggerated and slightly clichéd versions of the Voyager crew.) The injured man's head is hanging, and in the low light, we can't make out his face as he's helped to a bio-bed. Paris moves to scan the patient, shining a beacon on his face...

17 INCLUDE - PARIS' POV (OPTICAL)

17

as he illuminates the face of LIEUTENANT MARSEILLES. He looks exactly like Paris, except with dark hair and a mustache. There's a trickle of blood on Marseilles' temple. Paris REACTS to the sight of himself in the bio-bed.

PARIS

Nice mustache.

KATANAY

What?

PARIS

Nothing.

(off tricorder)

He's got a mild concussion. I'm going to have to treat the others first.

Katanay grabs Paris by the arm.

KATANAY

I need Lieutenant Marseilles on the Bridge. You'll treat him now.

PARIS

As I understand it, my job is to treat the critical patients first. So if you'll excuse me...

As Paris moves toward the Surgical Bay, Katanay works a panel and a FORCEFIELD FLASHES ON, blocking Paris' path.

KATANAY

I don't know who you think you are, hologram, but to me you're just another piece of technology.

PARIS

(wry)

Apparently, I'm a "piece of technology" that's in demand.

(beat)

Why don't you go back to the Bridge and let me do my job.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

A beat as the two men regard one another: a standoff. Then, the door opens and CAPTAIN JENKINS ENTERS. She looks almost exactly like Janeway, except for her short and severe black hair. Jenkins takes in the scene, then turns to Katanay.

JENKINS

What's going on here?

KATANAY

Our medical hologram is refusing to treat Mister Marseilles.

JENKINS

(beat, to Paris)

Are you malfunctioning? I need my helmsman back at his station.

PARIS

"Lieutenant Marseilles" isn't seriously hurt.

(re: the Critical N.D.)

This man will be dead in five minutes if I don't operate.

Jenkins considers, apparently taking a reasonable approach. To Katanay:

JENKINS

Drop the forcefield.

Katanay works the panel and the forcefield FRITZES OFF. Jenkins moves to the Surgical Bay, points her phaser at the Critical N.D. and FIRES! The N.D.'s body JOLTS, then lies still... dead. Jenkins then holsters the phaser and turns to Paris, taken aback by what he's seen.

JENKINS

That patient's dead. Now you're free to treat Lieutenant Marseilles.

OFF Paris, disturbed by the scene...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB (OPTICAL)

18

Kim is talking to his parents, JOHN and MARY KIM, on the Domescreen. They're Asian, mid-50's, speaking to us from a ONE-WALL LIVING ROOM SET. Seven works at a side station as they talk. Mid-scene:

MARY KIM

You're very popular with my eighth graders. It's all they talk about. "Voyager this and Voyager that."

JOHN KIM

Your mother has a small favor to ask.

KIM

Name it.

MARY KIM

Well, it's "career day" next month, and I was hoping you could record a short presentation about what it's like to command a starship.

KIM

(beat)

But I don't command a starship.

MARY KIM

In your letters, you said the Captain puts you in charge sometimes...

Seven looks up from her console, curious. Kim's a little embarrassed:

KIM

What I said was, I'm in command of the night shift... twice a week.

MARY KIM

She must think very highly of you to give you so much responsibility.

Kim's father gets to the point abruptly.

JOHN KIM

So when is she giving you a promotion?

Kim REACTS a beat.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

KIM

It's a small ship. There are only so many command positions available.

JOHN KIM

Your cousin Robert just made Lieutenant. And he finished the Academy three years after you did.

MARY KIM

This Captain Janeway sounds like a lovely woman. Maybe I should write her.

KIM

(horrified)

Mom...!

MARY KIM

She needs to know how hard you work.

KIM

(a bit desperate)

Please. Don't get involved.

The transmission begins seriously FRITZING.

MARY KIM

(FRITZING)

Harry? ...can't hear you...

SEVEN OF NINE

(off panel, to Kim)

A solar flare is scattering the beam.

Kim joins Seven and they work side by side.

MARY KIM

(FRITZING)

Tell Captain Jane... expect a letter from me...

KIM

Mom, don't send anything to the Captain. Do you hear me?

(urgent, to Seven)

Try boosting the deflector output.

SEVEN OF NINE

It's already at maximum.

The transmission completely breaks up. Kim REACTS, frustrated.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

KIM

I don't believe this! I had a minute and a half left.

SEVEN OF NINE

You'll have another chance to talk to them in approximately two months.

\*  
\*

KIM

You just don't get it, do you?

\*

SEVEN OF NINE

No.

Kim takes a beat. Then, without rancor:

KIM

Maybe if you had family you were close to, you'd feel a little differently.

\*  
\*

Kim heads for the EXIT. OFF Seven, contemplating his words as she watches him go...

19

EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

19

at impulse.

20

INT. MESS HALL

20

Paris sits with Torres and Kim, giving them the rundown on the Doctor's holo-novel. Neelix hovers, refilling coffee mugs. Mid-conversation.

PARIS

...then, the Captain pulls out a phaser and shoots him, right there on the bio-bed.

KIM

(incredulous)

Captain Janeway murders a crewman?

PARIS

"Captain Jenkins." Everyone's got a different name.

(to Kim)

You're Kymble...

(to Torres)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

PARIS (cont'd)  
...you're Torat, and I'm  
Lieutenant Marseilles.

TORRES  
(dry)  
That's creative.

NEELIX  
(eager, to Paris)  
So what happens next...?

PARIS  
First, Katanay orders you to  
relieve the Captain on medical  
grounds. Then, she decides you're  
too much of a threat, so she sells  
you to a group of slave traders.  
(indicates Neelix)  
But later, the crew needs to get  
you back after "Mister Nexar"  
causes an outbreak of food  
poisoning.

NEELIX  
(smiling)  
I do?

TORRES  
(dry)  
That's not a good thing, Neelix.

NEELIX  
Of course not.  
(beat)  
It's just nice to be included.

KIM  
(to Paris)  
What did you say to the Doctor?

PARIS  
He thinks he's written a  
masterpiece. I didn't know what  
to tell him.

Kim and the others consider this a beat.

KIM  
If this gets distributed, people  
are going to assume it's about us.  
(beat)  
What are our families going to  
think?

TORRES  
This is a Starfleet ship. No one  
will believe we go around shooting  
injured crewmen.

(CONTINUED)



20

CONTINUED: (2)

20

PARIS

People may not take the program literally, but they might wonder if there's some truth to it.

This hangs in the air as they share looks of concern.

PARIS

I think we should talk to the Captain.

TORRES

Are you sure you're not taking this a little... personally?

PARIS

What do you mean?

TORRES

The Holodeck's always been your domain.

PARIS

You think I'm jealous?

She gives him a wry look: that's exactly what she thinks. Paris considers, shrugs.

PARIS

Maybe I am overreacting. Why don't the rest of you take a look at the program and decide for yourselves?

\*

OFF the group, considering...

DISSOLVE TO:

21

INT. HOLODECK - SICKBAY (OPTICAL)

21

Torres, now wearing the blue EMH uniform, ENTERS to find FEMALE N.D. #1 waiting. We HEAR:

\*

COMPUTER VOICE

Chapter Five. "Out of the Frying Pan... In which our protagonist must confront abusive colleagues."

FEMALE N.D. #1

(to Torres)

I'm here for my physical?

\*

Torres gives her a skeptical look; is this N.D. going to be one of the "abusive colleagues?" Re: a bio-bed:

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

TORRES

Why don't you have a seat over here?

The N.D. sits. Torres picks up a tricorder and starts to scan her when Lieutenant Marseilles ENTERS in a hurry.

MARSEILLES

You'd better get down to Engineering.

A beat as Torres REACTS to the sight of her "husband" with dark hair and a mustache.

TORRES

What's wrong?

MARSEILLES

A plasma conduit just exploded. At least ten people are hurt.

Torres grabs a medkit and heads for the exit. But as she steps beyond the doorframe, part of her leg and arm FRITZ OUT! Disconcerted, Torres steps back into Sickbay, and her "missing limbs" return. Sarcastic:

MARSEILLES

Hey, genius. Forgetting something?  
(off Torres' confused look)  
Your mobile emitter?

TORRES

Oh. Right.

Torres looks around for the small case.

TORRES

I don't see it.

Exasperated, Marseilles moves to a table and indicates a large metallic backpack with blinkies on it. Incredulous:

TORRES

That's my "mobile emitter"?

Torres picks up the heavy device, but can barely lift it.

TORRES

This thing must weigh fifty kilos.

Marseilles helps Torres hoist the device onto her back.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

## MARSEILLES

You should be glad we let you out  
of your cage at all.

(prompting her)

Get going.

Torres makes her way to the EXIT, staggering a little  
under the load.

22 INT. HOLODECK - ENGINEERING (OPTICAL)

22

Torres, hauling her "mobile emitter," ENTERS and looks  
around for the emergency, but sees only N.D.s at work.  
At one station, LIEUTENANT TORAT is dressing down N.D.  
#1 (as seen in Scene 15). Torat is nearly identical to  
Torres, but she's Ktarian (with cranial ridges like  
Naomi Wildman). Her personality is short-tempered and  
condescending, an exaggerated version of Torres'.  
(NOTE: Torat isn't pregnant.)

TORAT

I'm impressed.

N.D. #1

Really?

TORAT

(sarcastic)

Absolutely. I haven't seen a  
dilithium matrix this far out of  
alignment since I served aboard a  
Ferengi garbage scow.

(exasperated)

I'll fix it myself.

Torat shoves the N.D. aside and starts working an open  
panel with a hyperspanner. Torres approaches her.

TORRES

Excuse me.

Torat turns, and Torres REACTS to her alter-ego.

TORAT

How many times have I told you?  
Engineering's off-limits to  
holograms.

TORRES

(dry)

Maybe you should waive that  
restriction during emergencies.

(off Torat's look)

A plasma conduit exploded?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

TORAT

Does it look like anyone here is covered with plasma burns?

TORRES

Lieutenant Par...

(correcting herself)

Marseilles... told me there was an accident.

TORAT

(sighs)

Looks like your auditory subroutines are malfunctioning... again.

(beat)

I'm surprised a matrix as primitive as yours can function at all.

A pair of N.D.s smile slightly at this. Torres decides to "confront" Torat, as instructed by the computer at the top of the Chapter.

TORRES

Maybe you should be a little nicer to your shipmates. You never know when you might need their help.

TORAT

Get one thing straight. You're not one of my shipmates... you're a tool, like this hyperspanner. And tools can be replaced.

Torres raises the hyperspanner slightly in a threatening manner.

TORAT

So why don't you go back to Sickbay, before I do a little "reprogramming"?

Torres heads for the exit.

23 INT. HOLODECK - SICKBAY

23

Torres, wearing the "mobile emitter" on her back, ENTERS to find Sickbay dark. Annoyed:

TORRES

Computer, lights.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

As the LIGHTS come on, Torres spots Marseilles and Female N.D. #1 (who was in for a physical earlier) wrapped in a steamy embrace on the clamshell. Marseilles reluctantly disengages and turns toward Torres, incensed.

\*  
\*

MARSEILLES

Didn't I tell you to go to Engineering?

TORRES

Oh, I get it.

(dry)

Interesting "plot twist." You get me out of Sickbay so you're free to give my patient a tonsillectomy.

As Marseilles helps Female N.D. #1 off the clamshell, he issues a sharp warning to Torres.

\*

MARSEILLES

If you even think about mentioning this to my wife, I'll purge your memory buffer. Do we understand each other?

Before Torres can respond, another attractive FEMALE, N.D. #2 ENTERS, looks to Marseilles.

\*  
\*

FEMALE N.D. #2

I'm here for my physical?

\*  
\*

Marseilles smiles. Torres rolls her eyes.

\*

JENKINS' COM VOICE

Jenkins to the EMH. Report to my Ready Room.

OFF Torres, wondering what's next...

DISSOLVE TO:

24

INT. HOLODECK - READY ROOM - ANGLE ON JENKINS

24

cleaning an old-fashioned pistol. Behind her, an array of phasers and ancient weapons are displayed on the Ready Room walls (in the Doctor's holo-novel, Captain Jenkins is a weapons enthusiast). As Jenkins cleans a pistol, we HEAR:

COMPUTER VOICE

Chapter Six: "Duel in the Ready Room... In which our protagonist faces an inquisition.

Jenkins addresses the O.C. EMH.

JENKINS

This time, you've gone too far.

We REVEAL...

25 NEELIX AS THE EMH

25

wearing the blue uniform and mobile emitter backpack. He looks genuinely caught off-guard by Jenkins' statement.

NEELIX

Captain... I'm not sure what you mean.

JENKINS

(re: her monitor)

I see you've reserved several hours on Holodeck One this weekend... for an opera recital.

NEELIX

(playing along)

Oh, yes... that. I hope you'll be able to attend...?

JENKINS

The Holodeck is reserved for use by the crew.

NEELIX

I... thought I was part of the crew.

A beat as Jenkins picks up a PADD.

JENKINS

An inventory of your holo-matrix. Fifty gigaquads of memory devoted to music. Forty-two for "daydreams." Another ten to... expand your sexuality.

NEELIX

(impressed)

I had no idea holograms could do that...

JENKINS

These "extracurricular subroutines" don't belong as part of an Emergency Medical Hologram.

Neelix doesn't know what to say. Jenkins prompts him.

JENKINS

Do you have anything to say for yourself?

NEELIX

(feigning conviction)

Of course I do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

NEELIX (cont'd)

I don't think those subroutines are trivial, Captain. They help make me a better doctor... and a better person.

JENKINS

But you're not a person. You may be programmed to look and act human, but that doesn't make you one.

(beat)

These subroutines are going to be deleted, immediately.

(taps combadge)

Mister Tulak.

The door opens, and LIEUTENANT TULAK (Tuvok as a human, silver-haired and sporting a goatee) ENTERS, followed by ENSIGN KYMBLE (Kim as a Trill, with a different hairstyle).

JENKINS

Take the EMH to the Holo-Lab for reprogramming.

OFF Neelix...

DISSOLVE TO:

26 INT. HOLODECK - TURBOLIFT (OPTICAL)

26

Tulak and Kymble are holding phasers on the O.C. EMH as the lift descends.

COMPUTER VOICE

Chapter Seven: "The Escape... In which our protagonist is aided by his only ally."

REVEAL...

\*

27 KIM AS THE EMH (OPTICAL)

27

now wearing the blue uniform and "mobile emitter." Kymble shifts, slightly nervous. To Tulak:

KYMBLE

I'm not sure we should be doing this, Commander.

Kim assumes his alter-ego is defending him, and jumps in.

KIM

Listen to him. He knows what he's talking about.

Kymble trains his phaser at Kim.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

KYMBLE

Quiet, I'm not talking to you!

(to Tulak)

If we start tinkering with his matrix, how do we know we won't accidentally delete some of his diagnostic subroutines?

Tulak laughs slightly at this.

TULAK

Afraid you'll catch something on your next Away Mission, Ensign?

KYMBLE

There must be millions of viruses in this quadrant that no one's ever encountered before.

(beat)

With my luck, I'll end up catching half of them.

KIM

(to himself)

Great, my character's a hypochondriac.

The lift stops. The doors open and they step into:

28 INT. HOLODECK - CORRIDOR (OPTICAL)

28

where THREE OF EIGHT is waiting. She's an auburn-haired clone of Seven, with slightly different Borg implants on her face and body. We'll learn she's the EMH's only friend aboard the ship, and often stands up for him. To Tulak:

THREE OF EIGHT

I'll escort the prisoner from here.

TULAK

Our orders are to take him to the Holo-Lab.

THREE OF EIGHT

I've been ordered to perform the procedure.

TULAK

Your sympathies for the EMH are no secret, Three of Eight.

(raises phaser)

Step aside.

(CONTINUED)



28 CONTINUED: 28

A beat as Three of Eight considers. She then moves out of their path. Tulak, Kymbble and Kim continue down the corridor.

29 ANGLE ON THREE OF EIGHT 29

Working the Borg implant on her hand...

30 ANOTHER ANGLE (OPTICAL) 30

As a green BORG FORCEFIELD FLASHES on, stunning Tulak and Kymbble, who stagger. Three of Eight delivers a blow to Tulak, taking his phaser and tossing the weapon to Kim.

THREE OF EIGHT  
Run, Doctor!

A beat as Kim takes in the situation, then quickly disappears down the corridor...

31 ANOTHER CORRIDOR (OPTICAL) 31

As Kim rounds the bend. He reaches an intersection and walks into a Starfleet FORCEFIELD, which FRITZES ON and throws him back. He turns to see a pair of SECURITY N.D.s approaching, weapons drawn. Kim lowers his phaser, resigned...

\*  
\*  
\*

DISSOLVE TO:

32 INT. HOLODECK - SICKBAY 32 \*

The "execution" of the EMH is about to begin. Jenkins, Tulak, Kymbble, and N.D.s are here, their expressions stern. Torat works the freestanding console. Nearby, Three of Eight watches, guarded by a SECURITY N.D. We HEAR:

COMPUTER VOICE  
Chapter Eight: "A Tragic End...  
In which our protagonist learns  
his fate."

Jenkins addresses the O.C. EMH:

JENKINS  
I've tried to do this the easy  
way. But it's clear you're not  
going to be reasonable.  
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

JENKINS (cont'd)  
Your matrix will be decompiled and  
reinitialized. You'll remain off-  
line, except for emergencies.

As Jenkins dresses down the EMH, we REVEAL:

33 JANEWAY (OPTICAL)

33

now playing the part of the EMH. Torat works.

TORAT

Ready.

JENKINS

(beat)  
Do it.

THREE OF EIGHT

Wait!

Three of Eight tries to move, but the N.D. holds her back. Jenkins nods to the N.D. to let her go. Three of Eight steps forward to make a grandiose, "on the nose" plea for the "life" of the EMH.

THREE OF EIGHT

He has the right to expand his program.

JENKINS

He's a piece of technology. He has no rights.

THREE OF EIGHT

But he should.

(beat)  
Someday, the EMH and others like him will be recognized for what they are... intelligent individuals with a passion for life.

(beat, ominous)  
Make no mistake, Captain. We may be thousands of light years from home, but one day, people will learn about the crime you're committing here today.

Jenkins considers for a beat.

JENKINS

Nice speech.

(to Torat, re: the  
EMH)

Now decompile the program.

\*  
\*

34 JANEWAY'S P.O.V. (OPTICAL) 34

Torat works, and the room starts ZIMMERING OUT in a strange effect. We're seeing the world disappear from the P.O.V. of a hologram being wiped out of existence. As Sickbay ZIMMERS OUT, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

35 INT. HOLODECK (OPTICAL) 35

The antique desk and chair are on the grid, along with the Narrator (the Doctor), who's addressing Janeway (her uniform has reverted to normal).

NARRATOR

What you've experienced, dear protagonist, is a work of fiction. But like all fiction, it has elements of truth. I hope you now have a better understanding of the struggles holograms must endure in a world controlled by organics.

The Narrator, desk and chair ZIMMER OUT, leaving the grid empty.

COMPUTER VOICE

End of program.

Janeway taps her combadge.

JANEWAY

Janeway to the Doctor. Report to my Ready Room now.

OFF her resolution...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

36 OMITTED

36

36A INT. BRIEFING ROOM

36A

Mid-scene as Janeway, Paris, Torres and Kim confront the Doctor (wearing his mobile emitter).

TORRES

You turned my husband into a womanizer, the Captain into a dictator...

KIM

My father loves playing holo-programs. What's he going to think when he sees this one?

DOCTOR

(exasperated)

How many times do you want me to say it? My work is not about the Voyager crew.

KIM

Come on. "Ensign Kymble"? "Lieutenant Marseilles"?

TORRES

The characters look almost exactly like us.

\*  
\*

DOCTOR

I used your physical parameters as a starting point. I assure you... any further similarities are purely coincidental.

\*

PARIS

(skeptical)

You set your story on a starship lost in the Delta Quadrant.

DOCTOR

What would you have me write about? Palace intrigue on the Klingon Homeworld? I do what all good novelists do: I "write what I know."

KIM

So it is about Voyager.

(CONTINUED)

36A CONTINUED:

36A

DOCTOR

No. The Vortex characters are  
"larger than life"... they're  
nothing like our crew.

(dry)

As far as I know, Captain, you  
haven't executed any of my patients.

A beat as Janeway considers her response.

JANEWAY

Doctor, you've written a very...  
"imaginative" story. But it's  
conceivable that people will think  
it's based on fact. \*

DOCTOR

I don't see how... \*

KIM

(come on!)

How many holograms carry holo  
emitters? \*

DOCTOR

The mobile emitter in my story looks  
nothing like the genuine article. \*

TORRES

Yeah, what was the point of that? \*

It was like carrying a small  
shuttlecraft. \*

DOCTOR

The "mobile emitter" is a  
metaphor, a symbol of the burdens  
I live with every day.

(re: his real emitter)

Imagine having to take this everywhere  
you go. It would be a constant  
reminder that you're different from  
everyone else. I wanted the player to  
feel the weight of it... literally. \*

JANEWAY

Your emitter isn't a "ball and  
chain." It liberates you.

DOCTOR

It doesn't always feel that way.

A beat as Janeway considers.

JANEWAY

If I didn't know better, I'd think  
this story was written by someone  
who feels oppressed. Is that how  
you see yourself, Doctor?

(CONTINUED)

36A CONTINUED: (2)

36A

DOCTOR

Of course not. The real victims are my brothers in the Alpha Quadrant.

TORRES

"Brothers"?

DOCTOR

Hundreds of EMH Mark Ones, identical to me in every respect. Except they've been condemned to a menial existence... scrubbing conduits... mining dilithium.

(beat, earnest)

There's a long history of writers drawing attention to the plight of the oppressed. "The Vedek's Song," for example, tells the story of the occupation of Bajor.

A long beat.

JANEWAY

I understand you have your reasons for writing this. But you should consider how it makes your friends feel.

\*  
\*  
\*

A beat. The Doctor can't help but be affected by the Captain's words.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry my work offends you...

Still defensive, he stands.

DOCTOR

...but if the price of expressing myself is suffering the scorn of a few colleagues, so be it.

\*  
\*  
\*

The Doctor marches out the EXIT. Janeway and the others share a look... obviously the meeting didn't go the way they'd hoped.

37 INT. CARGO BAY

37

Seven is working at the free-standing console when the doors open and Tuvok ENTERS, carrying an isolinear chip.

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

SEVEN OF NINE  
I'm completing the tactical  
analysis you requested.

TUVOK  
That's not why I'm here. I have  
a... personal request.

(beat)  
Mister Neelix informs me that you  
selected number twenty-three in  
the lottery.

SEVEN OF NINE  
That's correct.

TUVOK  
Then your designated com link time  
is this Wednesday.  
(beat, awkwardly)  
It's the Kalot'ohmar holiday. \*  
(beat) \*  
I was hoping to observe it with my  
wife.

A beat. Then Seven realizes:

SEVEN OF NINE  
You want my isolinear chip.

TUVOK  
I thought we might exchange our \*  
scheduled com times. \*

SEVEN OF NINE  
That's not necessary.

Seven picks up her chip, hands it to Tuvok...

SEVEN OF NINE  
I have no use for it.

TUVOK  
Then why did you select one?

SEVEN OF NINE  
Mister Neelix insisted.

A beat as Tuvok nods his thanks. \*

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED: (2)

37

SEVEN OF NINE

(pointed)

I wouldn't have expected you to be sentimental about a holiday.

\*  
\*

TUVOK

(slightly defensive)

Kalot'ohmar has always been an important occasion for my wife. She'll be pleased that we're able to share the tradition together this year.

\*

SEVEN OF NINE

And you?

TUVOK

I've always valued T'Pel's company...

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)



37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

Seven considers this a beat, reading between the lines.

SEVEN OF NINE

You miss her...

A beat as Tuvok REACTS to her statement.

TUVOK

Our separation... has been  
difficult.

\*  
\*

A beat as Seven thinks about this. Tuvok then offers  
Seven his chip.

TUVOK

You should take this.

SEVEN OF NINE

I told you I have no one to  
contact.

\*

TUVOK

(re: chip)

I'm sure you'll find a use for it.

\*  
\*

Seven accepts it, and Tuvok EXITS. OFF Seven,  
contemplating the chip in her hand...

38 OMITTED

38

39 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

39

at warp.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

Chief Medical Officer's Personal  
Log, Stardate 54740.8. Although  
the decision has made me unpopular  
with the crew, I've decided not to  
compromise my work. I'm making  
some final revisions to the  
program before transmitting it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

40 INT. HOLODECK (OPTICAL)

40

The Doctor ENTERS the empty grid, working a PADD.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

DOCTOR  
 Computer, run EMH program "Photons  
 Be Free."

The antique desk and chair ZIMMER in. A beat later, to the Doctor's surprise, a hologram of Paris ZIMMERS in, sitting at the desk! He's wearing the same smoking jacket as the Doctor's narrator, reading a book, an unlit pipe in his mouth. Paris looks up at the Doctor, and snaps the book closed.

HOLO-PARIS  
 Welcome. You've made an excellent  
 choice. You're obviously a person  
 with impeccable taste.

Paris stands and walks toward the Doctor. Annoyed:

DOCTOR  
 Computer, freeze program!

COMPUTER VOICE  
 Unable to comply.

The Doctor begins a slow burn as Paris continues.

HOLO-PARIS  
 You're about to embark on a  
 remarkable journey. You will take  
 on the role of a medical assistant  
 aboard the Starship Voyeur.

DOCTOR  
 "Voyeur?"

HOLO-PARIS  
 Your job will be to assist the  
 Chief Medical Officer... and learn  
 to tolerate his overbearing  
 behavior and obnoxious bedside  
 manner.

(beat)  
 Remember, patience is a virtue.

Holo-Paris, the desk and chair ZIMMER out, replaced by:

41

INT. HOLODECK - SICKBAY (OPTICAL)

41

The HOLO-DOCTOR ENTERS from his office. He's a clone of the Doctor, but with a bad "comb-over."

COMPUTER VOICE  
 Chapter One: "It's the Doctor's  
 World... You're Just Living In  
 It."

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

The Holo-Doctor launches into a tirade directed at the Doctor, who is now wearing a red uniform.

HOLO-DOCTOR

When I tell you your shift begins at oh-eight-hundred, that doesn't mean you can stroll in here at oh-eight-hundred and twenty-four seconds. Do you understand me, Ensign?

The Doctor REACTS to this imperious version of himself.

DOCTOR

This is... outrageous!

HOLO-DOCTOR

What's outrageous is that I'm going to miss my tee-time.  
(prompting the Doctor)  
Now, come along.

The Holo-Doctor and Doctor move to a bio-bed, where a holographic Seven of Nine is sitting (NOTE: she has auburn hair and modified implants, as seen in the Doctor's holo-novel). This is not the Seven we know... she's coy and pouty.

HOLO-DOCTOR

What seems to be the trouble, "One of Three"?

HOLO-SEVEN OF NINE

(hurt)  
I'm Two of Three.

HOLO-DOCTOR

Sorry.  
(to the Doctor)  
They're triplets, you know.

Seven rotates her shoulder slowly.

HOLO-SEVEN OF NINE

It hurts when I do this.

HOLO-DOCTOR

Then don't do it.

The Holo-Doctor laughs at his lame joke.

HOLO-DOCTOR

Looks like your biradial clamp is out of alignment. I've got just the thing.

The Doctor produces a hypospray. Sotto to the Doctor:

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

HOLO-DOCTOR  
It's a Klingon aphrodisiac... my  
own special blend.

The Holo-Doctor injects Seven with the hypo. He then  
begins sensually massaging her shoulders and upper back.

HOLO-DOCTOR  
You'll be feeling better in no  
time at all...

The Holo-Doctor and Seven share a sultry moment, moving  
close. OFF the Doctor's horrified look...

42 INT. CORRIDOR

42

Paris on the move. An indignant Doctor catches up to  
him.

DOCTOR  
Lieutenant!

Paris stops.

DOCTOR  
I want you to know I'm making a  
full report to the Captain.

PARIS  
(light)  
This isn't about that dermal  
regenerator I misplaced, is it?

DOCTOR  
You know very well what it's  
about. You accessed my holo-novel  
without permission, and replaced  
it with your own hackneyed  
narrative.

PARIS  
Hey, I was just "writing what I  
know."

DOCTOR  
You destroyed a work of art that  
took months to create!

PARIS  
Relax, Doc. I saved your program  
in a back-up file. I was just  
trying to make a point.

The Doctor takes a moment, relieved. Then:

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

DOCTOR

Well, you made it... with a typical lack of subtlety.

PARIS

You're one to talk. Your program's about as subtle as a Ferengi mating dance.

DOCTOR

My program's a serious attempt at social commentary. Yours is nothing more than an insulting farce.

(beat, sotto)

You had me... drugging a patient and taking advantage of her!

PARIS

(feigning innocence)

Don't be ridiculous. That character's not you. For one thing, he has much more hair.

A beat as the Doctor REACTS to this.

PARIS

But what if some people ran that program and thought it was based on you? That would bother you, wouldn't it?

\*  
\*  
\*

DOCTOR

I don't care what people think.

\*

PARIS

That's all you care about! You want everyone back home to think of you as a brilliant author.

\*

DOCTOR

I'm not doing this for my ego... and if you could look past your own, maybe you'd see that!

A passing crewman gives them a look. A beat as Paris pulls the Doctor into a nearby alcove.

PARIS

Look, I don't care if the whole Alpha Quadrant mistakes me for Lieutenant Marseilles.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

PARIS (cont'd)  
What bothers me... is that you  
think that's what I'm like.

\*

The Doctor REACTS, surprised by this.

DOCTOR  
Obviously, you're nothing like  
Marseilles. He's self-indulgent,  
immature...

PARIS  
And how would you describe me?

A beat as the Doctor realizes Paris has him dead to  
rights. The Doctor fumbles for a response.

DOCTOR  
Well, you're a married man...  
with a child on the way... a lot  
of responsibilities...

PARIS  
(dry)  
I'm surprised you noticed.  
(beat)  
You know, I thought I'd begun to  
earn your respect.  
(beat)  
Maybe I was wrong.

\*  
\*

The Doctor doesn't know what to say. Paris gives up.

PARIS  
Your program's under file theta  
one five. Do whatever you want  
with it.

Paris continues down the corridor. OFF the Doctor,  
ruminating over Paris' words, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

43 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

43

The Doctor is absently tapping at his computer when Neelix ENTERS, carrying a PADD. Urgent:

NEELIX

Doctor, I need your help.

DOCTOR

Unless you're suffering acute symptoms, go away.

Neelix presses on, undaunted. Re: the PADD.

NEELIX

I was wondering if you could take a quick look at this.

Neelix hands it to him. Reading:

DOCTOR

"Cooking with Neelix: A Culinary Tour of the Delta Quadrant."

NEELIX

It's a holo-cookbook proposal. I was hoping to transmit it to your publisher during my com link this afternoon... with your approval, of course.

DOCTOR

(dry)

If you're looking for writing tips, there are plenty of people on this ship eager to offer them.

A beat as Neelix picks up on the Doctor's mood.

NEELIX

I don't know what anyone else may have told you, but I loved your holo-novel.

DOCTOR

You did?

NEELIX

Absolutely! It was a rousing adventure... with an important message, too.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

DOCTOR

Exactly! This is my first chance to be appreciated, not just as a physician, but as an artist.

(troubled)

I thought the crew would be happy for me...

\*

NEELIX

You're going to reach a wide audience. What do you care about the opinions of a few disgruntled shipmates?

\*

A beat as the Doctor considers, then sighs.

DOCTOR

They're my friends... I don't want to hurt them...

\*

NEELIX

I guess you have to choose between the people you care about and your art...

\*

(an idea)

\*

Or...

\*

\*

\*

DOCTOR

Or what?

\*

\*

NEELIX

There's an old Talaxian expression: "When the road before you splits in two, take the third path."

\*

\*

\*

\*

DOCTOR

Meaning?

\*

NEELIX

You could make some adjustments to the program... so it won't be so obvious that it's based on Voyager.

\*

\*

The Doctor ponders this for a beat.

DOCTOR

I suppose I could change the setting... alter the characters' physical parameters...

NEELIX

(encouraging)

You wouldn't have to change your theme...

\*

(CONTINUED)



43

CONTINUED: (2)

43

DOCTOR  
(frustrated)  
No... but a rewrite could take  
weeks. My publisher's expecting a  
final draft tomorrow.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Neelix seems to consider, then, he puts an isolinear  
chip on the table.

\*  
\*

NEELIX  
Maybe you should give him a call.

A beat as the Doctor realizes Neelix is donating his com  
link time.

DOCTOR  
What about your cookbook?

NEELIX  
(waving it off)  
Oh, my proposal's not quite  
ready...  
(confidential)  
Actually, all I had was the title.

The Doctor takes a moment... Neelix obviously came here  
for a different reason. The Doctor picks up the chip.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (3)

43

DOCTOR

Thank you.

Neelix smiles knowingly, then EXITS. OFF the Doctor...

44 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB (OPTICAL)

44

The Doctor is speaking to his publisher on the Domescreen as Seven works in the b.g.

BROHT

This is a delightful surprise.

DOCTOR

There's something we need to discuss.

(beat, hesitant)

I'm afraid I won't be able to make my deadline. I've decided the program needs some further revisions.

BROHT

(a little concerned)

Revisions?

DOCTOR

I need to rework the characters...

BROHT

Why? They're so believable! \*

DOCTOR

A little too believable, \*  
apparently.

BROHT

Doctor, I really don't think this is necessary --

DOCTOR

(firm)

I'm afraid I have to insist. My friends' reputations are at stake.

OFF Broht, unhappy about this turn of events...

44A EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

44A

at impulse.

45 INT. MESS HALL

45

After hours. Janeway, Chakotay, Paris, Torres, Kim and the Doctor. Mid-scene.

DOCTOR

My publisher assures me he won't distribute the program until he receives the revised version.

TORRES

(dry)

That must be the one where we assimilate the Borg and take over the quadrant.

A beat. The Doctor looks properly chastised. Janeway pats him on the shoulder.

JANEWAY

We're all grateful that you're taking our feelings into account.

CHAKOTAY

So, how long do you expect your revisions will take?

\*  
\*  
\*

DOCTOR

Art can't be rushed.

Janeway and Chakotay share a look.

JANEWAY

Take your time, Doctor.

As the crew heads for the exit, the Doctor calls after Paris.

DOCTOR

Lieutenant...?

Paris turns to the Doctor. After a beat:

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

DOCTOR

I'm sorry.

Paris smiles slightly, touched by the Doctor's apology.

PARIS

Forget about it.

DOCTOR

(beat)

I could use your help with the revisions.

PARIS

(touched)

Really?

The Doctor nods.

PARIS

(light)

You realize that as a writer I'm not very "sophisticated..."

DOCTOR

I believe the phrase you're looking for is "low brow."

They exchange wry looks as Paris EXITS. OFF the Doctor, feeling better...

46 INT. CORRIDOR

46

Torres is on the move, reading a PADD as Paris catches up to her.

PARIS

Hey.

(notices the PADD)

What's that?

TORRES

It's from my father...

Paris REACTS, slightly surprised.

TORRES

He wants to talk.

PARIS

(beat)

What are you going to do?

TORRES

I've already arranged to talk with my cousin...

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

PARIS

I'm sure she wouldn't mind waiting  
a few weeks.

TORRES

I wouldn't know what to say to  
him.

PARIS

(beat)

Then let him do the talking.

As Torres considers...

TIME CUT TO:

47 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB (OPTICAL)

47

Torres and Paris are talking to her father, JOHN TORRES on the Domescreen. (He's about twenty years older since we last saw him in the episode "Lineage.") John is speaking to us from a ONE-WALL OFFICE SET. He is trying to put his best foot forward, but it's an awkward reunion. Seven works at a side station, but pays close attention as they talk. Re: Torres' pregnancy.

JOHN

Look at you... you must be, what,  
twenty weeks along?

TORRES

Twenty-three, actually.

An awkward beat.

JOHN

Have you decided on a name yet?

TORRES

Not yet.

(beat)

But we're thinking about "Miral."

Another beat.

JOHN

Your mother would've liked that.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

John's unsure of what to talk about next.

JOHN

You know, I had some business on Kessik Four a few months ago. You wouldn't believe what our old house looks like...

SEVEN OF NINE

(gentle reminder)

Lieutenant... forty-five seconds.

Torres nods to Seven. Then to John:

TORRES

Look, we've got less than a minute. Is there a reason you wanted to talk?

A beat as John REACTS to his daughter's impatient tone.

JOHN

I know I can't make up for twenty years in one conversation.

(beat)

The truth is, when Voyager disappeared, I thought I'd lost you...

\*

48 INCLUDE SEVEN (OPTICAL)

48

listening intently to John Torres' heartfelt plea.

JOHN

I don't expect you to forgive me, but maybe we can try to get to know each other again.

\*

A long beat. The transmission begins to FRITZ more noticeably. Torres realizes she only has a few seconds.

TORRES

I'll write you.

John smiles slightly, then the transmission FRITZES and breaks up. Paris squeezes his wife's hand in support, and the two move for the exit. HOLD ON Seven, watching them, deep in thought...

49 EXT. PATHFINDER PROJECT BUILDING - NIGHT (OPTICAL)

49

Establishing.

50 INT. PATHFINDER LAB

50

Admiral Paris is speaking with an N.D. when Barclay ENTERS with a PADD and approaches them.

BARCLAY

I'm sorry to disturb you, Admiral.

The N.D. EXITS and the Admiral turns to Barclay.

ADMIRAL PARIS

Yes, Mister Barclay, what can I do for you?

BARCLAY

I thought you'd want to see this, sir.

Barclay hands the PADD to the Admiral.

ADMIRAL PARIS

What is it?

BARCLAY

It's a holo-novel that's becoming quite popular.

Paris gives Barclay an odd look.

ADMIRAL PARIS

I appreciate the gesture, Lieutenant, but I don't share your affinity for holographic diversions.

BARCLAY

You don't understand, sir. This program... it's about Voyager.

(beat, hesitant)

And it doesn't portray the crew in a very flattering light.

OFF Admiral Paris...

51 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

51

holding position, deflector dish GLOWING brightly.

52 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB (OPTICAL)

52

Janeway is speaking with a stern Admiral Paris on the Dome as Seven works in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

JANEWAY

Seven told me your message was urgent.

ADMIRAL PARIS

I had the dubious privilege of playing a new holo-novel... apparently written by your EMH. I'm surprised you'd allow the Doctor to discredit your crew like this.

\*

Janeway REACTS, confused.

\*

JANEWAY

He's making revisions. The program shouldn't have been distributed yet...

\*

\*

\*

\*

ADMIRAL PARIS

Well, it has been. Mister Barclay tells me the program's already being played in thousands of holo-suites.

\*

Janeway shares a concerned look with Seven. OFF this...

52A INT. HOLO-LAB

52A

The Doctor and Paris are working at consoles when Janeway ENTERS, her expression serious.

DOCTOR

Captain! I'm glad you're here. You can take a look at the revised First Chapter....

\*

\*

JANEWAY

That's going to have to wait.

(beat)

We've got a problem.

OFF Paris and the Doctor, exchanging a look...

TIME CUT TO:



53-54 OMITTED

53-54

55 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB (OPTICAL)

55

Janeway and an irate Doctor are speaking with Broht on the Dome as Seven works nearby.

BROHT

I don't understand why you're so upset. Everyone's talking about your holo-novel.

DOCTOR

You assured me you were going to wait for my revisions!

(beat)

I demand that you recall every copy and issue a public apology to Captain Janeway and her crew.

\*

BROHT

I won't do anything of the sort.

\*

JANEWAY

I don't see that you have a choice, Mister Broht. Authors have rights.

BROHT

(beat)

Not in this case...

DOCTOR

What do you mean?

BROHT

The Doctor's a hologram.

DOCTOR

So...?

BROHT

According to Federation law, holograms have no rights.

A chilling beat as this sinks in. OFF the Doctor, aghast...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

56 INT. BRIEFING ROOM

56

Janeway, Chakotay, Tuvok, Paris and the Doctor are having a strategy session, PADDs spread out on the table. Tuvok reads one of them.

TUVOK

Under a strict interpretation of Federation Law, Mister Broht is correct. The Doctor has no legal rights.

DOCTOR

Because I'm a hologram.

TUVOK

Yes.

The Doctor REACTS to this body blow.

TUVOK

There's another option.

(beat)

We may be able to claim that the holo-novel reveals classified information. Starfleet could then request that it be recalled for security purposes.

\*

\*

PARIS

(dry)

Great idea... a "cover-up." Then everyone will be convinced it's a true story.

CHAKOTAY

(beat)

Could we claim defamation?

\*

PARIS

We'd have to prove the story's about us... and that we've been harmed by it.

\*

A beat as Janeway considers.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

JANEWAY

We might win on those grounds.  
But what about the Doctor?

\*

DOCTOR

What about me, Captain? It's the  
crew's reputations that are at  
risk.

JANEWAY

I'm not so sure. I think it's  
your reputation that's on the line  
here.

(beat)

You have the same rights as every  
other member of this crew... and  
I'm not going to let this  
publisher say otherwise.

\*

\*

\*

OFF the Doctor, moved by the Captain's gesture...

57 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

57

at impulse.

JANEWAY (V.O.)

Captain's Log, Stardate 54748.6.  
A Federation Arbitrator has been  
assigned to determine whether the  
Doctor has the right to control  
his "artistic creation." Because  
of our limited com time with  
Earth, the arguments should take  
about three days.

\*

\*

\*

\*

57A INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB (OPTICAL)

57A

A hearing is in progress. Janeway, Tuvok and the Doctor  
are here. On the Dome, WE SEE Admiral Paris and Barclay  
seated at one table, and a FEDERATION ARBITRATOR at  
another. Broht sits in the "witness chair." Tuvok is  
cross-examining him.

\*

TUVOK

You claim the Doctor doesn't have  
the legal right to control the  
program. Yet you're promoting the  
fact that Voyager's EMH wrote the  
program.

\*

\*

\*

INTERCUT:

58 INT. PATHFINDER LAB (OPTICAL)

58

The Pathfinder Viewscreen shows the corresponding scene in Voyager's Astrometrics Lab.

BROHT

Our most successful children's title is a program "written by" Toby the Targ.

(dry)

Fortunately, Toby hasn't tried to stop me from distributing any of his work.

The Arbitrator smiles. The Doctor frowns.

\*

TUVOK

But you don't deny that the Doctor is the creator of this holo-novel?

BROHT

No.

Broht indicates a mug on the table.

BROHT

But a replicator "created" this cup of coffee. Should that replicator be able to determine whether or not I can drink it?

The Doctor reacts to this offensive comparison.

DOCTOR

I object --

JANEWAY

Doctor.

She nods for Tuvok to continue.

TUVOK

An intriguing analogy, Mister Broht.

(beat)

But I've never encountered a replicator that could compose music, or paint landscapes, or perform microsurgery.

(beat)

Have you?

\*

Broht doesn't have a clever comeback for that one. The Doctor smiles, pleased. Tuvok moves on to his next question.

(CONTINUED)

58

CONTINUED:

58

TUVOK

Would you say that you have a reputation for publishing respected, original works of literature?

BROHT

I'd like to think so.

TUVOK

And is the Doctor's holo-novel such a work?

BROHT

Whether or not it earns respect remains to be seen...

\*  
\*

The Doctor REACTS to this...

TUVOK

But it is original?

BROHT

Actually, some aspects of it are quite derivative...

Again, the Doctor frowns. Tuvok presses his point.

TUVOK

Has there ever been another work written about a hologram's struggle for equality?

\*

BROHT

Not that I know of...

TUVOK

Then in that respect, it is original?

BROHT

I suppose so...

That was the answer Tuvok was looking for. He picks up a PADD and turns to the Arbitrator.

\*

TUVOK

Your honor, Section Seven Gamma of the Twelfth Guarantee defines an "artist" as a "person who creates an original artistic work."

(beat)

Mister Broht admits that the Doctor created this program, and that it's original.

\*

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

58

CONTINUED: (2)

58

TUVOK (cont'd)

I therefore submit that the Doctor should be entitled to all the rights and privileges accorded an artist under the law.

The Doctor looks pleased. A beat as the Arbitrator considers.

ARBITRATOR

You've made a persuasive argument, Commander.

(beat)

But there's a flaw in your logic.

Tuvok REACTS to this.

ARBITRATOR

As you point out, the law says that the creator of an artistic work must be a "person."

(beat)

Your EMH doesn't meet that criterion.

REACTIONS. The transmission begins to FRITZ slightly. Barclay works a panel.

BARCLAY

We're losing the link, Admiral.

ARBITRATOR

This hearing is in recess until tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (3)

58

The transmission FRITZES OUT. OFF the Doctor, Janeway, and Tuvok, not pleased with the turn of events...

59 OMITTED

59

60 INT. BRIEFING ROOM

60

Janeway, Tuvok, Paris and the Doctor as they ENTER for another strategy session.

\*  
\*

TUVOK

We're not doing well.

DOCTOR

(dry)

Is that your "considered legal opinion"?

(off his look)

I'm sorry. It's just...  
frustrating to be told I have no  
more legal standing than a  
replicator.

\*

A beat as they consider. Tuvok has a new idea:

TUVOK

If the Doctor doesn't have the  
right to control his own work, it  
stands to reason he never had the  
right to enter into an agreement  
with Mister Broht.

\*

(beat)

We could argue that the original  
contract is invalid.

PARIS

In other words... you want to  
concede that the Doctor isn't a  
person.

JANEWAY

(after a beat)

What we need to do... is prove  
that he's just as much a person as  
any of us.

\*

DOCTOR

But, how do we do that?

\*

A beat as Janeway considers, then:

JANEWAY

By telling your real life story.

The Doctor REACTS. OFF this...

61 INT. ASTROMETRICS/PATHFINDER LAB - CLOSE ON SEVEN 61  
(OPTICAL)

beginning a SERIES OF CUTS as the crew testify before  
the Dome. Mid-scene:

SEVEN OF NINE

Because I was having difficulty  
interacting with the crew, the  
Doctor gave me social lessons.  
First, he taught me how to make  
conversation... later, how to dance.  
Eventually, he showed me how to  
express "romantic interest."

\*  
\*  
\*

The Arbitrator REACTS to this...

\*

SEVEN OF NINE

Without his guidance... I wouldn't  
be the person I am today.

\*

CUT TO:

61A KIM (OPTICAL) 61A

now testifying.

KIM

...he decided it wasn't enough to  
be just a doctor. So he added  
command subroutines to his matrix,  
and now, in an emergency, he's as  
capable as any Bridge Officer.

\*  
\*  
\*

ARBITRATOR

That only proves the Doctor's  
program can be modified.

\*

KIM

Your honor, I think it shows he  
has a desire to become more than  
he is... just like any other  
person.

CUT TO:

61B INT. PATHFINDER LAB - CLOSE ON BARCLAY 61B

in the "witness chair."

(CONTINUED)



61B CONTINUED:

61B

BARCLAY

...he travelled halfway across the  
galaxy to care for Lewis  
Zimmerman. The man who created  
his program. He was like a "son"  
who wanted to show his "father"  
what he'd become... so the "old  
man" would be proud of him. And  
if you ask me...  
    (beat)  
...he was.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

OFF Barclay, emotional...

CUT TO:

61C-61D OMITTED

61C-61D

\*

62 JANEWAY (OPTICAL)

62

now testifying.

JANEWAY

...I'd made myself clear. But the  
Doctor disobeyed my direct orders.  
In the process, he endangered the  
ship and crew.

\*

ARBITRATOR

That's hardly commendable  
behavior.

\*

62

CONTINUED:

62

JANEWAY

No, it wasn't. But it was human.  
(beat)

Starfleet had programmed him to follow orders. The fact that he was capable of doing otherwise proves that he can think for himself.

The Arbitrator REACTS. As she makes her final appeal, we begin a SLOW PUSH on Janeway, INTERCUTTING PUSHES on the Arbitrator and the Doctor.

JANEWAY

Your honor, centuries ago, in most places on Earth, only land owners of a particular race and gender had any rights at all. Over time, those rights were extended to all humans, and later, as we explored the galaxy, to thousands of sentient species. Our definition of what constitutes a person has continued to evolve. Now, we're asking you to expand that definition once more... to include our Doctor.

The Doctor reacts, moved.

JANEWAY

(beat)

When I met him seven years ago, I would never have believed that an EMH could become a valued member of my crew... and my friend.

(impassioned)

The Doctor is a person... as real as any "flesh and blood" I've ever known.

(firm)

If you believe the testimony you've heard here, it's only fair to conclude that he has the same rights as any of us.

HOLD on the Doctor, touched by Janeway's speech. A beat as the Arbitrator considers his response.

ARBITRATOR

You'll have my decision in two days.

(beat)

This hearing is in recess.

OFF Janeway and the Doctor...

63

EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

63

at impulse.

64 INT. MESS HALL

64

Kim is working on a PADD over a cup of coffee when Seven ENTERS, carrying the isolinear chip she received in trade from Tuvok. She approaches Kim and sets the chip on the table.

SEVEN OF NINE

When you sing "Happy Birthday" to your mother, try to stay in tune.

\*

KIM

What's this?

SEVEN OF NINE

An isolinear chip entitling the bearer to three minutes of com time tomorrow.

\*

(off his look)

You made it clear how important it was to finish your conversation.

KIM

(beat, embarrassed)

I overreacted...

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

SEVEN OF NINE

I understand why you did.

(off his look)

I've observed the crew interacting with their families over the past few days. It's become clear to me how meaningful this communication can be.

Kim picks up the chip, touched by the gesture. But he hands it back to her.

KIM

Thanks, but I can't accept this.

SEVEN OF NINE

Why not?

KIM

You should contact your own family.

SEVEN OF NINE

My parents were assimilated.

KIM

There must be someone. A distant relative...?

SEVEN OF NINE

(beat)

My father has a sister on Earth. Irene Hansen.

Kim hands the chip to Seven.

KIM

I'm sure she'd be thrilled to hear from you.

HOLD ON Seven, considering...

65

INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB (OPTICAL)

65

Seven is talking to a woman in her late fifties on the Dome: IRENE HANSEN. She's speaking from another ONE-WALL LIVING ROOM SET.

IRENE

You can imagine my reaction when Starfleet told me to expect your call!

SEVEN OF NINE

I experienced some apprehension myself.

Irene laughs slightly at this.

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

IRENE

You probably don't remember me...

\*

SEVEN OF NINE

I'm sorry, I don't.

IRENE

You seem like a lovely young woman...

(then)

...but you were the most stubborn six year old I'd ever met.

\*

Seven is taken aback by this.

IRENE

(light)

Your parents left you with me for a weekend, and you were so angry that you locked yourself in my guestroom and refused to come out.

\*

SEVEN OF NINE

(embarrassed)

That must have been... inconvenient for you.

\*

IRENE

Oh, I coaxed you out eventually... with a strawberry tart.

\*

SEVEN OF NINE

(surprised)

I'm very fond of strawberries. I didn't realize I'd eaten them as a child --

\*

IRENE

You couldn't get enough of them.

(beat)

Of course, you didn't hesitate to point it out if they weren't perfectly ripe...

\*

\*

Seven is uncertain how to take this...

SEVEN OF NINE

I'm sorry if I insulted you...

(beat)

Perhaps I shouldn't have called...

\*

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

IRENE

(laughs)

No, I'm very glad you did.

(beat)

It's wonderful to see you again,  
Annika.

Seven REACTS to her human name. OFF this moment...

65A EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

65A

holding position, its deflector dish GLOWING.

65B INT. ASTROMETRICS/PATHFINDER LAB (OPTICAL)

65B

Janeway, Tuvok, the Doctor, Paris, Seven, and Kim are gathered in Astrometrics. Admiral Paris, Barclay, Broht and the Arbitrator are assembled at Pathfinder. The Arbitrator is delivering his ruling.

ARBITRATOR

We're exploring new territory today, so it's fitting that this hearing is being held at Pathfinder.

(beat)

The Doctor exhibits many of the traits we associate with a "person". Intelligence, creativity, ambition... even fallibility. But are these traits real, or is the Doctor merely programmed to simulate them?

(beat)

To be honest, I don't know. Eventually, we'll have to decide, because the issue of holographic rights isn't going to go away.

(beat)

But at this time, I'm not prepared to rule that the Doctor is a "person" under the law.

Disappointed REACTIONS from Janeway and the Doctor.

ARBITRATOR

However... it's obvious he's no ordinary hologram. While I can't say with certainty that he's a "person," I am willing to extend the legal definition of "artist" to include the Doctor.

(beat)

I therefore rule that he has the right to control his work.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

65B CONTINUED:

65B

ARBITRATOR (cont'd)  
I'm ordering all copies of his  
holo-novel recalled immediately.

Our people REACT with happy surprise. Broht can't believe his ears.

BROHT  
Your honor...!

ARBITRATOR  
This hearing is adjourned.

BARCLAY  
Congratulations, Doctor.

DOCTOR  
Thank you, Reg.

ADMIRAL PARIS  
We'll be in touch, Captain.

Janeway nods, motions to Seven, who works a panel, ending the transmission.

65C ANGLE - THE DOCTOR

65C

as our crew ad-libs congratulations. He accepts their good wishes with a marked lack of enthusiasm.

JANEWAY  
You don't look like someone who's just struck the first blow for the rights of holograms.

DOCTOR  
I don't mean to sound ungrateful, but it feels like a "hollow" victory... pardon the pun.  
(beat)  
The program's already been played by thousands of people. The damage is done.

JANEWAY  
We'll survive.

PARIS  
If I'm not mistaken, don't you have a holo-novel to revise?

DOCTOR  
(beat)  
Do you think I'll be able to find another publisher?

(CONTINUED)

65C CONTINUED:

65C

Janeway takes the Doctor by the arm and they move for the door.

JANEWAY

If there's one thing I've learned about you, Doctor, it's that you can do just about anything you set your mind to.

OFF the Doctor...

DISSOLVE TO:

66-67 OMITTED

66-67

68 EXT. SPACE - ASTEROID MINING STATION (OPTICAL)

68

Small ore carriers dart about the mining complex. Superimpose: FEDERATION DILITHIUM PROCESSING FACILITY, ALPHA QUADRANT. FOUR MONTHS LATER.

69 INT. ASTEROID MINING STATION (OPTICAL)

69

An EMH MARK ONE, wearing dusty coveralls, is loading rocks into a large container. (NOTE: This is a cave redress, with holo-emitters in evidence.) Another EMH, #2, ENTERS from O.C. and approaches the first hologram. They're both identical to the Doctor.

(CONTINUED)



69

CONTINUED:

69

EMH #2

Time for your diagnostic. Report  
to the Holo-Lab.

Before EMH #1 moves off, EMH #2 takes his arm. #2 looks  
around to see if anyone else is listening, then, sotto:

EMH #2

While you're there, do yourself a  
favor.

(beat)

Ask the operator to run program  
forty two beta.

EMH #1

What is it?

EMH #2

It's called "Photons Be Free."

(beat)

It's quite provocative.

\*

EMH #1 nods, and moves off. As EMH #2 goes to work, we  
PULL BACK, revealing a multitude of identical EMH Mark  
Ones, all toiling and working equipment in the cave.  
OFF this, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVETHE END