

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Endgame, Part One"

40840-271

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by
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FINAL DRAFT

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VOYAGER: "Endgame, Part One" - 3/15/01 CAST

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Endgame, Part One"

CAST

JANEWAY	COMMANDER BARCLAY
CHAKOTAY	MIRAL
KIM	KORATH
PARIS	GIRL
DOCTOR	PHYSICIAN
TUVOK	NEWSCASTER'S VOICE
TORRES	CADET
SEVEN OF NINE	LANA
NEELIX	ICHEB
ADMIRAL JANEWAY	KLINGON
CAPTAIN KIM	BORG QUEEN
COMPUTER VOICE	BORG COLLECTIVE

Non-Speaking

N.D. SUPERNUMERARIES

Non-Speaking

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

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SETS

INTERIORS

VOYAGER (PRESENT)
ASTROMETRICS LAB
BRIDGE
BRIEFING ROOM
CARGO BAY
CHAKOTAY'S QUARTERS
CORRIDOR
MESS HALL
READY ROOM
SICKBAY
TOM & B'ELANNA'S QUARTERS

EARTH (FUTURE)
JANEWAY'S OFFICE
JANEWAY'S APARTMENT
HOSPITAL ROOM
PATHFINDER RESEARCH LAB

CAPTAIN KIM'S SHIP (FUTURE)
READY ROOM

KORATH'S CAVES (FUTURE)
LABORATORY

ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE (FUTURE)

BORG QUEEN'S LAIR (PRESENT)

EXTERIORS

(PRESENT)
SPACE
VOYAGER
NEBULA

(FUTURE)
SPACE
JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE
BIRD OF PREY

EARTH
CEMETERY
RESEARCH BUILDING
GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE
APARTMENT BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO
HOSPITAL BUILDING

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - FUTURE - NIGHT (OPTICAL) 1

Thousands of SPECTATORS line the balustrades, gazing up expectantly into the night sky. In the B.G. the shimmering LIGHTS of late twenty-fourth century San Francisco are visible. Suddenly, FIREWORKS EXPLODE over the water in a spectacular display. As the crowd begins CHEERING, we REVEAL the cause of their excitement:

2 THE USS VOYAGER (OPTICAL) 2

suddenly SWOOPS INTO FRAME! It ZOOMS UNDER the Bridge and then up THROUGH more fireworks that EXPLODE on the other side! The crowd, turning to follow the ship's progress, GOES WILD! (NOTE: The discerning viewer may notice a few changes to the ship: in addition to a couple of decades of wear and tear, some FUTURISTIC ARMOR has been added to sections of the hull.)

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE

These should be familiar images to everyone who remembers the USS Voyager's triumphant return to Earth after twenty-three years in the Delta Quadrant...

*

A BODY suddenly WIPES THROUGH FRAME IN THE FOREGROUND, and we stay with the unidentified figure to REVEAL that we are in...

3 INT. APARTMENT - SAN FRANCISCO - FUTURE - NIGHT (OPTICAL) 3

What we've actually been watching and listening to is a twenty-fourth century NEWS BROADCAST on a large-screen MONITOR built into a wall. As the Newscaster continues (O.C.), CAMERA FOLLOWS the still unidentified figure's movements through the comfortably furnished room.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE

Voyager captivated the hearts and minds of people throughout the Federation...

*

The figure's HAND, weathered by age, picks up an old ceramic COFFEE CUP with a noticeable CHIP on the rim.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE
...so it seems fitting that on this tenth anniversary of their return, we take a moment to recall the sacrifices made by the crew. *

Just a short beat, and then the Newscaster moves on to other news:

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE
Corruption charges were brought today against a Ferengi gaming consortium --

ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S VOICE
(overlapping)
Computer, end display.

4 REVEAL ADMIRAL KATHRYN JANEWAY 4

Though she's twenty-six years older than we last saw her, she's aged gracefully. Her hair may be streaked with grey now, but it's full and elegant. She's still trim and fit, and her skin, though showing a few lines around the eyes, is healthy and smooth.

She moves to a WINDOW, stares out across twenty-fourth century SAN FRANCISCO BAY. She has her own view of the Golden Gate Bridge. As she contemplates it and sips her coffee, a troubled look on her face...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

(NOTE: Episode credits fall over opening scenes.)

5 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - FUTURE - NIGHT (OPTICAL) 5

To establish a futuristic high-rise.

6 INT. JANEWAY'S APARTMENT - FUTURE - NIGHT 6

The room is now filled with PEOPLE, a mix of HUMAN and ALIEN, OLD and YOUNG, some wearing Starfleet uniforms but many in civilian clothes. These are the surviving members of the Voyager crew and their families. Soft MUSIC plays while guests sip DRINKS and nibble HORS D'OEUVRES. Smiles and laughter abound -- this is a tight-knit group that's happy to be together again.

CAMERA FOLLOWS a YOUNG GIRL as she navigates the crowd. She stops short when something catches her eye:

CAPTAIN HARRY KIM

also twenty-six years older -- his face shows a few wrinkles and his hair is peppered with grey. He wears the uniform of a Starfleet Captain. He's saying good-bye to an N.D. guest as the girl, unnoticed by Harry, comes closer and studies his face, as though trying to place him.

CAPTAIN KIM

Dinner next week then. I'm
looking forward to it...

*

As the N.D. moves into the crowd, the girl taps Harry's arm. He reacts, looks down at her, smiles.

CAPTAIN KIM

Hello.

GIRL

What's your name?

CAPTAIN KIM

Harry. What's yours?

GIRL

Sabrina.

CAPTAIN KIM

(realizing)
Naomi's daughter?

She nods. He smiles.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

CAPTAIN KIM
You've gotten so big.

GIRL
I don't remember you.

CAPTAIN KIM
I haven't come to one of these
reunions in four years.

*

GIRL
Why?

CAPTAIN KIM
I've been on a deep space
assignment.

GIRL
For four years?

CAPTAIN KIM
Compared to how long I was on
Voyager, it seems like a long
weekend.

*

(the girl smiles)
Can you find your mother for me?
I'd love to say hi.

The girl nods, moves off, as Admiral Janeway APPROACHES,
carrying a drink which she hands to Harry.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Here you are, "Captain."

CAPTAIN KIM
(smiles)
Thank you, Admiral.

They both watch Sabrina disappear into the crowd.

KIM
I haven't seen her since she was a
baby.

She looks to Harry, wry.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
It's amazing how fast you've all
grown up.

Kim smiles. Changes the subject to something apparently
more serious.

KIM
How's Tuvok?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
The same.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

CAPTAIN KIM

I thought maybe I'd go see him tomorrow.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

That would be nice.

An uncomfortable beat. Harry changes the subject again.

CAPTAIN KIM

I'm sorry I missed the funeral. I should've been there...

A long beat, and then the Admiral takes his hand, gives it a squeeze.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

You were on a mission. Everyone understood.

A beat as she studies his face.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

It's good to see you, Harry.

OFF the warm moment...

7

ANGLE - THE DOOR TO THE CORRIDOR

7

It SLIDES OPEN, and the DOCTOR, dressed in civilian attire, ENTERS with an attractive young woman on his arm. Her name is LANA. In contrast to his old friends, the Doctor's physical appearance hasn't changed at all.

PARIS (O.C.)

Doc!

7A

REVEAL TOM PARIS

7A

dressed in civilian clothes, also twenty-six years older. As he approaches, the Doctor breaks into a smile.

DOCTOR

Mister Paris...

They embrace warmly, break apart.

DOCTOR

Where have you been hiding yourself?

(CONTINUED)

7A CONTINUED:

7A

PARIS
I've been busy.

The Doctor raises an eyebrow, fishing...

DOCTOR
New holo-novel?

PARIS
(smiles)
I'll be sure to get your input
before I send it to my publisher.

Paris looks to the young woman.

PARIS
Aren't you going to introduce me
to your date?

DOCTOR
Tom Paris, say hello to Lana...
(beaming)
...my "blushing bride."

PARIS
(floored)
You're married?

LANA
(smiles)
Tomorrow's our two week
anniversary.

PARIS
Congratulations.
(light)
I guess my wedding invitation got
lost in subspace...

DOCTOR
You should be flattered.
(off his look)
We took a page out of your book
and eloped.

LANA
Joe has a real "flair" for the
romantic gesture. *

PARIS
Joe? *

DOCTOR
I decided I couldn't get married
without a name.

(CONTINUED)

7A CONTINUED: (2)

7A

PARIS

It took you thirty-three years to
come up with "Joe?"

*

DOCTOR

It was Lana's grandfather's name.

PARIS

(reacts, fishing)
Oh. So you're not...

LANA

A hologram? No.

DOCTOR

Frankly, Mister Paris, I'm
surprised you'd even ask. I
thought we were beyond those sorts
of distinctions.

PARIS

Are you kidding? I think it's
great.

(light)
I'm in a "mixed marriage" myself,
remember?

DOCTOR

Speaking of which, where is that
wife of yours?

OFF the question...

8 ANOTHER PART OF THE ROOM

8

An older B'ELANNA TORRES, also dressed in civilian
clothes, is chatting with the Admiral.

TORRES

The High Council had a lot of
questions.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

What did you tell them?

TORRES

The truth. With a Klingon
"twist."

(off her look)
I told them my beloved former
Captain -- who saved my life many
times in "glorious battle" --
would consider it an "honor" to
submit Korath's House for
consideration.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Do you think it'll work?

TORRES

I'm just the Federation Liaison.
But I'd like to think I have some
influence.

(beat)

You still haven't told me why
you're trying to help Korath.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

(evasive)

He's an old friend.

TORRES

Would this "old friend" have
anything to do with the "mission"
you sent my daughter on?

Janeway just smiles.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Sorry, B'Elanna... but you know I
can't talk about that.

TORRES

Couldn't you at least have delayed
it 'til after the reunion? She
really wanted to be here.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

She'll be home soon. I promise.

They're interrupted by the sound of a spoon CLINKING a
glass. They turn to see...

9

COMMANDER REGINALD BARCLAY

9

tapping his CHAMPAGNE GLASS. He's in uniform, and like
the others, has aged a couple of decades. But he's also
more comfortable in front of a crowd than we've ever
seen him.

COMMANDER BARCLAY

May I have everyone's attention
please?

All eyes turn to Reg and the room grows quiet.

COMMANDER BARCLAY

Ten years ago tonight, this crew
returned home from the longest
"Away Mission" in Starfleet
history...

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

A few smiles from the crowd. Barclay continues:

COMMANDER BARCLAY

Twenty-three years together made
you a family -- one I'm proud to
have been adopted by.

While Reg speaks, CAMERA PANS through the crowd... past
the Doctor... Tom and B'Elanna... Kim...

COMMANDER BARCLAY

So let's raise our glasses.
(beat)
To the journey.

As the party-goers raise their glasses, a few others echo
Reg's words: "To the journey." CAMERA finally COMES TO REST
on Janeway who raises her glass, makes a toast of her own.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

And to those of us who aren't here
to celebrate it with us...

As the others affirm Janeway's ambiguous sentiment...

10

EXT. FEDERATION RESEARCH BUILDING - FUTURE - DAY

10

Re-establishing the home of the Pathfinder Project.

11

OMITTED

11

12

INT. PATHFINDER PROJECT RESEARCH LAB (OPTICAL)

12

Commander Barclay addresses an O.C. audience.

COMMANDER BARCLAY

Ladies and gentlemen, meet the Borg.

A BORG DRONE SHIMMERS into view beside him and we go...

12A

WIDER (OPTICAL)

12A

The research lab has been converted into a "classroom"
of sorts. As the Drone begins to ROTATE, we see that
it's a holographic PROJECTION emanating from a HOLO-
EMITTER PEDESTAL atop a DAIS. Commander Barclay stands
next to the projection, lecturing to a group of twenty
or so ACADEMY CADETS sitting across the room on TIERED
SEATS. Admiral Janeway is seated on the dais.

COMMANDER BARCLAY

Over the course of this term,
you're going to become intimately
familiar with the Collective.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12A CONTINUED:

12A

COMMANDER BARCLAY (cont'd)
You'll learn about the
assimilation process... the Borg
hierarchy... the psychology of the
Hive Mind...

The class reacts, excited and eager to learn.

COMMANDER BARCLAY
When it comes to your performance
in this class... my expectations
are no different than those of the
Borg Queen herself:
(beat)
Perfection.

This elicits a few LAUGHS from the Cadets.

COMMANDER BARCLAY
This semester, we're very
fortunate to have a special guest
lecturer.
(beat)
She's the woman who literally
"wrote the book" on the Borg,
Admiral Kathryn Janeway.

*

APPLAUSE from the star-struck students as the Admiral
RISES.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Thank you. I'm glad to be here.

As the applause dies down, one of the CADETS raises his
hand. Janeway eyes him.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
A question already, Cadet?

The Cadet rises, a little brash, exchanges some looks
with his classmates. We might get the idea that they've
put him up to this.

CADET
I suppose it could wait 'til after
class, Admiral.

Janeway shrugs, good-natured:

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
As they say in the Temporal
Mechanics Department: "There's no
time like the present."

A few LAUGHS from the students.

(CONTINUED)

12A CONTINUED: (2)

12A

CADET

In the year twenty-three seventy-seven, you aided the Borg resistance movement known as Unimatrix Zero.

COMMANDER BARCLAY

Sounds like someone's been reading ahead.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

(smiles)

I thought you had a question, Cadet.

Though the Admiral's admonishing him, it's clear she admires the young man's moxie.

CADET

Yes, ma'am.

(beat)

When you informed the Queen that you were going to liberate thousands of her Drones...

(wry)

Could you describe the look on her face?

LAUGHTER from the class. Janeway's amused too. But her attention is drawn away by a Starfleet N.D. ENTERING across the room. They make eye contact, and the N.D. crosses to the Admiral, whispers in her ear. Janeway reacts, turns to the class.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Excuse me.

As she heads for the door, Reg turns back to the class, tries to keep things moving...

COMMANDER BARCLAY

Okay... who can tell me a little about nanotechnology?

(CONTINUED)

12A CONTINUED: (3) 12A

But everyone, Reg included, can't help watching curiously as the Admiral EXITS...

13 INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S OFFICE - FUTURE - DAY (OPTICAL) 13

A cluttered REDRESS of the Voyager Quarter's set. Admiral Janeway ENTERS and hurriedly moves to her desk where a MONITOR DISPLAYS a Starfleet emblem accompanied by text that reads: "INCOMING MESSAGE." Janeway touches a control, and the face of ENSIGN MIRAL PARIS APPEARS. Attractive, in her mid-twenties, she's the daughter of Tom and B'Elanna. One quarter Klingon, she has slight ridges on her forehead and wears a Tactical uniform.

MIRAL
Sorry to pull you out of class,
Admiral.

The Admiral gets right to business:

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Did you see it?

MIRAL
(nods)
Yes, ma'am.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
(impatient)
And?

MIRAL
(smiles)
It works.

A beat as Janeway digests this. It's clearly good news.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Korath has agreed to the exchange?

MIRAL
Yes...

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
But?

MIRAL
(beat)
He's insisting on handing it over
to you personally.

A beat as Janeway considers.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I'll be there as soon as I can.
(beat)
Good work, Ensign Paris.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

Miral nods, BLINKS OFF the monitor, and that's the end of their cryptic conversation. Janeway settles back into her chair, a look of determination on her face...

14 EXT. STARFLEET MEDICAL FACILITY - DAY (OPTICAL) 14 *

A futuristic facility with a grassy lawn. It's a sunny day.

15 INT. STARFLEET HOSPITAL ROOM - FUTURE 15

In contrast to the bright day outside, it's dark save for the light of a CANDLE. The floor is littered with discarded pieces of PAPER. As CAMERA MOVES through the room, we see that the pages are covered in a jumble of indecipherable handwritten letters, numbers, and shapes.

A MAN, his back to us, is on hands and knees, scribbling furiously on one of the pieces of paper. Suddenly, the SOUND of an O.C. door opening, and the room is FLOODED WITH LIGHT.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY (O.C.)
Hello, Tuvok.

The man reacts, turns, shields his eyes from the light... and we see that this is indeed an older OLDER TUVOK. As a Vulcan, he hasn't aged much physically, but in contrast to the stoic logician we once knew, he's easily confused, anxious. As we'll come to learn, he's suffering from a debilitating neurological disorder.

TUVOK
The light...

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I'm sorry.

She moves out of the door frame and the door SLIDES CLOSED behind her. Tuvok strains to place Janeway.

TUVOK
I know you...

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
That's right. I'm your friend...
Kathryn Janeway, remember?

Tuvok eyes her skeptically. Then, matter-of-fact.

TUVOK
You're an imposter.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

No, Tuvok. It's me.

TUVOK

Admiral Janeway visits on Sunday.
Today is Thursday. Logic dictates
that you are not who you claim to
be.

Seemingly pleased with his "logic proof," Tuvok resumes
scrawling on the piece of paper. Janeway takes a seat
on a chair.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

How are you?

TUVOK

(re: paper)

I'm close to completing my work.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I'm glad to hear it.

TUVOK

(pointed)

*It's difficult with so many
interruptions.*

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I'm sorry. Would you like me to
leave?

Another beat. Tuvok doesn't look up.

TUVOK

You may stay.

A beat as Janeway watches him, screws up her courage to
say what she's come here to say.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Tuvok, there's something I need to
tell you. It's very important.

Tuvok still doesn't look up. *The Admiral continues.*

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I'm going away...

(beat)

...and I may not see you again.

Tuvok looks up at this. Does he understand?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Commander Barclay and the Doctor
will continue to visit you.
They'll bring you anything you
need.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2) 15

Tuvok seems to mull this over for a beat, then:

TUVOK

The Doctor comes on Wednesdays.
Commander Barclay's visits... are
erratic.

Janeway smiles sadly. Then rises.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Good-bye, Tuvok.

But he just goes back to his writing. Janeway watches
him for a wistful beat, then reluctantly, she EXITS...

16 EXT. JANEWAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - FUTURE - NIGHT 16
(OPTICAL)

Re-establishing.

17 INT. JANEWAY'S APARTMENT - FUTURE - NIGHT 17

She's laying out some clothes on her sofa, folding and
packing them into a DUFFEL. The door CHIMES. She moves
to the door and opens it to reveal the Doctor standing
outside, holding a MEDKIT. Janeway smiles.

JANEWAY

You must be the only Doctor who
still makes "house calls."

Clearly concerned, the Doctor steps past her into the
apartment, produces a MEDICAL TRICORDER, and immediately
starts scanning.

DOCTOR

What are your symptoms?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

(confused)
I'm perfectly fine --

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

DOCTOR
(not buying it)
For thirty-three years, you've
fought me every time you were due
for a physical. Now you ask me to
give you one ahead of schedule?

*
*

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I'm taking a trip. I just wanted
to get our appointment out of the
way before I left.

A long beat as the Doctor takes this in, skeptical.

DOCTOR
That's all?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
That's all.

Another beat, and then the Doctor eyes his tricorder.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

DOCTOR

The good news is, you're as healthy as the day I first examined you.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Well, now that that's out of the way, have a seat.

(off his look)

We didn't get to talk much at the party.

DOCTOR

No, I suppose we didn't.

The Doctor puts his tricorder away, settles onto the sofa.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

So how's married life?

DOCTOR

Wonderful. You should try it.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

(light)

I think it's a little late for that.

(tweaking him)

Marriage is for the young... like your wife.

*
*

DOCTOR

I can only hope she ages as gracefully as you have.

(beat)

I, of course, will be the same handsome hologram twenty years from now that I am today.

Janeway smiles, casually changes the subject to the real reason she's called the Doctor here:

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I've been meaning to ask you... are you familiar with a drug called "Chronexaline?"

The Doctor nods, a little surprised by the inquiry.

DOCTOR

We've been testing it at Starfleet medical... trying to determine if it can protect bio-matter from tachyon radiation.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3) 17

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

And?

DOCTOR

It's very promising. Why do you ask?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

(not missing a beat)

I need two thousand milligrams by tomorrow afternoon.

The Doctor's utterly taken aback.

DOCTOR

Why?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

That's classified.

Another beat. The Admiral's expression is pleasant, but there's a slight edge to her voice now.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Will you get it for me?

DOCTOR

(beat)

Of course, Admiral. You'll have it by oh-nine hundred.

OFF Janeway, satisfied...

18 EXT. FEDERATION RESEARCH BUILDING - NIGHT (OPTICAL) 18

Re-establishing.

19 INT. PATHFINDER PROJECT RESEARCH LAB - ON A MONITOR (VPB) 19

BORG GRAPHICS scroll rapidly across the screen. We catch quick glimpses of Borg Cube SCHEMATICS, what looks like a MAP of intersecting transwarp corridors, etc. When the images STOP:

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

COMPUTER VOICE
Download complete.

20 REVEAL THE ROOM 20

It's after hours, dimly lit. Admiral Janeway and Barclay are the only ones here. Barclay hands her a PADD.

COMMANDER BARCLAY
This should be everything you need...

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
The shuttle?

BARCLAY
Waiting for you at the Oakland Shipyard.

A beat, then:

COMMANDER BARCLAY
I wish you'd let me come with you.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Sorry, Reg, but this is my mission.

(light)
Besides, if you leave, there won't be anyone to teach those eager Cadets about the Borg. *

Reg smiles, nods, picks up a THERMOS from the console, offers it to the Admiral.

COMMANDER BARCLAY
I made you some fresh tea for the trip. Not the replicated stuff. *

Janeway takes the thermos, warmed by the gesture.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Thank you...

Reg looks away, emotional. The Admiral moves closer.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
...for everything. I wouldn't have been able to do this without you.

Reg forces a small smile:

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

COMMANDER BARCLAY
Don't remind me.

She gives his shoulder a squeeze. OFF Reg as he watches her go...

21 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY 21

Admiral Janeway's standing under a tree on a grassy rise, addressing someone O.C. The WIND whips her Starfleet jacket.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Any final words of advice for your old Captain?
(with humor)
Wait, don't tell me. I'm being impulsive, I'm not considering all the consequences, it's too risky...

22 NEW ANGLE 22

as she kneels down, and we see that she's been addressing a PLAQUE in the ground... engraved with the name "CHAKOTAY," along with the dates of his birth and death.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Thanks for the input, but I've got to do what I think is right.

She touches the marker lightly.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I know it wasn't easy living all these years without her, Chakotay.
(beat)
But when I'm through... things might be better for all of us.
(beat)
Trust me.

Another long beat as her mysterious pledge hangs in the air. Then the Admiral rises, and we go...

23 WIDE (OPTICAL)

23

as she walks away... a solitary, windblown figure on a
grassy hill... making her way past a few other scattered
grave markers.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

24 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER - PRESENT (OPTICAL) 24
at impulse.

25 INT. TOM & B'ELANNA'S QUARTERS - NIGHT - PRESENT 25
We're TIGHT ON TOM attired in a TEE-SHIRT and SHORTS,
fast asleep in bed. After a beat, a small (O.C.) light
COMES ON.

TORRES (O.C.)
Tom...

He doesn't respond. Another beat, and then B'Elanna's
hand ENTERS FRAME, shakes him gently.

TORRES (O.C.)
Tom.

This time he responds with groggy irritation, without
opening his eyes.

PARIS
I'm asleep...

TORRES (O.C.)
It's time.

PARIS
For what...?

TORRES (O.C.)
I'll give you one guess.

A beat. And then Paris' eyes POP OPEN. He rolls over
to see...

26 B'ELANNA 26
sitting up in bed, her hands resting on a very pregnant
belly. Paris SITS BOLT UPRIGHT, tries to tap a combadge
that isn't there.

PARIS
Paris to --

He looks around, frantic, spots his COMBADGE resting on
his night stand, grabs it, squeezes it:

PARIS
Paris to Sickbay. It's time!

A beat, and then over the COM:

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

DOCTOR'S VOICE
Remain calm, Mister Paris. Can
she stand?

Paris turns, sees Torres is already out of bed, calmly
putting on a robe.

PARIS
Affirmative.

DOCTOR'S VOICE
Then I suggest you report to Sickbay.

PARIS
(rattled)
What about B'Elanna?

DOCTOR'S VOICE
(dry)
Her too.

*

PARIS
Right, of course...

Paris sees Torres already heading toward the door.

PARIS
Maybe we should use the Transporter.

She gives him a look, then EXITS into the corridor.

PARIS
Wait for me!

As he dashes out the door after her...

TIME CUT TO:

27 INT. SICKBAY - PRESENT - CLOSE ON THE DOCTOR

27

scanning with a MEDICAL TRICORDER.

DOCTOR
Hmm...

PARIS (O.C.)
What do you mean, "hmm?"

28 WIDER TO REVEAL:

28

Torres lying on the Clamshell while Paris looks on
nervously.

DOCTOR
You're going to have a very
healthy baby...

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

Paris and Torres exchange a smile. Then the Doctor lowers the boom:

DOCTOR
...but not tonight.

TORRES
(beat)
Tell me you're joking.

DOCTOR
You're experiencing "false labor,"
Lieutenant.

PARIS
Again?

DOCTOR
As I explained the last time, it's
a common occurrence... especially
among Klingons.

TORRES
I want this thing out of me...
now!

DOCTOR
(dry)
Misdirected rage. Another common
occurrence among expecting
Klingons.

PARIS
Can't you induce?

DOCTOR
I wouldn't recommend it.

PARIS
(frustrated)
If this keeps happening, we'll
never get any sleep.

DOCTOR
(smiles)
You think it's bad now...

OFF Paris and Torres contemplating that...

TIME CUT TO:

29

INT. READY ROOM - CLOSE ON CAPTAIN JANEWAY - PRESENT
reacting to some news.

29

JANEWAY
When?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

REVEAL Chakotay, smiling. The mood is light.

CHAKOTAY
Oh-four hundred.

JANEWAY
How many "false alarms" does that make?

CHAKOTAY
Three. That we know of.

JaneWAY shakes her head, amused.

JANEWAY
That baby's as stubborn as her mother.

CHAKOTAY
(nods)
Harry's starting a pool to see who can guess the actual date and time of birth.

JANEWAY
Tell him to put me down for next Friday, twenty-three hundred hours.

Chakotay smiles.

JANEWAY
Anything else?

CHAKOTAY
Crewman Chell's asked about taking over in the Mess Hall, full time.

JANEWAY
Neelix left some pretty big pots and pans to fill. Does Mister Chell think he's up to the challenge?

CHAKOTAY
Apparently so.

Chakotay hands her a PADD.

CHAKOTAY
He prepared a sample menu.

JANEWAY
(off PADD)
"Plasma Leek Soup"... "Chicken Warp Core-Don Bleu"...?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

CHAKOTAY

If his cooking's as bad his puns,
we're in trouble.

JANEWAY

Oh, I don't know...

(off PADD)

I wouldn't mind giving his "Red
Alert Chili" a try. Feel like
having lunch?

CHAKOTAY

I'd love to, but I already have
plans. Rain check?

JANEWAY

Absolutely.

They share a smile, and Chakotay EXITS.

30 INT. CORRIDOR - PRESENT

30

Chakotay walks down the hall, nods pleasantly to a
couple of passing N.D.s, continues OUT OF FRAME...

31 INT. CARGO BAY - PRESENT

31

Chakotay ENTERS from the corridor, pulls up short.

CHAKOTAY

What's all this?

32 REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL

32

Chakotay's lunch date: SEVEN OF NINE, laying out a
PICNIC LUNCH on a CHECKERED BLANKET on the floor.

SEVEN OF NINE

A "picnic."

(beat)

My research indicated it was an
appropriate third date.

A beat as that hangs in the air.

CHAKOTAY

You didn't have to go to this much
trouble...

Seven reacts, matter-of-fact.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

SEVEN OF NINE

If this makes you uncomfortable, I
could prepare a less elaborate
meal --

Chakotay cuts her off.

CHAKOTAY

Don't change a thing.
(smiles)
This is... perfection.

As he takes a seat on the blanket...

33 INT. MESS HALL - PRESENT

33

Tuvok and ICHEB sit at a table with a KAL-TOH GAME between them. Icheb holds one of the tiny rods in his hand, trying to decide where to place it in the chaotic structure. He starts to make his move, but at the sound of (O.C.) COUGHING, he looks up to see...

34 HARRY KIM (OPTICAL)

34

shaking his head, "no." Tuvok notices the exchange but says nothing. Following Harry's less-than-subtle advice, Icheb starts to move his rod to a different part of the structure, looks to Harry for approval. This time, Kim nods. Tuvok addresses Icheb:

TUVOK

In the interest of "fair play," I
should inform you that Mister Kim
has never defeated me at Kal-toh.

A beat as Icheb considers this... then moves the rod back to where it was before, INSERTS it. Nothing happens. Kim shakes his head.

KIM

You should've listened to me.

Icheb frowns. Tuvok places a rod into the "haystack," causing it to SHIMMER and CHANGE SHAPE slightly.

TUVOK

Kal-toh is as much a game of
patience as it is of logic. An
experienced player will sometimes
take several hours to decide his
next move. In some cases, even
days are necessary to properly
assess --

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

Before Tuvok can finish his instruction, Icheb places another rod in the structure, and it SHIMMERS, forming a perfectly symmetrical shape! Icheb looks up, excited:

ICHEB

Kal-toh.

Kim looks from the game to Icheb, amazed:

KIM

You beat him!

Now it's Tuvok who frowns in consternation, gives Icheb a stiff nod.

TUVOK

Congratulations.

Icheb feels a little bad about it.

ICHEB

I'm sure it was just "beginner's luck," sir.

(beat)

I'd offer you a re-match, but I'm due in Astrometrics --

TUVOK

Another time perhaps.

Icheb nods, heads for the door. Harry quickly takes Icheb's seat across from Tuvok.

KIM

He may have to go, but I'm free.
And I'm feeling lucky.

Kim rubs his hands together, ready to play. But Tuvok seems a little troubled. He stands abruptly.

TUVOK

Excuse me, Ensign.

He heads for the door. Kim calls after him, tweaking:

KIM

It's only a game, Tuvok.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2) 34

But Tuvok EXITS without responding...

TIME CUT TO:

35 INT. SICKBAY - PRESENT 35

Tuvok sits on the Clamshell while the Doctor scans him with a medical tricorder. Mid-conversation:

DOCTOR
Icheb's an exceptionally bright young man. Did it occur to you that he might simply be a better player?

TUVOK
(beat, disturbed)
My loss was the result of another lapse in concentration.

The Doctor reacts to a reading on his tricorder.

DOCTOR
I am detecting lower neuropeptide levels...

A beat as Tuvok processes this, stoic.

TUVOK
As I suspected.
(beat)
My condition's deteriorating.

DOCTOR
(reassuring)
It's a minor change. We knew it would happen.
(prepares a hypospray)
I simply need to increase your medication.

A HISS as he applies the hypospray to Tuvok's shoulder. A beat, and then Tuvok stands.

TUVOK
Thank you, Doctor.

He starts to go.

DOCTOR
Commander...

Tuvok stops, looks back.

DOCTOR
I understand your desire for privacy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

DOCTOR (cont'd)
(beat)
But maybe it's time we informed
the Captain.

Tuvok responds adamantly:

TUVOK
I will inform her... if and when
the disorder begins to affect the
performance of my duties.

A beat, and then the Doctor nods.

DOCTOR
Of course.

OFF the Doctor, troubled as he watches Tuvok go...

36 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB - PRESENT 36

Seven of Nine is at a console, atop which sits a KADIS-
KOT BOARD. She addresses someone O.C.

SEVEN OF NINE
Your move.

NEELIX (O.C.)
Green, Grid Twelve-Ten.

37 INCLUDE THE DOMESCREEN (OPTICAL) 37

where we see NEELIX... playing long-distance. He's
seated against a wall of the SUBTERRANEAN DWELLING SET
from the episode "Destiny." He has his own KADIS-KOT
BOARD with chips laid out identically to Seven's. Seven
moves a chip on her board to reflect Neelix' move, then
announces her own move.

SEVEN OF NINE
Red, Grid Three-Thirteen.

She moves the chip. Neelix eyes the board, impressed.

NEELIX
Tricky.

As he contemplates his next move:

SEVEN OF NINE
How's Brax?

NEELIX
(smiles)
Wonderful. Thanks for asking.
(beat)
I know I can never replace his
father, but...

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

He trails off. Seven offers him encouragement.

SEVEN OF NINE
I have no doubt the boy looks up
to you.

Neelix smiles, appreciating the thought, indicates his next move.

NEELIX
Yellow, Grid One-One.

Seven moves the chip for him.

NEELIX
I haven't told anyone... but I'm
thinking of asking Dexa to marry
me.

SEVEN OF NINE
She'd be wise to accept.

Neelix grins.

NEELIX
Enough about my love life.
(conspiratorial)
How's yours?

SEVEN OF NINE
(uncomfortable)
I don't have a "love life."

NEELIX
(lightly)
Oh? What would you call your
relationship with Commander
Chakotay?

Seven doesn't want to get into this. She indicates the gameboard, a little flustered.

SEVEN OF NINE
It's your turn.

NEELIX
Actually, it's yours.
(off her reaction)
At least tell me how he liked the
picnic.

A beat. Seven makes a concession.

SEVEN OF NINE
It was an enjoyable activity for
both of us. Thank you for
suggesting it.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

NEELIX

Any time.

The warm moment is interrupted by a small ALARM. Seven moves to a console, checks a few readings.

NEELIX

What is it?

SEVEN OF NINE

(off console)

Long-range sensors are detecting extremely high neutrino emissions... accompanied by intermittent graviton flux... approximately three light-years away.

Neelix reacts to the familiar description:

NEELIX

A wormhole?

SEVEN OF NINE

(working)

I'm not sure. I'll need to run additional scans.

A beat. Neelix knows he's lost her to her work.

NEELIX

We can finish our game tomorrow.

SEVEN OF NINE

(nods)

I'll contact you at the usual time.

Neelix nods, hits a control and BLINKS OFF the Dome. OFF Seven, working with intent...

TIME CUT TO:

38 INT. BRIDGE (VPB)

38

Mid-scene. Seven and Kim report to Janeway and Chakotay. Tuvok and Paris are at stations. Seven gestures to a MONITOR which depicts a GRAPHIC of a NEBULA which appears to have a large "clearing" at its core, filled with hundreds of BLINKING DOTS.

SEVEN OF NINE

The emissions are occurring at the center of the nebula.

(re: blinking dots)

There appear to be hundreds of distinct sources.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

KIM

(excited)

Which could translate to hundreds
of wormholes.

Reactions. Seven remains grounded.

SEVEN OF NINE

The radiation is interfering with
our sensors...

(beat)

...but if Ensign Kim's enthusiasm
turns out to be justified... it
would be the most concentrated
occurrence of wormholes ever
recorded.

JANEWAY

Any idea where they lead?

KIM

Not yet. But if one of them goes
to the Alpha Quadrant...

*

Kim trails off, excited. Paris can't resist poking fun.

PARIS

Who knows, Harry? Maybe it'll
take us right into your parents'
living room.

Janeway smiles.

JANEWAY

Alter course, Mister Paris.

(turns to Kim, light)

Ensign, when you speak to your
mother, tell her we may need her
to move the sofa.

OFF their good-natured optimism...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

39 EXT. STARFLEET HOSPITAL BUILDING - DAY - FUTURE 39

To re-establish.

40 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - FUTURE 40

The room looks ransacked. Tuvok's bed and desk are both overturned, and his papers are scattered everywhere. Tuvok sits in a corner, a distant look in his eyes. He's muttering a series of numbers to himself.

TUVOK

Five-three... three-one...
seven... one... five-three...

Standing a few feet away is a Starfleet PHYSICIAN. He's observing Tuvok, recording a few notes on a PADD. After a beat, the Doctor ENTERS from outside. Takes in the scene, concerned, as the Physician addresses him.

PHYSICIAN

I'm sorry if I pulled you away
from something important, sir.
But he won't let anyone near him.
I thought you might be able to --

DOCTOR

You did the right thing.

The Doctor eyes the overturned desk, perplexed.

DOCTOR

His condition's never been
associated with violent
behavior...

PHYSICIAN

He seems more frustrated than
violent.

For a brief moment, Tuvok's recitation of numbers stops. He begins to speak in fragmented sentences... that sound as if they come from a personal log:

TUVOK

Long range sensors... have
detected no trace. Her
disappearance... remains a
mystery... I'm deeply
concerned...

The Doctor moves closer to Tuvok. Hoping to glean some clue to his condition, he prompts him.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

DOCTOR

What are you "concerned" about,
Tuvok?

TUVOK

(insistent)

Her disappearance.

DOCTOR

Whose?

But Tuvok drifts away again...

TUVOK

Five-three... three... one-
seven... one... five...

PHYSICIAN

He's been repeating those same
numbers over and over: Five-Three-
Three-One-Seven-One.

(beat)

It might be a Stardate.

The Doctor considers.

DOCTOR

Stardate 53317.

(beat)

If my memory files are accurate,
that was the day Captain Janeway
was abducted by the Kellidians...

He kneels down next to Tuvok.

DOCTOR

Is that who you're talking about?
Captain Janeway?

Though he doesn't look the Doctor in the eye, Tuvok
reacts to the mention of her name, grows more agitated:

TUVOK

Her disappearance... remains a
mystery...

The Doctor takes a soothing tone:

DOCTOR

You solved that mystery, Tuvok.
You rescued the Captain and
brought her back to Voyager, safe
and sound. Remember?

TUVOK

(more of the log)
I'm deeply concerned...

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

The Physician offers an idea:

PHYSICIAN

Maybe if the Admiral paid him a visit, showed him she was alright...

DOCTOR

Unfortunately, she's out of town. I'm not sure when she'll be back --

Tuvok's hand suddenly shoots out and GRABS the Doctor's arm! He pulls him close, so they're eye to eye.

TUVOK

She's never coming back...

A tense beat as the Doctor reacts. Then, just as suddenly, Tuvok releases his grip, looks away, and begins muttering his log again:

TUVOK

Her disappearance... remains a mystery...

OFF the Doctor, disturbed...

41 INT. PATHFINDER PROJECT RESEARCH LAB - FUTURE

41

Reg is alone in the lab, sitting at a console, checking over a stack of PADDs.

DOCTOR (O.C.)

Voyager to Pathfinder. Come in, Pathfinder.

Reg turns to see the Doctor standing in the doorway, grinning. Reg smiles, happy to see his friend.

COMMANDER BARCLAY

Doctor! What a pleasant --

He suddenly stops himself, worried.

COMMANDER BARCLAY

I forgot about our golf game again, didn't I?

DOCTOR

Relax, Reg, it's not 'til next week.

(beat)

I'm here because I need to get in touch with Admiral Janeway.

Barclay reacts, a little uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

COMMANDER BARCLAY
She's out of town...

DOCTOR
I know. Did she tell you where
she was going?

COMMANDER BARCLAY
I'm afraid... it never came up.
(beat)
Is something wrong?

DOCTOR
I'm not sure.

A beat. The Doctor feels a little silly explaining the
basis for his unease.

DOCTOR
I paid a visit to Tuvok this
morning. He seemed to think that
she was in some sort of danger.

Barclay's tries to downplay the Doctor's worry.

COMMANDER BARCLAY
You know better than anyone how
confused Tuvok can get...

The Doctor nods.

DOCTOR
Yes...
(beat)
But I've been worried about the
Admiral too.

*

COMMANDER BARCLAY
Why?

DOCTOR
Two days ago, she asked me for a
large quantity of an experimental
medication. When I asked why she
needed it, she said it was
"classified."

COMMANDER BARCLAY
(light)
Then you shouldn't be telling me
about it, should you?

DOCTOR
I spoke to Director Okaro at
Starfleet Intelligence.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

DOCTOR (cont'd)
He assured me that the Admiral
hasn't been involved in any
classified work since she began
teaching at the Academy.

Barclay's starting to get nervous, but he tries to cover
with humor.

COMMANDER BARCLAY
You know how sneaky those
"Intelligence people" can be.
Maybe he was just trying to throw
you off...

DOCTOR
Maybe. But still...
(beat)
...she's been talking for months
about how excited she is to be
teaching with you. Then, just as
the semester's starting, she goes
away... without even telling you
where.
(beat)
Don't you find that a little
troubling?

COMMANDER BARCLAY
I'm... I'm sure there's a
perfectly reasonable explanation.
(beat)
I'm sorry, Doctor, but I have
pape... papers to grade.

The Doctor eyes him, suddenly suspicious.

DOCTOR
You're stammering, Reg.

COMMANDER BARCLAY
Sss...so?

Reg goes back to his PADDs, unable to look the Doctor in
the eye.

DOCTOR
I haven't heard you do that in
years.
(beat)
I think you do know where she is.

Barclay realizes he's going to have to give the Doctor
some sort of reassurance.

COMMANDER BARCLAY
She's one of the most decorated
officers in Starfleet history.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (3) 41

COMMANDER BARCLAY (cont'd)
I'm... I'm sure she can take care
of herself...

DOCTOR
You wouldn't be saying that unless
she was doing something dangerous.

Reg reacts, tries to backpedal.

COMMANDER BARCLAY
You're putting words in my
mouth...

The Doctor approaches Reg, takes him by the shoulders,
forcing Reg to look him in the eye.

DOCTOR
Tell me where she is, Reg.

OFF that...

42 EXT. SPACE - FUTURE (OPTICAL) 42

A futuristic Starfleet SHUTTLE in orbit of a craggy
MOON.

43 INT. CAVES - FUTURE (OPTICAL) 43

Miral Paris and TWO LARGE KLINGONS look on as Admiral
Janeway MATERIALIZES in front of them.

MIRAL
Welcome to the House of Korath,
Admiral.

The Admiral takes in her surroundings: a dank, rocky
corridor lit by TORCHES. Wry:

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I love what he's done with the
place --

In response, one of the Klingons suddenly erupts:

KLINGON
Guv'ha gor! Nu'Tuq mal!

Miral yells right back at him:

MIRAL
P'Tak! Gaht bek'cha tuq mal
gun'mok!

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

A beat as they lock eyes, and then the Klingon takes a step back, giving Miral and Janeway their space. They speak sotto voce.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
What was that about?

MIRAL
(re: Klingon)
He said your... "demeanor" was disrespectful.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I hope you told him I didn't mean to be rude --

MIRAL
I told him if he didn't show you more respect, I'd break his arm.

Janeway shakes her head, amused.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
You are your mother's daughter.

MIRAL
Korath's waiting. We should go in.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Sorry, but this is where we part ways.

MIRAL
Excuse me?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
You're dismissed, Lieutenant.

MIRAL
Admiral, I really think --

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I can take care of myself.

MIRAL
With all due respect, I've been working on this for six months --

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
And you've done an exemplary job. But it's over. Understood?

A beat. Miral nods.

MIRAL
Yes, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

(softens)

I happen to know your parents are
anxious to spend some time with
you. Take a few days leave. Go
and see them.

A beat, then Miral nods, uneasy, watches Janeway move
off with the Klingons...

44 INT. CAVES - KORATH'S LABORATORY - FUTURE (OPTICAL)

44

A dimly lit workspace cluttered with CONSOLES and
incongruous PIECES OF TECHNOLOGY. At the center of the
hi-tech "junk heap" is KORATH, an imposing older Klingon
with long grey hair. He's using a LASER TOOL to weld a
component to an alien WEAPON when Janeway and the other
Klingons ENTER. Korath deactivates the laser, takes a
moment to admire his handiwork, shows it proudly to the
Admiral:

KORATH

A Cardassian disruptor. I've
modified it to emit a nadion
pulse.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Impressive.

(pointed)

But that's not what I've come for.

The old Klingon smiles.

KORATH

No.

(beat)

You've come for something far more
dangerous.

He picks up another TOOL, continues tinkering with his
modified weapon, obviously in no hurry.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Where is it?

KORATH

(working)

Somewhere safe.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I went to a great deal of trouble
to get you your seat on the High
Council. Now give me what you
promised.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

In response, he moves to a MONITOR embedded in a cave wall, activates it. A ROTATING GRAPHIC of the ADMIRAL'S SHUTTLE appears, accompanied by SCROLLING KLINGON TEXT.

KORATH

I've scanned your shuttle. You've made some... interesting modifications.

He hits a key and the image ZOOMS IN on a single component.

KORATH

Your shield generator is of particular interest --

Janeway realizes what he's implying but holds firm.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

It's not for sale.

Korath smiles.

KORATH

Then what you want isn't available either.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

We had an agreement.

KORATH

(to the N.D.s)
Show the Admiral out.

With that, he goes back to his tinkering. OFF
Janeway...

45 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER - PRESENT (OPTICAL)

45

approaching a vast NEBULA -- a murky, foreboding expanse, lit intermittently by BOLTS OF LIGHTNING. As the ship is swallowed up...

46 INT. BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

46

RED ALERT. Chakotay, Tuvok, Kim and N.D.s at stations. Janeway stands behind Paris. They both eye the Viewscreen which shows nothing but a thick CLOUD, impossible to see through.

PARIS

Maybe Chell should add "Nebula soup" to his menu.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

Janeway smiles. LIGHTNING suddenly STRIKES. The ship JOLTS. Janeway grips the rail for balance.

JANEWAY
Shields?

TUVOK
Holding.

JANEWAY
(to com)
Bridge to Astrometrics.

INTERCUT:

47 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB - PRESENT

47 *

Seven of Nine works at a console. *

JANEWAY (V.O.)
Any more data on those neutrino emissions?

SEVEN OF NINE
(to com)
Negative, Captain. I still can't get a clear scan.

JANEWAY
Distance to the center?

SEVEN OF NINE
Six million kilometers.

The ship suddenly begins to TREMBLE... slowly at first... but BUILDING in intensity.

JANEWAY
What is it?

TUVOK
I'm detecting a tritanium signature, bearing three four two mark five five.

PARIS
Whatever it is, it's too close.

JANEWAY
Evasive maneuvers...

Paris works for a beat and then the shaking SUBSIDES. A moment of relief. Chakotay looks to Tuvok.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

CHAKOTAY
Was it a ship?

TUVOK
(working)
Possibly.

Suddenly, Voyager starts TREMBLING again... stronger
this time... faster and faster...

KIM
Another tritanium signature...
right on top of us!

48 EXT. NEBULA (OPTICAL)

48

From out of the murk, a massive BORG CUBE suddenly
EMERGES... on COLLISION COURSE with Voyager!

INTERCUT:

49 INT. BRIDGE - INCLUDING THE VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

49

The cube is BEARING DOWN, heading right at us! The
SOUND of its engines are DEAFENING! The ship SHAKES
hard!

JANEWAY
Tom!

A tense beat as Paris works... Voyager DIVES sharply,
and the CUBE ROARS past, scant meters above the ship...
DISAPPEARING again into the cloud.

JANEWAY
Get us out of here, now!

CUT TO:

50 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

50

as it leaves the nebula. After a beat:

BORG COLLECTIVE VOICE
Vessel identified: USS Voyager.

REVEAL that we are in...

51 INT. BORG QUEEN'S LAIR (OPTICAL)

51

Dark and ominous. The image of Voyager we've been
watching is in fact APPEARING on the FLOATING
VIEWSCREEN.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

BORG COLLECTIVE VOICE
We will pursue and assimilate.

BORG QUEEN (O.C.)
No.

52 REVEAL THE BORG QUEEN 52 *

listening to the voices in her head. The picture of
serenity, she eyes Voyager on her viewer.

BORG QUEEN
They haven't compromised our
security. Let the vessel
continue.
(beat)
I'll keep an eye on them.

OFF the Queen, watching Voyager with interest...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

53 INT. BRIEFING ROOM - PRESENT - CLOSE ON A MONITOR (VPB) 53

which depicts a GRAPHIC of a Borg Cube's TRAJECTORY, running in a near-straight LINE.

TUVOK (O.C.)

There's no evidence that the Cube detected us.

54 REVEAL THE ROOM (VPB) 54

Tuvok and Seven are near the monitor, reporting to Janeway, Chakotay, Paris, and Kim.

CHAKOTAY

Where is it now?

Seven indicates the monitor.

SEVEN OF NINE

Almost three light-years away.

PARIS

How could they not have seen us? We came within ten meters of their hull.

TUVOK

The Borg wouldn't knowingly risk a collision. The radiation must have interfered with their sensors as well.

KIM

If they can't detect us, we should go back.

Reactions.

SEVEN OF NINE

I wouldn't recommend it. My analysis of the tritanium signatures suggests there were at least forty-seven Borg vessels in the nebula.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: 54

But Harry isn't ready to quit.

KIM
We can't just give up on those wormholes.

JANEWAY
Oh yes we can.

KIM
What if we tried to modify the --

Janeway cuts him off. She appreciates his enthusiasm but won't risk another run-in with the Borg.

JANEWAY
Sorry, Mister Kim. You may be the Captain someday.
(light)
But not today.

OFF Harry...

55 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER - PRESENT (OPTICAL) 55
at impulse.

56 INT. CORRIDOR - PRESENT 56
Paris, on the move. Kim catches up from behind, carrying a PADD.

KIM
Tom...

Paris turns, slows so Harry can fall into step.

KIM
What are you doing when your shift ends?

PARIS
No plans. Why?

KIM
I've been thinking... you and I should have some fun. One last adventure before you get too busy being a father.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

PARIS

Did you reserve some Holodeck time?

KIM

I've got a better idea.

He stops, hands Paris the PADD. A beat as Tom peruses it, reacts.

PARIS

This is your idea of fun?

Kim gives it the hard-sell, indicates the PADD.

KIM

It'll work. We just need to make a few modifications to the Flyer --

*

PARIS

We might as well just hand it over to the Borg.

*

*

Kim lays it on thick:

KIM

How could that happen with the best pilot in the quadrant at the helm?

*

*

PARIS

Nice try.

He hands the PADD back to Harry, resumes walking. Kim stays with him, determined:

KIM

If we go to the Captain together, she'll be much more likely to approve my plan --

PARIS

I don't want her to approve it.

KIM

Where's your sense of adventure?

PARIS

(dry)

I left it in that nebula... and I'm not going back for it.

KIM

Don't you want to find a way home?

PARIS

I am home, Harry.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2) 56

Kim reacts to this, stops, momentarily chastened. But as Paris ENTERS a Turbolift, Kim can't resist one last attempt to "bait" him:

KIM
Captain Proton would never walk
away from a mission like this.

Tom turns to face Harry.

PARIS
Captain Proton doesn't have a
wife... and a baby on the way.

He smiles, hits a control, and the Turbolift door
CLOSES. OFF Harry...

57 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB 57

Seven is working at a console, checking readings against
a PADD when Chakotay ENTERS. She reacts, a little
surprised to see him.

SEVEN OF NINE
If you've come for my daily
report, it's not complete.

CHAKOTAY
Actually, I'm here in an
"unofficial" capacity.
(beat)
I was wondering if you'd like to
get together again.

Seven reacts, pleased.

SEVEN OF NINE
To do what?

CHAKOTAY
(light)
That depends on your "research."
Would a quiet dinner be an
appropriate fourth date?

A beat as Seven plays along, pretends to consider.

SEVEN OF NINE
I believe it would be more
suitable as a fifth date... *

CHAKOTAY
(shrugs, light)
I'm willing to skip ahead if you
are.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: 57

OFF Seven, pleased...

TIME CUT TO:

58 INT. SICKBAY - PRESENT 58

Seven sits on a bio-bed as the Doctor scans her with a MEDICAL TRICORDER, performing his weekly maintenance check.

DOCTOR

You're fine... aside from some minor inflammation around your biradial clamp.

(beat)

Let me know if it starts to bother you.

Seven nods. The Doctor puts down the tricorder, indicating that the examination is complete. But Seven makes no move to leave.

DOCTOR

Is there something else?

A beat. Seven's trying to work up to something.

SEVEN OF NINE

Do you remember three months ago... when my cortical node shut down...?

DOCTOR

How could I forget.

A beat. This isn't easy for her.

SEVEN OF NINE

You said it might be possible... to remove the "fail-safe" device that was causing the problem...

DOCTOR

(concerned)

Has it been giving you trouble again?

SEVEN OF NINE

No.

(beat)

But I've reconsidered your offer to extract it.

The Doctor reacts, pleasantly surprised.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

DOCTOR
I've been hoping you would.

SEVEN OF NINE
You said it would require several
surgeries --

DOCTOR
(pleased with himself)
Actually -- in anticipation of
your "change of heart" -- I've
studied the problem in more
detail. I now believe I can
reconfigure the micro-circuitry
with a single procedure.
(enthusiastic)
You'll be free to experience the
full range of emotions --
everything from a hearty belly-
laugh to a good cry.

A beat as Seven considers, then:

SEVEN OF NINE
How soon can you do it?

The Doctor reacts, pleased.

DOCTOR
Today if you'd like.

SEVEN OF NINE
My shift ends at eighteen hundred
hours.

DOCTOR
(chipper)
It's a date.

She starts for the door, but the Doctor calls after her.

DOCTOR
Speaking of "dates"... once the
fail-safe is gone, you'll be free
to pursue... more intimate
relationships...

SEVEN OF NINE
I'm aware of that.

DOCTOR
If you decide you need... help...
with that aspect of your
humanity...
(upbeat)
I'm always at your disposal.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

SEVEN OF NINE
I appreciate that.

DOCTOR
(brightening)
Really?

SEVEN OF NINE
Yes.
(beat)
But I already have all the "help"
I need.

The Doctor reacts, surprised, but then realizes what she must be talking about.

DOCTOR
Ah... of course. You'll undoubtedly be running more simulations... with the Chakotay hologram.

SEVEN OF NINE
(matter-of-fact)
No, actually.

The Doctor reacts.

SEVEN OF NINE
I'll see you at eighteen hundred hours.

With that, she EXITS. OFF the Doctor...

59 EXT. SPACE - ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE - FUTURE 59
(OPTICAL)

once again in orbit of Korath's moon.

60 INT. KLINGON CAVES - KORATH'S LABORATORY - FUTURE 60 *

Korath is working when the Klingon N.D. ENTERS.

KLINGON
Mak-tah hoon. Janeway kaht.

Korath smiles, nods to the N.D. to show her in. The Klingon steps out and RE-ENTERS a beat later with Admiral Janeway.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I've reconsidered your offer.

KORATH
I thought you might.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I'll give you the shield emitter.
But not until I've inspected the
device you're offering. *
(pointed) *
To make sure it's genuine.

Korath snarls at the insinuation:

KORATH
You question my honor?!

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
If you were "honorable," you
wouldn't have changed the terms of
our agreement.

A tense beat. Korath can't exactly argue this point.
The Admiral delivers a matter-of-fact ultimatum:

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Show it to me or I'm leaving.

Another long beat... and then Korath nods to his Klingon
subordinate. The Klingon works a console embedded in a
rocky wall and...

61 A SECTION OF THE WALL (OPTICAL)

61

SHIMMERS from view in a holographic effect, REVEALING a
hidden STORAGE LOCKER which contains a KLINGON TEMPORAL
DEFLECTOR DEVICE resting on a table. The device is
aerodynamic, designed to be affixed to the top of a
shuttle.

Janeway produces a TRICORDER, and moves in for a closer
look, performing a thorough scan. A beat as the Admiral
checks a reading, then looks up at Korath, smiles
pleasantly.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
This'll do just fine.

With that, she slaps a small TRANSPORT ENHANCER she's
been palming onto the device, ENTERS A COMMAND into the
tricorder, and she and the device begin to
DEMATERIALIZER! Korath reacts.

KORATH
Stop her!

He and the N.D. both draw hand weapons... but it's too
late. The Admiral DISAPPEARS.

62 INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE - FUTURE (OPTICAL) 62

as she REMATERIALIZES, standing in the cockpit, Korath's device on the deck behind her.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Computer, deploy armor.

63 EXT. SPACE - ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE - FUTURE (OPTICAL) 63

In a rapid effect, FUTURISTIC ARMOR PLATES suddenly begin to UNFOLD across the hull! The darkly colored plates deploy in rapid succession, one after another, OVERLAPPING to form a protective seal on the hull. As the last PLATE locks into place...

63A INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE 63A

she speaks to com.

JANEWAY
Lay in a course for these coordinates...

As she works...

64 A KLINGON BIRD OF PREY (OPTICAL) 64

ROARS INTO FRAME, FIRING on the much smaller shuttle, But the armor ABSORBS the blasts.

65 INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE (OPTICAL) 65

which TREMBLES only slightly from the blasts. The sound of muted DISRUPTOR FIRE is barely audible as Janeway works the controls. The com BEEPS. Janeway sighs, hits a control, and Korath's image APPEARS on a MONITOR, transmitting from his rocky lair. *

JANEWAY
What do you want? *

KORATH
(livid)
You'll pay for your deceit,
ghuy'cha! The House of Korath
won't rest until you've been
drowned in your own blood -- *

Janeway interrupts him, dry.

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I'd love to stay and chat, but I'm
on a tight schedule.

She hits a control and Korath's image BLINKS from view.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Computer, warp six.

66 EXT. SPACE - FUTURE (OPTICAL) 66

Admiral Janeway's shuttle LEAPS TO WARP, leaving the Bird of Prey behind.

TIME CUT TO:

67 INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE - FUTURE 67

As before.

COMPUTER VOICE
Approaching designated
coordinates.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
All stop.

A beat as the ship drops out of warp. Janeway checks a few readings at a console, and then:

COMPUTER VOICE
Warning: vessel approaching,
vector one-two-one mark six.

As Janeway reacts...

68 EXT. SPACE - FUTURE (OPTICAL) 68

A massive FEDERATION STARSHIP drops out of warp in close range of the Admiral's shuttle.

69 INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE (OPTICAL) 69

A console BEEPS. Janeway hits a control, and the face of Captain Harry Kim APPEARS on the monitor, transmitting from his Ready Room. Janeway reacts, tries to play it cool.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Harry.
(wry)
And people are always saying that
space is so big.

*
*

Kim cuts her off, all business:

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

CAPTAIN KIM
Lower your shields, Admiral. And
stand by for transport.
(a grim beat)
I'm taking you into custody.

OFF that...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

70 INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE - FUTURE (OPTICAL) 70

A moment later. Janeway eyes Kim on the monitor, plays it tough.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

You have no grounds to take me
into custody...

(pointed)

...Captain.

But Kim has the upper hand.

CAPTAIN KIM

Reg told the Doctor everything.
And the Doctor told me.

A beat as Janeway absorbs this, rueful.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

You'd think I'd have earned their
loyalty after all these years.

CAPTAIN KIM

They care about you too much to
let you do this. And so do I.

(beat)

Now, please, Admiral. Stand down.

Janeway considers.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

On one condition.

(beat)

You let me explain why I'm doing
this.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

OFF Janeway...

TIME CUT TO:

71 INT. CAPTAIN KIM'S READY ROOM - CLOSE ON KIM - FUTURE 71
agitated, pacing.

CAPTAIN KIM
You have no idea what the
consequences would be!

72 WIDER TO REVEAL THE ROOM 72

A desk, a sofa, and a few personal effects: a KAL-TOH
GAME, a few photographs, a weathered hockey stick
standing in a corner. Janeway sits calmly.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I know what the consequences are
if we do nothing.
(beat)
So do you.

This makes Kim turn to her. She leans forward,
passionate.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I have a chance to change all
that.

Kim shakes his head.

CAPTAIN KIM
If Starfleet Command knew what you
were trying to do...

Janeway reacts.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
You haven't told them?

CAPTAIN KIM
(beat, uneasy)
The Doctor and I decided to keep
things "in the family."

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
What about your crew?

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

72

CAPTAIN KIM

I told them I needed to take you back to Starfleet medical because you'd contracted a rare disease.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

(smiles)

I hope it's not terminal.

CAPTAIN KIM

(pointed)

No. But it has been known to affect judgement.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I know what I'm doing, Harry.

CAPTAIN KIM

Do you? Can you say with absolute certainty that it'll work? Because if you can't...

A beat before Harry continues, softer:

CAPTAIN KIM

Even if it weren't a violation of every rule in the book, it would still be far too risky.

Janeway just smiles at him. A beat. Kim starts to feel uncomfortable.

CAPTAIN KIM

What?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Oh, I'm... remembering a young Ensign... who wanted to fly into a Borg-infested nebula... just to explore the remote possibility that we might find a way home...

This gives Kim pause.

CAPTAIN KIM

If I remember correctly, you stopped me.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

We didn't know then what we know now.

A beat as her ambiguous statement hangs in the air.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

CAPTAIN KIM

Our technology may have improved,
but --

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I'm not talking about technology.
(beat)
I'm talking about people. People
who weren't as lucky as you and
me.

Janeway can see that Kim's starting to waver, so she
presses him.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

You said you and the Doctor wanted
to "keep things in the family."

(beat)
But our family's not complete
anymore, is it?

Janeway knows she's reaching him, moves closer.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I'm asking you to trust my
judgement, Harry.

(beat)
One last time.

OFF Kim, conflicted...

73 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER - PRESENT (OPTICAL)

73

at impulse.

74 INT. CHAKOTAY'S QUARTERS - PRESENT

74

The room is dimly lit, soft music is playing. Chakotay,
dressed in casual attire, is lighting CANDLES at a table
that's been set for dinner. He turns at the SOUND of a
BEAM IN to see...

75 SEVEN OF NINE (OPTICAL)

75

MATERIALIZING... with a BOUQUET OF FLOWERS in her hand.
She misinterprets Chakotay's surprised look:

SEVEN OF NINE

Am I early?

CHAKOTAY

No, you're right on time.

(beat, light)
Is there something wrong with the
door?

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

SEVEN OF NINE
I didn't think it would be...
discreet... to be seen carrying
flowers to the First Officer's
quarters.

She offers them to Chakotay, who admires them.

CHAKOTAY
Thanks.
(re: flowers, light)
Your research?

Seven smiles.

CHAKOTAY
I should put these in water.

He starts to go, but Seven suddenly GRABS him and pulls him into a KISS! After a beat, they break apart. Chakotay looks a little surprised. Seven explains, matter-of-fact:

SEVEN OF NINE
I've been told that anticipation
of the "first kiss" is often
uncomfortable.
(beat)
I wanted to alleviate the tension.

CHAKOTAY
That was very considerate of you.

Another charged beat as they eye each other.

CHAKOTAY
What about the second kiss?

SEVEN OF NINE
I'll... have to check the
database. It may indicate --

But Chakotay doesn't wait for her to finish. He pulls her into a more passionate kiss... which lasts until the COM CHIRPS.

JANEWAY
Senior Officers, report to the
Bridge.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2) 75

Chakotay and Seven pull apart. A long, breathless beat. Finally:

CHAKOTAY

Next time, we deactivate the com system.

OFF the moment...

76 INT. BRIDGE - ON THE VIEWSCREEN - PRESENT (OPTICAL) 76

It depicts an image of a brightly colored and energetic RIFT in space.

CHAKOTAY (O.C.)

What is it?

77 NEW ANGLE 77 *

to REVEAL Chakotay and Seven of Nine ENTERING from the Turbolift. Janeway, Tuvok, Kim, and Paris are already there, working at stations.

JANEWAY

Judging from the tachyon emissions... some sort of temporal rift.

Chakotay and Seven react.

SEVEN OF NINE

How's it being generated?

JANEWAY

That's what we're trying to figure out.

OFF the mystery...

78 EXT. SPACE - ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE - FUTURE (OPTICAL) 78

hanging beside Captain Kim's starship. Korath's TEMPORAL DEFLECTOR has now been AFFIXED to the top of the shuttle. The armor is no longer deployed.

79 INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE - FUTURE (VPB/OPTICAL) 79 *

Captain Kim and the Admiral are running a last minute "flight check." Kim's studying the monitor, which depicts a ROTATING GRAPHIC of the shuttle that includes the newly attached Klingon device.

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED:

79

CAPTAIN KIM
If Starfleet Command finds out I
had anything to do with this,
they'll demote me back to Ensign.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
(light)
You worry too much, Harry. It's
turning you gray.

Kim smiles, looks back to the monitor.

CAPTAIN KIM
Propulsion's on-line... plasma
flow's stable...

He works a control, and the monitor ZOOMS IN on the
Klingon device.

CAPTAIN KIM
This device of Korath's... it
produces too much tachyo-kinetic
energy. It could burn itself out
by the time you get where you're
going...

He turns back to Janeway, concerned.

CAPTAIN KIM
You wouldn't be able to get
back...

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I always assumed it was a one-way
trip.

A beat as Kim absorbs this. The Admiral seems at peace
with her decision, but Harry's still uneasy.

CAPTAIN KIM
You're sure I can't talk you out
of this?

Janeway just gives him a look.

CAPTAIN KIM
Right. Stupid question.

The two old friends embrace. A beat, and then they
separate. Kim hits his combadge:

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2) 79

CAPTAIN KIM
Kim to the Rhode Island. One to
beam back.

As Janeway watches him DEMATERIALIZE...

TIME CUT TO:

80 EXT. SPACE - ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE - FUTURE 80
(OPTICAL)

moving at impulse.

81 INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE - FUTURE 81

The Admiral is at the helm, working controls with
intent.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Computer, activate the chrono-
deflector.

82 EXT. SPACE - FUTURE (OPTICAL) 82

the deflector apparatus LIGHTS UP. But suddenly... two
KLINGON BIRDS OF PREY DECLOAK aft of the shuttle and
begin FIRING!

83 INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE - FUTURE (OPTICAL) 83

as it SHAKES from the weapons fire. Consoles SPARK!

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Deploy armor!

COMPUTER VOICE
Unable to comply. Ablative
generator is off-line.

SHAKE!

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Evasive pattern beta six!

Another big JOLT! Janeway gets an idea, to com:

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Open a channel to the Rhode
Island.

The com BEEPS, and Kim once again APPEARS on the
monitor.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: 83

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Harry, I'm under attack. How fast
can you get back here?

OFF that...

84 INT. BRIDGE - PRESENT 84

As before. Tuvok reacts to a reading.

TUVOK
I'm detecting nadion discharges on
the other side of the rift.

CHAKOTAY
Weapons fire?

TUVOK
(working)
It's possible.
(looking up)
The signature appears to be
Klingon.

Reactions.

JANEWAY
Red Alert.

As the lighting CHANGES...

BACK TO:

85 EXT. SPACE - FUTURE (OPTICAL) 85

Admiral Janeway's shuttle EXCHANGING FIRE with the two
Klingon ships. Suddenly, the Rhode Island SWOOPS into
FRAME and OPENS FIRE on one of the Birds of Prey.

86 INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE - FUTURE (OPTICAL) 86

SHAKING and SPARKING! Kim APPEARS on the MONITOR in a
TIGHT SHOT, gripping the arms of a Captain's chair.

CAPTAIN KIM
Stand by for transport, Admiral.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
(determined)
You know where I'm going, Harry.
And it's not to your ship.

CAPTAIN KIM
Your structural integrity is
failing --

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: 86

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Just get these Klingons off my
tail.

OFF Harry...

87 EXT. SPACE - FUTURE (OPTICAL) 87

The Rhode Island BLASTS one of the Klingon ships,
disabling it, and STREAKS after the second...

88 INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE - FUTURE 88

as before. She works with intent, speaks to com:

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Computer, activate the tachyon
pulse and direct it to the these
spatial and temporal
coordinates...

As she enters commands...

89 OMITTED 89 *

90 ANGLE THE DEFLECTOR DEVICE (OPTICAL) 90

which EMITS A POWERFUL PULSE that starts to "tear" at
the space ahead of it... creating a RIFT that looks like
the one present-day Voyager has encountered.

91 INT. BRIDGE - PRESENT 91

Red Alert as before. An ALARM sounds at Tuvok's
station:

TUVOK
There's a vessel coming through
the rift.

CHAKOTAY
Klingon?

TUVOK
No...
(looking up)
...Federation.

92 EXT. SPACE - PRESENT (OPTICAL) 92

as Janeway's battered shuttle suddenly ROCKETS out of the temporal rift!

93 INT. BRIDGE - PRESENT 93

KIM
We're being hailed.

JANEWAY
On screen.

94 ANGLE - THE VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL) 94

where Admiral Janeway APPEARS, transmitting from her shuttle! A surreal moment as the Captain eyes this future version of herself. Before she can find her voice, the Admiral gives an order.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Recalibrate your deflector to emit an anti-tachyon pulse. You have to seal that rift!

Instinctively wary, the Captain responds drily: *

JANEWAY
It's usually considered polite to introduce yourself before you start giving orders. *

TUVOK
Captain, a Klingon vessel is coming though. *

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Close the rift! *

But Janeway's still cautious. The Admiral's annoyed.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
In case you didn't notice, I outrank you, Captain.
(firm)
Now do it!

OFF that...

95 EXT. SPACE - PRESENT (OPTICAL) 95

A DISTORTED IMAGE of the Klingon Bird of Prey can be seen approaching the rift from the other side.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: 95

But Voyager suddenly fires a steady BEAM from its deflector dish... and the rift SEALS!

96-97 OMITTED 96-97 *

98 INT. BRIDGE - PRESENT 98 *

Janeway faces off with the Admiral, still on the Viewscreen.

JANEWAY

I did what you asked.

(beat)

Now tell me what the hell is going on.

99 CLOSE ON ADMIRAL JANEWAY (OPTICAL) 99 *

as she takes a dramatic beat. Then:

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I've come to bring Voyager home.

REVEAL that we are actually in...

100 INT. BORG QUEEN'S LAIR - PRESENT 100 *

where the Queen has tapped into Admiral Janeway's com transmission and is watching it on the floating Viewscreen.

OFF the Queen, curiously eying the image of Admiral Janeway...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF PART ONE