

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Endgame, Part Two"

40840-272

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FINAL DRAFT

MARCH 20, 2001

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Endgame, Part Two"

CAST

JANEWAY

BORG QUEEN

CHAKOTAY

ADMIRAL PARIS

KIM

BARCLAY

PARIS

ADMIRAL #1

DOCTOR

ENGINEERING N.D.

TUVOK

BORG COLLECTIVE

TORRES

SEVEN OF NINE

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

COMPUTER VOICE

Non-Speaking

Non-Speaking

N.D. SUPERNUMERARIES

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Endgame, Part Two"

SETS

INTERIORS

VOYAGER

ASTROMETRICS LAB
BRIDGE
BRIEFING ROOM
CARGO BAY
CORRIDOR
ENGINEERING
MESS HALL
READY ROOM
SHUTTLEBAY
SICKBAY
TRANSPORTER ROOM

EXTERIORS

SPACE/VOYAGER

NEBULA
BORG UNICOMPLEX
TRANSWARP HUB

PATHFINDER RESEARCH LAB

ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE

BORG QUEEN'S LAIR
BORG CUBE

TRANSWARP CONDUIT
TRANSWARP CORRIDOR
TRANSWARP HUB

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Endgame, Part Two"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 ON A RECAP OF PART ONE

1

COMPUTER VOICE
Previously on "Star Trek:
Voyager"...

A sequence of HIGHLIGHTS from the first hour of the
finale. When the MONTAGE ENDS...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

(NOTE: Episode credits fall over opening scenes.)

A2 EXT. SPACE (OPTICAL) A2

Admiral Janeway's shuttle hanging beside Voyager.

2 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM (OPTICAL) 2

JANEWAY, TUVOK, and CHAKOTAY look on as ADMIRAL JANEWAY MATERIALIZES on the Transporter platform. The Captain eyes her cautiously.

JANEWAY

Welcome aboard.

A beat as the Admiral takes in her surroundings, nostalgic.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

It's good to be back.

She steps down, moves to Chakotay and Tuvok, who are standing a little apart from the Captain. It's an emotional moment for the Admiral. Though they don't know it, this is the first time she's seen both of them healthy and vital in years.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Tuvok... Chakotay...

(simply)

I'm glad to see you.

An awkward moment. They both nod politely. The Admiral turns to the Captain.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I'm sure you have questions.

JANEWAY

(dry)

Only a few.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Then I suggest we go to my...

(catching herself)

...to your Ready Room.

Reactions. This is weird. But Janeway maintains her composure, gestures to the door, light:

JANEWAY

I'm guessing you know the way.

OFF the Captain as the Admiral steps past her...

TIME CUT TO:

3 INT. READY ROOM (OPTICAL)

3

Janeway and the Admiral ENTER. The Admiral reacts to the smell of coffee in an urn on the desk.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Fresh coffee...

JANEWAY
Would you like a cup?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
No, I gave it up years ago. I
only drink tea now.

Janeway reacts: that's hard to believe.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I told the curator at the museum
that if he wanted to make the
Ready Room more authentic, he
should always keep a steaming pot
of coffee on the desk.

JANEWAY
Voyager's in a museum?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
(smiles)
Voyager is a museum. On the
grounds of the Presidio.

The Admiral moves to the window, looks out into space.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
On a clear morning, you can see
Alcatraz from here.

A beat as the Captain absorbs the implication.

JANEWAY
You made it back to Earth...

The Admiral nods, moves back to Janeway's desk, picks up the ceramic COFFEE CUP. It's the same cup we saw the Admiral drinking from in the Teaser of Part One, but now there's no chip in it.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Unfortunately, our favorite cup
didn't get home in one piece.
(re: the rim)
It was chipped during a battle
with the Fen Domar.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

JANEWAY

Who?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

You'll run into them in a few
years --

Janeway holds up a hand.

JANEWAY

You know what? I don't think I
should be listening to details
about the future...

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

The almighty Temporal Prime
Directive.

(matter-of-fact)

Take my advice: it's less of a
headache if you just ignore it.

JANEWAY

You've obviously decided to, or
you wouldn't be here.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

(matter-of-fact)

A lot's happened to me...

(beat)

...since I was you.

A beat as Janeway reacts to the odd pronouncement.

JANEWAY

Well, I'm still me. And this is
still my ship. So no more talk
about what's going to happen until
I decide otherwise. Understood?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

All right. Let's talk about the
past.

(off Janeway's look)

Three days ago, you detected
elevated neutrino emissions in a
nebula in grid nine-eight-six.
You thought it might be a way
home.

(matter-of-fact)

You were right.

A beat as Janeway absorbs this: wow.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I've come to tell you to take
Voyager back to that nebula.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

JANEWAY

It was crawling with Borg...

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I've brought technology that'll
get us past them.

Janeway eyes the Admiral who responds with humor.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I don't blame you for being
skeptical. But if you can't trust
yourself, who can you trust?

A long beat as the Captain tries to make sense of all
this. She's obviously intrigued, but cautious.

JANEWAY

For the sake of argument, let's
say I believe everything you're
telling me...

(pointed)

This future you come from sounds
pretty good. Voyager's home...
I'm an Admiral... there are ways
to defend against the Borg... my
Ready Room even gets preserved for
posterity...

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

So why would you want to tamper
with such a "rosy" time-line?

Janeway eyes her: exactly.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

To answer that, I'd have to tell
you more than you want to know.

(beat)

But suffice it to say... if you
don't do what I'm suggesting, it's
going to take you another sixteen
years to get this ship home...

(beat)

...and there are going to be
casualties along the way.

The Captain reacts, studies the Admiral's face. The
Admiral responds with an ironic smile

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I know exactly what you're
thinking.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

JANEWAY

(dry)

You've also become a telepath?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I used to be you, remember?

(beat)

You're asking yourself: is she really who she says she is, or is this some sort of deception?

(light)

For all you know, I could be a member of Species Eight Four Seven Two in disguise.

Janeway suppresses a small smile.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Have your people examine my shuttle -- tell them to take a close look at the weapons systems and the armor technology.

(beat)

In the meantime, the Doctor can confirm my identity.

OFF Janeway...

4 INT. SHUTTLEBAY (OPTICAL)

4

where the Admiral's futuristic SHUTTLE is now docked.

5 INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE (VPB/OPTICAL)

5

TORRES is at the rear of the shuttle, using a TRICORDER to scan an open panel. SEVEN OF NINE sits at the helm, checking DATA as it SCROLLS ACROSS the MONITOR.

SEVEN OF NINE

The armor appears to be auto-regenerative...

She works a control, and the image on the monitor CHANGES to a ROTATING GRAPHIC of the shuttle in its "armored" stage.

SEVEN OF NINE

When the system's enabled, specialized nanites reconfigure the molecular structure of the hull to form ablative layers.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

TORRES

The armor's just the tip of the iceberg.

Seven looks back to Torres, who finishes scanning.

TORRES

She's got omni-spectral stealth technology... some sort of trans-phasic photon torpedoes...

She rises with effort, moves forward to the Helm chair, scans the high-tech HEADREST.

TORRES

And this... I'm guessing it's a neural interface. But I couldn't begin to tell you how it works...

(beat)

Of course, there's one thing this vessel isn't equipped for...

As she struggles to squeeze between the seats:

TORRES

A pregnant crewman.

Seven watches B'Elanna as she addresses her baby.

TORRES

It's time to come out now.

SEVEN OF NINE

Ideally, the child won't be born until Thursday at twelve hundred hours.

TORRES

(surprised)

You entered the baby pool?

SEVEN OF NINE

(matter-of-fact)

I'm trying to broaden my participation in crew activities.

Torres smiles, struggles to get herself into the seat, groans, dry.

TORRES

My life would be so much easier if I'd never met Tom Paris...

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED: (2)

5

Seven reacts to this, looks to B'Elanna, curious.

SEVEN OF NINE

You regret your relationship with him?

TORRES

I was joking.

A beat as Seven formulates her next question.

SEVEN OF NINE

Then you're happy... being part of a "couple?"

Torres considers this for a beat. Then:

TORRES

Yeah.

(beat)

I really am.

OFF Seven, considering this as Torres turns her attention back to the consoles...

6

INT. SICKBAY - CLOSE ON A MONITOR (VPB)

6

that depicts a ROTATING GRAPHIC of a HUMAN BRAIN. After a beat, we hear the Doctor's voice, sotto:

DOCTOR (O.C.)

My scans of the Admiral's cerebral cortex turned up something interesting...

His HAND hits a control, and the image ZOOMS IN on a section of one of the lobes where we now see a small but distinct TECHNOLOGICAL IMPLANT.

7

CLOSE ON JANEWAY AND THE DOCTOR (VPB)

7

huddled over the freestanding console, eying the image on the monitor, speaking very quietly.

JANEWAY

What is it?

DOCTOR

I'm not sure. I've never seen this kind of implant before.

Janeway reacts, wondering if this is evidence that they shouldn't trust the Admiral.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

JANEWAY
Alien technology?

He hits a control, and the GRAPHIC CHANGES to an
ENLARGED VIEW of the implant itself.

DOCTOR
The microcircuitry has a Starfleet
signature.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY (O.C.)
Of course it does.

As they turn...

8 WIDER TO INCLUDE THE ADMIRAL (VPB)

8

seated on a bio-bed in the b.g.

DOCTOR
Admiral?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
(re: implant)
You invented it. Twelve years ago
from my perspective.

The Doctor reacts, pleased but also a little embarrassed
that they've been overheard.

DOCTOR
I'm sorry Admiral, I didn't
realize...

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
What? That I was eavesdropping?
(light)
I may be old but my hearing's
still excellent. Thanks to your
exemplary care over the years.

The Doctor smiles, unable to contain his curiosity... or
his ego.

DOCTOR
So... this implant I'm going to
invent... what does it do?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
It's a synaptic transceiver that
allows me to pilot a vessel
equipped with a neural interface.

Janeway and the Doctor both react.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

DOCTOR

Fascinating.

(casual)

Tell me, what other extraordinary
breakthroughs am I going to make?

JANEWAY

(chastising)

Doctor.

DOCTOR

Sorry, Captain.

(light)

But you can't blame a hologram for
being curious.

JANEWAY

Just finish your report.

DOCTOR

Yes, ma'am.

He hits another control on the console, and the screen
CHANGES to display two identical DNA STRANDS.

DOCTOR

My scans indicate the two of you
are genetically identical.

(beat)

The Admiral is you, approximately
twenty-six years from now.

As the Captain digests this, Seven ENTERS carrying a
PADD. The Admiral betrays a slight emotional reaction,
stands. As we'll learn, this is the first time she's
seen her old protégé in many years.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Hello, Seven.

An awkward beat -- Seven isn't quite sure what to make
of the Admiral yet. She manages a polite nod, turns to
the Captain.

SEVEN OF NINE

The technology aboard the
Admiral's ship is impressive.

She hands Janeway the PADD.

SEVEN OF NINE

Much of it appears to have been
specifically designed to defend
against the Borg.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

Janeway reacts, glances at the PADD.

JANEWAY

Could we install these systems on
Voyager?

SEVEN OF NINE

The stealth technology's
incompatible. But I believe we
can adapt the armor and weapons.

A charged beat. It's really possible.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Well, Captain?

She eyes the Admiral, finally turns back to Seven.

JANEWAY

Do it.

OFF the moment...

9 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

9

hanging in space in the distance. AS CAMERA BEGINS TO
PUSH IN:

JANEWAY (V.O.)

Captain's Log, Stardate 54973.4.
We've begun outfitting Voyager
with Admiral Janeway's "upgrades."

*

As we get closer, we see a dozen or so CREWMEN wearing
environmental suits, WORKING ON THE HULL WITH TOOLS.

10 INT. ENGINEERING

10

swarming with activity. N.D.s work at open panels while
Torres gives MOS orders.

JANEWAY (V.O.)

(continuing)

As soon as the major modifications
are complete, we'll reverse course
and head back to the nebula.

11 INT. BRIDGE

11

The Captain watches something O.C.

JANEWAY (V.O.)

(continuing)

Though I've certainly had some
strange experiences in my career...

12 HER POV (VPB)

12

Admiral Janeway, Tuvok, and Chakotay working at a monitor which displays a graphic of a futuristic TORPEDO. As the Admiral points out some of its features MOS...

JANEWAY (V.O.)

(continuing)

...nothing quite compares to the sight of my "future self" briefing my officers on technology that hasn't been invented yet.

13-14 OMITTED

13-14

15 INT. CARGO BAY

15

Where Seven is working at the free-standing console.

JANEWAY (V.O.)

(continuing)

But we're all optimistic that it's going to work.

Seven finishes entering some commands, then crosses to her alcove and steps in.

SEVEN OF NINE

Computer, begin regeneration cycle.

The computer CHIRPS. CAMERA PUSHES IN on Seven's peaceful face. After a beat, we HEAR a seductive whisper:

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

BORG QUEEN (O.C.)
Seven of Nine, Tertiary Adjunct of
Unimatrix Zero One...

As Seven's eyes snap open...

16 HER POV - THE BORG QUEEN

16

bathed in an eerie green GLOW, smiling pleasantly.

BORG QUEEN
It's been too long.

WIDER TO REVEAL that we are now in...

17 INT. BORG QUEEN'S LAIR (OPTICAL)

17

Seven appears to be standing in one of the alcoves here now, the Queen just inches away from her. However, we'll quickly learn that the Queen has tapped into Seven's cortical node. This is merely her mental perception of a conversation that's taking place entirely in her head. Seven eyes the Queen, wary.

SEVEN OF NINE
What do you want?

BORG QUEEN
(innocent)
Do I need a reason to visit a
friend?

SEVEN OF NINE
We're not friends.

The Queen seems to consider.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

BORG QUEEN

No, we're more than that.

(beat)

We're family.

This touches a nerve in Seven, but she holds her temper.

BORG QUEEN

But while we're on the subject of
old friends, I see that Voyager
just got a visitor.

Seven reacts but says nothing. The Queen flaunts her
knowledge.

BORG QUEEN

She's come from the future, hasn't
she?

(more forceful)

Tell me why.

SEVEN OF NINE

You may be able to communicate
with me while I'm regenerating,
but I'm no longer a Drone.

(defiant)

I don't answer to you.

In response, the Queen tilts her head, giving a silent
command that causes the floating Viewscreen to APPEAR.
It displays a distant view of Voyager at impulse coming
TOWARD CAMERA. She indicates it to Seven.

BORG QUEEN

I've extrapolated Voyager's
trajectory. I know you're
returning to the nebula.

(beat)

I suggest you alter course.

A beat. Seven's curious.

SEVEN OF NINE

Tell me why we should "comply."

The Queen answers obliquely.

BORG QUEEN

You've always been my favorite,
Seven. And, in spite of their
obvious... imperfections... I know
how much you care about the Voyager
crew. So I've left them alone.

(beat)

Imagine how you'd feel if I were
forced to assimilate them.

A beat as Seven locks eyes with the Queen, angry.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

SEVEN OF NINE
Voyager's no threat to the
Collective. We simply want to
return to the Alpha Quadrant.

BORG QUEEN
And I have no objection to that.
(suddenly hard)
But if you try to enter my nebula
again, I'll destroy you.

To punctuate her threat, the Queen tilts her head again,
and Seven's imaginary alcove CRACKLES with a BOLT OF
GREEN ENERGY! As Seven reacts with a grimace of pain...

BACK TO:

18 INT. CARGO BAY - REALITY (OPTICAL)

18

Seven's console is SPARKING here too. She CONVULSES,
crumples to the ground...

COMPUTER VOICE
Warning: regeneration cycle
incomplete.

OFF Seven, unconscious...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

19 INT. SICKBAY (OPTICAL)

19

Red Alert. The Doctor scans Seven, now conscious and seated on a bio-bed. The Captain and Admiral Janeway look on.

DOCTOR

Her cortical node was exposed to a low energy E-M surge. It could've been much worse.

SEVEN OF NINE

It was the Borg Queen. She wanted to make sure I'd be able to deliver a message.

(beat)

She said she'd assimilate Voyager if we attempted to re-enter the nebula.

Captain Janeway reacts with obvious concern, looks to the Admiral.

JANEWAY

Why's it so important to her?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

It doesn't matter. She's not going to be able to make good on her threat.

JANEWAY

I wish I shared your confidence...

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

You would if you'd had as much experience with the Queen as I do.

Janeway shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

JANEWAY

It was one thing to attempt this
when we thought it was a secret...
but if the Borg are monitoring
us...

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

There's no guarantee they won't
try to assimilate Voyager even if
we don't go back into the nebula.

DOCTOR

(dry)

Is that supposed to be reassuring?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I'm not saying the Borg aren't
dangerous. But from my
perspective, they're thirty years
"behind the times."

JANEWAY

We shouldn't push our luck.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Luck's not going to have anything
to do with it.

The Admiral's not about to let her plan get stymied.
She continues, with passionate and convincing self-
assurance.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I know you don't want to hear too
much about the future, but let's
just say I ran into the Borg a few
more times before I made it home.

(matter-of-fact)

If I hadn't developed technology
and tactics that could defeat
them, I wouldn't be standing here
today.

Janeway can't really argue with that. A beat as she
mulls it over. Then:

JANEWAY

We'll maintain course for the
nebula.

Admiral Janeway looks pleased.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

JANEWAY

But we'll stay at Red Alert.

(to Seven)

And I want continuous scans for
Borg activity.

SEVEN OF NINE

(rising)

Aye, Captain.

JANEWAY

We'll need to find a way to modify
your alcove so the Queen can't
hurt you again.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I can help with that.

Reactions. Admiral Janeway smiles.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

There's no substitute for
experience.

OFF the Admiral's infectious confidence...

20 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

20

at impulse.

21 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB (OPTICAL)

21

Red Alert. Seven's working at the Domescreen which
displays a STARCHART. She turns at the SOUND of the
door opening to see Chakotay ENTERING. Chakotay hasn't
seen her since her collapse, and he's feeling
protective.

CHAKOTAY

I heard what happened. Are you
all right?

SEVEN OF NINE

I'm fine --

CHAKOTAY

Because if you need time to
rest...

(light)

...I am in charge of the duty
roster.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

SEVEN OF NINE

(playing along)

It would be inappropriate to allow
our personal relationship to
affect your command decisions.

CHAKOTAY

(smiles)

You're right. This is a time to
keep things professional.

Chakotay straightens up, clears his throat, gestures
importantly to the Dome.

CHAKOTAY

Report.

SEVEN OF NINE

There's no sign of Borg activity
within a ten light-year radius.

CHAKOTAY

That's good news... "crewman."

SEVEN OF NINE

(slight smile)

Yes, sir.

(beat)

But we shouldn't underestimate the
Collective.

CHAKOTAY

The Admiral seems pretty confident
we can get past them.

SEVEN OF NINE

Captain Janeway is more cautious.

Chakotay considers this for a beat.

CHAKOTAY

Our chances would be good with one
Kathryn Janeway on the Bridge.
But with two?

(beat)

I'd bet on this ship any day.

Seven smiles. A beat as Chakotay works up to something.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

CHAKOTAY

If we do make it back to Earth...
what are your plans?

A beat as Seven considers this -- it's apparent she
hasn't made any.

SEVEN OF NINE

I assume Starfleet will want to
debrief me. And then, I suppose,
I'll attempt to find a useful
position somewhere...

She looks at him. A charged beat.

SEVEN OF NINE

You...?

CHAKOTAY

I don't know yet either. But
wherever I end up...

(beat)

...I'm going to make sure it's in
Transporter range of you.

OFF Seven, touched...

22 INT. ENGINEERING

22

Red Alert. Lots of activity as the crew continues to
implement Admiral Janeway's upgrades. Torres supervises
several N.D.s, occasionally putting her hands on her
lower back to help support the weight of her belly.

TORRES

I don't want the whole system
crashing because of one faulty
relay. Install new ones.

ENGINEERING N.D.

Yes, ma'am.

TORRES

(to a passing N.D.)
And I need an update on the
inductor capacitance...

PARIS (O.C.)

B'Elanna...

She turns to see Paris ENTERING.

TORRES

Shouldn't you be on the Bridge?

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

He guides her to a secluded area, protests his innocence:

PARIS

Is there something wrong with the pilot requesting a systems report from the Chief Engineer?

TORRES

The last report I got said the com system was working perfectly.

PARIS

Okay, you caught me. I'm checking up on you.

TORRES

(smiles)
I'm fine.

PARIS

Your back?

TORRES

(shrugs)
I'm ignoring it.

PARIS

I'd offer you a massage...

He indicates the N.D.s.

PARIS

...but then everybody would probably want one.

TORRES

(smiles)
You know, for a "Starfleet flyboy," you're pretty sweet.

Paris grins, looks around at all the activity.

PARIS

So how's it going?

Torres shakes her head in admiration.

TORRES

This armor technology the Admiral brought... it's incredible...

(bcat)
I hate to sound like Harry. But we might actually make it this time.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED: (2)

22

Tom takes note of B'Elanna's neutral expression.

PARIS

Why don't you seem happy about that?

TORRES

I am happy. It's just...

(beat)

...I'd gotten used to the idea of raising the baby on Voyager. But now...

(shrugs)

...I might end up delivering her at Starfleet Medical instead of Sickbay.

PARIS

That wouldn't be so bad, would it?

TORRES

Not as long as you're there with me.

(beat)

And I want the Doctor. Not some stranger.

PARIS

(re: the Doctor)

You'd have to take him off-line to keep him away.

Torres smiles. Takes a beat, pensive.

TORRES

If we do make it home... where do you think we'll live?

PARIS

We can always stay with my parents for a while...

Torres gives him a look.

PARIS

You're right. Bad idea.

Torres tries to keep things light, but she expresses a real concern:

TORRES

Of course... it probably doesn't matter to you anyway.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED: (3)

22

TORRES (cont'd)
You flyboys are all the same.
You'll probably take the first
piloting assignment that comes
along and leave me home to change
the diapers...

PARIS
(smiles)
Not a chance.

OFF the moment...

23

INT. READY ROOM (OPTICAL)

23

The Captain's working at her desk, reviewing a GRAPHIC
of a BORG CUBE, accompanied by SCROLLING TEXT, when her
door CHIMES.

JANEWAY
Come in.

The Admiral ENTERS, carrying a COVERED TRAY of food.

JANEWAY
What's this?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Crewman Chell told me you skipped
lunch...
(re: tray)
I'm not about to let you miss
dinner too.

The Admiral rests the tray on the desk. The Captain's
polite but firm:

JANEWAY
Thanks, but I don't have time --

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
You're going to have to make some.
(matter-of-fact)
You're too thin.

Janeway gives the Admiral a look of dawning realization.

JANEWAY
It just hit me...
(beat)
I'm going to turn into my mother.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

The Admiral smiles, lifts the cover off the tray, dry.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I make a better pot roast than she
ever did.

The Captain smiles.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I hope you don't mind... I invited
a friend to join us.

OFF this...

TIME CUT TO:

24 INT. READY ROOM - CLOSE ON CHAKOTAY (OPTICAL)

24

CHAKOTAY

What about First Contact with the
Rotenians?

WIDEN TO INCLUDE Captain Janeway and the Admiral.
They're all sitting around the remains of their dinner,
reminiscing.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

How could I forget?

The Captain shakes her head, remembering too, looks to
the Admiral.

JANEWAY

Now they were telepaths.
(beat, to Chakotay)
How many days did it take to
negotiate passage through their
space?

The Admiral answers for him:

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Twelve.

JANEWAY

Whenever I tried to bluff them,
that annoying little diplomat
would say "I know what you're
thinking, Captain..."

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

CHAKOTAY

(smiles)

Until the morning you marched into
his office and said --

The Captain and the Admiral cut him off, in unison:

JANEWAY AND ADMIRAL JANEWAY

"Tell me what I'm thinking now."

All three LAUGH at the memory. Chakotay looks from one
Janeway to another.

CHAKOTAY

Am I the only one who thinks this
is a little strange?

Smiles from both Janeways, then the Captain rises.

JANEWAY

More tea?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Thank you.

As the Captain moves across the room to get the tea, the
Admiral leans in closer to Chakotay, whispers:

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

How's your personal life?

CHAKOTAY

(beat)

Admiral?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

(playful)

There's no need to be coy with me,
Chakotay. I know exactly what's
going on.

Chakotay reacts, shoots a look to the Captain who's
still at the replicator, but the Admiral assures him:

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Don't worry. She doesn't know
yet.

Chakotay looks back at the Admiral.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

So... how are things with Seven?

CHAKOTAY

(smiles)

Great.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

OFF the Admiral, warmed to see Chakotay at such a happy time in his life...

TIME CUT TO:

25 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

25

approaching the murky NEBULA last seen in Part One.

26 INT. BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

26

RED ALERT. The mood is tense. Janeway, Chakotay, Tuvok, Seven of Nine, Paris, and Kim at stations. The Admiral stands beside the Captain's chair.

JANEWAY
Bridge to Engineering.

INTERCUT:

27 INT. ENGINEERING

27

Red Alert here too. Torres and N.D.s at stations, intense.

TORRES
Go ahead, Captain.

JANEWAY
Deploy armor.

As Torres works...

28 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

28

The ARMOR begins to SEAL the hull as it did the Admiral's shuttle in Part One...

29 INT. BORG QUEEN'S LAIR (OPTICAL)

29

where the Queen watches her floating Viewscreen which depicts a FRONT ANGLE VIEW of Voyager approaching. When the armor finishes deploying, the ship looks muscular and battle ready. The Queen reacts, curious. As Voyager DISAPPEARS into the murk of the nebula, the Queen TILTS HER HEAD, giving a silent command to the Collective.

30 EXT. NEBULA (OPTICAL)

30

where a massive BORG CUBE confronts Voyager and OPENS FIRE!

31 INT. BRIDGE (OPTICAL) 31

The ship TREMBLES only mildly. Tuvok looks up from his console.

TUVOK

Armor integrity at ninety-seven percent.

Reactions. The Captain eyes the Admiral, who betrays a small smile, pleased with herself.

32 INT. BORG QUEEN'S LAIR (OPTICAL) 32

The Queen reacts angrily to the sight of Voyager's armor ABSORBING the weapons fire. She tilts her head again, sending another command...

33 EXT. NEBULA (OPTICAL) 33

TWO MORE CUBES emerge from deeper within the nebula to join the pursuit of Voyager! As all three FIRE at various sections of the hull...

INTERCUT:

34 INT. BRIDGE (OPTICAL) 34

where the SHAKING is now somewhat more pronounced.

JANEWAY

Tuvok?

TORRES

Integrity holding at ninety percent.

Janeway grips her armrests.

JANEWAY

Maintain course.

After a long beat, the shaking suddenly STOPS. Reactions. In space, the Cubes have stopped firing, and instead are now EMITTING GREEN SCANNING BEAMS that WASH OVER Voyager's hull. The Admiral checks a console, nods, expecting this.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

They're looking for ways to adapt --

She's cut off as the ship suddenly JOLTS!

35 EXT. NEBULA (OPTICAL) 35

All three Cubes are now FIRING simultaneously, FOCUSING their beams on a specific section of Voyager's armor.

36 INT. BRIDGE (OPTICAL) 36

As the ship SHAKES. An ALARM sounds at Tuvok's station...

TUVOK

Port armor integrity down to fifty percent... forty percent...

The Admiral looks to the Captain, nods.

JANEWAY

Mister Paris, attack pattern alpha one.

A beat as he works, then Janeway turns to Tuvok.

JANEWAY

Target the lead Cube and fire transphasic torpedoes.

OFF that...

37 EXT. NEBULA - CLOSE ON A SECTION OF VOYAGER'S HULL (OPTICAL) 37

The armor SPREADS APART, EXPOSING a torpedo launcher. As a futuristic torpedo LAUNCHES...

38 WIDER (OPTICAL) 38

to see Voyager launching several of the torpedoes... one of which COLLIDES with one of the Borg CUBES! A beat, and then the CUBE EXPLODES!

39 INT. BRIDGE 39

Janeway looks to Tuvok.

JANEWAY

Target the second Cube.

40 INT. BORG QUEEN'S LAIR (OPTICAL) 40

She watches the FIREBALL on her Viewscreen. Then, another torpedo hits another of the Cubes. It too EXPLODES. Enraged but not wanting to lose the third Cube, the Queen tilts her head again...

41 EXT. NEBULA - THE REMAINING CUBE (OPTICAL) 41

RETREATS into the depths of the nebula.

42 INT. BRIDGE 42

Chakotay looks up from his console.

CHAKOTAY
Distance to the center?

SEVEN OF NINE
Less than one hundred thousand
kilometers.

43 EXT. NEBULA (OPTICAL) 43

as Voyager EMERGES from a gassy wall of the nebula, flying into a vast "clearing" at its center.

44 EXTREMELY WIDE ANGLE (OPTICAL) 44

to see a tiny Voyager approaching a MASSIVE BORG STRUCTURE that EXTENDS OUT OF FRAME! It's composed of interconnecting CONDUITS that form a "pinwheel" of sorts -- stretching off into the distance in myriad directions. At the end of each conduit is a GLOWING TRANSWARP APERTURE, held open by huge STRUTS.

45 INT. BRIDGE - INCLUDING THE VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL) 45

The crew reacts to the sight of the gargantuan complex. The Captain looks to the Admiral.

JANEWAY
What the hell is it?

Instead of answering, Admiral Janeway looks to the helm.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Mister Paris, alter course to
enter the aperture at coordinates
three-four-six by four-two.

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

JANEWAY

Belay that.

(firm, to Admiral)

I asked you a question. What is it?

But the Admiral doesn't give a straight answer.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

The road home.

SEVEN OF NINE

It's more than that.

All eyes turn to Seven working her console with intent.

SEVEN OF NINE

It's a transwarp hub...

(beat)

There are only six of them in the galaxy.

The Captain turns back the Admiral, hard.

JANEWAY

You knew this was here, but you didn't tell me. Why?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

(urgent)

I'll answer all your questions once we're back in the Alpha Quadrant.

But the Admiral's deceit has given the Captain significant pause. She turns to Tom, firm:

JANEWAY

Take us out of the nebula.

PARIS

Captain...?

JANEWAY

You heard me.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

(to Paris)

I gave you an order, Lieutenant. Proceed to the aperture --

JANEWAY

This is my Bridge, Admiral. And I'll have you removed if necessary.

A beat as they lock eyes, and then the Captain turns back to Paris.

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED: (2)

45

JANEWAY

Take us out.

PARIS

Aye, Captain.

As Tom works the helm, OFF the tense face off...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

46 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL) 46
once again at impulse in normal space.

47 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB - CLOSE ON THE DOME (OPTICAL) 47
which depicts a GRAPHIC REPRESENTATION of the TRANSWARP
HUB. The ship is still at Red Alert.

SEVEN OF NINE (O.C.)
This hub supports thousands of
transwarp conduits...

48 NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL) 48
TO INCLUDE Seven of Nine, Janeway, Chakotay, and Tuvok,
all at the main console, eyeing the image. Frustrated,
the Admiral stands in the b.g., apart from the others,
arms folded across her chest.

SEVEN OF NINE
...with endpoints in all four
Quadrants.

Seven hits a control and the image of the hub SHRINKS to
a small point at the center of the DOME and then SPROUTS
A WEB OF LINES representing conduits that lead to points
throughout the galaxy.

SEVEN OF NINE
It allows the Collective to deploy
vessels almost anywhere in the
galaxy within minutes.

A beat as they consider the implications.

TUVOK
Of all the Borg's tactical
advantages, this could be the most
significant.

CHAKOTAY
It's no wonder the Queen didn't
want us in that nebula.

A long beat as Janeway studies the graphic. Finally,
matter-of-fact:

JANEWAY
So how do we destroy it?

Reactions. The Admiral uncrosses her arms.

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED:

48

SEVEN OF NINE

The structure is supported by a series of interspatial manifolds...

Seven works a control, and the image CHANGES to display what looks like a high tech SUPPORT STRUT, surrounded by GRAPHICS and TEXT.

SEVEN OF NINE

...if we could disable enough of them, theoretically the hub would collapse.

Quiet until now, the Admiral finally speaks up, cutting Tuvok off.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

This is a waste of time.

They all turn to her.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

The shielding for those manifolds is regulated from the central nexus, by the Queen herself.

(beat)

You might be able to damage one of them, maybe two... but by the time you moved on to the third, she'd adapt.

JANEWAY

There may be a way to bring them down simultaneously --

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

From where? Inside the hub? Voyager would be crushed like a bug.

Reactions.

CHAKOTAY

What about taking the conduit back to the Alpha Quadrant, and then destroying the structure from the other side?

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED: (2)

48

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
This hub is here. There's nothing
in the Alpha Quadrant but "exit
apertures."

A beat as they all absorb this.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
While you're all standing around
dreaming up fantasy tactical
scenarios, the Queen is studying
her scans of our armor and
weapons. And she's probably got
the entire Collective working on a
way to counter them.
(to Janeway, hard)
Take the ship back into the nebula
and go home before it's too late.

Another beat. Then Janeway looks to her officers.

JANEWAY
Find a way to destroy that hub.
(back to the Admiral)
Let's take a walk.

OFF that...

49

INT. CORRIDOR (OPTICAL)

49

*

as the two Janeways emerge from the (O.C.) Astrometrics
Lab. A showdown between two women each convinced she's
right. On the move...

JANEWAY
I want to know why you didn't tell
me about this.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Because I remember how stubborn
and self-righteous I used to be.
I figured you might try to do
something stupid.

JANEWAY
We have an opportunity to deal a
crippling blow to the Borg. It
could save millions of lives.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I didn't spend the last ten years
looking for a way to get this crew
home earlier, so you could throw
it all away on some intergalactic
"good-will mission."

Janeway shakes her head, disgusted.

JANEWAY
Maybe we should go back to
Sickbay.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
(dry)
Why? So you can have me sedated?

JANEWAY
So I can have the Doctor reconfirm
your identity. I refuse to
believe I'll ever become as
cynical as you.

The Admiral, reacts, stops, turns...

50

NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

50

We're into coverage now as the face-off continues:

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Am I the only one experiencing
"deja vu" here?

JANEWAY
What are you talking about?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
(beat)
Seven years ago, you had a chance
to use the Caretaker's Array to
get Voyager home. But instead,
you destroyed it.

JANEWAY
I did what I knew was right...

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
You chose to put the lives of
strangers ahead of the lives of
your crew. You can't make the
same mistake again.

A beat as Janeway considers.

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED:

50

JANEWAY

You got Voyager home. Which means
I will too. If it takes a few
more years, then that's --

But the Admiral suddenly cuts her off sharply.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Seven of Nine is going to die.

A beat.

JANEWAY

What?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Three years from now. She'll be
injured on an Away Mission.
She'll make it back to Voyager...

(beat)

...and die in the arms of her
husband.

JANEWAY

Husband?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Chakotay.

Janeway reacts.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

He'll never be the same after
Seven's death. And neither will
you.

A beat as she lets this sink in.

JANEWAY

If I know what's going to happen,
I can avoid it --

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Seven's not the only one. Between
this day and the day I got Voyager
home, I lost twenty-two
crewmembers...

A grim beat as the Captain absorbs this.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

And then of course there's
Tuvok...

JANEWAY

What about him?

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED: (2)

50

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

(dry)

You're forgetting the Temporal
Prime Directive, Captain.

JANEWAY

The hell with it.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Fine.

(beat)

Tuvok has a degenerative
neurological condition that he
hasn't told you about.

Janeway reacts.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

There's a cure in the Alpha
Quadrant, but if he doesn't get it
in time...

She trails off, letting Janeway digest the implications.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Even if you alter Voyager's
route... limit your contact with
alien species... you're going to
lose people. But I'm offering you
a chance to get all of them home
safe and sound... today.

(beat)

Are you really going to walk away
from that?

OFF the question...

TIME CUT TO:

51

INT. READY ROOM - CLOSE ON TUVOK

51

addressing an O.C. Janeway.

(CONTINUED)

51

CONTINUED:

51

TUVOK

Your concern is appreciated,
Captain. But premature.

REVEAL Janeway standing at the window.

TUVOK

It will be several years before
the symptoms become serious.
Until then, the Doctor can manage
my condition with medication.

JANEWAY

(beat)

Is it true what the Admiral said?
That there's a cure in the Alpha
Quadrant?

TUVOK

It's called a "fal-tor-voh"... and
it requires a mind-meld with
another Vulcan.

JANEWAY

What about the other Vulcans on
Voyager?

TUVOK

None of them is compatible.

JANEWAY

But members of your family are.

Tuvok nods, matter-of-fact. A beat as Janeway eyes him.

JANEWAY

If you knew that returning to the
Alpha Quadrant was your only
chance for recovery...

(beat)

...why didn't you object when I
asked you to help find a way to
destroy the hub?

Tuvok raises an eyebrow. Obviously, the thought never
crossed his mind.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

TUVOK

My sense of logic isn't impaired yet.

(off her look)

If we succeed, millions of lives will be saved.

JANEWAY

What about your life?

A beat as Tuvok considers this, sanguine. Then:

TUVOK

To quote Ambassador Spock...

(beat)

"The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few."

OFF Janeway, moved...

52 INT. CARGO BAY

52

Seven and the Admiral are alone, mid-scene. Seven looks as though she's just received disturbing news. After a beat:

SEVEN OF NINE

I appreciate your... candor, Admiral.

(beat)

But Captain Janeway is my commanding officer. I won't disobey her.

Seven goes back to work at the freestanding console. The Admiral's clearly moved by Seven's devotion... but not about to let her off the hook.

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I'm not asking you to.

(beat)

I simply want you to tell her,
that in your opinion, destroying
the hub is too risky, the cost too
high...

SEVEN OF NINE

I can't do that.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Even if it means... avoiding the
consequences I mentioned?

SEVEN OF NINE

Now that I know about those
consequences, they're no longer a
certainty. But even if they
were...

(matter-of-fact)

My death would be a small price to
pay for the destruction of the
transwarp network.

The Admiral eyes Seven.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I've known you for a long time,
Seven.

(ironic)

Longer than you've known yourself.

(beat)

You're thinking that collapsing
the network would be an
opportunity to atone for
atrocities you participated in
while you were a Drone.

Seven reacts. The Admiral's struck a nerve.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

It's time to let go of the past
and start thinking about your
future.

SEVEN OF NINE

My "future" is insignificant
compared to the lives of the
people we'd be saving.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

(beat)

You're being selfish.

SEVEN OF NINE

Selfish? I'm talking about
helping others --

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Strangers. In a hypothetical
scenario.

(beat)

I'm talking about real life. Your
colleagues... your friends...

(pointed)

...people who love you.Seven reacts: the Admiral is clearly referring to
Chakotay.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Imagine the impact your death
would have on them.

A long beat as Seven eyes her. Then:

SEVEN OF NINE

Excuse me, Admiral. I have work
to complete.With that, she heads for the door. OFF the Admiral,
watching her go, thoughtful...

53 INT. BRIEFING ROOM (OPTICAL/VPB)

53

Mid-scene. Seven and Tuvok address Janeway, Chakotay,
Paris, Torres, Kim, and the Doctor, all seated around
the table, PADDs, WATER GLASSES, and COFFEE CUPS, spread
out in front of them. We get the sense they've been
here for a while. Once again, Admiral Janeway stands
apart from the others, quiet, listening. Tuvok
indicates the MONITOR which depicts a GRAPHIC
REPRESENTATION of the TRANSWARP HUB.

TUVOK

Once inside, we'd fire a spread of
transphasic torpedoes.

SEVEN OF NINE

They'd be programmed to detonate
simultaneously.

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED:

53

TUVOK

If the torpedoes penetrate the shielding, the conduits should begin to collapse in a cascade reaction.

Tuvok hits a control, and we see the graphic of the hub begin to COLLAPSE.

TUVOK

In order to avoid the shock wave, we'd have less than ten seconds to exit the hub.

CHAKOTAY

(wary)

And where do we come out?

SEVEN OF NINE

The nearest accessible aperture would put us in grid five six one.

Tuvok hits another control, and the image on the monitor CHANGES to a GRAPHIC of an aperture in the middle of a SPATIAL GRID. Reactions as they realize:

PARIS

Two thousand light-years further away from Earth...

A beat as they all contemplate that. Then the Captain addresses the room.

JANEWAY

A long time ago, I made a decision that stranded this crew in the Delta Quadrant.

She looks to the Admiral, pointed.

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED: (2)

53

JANEWAY

I don't regret that decision.

A beat, and then she looks back to her officers, taking in their faces.

JANEWAY

But I didn't know all of you then.
And Voyager was just a Starship.

(beat)

It's much more than that now.
It's become our home.

Reactions. The officers are touched by Janeway's characterization.

JANEWAY

I know I could order you to carry out this plan, and none of you would hesitate for a second. But I'm not going to do that.

(beat)

You know the crewmen who work under you. And you know what your own hearts are telling you. So we're not going to attempt this unless everyone in this room agrees.

(beat)

No one will think less of you if you don't.

A long, quiet beat. Then Kim signals his desire to speak.

KIM

Captain?

JANEWAY

(nods)

Go ahead, Harry.

A beat as he formulates his thoughts. Then, with humor:

KIM

I think it's safe to say that no one on this crew has been more... obsessed with getting home than I have.

Smiles from his friends. Kim continues, haltingly.

KIM

But when I think about everything we've been through together...

He shrugs, finishes his thought:

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED: (3)

53

KIM
...maybe it's not the destination
that's important...
(beat)
Maybe it's the journey.

Reactions.

KIM
And if that journey takes a little
longer... so we can do something
we all believe in...

He trails off. Then, finally:

KIM
Let's just say... I can't think of
any place I'd rather be... or
people I'd rather be with.

A long, emotional beat as his words hang in the air.
Then Paris lifts the coffee cup in front of him, makes a
toast that signals his agreement with Harry.

PARIS
To the journey.

A beat, and then the others start to pick up their own
glasses or cups, joining the toast.

EVERYONE
Here, here. To the journey, etc.

And we go OFF the Admiral, hearing this toast for the
second time, moved by the solidarity of her former
crew...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FACE IN:

54 INT. MESS HALL

54

Red Alert. It's after-hours, the room is dimly lit. The Captain is alone near the window, reviewing a PADD, sipping coffee. After a beat:

ADMIRAL JANEWAY (O.C.)
Coffee, black.

We HEAR the replicator activate, and the Captain looks up to see...

55 THE ADMIRAL (OPTICAL)

55

withdrawing a steaming CUP from the replicator.

JANEWAY
I thought you gave it up.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I've decided to revive a few of my old habits.

JANEWAY
Oh? What else, besides the coffee?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
(pointed)
Well, I used to be much more idealistic. I took a lot of risks...

A beat as the Captain eyes her. What's she driving at? The Admiral takes a seat across from the Captain, looks out at the starfield, reflective.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I've been so determined to get this crew home... for so many years...
(beat)
...that I think I forgot how much they loved being together...

She turns from the window, looks the Admiral in the eye.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
...and how loyal they were to you.

A beat as she lets that hang there.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

It's taken me a few days to
realize it, but this is your
ship... your crew. Not mine.

(beat)

I was wrong to lie to you... to
think I could talk you out of
something you'd set your mind
to...

JANEWAY

You were only trying to do what you
thought was right... for all of
us...

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Well, you've changed my mind about
that.

(beat)

And I'd like to help you carry out
your mission.

A beat. Janeway has an idea:

JANEWAY

Maybe we can do better than that.

(off the Admiral's look)

There's got to be a way to "have
our cake and eat it too."

The Admiral sees where Janeway is going with this, and
she's dubious:

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

We can't destroy the hub and get
Voyager home...

JANEWAY

Are you absolutely sure about
that?

A long beat as the Admiral considers.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

There might be a way... I considered
it once. But it seemed too risky...

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

JANEWAY

That was before you decided to
"revive your old habits."

A beat as the Admiral considers. She takes a sip from
the coffee cup, reacts.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I don't know why I ever gave this
up.

OFF the Captain's smile...

TIME CUT TO:

56 INT. SHUTTLEBAY (OPTICAL)

56

where the Admiral's futuristic shuttle is still docked.

57 INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE (OPTICAL)

57

The Admiral checks a few readings at the helm. After a
beat the Captain ENTERS, carrying a hypospray. The
Admiral turns to her, light.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

It's about time. I'm not getting
any younger, you know.

The Captain smiles, adjusts the hypospray, INJECTS the
Admiral. After the HISS, a long beat. Finally:

JANEWAY

You're sure you want to do this?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

(dry)

No.

(smiles)

But Voyager isn't big enough for
the both of us.

The Captain smiles. A moment between them. This is
obviously good-bye.

JANEWAY

Good luck, Admiral.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

You too.

Janeway starts to go, but the Admiral calls after her.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Captain...

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

She stops, looks back.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I'm glad I got to know you again.

A beat. The Captain nods, EXITS. OFF the Admiral...

58 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

58

as the Admiral's shuttle LAUNCHES from the Shuttlebay and jumps to WARP.

TIME CUT TO:

59 EXT. NEBULA - THE ADMIRAL'S SHUTTLE (OPTICAL)

59

flies into the murky expanse.

TIME CUT TO:

60 EXT. TRANSWARP HUB (OPTICAL)

60

The Admiral's shuttle ENTERS one of the glowing APERTURES. There's a FLASH OF LIGHT as the ship crosses the threshold... and DISAPPEARS...

61 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB

61

Seven's working at a console when Chakotay ENTERS. She reacts, uncomfortable -- this is the first time they've been alone since the Admiral told her about her "future."

CHAKOTAY
Any word from the Admiral?

Seven shakes her head. Her tone is formal.

SEVEN OF NINE
We lost contact as soon as she entered the hub.

CHAKOTAY
Did the Borg give her any trouble?

SEVEN OF NINE
Her vessel was scanned by several Cubes, but none approached her, sir.

(CONTINUED)

61

CONTINUED:

61

Chakotay reacts to the term of address, thinks maybe she's trying to strike up some more banter.

CHAKOTAY
Are we keeping things
"professional" again today?

SEVEN OF NINE
Yes, Commander.

A beat as he realizes:

CHAKOTAY
You're not joking, are you?

SEVEN OF NINE
No.

She moves to another console. Chakotay follows.

CHAKOTAY
What's wrong?

SEVEN OF NINE
Nothing. I'm just... busy.

CHAKOTAY
I think I've gotten to know you a
little better than that.

Seven digests this, responds, trying not to sound harsh.

SEVEN OF NINE
I'd prefer it if you didn't speak
to me as though we're... on
"intimate terms."

CHAKOTAY
(taken aback)
We are on "intimate terms."

SEVEN OF NINE
(matter-of-fact)
Not any more.

CHAKOTAY
What the hell is going on?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

SEVEN OF NINE
I've decided to... alter the
parameters of our relationship.

CHAKOTAY
(forceful)
You mind telling me why?

A beat before Seven answers -- she isn't entirely
comfortable giving her reasons.

SEVEN OF NINE
We both have... dangerous
occupations.
(beat)
It's possible one of us could be
seriously injured... or worse. I
believe it's best... to avoid
emotional attachments.

CHAKOTAY
(angry)
Maybe you can just... flip some
Borg switch... and shut down your
emotions. But I can't.

Seven finally turns to him, almost imploring.

SEVEN OF NINE
I suggest you try. It will make
things... less difficult for
you... if any harm were to come to
me.

A long beat as Chakotay digests this, worried.

CHAKOTAY
Why are you suddenly so concerned
about that? Is there something I
should know?

A beat, and then Seven makes a partial admission:

SEVEN OF NINE
The Admiral suggested... that your
feelings for me... will cause you
pain... in the future.
(heartfelt)
I can't allow that to happen.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (3)

61

A long beat as Chakotay considers. Then:

CHAKOTAY

Any relationship entails risk,
Seven. And nobody can guarantee
what's going to happen tomorrow.
Not even an Admiral from the
future.

(beat)

The only certainty is how we feel
about each other here and now. If
you think I'm going to let you end
this... because of what might
happen... then you need to get to
know me a little better.

A long beat as Seven eyes him, more overcome than we've
ever seen her. Finally, she reaches out her hand... and
takes Chakotay's. OFF the image of her Borg implanted
fingers entwined in his...

62 INT. SICKBAY - CLOSE ON B'ELANNA

62

wearing a hospital gown, eyes closed, teeth gritted,
forehead perspiring, GROANING in pain as she experiences
a contraction.

DOCTOR (O.C.)

Try to relax, Lieutenant...

63 WIDER TO INCLUDE THE DOCTOR

63

scanning her with a MEDICAL TRICORDER. B'Elanna's
leaning back on the clamshell, supporting herself with
her elbows. She snaps at the Doctor.

TORRES

If you say "relax" one more time,
I'm going to rip your holographic
head off!

DOCTOR

(dry)

I hope you don't intend to kiss
your baby with that mouth.

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED:

63

The door SLIDES OPEN and Paris hurries in, obviously having been called.

PARIS

Tell me this isn't another false alarm.

DOCTOR

"This isn't another false alarm."

Paris hurries to B'Elanna's side, takes her hand, as the Doctor begins preparing a tray of medical instruments.

PARIS

I can't believe it...

TORRES

(groans)

Believe it.

PARIS

(a realization)

I might actually win...

TORRES

What?

PARIS

The baby pool. I picked today, fifteen hundred hours.

Torres gives him a dry look.

TORRES

I'm so glad I could accommodate you...

The Doctor turns to them.

DOCTOR

I wouldn't celebrate yet. Klingon labor sometimes lasts several days --

Torres glares at him. The Doctor backpedals.

DOCTOR

(continuing)

Of course, I'm sure that won't be the case here.

The com suddenly CHIRPS.

JANEWAY'S COM VOICE

Bridge to Lieutenant Paris, we're ready to get underway.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

Paris reacts, starts to respond.

PARIS
Captain, I'm afraid --

But Torres grabs his hand, cuts him off:

TORRES
Go.

PARIS
But --

TORRES
No "buts," flyboy. If this mission's going to succeed, we need our best pilot at the Helm.

Paris hesitates. Torres reassures him.

TORRES
Don't worry. I've got the Doctor.

The com CHIRPS again.

JANEWAY'S COM VOICE
Is there a problem, Mister Paris?

A beat as Tom and B'Elanna hold each other's gaze, and then Paris responds reluctantly.

PARIS
On my way, Captain.

He leans down, gives B'Elanna a long tender kiss, then EXITS. B'Elanna turns back to the Doctor.

TORRES
Let's get this show on the road.

OFF the moment...

64 EXT. SPACE - BORG UNICOMPLEX (STOCK OPTICAL)

64

to establish the vast "metropolis" from which the Queen holds sway over the Collective (as seen in "Unimatrix Zero").

65 INT. BORG QUEEN'S LAIR

65

The Queen is in her personal alcove, eyes closed, "listening" to the myriad, overlapping VOICES of the Collective.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

COLLECTIVE VOICE

Voyager has altered course.
Current position: spatial grid
three six two. Trajectory: one-
one-two mark five --

Suddenly, once VOICE rises above the others:

ADMIRAL JANEWAY (O.C.)

I don't know how you do it...

The Collective voice goes SILENT, and the Queen's eyes
SNAP OPEN...

66 HER POV - THE ADMIRAL (OPTICAL)

66

apparently standing just a few feet away. We'll soon
realize, however, that the Admiral is tapping into the
Queen's neural implants, just as the Queen did to Seven
in Act One. This entire conversation is taking place
inside the Queen's mind. The Admiral appears to be
"listening" too, as though she can hear the Collective.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

All those voices talking at once.

(beat)

You must get terrible headaches.

The Queen frowns, tilts her head ever so slightly.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

If you're calling Drones to
assimilate me, don't bother.

BORG QUEEN

I don't need "Drones" to
assimilate you.

She moves toward the Admiral, raising a threatening
hand. But the Admiral doesn't flinch. The Queen EJECTS
AN ASSIMILATION TUBULE from her wrist! But the Admiral
is unaffected. The Queen reacts, RETRACTS THE TUBULE.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I'm not actually here... "Your Majesty."
(beat)
I'm in your mind.

The Queen reacts, betraying the slightest discomfort.

BORG QUEEN
How?

CUT TO:

67 INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

67

where the Admiral is sitting at the helm, her eyes closed. Her high-tech headrest is ILLUMINATED, casting an eerie glow on her face.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I'm using a synaptic interface.
(beat)
If I were you, I wouldn't waste my time trying to trace the signal.

68 INT. BORG QUEEN'S LAIR

68

As before.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
(continuing)
For the moment, it's beyond your abilities.

A beat as the Admiral lets this sink in, making it clear she isn't someone to be trifled with.

BORG QUEEN
What do you want?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
(matter of fact)
To make a deal.

The Queen reacts. The Admiral explains.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
"Captain" Janeway thinks I'm here to help her destroy your transwarp network.

The Queen reacts but tries to betray no concern.

BORG QUEEN
That's beyond your abilities.

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED:

68

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I know that.

(beat)

And I tried to explain it to my
naive... "younger self." But she
wouldn't listen. She's determined
to bring down that hub.

BORG QUEEN

She will fail.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Yes. But she has weapons that I
brought from the future.

(dry)

I believe you're familiar with
them.

BORG QUEEN

Transphasic torpedoes.

(confident)

We will adapt.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Eventually. But not before
Voyager does a great deal of
damage.

Janeway holds the "stick" there for a moment... then
dangles a "carrot."

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I'm willing to tell you how to
adapt to those weapons now.

A long beat. The Queen is clearly skeptical, but
intrigued.

BORG QUEEN

In exchange for what?

Another beat. And then, determined:

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I want you to send a Cube to
tractor Voyager...

(beat)

...and drag them back to the Alpha
Quadrant.

OFF the Admiral's shocking betrayal...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

69 INT. BORG QUEEN'S LAIR

69

A moment later. The Queen is considering the Admiral's proposal, still skeptical, but a little amused.

BORG QUEEN

You're asking me to believe that the incorruptible Kathryn Janeway would betray her own crew.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

(even)

Not betray them. Save them from themselves.

The Queen reacts, curious.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I brought technology to help Voyager get home. But the Captain's arrogant... self-righteous. And her officers are so blinded by loyalty... that they're prepared to sacrifice their lives...

(pointed)

...just to "deal a crippling blow to the Borg."

BORG QUEEN

(sardonic)

But you'd never try to harm us.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

I've become a pragmatist in my "old age."

(beat)

All I want is to get that crew back to their families.

BORG QUEEN

You wish to ensure the well-being of your "collective."

(nods)

I can appreciate that.

A long beat as the Queen considers.

BORG QUEEN

I'll help you, Admiral.

(beat)

But it'll cost more than you're offering.

The Admiral eyes the Queen warily.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
What else do you want?

BORG QUEEN
Your vessel and its database.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I told you... I'll show you how to
adapt to their torpedoes --

BORG QUEEN
Insufficient.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
(beat)
If I let you assimilate technology
from the future... there's no telling
how events would be altered...

BORG QUEEN
(back at her)
You're willing to alter the future
by getting Voyager home now.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Yes, but there's a difference --

BORG QUEEN
Do what all good "pragmatists" do,
Admiral.
(simple)
Compromise.

A long beat as the Admiral considers. Then:

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
All right. I'll give you the
shuttle...
(beat)
...after Voyager arrives safely in
the Alpha Quadrant.

The Queen smiles: does Janeway really think she's that
naive?

BORG QUEEN
You've already lied to "your younger
self." How do I know you're not
lying to me?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
I guess you'll just have to trust me.

The Queen tilts her head, receiving a silent
communication, smiles.

BORG QUEEN
That won't be necessary.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

The Admiral reacts, curious.

BORG QUEEN
You've underestimated me, Admiral.
(beat)
While we've been talking...

70 INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

70

where she's still tapped into the GLOWING neural interface, listening to the Queen's VOICE in her head.

BORG QUEEN (V.O.)
...my Drones have triangulated
your signal.

The Admiral's EYES SNAP OPEN, and she quickly speaks to com.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Computer, deactivate the
interface!

As the lights on the interface GO OUT...

71 INT. BORG QUEEN'S LAIR (OPTICAL)

71

...the Queen's "mental image" of the Admiral DISAPPEARS.

72 INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE

72

as before.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
Deploy armor!

But it's too late. The ship ROCKS!

73 EXT. SPACE - BORG UNICOMPLEX (OPTICAL)

73

EMITTING A BEAM which is causing Admiral Janeway's
CLOAKED SHUTTLE to SHIMMER INTO VIEW!

74 INT. ADMIRAL JANEWAY'S SHUTTLE (OPTICAL)

74

The Admiral DEMATERIALIZES in a Borg effect...

75 INT. BORG QUEEN'S LAIR (OPTICAL) 75

where the Admiral REMATERIALIZES... "in the flesh" this time. The Queen smiles at her.

BORG QUEEN
Very clever...

She indicates her FLOATING VIEWSCREEN which displays an image of the Admiral's shuttle hanging near the Unicomplex.

BORG QUEEN
...hiding right on my "doorstep."

The Admiral reacts.

BORG QUEEN
What was your plan? To attack us from inside the Unicomplex?

But the Admiral says nothing.

BORG QUEEN
Not feeling talkative? That's all right.

She raises her hand and EJECTS an ASSIMILATION TUBULE. This time, it PENETRATES the Admiral's neck!

76 THE ADMIRAL (OPTICAL) 76

collapses to the ground. A horrible moment as BORG TECHNOLOGY begins to RIPPLE beneath her skin! The Queen smiles.

BORG QUEEN
You and I don't need words to understand each other.

OFF the Queen, satisfied...

77 EXT. NEBULA CLEARING (OPTICAL) 77

ARMOR deployed, Voyager approaches the massive HUB...

78 INT. BRIDGE 78

RED ALERT. The mood is tense. Chakotay, Tuvok, Kim, and Seven of Nine at stations. Janeway addresses Paris:

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

JANEWAY

Take us in.

PARIS

(working)

Aye, Captain.

79 EXT. TRANSWARP HUB (OPTICAL)

79

Voyager ENTERS one of the glowing APERTURES. There's a FLASH OF LIGHT as the ship DISAPPEARS inside...

80 INT. BORG QUEEN'S LAIR - CLOSE ON THE QUEEN

80

once again listening to the Borg Collective Voice.

BORG COLLECTIVE VOICE

Voyager has entered aperture eight-two-three. Access: Transwarp Corridor Zero Nine...

81 INCLUDE THE ADMIRAL

81

slumped against a console. Her skin looks grey and mottled, and a couple of painful looking BORG IMPLANTS have already sprouted from her face and neck. But she seems unconcerned with her own plight. Instead, she's eying the Queen intently, as though waiting for something to happen...

BORG COLLECTIVE VOICE

Redirect vessels to intercept --

Suddenly, the VOICES are obscured by a a HIGH-PITCHED WHINE. The Queen reacts in pain, staggers. As the whine DIES DOWN, the voices return... but now they're cacophonous -- jumbled, disparate, nonsensical:

BORG CACOPHONY

-- corridor nine... Voyager...
USS... zero nine... transwarp...
intercept... unable to comply...

Another WHINE. Consoles begin to SPARK! The Queen grabs her head, reels. The Admiral hears it too, but she manages a rasping jab at the Queen.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

Must be... something you
assimilated...

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

BORG QUEEN
What have you done?

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
(dry)
I thought we didn't... need words
to understand each other.

The Queen reacts to another SHOOTING PAIN as a nearby
console EXPLODES! She tilts her head, realizing:

BORG QUEEN
You've infected us... with a
neurolytic pathogen.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY
(smiles)
Just enough to bring "chaos to
order."

OFF the Queen...

82 INT. TRANSWARP CORRIDOR - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

82

racing through a ROILING TORRENT OF ENERGY at a
harrowing speed!

83 INT. BRIDGE

83

RED ALERT. TREMBLING from turbulence. Seven of Nine
looks up from a console.

SEVEN OF NINE
The Admiral's succeeded, Captain.
The conduit's shielding is
destabilizing.

JANEWAY
Now, Mister Tuvok!

As he works...

84 INT. TRANSWARP CONDUIT - ON VOYAGER'S STERN (OPTICAL)

84

Armor SPREADS APART at various points, exposing the
torpedo tubes. Transphasic torpedoes begin to LAUNCH
one after another, streaking BACK TOWARD CAMERA!

85 INT. TRANSWARP HUB - ON AN INTERSPATIAL MANIFOLD
(OPTICAL)

85

as a torpedo RIPS THROUGH the FRITZING SHIELDING and
EXPLODES!

86 INT. BORG QUEEN'S LAIR (OPTICAL)

86

SHAKING. Consoles continue to SPARK! The Floating Viewscreen shows SECTIONS of the transwarp hub Voyager is in starting to COLLAPSE. The Queen watches in horror. But she's still defiant.

BORG QUEEN

Voyager will be destroyed.

ADMIRAL JANEWAY

They're ahead of the shockwave.
They'll survive... Captain Janeway
and I made sure of that...

(beat)

It's you... who underestimated us.

Suddenly, the Queen's personal alcove SPARKS! She reacts to a feeling of pain, looks down.

87 ANGLE THE QUEEN'S SHOULDER (OPTICAL)

87

as her JOINT CRACKLES... and then... suddenly, her Borg arm DETACHES and falls to the floor in a SHOWER OF SPARKS... leaving her with nothing but a BORG TENDRIL dangling from her shoulder socket. But the Queen ignores it, reacts to something... tilts her head... causing a Borg Sphere to APPEAR on the Floating Viewscreen.

BORG QUEEN

Sphere Six Three Four.

(listening)

They can still hear my thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

The Queen focuses on the image of the Sphere for a long moment, then closes her eyes, straining to send a telepathic command...

88 INT. TRANSWARP CONDUIT - THE BORG SPHERE (OPTICAL)

88

suddenly VEERS OFF into an intersecting conduit.

89 INT. BORG QUEEN'S LAIR (OPTICAL)

89

Still SHAKING and SPARKING. The Queen turns to Janeway.

BORG QUEEN

I may have assimilated your pathogen.
But I also assimilated your armor
technology.

There's a painful CRACKLE OF ENERGY now near the Queen's HIP JOINT.

90 ONE OF HER LEGS (OPTICAL)

90

suddenly DISCONNECTS from its socket!

91 THE QUEEN (OPTICAL)

91

grabs a console to support herself, continues her threat.

BORG QUEEN

Captain Janeway is about to die.
If she has no future... you'll
never exist...

(beat)

...and nothing you've done here
today will happen.

Janeway reacts... then watches as the rest of the Queen's body begins to PULL APART in a horrific display! As EXPLOSIONS erupt throughout the room...

92 EXT. BORG UNICOMPLEX (OPTICAL)

92

BLASTS ERUPT throughout the vast structure. As it CRUMBLES...

93 CLOSE ON A VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL) 93

which depicts a GLOWING TRANSWARP APERTURE beginning to form. ALARMS are sounding.

ADMIRAL PARIS (O.C.)
What the hell is it?

REVEAL that we're in...

94 INT. PATHFINDER RESEARCH LAB - PRESENT (OPTICAL) 94

ADMIRAL PARIS and present-day REG BARCLAY are eying the image on the Viewscreen with concern along with a few other ADMIRALS. Starfleet N.D.s scramble in the background.

BARCLAY
A transwarp aperture... it's less than a light-year from Earth.

ADMIRAL #1
How many Borg vessels?

BARCLAY
We can't get a clear reading. But the graviton emissions are off the scale...

A beat as Admiral Paris considers, turns to an N.D.

ADMIRAL PARIS
I want every ship in range to converge on those coordinates. Now.

OFF that...

95 EXT. TRANSWARP HUB (OPTICAL) 95

EXPLOSIONS are BREAKING IT APART!

96 INT. TRANSWARP CORRIDOR (OPTICAL) 96

where the massive Borg Sphere is BEARING DOWN on Voyager's stern, FIRING WEAPONS that are ERODING the armor. Behind them, the corridor is COLLAPSING IN ON ITSELF!

97 INT. BRIDGE 97

SHAKING hard! Consoles SPARKING! NITROGEN spewing!

TUVOK

Aft armor is down to six percent.

KIM

Hull breaches on Decks Seven
through Twelve!

98 INT. TRANSWARP CONDUIT - CLOSE ON THE SPHERE (OPTICAL) 98

A section of the hull begins to IRIS OPEN, forming a
gaping maw that PULSES WITH ENERGY from within! Is it
going to swallow Voyager or fire something at it?

99 INT. BRIDGE 99

as before. Paris works feverishly.

PARIS

I can't stay ahead of them,
Captain!

The ship JOLTS hard!

TUVOK

The armor is failing...

Chakotay grabs a handrail, turns to Seven.

CHAKOTAY

Where's the nearest aperture?

SEVEN OF NINE

(working)

Approximately thirty seconds
ahead...

(off console, grim)

...but it leads back to the Delta
Quadrant.

A beat as Janeway considers, then makes a decision:

JANEWAY

Mister Paris, prepare to adjust
your heading...

OFF that...

100 EXT. SPACE (OPTICAL) 100

where at least twenty STARFLEET VESSELS are converging on the glowing aperture.

101 INT. PATHFINDER RESEARCH LAB (OPTICAL) 101

Barclay, Admiral Paris and N.D.s are focussed on the Viewscreen.

ADMIRAL #1
We've got eighteen ships in position... nine more on the way.

ADMIRAL PARIS
(to Barclay)
Open a channel to all of them.

A beat as Barclay works, nods. Admiral Paris speaks to com.

ADMIRAL PARIS
This is Starfleet Command. Use all necessary force to repel an attack --

BARCLAY
Sir, there's a vessel coming through!

102 EXT. SPACE (OPTICAL) 102

as the Borg Sphere EMERGES from the aperture! The surrounding Starfleet vessels OPEN FIRE! But the Sphere's shields FLASH, repelling the blasts!

103 INT. BRIDGE 103

The TREMBLING has subsided. A beat of eerie quiet, then:

JANEWAY
Mister Paris, what's our position?

He checks a reading.

PARIS
Right where we expected to be...
Seven works her console.

SEVEN OF NINE
The transwarp network has been obliterated, Captain.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

JANEWAY
We'll celebrate later.
(turning)
Mister Tuvok...
(beat)
Do it.

104 INT. BORG CUBE (OPTICAL)

104

we're deep inside the vessel. Suddenly, from somewhere in the bowels of the Cube, a TRANSPHASIC TORPEDO EMERGES and RUSHES TOWARD CAMERA! As it DETONATES...

105 WIDER - (OPTICAL) 105

the sphere begins to EXPLODE... BREAKING APART in a spectacular FIREBALL!

105A INT. PATHFINDER RESEARCH LAB (OPTICAL) 105A

As the Admirals and Barclay watch the destruction on the Viewscreen.

ADMIRAL #1
What's happening?

105B EXT. SPACE (OPTICAL) 105B

Where the Cube is now a FIREBALL. A beat... and then from out of the fiery debris...

106 THE USS VOYAGER (OPTICAL) 106

emerges... STREAKING PAST CAMERA toward the Starfleet Armada!

106A INT. PATHFINDER RESEARCH LAB 106A

As before. Admiral Paris shouts to an N.D.

ADMIRAL PARIS
Tell all our ships to cease fire!

107 INT. BRIDGE 107

Kim looks up from his console.

KIM
We're being hailed.

JANEWAY
On screen.

108 WIDER TO INCLUDE THE VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL) 108

where an incredulous Barclay and Admiral Paris appear, too stunned to speak. Janeway eyes them, wry.

JANEWAY
Sorry to surprise you. Next time we'll call ahead.

Barclay breaks into a grin.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

BARCLAY
Welcome back.

JANEWAY
(beat)
It's good to be here.

ADMIRAL PARIS
Captain, how did you...?

JANEWAY
It'll all be in my report, sir.

ADMIRAL PARIS
I'll look forward to it.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

108

He nods to an N.D. and the image BLINKS OFF. A long moment as Janeway rises, looks around her Bridge. Finally, simply:

JANEWAY

We did it.

An emotional beat. And then the COM BEEPS.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

Sickbay to Lieutenant Paris.

In the b.g., we HEAR a BABY CRYING. OFF Tom's reaction...

109 INT. SICKBAY

109

The Doctor stands beside Torres who's on a bio-bed... gazing down lovingly at a swaddled BABY GIRL.

DOCTOR

There's someone here who'd like to say hello.

110 INT. BRIDGE

110

Janeway smiles, turns to Paris.

JANEWAY

You'd better get down there, Tom.

PARIS

Yes, ma'am.

They all watch as he hurries to the Turbolift. When he's gone...

JANEWAY

Mister Chakotay, take the helm.

CHAKOTAY

Aye, Captain.

He moves to the conn. Janeway settles into her chair. A long beat, then:

JANEWAY

Set a course for home.

As Chakotay works, CAMERA CRANES BACK, and we go...

111 EXT. SPACE - (OPTICAL)

111

WIDE on the Starfleet Armada, providing an escort. WE PUSH IN SLOWLY on a single vessel...

112 THE STARSHIP VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

112

...finally at the end of its long journey home...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF SERIES