

STAR TREK

"Destiny, pt 1: Lost Souls."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on characters from the series

*Star Trek: The Next Generation*

*Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*

*Star Trek: Voyager*

*Star Trek: Enterprise*

and on the *Star Trek* tie-in novels  
by Pocket Books

## TEASER

FADE IN:

### **1**    EXT. SPACE - EARTH ORBIT

The familiar blue-green-white orb, looking peaceful and calm in space, with the moon in the distance.

### **2**    EXT. FEDERATION PARK - DAY

A large graveyard, the final resting place of Starfleet's finest fallen and passed. Grave markers of various sizes sit in regular rows, with the occasional larger memorial. Everything is understated, dignified, calming.

Two figures walk between the graves, arm linked in arm. This is the DOCTOR from *Voyager*, in standard duty uniform, and SEVEN OF NINE, dressed in a heavy winter coat against the biting wind that whips past them both.

Slowly they approach one of the larger memorials - a tall pillar of gleaming white marble with a permanent flame at the top. Seven and the Doctor stop in front of it and read the inscription chiselled into its surface...

WHEN A GREAT PERSON DIES, FOR  
YEARS THE LIGHT THEY LEAVE BEHIND  
THEM LIES ON THE PATHS OF MEN.  
KATHRYN JANEWAY  
VICE ADMIRAL  
2335 - 2380

Seven looks at the Doctor, tears in her eyes...

### **3**    INT. VOYAGER - SICKBAY

Another DOCTOR turns away from a display he was perusing. This is not the experienced Doctor we know, but one of his many duplicates throughout the Federation. He is a newborn, with the officious and persnickety manner of the early EMH.

He walks across the sickbay, a half-destroyed mess of warped bulkheads, damaged computers and flickering lights, until he reaches Commander Tom PARIS. The EMH hands Paris a padd, which he inspects. They turn together to look at...

Captain CHAKOTAY, a broken shell of a man who sits silently in a chair out of the way, staring into the middle distance with the unfocused glaze of one whose mind has departed.

Paris looks upon his captain and friend with sympathy, then recomposes himself and turns to leave sickbay. Simulating a deep breath, the Doctor walks over to Chakotay and places a comforting but unacknowledged hand upon his shoulder.

**4**     **INT. VEDEK ASSEMBLY - DAY**

The great hall of Bajor's foremost religious authority. Bright but cold sun filters in through the stone archways, lighting the many VEDEKS on their feet and arguing their points MOS. Vedeks BELLIS, SOLIS and YEVIR are among them.

Prylar KIRA stands at the back, watching this with tense frustration. She is a junior here, with no authority to intervene, but these people are squabbling like children.

She looks to her side, where stands Ranjen OPAKA watching with similar disappointment. Opaka's tacit support gives Kira the strength she needs...

...to stride through the bickering crowds right up to the Apex Chair. Kai PRALON looks up at her helplessly, unable to quell the bickering. Kira picks up the HAMMER... and strikes the GONG at the Kai's side as hard as she can.

The company comes to silence in surprise, all turning to look at Kira standing beside the Kai, with her apparent support for this action far above a prylar's station.

**5**     **INT. DEFIANT - BRIDGE**

Commander RO sits in her command chair aboard the *Defiant*, talking MOS over the viewscreen with Major CENN, who is in DS9 Ops. Cenn works some controls at his end, and the image on the screen changes to...

The MAP, showing the progress of the Borg through Klingon, Romulan and Federation space. The RED LINE that defines the limits of their advance is touching upon the five worlds of ANDOR, VULCAN, RIGEL, CORIDAN and QO'NOS, but no further.

Cenn returns to the screen, explaining something MOS to Ro, who responds with cautious but happy amazement. She looks at her crew, including TENMEI at helm, BASHIR at science and ALECO at tactical - they all smile in blessed relief.

But then Cenn keeps talking, and Ro's relieved smile drops to one less certain. She gets up from her chair, walks up behind Prynn at helm, and places a hand on the younger woman's shoulder. They are both worried for...

## **6     INT. KIRK - BRIDGE**

A blasted wreck, as much as *Voyager's* sickbay. Captain VAUGHN lies on the deck, surrounded by the smashed remains of the viewscreen through which he flew when catapulted out of his seat. A BRUISE covers his scalp and down his face.

Efrosian nurse NI-JALIKREII and Betazoid tactical officer MAGRONE do what they can for him - the former with her tricorder and hyposprays, the latter with his psionic projection abilities. Neither is getting very far.

Behind them, at the shattered remains of the tactical console, Lieutenant SHAR works the one functioning display with a blank, empty face. As first officer ROGEIRO watches him in worry, Shar is only paying attention to...

...the DISPLAY on the console, which shows a reading of the planet below them - ANDOR. The display shows great gouges across its surface, parts of the planet burning or black smudges of obliteration. Shar looks on blankly...

## **7     INT. NEW YORK - BRIDGE**

A more realistic image of this appears on the *New York's* viewscreen, which is still operational. The bridge around it is less damaged than *Kirk* or *Voyager*, but still without any power or ability to do much of anything.

The planet is no longer being attacked, but the huge swath of debris from destroyed Borg, Starfleet and Andorian ships between us and the planet speak to the great battle.

Captain SISKO gazes at this view in muted horror, as his crew work to repair the ship around him. Even though this is a victory, it feels like defeat, and he blames himself.

8 **INT. AXION - GUEST QUARTERS / BALCONY**

Cmdr TUVOK stands at the edge of the balcony of the rooms in which he and the other *Titan* crew have been staying. He gazes out across the city, across its gleaming towers and stunning alien architecture. He is utterly unmoved by it.

Turning, he re-enters the common area, where Counsellor Deanna TROI sits on one of the low couches, rips in her uniform where she was stabbed. She is healed now and gazing with wonder at a 3-D holographic display that shows...

...her BABY, still *in utero* and slowly spinning to show all sides, revealing that it is perfectly formed and whole.

*Titan's* XO Christine VALE holds Troi's hand and beams wide with joy at the sight. Nearby looms Doctor REE, the huge dinosaur-like Pahkwa-thanh medical officer. A deep RATTLE in his throat - his own expression of happiness.

Tuvok sees this, but passes by without acknowledging them and enters a smaller, darker private room.

In this room, he goes to a sideboard, lights his meditation lamp and kneels before it. He clasps his hands together in the traditional pose, gazes at the flame and concentrates.

**FLASH**

Scenes from TNG "Carte Blanche" and TTN "Carrion" depicting the attack on Deneva. Borg ships firing on the planet, Tuvok's son ELIETH and his wife IONE helping others to escape, staying behind as they watch the last shuttle leave, then holding each other as death comes.

**FLASH**

Tuvok shudders against these thoughts, struggling to hold onto his Vulcan emotional control. His son is dead.

9 **INT. TITAN - BRIDGE**

Captain Will RIKER sits in his command seat, alone. He looks to one side, where Troi should be. He looks to his other, where Vale should be. Neither is there.

He looks up at the viewscreen, which shows the graveyard of ships at the Azure Nebula - the blasted remains of the multi-national fleet which gathered to blockade the Borg's entry into the Federation, and which failed spectacularly.

Among the many crippled carcasses of various shapes and sizes, Riker watches small work bees pick over the bodies for anything useful in his ship's repairs. Also out there, both showing their own scars, are *Voyager* and *Enterprise*.

Riker looks again to the empty seats on either side of him. Despite the many junior crew of various species attending to their tasks around him, he feels alone in a crowd.

**10     EXT. LABARRE VINEYARD - DAY**

Captain PICARD kneels in the mud, his hands twisting and turning the vines of his home vineyard. The rows of grapes seem to go on forever, and Picard could stay here forever as well, beneath the perfectly clear and peaceful sky, which holds only a handful of wispy clouds and no danger.

Doctor Beverly CRUSHER stands at a distance, watching him. She knows he needs to do this - he needs a moment of calm in the maelstrom. She places a hand on her belly, which BULGES slightly with the early days of her own pregnancy.

Deciding to leave her husband be, Beverly turns and walks away. At her MOS signal, an opening appears in the image - the ARCHWAY of a holodeck, revealing the corridor of the *Enterprise-E* beyond. She passes through it, and the door closes behind her, re-establishing the illusion.

Meanwhile Picard continues to tend his vines...

**11     INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE**

Cmdr WORF strides around the bridge, checking on the junior officers. He exchanges whispers of support with tactical officer CHOUDHURY, nods professionally to Ops manager KADOHATA, and confers like old friends with Cmdr LaFORGE.

They are both worried about Picard, about their long-time captain's state of mind. When the one who has been their rock for 17 years is somehow gone, it leaves them adrift.

Worf nods LaForge to get on with his business, while he turns to look out of the viewscreen. It shows *Voyager*, *Titan*, and the hundreds of destroyed ships. The sight makes Worf want to fight more than ever. Bring on the Borg.

**12**    **INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE**

Captain Ezri DAX sits in her own command chair, staring at the sight on her own viewscreen - the BORG PROBE which they commandeered, and which is the focus of their only plan to stop the invasion. The CHAIN PULSAR torpedo hovers nearby.

Ops manager MIRREN turns to Dax and delivers an excitable report MOS - it's good news. XO Sam BOWERS gives a shout of "Yes!" and slaps the tactical console in victory. Similar exclamations from elsewhere around the bridge. Success!

Dax allows herself a small smile. It actually worked. Her insane plan, which she was afraid would end her captaincy before it began and take the entire known galaxy down with it, actually worked. She can scarcely believe it.

**13**    **INT. PALAIS - MONET ROOM - DAY**

Nanietta BACCO stands with her back to the portraits of previous Federation presidents, waiting for news. She is not in her large spacious office, because this is not a time for discussion and diplomacy. It is a time for action, so they are gathered in the situation room.

Filling the rest of the room are her closest advisors - PIÑIERO, PHIRI and Z4 BLUE - plus several Starfleet admirals, including AKAAR, BATANIDES and ABRIK. All are engaged in hurried, whispered conversations as reports are collated and compared and confirmed.

Finally Bacco has had enough, and calls out...

BACCO

Sorry to interrupt the gabfest,  
but I'm going to need someone to  
give me a straight answer.

The room goes quiet, and Akaar steps forward to answer.

AKAAR

Madam President. We've received confirmation from Command. The Borg fleets at Vulcan, Andor, Coridan, Beta Rigel and Qo'noS have been routed. In addition -

But he is drowned out by the CHEERS and APPLAUSE from the others in the room. Bacco starts to smile, but then she sees the frown on her friend Piñiero's face. Hating to have to spoil it, Akaar raises his hands to quiet them.

AKAAR

Please, everyone. Madam President, there were reports of infighting among several other Borg battle groups, leading to the destruction of many enemy vessels. However... those reports have now ceased.

Bacco feels the downside coming...

AKAAR

(continuing)

Following a brief period of inactivity, all remaining Borg attack fleets are once again on the move... including the one currently on its way to Earth.

BLACK OUT

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

**14    INT. BORG PROBE - VINCULUM ALCOVE**

Captain HERNANDEZ lies on the cold hard metal of the alcove in which the Vinculum is housed - shuddering and gasping.

SOUNDS come from all directions - the strange grinding, slithering sound of machinery coming to life. Zakdorn male science officer HELKARA looks around in horror - the housing of the Vinculum itself is shifting as if alive.

HELKARA

What the hell is going on?

Takaran female security chief KEDAIR looks at the CABLES winding their ways towards the boarding party across the walkway, which is their only path between this Vinculum alcove and the main body of the Borg ship.

KEDAIR

The ship's adapting. It's about to start either assimilating us, or killing us. I'd rather not stick around to find out which.

Human female engineer LEISHMAN and Mizarian male paramedic RAVOSUS reach down to help Hernandez up from the deck.

LEISHMAN

C'mon Captain - we have to get you out of here.

HERNANDEZ

The Queen! She's here - on this ship.

Leishman looks around her - all bio-mechanoid components of the ship are coming to life, and coming for them.

LEISHMAN

Yeah, I think we got that.

The party starts to get moving...

15 INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE

A THUNDERCLAP hits the *Aventine*, rocking everyone at their stations, as the ship is hit by weapons fire.

DAX  
Shields! Tactical, report!

The giant IMAX-style viewscreen shows the formerly crippled Borg probe suddenly BLASTING them with rapid-fire shots.

BOWERS  
Taking fire from the Borg ship!

DAX  
Return fire! Target their weapons.

BOWERS  
Firing...

As seen on screen, *Aventine* fires back with its targeted phaser cannons, blowing out the enemy weapons emplacements.

DAX  
Helm, evasive pattern sigma. Give tactical a clear shot at the other side of the Borg ship.

Bolian male THARP, now returned to the helm station, makes the ship SWERVE around, avoiding more shots from the Borg, until it comes at it from the other side. Then Bowers fires again, taking out the weapons emplacements on this side.

DAX  
Cease fire. Damage report.

MIRREN  
Weapons overload. Shields offline. Direct hit to the main deflector - minor damage, but we've lost the ability to enter slipstream.

DAX  
That was probably their plan.

MIRREN

There's more, Captain. We've also lost long-range comms. Complete system failure.

DAX

Sam, start beaming our people back. I want them off that ship, on the double.

BOWERS

Aye, Captain.

(works panels; frowns)

Scattering fields are going up in the core of the Borg ship. I can't beam them out. And the away team report they're under attack!

DAX

From who?! They said all the drones were dead.

BOWERS

From the ship itself, sir.

Off Dax's horror...

**16 INT. BORG PROBE - VINCULUM WALKWAY**

Helkara urgently leads the boarding party across the narrow walkway, which is slithering with cables trying to grab at their feet. Behind him, Leishman and Ravosus guide the semi-conscious Hernandez. Kedair brings up the rear.

KEDAIR

You three, get Hernandez to a beam-out point. Go!

HELKARA

What about you?

KEDAIR

I have to set the detonator on the transphasic mine. I'll be right behind you. Go!

Helkara nods his understanding, and continues to lead the rest of the party across the walkway to safety.

Kedair turns back to look at the Vinculum alcove, which is now bulging and squirming and pulsing, like a living creature with all its bio-mechanical viscera on display.

She steels herself, pulls out her Capellan *kligat* (as seen in [DS9 12x14 "Duty Calls"](#)), raises it high... and CHARGES.

**17**    **INT. BORG PROBE - CORRIDORS**

Helkara leads Leishman, Ravosus and a now mostly recovered Hernandez through the maze of corridors on the Borg ship. The Zakdorn science officer is trying to remain confident, but really has no idea where he is going or how to get out.

All the while, the sounds of GRINDING gears, SLITHERING cables, RUMBLING machinery and SCREECHING metal echo through the ship, putting everyone's teeth on edge. As they round a corner and face a DEAD END...

HELKARA

There should be a passage here!

Leishman grabs the starting-to-panic Helkara and guides him back the way they came.

LEISHMAN

We were warned about this. The ship's reshaping itself, trying to corral us.

As Helkara hurriedly consults his tricorder, CABLES slither out from the walls...

...and GRAB Ravosus by the arms, legs and throat. As the Mizarian desperately fails to scream for attention, the cables tighten and begin to draw him back into the wall...

HELKARA

This way.

LEISHMAN

Wait - where's Ravosus?

They turn back to the dead end, just in time to see the strangling paramedic being SWALLOWED UP by the wall of the Borg ship, the last sight of him his eyes wide in terror. Hernandez winces, feeling his fear and the ship's fury.

HERNANDEZ

He's gone. Follow me.

Determined now, the *Columbia's* former captain leads Helkara and Leishman back down the corridors.

Hernandez leads them through a narrow passage, one they have to turn sideways to squeeze through, but through the far end of it they can see...

...a trio of Starfleet TRANSPORTER ENHANCERS awaiting them.

More black cables slip up through the grilled deck plates and wind around Leishman's legs. She looks down in fear...

LEISHMAN

Something's got me!

Seeing this, Helkara reaches for his phaser, but Hernandez puts her hand out to stop him.

HERNANDEZ

No! You might hit Mikaela.

HELKARA

(looks up in horror)

I think we have bigger problems.

Hernandez turns back towards the transporter enhancers...

...and sees the narrow passage CLOSING IN on them, the walls drawing closer together, their escape slipping away.

Hernandez hears a voice in her head...

BORG QUEEN (v.o.)

Resistance is futile.

HERNANDEZ (v.o.)

We'll see about that.

The cables holding Leishman begin to drag her down...

HERNANDEZ

Grab my hands, both of you!

They do - Hernandez grabs one wrist with Leishman and the other with Helkara. Hernandez stares at the cables...

...and they let Leishman go, slithering back down through the grate and into their hiding places.

Turning back in the direction of their escape, Hernandez leads the other two by the hand, and forges into the dark.

Ahead of them, the passage begins to open up again as she fights to force the walls apart with the power of her mind.

HELKARA

I don't understand...

HERNANDEZ

I'm still tuned into the Borg Queen's frequency. Anything she can do... I can do better.

A black cable WHIPS out and wraps itself around Hernandez' arm. She glances at it - it unwinds and WHIPS away again.

A BULKHEAD slams down right in front of them. Hernandez grits her teeth... and it dissolves into black dust.

A DECKPLATE falls from under Helkara's feet - Hernandez flexes a finger, and a new deckplate rises into its place.

Finally the passage opens up enough - and the transporter enhancers are there. Hernandez quickly leads Leishman and Helkara into their circle, and taps Helkara's combadge.

HERNANDEZ

Boarding party to *Aventine*! Two for emergency beam-out.

MIRREN (comm)

Acknowledged. Stand by...

Then Hernandez steps back out of the circle again.

LEISHMAN  
Where are you going?

HERNANDEZ  
To save Kedair.

Before they can argue, TRANSPORTER EFFECTS take them away.

Hernandez closes her eyes and concentrates...

**18**    **INT. BORG PROBE - VINCULUM ALCOVE**

Kedair SCREAMS as a cable PIERCES her leg. Another cable LOOPS around her other leg and YANKS, and Kedair is lifted off her feet.

The Takaran woman finds herself suspended by three limbs, facing down at the deck, where the ARMING CONTROL for the mines rests. She desperately tries to reach for it with her one free hand - the cables yank her higher out of reach.

A thick DRILL comes at her from the side, RIPPING into her torso. She SCREAMS even as her green flesh automatically begins to heal over the wound.

The cables around her legs TIGHTEN - and we hear the bones in her legs BREAK. She SCREAMS again.

BORG QUEEN (v.o.)  
Resistance is futile. Strength is irrelevant. You are small. We are endless. You are one. We are legion. You will join us.

HERNANDEZ (o.s.)  
You think so?

The machines tearing Kedair's body apart spontaneously CRUMBLE. Rivets fall out of their holdings. Components CLANG to the deck plates. Cables unwind and slither away. Kedair lands in a twisted, mutilated lump on the deck.

Dragging her agonised, bloodied face up to look, she sees Hernandez striding purposefully towards her.

HERNANDEZ

Can you move?

KEDAIR

Both my legs are broken.

(flicks eyes towards...)

You have to set the detonator. We  
have to frag this ship.

Nodding, Hernandez reaches the arming control and sets it.  
Then she comes back to Kedair, and crouches down.

HERNANDEZ

This won't be fun.

Hernandez grabs Kedair's twisted limbs and WRENCHES them  
back into the right places. Kedair SCREAMS through her  
teeth, GASping for air. But now she can begin to heal.

KEDAIR

How long?

HERNANDEZ

Sixty seconds.

KEDAIR

Are you insane? That's not -

Kedair's eyes FLARE as a CABLE shoots out from somewhere,  
aiming to pierce Hernandez right through the back. But the  
human woman gestures, and the cable turns to dust.

HERNANDEZ

You were saying?

Kedair is speechless. Hernandez reaches down and HEFTS  
Kedair up, supporting her around the shoulder.

HERNANDEZ

Are you scared of heights?

KEDAIR

No...

HERNANDEZ

Good.

And she LEAPS off the walkway, out into the open space at the heart of the Borg ship, carrying Kedair and LEVITATING in open air. With the power of thought alone, she propels them across the gaping canyon below them.

KEDAIR

How in the name of Yaltakh are you doing this?

HERNANDEZ

Easy. I just imagine I've already done it.

As they travel impossibly across open space, it looks like they are about to SLAM into a wall of Borg machinery. But at Hernandez's look...

...the walls OPEN before them and the two women fly between them with nothing in their way.

KEDAIR

Ten seconds. No pressure.

Hernandez brings them back to land in the circle of the transporter enhancers, and taps her own combadge.

HERNANDEZ

Hernandez to *Aventine* - two to beam up!

MIRREN (comm)

Energising.

Just as the transporter beams begin to form around them, they look back through the path Hernandez cut through the Borg ship, all the way to the Vinculum suspended over the cavern - just in time for the transphasic mine to EXPLODE.

**19    INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE**

Dax is on her feet, gazing at the main viewscreen, which shows a massive EXPLOSION of blue fire ripping apart the Borg Probe from the inside out (although not completely destroying the ship). She turns urgently to Mirren...

DAX

Tell me we got them.

MIRREN

Ensign Riordan confirms Captain Hernandez and Lieutenant Kedair are aboard. The lieutenant is being rushed to sickbay.

DAX

Sam, five second delay on the chain pulsar. Tharp, maximum warp back to the nebula, now!

Both work their panels...

**20**    **EXT. SPACE**

The *Aventine* ramps up to warp... and JUMPS away into the distance.

Only moments after it has gone, the tiny red star of the CHAIN PULSAR weapon that has been holding position BLOOMS brighter, SHOOTs towards the burning Borg Probe...

...and EXPLODES it in a massive conflagration that leaves only spinning debris and billowing gas.

**21**    **INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE**

Allowing herself a small sigh of relief, Dax takes her command seat again, with a glance to Bowers at tactical.

BOWERS

And you wonder why I don't let you go on away missions.

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

**22 EST. PALAIS DE LA CONCORDE - DAY**

Winter in Paris - the day may be bright but it is cold.

**23 INT. PALAIS - MONET ROOM - DAY**

The room still rings with the sound of admirals, advisors and assistants, while President Bacco stands gazing at the portraits of her predecessors, all the way back to Archer, which adorn the walls. Piñero approaches quietly.

PIÑERO

You're obsessing again.

BACCO

What else do you expect me to do, Esperanza? How can I not look to my predecessors for... what? Help? Guidance? We already talked about how badly some of these people screwed up in ways the average citizen will never know.

PIÑERO

You haven't screwed up, ma'am. And if you're planning on taking blame for events of this magnitude, I can only call that... well, stupid. Not to mention arrogant.

BACCO

Again with the pep talk. Look, I know this isn't my fault. But it's still happening on my watch. It's my responsibility to keep those worlds turning...

PIÑERO

Ma'am, it's because of you that there's a Federation these people feel is worth protecting. That they're proud to protect.

Their attention is caught by the sound of the door opening. Agent WEXLER has let Seven of Nine into the room. Once inside, she hovers out of the way, unsure of herself. Bacco sees this, and approaches, taking pity.

BACCO

Professor Hansen. Your personal business went well?

SEVEN OF NINE

As well as can be expected, ma'am. My apologies again for my absence.

BACCO

None necessary, Professor. I can't begrudge anyone a personal moment at a time like this. And your friend, the... uh... Doctor?

SEVEN OF NINE

He remained in San Francisco to offer his assistance to the head of Starfleet Medical.

BACCO

Good, good. Everything in its right place, then. That's the best we can hope for, I suppose. Thank you, Professor. Carry on.

Bacco turns and heads back to Piñiero and the portraits. Z4 Blue, the Nasat deputy chief of staff, trundles up on all eights. Seven mutters...

SEVEN OF NINE

I have told her many times that I prefer to be addressed as Seven of Nine when not in the classroom.

Z4 BLUE

It'll never happen, believe me.

Seven's disapproval of this is clear. She moves to join the rest of the advisors exchanging information...

24 INT. VOYAGER - MAIN ENGINEERING

Paris walks away in anger...

PARIS

Counsellor - stop. It's never going to happen.

Counsellor HUGH CAMBRIDGE follows, determined to make his point even as Paris winds his way through main engineering, checking consoles and encouraging junior officer EXTRAS and trying his best to ignore the pester-some counsellor.

CAMBRIDGE

Commander Paris, you're not making any sense. *Voyager* is beyond repair. Half the crew is lost, and the rest are tilting at windmills. We should abandon ship.

Paris turns so quickly that Cambridge has to pull up short to avoid walking right into him. Paris is blazing angry - he grabs Cambridge by the arm and drags him into an alcove.

PARIS

That is enough, Counsellor. You will not question my orders in front of the crew. Clear?

CAMBRIDGE

You're right. I apologise, that was inappropriate of me. But the point stands. *Enterprise* and *Titan* are nearby, they're quite capable of accommodating the survivors.

PARIS

Listen very carefully, Counsellor. We. Will. Not. Abandon. *Voyager*.

Sighing with exasperation, Cambridge calls across to VORIK, the ship's Vulcan chief engineer.

CAMBRIDGE

Vorik! Would you please advise the commander that it is illogical to

waste time and resources trying to fix the unfixable.

VORIK

(approaching)

If I'm not mistaken, Counsellor, Commander Paris is already well aware of that.

CAMBRIDGE

Good! Then you agree with me.

VORIK

In fact I do not. Sentimental attachment to inanimate objects may be illogical according to Vulcan precepts, but it would also be illogical to deny that such an attachment is a strong motivator in other cultures. Many times I have witnessed the crew of *Voyager* achieve what others have called impossible when so motivated. I have also learned that what is illogical is not always wrong.

Cambridge is taken aback by that. Taking the opening, Paris calmly tries to get through to the brusque counsellor...

PARIS

This ship kept us alive through some of the worst experiences any crew could be expected to endure. We never abandoned her, even when logic said we probably should. I understand if you don't get that, you weren't with us then. But Janeway wouldn't abandon *Voyager*. Chakotay wouldn't abandon *Voyager*. So I will not abandon *Voyager*.

(to Vorik)

Lieutenant, my orders stand. Get this ship moving - at least enough to get us back to Earth.

Vorik nods his acknowledgement, and gets back to work.

CAMBRIDGE

Sentiment may well be a strong motivator, Commander. Believe it or not, I do understand that. But there also comes a point where you must face the inevitable.

Last word claimed, Cambridge turns and leaves the room.

**25**    **INT. NEW YORK - BRIDGE**

Benjamin Sisko looks around his own bridge, powerless and dark. His crew are trying their best to make anything work, but none of it is successful.

SISKO

We have to abandon ship.

Tactical officer CAVANAUGH hears his quiet mutter...

CAVANAUGH

Sir...?

A little embarrassed at having been overheard, Sisko draws himself up and addresses Cavanaugh more formally.

SISKO

Lieutenant Cavanaugh, direct all efforts towards communications. The *Venture* is still out there, and we need their help.

CAVANAUGH

...We're abandoning ship, sir?

SISKO

The *New York* may be salvageable in time, Lieutenant. But right now, we need to take care of her crew.

CAVANAUGH

Understood, sir.

Cavanaugh gets back to work. Sisko wallows in his defeat.

26 **INT. KIRK - CORRIDOR**

Now a blasted and burned wreck. Lieutenant MAGRONE, the Kirk's tactical officer, moves steadily down the corridor, stepping over broken bulkheads to help fallen comrades to their feet. While he does so, the COMM sounds...

ROGEIRO (comm)

...I repeat, we are abandoning ship. All crew move immediately to evacuation points. Injured crew persons please identify yourselves via emergency channel - you will be given first priority. I repeat, we are abandoning ship...

Magrone reaches a CREWMAN collapsed against the wall. He crouches down with a sympathetic look, and TAPS the injured crewman's combadge three times. The crewman looks up with gratitude, and then disappears in a TRANSPORTER BEAM.

Magrone continues searching for others...

27 **INT. KIRK - BRIDGE**

On the wrecked bridge, in the debris of the viewscreen, nurse Ni-Jalikkreii taps Vaughn's combadge three times, and then she and the injured captain are also transported away.

Near the helm console, Commander Rogeiro does likewise for Vulcan helm officer T'LARIK, but then he steps out of the way to let her be transported without him.

Rogeiro stands, looks around the wreck of Kirk's bridge. Ops manager DUNLOP is walking wounded, a handful of other junior officers remain standing.

ROGEIRO

Okay, that's all the injured.  
Everyone else ready?

DUNLOP

I think so, sir.

Rogeiro looks to Shar for a response, but the Andorian scientist is still absorbed in the display before him.

ROGEIRO  
Lieutenant ch'Thane?

SHAR  
(startled)  
Oh. Sorry, sir. Yes, I'm ready to  
abandon the ship.

ROGEIRO  
Okay. Rogeiro to *Venture*. Ready to  
beam aboard at your convenience.

CHIEF (comm)  
Acknowledged, Commander.

In the moment before TRANSPORTER BEAMS form, Shar quickly snatches the combadge off his own chest, places it onto the console before him, and steps back.

Rogeiro sees this, and his eyes FLARE with alarm, but too late to do anything about it. The TRANSPORTERS take him, Dunlop and the rest, plus Shar's combadge off the console.

But not Shar himself. The Andorian is left completely alone on *Kirk's* bridge. He takes one last blank look at the display before him, showing the damage to his homeworld.

Then he turns to the turbolift, FORCES open the doors by hand, revealing the dark and empty lift shaft within, and begins manually climbing down the shaft...

**28    INT. VENTURE - TRANSPORTER ROOM**

A Galaxy-class ship's transporter room, as seen throughout TNG. Rogeiro, Dunlop and the remaining *Kirk* bridge crew BEAM into place on the platform... alongside a disembodied combadge. Rogeiro quickly picks up the badge...

ROGEIRO  
*Cabrão!*  
(to transporter chief)  
Chief - my science officer dropped  
his combadge. Can you beam him out  
by bio-signs? He's Andorian.

CHIEF

Sorry, Commander. Sensors were damaged in the battle. That's why I had to lock on by combadge...

Rogeiro grits his teeth, annoyed...

**29**    **INT. KIRK - CORRIDOR**

Back in the corridor. Shar steps silently but determinedly over the assorted debris and wreckage, on a mission. He reaches a certain junction, and works a flickering half-powered console, causing a panel to SLIDE sideways...

...revealing an ESCAPE POD on the other side. Shar calmly steps inside.

**30**    **EXT. SPACE - USS JAMES T KIRK**

The ESCAPE POD launches from the row of pods just below the bridge module, fires its thrusters and begins to move away from the half-destroyed wreckage of the *Kirk*...

**31**    **INT. ESCAPE POD**

A tiny vessel barely big enough to squeeze in a single average humanoid, little more than a flying coffin. Shar lie-stands within it, strapped into place. He is blank-faced, on a singular mission with no hesitation.

ROGEIRO (comm)

Lieutenant ch'Thane! Return to the *Venture* immediately. That is an order. Return -

Shar PUNCHES the comm out without breaking concentration or even looking at it.

SHAR

Computer, set course for Andor's capital city of Laikan. Use all available speed.

COMPUTER

Acknowledged.

**32**    **EXT. SPACE**

Firing its thrusters, the escape pod manoeuvres past all the debris of the battle - Starfleet, Borg and Andorian vessels - and heads towards the planet itself.

**33**    **INT. ESCAPE POD**

The view through the porthole, as the tiny vessel breaches the atmosphere, GLOWING from the friction, and we see the horrific burning damage on the planet's surface...

And Shar is reflected in the glass, superimposed over the image of the planet growing closer, making it seem as if Shar himself is on fire...

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

**34 EXT. SPACE**

A small group of Borg vessels zoom through space at warp, right to left, advancing into the Federation. The SUSURRUS of Borg voices drone along with it, growing into...

BORG VOICE (v.o.)  
Attack continuing. The Federation  
must be destroyed. Earth must be  
destroyed.

**35 EXT. SPACE - USS AVENTINE**

The Vesta-class vessel zooms through space at maximum warp, left to right, back to the Azure Nebula.

BORG VOICE (v.o.)  
(continuing)  
Resistance is irrelevant. All life  
on Earth must be eradicated.

**36 INT. AVENTINE - GUEST QUARTERS**

A set of VIP guest quarters. Captain Erika Hernandez lies on her cot, these voices running through her head. She grits her teeth, refuses to let them overwhelm her.

BORG VOICE (v.o.)  
We are the Borg. Assimilation is  
no longer required. You will be  
destroyed. Resistance is futile.

HERNANDEZ  
No... it isn't.

BORG QUEEN (v.o.)  
(sinewy, curious)  
What are you?

HERNANDEZ

So you didn't blow up with the ship. Shame. Anyway, I thought my designation was irrelevant.

BORG QUEEN (v.o.)  
Perhaps. But you are somehow... familiar to us.

Hernandez sits up on her bed, looks out of the window at the stars warping by. She frowns against the voice.

HERNANDEZ  
Yeah... you're familiar too.

BORG QUEEN (v.o.)  
You will join us. You will become Logos of Borg.

HERNANDEZ  
I really don't think I will.

The SUSURRUS of Borg voices hammers back at Hernandez in response. Though she winces, she will not let it win.

**37    INT. AVENTINE - SICKBAY**

A RECOVERY WARD area of sickbay. Most beds are occupied - the furthest by KEDAIR. The Takaran woman is healed from the horrific injuries she received - at least physically.

At the doorway, Dax stands looking across the room at this. She turns to Doctor TARSES who led her here...

DAX  
I'll take it from here, Simon.

Tarses nods his understanding, and returns the way he came. Dax walks up to Kedair's bed, firm and commanding.

DAX  
What's this I hear about you not wanting to return to duty?

KEDAIR  
It's not about what I want. It's about what I deserve.

DAX

I'd give you recovery leave if I could. You got mangled pretty bad on that Borg ship. Unfortunately there's still about four thousand more of them out there, and I need my security chief at her post.

(beat)

I'm talking about you, in case it wasn't clear.

KEDAIR

You were clear. I wasn't. I'm not saying I should get time off. I'm saying I should be in the brig.

DAX

(sigh)

Care to elaborate, Lieutenant?

Kedair looks away, runs her hands through her hair, closes her eyes. Anything to delay dealing with it.

KEDAIR

I made a mistake.

DAX

I see. Wait here, I'll convene a firing squad.

KEDAIR

I'm serious! I killed three of my own people back there. Maybe more.

DAX

sh'Aqabaa's team. You didn't pull the trigger, Lieutenant.

KEDAIR

I flagged them as a target. I gave the order to fire. I promised to protect them, and now they're in the morgue, right next to Komer, Yott, Ylacam, Simmerith, Captain Dexar, Commander Tovak...

DAX

Is that why you stayed behind? To try and make up for your mistake?

KEDAIR

Please don't psychoanalyse me, Captain. I can always go and see Counsellor Hyatt if I want that.

DAX

I think Susan might give you the same diagnosis. But you're right, it's not my job to give you therapy. It's my job to get you back at your post.

KEDAIR

You ought to put me in chains.

DAX

That's enough, Lieutenant. Now listen to what I'm saying. It's war. It gets bloody. People die. It has nothing to do with how well trained someone is, or the quality of their character. You had no communications, in the dark, in hostile territory, under attack. You made an honest mistake - deal with it. But do it on your own time, because right now, I am giving you a direct order. Get your ass out of that bed, and report to your post. Understood?

Kedair's jaw has dropped, astonished by Dax's tirade. But then she pulls herself under control, swings her legs off the bed and stands to attention in front of her captain.

KEDAIR

It's a good thing you switched to command, Captain. Because if this is you as a counsellor... you suck at it. Sir.

DAX

Kira Nerys once told me the same thing. And let me tell you - if you think I can yell, you don't know what yelling is. Now move.

KEDAIR

Aye, Captain.

Kedair heads out of the room, Dax following.

**37 EXT. BAJOR - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

The central monastery in Ashalla, on a cold but bright day.

**38 INT. SHIKINA MONASTERY - KAI'S OFFICE - DAY**

As seen in eps such as [DS9 11x01 "Systems Under Repair"](#). Prylar KIRA stalks the stone floor anxiously, while Kai PRALON sits at her desk and tries to remain patient, and Ranjen OPAKA sits elsewhere letting it all flow over her serenely.

KIRA

Idiots! They're throwing it all away! All of them!

PRALON

Prylar Kira - calm yourself.

KIRA

You've read the reports - the Borg are still coming, there's barely a matter of hours left, and what will they find when they get here? A bunch of squabbling children.

PRALON

You say that Major Cenn up on the space station is fully convinced the Prophets will protect us. Why are you not similarly certain?

KIRA

The Prophets help those who help themselves, don't they? They don't

expect us to just sit back and wait to be saved. They want us to participate in our own salvation.

PRALON

(gentle warning)

Interpreting the Prophecies for your Kai is not the task of a first year prylar, my child.

Before Kira can argue, Opaka breaks in diplomatically.

OPAKA

I'm certain that Nerys meant no disrespect, your Eminence. And there is value in her argument. During the Occupation, we did not simply pray. We fought.

KIRA

(to self)

To pray is to fight, and to fight is to pray.

Pralon is in a tough spot - she must defer to her legendary predecessor, but she must also maintain her own authority.

PRALON

As you say, Ranjen. What would you advise we do?

OPAKA

(knowing look  
with Kira)

I would advise that we three lead the Vedek Assembly in the purpose for which it was created - to guide the people of Bajor.

PRALON

To guide them to what?

KIRA

To pray.

Off Kira's righteous certainty...

39 EXT. BAJOR - ASHALLA STREETS - DAY

A large ornate door slowly opens and Kira, Opaka and Pralon emerge onto the streets. Major ROCHAN (the kai's militia liaison, seen [DS9 11x03 "Self Destruct Initiated"](#)) has insisted on accompanying them, but he politely hovers back.

As the three women emerge, crowds of BAJORAN CIVILIANS push forwards to meet them, having been waiting for some signal from their religious leaders. Kira, Opaka and Pralon grasp their hands in fellowship as they progress.

Kira reaches one YOUNG WOMAN, who is in quiet tears as the religious leaders pass by. Kira stops, takes the woman's hands, makes contact with her.

YOUNG WOMAN

Prylar Kira... I am so afraid.  
Death is coming for us all.

KIRA

Do you trust in the Prophets?

YOUNG WOMAN

Of course, always. But...

KIRA

Will you pray with me?

Surprised, the young woman nevertheless nods. Kira gets to her knees right there in the street, holding the woman's hands and eyes as if there is no-one else there. The woman joins Kira on her knees, and they silently pray together.

Opaka and Pralon watch this with glowing pride. They turn to other Bajoran citizens gathered, and take their hands too. Before long, every one of them is on their knees, praying with the three most important women on Bajor.

PAN UP and ACROSS to the window-arches on the first floor of the monastery, at which other VEDEKS gather - including YEVIR, SOLIS and BELLIS. They have all seen what is taking place right outside their very doors.

BELLIS

What in fire does she think she's doing?

SOLIS

What we should have been doing all along, Bellis. What I will now also do. I suggest you join us.

Solis turns and leaves, heading for the door.

BELLIS

But she is only a prylar.

YEVIR

She was also the right hand of the Emissary since the moment he first came to us. If he trusts Kira Nerys, it seems presumptuous of us not to do likewise, does it not?

Yevir turns and heads to the door as well, going to join the others. Soon Bellis is left alone, staring out at the scene below. He knows what he should do here. But can he get past his dislike of Kira enough to do it?

Back to the STREET LEVEL, where Kira gently moves on from the young woman she was praying with, letting her continue to pray with the other civilians nearby.

Kira moves on through the crowd, talking to anyone who needs it. Opaka and Pralon follow, while Yevir and Solis and the others emerge from the monastery to join them...

**40 INT. DEFIANT - BRIDGE**

Focusing on Commander RO sitting in her command chair on the *Defiant* bridge. Everyone is quiet, only the sounds of the computers and systems burbling along underneath. At length, Ro can't stay quiet any longer...

RO

Doctor Bashir, anything new from Starfleet?

BASHIR

I'm sorry, Commander. We know the attacks on the core worlds were stopped. But there are no reports yet as to the condition of those worlds, number of survivors on the surface... or survivors on the ships defending those worlds.

Ro nods. It's nothing she didn't already know.

From helm, Tenmei turns to look at Ro. Neither need to say anything to know what the other is thinking.

**41**    **EXT. ANDOR - SURFACE - DAY**

The ESCAPE POD from *Kirk* lies on scorched, burned, smoking ground. It is open and unoccupied, the disembodied VOICE of the computer echoing out...

COMPUTER

Warning. Radiation exposure above safe levels. Exiting the craft not recommended. Warning. Radiation exposure above safe levels...

This continues as we PAN ACROSS the scorched land, which looks like the aftermath of a nuclear attack, where only the barest hints of life or civilisation have survived...

...until we find SHAR, in standard uniform, kneeling on this blasted heath and staring out into the distance...

...at the remains of LAIKAN, the Andorian capital city, recognisable by the barely-hanging-on shells of government buildings and the mountains surrounding.

Nothing has survived here. Nothing and no-one.

Shar is beyond sorrow or rage or frustration. His emotional centres are simply overloaded. He stares blankly... until he finally collapses to the ground, lying fetal in the burning remains of his homeworld.

He does not react as a Starfleet runabout slowly flies down through the smog-choked atmosphere, carefully approaching his position. It continues off screen as we stay with Shar.

A few moments later, we HEAR the sounds of the runabout coming in to land somewhere nearby off-screen, settling to the ruined ground with a puff of dust. We hear a hatch HISS open, and BOOTS trudging out onto the dusty ground.

Commander Rogeiro approaches gently, crouches down to Shar. He can see that Shar is alive but non-responsive.

Rogeiro looks up to Lieutenant Magrone, who is breathing deep and holding his hand to his head - his Betazoid senses are being assaulted hard.

Nurse Ni-Jalikreii kneels down gently by Shar's side, scans him with a tricorder. She speaks quietly.

NI-JALIKREII

We need to get him back to the  
runabout, as soon as possible.  
The radiation levels out here...

Rogeiro nods his understanding. He shares a look with Magrone, and the two men steady their weight and gently pick Shar up off the ground. Once they have him settled, Magrone cradles the Andorian to his chest.

Rogeiro goes to work on putting the escape pod back together to be shipped back into orbit. Meanwhile Magrone carries Shar back towards the runabout, Ni-Jalikreii keeping an eye on them both.

Ending on Shar, his antennae drooping lifelessly, his face empty and unresponsive as it rests against Magrone's chest, rocking slightly as he is carried away like a child...

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT THREE**

## ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

### **42** EXT. NEW ERIGOL - PLANET SURFACE

Dr REE's enormous toothy jaws SNAP shut, barely missing by inches a small forest-living creature that skitters away to safety in the underbrush. Ree is not upset at missing the creature - it's all part of the joy of the hunt.

Taking a pause, the gigantic dinosaur-like theropod turns his head to look UP into the sky...

...and sees the great curve of the metallic shell that surrounds this world. Projectors on its surface simulate sunlight and a smattering of clouds, but not enough to hide the fact that they are all trapped here.

Turning again to look across through the forest of trees, he sees... AXION, the giant glittering city-ship hovering effortlessly above the ground at a distance.

Ree BARES his teeth a little in annoyance at the situation, but then whips his head around at a new SOUND coming from the underbrush. Grinning wide, he bounds off into the woods chasing whatever is trying to escape from him...

### **43** INT. AXION - GUEST QUARTERS / BALCONY

TROI gazes out across the view from the balcony, just as Tuvok did earlier. Looking UP, she sees the transparent shell over the city, which only allows her to see through to the non-transparent metallic shell around the planet.

A wave of PAIN hits Troi's head, and she steadies herself against it, taking a deep breath to centre herself. Looking back into the guest apartment, she knows what she must do.

### **44** INT. AXION - GUEST QUARTERS / BEDROOM

TUVOK blows out the small flame on his meditation lamp, plunging the room into darkness lit only by the light from the open doorway. As he places the lamp back into a small cupboard, a FIGURE silhouettes in the doorway.

TUVOK  
(without turning)  
You wish to see me, Counsellor?

Troi enters the room. Tuvok still doesn't look at her, but moves around the dark room, putting things in order.

TROI  
I didn't mean to intrude, Tuvok.  
I wanted to express my apologies.

TUVOK  
Apologies? For what?

TROI  
I've been self-absorbed recently.

TUVOK  
Entirely understandable in the  
circumstances, Counsellor. No  
apologies are necessary.

TROI  
Nevertheless. The situation with  
my pregnancy and Doctor Ree's...  
"intervention"... had my empathic  
senses all twisted around. I  
couldn't feel anything but my own  
pain, and it blinded me to yours.  
I should have been here for you,  
and I'm sorry that I wasn't.

Tuvok finally turns to look at Troi. He seems calm, but the way his fingers are clasped together, working and loosening and working again, reveals the underlying tension.

TUVOK  
So you invade my privacy now, in  
order to apologise for not having  
invaded my privacy earlier?

TROI  
(deep breath,  
don't react)  
It's my job to support the crew  
through trauma. The destruction of

Deneva, the death of your son...  
so soon after Admiral Janeway...  
I'm so sorry, Tuvok.

TUVOK

(turns away again)

You seek to elicit an emotional  
response, so that you may attend  
to it and thereby absolve your own  
guilt. I regret to inform you that  
your efforts will be unsuccessful.

TROI

I'm just saying... I'm available  
if you need me.

TUVOK

Elieth married a Betazoid woman. I  
can only hope that in their final  
moments together, she demonstrated  
more understanding of the Vulcan  
mind than you demonstrate now.

Seeing that he has genuinely hurt her, Tuvok regrets it and  
lowers his hands in an attempt to soften his stance.

TUVOK

My apologies, Counsellor. That was  
uncalled for. Your concerns are  
noted, but I don't expect to avail  
myself of your services. Please  
expend your energies elsewhere.

TROI

(accepting defeat)

Very well. The offer remains open.

TUVOK

Thank you, Counsellor. You may go  
now. I will be... fine.

Troi turns and leaves the dark room.

Still perfectly calm, Tuvok forcibly uncurls his fists, and  
GREEN BLOOD drips from his fingertips to the carpet from  
the gashes he has dug into his own palms...

45 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

GOLDEN LIQUID drips into a glass. QUARK shakes the nearly empty bottle to make sure he doesn't miss a drop. That done, he puts the stopper back in the bottle, places it aside, and lifts the glass onto a tray.

TREIR looks down at the glass on the tray, then back up at Quark, unimpressed - the measure looks a bit short. Quark's face says "You wanna fight about it?" Treir rolls her eyes and just carries the drink off, leaving Quark alone.

With not much else to do - the bar is practically empty - Quark looks up at the big viewscreen that has been hung temporarily from the first floor balcony. It shows...

...the MAP of Federation space, with its red line of the Borg advance. But instead of a smooth circle expanding from the Azure Nebula, the line is now fluid and misshapen.

It cuts around the five worlds attacked in TNG "This Far, No Further" and [DS9 12x21 "Friendly Fire"](#), fingers of blood red stretching between Vulcan, Andor etc, and reaching instead towards both EARTH and BAJOR.

But Quark is not looking at that end of the map. His eyes are focused upon the icon about half way across the map, deep within the field of red, that is marked RISA.

TREIR (o.s.)  
Stop torturing yourself.

Treir has returned from delivering the drink, and knows exactly what Quark has been thinking.

TREIR  
We know that dozens of escape vessels got away from Risa before the Borg destroyed it.

QUARK  
(quiet, insular)  
But we have no way of knowing who was on board them, do we?

TREIR

Your mother's a smart woman. And a smart woman with the wealth of the Grand Nagus behind her is capable of anything - including surviving the Borg. I promise you.

QUARK

Yeah? You promised the Borg were coming to kill us all, and there was no surviving it.

TREIR

And you convinced me otherwise.

QUARK

That was before... moogie...

Sympathetic to Quark's turmoil, the Orion dabo girl gently takes hold of the Ferengi's shoulders and turns his body.

TREIR

Look at that map. Look at it.

QUARK

I've seen it. Almost the entire Alpha Quadrant is red.

TREIR

But not all of it. You see these three worlds here? And these two over here? Vulcan. Andor. Rigel. Coridan. Qo'noS. The red goes around them. You know what that is? That's hope.

QUARK

It's a temporary break in the flood waters. It won't last long. The Continuum comes back sooner or later, and it washes you away.

TREIR

So why are you still here? You could escape through the wormhole like Asarem said. Or you could

pack up and go home to Ferenginar.  
It's outside the Federation. Your  
mom's probably there right now.

QUARK

(straightening)

I promised to stay and look after  
these people. They need me.

TREIR

Right. We all have a part to play  
in this. And while we play ours,  
Starfleet is out there fighting  
for that miracle. You said they  
always have some trick up their  
sleeves, and that's the proof -  
those five worlds that are not  
red. So now I'm telling you what  
you told me - hold on.

Off Quark's growing resolution...

**46    EXT. SPACE - AZURE NEBULA**

Focusing on the Sovereign-class *Enterprise-E*...

**47    INT. ENTERPRISE - CORRIDOR**

The large double doors to the holodeck open and WORF snaps  
to attention. PICARD walks out - he is wearing his vine-  
tending outfit, still with muddy knees and boots, and  
unsuccessfully trying to wipe his hands clean on a cloth.

PICARD

You wanted to see me, Commander?

WORF

Aye, sir. We have received a  
communication from Captain Dax.  
The *Aventine* is on its way back to  
the Azure Nebula.

PICARD

I see. She's no doubt eager to  
fill us in on her mission.

WORF

I have found that Dax is indeed a very... talkative person, Captain, regardless of which Dax is doing the talking.

PICARD

I'm sure you must be very proud of everything she's accomplished.

At Picard's subtly snide tone, Worf takes quiet umbrage.

WORF

Is there some reason I should not be proud of her, Captain?

PICARD

(gently chagrined)  
Of course not.

WORF

By all reports, her mission was a success. Though the Borg may be continuing their advance now, the actions of captains Hernandez and Dax allowed Starfleet to claim victory and save countless lives.

PICARD

Yes, yes, I know. Captain Dax has achieved a great deal in a short time under difficult circumstances - I'm simply worried that her zeal will rebound badly upon us all.

WORF

Victory requires risk, Captain. Dax has chosen to take the fight to the Borg rather than wait for them to come to us - and that is an honourable course of action, no matter the outcome.

PICARD

There are more important things in life than honour, Worf!

WORF  
Not to a Klingon.

PICARD  
No? What about survival? Honour's  
of little use if you're dead.

WORF  
On the contrary, sir. Survival  
without honour is hollow. And if  
death does come, the honour gained  
by facing it without fear will  
carry us to a worthy afterlife.  
(beat)  
The man who stood beside me as  
*cha'Dich* understood that.

Picard tenses - that sounds like an accusation. To his  
credit, Worf is looking straight ahead, at attention.

PICARD  
(sharp)  
Contact *Titan* and *Voyager*, and  
inform them that I will be hosting  
a full debrief of Captain Dax's  
adventures - aboard the *Enterprise*  
- as soon as they arrive. You may  
return to the bridge, Commander.  
I'll join you there shortly.

WORF  
Aye, sir.

Worf walks one way down the corridor. After watching him  
go, wringing his muddy hands in the cloth as he does,  
Picard turns and stalks down the corridor the other way.

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

**48 EXT. SPACE - AZURE NEBULA**

Focusing on the half-destroyed Intrepid-class *Voyager*...

**49 INT. VOYAGER - BRIDGE**

Ops manager LASREN (Betazoid male) is the only person on the bridge - everyone else is assigned to repairs. But he has not taken the command chair - he is still at his Ops station. He reacts to something on his console...

LASREN  
(shouts out)  
Commander Paris!

After a moment, Paris appears at the doorway into the captain's ready room - the door itself is broken and cannot close fully, hence why a shout was enough to reach him.

PARIS  
Lieutenant? What's wrong?

LASREN  
Nothing, sir. In fact, something's very right. *Enterprise* reports that they have received a hail from *Aventine*. They're on their way back here.

Paris is very relieved to hear this, but doesn't want to get his hopes up too far.

PARIS  
Okay, great. How long till they get here?

LASREN  
She's only an hour out, sir - they only have short-range comms left, apparently. Captain Picard has also called for another meeting of all the captains once she returns.

PARIS

Fine. Listen, Kenth... there's something I've been thinking about asking you to do. But you don't have to. It's not an order.

LASREN

Commander - whatever it is, it's fine. You can rely on me.

PARIS

That's not in doubt. It's just, I was thinking... maybe you could scan Captain Chakotay, try to get through to him, and bring him out of whatever state he's in.

CAMBRIDGE (o.s.)

Absolutely not. I forbid it.

Paris JUMPS - he had no idea Cambridge was there. The tall and lanky counsellor slowly turns his seat to face Paris, from where he was lurking silently at the sciences station.

PARIS

Jeez! Announce yourself next time, can you, Counsellor? Or do you just enjoy making me jump out of my skin?

CAMBRIDGE

(sly smile)

Mister Lasren knew I was here.

PARIS

(annoyed)

Mister Lasren is a telepath.

CAMBRIDGE

(stands, confronts)

Exactly why he should not be going anywhere near Chakotay. It's a gross violation of the Captain's privacy to scan him without his explicit consent.

PARIS

He can't consent, can he? He's in some kind of self-induced fugue. And anyway, what do you care? You and Chakotay have been at each other's throats since day one.

CAMBRIDGE

I care about defending any man's physical and mental autonomy, Commander. And as a medical officer I have the authority to say this will not happen.

LASREN

(breaking in)

Excuse me? I haven't said yet that I'll do this.

CAMBRIDGE

Good. So you agree with me, then.

LASREN

Sorry Counsellor, but no, I don't.

CAMBRIDGE

(throws hands up)

Oh for - what the hell is wrong with the people on this ship?

LASREN

I told the Commander he can rely on me. I won't go back on that.

Cambridge sighs, tries to think of another angle to come at this from that will convince them.

CAMBRIDGE

Do either of you know what my last starship assignment was before signing on to *Voyager*?

(off their blank faces)

The *Melbourne*. I left it fourteen years ago - when it was destroyed at Wolf 3-5-9.

Starfleet's first major battle against the Borg. Paris and Lasren are both suitably dismayed. Cambridge continues...

CAMBRIDGE

So you may believe me when I tell you that I am intimately familiar with the scarring that any battle with the Borg inevitably leaves on a person's psyche. It was also the day when my habit of locating the nearest escape pod the moment I set foot on a ship paid off big, but that's by the by. Whatever is going on inside Chakotay's head right now, it's what he needs. It is both ill-advised and immoral to interfere with that process, and that is an end to this discussion.

Paris absorbs Cambridge's story...

PARIS

Mister Lasren... please inform the *Enterprise* that I am ready to beam over at their convenience. You're in command while I'm away.

LASREN

Aye, sir.

Paris meets eyes with Cambridge - there is no victory in either gaze - before turning and re-entering the ready room. Lasren goes back to working his panels. Cambridge settles back into the science chair and ponders...

50 **EXT. SPACE - USS AVENTINE**

*Aventine* zooms through space at warp, left to right...

51 **INT. AVENTINE - GUEST QUARTERS**

Hernandez stands leaning against the bulkhead, arms folded, and gazing out of the window at the stars streaking past. The door OPENS and Dax strides in. Hernandez looks over to her with a glower, unimpressed and accusatory.

HERNANDEZ

You're the second captain in as many days to barge right into my quarters without knocking. Doesn't Starfleet teach courtesy anymore?

DAX

My ship, my rules. Besides, you "demanded" to see me - on an open channel, for my entire crew to hear. Well, here I am. Talk.

Dax folds her arms, mirroring Hernandez. The gesture seems to deflate the tension growing between the two women, and Hernandez softens. She steps up, thoughtful.

HERNANDEZ

Bear with me, Captain. What I need to tell you is vital, but it's hard for me to come at a problem straight on. After eight-hundred years living with the Caeliar, keeping secrets becomes a virtue.

DAX

If it's so vital, why wait till now to tell me? We're almost back at the nebula.

HERNANDEZ

Oh well, excuse me - I did just have my mind invaded by what felt like a trillion other people. It takes a minute to process all that, and to put it together into a coherent timeline.

DAX

(relaxing,  
receptive)

I'm sorry. I do understand how that feels, believe it or not. What do you need to tell me?

Hernandez takes a breath, centres herself. Where to start?

HERNANDEZ

I read everything in your files about the Borg before I went to that ship. I thought I was ready for whatever I'd find. I wasn't.

DAX

If you're blaming yourself for what happened to sh'Aqabaa's team or to Ravosus, don't. As far as I'm concerned, you deserve a medal for saving three of my officers.

HERNANDEZ

I'm not talking about what the Borg do. I'm talking about what they are. I was expecting a group mind, but that's not really what the Borg are. It's one mind, one tyrannical consciousness enslaving all the others.

DAX

The Queen.

HERNANDEZ

Not exactly. The Queen's just the face of it. There's something else behind her. It's sadistic. And it's so... empty. A void that can never be filled. And the bigger it gets, the hungrier it becomes.

Hernandez moves to stare out of the window again, clearly troubled. Dax follows gently, giving her space.

HERNANDEZ

There's a piece of music. You love it. But then a new musician comes around and rearranges it. It's the same tune, but now it's in a minor key. And suddenly everything that was comforting and familiar... now seems ominous and unsettling.

(turns back to Dax)

The Borg are no symphony. There's no conductor uniting the players into a whole that's greater than its parts. And they're not a hive either. The Borg are a prison. Trillions of voices muted, buried. Lost souls chained and shackled to the will of something that doesn't even know what it wants. But the worst part of it was... I still recognised the tune.

DAX

What do you mean?

HERNANDEZ

I told you about when the original Caeliar homeworld was destroyed...

DAX

Yes - you said only three city-ships escaped, through those subspace tunnels.

**52 FLASHBACK - TTN 1x16 "WHATEVER IT TAKES"**

The planet of Erigol EXPLODES... subspace tunnels surround the planet as dozens of Caeliar city-ships try to escape through them. Only three succeed, plus the *Columbia*.

**53 BACK TO SCENE**

Hernandez continues her explanation...

HERNANDEZ

(nodding)

Axion was the capital, the one I was in. It got thrown into the depths of the Beta Quadrant, about eight-hundred-sixty years in the past. Kintana ended up in another galaxy at the dawn of time.

DAX

And the third?

HERNANDEZ

Mantilis. Several of my crew from *Columbia* were onboard. The Caeliar always thought it was destroyed or lost. Now I know it wasn't.

DAX

How do you know?

HERNANDEZ

I read *Voyager's* and *Enterprise's* records as well as yours. They both suggest the origin of the Borg is somewhere deep in the Delta Quadrant.

DAX

Okay. And...?

HERNANDEZ

There's a reason I was able to hear the voice of the Borg. Was able to tune myself into their frequency, impersonate a Queen, control their ship enough to rescue your officers.

**54 FLASHBACK - VOY 10x21 "ALPHA"**

Deep in an icy cave, the three barely surviving *Columbia* crew stagger in looking for shelter.

Instead they find a Caeliar, in the form of blue twinkling lights as seen in [DS9 12x15 "Ghost Ship"](#). Like a swarm of angry fireflies, the blue lights LAUNCH on the humans...

**55 BACK TO SCENE**

Hernandez continues her explanation...

HERNANDEZ

Mantilis crashed somewhere in the Delta Quadrant. The Caeliar were dying without the gestalt. They tried to merge themselves into my crew to save themselves...

56 **FLASHBACK - VOY 10x21 "ALPHA"**

The local alien species, the KINDIR, stumble into the same icy cave... and find two humans with mottled grey skin and technological implants bursting through their uniforms...

57 **BACK TO SCENE**

Dax realises with horror...

DAX

...and they became the Borg.

Hernandez nods - but excitedly, not sadly.

DAX

Are you sure about this?

HERNANDEZ

Absolutely positive. I felt it all when I was connected to them.

DAX

Then why are you smiling? Riker said we had no chance against the Caeliar. If the Caeliar created the Borg, then we have no chance against them either.

HERNANDEZ

No! Don't you see? Now we know this, we know how to beat them. Because if the Caeliar made the Borg... they can unmake them too.

Off Dax's cautious optimism...

BLACK OUT

**END OF SHOW**