

STAR TREK

"Destiny, pt 2: Omega."

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

incorporating elements from

*Star Trek: Destiny Book 3: Lost Souls*  
by David Mack

*Star Trek: Typhon Pact: Rough Beasts of Empire*  
by David R George III

and *Star Trek: Voyager: Full Circle*  
by Kirsten Beyer

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

**1     EST. PALAIS DE LA CONCORDE - NIGHT**

Night-time in Paris. Despite the brightness of the shining artificial colours, there is a sense of darkness. One of the busiest cities in the galaxy feels... empty. None of the usual bustle of air traffic or partying tourists.

The 15-storey centre of Federation government straddles the river Seine. We CLOSE IN on the broad picture window on the top floor, which seems dark from the outside...

As we move closer, we PASS THROUGH the window into...

**2     INT. FEDERATION PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Inside, the room is no brighter than outside. President NAN BACCO stands in darkness, staring out of the window at the Seine and the Champs Elysées, lit only by the lights of the city and the pale watery moon outside.

A small ALERT sounds. Bacco harrumphs and plods over to her desk, thumbs a button.

BACCO

What is it, Sivak?

SIVAK (comm)

Admiral Akaar and Ms Piñiero are here, Madam President. They insist upon presenting their midnight briefing.

BACCO

Fine. It might be the last one they ever make, so they might as well enjoy it. Show them in.

(thumbs off comm)

Computer, lights up one third.

The lights do as they are told, just in time for the office doors to open and security agent WEXLER to show AKAAR and PIÑIERO in, before closing the door behind them again.

As Akaar enters, Bacco looks him up and down, takes note of his perfectly crisp uniform and tight ponytail of hair.

BACCO

How do you do it?

AKAAR

Madam President?

BACCO

You've been awake for the past two days straight, just like the rest of us. But while Esperanza and I look like we've been busy chasing a fart through a bag of nails, you look like you just stepped out of a replicator. Explain yourself.

AKAAR

Good genes?

BACCO

You're not endearing yourself to me, Leonard.

AKAAR

My apologies, Madam President.

BACCO

Bring me some good news, and maybe we'll call it even.

AKAAR

We have some, but not much. Thirty-six minutes ago, the Romulan warbird *Verithrax* sacrificed itself to stop the Borg's attack on a Federation world - Ardana. Casualties are still appallingly high, but were it not for the heroism of the *Verithrax's* crew, our losses would have been total.

BACCO

Which Romulan fleet was the  
*Verithrax* loyal to?

PIÑIERO

Donatra's.

Bacco takes a moment to absorb that - it's a big deal.

BACCO

Has there been any reaction from  
the Romulan Star Empire?

PIÑIERO

No, but Praetor Tal'Aura may not  
have heard the news yet. For that  
matter, Donatra herself might not  
even know.

BACCO

Then make sure we're the ones to  
tell her. Please send an official  
expression of gratitude on behalf  
of myself and the Federation to  
Empress Donatra.

Piñiero nods and makes a note on a padd.

BACCO

Anything else?

PIÑIERO

Secretary Iliop reports that most  
of the Federation Council has been  
ferried off-world, along with all  
of your cabinet... excepting the  
admiral and myself.

BACCO

So when are you leaving?

PIÑIERO

I've told you before, I leave when  
you leave. Not a moment sooner.

Their regular banter, now in an infinitely worse context.  
Bacco turns to look out of the window again, at the city.

BACCO

Six-hundred-million people have  
left Earth in the last six days.

AKAAR

That's correct, Madam President.

BACCO

FNS are saying that some of the  
busiest cities on the planet are  
like ghost towns. London, Tokyo,  
New York, Mumbai... Paris.

AKAAR

Perhaps that is for the best,  
Madam President. A Borg attack  
fleet is now eighty-four minutes  
from Earth, and our perimeter  
defence groups have been unable to  
slow its approach. As we feared  
earlier, the Borg have completely  
adapted to the transphasic  
torpedo, and whatever had them  
firing at each other has stopped.

Bacco turns back to face her two closest advisors head-on.

BACCO

Admiral, is there any reasonable  
possibility that Starfleet can  
halt the incoming Borg fleet?

AKAAR

(grudging)

No.

BACCO

Then order all remaining vessels  
in Sector 001 to break off and  
disperse. Stop wasting ships and  
lives. Redeploy your forces to  
protect the refugee convoys.

The most admiral-y admiral we have ever known desperately wants to protest this order from his commander in chief. But instead Akaar pauses and takes a deep breath.

AKAAR

Yes, Madam President.

BACCO

Esperanza, do the people still here on Earth, Luna and Mars know what the admiral just told us?

PIÑIERO

They do, Madam President.

BACCO

And how are they coping with it? Panic? Riots?

PIÑIERO

Not a single one, ma'am. There are silent, candle-lit vigils being held all over the planet.

(sniffles away tears)

Outgoing data is spiking as people send farewell messages to family and friends. I guess the world is ending with a bang and a whimper.

BACCO

Not with a whimper, Esperanza. With dignity.

She turns to look out of the window again, swelling with pride at how her people are conducting themselves.

AKAAR

I should excuse myself and relay your orders to Starfleet Command, Madam President.

BACCO

Of course, Admiral. Thank you.

Akaar turns smartly and heads to the door - Wexler seems to know just when to open it to let him out.

Now left alone with her old friend, Piñiero steps closer to Bacco at the window, wiping away more silent tears.

PIÑIERO

We still have eighty minutes until the Borg arrive, ma'am. Would you like to make a final address to Earth and the Federation?

BACCO

(sad smile)

No. Why ruin a perfectly good apocalypse?

The two old friends gaze out of the window at the darkness.

FADE OUT

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN

**3 EXT. SPACE - AZURE NEBULA**

*Enterprise, Aventine, Titan and Voyager* hold position near to one another among the roiling currents of the blue-gas nebula, which is causing the debris from the three-hundred destroyed vessels of the blockade fleet to tumble and roll.

**4 INT. ENTERPRISE - CONFERENCE ROOM**

Beginning on Captain RIKER of the *Titan*, sat on one side of the long conference table in this crossways-arranged room, with the nebula visible through the window behind him.

RIKER  
(w/ disbelief)  
The Caeliar created the Borg?

Sat opposite him, *Columbia* captain HERNANDEZ responds. Meanwhile Captain Picard of the *Enterprise* sits at the head of the table, with Captain DAX of the *Aventine* next to Hernandez, and Commander PARIS of *Voyager* next to Riker.

HERNANDEZ  
I don't think it was intentional.  
It was basically a botched version  
of the process that created me.  
Inyx told me when he infused my  
body with catoms that it could go  
badly wrong in one of two ways. I  
might just be liquified -

DAX  
That's what happened to the three  
crewmen who were killed by the  
Caeliar we found on the *Columbia*.

HERNANDEZ  
- or it could turn me into a  
mindless automaton.

PARIS  
Which is what created the Borg.



DAX

Think of it as a bad joining.

(off Hernandez'  
questioning look)

Sometimes, when a Trill symbiont is incompatible with its new host, it creates a persona so terrible that the only proper response is forced separation.

Hernandez works the controls on the conference table, and a pair of HOLOGRAMS are generated over the table - one shows the familiar image of a BORG NANOPROBE, the other the smoother, more naturalistic shape of a CAELIAR CATOM.

HERNANDEZ

The similarities between Borg nanoprobes and Caeliar catoms are too profound to be a coincidence. They're the same technology... it's just that the nanoprobes have been badly corrupted.

PICARD

Your evidence is compelling, Captain. But how does it help us or the Federation in the time we have left?

DAX

We have a plan.

PICARD

You had a plan several hours ago. It nearly cost Captain Hernandez her life.

DAX

(bristling)

It also saved five planets and cut the Borg invasion force in half.

PICARD

But if the Borg had assimilated her Caeliar technology -

RIKER  
But they didn't, and there's no  
point arguing about something that  
didn't go wrong.

Not liking Dax's smug air, he turns his annoyance on her.

RIKER (cont)  
Neither does the limited success  
of one reckless plan mean we  
should blindly embrace another.

With everyone suitably chastened, Riker settles back down.

RIKER (cont)  
That said, we should at least hear  
what they have in mind.

PICARD  
Very well.

Dax looks at Hernandez - go ahead, it was your idea.

HERNANDEZ  
It's simple. I'm proposing we end  
their invasion of the Federation  
by luring them all back here to  
us, at the Azure Nebula.

PICARD  
And how do you propose to do that?

DAX  
By tempting them with a bait they  
can't resist - the Omega molecule.

Picard's disbelief in this plan is unprofessionally clear.

PARIS  
Captain, we've had experience with  
Omega. It's incredibly unstable.  
And how do we create it without  
any boronite? The nearest source  
is two-hundred light years away.

HERNANDEZ

We're not going to make Omega.  
We're going to bring it to us.  
More precisely, we're going to  
make the Caeliar bring it to us.

RIKER

What do they have to do with it?

Hernandez works more controls on the table, replacing the images of the nanoprobe and the catom with a new image - an [OMEGA MOLECULE](#) (as seen in VOY 4x21 "The Omega Directive").

HERNANDEZ

Particle Zero-One-Zero. I read about it in your files - the Borg worship it as the epitome of perfection. I knew I'd seen it somewhere before, so I bypassed your security protocols and took a look. And then it all made sense.

As all the captains watch the Omega molecule turn slowly above the conference table, Hernandez continues...

HERNANDEZ

All the Caeliar's massive power, their incredible technology, it's all powered by Omega molecules. The shell around their planet is to block the Omega emissions. But if I can get them to bring Axion here, without all that shielding, it'll be a beacon for the Borg.

PARIS

She's right. When we found just a tiny amount of Omega in the Delta Quadrant, it was like a religious experience for Seven of Nine.

DAX

Now we know why. It's what they came from. And it's exactly what they've hungered for all these millennia. They can't resist.

PICARD

And then, once the Borg armada converges on us... what then?

HERNANDEZ

We let the Caeliar deal with them.

Picard gets up and steps away, clearly agitated.

PICARD

Your last plan was reckless. This one is insane. Have you considered the risks? Never mind if the Borg manage to assimilate catoms. What if they gain control of an Omega generator? They'd have unlimited power to wreak havoc wherever they please. And if they were to lose that control, an explosion of that magnitude would destroy subspace for millions of light-years in every direction. Warp flight as we know it would cease to exist.

DAX

Yes, it's dangerous. We know that. It's also our best bet at saving the Federation while there's still a Federation to save.

HERNANDEZ

And the Caeliar may be pacifists, but they're not suicidal. They won't let the Borg assimilate them or hijack their technology.

PICARD

What makes you so certain? You said yourself the Caeliar are the progenitors of the Borg. What if they see them as a kindred race?

DAX

Actually, we're counting on it.

RIKER  
(befuddled)  
Come again?

DAX  
We've been going about this all wrong. We've been trying to match strength against strength. That's never going to work with the Borg.

HERNANDEZ  
The key to securing the Caeliar's help is to change our mission. The Borg don't need to be wiped out. They need to be saved.

PICARD  
Are you mad? The Borg are laying waste to entire worlds, and you want us to save them?

HERNANDEZ  
I'm disappointed, Captain. You of all people should understand. You know by experience what it's like to be smothered in that nightmare. Now imagine trillions of beings like yourself, all trapped in that same hell. They're slaves, Jean-Luc, and we might have the power to release them from that.

DAX  
I think that as Starfleet officers - as sentient beings - we owe it to them, and to ourselves, to try.

Picard draws himself up, looks out at the nebula.

PICARD  
As you so eloquently pointed out, Captain, we hold the same rank. I can't compel you not to pursue this course of action. You ignored my advice once before. I expect you'll do so again. So be it.

DAX

If only it were that simple. This time I actually need your consent.

PICARD

Why?

DAX

*Aventine's* subspace transmitter got fried when the Borg hit us with our shields down. *Voyager's* and *Titan's* are too damaged to be repaired in time. We need the *Enterprise's* transmitter.

PICARD

So if I refuse, this plan cannot proceed? Then consider it vetoed.

Dax looks ready to argue. Hernandez looks dejected. Paris looks out of his depth. Riker takes a deep breath.

RIKER

Captains, Commander... could you give us the room, please?

Arching an eyebrow, Dax gets up silently. Hernandez turns off the holo-display, then she and Paris follow Dax. Riker sits back in his chair and waits for his mentor to speak.

PICARD

I take it you disagree with my decision, Will.

RIKER

Frankly, yes. If the Caeliar can help unmake the Borg, we can end this without more bloodshed and save the Federation. Isn't that what we should be aiming for?

PICARD

I'm not sure the Borg Collective deserves such mercy.

RIKER

Maybe not. But what about the individuals trapped inside the Collective? Do they deserve it?

PICARD

Perhaps. I don't know.

RIKER

What's really bothering you, Jean-Luc? You don't sound like yourself - not like the man I served under, looked up to, for fifteen years.

PICARD

(sigh)

Beverly, Geordi, Worf, now you. Who was this man you all claim to have known? I thought it was me, but I keep hearing otherwise.

RIKER

The man I knew wasn't afraid to take the high road. He wouldn't let fear make him choose certain defeat over a shot at victory, just because it might mean mercy for an enemy that had hurt him.

PICARD

Is that what you think this is? A vendetta? Or a phobia? I wonder if you ever knew me at all, then.

RIKER

Fine, keep pushing me away. But I've seen what the Caeliar can do, and I think Hernandez is right. If anyone can stand up to the Borg, it's them. *Voyager* faced the Borg more than any of us, and Paris is still on board. I also agree with Dax. If we can end this war and save the people assimilated by the Collective, we have a duty as Starfleet officers to try.

PICARD

And if they're wrong, we unleash  
the greatest horror this galaxy  
has ever seen.

RIKER

So we hasten the inevitable. The  
Borg are less than two hours from  
Earth. Could the plan backfire?  
Absolutely. But we can't let that  
chance paralyse us. It's time for  
a leap of faith.

PICARD

You're talking about hope.

RIKER

Yes, I am.

PICARD

We'll need more than hope to fight  
the Borg.

RIKER

True. But without it, we might as  
well just give up now. Fight for  
hope, or give in to despair. The  
choice is yours, Jean-Luc. Let me  
know what you decide.

Riker gets up and departs the room, leaving Picard standing  
alone in his ready room, wondering how he has ended up  
being so alone...

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT ONE**



ACT TWO

FADE IN

**5**     EXT. VENICE - DAY

PAN across the Ponti degli Scalzi on a beautiful summer's day. Tourists amble over the bridge, ferries cruise along the canal, water laps gently at the bank sides.

About a hundred feet along the south bank sits a small osteria named La Zucca. We have seen it before, in VOY 10x11 "Post Mortem". It is fairly quiet today.

One table is occupied by a man, sat alone with his back to us. An open bottle of wine sits on the table, one glass full, the other empty. Across the table from him rests a small circular mirror, surrounded by tiny stones.

As we focus in on the small mirror, it REFLECTS a hand reaching in to stroke the edge, along the stones.

JANEWAY (o.s.)

When in doubt, look here.

CHAKOTAY looks up in quietly desperate relief, and sees JANEWAY smiling down at him, wearing a light summer dress.

CHAKOTAY

You came...

JANEWAY

I promised I would.

Chakotay tries to get to his feet to be gentlemanly for Janeway, but she forcibly points him back into his seat. He obeys, with a grin. She sits opposite him.

JANEWAY

(re mirror)

I remember when you first tried to give me this.

CHAKOTAY

You refused to accept it.

JANEWAY

It... meant too much. It wasn't  
the time or place then.

CHAKOTAY

And now?

JANEWAY

...I came, didn't I?

Chakotay picks up the bottle and pours her glass of wine.

CHAKOTAY

You know, once *Voyager* was finally  
allowed back in the Terran system,  
and I heard about what had been  
going on... I was afraid...

JANEWAY

That I hadn't made it? When have  
you ever known me to put my mind  
to something, and it not happen?

He picks up his glass, she picks up hers.

CHAKOTAY

When will I learn - nothing stops  
Kathryn Janeway?

CLOSE UP on the glasses, as they cheers them together.

But then we PASS OVER the glasses, to the surging crowds on  
the other side of the canal. And as we slowly ZOOM IN on  
the point directly opposite Chakotay and Janeway's table...

We see *Voyager's* Ops manager, Lieutenant Kenth LASREN, in  
the crowd. He is shouting out loud, cupping his hands to  
his mouth to make himself heard. But he cannot be heard -  
there is only the sound of the crowds and the canal.

Lasren jumps up and down, waving his hands, shouting across  
the canal to get Chakotay and Janeway's attention. But they  
only have eyes for each other, and Lasren is quickly lost  
in the crowds as they continue to fill the space.

ZOOM IN on Lasren, gritting his teeth in frustration...

6     INT. VOYAGER - SICKBAY

Lasren sits directly in front of Chakotay, who hasn't moved from his own seat in a corner of *Voyager's* dark and damaged sickbay. Lasren's big black Betazoid eyes blink, and he pulls back out of Chakotay's mind with a sigh.

LASREN

I can't get through. He's there,  
but it's like he's deliberately  
keeping me at a distance. He  
doesn't want anyone to reach him.

Lasren turns to Paris, who stands a bit away. Counsellor CAMBRIDGE lurks nearby, arms folded angrily.

CAMBRIDGE

I still say this is a horrible  
invasion of privacy.

PARIS

You're right, Counsellor, it is.  
But *Voyager* needs its captain,  
especially for what Dax and  
Hernandez are cooking up. Maybe  
Chakotay could actually persuade  
Picard to go through with it.

CAMBRIDGE

(derisive grunt)

You don't know Picard very well,  
do you? The man can be as stubborn  
as a bull's backside when he's of  
a mind for it. But we were talking  
about Chakotay.

PARIS

If what Lasren says is right, he's  
locked himself away in his own  
mind. That can't be healthy. As a  
counsellor you should know that.

CAMBRIDGE

It's my job to tell you how to do  
your job, Commander, not vice

versa. The best counselling allows the patient to choose his own therapy. Like I said, this is what Chakotay needs now, apparently. I'm not saying we let it go on forever. But I think he'll come out when he's ready. Not before.

Paris reluctantly accepts that. Not like he has any other choice. Turning away from Chakotay and Lasren, Paris steps through into another area of sickbay...

...where HARRY KIM lies unconscious on a bio-bed, the early prototype DOCTOR working over him.

PARIS

Any changes, Doctor?

DOCTOR

I'd alert you if there were. But it seems Lieutenant Kim is being remarkably resistant to my -

PARIS

Keep me apprised. I'll be on the bridge.

(calls out)

Lasren, you're with me.

Lasren steps away from Chakotay and follows Paris out of sickbay. The Doctor joins Chakotay and Cambridge, muttering with barely suppressed annoyance...

DOCTOR

"Keep me apprised." I just said I'd alert him. And anyway, I'm a doctor, not a messaging service -

CAMBRIDGE

Doctor, in your medical opinion, is there anything more you can do for Lieutenant Kim and Captain Chakotay at this time? Any reason the automated systems can't be trusted to keep an eye on them?

DOCTOR  
No, but I don't -

CAMBRIDGE  
Computer, terminate emergency  
medical hologram.

DOCTOR  
(indignant)  
Now, wait just a -

But too late - the Emergency Medical Hologram dissolves out of existence, and Cambridge is left alone with his captain. He pulls up the chair Lasren was using, places it close to Chakotay's side, and just sits in companionable silence.

**7     EST. PALAIS DE LA CONCORDE - NIGHT**

Returning us to the centre of Federation government...

**8     INT. PALAIS - PRESS ROOM**

Another hologram is being projected from the emitters placed all around the otherwise deserted room. It shows Bajoran first minister ASAREM, standing at the press podium and giving a speech for all of Bajor, all the Federation.

ASAREM  
I speak to my people now - to those who have remained at home with us, and to Bajorans all across known space, wherever you may be. I pray you remain safe.

Under the above, we PAN slowly around until we see only one seat occupied - by Bacco's press liaison KANT JOREL. The irascible Bajoran glares blankly at the shivering hologram.

ASAREM  
(continuing)  
I am honoured to have been your First Minister these last years, and I am proud of what Bajor has become. But even in these dark times, we must not lose hope...

9     **INT. VENTURE - SICKBAY**

A Galaxy-class Starfleet sickbay, as seen throughout TNG. BEN SISKO stands out of the way, watching equally blankly as medical personnel (nurse NI-JALIKREII among them) work feverishly to save a room full of groaning patients.

ASAREM (v.o.)

For it is only when we lose hope  
that we are truly lost. Our faith  
in the Prophets has sustained us  
through countless trials, and it  
will sustain us now.

Utterly untouched by hope or faith, Sisko looks across the room to a bio-bed, upon which rests ELIAS VAUGHN. He is unconscious, so still as to appear dead if not for the life sign readings blinking away at a worryingly low level.

10    **INT. SISKO'S HOUSE - DAY**

KASIDY YATES stands at her back door, looking out through the glass to the garden. Her daughter REBECCA is out there, bundled up nice and warm as she and her minder JASMINE TEY run around in the snow, happily exchanging snowballs.

Kasidy turns and walks back towards the living room...

ASAREM (v.o.)

It is for this reason that I urge  
all of us, every Bajoran, to  
follow the example of our Vedek  
Assembly, of Kai Pralon, of Ranjen  
Opaka, and of Prylar Kira Nerys,  
the right hand of the Emissary...

Kasidy reaches the mantelpiece over the fire, and looks at the PICTURE of the three Sisko men - Ben, Jake, Joseph...

ASAREM (v.o.)

(continuing)

...who even now have taken to the  
streets, ensuring that all of us  
feel the love of the Prophets.

Kasidy is not feeling the love of the Prophets right now.

11 INT. PALAIS - PRESS ROOM

Back to Jorel, who sits watching the hologram of Asarem...

ASAREM

(continuing)

Please, pray with us, my children.  
Wherever you are, whomever you  
worship... pray with us. And may  
we all walk with the Prophets.

JOREL

End transmission.

The hologram dissolves, revealing another face behind it -  
KRIM, the Bajoran council member. Jorel jerks in shock.

JOREL

Aah!

KRIM

A pleasure to see you too, Jorel.

JOREL

Kosst it, Aldos! What in fire are  
you still doing here?

KRIM

I could ask you the same question.

JOREL

Where else have I got to go? The  
rooms at home are just as cold and  
empty as the rooms here, so what's  
the difference? And I don't much  
like the idea of being the fool  
who has to hold the first press  
conference after armageddon.

KRIM

It occurs to me, Jorel, that as  
two Bajorans who have spent most  
of our time in this building for  
the last year... we have spent  
little of that time together.

Jorel gets up and walks away, his back to his press podium.

JOREL

Socialising isn't my area.

KRIM

I think it's more than that. I've even heard gossip among the Palais staff that you're... afraid of me.

JOREL

(turns back)

It's not you I'm afraid of.

(gestures to the  
air between them)

It's... her.

KRIM

Wadeen? Why be afraid of her?

JOREL

Oh, I don't know, maybe it has something to do with the fact that she thinks I betrayed her.

KRIM

By taking this job at the Palais? Ridiculous. Wadeen has only good things to say about you, Jorel.

JOREL

Well, that would make her unique in this galaxy if it were so.

KRIM

I assure you, you have nothing to fear from Asarem Wadeen.

JOREL

The man who divorced her thinks I shouldn't be afraid of her? That's advice I'm guaranteed to ignore. And you still haven't told me what in fire you're doing here. All the councillors should be long gone.



Krim finally moves a little, stepping down off the stage and towards Jorel. He is a military man in a diplomatic role - neither of which lends itself towards emotionalism. But he feels the need in this circumstance.

KRIM

I came here, Jorel... because I thought we might take the First Minister's advice, together.

JOREL

(taken aback)

You... want to pray? With me?

KRIM

As I said, we are both Bajoran.

JOREL

But you're a soldier.

KRIM

And you're a...

(tightly)

..."press liaison". But I believe that in this instance... we are very much the same.

Krim holds his hand out, hoping that the grumpy old newsman will take it. Jorel frowns a moment longer, unsure if he dare admit to this weakness...

...but then he takes Krim's hand, and the two wizened old Bajorans leave the press room together.

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN

**12    EST. SISKO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

The deserted streets of New Orleans. The famous restaurant is shut down tight for the night.

**13    INT. SISKO'S RESTAURANT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

JAKE SISKO turns over in bed, reaches out to slip an arm around his wife. But she is not there. Confused, he looks up... and sees a silhouette, barely visible in the dark.

RENA is in a nightshirt, standing before a Bajoran prayer *mandala* with her hands in the traditional pose. Gently, quietly, Jake slips out of bed and pads across the floor to join her. When she glances at him, her eyes are wet.

RENA

Sorry. Didn't mean to wake you.

JAKE

You didn't.

(wipes her  
tears away)

Can I do anything?

Rena half-shrugs - what could he possibly do?

Then a SOUND comes from downstairs - the CLINK of glasses.

RENA

I guess we're not the only ones  
who couldn't sleep.

JAKE

I should check on him...

RENA

Go ahead. I'll be here.

He pecks her gently on the cheek, and turns to exit the room. She turns back to her prayers...

14 INT. SSKO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jake creeps quietly down the stairs. The restaurant is deserted as it should be, but a small light is on over the bar, and the drinks cabinet has been opened. Jake hears the sound of a drink being poured, and follows it...

...to find JOSEPH sitting alone at a table on the patio, lifting a healthy-sized glass of whisky to his lips.

JAKE

Grampa... it's late. And cold. You should be in bed.

JOSEPH

Told you before, Jake. The only time you should be in bed -

JAKE

- is when you're sleeping, dying, or making love to a beautiful woman. I know. But -

JOSEPH

They're on their way. President sent away our forces, so ain't nothin' gonna stop 'em. And I'll be damned if they gonna get here and find me resting in my bed. So I'm gonna sit here, enjoy a large scotch... and wait.

JAKE

But I just thought... if we went to sleep, we'd never -

JOSEPH

That's a no, Jake. Go on and be with your wife. Go on now.

Seeing that the old man will not be swayed, Jake cradles his grandfather's head, placing a tender kiss upon it.

Joseph indulges the affection for a moment... then Jake turns and heads back up the stairs. Joseph watches him go.

JOSEPH

Be with her... while you can.

Then he turns back to look up into the night sky, sipping his whisky.

15 **EXT. MYLEA STREETS - DAY**

Rebecca Sisko has Kasidy by one mittened hand and Jasmine by the other, and she is pulling them both along eagerly.

REBECCA

Come on, mommy! Hurry up!

KASIDY

What's the rush...

But Rebecca will not be stopped, and Kasidy and Jasmine must just catch up. Jasmine looks wryly to Kasidy...

JASMINE

Get out of the house, you said.  
Maybe she'll tire herself out.

Kasidy faux-glowers at her friend. As they are dragged on, they look around, and see that every Bajoran EXTRA in sight is holding the hand of another, hands raised to shoulder height. Kasidy frowns in confusion - what's going on?

They come to the small courtyard in front of the bakery shop owned by Rena's aunt MARJA. Here a larger group of Bajorans have gathered, all holding hands and smiling.

REBECCA

What's going on, mommy?

KASIDY

I'm not sure, sweetheart.

A GASP from the crowd - among them are Rena's friends HALAR and PARSH (seen [DS9 9x03 "Waiting for the Mist to Clear"](#)).

HALAR

Prophets... the Emissary's wife.  
Look, everybody! The Emissary's  
wife has come to join us!

The crowd steps forward, hoping to meet the religious icon. Quickly but subtly, Jasmine pulls Rebecca closer to her - all these strangers are a recipe for danger. Kasidy smiles her thanks, and tries to remain polite for the crowd.

KASIDY

No no, I just came to -

KIRA (o.s.)

Kas?

Kasidy looks up in surprised relief to see that KIRA, in her prylar robes, has emerged from the bakery shop itself.

KASIDY

Nerys! Oh thank god.

KIRA

Come on, people. Step back, give the lady some room.

The crowd return to their praying, encouraged by Kasidy's presence, letting Kira sweep through towards the Siskos.

KASIDY

Nerys, what's going on here? We just came to get some fresh air, get out of the house, but -

KIRA

(proud, excited)

They're praying, Kas. All over the planet, people are coming together to pray for Bajor's safety.

JASMINE

Asarem asked everyone to pray.

KIRA

Pralon, Opaka, Yevir - hell, even Bellis - they're bringing everyone together. It's wonderful, Kasidy. It's just what we needed, all of us. Will you join us?

KASIDY

Nerys, you know I have the utmost respect for your beliefs, but I -

KIRA

You don't have to believe in the Prophets, Kas. Just be with us. It would mean a lot to these people.

REBECCA

(bouncing)

Can we, mommy? Please?

Kasidy is still unsure. She looks to Jasmine...

JASMINE

Who could it hurt?

Though she is still not certain, Kasidy nods her assent. Kira gently takes her hand, making a chain - Kira to Kasidy to Rebecca to Jasmine - and on to the rest of the Bajorans gathered. Halar looks like she could burst from excitement.

And as Kasidy looks on, they all begin to silently pray...

**16 INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

Major CENN emerges from the commander's office. He has just received another Starfleet report. He looks around at his officers - EVIK at tactical, CANDLEWOOD at sciences, NOG at engineering. He doesn't want to burden them all with it.

He moves to the tactical console, confers with Evik.

CENN

Lieutenant Commander Evik. All tactical systems ready?

EVIK

As they were ten minutes ago, Major. Please try to relax.

CENN

Relax?! You're not serious.

EVIK

In situations like these, I always try to breathe deeply and meditate to myself. It's the best way to avoid mistakes made in haste.

CENN

I've been meaning to ask you...  
(re tactical console)  
You're in control of a fleet's worth of weapons here. How does that fit in with your dedication to pacifism and negotiation?

EVIK

Experience has shown that there is no negotiating with the Borg. No guiding them towards a peaceful resolution. Weapons are all we have. Which is not to say I don't regret that we have come to this.

Cenn nods sad understanding, heads down the steps. Across Ops, a side door opens and HETIK enters. Candlewood is instantly alert to his arrival, and slips away to meet him.

CANDLEWOOD

What's wrong? Are you okay?

HETIK

I'm fine, John. I'm going to the shrine, join the prayers. I just wanted to see you first.

CANDLEWOOD

I wish I could join the services, and be with you. But I have to -

HETIK

I know. It's okay. I understand. I just... wanted to see you.

Candlewood is touched, staring into his boyfriend's eyes. They touch foreheads, a quick kiss, and then Hetik is gone. Candlewood returns to his station, and sees that Nog was watching the whole thing. His friend nods acknowledgment. Candlewood looks around and he comes to a decision.

CANDLEWOOD

Major... may I make a suggestion?

CENN

Certainly, Lieutenant. What is it?

CANDLEWOOD

Right now, Prylar Kira is leading prayer vigils all across Bajor. The Bajoran civilians here on the station are doing the same. I was just thinking... I wouldn't want you to feel left out.

CENN

I appreciate the thought, Mister Candlewood. But I'm not sure it's appropriate. This is a place of business, not of prayer.

EVIK

Forgive me for arguing, Major... but communal activities at a time of stress have been shown to have a positive effect on team morale.

CANDLEWOOD

That... plus I was kinda hoping you might let me join in myself.

Cenn is in charge here, but these people have just given him the excuse to do what he really wanted to all along.

CENN

If you insist.

(to all Ops)

Everyone... in so far as it does not interfere with your duties, I would like to invite anyone who wishes to... to pray with us.

Cenn raises his own hands into the traditional pose, and looks up to the small windows, out at the stars. At the tactical console, Evik does the same. Candlewood stands and clasps his hands together over his heart, bows his head.



From the engineering station, Nog watches all of this. Several of the extras around Ops have taken their own religious poses as they begin to pray as well. Nog has no religious faith to adhere to...

...so he reaches for the MARAUDER MO FIGURINE that his mother gave him ([DS9 12x12 "Life of a Statesman"](#)), which he had brought with him to Ops. He clings to it, thinking of his mother, not knowing if she is alive or dead.

**17**    **INT. DEFIANT - BRIDGE**

ALECO, the Bajoran Starfleet ensign at tactical, has his hands likewise in the traditional pose. TENMEI observes from helm - she doesn't understand it, but she accepts it.

Tenmei and BASHIR converse quietly, sensitively. Aleco continues to pray. Commander RO observes all three of them from her command chair, silently reacting.

TENMEI

I heard these prayer vigils are all over Bajor now. Everybody's saying it was Kira's idea.

BASHIR

I spoke briefly to Philippa - to Counsellor Matthias. She said she was going to join Sibias in the station shrine.

TENMEI

Kristen and Kol are doing the same. I can see why the Bajorans are praying... but I don't get why the humans are joining them. They don't believe in the Prophets.

BASHIR

I suppose it all comes down to an old Earth saying - "there are no atheists in a foxhole".

Ro hears this - but how does she feel about it?

There is an ALERT from Bashir's console - he checks it,  
then turns back to Ro.

BASHIR

Major Cenn has forwarded the  
latest reports from Starfleet.

RO

Feed it into the map, Doctor.

Bashir sets about doing so...

**INSERT - THE SCREEN**

The small screen on the panel beside Ro's chair shows the  
MAP, with its field of red spreading across the Federation.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Ro observes this dispassionately. Tenmei can't help asking.

TENMEI

What does it say?

RO

By current estimates... the Borg  
will cross into the Bajor sector  
within one hour. And they are  
slightly less than one hour...  
from Earth itself.

Off Ro, Tenmei and Bashir's reactions to that...

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

**18**    EXT. SPACE - AZURE NEBULA

Focusing on the *Enterprise-E*, specifically the small row of windows part way down the back of the saucer section.

**19**    INT. ENTERPRISE - CHAPEL

A multi-faith room, subtle and understated but with symbols and decor appropriate to a wide variety of religions, both human and non-human. The windows show the nebula outside, still with the graveyard of the blockade fleet tumbling.

Security chief CHOUDHURY stands before a small Hindu shrine, gazing into a tiny symbolic flame. Also in the room is Counsellor HEGOL, who stands before the Bajoran *mandala* with hands in the traditional pose. Both are silent.

At the sense of another body entering the room, they both turn, and see Picard hovering awkwardly.

CHOUDHURY

Captain. Is everything alright?

PICARD

Quite alright, Lieutenant. I was just looking for... somewhere to think in peace.

HEGOL

We don't often see you in here.

PICARD

I'm not generally a religious person. On the other hand...

CHOUDHURY

Understood. I'll leave you to it.

PICARD

You're not leaving on my account, I hope.

CHOUDHURY

It's okay, Captain. I'm not really supposed to be here anyway. Hindu tradition states that the family of the deceased is impure for a period of thirteen days after the... cremation. I should go.

Half-bowing politely, Choudhury gathers herself and leaves the room. Hegol looks back at the Bajoran prayer *mandala*.

HEGOL

Lieutenant Choudhury was here to mourn her family. I'm still praying that mine can be saved.

PICARD

Please, don't let me interrupt.

RIKER (o.s.)

Can I interrupt instead?

Picard turns in surprise to see Riker. Hegol knew he was there, and now politely excuses himself.

HEGOL

(nods to each)

Captain. Captain.

Hegol leaves. Picard turns away from Riker, not looking for another confrontation. Riker is patient but determined.

PICARD

I haven't made my decision yet, Will.

RIKER

I know - I spoke to Worf. But I didn't expect to find you in the *Enterprise's* multi-faith chapel.

PICARD

You said I needed to find faith. Well, here I am. But all I've found so far is confusion.

RIKER

About what?

Picard seethes for a moment, before turning on his friend.

PICARD

How could you abandon Deanna?  
You left her behind, Will.

RIKER

(tensing)

I did what I had to do.

PICARD

I'm not sure I could have chosen  
duty over Beverly so easily.

RIKER

I never said it was easy. But I've  
seen you make decisions like that  
before. Nella Darren, for one.

PICARD

That was different. I wasn't  
married to Nella, and she wasn't  
pregnant. Beverly is.

The guilt comes back full force upon Riker, and he has to  
clench his fist against it. Picard sees the reaction, and  
instantly returns to being Riker's friend and confidant.

PICARD

What is it? What have I said?

RIKER

We've been trying to start a  
family. It was hard. We thought  
we'd done it. But it... Deanna...  
we had a miscarriage.

PICARD

*Mon dieu.* I'm so sorry, Will.

RIKER

We tried again. The new embryo is  
deformed, and it'll miscarry too -

it's only a matter of time. But Deanna won't terminate it, even though it could kill her. And I think it's my fault.

PICARD

How is any of that your fault?

RIKER

I should have said 'enough!' and put an end to the whole thing. It's my job to protect her. And when she needed me most, I left her behind, alone, on the other side of the goddamn galaxy!

Riker has to turn away and pace. Picard approaches quietly.

PICARD

Have you tried talking to anyone about this?

RIKER

Yeah, I talked to Chris. What a mistake that was.

PICARD

Not an easy subject for a captain to discuss, even with a trusted first officer.

RIKER

(deep breath)

So now you know what's eating me alive. Are you ready to tell me what's bothering you?

Now it is Picard's turn to pace, as he ponders what to say.

PICARD

I'd always told myself that I didn't want a family, didn't need one. Certainly there were fleeting moments, days when I'd wonder... but I never took them seriously. Not until Robert and René died.

(swallows lump)

Even then, I was afraid. I should have reached out to Beverly right then and made up for lost time. But I hesitated... and I almost lost her. That's what it took for me to see what she meant to me.

Picard sniffles away tears. Riker knows how big a thing it is that Picard is letting anyone hear him say these things.

PICARD

So I let her into my life. And I curse myself daily for not having done it sooner. But when she suggested we have a child, I panicked. The idea terrified me.

RIKER

Why?

PICARD

I was afraid it would be tempting fate. And no sooner did Beverly and I conceive our son... than the Borg began their final invasion. After all these years, I indulged myself with one selfish act... and condemned countless others to suffer and die for my mistake.

RIKER

You can't be serious. You don't really believe the Borg invaded because you conceived a child?

PICARD

Of course not! But it's not about logic, or reason, or causality. It's about creating new life, and then being afraid you'll have to watch it die. And even if we stop this invasion, what then? What of the next one, Will? Must my son live with this menace every day of his life? When will it end?

RIKER

It will end when we end it. You came here looking for faith. Well, have faith in us. You said we'd all been telling you we didn't recognise the man you'd become. That's because we all know who you are. And if we trust you... surely that means you can trust yourself.

Off Picard's desperate confusion...

20 **INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE / READY ROOM**

Picard stands in the open doorway of his ready room, his back to the bridge, which continues about its business. The ready room has been stripped back to its bulkheads. Picard feels the heavy footsteps of WORF approaching...

PICARD

Yes, Worf?

WORF

Commanders LaForge and Kadohata are completing their modifications to the subspace transmitter and the main deflector. Both systems will be online in two minutes.

PICARD

Very well. Have we heard from *Titan* or *Aventine*?

WORF

*Titan* has locked the coordinates of the Caeliar's home system. *Aventine* has provided the software to generate and maintain a subspace micro-tunnel stable enough for a high-complexity comm signal.

PICARD

(turns to Worf)

Is Captain Hernandez ready?



WORF

Almost. Lieutenant Chen will help  
Commander Pazlar to monitor the  
link to the Caeliar from *Titan*.  
When they signal ready, we can  
initiate the soliton pulse.

Picard nods his acceptance of that, then walks back to his  
bridge command chair. Worf follows and takes the XO chair.

PICARD

Any news from Starfleet Command?

WORF

The Borg attack fleet is thirty  
minutes from Earth and Mars.  
Captain, I have a question...  
about Admiral Akaar's orders.

PICARD

I take it you don't approve.

WORF

It would not be my first choice.

PICARD

The idea of running away doesn't  
sit well with me either, but the  
admiral may be right. Once Earth  
falls... this war is over.

WORF

And what will become of us?

PICARD

To be truthful, I haven't really  
thought that far ahead.

WORF

We have nowhere to run. Neither  
can we remain here indefinitely.  
If we cannot flee, and we cannot  
hide, logic dictates we attack.

PICARD

Channeling Ambassador Spock again?

WORF

I am merely stating the facts.

PICARD

Be that as it may, we won't be doing any of those things just yet - not until we see the results of our current undertaking.

They both settle back, staring at the viewscreen which shows the damaged *Titan*, *Aventine* and *Voyager*...

**21 EXT. SPACE - AZURE NEBULA**

Focusing on the *Titan*, specifically the sensor pod...

**22 INT. TITAN - STELLAR CARTOGRAPHY**

Lt Cmdr MELORA PAZLAR floats in ZERO-G in the centre of the room, her hands manipulating various holographic controls. Behind her while she works, Hernandez and the *Enterprise's* perky young contact specialist T'RYSSA CHEN float likewise.

CHEN

Eight-hundred-and-sixty years!  
Wow! You must have learned so much about the Caeliar in that time.

HERNANDEZ

Sometimes I think I've barely scratched the surface.

(to Pazlar)

Commander, are we ready yet?

PAZLAR

Sorry, Captain - working fast as I can. T'Ryssa, have you calibrated the alpha wave receiver?

CHEN

Yup, did it.

(back to Hernandez)

What about little Caeliar? After they became synthetic, did they stop having babies? If they're

zero-growth population, is it by choice? Do they still have sex?

HERNANDEZ

Lieutenant. I'll answer your questions, except for the last one, on one condition - that you stop asking them until we're done here. Can you manage that?

CHEN

Deal.

Pazlar exchanges a look with Hernandez - only a minute longer, I promise. Meanwhile Chen twirls about in zero-G, ending up perpendicular to the others, just for the larks.

HERNANDEZ

When we met the Caeliar, they numbered in the billions. Since they were immortal, they figured that was enough. But when the Cataclysm destroyed Erigol, ninety-eight percent of the species was killed. There's only the fifty-two million on Axion left now.

Pazlar finishes the last of her adjustments.

PAZLAR

We're ready. Captain, would you like to test the interface?

Hernandez nods, and floats herself into the centre of the room, taking Pazlar's place while the Elaysian science officer moves to a console. Hernandez concentrates...

...and the holographic controls all reset, SWIRLING around the three women, until settling back down where they were.

HERNANDEZ

Feels good.

PAZLAR

Alright. I'm signalling *Enterprise* and letting them know we're ready.

Chen grins up at Hernandez, crossing her fingers for luck.

CHEN  
Fingers crossed.

HERNANDEZ  
Lieutenant, do you make a special effort to confound expectations about your Vulcan heritage?

CHEN  
Actually, yes.

HERNANDEZ  
Don't try so hard.

PAZLAR  
Stand by. *Enterprise* is generating the soliton pulse now...

As they await the results...

**23 EXT. SPACE - AZURE NEBULA**

The *Enterprise's* main deflector GLOWING with power...

**24 INT. TITAN - STELLAR CARTOGRAPHY**

The holographic controls are aflame as the *Columbia* captain reaches out across the depths of space with her mind...

**25 HERNANDEZ**

CLOSE on her face, as she experiences all of this...

**26 EXT. SPACE**

The stars, and we MOVE through them, faster, faster, until we break THROUGH the continuum of space itself into...

**27 INT. SUBSPACE TUNNEL**

We are Hernandez's own perception flying through the blue tunnel. We break back out of this into normal space...

28 **EXT. SPACE**

The Caeliar's new home system, a sun completely surrounded by a spherical metal shell, a planet in the same condition. We zoom on towards the planet, THROUGH its metal shell...

29 **EXT. NEW ERIGOL - PLANET SURFACE**

RUSHING across the lush surface, until we see AXION, the glittering city-ship hovering above the ground. We rush towards it, THROUGH its gleaming metal-crystal walls...

30 **INT. AXION**

We zoom across and above and through the inexplicable alien architecture, towards the crystal PYRAMID of the Caeliar's QUORUM, their centre of government. THROUGH the walls...

31 **INT. CAELIAR QUORUM**

...where the governing council of the Caeliar sit in rows, looking down to the central floor, where stands INYX, Hernandez's friend and companion among the Caeliar.

And as we rush towards him, into EXTREME CLOSE-UP, the Caeliar male GASPS in surprised recognition and relief.

INYX

Erika...

32 **INT. TITAN - STELLAR CARTOGRAPHY**

Hernandez smiles warmly, glad to be back with her friend...

HERNANDEZ

Hello, Inyx.

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN

**33 INT. CAELIAR QUORUM**

The Caeliar Quorum is silent, staring in awe and confusion at the projection of Erika Hernandez standing on the floor of their government hall, next to their own Inyx.

HERNANDEZ

As long as I have your attention,  
I'd like to apologise for my fly-  
by-night exit. I would have left a  
note, but there wasn't time.

The leader of the Quorum, ORDEMO, glowers down at her.

ORDEMO

Your sarcasm remains as blunt as  
ever. No matter. Even if you were  
sincere, mere words would hardly  
repair the damage you've caused.

HERNANDEZ

Still exaggerating, I see, Ordemo.

INYX

For once, Ordemo has understated  
the matter. The feedback pulse  
you created to free *Titan* caused  
significant harm to the apparatus.

But by Inyx's look and tone, he is not annoyed at her - if anything, he is secretly impressed and proud of his friend.

HERNANDEZ

I won't bother to beg forgiveness.  
That's not why I'm here. I've come  
to ask for your help - and to tell  
you why you should give it.

ORDEMO

You refer to the hostilities which  
currently threaten your homeworld?

HERNANDEZ

That's part of it.

ORDEMO

Then you're wasting your time. We don't meddle in the affairs of others, you know that.

HERNANDEZ

I do. But I'm not asking you to help Earth - not directly. I'm asking you to help the Borg.

INYX

Erika... the Borg are a brutal, rapacious culture. Why would you wish us to aid them?

HERNANDEZ

Because you created them. And in a way, so did we.

Hernandez sends IMAGES through the telepathic connection...

**34**    **MONTAGE**

Lightning-fast clips from TTN 1x16 "Whatever It Takes", VOY 10x20 "Dodo" and VOY 10x21 "Alpha", showing...

-- The destruction of Erigol, the many city-ships trying to escape through subspace tunnels, only three succeeding

-- The city-ship Mantilis crashing to the surface of the frozen Delta Quadrant world of Arehaz

-- The surviving crew of *Columbia*, freezing and starving, taking desperate refuge in an icy cave

-- The twinkling blue lights of the devolved Caeliar descending on the humans, ready to consume them

**35**    **END MONTAGE - BACK TO SCENE**

The horror spreads throughout the Quorum. They cannot deny the truth of these images, they are in all their heads.

INXX

Mantilis... it must have survived  
the Cataclysm.

HERNANDEZ

With humans and Caeliar onboard.  
They tried to unite for survival,  
but instead of fusing strengths,  
it amplified the ugliest parts of  
both species. Your paranoia and  
need for conformity got tangled up  
with human barbarism and violence.  
It was a recipe for disaster.

INXX

No, Erika... it's nothing less  
than a complete abomination.

HERNANDEZ

The Borg Collective has abducted  
trillions of sentient life forms  
over the past several thousand  
years, and laid waste to vast  
swathes of the galaxy. But I  
promise you, the drones are not to  
blame. We are. And I'm going to  
need your help to make it right.

ORDEMO

What, precisely, are you asking of  
us, Erika?

HERNANDEZ

Bring Axion here to me, and I'll  
explain everything in person.

ORDEMO

And if we refuse?

HERNANDEZ

Then you can stay hidden and  
afraid, until the Borg find you.  
And mark my words, Ordemo - they  
will find you.

As the gathered Caeliar consider her words...



36 EXT. SPACE

A DOZEN Borg Cubes zoom through space... They pass JUPITER, identifiable by its unique cloud patterns, and keep going.

AKAAR (v.o.)

The Borg fleet has passed Jupiter.

37 INT. PALAIS - MONET ROOM

Bacco sits at the end of the conference table, beneath the portraits of her predecessors. Admiral Akaar sits along one side, with Piñero, Seven of Nine, and Jorel also present. Secretary SIVAK and bodyguard WEXLER hover nearby.

AKAAR

(continuing)

Four minutes to Earth orbit.

Bacco doesn't respond. She stares along the table length.

BACCO

Why do you think Zife kept that painting in here?

Baffled, they all turn to look where she is looking - at the reason for this room's name. The Monet classic "Bridge Over a Pool of Water Lilies" hangs on the opposite wall.

PIÑERO

Ma'am... the Earth is minutes away from obliteration. Is this really the time to discuss Min Zife's interior decorating choices?

BACCO

Well, we won't be able to discuss them in four minutes time, will we? This used to be just another meeting room before the Dominion War. Then Zife came along and had it rebuilt top to bottom, with every fancy gizmo he could find. But he left that painting right there. I'm just curious why.

(to Seven)  
Miss Seven? Any thoughts?

Pleasantly surprised at the proper use of her chosen name, Seven deigns to consider the painting.

SEVEN

Its placement opposite the chair of the president suggests it was retained for his benefit. Perhaps he found it helped him to focus.

AKAAR

I served under President Zife, and I know exactly why it's there. It was a reminder - to himself, and to the rest of us - that this is what is at stake if we fail. It was one of his first decrees as president, when everyone else in this building was obsessed with strategies and casualty reports. He left that painting there to remind us why we fight.

Bacco nods, sharing a small smile with Piñiero. Right at the end of everything, Zife is somewhat redeemed.

Akaar places a hand to his ear, listening to a report. Then he turns back to Bacco.

AKAAR

Ninety seconds until the Borg are within firing distance of Earth, Madam President.

BACCO

(deep breath)  
Thank you, Admiral.

**38    EXT. SPACE - EARTH ORBIT**

The Borg cubes split, spreading out into a wide formation to cover as much of the Earth as possible. The dark shapes swarm across the familiar blue-green-white world...

BORG VOICE (v.o.)  
Attack continuing. The Federation  
must be destroyed. All life on  
Earth must be eradicated. All  
other directives are suspended...

**39**    **INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE**

Picard sits in his command chair, downcast, not expecting anything good to happen. And then it does...

The viewscreen suddenly WHITES OUT, forcing the crew to flinch back and cover their eyes.

Picard looks up in quiet amazement, hope threatening to force its way through his despondency...

**40**    **INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE**

Dax is conferring with Kedair and Bowers at the tactical console when their own gigantic viewscreen WHITES OUT. She turns to the screen, a grin of victory filling her face...

DAX  
Yes!

**41**    **INT. VOYAGER - BRIDGE**

The darkened and damaged *Voyager* bridge is suddenly bleached out with overwhelming white light. LASREN pokes his head up from behind the Ops console in confusion...

Paris appears in the broken-open doorway of the ready room, and we can see that the same white light is shining in through the ready room's windows. It's everywhere.

PARIS  
What the hell now...?

**42**    **INT. TITAN - BRIDGE**

Riker stands from his chair, staring into the light. It's what they wanted, but now it's here, he's a little daunted.

Every screen suddenly goes BLANK, and then is overtaken by the OMEGA SYMBOL - a white  $\Omega$  on a black background.

HACHESA  
Captain...

RIKER  
That's okay, Commander. This is  
what we were expecting. Bridge to  
Captain Hernandez - they're here.

**43**    **INT. TITAN - STELLAR CARTOGRAPHY**

Still floating in *Titan's* holo-tank, Hernandez smiles wide,  
the white light shining on her face as well.

HERNANDEZ  
Oh... I know, Captain.

**44**    **EXT. SPACE - AZURE NEBULA**

The WHITE LIGHT is shining out of a RIP in space, creating  
silhouettes of our famous four Starfleet ships. Then the  
rip tears wider open than even before...

...and the Caeliar city-ship of AXION emerges from it and  
into the Azure Nebula, more than dwarfing all four ships.

Its sheer size and force makes the space of the nebula rock  
and wave, causing the lingering debris of the destroyed  
blockade fleet to tumble away...

**45**    **INT. AXION - OMEGA GENERATOR ROOM**

As seen in TTN 1x21 "Almost Perfect". A huge hollow sphere  
in the depths of the Caeliar city, with a WHITE SUN hanging  
in the centre of it - a giant OMEGA MOLECULE.

**46**    **EXT. SPACE - EARTH ORBIT**

The Earth, surrounded by a dozen Borg cubes...

**47**    **INT. BORG CUBE**

The four-sided viewscreen suspended in the central cavern,  
surrounded by rows and rows of Borg drones on all sides,  
and it shows the image of an OMEGA MOLECULE.

BORG VOICE  
Particle Zero-One-Zero detected.  
Directive Omega in effect.

BORG QUEEN (v.o.)  
Converge on the energy source. All  
other priorities and directives  
are rescinded. Assimilate Particle  
Zero-One-Zero at any cost.

**48    EXT. SPACE - EARTH ORBIT**

Every Borg cube immediately SURGES out of orbit, flying back the way they came without a second thought.

**49    EXT. SPACE**

Another battle elsewhere in space, as a dozen Starfleet ships harry a Borg cube and a sphere. The two Borg vessels immediately stop firing back and go to warp...

**50    INT. PALAIS - MONET ROOM**

Seven of Nine GASPS, shoving her chair back abruptly. Bacco looks at her confused, but Seven is suddenly miles away...

Then Akaar jerks back from his chair as well, in a most un-Akaar-like way, concerned and confused at the latest report coming into his earpiece. He rushes to a computer console tastefully incorporated into the wall.

Bacco purses at all this undignified last-minute chaos...

BACCO  
Admiral, it's been more than  
ninety seconds. Either Starfleet  
forgot how to count, or the Borg  
decided to be extra-rude at the  
last moment and make me wait for  
my apocalypse. So which is it?

AKAAR  
I don't believe it...

Akaar looks back at Bacco, mouth agape and eyes wide.

AKAAR

Madam President... our scans at this time indicate that all ships in the Borg armada have reversed course, including those at Earth. They are now heading at maximum speed... towards the Azure Nebula.

Bacco, Piñero and Akaar are all astonished. Seven is still feeling the Omega. Jorel raises his hands into the standard shape, and begins to happily pray...

JOREL

Oh, praise the Prophets... praise the Prophets...

51 **EXT. SPACE - BORG FLEET**

Cube after sphere after probe zooms through space, left to right, all getting there as fast as they can.

52 **EXT. SPACE - AZURE NEBULA**

The Caeliar city-ship looms over the four Starfleet ships.

53 **INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE**

Every screen except the main viewscreen shows the  $\Omega$  symbol. The main viewscreen shows what it can of the Caeliar city-ship - only a thin slice of its mid-section, so much bigger is it than the *Enterprise*.

KADOHATA

Main computer bypasses operating as expected, Captain. The Omega Directive is not hindering normal operations.

PICARD

Thank you, Commander. All scans of the Caeliar ship are to be treated as classified information, to be reviewed only on my authority.

KADOHATA

Understood, sir.

From the seat beside Picard, Worf leans in confidentially.

WORF

Captain... once the Caeliar have Hernandez back in their custody, they might reverse their course and abandon us to the Borg.

PICARD

Possibly... though the departure of the Caeliar is hardly the worst outcome in this scenario. I'm more worried about the risk of the Borg assimilating Caeliar technology.

An alert on Choudhury's tactical console...

CHOUDHURY

Incoming reports from Starfleet Command, Captain. The entire Borg armada has reversed course.

WORF

They are converging on us?

CHOUDHURY

Aye, sir.

Picard receives these reports stoically...

PICARD

Then we're surrounded.

Off Picard's grim mien...

BLACK OUT

**END OF SHOW**