

STAR TREK: VOYAGER / THE CROSSING  
0.02 - WALKING THROUGH FIRE, FINALE PART TWO  
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1 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO. MID DAY. 1

San Francisco. The Golden Gate Bridge. Starfleet Academy. All impressive landmarks in their own right, but amid the busy traffic of mid-day downtown, camera focuses on a fairly plain looking building. The gray exterior shows many windows but the building itself only rises two stories from the sidewalk and is fairly small compared to the rest of the buildings. A nondescript sign, next to the building on the sidewalk reads "STARFLEET INTELLIGENCE."

2 INT. STARFLEET INTELLIGENCE. 2

The room is dark. Various computer monitor displays are running on continuous loops that display images of important objects: VOYAGER, the MIDAS ARRAY, the CARETAKER'S ARRAY, etc. Security technicians move about the room in hushed conversations while ADMIRAL ROBERT TAYLOR stands with crossed arms in the center of activity.

Two single figures remain ostracized from the rest of the room after entering silently from a lone door: ADMIRAL OWEN PARIS and LIEUTENANT REGINALD BARCLAY.

BARCLAY

(Whispered)

This is certainly different than Project Pathfinder.

PARIS

(Whispered)

They're the only ones, Reg, the only ones that can tell us... if it worked.

BARCLAY

(Whispered)

I don't like people that are this secretive.

ADMIRAL TAYLOR turns, his back having been to the door, and notices the arrival of his guests. HE begins to cross over toward them.

PARIS

(Whispered)

The problem with Intelligence types... is that they like being the only ones with the intelligence.

TAYLOR arrives and extends his hands. PARIS accepts and the two exchange brief, though clearly forced, greetings.

PARIS

Bob Taylor.

TAYLOR

Owen Paris. Welcome to my domain.

PARIS

It's a little dark for my tastes.

TAYLOR

We're fifty-three levels below the surface. I hope you're not expecting windows - it wouldn't be the best of views.

BARCLAY

Fif...fifty-three levels? The turbolift didn't seem to take that long.

TAYLOR

Then let me suggest you take the stairs back up to the surface.

BARCLAY

But... how...how...how large is this facility?

PARIS

That's hardly the information we came here to find out.

TAYLOR

Nor is it information that I intend to answer for you, Lieutenant Barclay.

PARIS

Tell me what we want to hear, Bob.

TAYLOR nods and ushers the duo toward one of the computer consoles displaying a large map of the Alpha and Delta Quadrants. He traces a line with his finger as he explains.

TAYLOR

We were able to track your transmission signal from distribution at the Midas Array to this point, here, near the edge of the Beta and Delta Quadrants.

BARCLAY

That's, that's awfully close to their estimated position...

PARIS

But you didn't say that the transmission was received.

TAYLOR

(Shaking his head)

No, I can't tell you that. Our scans are being blocked by some phenomenon in the area.

PARIS

What type?

TAYLOR

Other than the fact that the origin seems to be a nebula, we don't know.

BARCLAY

For Starfleet Intelligence you don't seem to have a lot of answers...

PARIS

Reg...

TAYLOR

(Irate)

Our methods of signal tracking aren't designed to be scanning forty thousand lightyears away. We have a few tricks that we'll continue to explore, but like I said - the transmission got at least this far. What's so damned important about it, anyway?

PARIS and BARCLAY make hesitant eye contact.

PARIS

We're not going to ask why you have means of tracing transmissions from forty thousand lightyears, you don't ask what's in it.

TAYLOR

All right then. No questions asked.

A young ENSIGN enters the room and moves toward TAYLOR, handing him a PADD.

                  ENSIGN  
Admiral Taylor... a message for  
Admiral Paris.

                  BARCLAY  
          (Whispered)  
I wonder why they didn't just use  
the comm system.

                  PARIS  
          (Whispered)  
We're standing in the middle of  
Starfleet Intelligence, Reg...

                  BARCLAY  
          (Whispered)  
Ah, of course... communication  
dampening fields must be in  
place...

                  TAYLOR  
          (Looking up)  
Owen, I'm afraid I'm a bit  
confused, but there's a rather  
urgent message from your secretary  
noting that... a litter of kittens  
are present in your office.

                  PARIS  
          (Dryly)  
Kittens.

                  BARCLAY  
          (Staring between TAYLOR and  
          the COMPUTER SCREEN MAP)  
But... but... but... you said the  
transmission made it to the Delta  
Quadrant. To this point, here,  
between the Delta and Beta  
quadrants.

                  TAYLOR  
          (Confused between the two of  
          them)  
What the hell is going on?

PARIS immediately backpedals toward the door while REG  
remains focused on the map.

BARCLAY

If the transmission got that far...  
then...

PARIS

Thank you for your help,  
Bob. We'll be in  
touch. (Beat) Reg, come on.

THEY EXIT. FADE and OPENING CREDITS.

3 EXT. SPACE. 3

The USS VOYAGER hovers in orbit of the ALIEN WORLD where they had been performing repairs.

4 INT. VOYAGER. SICKBAY. 4

The DOCTOR runs a tricorder over the newcomer RY, who sits impatiently on a biobed. What remains of the Senior Staff - TUVOK, TOM PARIS, B'ELANNA TORRES and her newborn MIRAL, HARRY KIM, and SEVEN OF NINE are grouped off to one side of Sickbay, huddled around TUVOK who holds a standard Federation PADD.

TUVOK

These would appear to be authentic orders from Starfleet Command.

B'ELANNA

Appear? That doesn't sound very confident.

TUVOK

We will not be able to confirm their legitimacy until we can establish contact with Starfleet.

SEVEN

Which, due to a solar flare between Voyager's current position and the MIDAS array, will not be for another four days.

TUVOK

But I see no reason to doubt them.

TOM

No reason? I see every reason to doubt them.

TUVOK

Because you disagree with them is not a valid reason to discount them.

TOM

Where's the logic in that?

TUVOK

Mister Ry arrived through our standard and scheduled transmission from Starfleet Command. He with a set of orders from Starfleet acknowledging his promotion to Captain of this vessel. Those two facts alone would show that logically we have no reason to question him.

B'ELANNA

We've been fooled by apparent messages from Starfleet before. The Barclay hologram...

TUVOK

The Barclay hologram did not come with an approved set of orders.

TOM

Could those not be faked?

TUVOK

Someone could, potentially, alter an existing set of orders. But it would need to come from within Starfleet. Upon our next communication with Starfleet we will have the opportunity to confirm their validity.

HARRY

And we're not talking about reprogramming a hologram that's already in transit. This is a person. A living, breathing person that got sent to us. That technology isn't wide-spread. Ferengi or other profiteers wouldn't have access to something like that.

TUVOK

However, I am not suggesting that we do not approach this with caution. But I currently do not see any reason to suspect him.

RY

(Speaking loudly)

Thank you for the vote of confidence, Mister Tuvok.

RY stands from the biobed and takes a few steps toward the Senior Staff members who fan out from their circle to all face him.

RY

Perhaps it would be easier if I just provided you with answers rather than allowing this to grow out of control any further.

TUVOK

It was not our intention to-

RY holds up a hand to silence TUVOK and waits a beat for compliance before continuing.

RY

Starfleet, specifically the Pathfinder Project in conjunction with several Starfleet Research Divisions, for the past several years, has been heavily testing a means by which to transmit bio-matter over great distances. I was selected to be the first long-range test subject sent to Voyager.

SEVEN

The first?

HARRY

That's awful risky.

TOM

Awful reckless...

RY

Awfully necessary. Clearly, as evident by your current situation.

TOM

A situation that this crew was prepared to solve on our own means.

RY

Mister Paris, I am led to believe that Captain Janeway was slightly more - shall we say, informal? - than typical Starfleet regulations would allow when it comes to addressing your senior officers. I suggest that you revisit that policy. (Quick beat) As for the rest of you, I would request that you try to subdue your uneasiness and accept the assistance that Starfleet has provided.

Without thinking about it, B'ELANNA begins to speak.

B'ELANNA

Easier said than done when the orders come from someone who looks like an adolescent human.

RY narrows his gaze and directs a deathly stare toward B'ELANNA for a few brief uncomfortable moments of silence. B'ELANNA makes no attempt to apologize or take-back the remark.

RY

Despite my outward appearance, not only am I not human, but I am also quite older than anyone currently present on board this ship. Even you, Commander Tuvok. Doctor?

DOCTOR

(Caught off guard)

Ah, yes. Yes, that much I can confirm. His cellular tissues are undergoing a very odd sense of regeneration, no doubt a side effect of being compressed into a data stream for so long. Even still, I can measure them as several hundreds of years old; the exact number-

RY

The exact number is not important.

TOM

(Muttered, with a sly grin in  
TUVOK's direction)

Great, another long-lived person  
who won't admit to his age.

RY

Strange. This crew had no problems  
accepting Kes, a being who appeared  
as an adult but was in fact, the  
mental and emotional age of a  
child. Yet when the situation is  
reversed, there is  
hesitation. Lieutenant Torres, as  
someone who just gave birth to a  
Klingon-Human hybrid, a child who  
will, for all intents and purposes,  
appear quite outside of the  
"accepted norm," I would suggest  
you rethink where your prejudices  
lie.

B'ELANNA

(Holding back)

It's not prejudice, it's-

TOM subtly reaches across with his arm to try and hold  
B'ELANNA back, but RY again holds up his palm.

RY

Enough. This manner of actions  
will get us nowhere, and we have a  
very limited window of  
opportunity. We will reconvene in  
the briefing room at 0700 hours in  
the morning.

Without another word, RY turns and exits Sickbay. The  
Senior Staff holds silent, watching him leave until the  
doors slide shut behind him. The DOCTOR is the first to  
speak up.

DOCTOR

Humph. And they tell me my bedside  
manner is awful.

5

INT. VOYAGER. TOM AND B'ELANNA'S QUARTERS.

5

B'ELANNA offers a warm and comforting smile as she leans  
over the crib and confirms that tiny MIRAL is peacefully  
asleep. The smile fades as she turns and exits the nursery  
and enters the main body of her quarters where TOM, HARRY,

SEVEN, the DOCTOR, and TUVOK have made themselves comfortable on chairs and couches. B'ELANNA opts to take a seat next to TOM on the couch.

B'ELANNA  
Miral's back to sleep. What'd I miss?

TOM  
None of us are too pleased with the way Ry walked in here today.

B'ELANNA  
I knew that before Miral woke up.

DOCTOR  
He mentioned several times during his brief examination this notion of being on a tight schedule in terms of time.

TUVOK  
But for what?

B'ELANNA  
I'm not sure I want to find out.

TOM  
(Hesitantly)  
We could always... delay him.

SEVEN  
You are suggesting we take control of the ship.

TOM  
No, nothing to that extent. I don't think mutiny is quite the answer-

B'ELANNA  
-Not yet.-

TOM  
-but I do think it couldn't hurt to try and... slow him down. We just got off an extensive - and interrupted - maintenance overhaul. It doesn't seem too much of a stretch to ... "discover" an engine problem or two that will keep us in orbit for a couple more days.

HARRY

Let's not get too hasty, Tom. Until we know what schedule it is that we're facing, I don't think we want to do anything that rash. He said, after all, that we should accept the help that Starfleet is providing. What if he knows of a way home?

B'ELANNA

Then he should just say that and maybe we'd be more open, but he doesn't know this ship or this crew. Playing the silent treatment with us isn't going to work.

HARRY

We haven't exactly given him a chance to be honest with us. (Beat) I mean, I'm having as hard a time as everyone coping with the deaths of Captain Janeway and Commander Chakotay, and I still have a difficult time accepting that Ry will be sitting in the Captain's chair tomorrow, but maybe we're not helping by being so closed minded.

TUVOK

A very logical statement, Ensign.

B'ELANNA

Yeah, sure and next you'll try to blame it on my post-pregnancy cascade of emotions. I don't like this... not at all. And I don't plan to sit by and merely accept it.

6 INT. VOYAGER. BRIEFING ROOM.

6

The Senior Staff has gathered and impatiently wait. The doors open and Ry enters, intentionally late. He moves to the head of the table and begins.

RY

Two hours from now, Voyager will break orbit of this world and return to the nebula where you encountered the Borg.

DOCTOR

Pardon the question, Captain, but for my own curiosity and preparedness, should I be prepping Sickbay for a recovery operation?

RY

No. (Beat) This is not some fool-hearted attempt to rescue Commander Chakotay. Based on the investigations and reports that I have read since my arrival, it is clear that on the off chance that Commander Chakotay had survived the massive explosion that filled the shuttle's cabin prior to Voyager's arrival on scene, he would have been gravely, perhaps mortally, injured. Even all of that that aside, he would be deep in the assimilation process.

All Senior Staff members subtly stare at SEVEN, given that she had said basically the same thing before RY had arrived on Voyager. Ry continues.

RY

It is a waste of our efforts and limited resources to try to mount a rescue attempt, especially when we are on facing a very quickly closing window of time.

B'ELANNA

And that window of time is closing for... what exactly?

RY

The reason that I have been sent here; the purpose behind my very involvement in the test of the long range transporter. (Beat) A way home.

7

INT. STARFLEET COMMAND. ADMIRAL PARIS' OFFICE.

7

OWEN PARIS sits at his desk, engrossed in work, but is continually distracted by one of five kittens that has decided that the middle of his desk is a good place to rest. REG BARCLAY sits across from the desk; he is entertained by one of the kittens in his lap.

BARCLAY

Once the investigation into the transporter stream is over, perhaps I'll take one of these little guys home to Neelix.

PARIS

Why not take all five? I'm sure your cat would enjoy the company.

BARCLAY

No, Neelix is quite territorial; I suspect he wouldn't take very well to more than one of them.

PARIS

I'm rather territorial as well, Reg. Either you or the kittens are going to need to go.

BARCLAY

(Holding up his kitten)  
But they're harmless little...

PARIS

(Sternly)  
Reg.

BARCLAY

Right, right. I had a theory about our missing transmission.

PARIS

I'm interested, but the bigger question right now is why these kittens aren't "missing" along with the data stream.

BARCLAY

One thing at a time, Admiral. One thing at a time. (Beat) It's this nebula near Voyager's estimated location.

PARIS

The one that Bob said was hampering their attempts to trace the transmission path?

BARCLAY

The very same.

PARIS

I'd rather you not stress about that nebula, Reg. You know as well as I do that stellar surveys indicated nothing out of the ordinary beyond a standard class 2 nebula. (Beat) Bob can confirm for us that our transmission went on a one-way ticket to the Delta Quadrant. These kittens are supposed to be half-way across the galaxy right now. The question is, if they weren't transported to Voyager, what was?

8 INT. VOYAGER. BRIEFING ROOM.

8

Cut to a close up of RY.

RY

Starfleet Command can confirm a heavy Borg presence in the nebula. Significantly larger than what you encountered during your rescue attempts. It is our belief that they are artificially creating wormholes as a means of expediting transit across the galaxy.

HARRY

Wormholes...

TOM

Relax, Harry. We're one small ship against the Borg.

RY

That's a very valid point. The original plan that we developed would have involved an intense study of the nebula over several weeks, trying to track Borg movements to determine the best point to infiltrate their facility. Unfortunately, things would seem to be accelerating. As Seven of Nine has observed, a neutrino explosion has recently emanated from the nebula. Armed with the knowledge of what the Borg are creating there, this explosion can only stem from the collapse of

(MORE)

RY (cont'd)  
 a wormhole. Sensor logs captured  
 by Voyager during your brief  
 proximity to the nebula earlier  
 would seem to indicate that the  
 facility is heavily damaged. Any  
 delay on our part could lead to the  
 collapse of the wormhole leading  
 back to the Alpha Quadrant - if it  
 hasn't already. You have two hours  
 until we engage the  
 Borg. Dismissed.

RY, without further pause, exits the Briefing Room while the Senior Staff slowly begins to disperse. Through the open door to the bridge we can see RY get cornered by one of the background officers who hands A PADD to him. RY pauses, reading it. The SENIOR STAFF coalesces near the doorway, their eyes intensely watching the Captain while speaking amongst themselves.

HARRY  
 A wormhole. A way home.

TOM  
 Seems a little... convenient, if  
 you ask me.

SEVEN  
 The concept of the Borg creating  
 some type of hub for intergalactic  
 travel is not a foreign one; to the  
 Borg or to Starfleet.

TOM  
 But the chances of them creating  
 one, with a path to the Alpha  
 Quadrant, at the point where  
 Starfleet decides to test a  
 long-range transporter just as  
Voyager passes by?

HARRY  
 It certainly is a big coincidence,  
 I'll give you that.

TUVOK  
 Coincidence, as a human mechanism,  
 is highly  
 over-stated. Never-the-less, I  
 cannot say that I disagree with  
 your sentiment.

B'ELANNA

Looking at the more immediate for a minute? There's no way we can be ready in two hours. We're lucky to have been able to go after the Captain's shuttle in one piece. And the only reason that happened was through some very quick jury-rigging by Vorik. Ry seems to be talking about armed conflict. I've got a lot of work to accomplish in an impossible amount of time.

DOCTOR

(Pointing a finger her direction)

You absolutely do not. B'Elanna, even with your Klingon genetics speeding your recovery, you're lucky I permitted you to even attend this briefing, but you are not allowed back to work full time yet.

B'ELANNA

Why don't you try telling the Captain that? 'Can we delay a month while the Chief Engineer is on maternity leave?' I'm sure that would work well with his limited timetable stance.

DOCTOR

You forget that as Chief Medical Officer, I have the authority to overrule the Captain's decisions.

TOM

B'Elanna's right.

There is a quick beat of silence where everyone looks to TOM.

TOM

This crew isn't ready to go headstrong into some mission, even if it is from Starfleet Command. Technological readiness aside, there's still a lot of mourning going on for Janeway and Chakotay. Ry wants to take us up against the Borg, but I don't think

(MORE)

TOM (cont'd)  
 we're mentally prepped to focus on  
 that task.

HARRY  
 I wasn't mentally ready until he  
 mentioned a means home. And I  
 know, I need to not get my hopes  
 up. Seems every time a possible  
 way home comes along, I end up with  
 my dreams being crushed. But once  
 everything got put into  
 perspective? I don't think we have  
 the time to discuss this... were  
 Captain Janeway here and presented  
 with the knowledge that Captain Ry  
 brings... I think she would have  
 taken advantage of the opportunity.

B'ELANNA  
 It does seem to beg the question of  
 whether Ry would have seized  
 control of the ship from Janeway.

TOM  
 Has he really "seized" control now?

TUVOK  
 (Definitively)  
 I will speak with the  
 Captain. Unless you hear  
 otherwise, I will expect each of  
 you to do as instructed. We have  
 two hours.

TUVOK turns and exits onto the BRIDGE with the Senior Staff  
 following behind him.

9 INT. VOYAGER. BRIDGE.

9

RY hands off the PADD back to the Ensign that had brought it  
 to him and begins to step away when he notices TUVOK's  
 approach.

TUVOK  
 Captain, a word please.

RY stops, staring at TUVOK, studying him.

RY  
 My ready room.

RY turns and leads the way. HARRY and TOM lean in close to one another as they exit the Briefing Room.

TOM

Think we should start a pool over who comes out of that one alive?

HARRY

Really, Tom? You've got to have better things to do with your time.

TOM

I never said that I don't.

HARRY

Right... I need to get to work. Two hours. (Beat; he starts to walk away, but finished with a glance over his shoulder) Put me down for two days of replicator rations on Tuvok.

10

INT. VOYAGER. READY ROOM.

10

RY enters the Ready Room with TUVOK close behind. RY sits at the main desk and folds his arms in front of him, resting them on the surface. TUVOK remains standing at attention across from him.

RY

What is it, Commander? We don't have a lot of time to be wasting.

TUVOK

This is a difficult period of transition for the crew. There has been... concern expressed that our impending assault on the Borg complex will come at a time when crew members are not at their most focused.

Again, RY pauses, simply staring at TUVOK before resuming their conversation after taking a breath.

RY

The sooner you accept that I am not Kathryn Janeway, the sooner this ship will be able to begin functioning with everyone at their "most focused."

TUVOK

I do not understand.

RY

Janeway valued your council, Mister Tuvok. She turned to you often for input; she used you as quite the sounding board, according to her logs. There is certainly nothing preventing her from doing so. I, however, have not solicited your opinion.

TUVOK

No, you did not, Captain. However, this crew has been functioning together for seven years. Most of the humanoid members have developed strong bonds, stronger than one typically builds with colleagues during normal tours of duty.

RY

Irrelevant. If you are trying to tell me that serving for seven years has made these individuals more resistant to change or more rebellious when it comes to following orders, then I would find that a fault in their training and their leadership. By expressing your concern in this, you - and I will assume the entire Senior Staff by extension - are only helping to prolong the issue.

TUVOK

With respect, Captain, you do not know how to relate to this crew. Nor do they know how to relate to you. Trying to undertake this mission without a shared working relationship is illogical.

RY

This assignment has come from Starfleet Command as a means to try and end Voyager's journey sooner than conventional means of travel would allow. It is not my personal venture. I would have thought that of all people, Mister Tuvok, you would have appreciated the fact

(MORE)

RY (cont'd)  
that I am merely acting as a  
servant of Starfleet. As are we  
all.

TUVOK  
That is-

RY cuts him off from the chance of answering, standing up  
slowly before continuing.

RY  
I will be very frank with you  
Mister Tuvok. I do not like  
Vulcans. (Beat) A species that  
compartmentalizes its emotions,  
does not accept them as part of  
their being, does not factor them  
into the process of natural  
thought... I can't help but agree  
with your race's concept of  
controlling them, but the extreme  
to which you take it is like  
deciding to suppress your right  
hand - you cannot simply ignore the  
fact that emotions exist. What  
your choice to bury them results  
in, is emotions which burn hotter  
within your people more than any  
other race. You cage your  
emotions, but they still run wild  
and unchecked within you; barely  
contained except for years of  
half-attempted training. This  
makes every single Vulcan a ticking  
time bomb, waiting for the right  
pressures of emotion that will push  
them over the edge and cause them  
to revert into their natural, raw,  
and very dangerous state. And  
quite frankly, I find this to be  
the most *illogical* action that such  
a group of people could  
partake. (Beat) The one thing  
that I do appreciate greatly about  
Vulcans, however, is their  
unfounded dedication to the command  
structure. Such a near-inspiring  
display of duty and loyalty held  
not necessarily to the person in  
charge, but to the oath taken to  
uphold Starfleet principals. I  
trust, then, Mister Tuvok, that

(MORE)

RY (cont'd)  
 whatever your personal feelings  
 about me or this mission may be,  
 you will adequately... bury them  
 and perform your duty. Is this  
 something that you believe you can  
 accomplish, or do I need to seek a  
 tactical officer who is able to  
 perform as expected?

There is a long pause before TUVOK replies.

TUVOK  
 Of course, Captain.

TUVOK turns, without another word, and exits. RY calmly  
 sits back down.

11 EXT. SPACE. 11

VOYAGER soars toward camera, and as she passes by, we  
 reverse direction to follow her as the ship enters into the  
 orange-gold Borg nebula.

12 INT. VOYAGER. BRIDGE. 12

RY sits comfortably in the command chair on the darkened,  
 red-alert bridge. The first officer's seat next to him is  
 noticeably vacant. All others remain at their normal  
 posts: TUVOK at tactical, HARRY at Ops, and PARIS at the  
 conn. B'ELANNA occupies the Engineering console on the side  
 of the bridge, a reluctant compromise between her and the  
 Doctor. SEVEN OF NINE mans her console just behind and  
 above the Captain's chair.

TOM  
 I'm reading three Borg vessels.

TUVOK  
 The nebula is interfering with our  
 scans; I cannot determine their  
 specific tactical presence.

RY  
 I suspect the Borg will make their  
 specific tactical presence known  
 before too long. (Quick  
 beat) Continue taking us forward,  
 Mister Paris.

TOM

(Tapping into his controls)  
Do me a favor... call me Tom. I'm  
all for formality, but 'Tom' is  
much easier to get out in a crunch.

RY

With any luck, there won't be a  
crunch time to worry about... Tom.

TOM smirks from his console as RY rises and circles around  
to SEVEN's station.

HARRY

(With wide eyes)  
Oh.. boy.

The staff turns to follow his line of sight to the  
viewscreen where what had been just a soupy nebula has now  
given way to display a massive Borg complex. A gigantic  
central base of multiple levels forms the bulk of the  
installation, with two connecting bridges linking the main  
complex with large rings that spread out from the  
facility. Only three of the rings are intact, the three  
that are connected together on one side of the complex, and  
they are filled with glimmering, swirling glimpses of  
transwarp conduits. The other four, on the opposite side of  
the main facility are in various states of disrepair, still  
pouring smoke and debris. A chain reaction of destruction  
can be traced from one collapsed portal to the next, all the  
way up to the main facility where a quadrant of the massive  
station is dark, not emanating the characteristic green glow  
of the Borg. Large chunks of debris fill the inner section  
of the nebula and a small portion of the main complex near  
the line of explosion is missing, destroyed during the  
incidents of earlier.

B'ELANNA

Have you ever seen anything like  
it, Seven?

SEVEN

(Studying the viewscreen  
intently)  
Never in practice.

RY

Which one leads to the Alpha  
Quadrant?

HARRY and SEVEN begin furiously tapping into their consoles,  
seeking an answer. A proximity alarm sounds.

TUVOK

A Borg vessel has locked into an intercept course.

RY

Keep them off our back, Mister Tuvok. We're not looking to deal a great tactical blow against the Borg today; just buy us some time.

RY glances briefly toward TUVOK, an unspoken reminder that RY expects him to do as ordered, before moving back down to the central command dais.

B'ELANNA

Captain, what if we *could* strike a victory against the Borg today?

RY

That is not our goal-

B'ELANNA

If we destroy this facility... the Borg... their ease of passage around the galaxy would be crippled.

RY

As your husband reminded us earlier, Voyager is but one small ship against the Borg.

B'ELANNA

The facility is already damaged, it may not be as difficult of a task as it would seem.

RY

A means home comes first, Lieutenant.

HARRY

Our travel home is more important than stopping the Borg from being able to take on the galaxy? I think Captain Janeway would have disagreed when she destroyed the Caretaker's Array.

RY

(Measured)

Mister Kim. As I have already reminded Commander Tuvok, I am not

(MORE)

RY (cont'd)

Captain Janeway and you would be best to remember that. Our orders from Starfleet are quite specific in this matter: enter the Borg passageway to the Alpha Quadrant and use it to return Voyager to home. Are you suggesting that we collectively disobey those orders?

Before Harry can respond, TUVOK speaks up.

TUVOK

Captain, I-

RY cuts him off with a sharp turn of direction so as to stare across the bridge at Tuvok, immediately assuming that Tuvok is intending to speak out.

TUVOK

(As offended as he could be)

I am reading a second Borg vessel on way to intercept us. The first will be within firing range in one minute.

SEVEN

That may be enough time. I have determined which of the conduits leads to the Alpha Quadrant. Coordinates are being sent to the helm.

RY

Good work. Best possible speed Tom.

RY sits back in the command chair and breathes a visible sigh of relief.

TOM

(Suddenly alarmed)

Oh, God...!

VOYAGER suddenly pitches forward and the nebula on the viewscreen has been replaced by the gray hulled exterior of a Borg cube.

B'ELANNA

Where the hell did that come from?

HARRY

The nebula continues to interfere with our scanning resolution. There's a nearby pocket of dense nebular gas, it must have passed through that.

SEVEN

The Borg are hailing.

RY

Put them through.

BORG (V/O)

We are the Borg. Prepare to be assimilated. Your biological and technological distinctiveness will be added to our own. Resistance is futile.

RY

Like hell it is... Tuvok.

TUVOK

Aye, Captain.

13 EXT. BORG COMPLEX. 13

VOYAGER comes alive with a display of phaser fire and torpedoes as it attempts to writhe and dodge away from the Borg cube which doesn't take long before returning fire.

14 INT. STARFLEET COMMAND. ADMIRAL PARIS' OFFICE. 14

REG BARCLAY bursts through the doors to ADMIRAL PARIS' OFFICE and hastily tosses a PADD onto the Admiral's desk. Disturbed by this sudden action are the five kittens who had been taking up peaceful residence on the desk. Four of them go scattering around the office; one brave kitten stands its ground and hisses at Barclay who ignores it with an annoyed eye roll. PARIS rewards the kitten with a playful pet on the head and it calms; PARIS takes the kitten in his hand and continues to pet it while BARCLAY continues.

BARCLAY

He's miss... missing.

PARIS

Reg?

BARCLAY

That's why the kittens weren't transported.

PARIS

Slow down, Reg. I take it you've had a breakthrough in your investigation?

BARCLAY

Ry has not shown up for his duty shifts the last two days. I checked with Starfleet Medical, with his listed emergency contacts, even with his neighbors in his apartment complex.

PARIS

And?

BARCLAY

And they said that he keeps to himself. Not all that surprising, given how distant he always seems to be. (Shakes his head; getting back on topic) But as solitary as he normally is, the lobby attendant usually reports seeing him each evening. They have *some* visual contact with him. But not in the past two days. I've looked at what security cameras I was able to find through legal methods, I've looked at the central computer to track the usage of his access codes... it's as if he hasn't existed for two days.

PARIS

Hasn't existed... surely you're not suggestion...

BARCLAY

I believe he somehow overrode protocol and transported *himself* to Voyager.

PARIS

But why? What purpose could that have possibly served?

BARCLAY

I don't... don't... don't know. I should have seen it, Admiral; he was always asking about when the project would be ready to send a humanoid... I think he *wanted* to get sent to Voyager.

PARIS

What do we have from the transport room in terms of logs? Has Security sent over anything useful?

BARCLAY

No. The cameras, sensors, any type of recording and tracking mechanism from within the transporter lab and surrounding areas were off-line... more likely sabotaged. The last time I can find any record of Ry is approximately twenty minutes before the black-out... he was seen leaving his apartment complex.

PARIS holds still and exhales a long breath. He sets the kitten down on the floor and it scampers off.

PARIS

All right. We need to get a hold of Starfleet Security. Tell them to be on the look out for Lieutenant Ry.

15 INT. VOYAGER. BRIDGE.

15

Cut to RY - the bridge remains chaotic and the explosions and phaser fire coming off the viewscreen display are reflected as shadows and bounces of light across his face.

TUVOK

Shields at 45%!

SEVEN

One of the smaller Borg vessels has been destroyed. Two more are moving to intercept. One of them is a second cube.

RY steps forward and leans on the railing behind the conn, staring at the viewscreen.

RY  
Clear us a path... an  
opening. Something.

Suddenly, the bridge is rocked by an explosion that sends crew members flailing - RY grabs hold of the railing to remain steady. There is a brief, eerie moment of calm following the shake.

TOM  
That wasn't a phaser blast...  
something hit us.

Another blast - this time RY topples as well.

HARRY  
Oh... oh, no... Tuvok! Stop  
firing!

RY, collecting himself and climbing back to his feet, glances back at HARRY.

TUVOK  
Ensign?

16 EXT. BORG COMPLEX.

16

As HARRY explains, we see large bolts of energy jump to life in pockets of nebula gas, shooting out and coming into contact with whatever is in their way. The largest bolt yet strikes at the Borg cube and causes a small explosion and chunk of hull to go shooting away from the point of impact. The cube careens off course, indirectly clearing a window for Voyager to travel through.

HARRY  
Our weapons... the phaser fire...  
torpedoes... they're destabilizing  
the more dense pockets of nebula  
gas, causing a chain reaction of  
pent-up energy...

17 INT. VOYAGER. BRIDGE.

17

B'ELANNA  
I bet that's what caused the first  
explosion in the complex.

TOM  
Captain!

RY looks back toward TOM to see him watching the viewscreen. Another gigantic bolt of nebula energy has been building in the nearby clouds and finally shoots out, impacting with the outer most of the three remaining gigantic swirling portals. A dual chain of explosions begins to work its way around the massive ring housing the glowing conduit. Before long, the explosion finds its way to the connecting bridge between the two portals and traverses toward the next of the rings. The first to be affected by the new wave of explosions flickers and fades out in an explosion of energy, the entire ring collapsing in the wake.

RY

Seven, is our path still open?

SEVEN

Affirmative. Our target wormhole is the one closest to the facility.

RY

Mr. Paris - Tom - get us there. All possible speed. Ignore anything in our path. Tuvok, it's your responsibility to keep the way clear.

RY doubles back to the command chair and sits.

RY

This is the Captain to All Hands. Evacuate all outer sections. Brace for explosions and hull breaches.

18

EXT. BORG COMPLEX.

18

VOYAGER shoots forward, making a beeline across the nebula toward the single ring which has yet to be affected by the chain reaction. A BORG SHIP moves to block her path, but VOYAGER makes a sudden sharp dive to miss; the two ships collide, scraping against each other in a maneuver that proved too close for comfort: the hull of the BORG scratches against VOYAGER, causing minor damage to both ships as exterior skin is ripped away from their hulls.

19 INT. VOYAGER. BRIDGE. 19

An explosion rocks the bridge, crew members are lurched forward.

SEVEN

Three hundred kilometers to the wormhole.

B'ELANNA

The whole facility is going up!

HARRY

Hull damage, decks 6 and 7!

20 EXT. BORG COMPLEX. 20

The chain reaction completes its ring around the second of the wormholes and continues down the connecting bridge toward the third and final ring. The second ring collapses on itself.

VOYAGER now becomes tailed and surrounded by a series of Borg vessels using a mixture of weapons fire to try and slow the vessel, but she refuses to stop, refuses to lose any speed. Carefully timed phaser blasts emit from the remaining banks in a half-hearted effort to slow the Borg advances.

21 INT. VOYAGER. BRIDGE. 21

SEVEN

The explosion has reached our target wormhole. Estimated collapse in thirty seconds.

22 EXT. BORG COMPLEX. 22

Several BORG cruisers veer away from VOYAGER as the ship dives ever closer to the wormhole ring. The explosion has begun to spread outward from the connecting bridge and into the ring structure that supports the wormhole.

VOYAGER bucks from another Borg weapon attack as the CUBE falls back to drop into line directly behind VOYAGER. Tendrils of wormhole energy begin grasping out toward the incoming ships, mixed with tongues of fire, and VOYAGER is enveloped, sucked into the wormhole.

23 INT. VOYAGER. BRIDGE. 23

RY  
(Breathing a near sigh of relief)  
All right everyone... keep an eye out for the exit to the Alpha Quadrant.

There is a moment of silent intensity as all eyes are focused either on scanners or on the wormhole conduit as displayed on the viewscreen.

HARRY  
Captain, we're being followed.

24 EXT. WORMHOLE CONDUIT. 24

VOYAGER screams past the camera down the conduit and coming into view behind her, gaining speed, is the BORG CUBE.

25 EXT. BORG COMPLEX. 25

The explosion completes its journey around the final ring and the conduit that VOYAGER has just flown through collapses in a burst of fire. The chain reaction continues a push into the main complex and appears to momentarily be stopped before the entire facility suddenly bursts outward in an explosion.

26 EXT. WORMHOLE CONDUIT. 26

The BORG CUBE continues to gain on VOYAGER, but the tranquil blue-green of the conduit is suddenly, quickly, beginning to change to an orange as an explosion fills the wormhole. The fire wastes no time in catching up to the CUBE and it becomes taken-over by the explosion. The fire continues to gain ground on VOYAGER as the CUBE fills the wormhole with a sudden burst of expelled energy. VOYAGER is thrown forward like a child's toy.

27 INT. VOYAGER. BRIDGE. 27

The back wall of the bridge erupts in a shower of sparks as VOYAGER is hit by the remnants of the cube.

RY  
Tom!

But it is too late - everyone on the bridge is thrown violently forward and they collapse in a variety of heaps from being strewn over consoles or dropped in unconscious lumps on the floor.

Slow fade to black.

28 EXT. SPACE. 28

Fade in.

VOYAGER drifts in space - she appears lifeless, motionless by her own power, merely coasting along with the solar winds. All lights and signs of shipboard activity are dark.

29 INT. VOYAGER. BRIDGE. 29

A small fire burns in the back of the bridge, its crackling and popping adding the only ambient sounds and lights to the scene. The computer screens and lights are dead, inactive. One by one, crew members are beginning to stir, struggling to their feet, and taking measure of the situation.

HARRY

What happened?

TOM

The last I remember was heading through the wormhole.

SEVEN

The Borg cube was enveloped in an explosion.

B'ELANNA

Captain?

B'ELANNA works her way over to where RY has worked himself up to one knee.

RY

Where are we?

RY climbs to his feet and looks toward the back of the bridge.

TUVOK

All sensors are off-line. We have been drifting for several hours.

HARRY

Computer systems are coming back online.

SEVEN

I am having trouble determining our exit point from the wormhole.

RY

But where are we?

B'ELANNA stops, her attention turned toward the flickering viewscreen where amid the static a distinctive planet with a series of rings.

B'ELANNA

Tuvok... Seven... anybody... can you clear that up?

HARRY

Is that... Saturn?

SEVEN taps at her console and the image begins to get clearer. TOM turns his attention to the flickering display screens in the conn.

TOM

... Apparently. Stellar positions would put us in the Sol system, although there's... something strange about the stars...

TOM shakes his head in frustration as the console he was reading emits a single spark and goes dead. Two other panels on the conn spring to life.

RY

(Stumbling)

Hailing frequencies, Mister Kim.

HARRY

Sorry, Captain, comm systems are still down. I'll try to get them back online.

RY

I'm sure there are other priorities for the time being. Tom, set a course... for earth.

TOM

That's a command I've been waiting to hear for quite a while now... aye, aye.

SEVEN

Captain, Mister Paris made an accurate statement about the odd stellar placements. Based on what scanners we have available, I do not believe we are in the 24th century.

B'ELANNA crosses to her Engineering Station and looks at the display.

B'ELANNA

(Confused)

I'm not showing any Starfleet signatures in system. No sign of Jupiter Station, the Mars colonies, Utopia Planitia...

30 EXT. SPACE. 30

VOYAGER flies through frame and closes on the orb of EARTH.

31 INT. VOYAGER. BRIDGE. 31

HARRY

Nothing...

TUVOK

Planetary scans indicate the current date to be October 24... 2001.

HARRY

But that's more than 350 years back in time...

SEVEN

The Borg must have been altering time, as well as space.

TOM

There's something else weird, though.

RY steps toward THE CONN.

TOM

I'm looking at the limited information I have available, but 21st century earth ... well, it doesn't seem to be matching... 21st century earth.

RY

What do you mean?

TOM

I mean... I'm not seeing any evidence of places like Chronowerx or the Sanctuary Districts... all of those things that are characteristic and representative of earth in this century.

TUVOK

Something must have affected the timeline.

HARRY

The Borg? They've used time travel before...

B'ELANNA

The last time the Borg traversed time, the Enterprise used their deflector dish to create a temporal vortex to return to the 24th century.

RY

Does our deflector have enough power to do that?

B'ELANNA

Even if I have to get down there and turn a hand crank, it will.

RY

Open the vortex then, and take Voyager through.

32 EXT. SPACE. EARTH ORBIT.

32

VOYAGER's deflector glows blue and emits a burst of energy that creates a swirling vortex in front of the ship. The ship pushes forward and begins to disappear within the vortex, only to pass directly through it.

33 INT. VOYAGER. BRIDGE.

33

HARRY

What just happened?

B'ELANNA

We passed through the vortex as if it wasn't even there!

RY

(In thought)

Can we establish a communication link *through* the vortex?

SEVEN

Only by routing our broadcast through the deflector.

RY

Do it. Can you determine if we are contacting our 24th century or this earth's?

B'ELANNA

The comm line has been established. As far as I can tell... it looks like we have created a temporal vortex to our future.

HARRY

Should I contact Starfleet Command?

RY

No. Not yet. Prepare a short explanation message of our situation and transmit it directly to Admiral Paris at Command. We'll reconvene in the briefing room in one hour. Meanwhile, Lieutenant Torres and Commander Tuvok, begin overseeing repairs: get our systems back online. Seven, try to figure out where exactly we are and what happened when we entered the Borg wormhole. Tom, you and Mister Kim head down to the surface. I want some covert reconnaissance - gather proof that we're in an alternate universe. I'll be in my Ready Room. I am... expecting a transmission from Admiral Paris once our message arrives on his desk. Please direct it to me there.

34 INT. VOYAGER. READY ROOM.

34

RY sits at the Ready Room desk, his arms folded neatly, deliberately across the desk, his attention directed at the small computer console that sits in the center of the desk and displays an image of a very furious OWEN PARIS.

PARIS

You have a LOT of explaining to do,  
Lieutenant.

RY waits a beat and then gestures at the pips on his collar.

RY

With all due respect Admiral...

PARIS

Captain? Where's Janeway-?

RY

Captain Janeway and Commander  
Chakotay are dead. I have been in  
operational control of Voyager  
since my arrival.

PARIS

An arrival which should NEVER have  
happened... you've committed quite  
a large number of violations...

RY

I'm not asking you to forgive me  
for what I've done. I understand  
that it was a breach of protocol  
and a violation of the command  
structure. I'm asking you to  
consider how many of Starfleet's  
most decorated officers haven't  
done the same thing.

Beat while both sides consider this. RY continues.

RY

Admiral, are you aware that the  
Borg were building a network of  
wormholes able to transport them...  
their ships, their fleets... their  
collective... throughout the  
galaxy?

PARIS

(Unaware)

What...?

RY

Voyager, under my command,  
destroyed this complex. The Borg  
are crippled beyond words, their  
ability to move about the quadrants  
has been greatly reduced.

PARIS

As heartening as that information  
might be, it does not redeem you  
for what you've done.

RY

Admiral, I have been offered a  
promotion no less than three  
times. Each time, I rejected it,  
specifically to stay on board the  
Pathfinder Project.

PARIS

(Nodding; reluctantly)

And each time that you rejected  
that promotion, I felt a hint of  
selfish reassurance. You deserved  
to move on of course, but I wanted  
to keep you around Pathfinder. You  
are one of the brightest officers  
to come out of the academy in  
years. I don't entirely understand  
your background, but you clearly  
bring something to the table that  
no one else does. You would easily  
have made Captain by this point had  
you taken everything that came your  
way.

RY

Then all I ask is for you to honor  
what could have been, might have  
been, were it not for Voyager.

PARIS

If you're asking for a free ride up  
to Captain, you can forget  
it. Especially with the black  
marks that go on your record today.

RY

Then make it a field  
promotion. (Quick beat) I'm not  
trying to ask for any favors,  
Admiral, but think about everything  
the Voyager crew has been through

(MORE)

RY (cont'd)  
 the three days. For what it's worth, they've come to trust me, and asking them to have a sudden void in leadership - again - is only going to make things worse.

PARIS  
 I'll take quite a bit of flack from the other admirals for this...

RY  
 Admiral Paris, I'll accept whatever punishment, whatever court martial comes my way, but consider what's best for the Voyager crew... for your son.

35 INT. VOYAGER. BRIEFING ROOM.

35

The Senior Staff has gathered. This time, RY is already present in the room. The mood is relatively somber.

RY  
 Let's begin with the most urgent of matters. Seven: how did we get here?

SEVEN  
 The majority of our computer systems went off line due to a combination of our battle against the Borg and the resulting explosion of their complex. Because of the lack of sensor data, I cannot provide our exact exit point from the wormhole. We do have an approximate length of time that we were drifting through space that allows Astrometric sensors to extrapolate a number of possible locations. Due to the instability and unpredictability of solar winds, however, these remain more theoretically based than practical.

RY  
 Perhaps, then, we can at least be a bit more certain in determining exactly *where* or, rather, *when* we are. Tom?

TOM

Right. Well, Harry and I checked out the San Fransisco city library and my earlier guesses were correct - this is some sort of parallel earth. The biggest thing we found - or didn't find - was the lack of the Eugenics Wars.

HARRY

They should have wrapped up about six years ago, but I could find no records of them even occurring in the first place.

TOM

While we were at it, on a more personal note to Voyager, I also checked for the Millennium Gate, which should be well under construction by this point, but again, came up with no sign of it even being thought of.

RY

Through my communications with Starfleet Command, I can confirm that we have been able to communicate with the "accepted" version of the 24th Century. Which brings up the question of what happened with the temporal vortex.

DOCTOR

I think I can answer that one.

B'ELANNA

Since when did you dabble in spatial phenomenon?

DOCTOR

When I was treating the injured from the Borg conflict. Although it was not - is not - affecting any member of the crew in any harmful ways that I can detect, my cellular scans showed a new particle that had grafted itself into the DNA of what I am presuming to be all crew members.

TOM

That sounds... uncomfortable.

TUVOK

This particle does not pose a risk?

DOCTOR

Not from what I can tell. It's hard to identify, but my early theory is that this particle is some type of severely mutated chroniton. Without question it had to have come as a "side effect" from the Borg's artificially-created wormhole.

SEVEN

Chronitons...

DOCTOR

The problem is that the altered chroniton particles are phasing in and out of temporal sync, taking each of your respective DNA strands with it. Now, we personally aren't going to notice any difference in our day-to-day lives, but we do when we try to pass through any type of temporal mechanism.

HARRY

So it's that... we exist in this temporal time frame... yet we don't?

SEVEN

And because of that, we can't be removed from this time frame for we do not completely exist here?

DOCTOR

I'm a Doctor, not a temporal scientist. Frankly this line of thinking gives me a headache. Or it would, if I could get headaches. Whatever explanation you want to give, the altered chronitons make you immune to the effect of temporal vortexes. I would assume the same would apply for other means of time traveling as well.

B'ELANNA

So we just need to find a way to remove the chroniton particles from our systems, and then we can head to the right century.

DOCTOR

That's what I thought originally, but something kept nagging at me about the way in which this particle infused itself into biological systems. I performed a series of scans on various inanimate objects to test my hypothesis - a hypospray canister, my mobile emitter, a replicator, even a cup of tea freshly created by the replicator. All of them showed traces of the chroniton particles. It would have been a relatively straight-forward, though highly complicated and well suited to my abilities, procedure to remove the excess particles from your DNA. Removing them from non-biological material is another matter entirely as the chronitons have already begun to merge with other chemical compounds. It will take some time for further study.

HARRY

Captain, what are the chances that the Borg used their wormhole before it collapsed? 21st century earth could find itself staring down the wrong end of an assimilation tubule.

SEVEN

The Borg would not have created a wormhole complex if they did not have intentions of using it.

RY

I think for the time being, we need to make it our priority to protect this incarnation of earth.

B'ELANNA

So we just... sit around earth's orbit? We'll probably be finished with repairs within a month. Then

(MORE)

B'ELANNA (cont'd)

what? Bide our time in orbit and wait for the Doctor to finish his research?

TOM

We'll want to be careful about maintaining an orbit of the planet. It may be only the 21st century, but if we get too close, they won't have any troubles detecting us.

B'ELANNA

Even better. Let's just head out to some pocket of empty space.

RY

Voyager will remain in earth's orbit until we have a clearer picture of the road that lies ahead. We should be able to utilize the moon to protect us from their sensor technology. As soon as repairs are complete, Mister Kim, I would ask you to develop a schedule for communication with the Alpha Quadrant. No longer are the length of your messages limited by a quantum pulsar halfway across the galaxy.

HARRY

Of course, Captain... do you think, that even though we can't cross through a temporal vortex, our families could come visit us here?

TUVOK

I would advise against it.

DOCTOR

I agree. Before we even think about bringing other people into this time frame, I would need to run a series of tests on non-infused objects and organisms to see if the chroniton particles will eventually spread to them as well.

B'ELANNA

Then what would you have us tell our families? Send the old crossword puzzles and board games as we'll need some kind of purpose to keep us motivated?

Everyone looks to RY for an answer. RY allows his gaze to drift off for a moment in contemplation before looking back up at the Senior Staff.

RY

The debate of philosophy has always been common among my people; it is not something I'm particularly proud of, but it is an element that defines who we are. More specifically, the debate of our purpose. The reason for our existence. It is my belief, that we are all here for a reason. That... every action we take serves only to drive us closer to a purpose. Some people may look at events as mistakes, as accidents, but I tend to view them more as stepping stones. (Beat) Seven years ago, this crew was stranded in the Delta Quadrant. Not exactly an ideal position to be in. But without that single moment, who could predicted what kind of people you would have all become? The Doctor would never have been given an opportunity to rise above his programming and become an individual, to found a new category of existence. Seven of Nine would never have been freed from the Borg and been provided with a second chance at life. Lieutenant Torres would never have fallen in love with Tom, would never have had a child. Without that life-changing moment seven years ago, a lot of very good things would never have happened. The Delta Quadrant has been forever changed, for the better, because of Voyager's involvement. Today, the Federation's greatest nemesis has been dealt a blow that they might

(MORE)

RY (cont'd)  
 never recover from. Because of  
Voyager. Was that, then, the  
 purpose of this ship and this  
 crew? This is central to the  
 debate of my people: at what point  
 has a being's purpose been  
 fulfilled? My view is that a  
 purpose is never completed until  
 death, perhaps not even  
 then. Every event in our lives,  
 regardless of how large or  
 insignificant, merely helps to  
 shape us and bring us closer to our  
 final purpose. That purpose, I  
 believe, is still out there on the  
 horizon. It has always been the  
 mission... the purpose of this crew  
 to get home. (Beat) This crew is  
 home. It just isn't the one you  
 were expecting. (Longer beat) We  
 will continue to work to try and  
 find a means of returning to the  
 right century... and the right  
 universe. But for now... I believe  
 that the adventure is just  
 beginning.

36 INT. VOYAGER. VARIOUS.

36

From the Briefing Room, we enter into a music-swelling montage of the Voyager crew attempting to return to "life as normal." TUVOK meditating in his quarters. Crew members relaxing, laughing in the MESS HALL - pan to a darkened, empty kitchen. HARRY playing the clarinet. Various crew members in Engineering going about their business under VORIK's watchful eyes. SEVEN playing kadis-kot with NAOMI WILDMAN as ICHEB looks on. TOM and B'ELANNA in their quarters playing with MIRAL. SAMANTHA WILDMAN examining some test-tubes in the Science Lab. The DOCTOR singing opera music while sitting in his Sickbay Office. Finally, to RY sitting in front of the computer screen in the Ready Room.

37 EXT. SPACE.

37

A long shot of Voyager holding position over the dark side of the moon with EARTH in the background. It is the perfect closing moment, a picture-esque "last shot" until...

RY (V/O)  
Captain's Log: Supplemental. We're  
in position. Now we wait.

FADE.