

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"To the End of Tomorrow"

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STAR TREK: VOYAGER - "To the End..." - 12/11/95 - CAST

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"To the End of Tomorrow"

CAST

JANEWAY

CHAKOTAY

TORRES

TUVOK

PARIS

KIM

DOCTOR

KES

NEELIX

ENGINE ROOM

OLD KIM

KID

Non-Speaking

SECURITY GUARDS

VOYAGER CREW

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"To the End of Tomorrow"

SETS

INTERIORS

USS VOYAGER  
MAIN BRIDGE  
BRIEFING ROOM  
TURBOLIFT  
CORRIDOR  
TRANSPORTER ROOM  
SICKBAY  
GUEST QUARTERS  
GALLEY

EXTERIORS

ATAXIA  
HILL  
LAB

ATAXIA  
LAB

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"To the End of Tomorrow"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1. EXT. SPACE - THE VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

The U.S.S. Voyager is cruising through space at warp speeds, on its way back to the Alpha Quadrant.

2. INT. MAIN BRIDGE

On the BRIDGE, PARIS, KIM, CHAKOTAY and TUVOK are at their stations performing their normal duties. JANEWAY and TORRES are in the middle of a conversation.

JANEWAY

So it is possible.

TORRES

Yes, but to send a signal powerful enough to reach the Alpha Quadrant will take all of our power -- including life support.

JANEWAY

How long would we be without life support?

TORRES

Not long. I could get life support back on-line within a few minutes. Everything else would come back within half an hour.

JANEWAY

And how long of a message could we send?

TORRES

Not long. Perhaps twenty seconds before we blew the communications array.

JANEWAY

Twenty seconds. Long enough to say  
we're here and we survived. It might be  
worth it --

KIM

Captain!

JANEWAY has time to turn around, but that's all. THE  
SHIP ROCKS FROM AN IMPACT. The lights dim. TORRES  
grabs for a panel and reads the data.

TORRES

Shields down! We're losing the internal  
dampeners!

JANEWAY

What's happening?

KIM

We're being hit by some kind of coherent  
chroniton beam. Very narrow, incredibly  
powerful. I only detected it a second  
before it hit us.

JANEWAY

Where?

KIM

Deck seven, section five. The briefing  
room.

TUVOK

Tuvok to security. Meet me in the  
briefing room, deck seven, section five.

TUVOK makes his way to the turbolift despite the  
trembling of the ship.

JANEWAY

Get me a fix on that beam's origin.  
Lock phasers. I want that beam shut  
down.

KIM

Captain, the beam originates on a heading one four nine mark seven five... not from a ship... at least nothing our sensors can detect. The energy signature doesn't look like weapons' fire, more like a transporter beam.

JANEWAY

Bridge to Tuvok. What's going on down there?

3A. INT. BRIEFING ROOM

TUVOK is standing with the SECURITY GUARDS, phasers ready.

3B. INT. BRIEFING ROOM (OPTICAL)

Ahead of them is a column of light resembling a transporter signal except it lasts much longer and is much louder and brighter. The column begins to take the shape of a man.

3C. INT. BRIEFING ROOM

TUVOK watches and raises an eyebrow with an almost emotional response.

TUVOK

(taps communicator)

Captain, I suggest you come down here and see for yourself. It appears we have beamed aboard... an old friend.

TUVOK steps over to the unconscious form; confirming his first impression. It is an old man dressed in the uniform of a Starfleet admiral. The face -- though wrinkled and gray -- is the same as Harry Kim!

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4A. INT. BRIEFING ROOM

OLD KIM slowly comes to as TUVOK kneels by his side and the other SECURITY GUARDS look on from the doorway.

OLD KIM  
(opens his eyes)  
The Voyager. I made it.

TUVOK  
Do not try to move. You may have been injured.

OLD KIM  
(looks up)  
Tuvok! Old friend!  
(he stands up with some difficulty)  
Nonsense. The old man has a few steps left. I'm fine. What's the stardate?

TUVOK  
It is currently Stardate \_\_.

OLD KIM  
Tuvok, I must speak with the senior officers. Time is of the essence.

TUVOK  
Captain Janeway is already on her way.

OLD KIM  
Excellent.

TUVOK  
(to other security guards)  
I must ask you not to discuss this incident with the crew until further notice. You are dismissed.

The SECURITY GUARDS leave.

OLD KIM  
Cautious and as always, concerned with  
the ship.

4B. INT. BRIEFING ROOM (OPTICAL)

JANEWAY enters the BRIEFING ROOM followed by CHAKOTAY,  
PARIS, KIM and TORRES.

JANEWAY  
Okay, Tuvok what's the mystery --

JANEWAY stops in her tracks. PARIS and KIM who were  
talking also stop in shock, especially KIM (for obvious  
reasons). OLD KIM stands up again and smiles at them  
all.

OLD KIM  
My dear Captain!  
(he gives her an embrace)  
Taught me everything I know in pool...  
and in command.

JANEWAY  
(looks at KIM and OLD KIM)  
Ensign?

OLD KIM  
Well, Admiral now, but please call me  
Harry. I remember you weren't much for  
formalities.

NEELIX and KES enter.

KES  
The holo-projectors on this deck are  
off-line. The doctor asked me to check  
for injuries --

KES stops as she sees OLD KIM for the first time.  
NEELIX walks over to OLD KIM.

NEELIX  
(looks at OLD KIM carefully)  
You look familiar, but I can't place  
where I've seen you before.



KIM  
You're me?

OLD KIM  
(smiles at his younger self)  
Actually, you're me. Well, used to be  
me... a long time ago. I can't believe  
how young you look. How young you all  
look.

PARIS  
(to KIM)  
Well, at least you keep your hair.

CHAKOTAY  
Is this some kind of illusion?

OLD KIM  
I'm afraid it's not. Please sit down.  
We don't have much time.

The crewmembers sit down at the table. KES passes  
behind OLD KIM at the head of the table and flinches a  
little as if she felt a pin prick in one of her  
sinuses. No one else notices.

OLD KIM  
Now where should I begin?

TORRES  
How about with who you are really?

OLD KIM  
B'Elanna, I think I've missed you most  
of all; a perfect blending of beauty and  
strength.  
(beat)  
I once compared you to a Tygarian Snap  
Flower -- with such bright blossoms,  
light and delicate, yet always ready to  
bite down on a careless finger...

KIM sinks in his seat a bit, reddening at TORRES's  
glance.

OLD KIM

I am Admiral Harry Kim, formerly of the  
starship Voyager. I know you must be  
skeptical, I would be if I were in your  
place.

(beat)

Please. Feel free to scan my DNA. It's  
important you trust me.

JANEWAY

Kes?

KES is rubbing the back of her head as if beginning to  
get a headache. JANEWAY asks again.

JANEWAY

Kes? Are you all right?

KES

(recovers)

Yes.

(looks at her medical tricorder)

His DNA matches the one we have on file  
with Ensign Kim though there are some  
variances which could be due to advanced  
age.

NEELIX takes her hand and pats it comfortingly. KES  
smiles at him and seems to feel better. OLD KIM leans  
forward to take control of the meeting.

OLD KIM

I have come from your future; seventy  
two years from now --

JANEWAY

Wait a minute, Admiral. If you tell us  
anything else, you run the risk of  
changing the future -- your present.

OLD KIM

I know. That's what we're counting on.

CHAKOTAY

I don't understand.

OLD KIM

In the current timeline, Voyager returned -- or rather will return -- to the Alpha Quadrant on Stardate 95105.4.

TUVOK

Sixty one years from now.

OLD KIM

Yes. When we returned, we found vast devastation. Earth was -- gone. Vulcan and Bajor burned and dead. Other systems were full of planets stripped of everything useful... more asteroid fields than I could count.

OLD KIM pauses, reliving the horror. The others share his vision of their homeworlds destroyed.

JANEWAY

(quietly)

What happened?

OLD KIM

The Borg. A few years from now, they will return to the Alpha Quadrant. Instead of attacking the Federation, they will first engage the Romulan Empire... and defeat them. Do you understand what that means?

CHAKOTAY

The Borg will assimilate them, integrate their technology... including the Cloaking Device.

OLD KIM

Correct. That was the key they needed to take over the entire Alpha Quadrant.

The Borg ships equipped with the Cloaking Device quickly crushed the Cardassians and Tholians. The Federation did not last much longer. By the time we returned, there weren't many safe places for independent life forms.

The Ferengi had a few ships still running, as did the Klingons and a handful of others. We've joined forces and call ourselves the League of Organics. We've engaged the Borg on a couple of occasions, but as you all know, new tactics and technological advances give some advantage over the Borg, but it never lasts very long.

CHAKOTAY

I know. I was with the Starfleet force at Wolf 359. We lost 11,000 men in less than a day.

OLD KIM

We fight on, but it's just a matter of time before we are all assimilated. However, we've developed a temporal transporter --

TORRES

That's impossible. No one can focus a chroniton beam that precisely.

OLD KIM

Impossible for you now, I agree. (he hands TORRES a small device) This will allow you to adapt your current transporter system to focus a chroniton beam. The new system will require a great deal more power, but that was the best we could do in the time left to us. It was very difficult to develop something compatible with such simple bioneural circuitry.

TORRES

(taken aback)

Simple bioneural --

(calms down)

Captain, with your permission, I'd like to take a look at the schematics of this and see what it will do.

JANEWAY

All right. Report back to me when you have it figured out.

TORRES

That may be awhile. For this to do what he says it can do should be impossible.

(shrugs)

I'll let you know what I find out.

JANEWAY nods and TORRES leaves.

KIM

(to OLD KIM)

Can we use that device to return home?

OLD KIM

No. You don't have the power. However, you do have the power to destroy the Borg before they ever return to the Alpha Quadrant.

JANEWAY

Admiral -- Harry, I have no desire to have the Borg wipe out everything I have ever known, but I cannot condone the eradication of an entire race of beings. The Prime Directive --

OLD KIM

This is war. Total war. You know in the past the Federation set aside the Prime Directive when its security was threatened.

JANEWAY

That hasn't been done in decades. It was proved the damage was more costly than if we had allowed the security threats to continue.

OLD KIM

This is different. The Prime Directive was a fine policy to follow when independent life forms could allow a few civilizations here and there wipe themselves out. We no longer have that luxury. Every civilization everywhere must be pushed to the limit just to survive.

JANEWAY

Destroying an entire race... without the Prime Directive we become as terrible as the Borg.

OLD KIM

There is no other way. We've fought the Borg for decades now... we know what the cost is. Even so, this temporal transporter was designed to be the ultimate weapon; a doomsday device to end everything. Believe me, if there was any other way...

(he gathers his thoughts)

In any case, we don't want to destroy the Borg completely, we just want to take away their tactical advantage over the Romulans. Give them a chance to defeat the Borg.

KIM

I never thought I'd hear myself trying to save the Romulans from destruction.

JANEWAY

What do you have in mind?

OLD KIM

About a century ago -- twenty years for you -- there was a man named Trebor Piana who became dictator of a planet in the Ataxian star system.

PARIS

So what? There are hundreds of planetary dictatorships...

OLD KIM

This one was different. Piana was cruel, perhaps insane, but he was a military genius. His tactics helped him take over his planet, and when the Borg absorbed him, they used his ideas to trap and ultimately wipe out the Romulan fleet.

JANEWAY

So what's your plan? How do we stop the Borg from using this tactical advantage?

OLD KIM

Isn't it obvious? We need you to beam back in time to Ataxia and assassinate Trebor Piana.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

5. INT. BRIEFING ROOM (OPTICAL)

JANEWAY

You want us to assassinate a political leader? You can't be serious!

OLD KIM

I need you to avenge the mass murderer of millions of Piana's own people and of trillions of others that have been assimilated into the Borg collective against their will.

CHAKOTAY

Why us? Why not just transport a force to Ataxia?

OLD KIM

We didn't have enough power to send someone back all the way to Ataxia a hundred years in the past. We needed a jumping off point. In order for the transporter to successfully aim at a moving target such as a starship, we needed to know where the ship would be in the exact instant I appeared. The Voyager is the only ship left with records going back this far with technology sufficiently advanced to be adapted for our needs.

(he looks around)

I was aiming for the transporter room... missed by a deck.

PARIS

It could have been worse. You could have ended up in one of the nacelles.

OLD KIM

That's true. I was chosen for the transport to persuade you to help, but I'm too old for this kind of mission.

(looks at KIM)

I'd need you to go in my place.



KIM  
Me?

OLD KIM  
You're the only one I can truly trust  
with the mission. I know you can do it.

PARIS  
Captain, if Harry is going, I'd like to  
go along too.

JANEWAY  
All right.

OLD KIM  
(to PARIS)  
Commendable. We were quite a team, you  
and I. I could tell you stories, but  
then -- you'll know them soon enough.

PARIS  
Assuming we can pull this off, Admiral,  
how do we get back?

OLD KIM  
You won't be able to talk to the ship,  
but this will allow you to get back.  
(he hands PARIS an isolinear chip)  
These are the schematics to modify a  
subspace transponder to emit a chroniton  
signal. It will work like an automatic  
return beacon. When you've accomplished  
your mission, just press the button.  
The transporter will be able to lock on  
to you and beam you back.

KIM  
What about you? How do you get back?

OLD KIM  
Theoretically the same way.  
(he fingers the return beacon attached  
to his sleeve)  
I hit this button and -- with a little  
bit of luck -- materialize in a future  
where we survive. I realize how  
desperate this must all sound to you...  
but understand, we are desperate.

JANEWAY

Admiral, if you don't mind, I'd like to talk to my people alone. Perhaps you'd like to rest.

OLD KIM

An excellent idea, Captain. I don't mind at all. It'll be good to rest these old bones in something as comfortable as a real bed.

JANEWAY stands, but OLD KIM motions her to sit back down.

OLD KIM

Don't worry, it's been awhile, but I think I still remember the way to the guest quarters.

NEELIX

(getting up with OLD KIM)  
I have the perfect cure for deep muscle aches: a bowl of Ludibrian Spicenoodles. If you'd like I can boil you up a bowl. I'm sure I have something down in the galley they won't eat through...

OLD KIM

That's quite all right. If you could perhaps spare a cup of coffee.

NEELIX

The replicators are off-line right now due to the power restraints, but I have something that's even better than coffee... as Captain Janeway will attest.

OLD KIM

(skeptically)

I think I'll wait for the replicators.

OLD KIM leaves with NEELIX at his side. KES looks after them still feeling an ache in the back of her head.

KES  
Captain? I'd like to return to Sickbay  
if you don't mind.

JANEWAY  
Are you in pain?

KES  
I feel a little -- odd. My head... it's  
gone now.

JANEWAY  
You'd better go to Sickbay anyway.  
Please let me know when you are feeling  
better.

KES  
Thank you, Captain.

JANEWAY and the others wait until the doors close  
behind her.

JANEWAY  
(returns attention to the table)  
Opinions.

TUVOK  
While there is no way for us to be sure,  
Admiral Kim's account of future events  
does sound uncomfortably plausible. He  
could be telling the truth.

KIM  
Could be?

TUVOK  
As I stated, there is no way for us to  
be sure.

JANEWAY  
What about this Ataxian system?

KIM

(checking the computer)

A Federation deep space probe discovered the Ataxia system fifty years ago. Since then, first contact teams have observed the planet at set intervals; waiting until the Ataxian culture develops further.

JANEWAY

And what about this Trebor Piana?

KIM

(shakes his head)

Sorry, Captain, the information we have on Ataxia is sketchy at best. The first contact teams have made no direct observations on the surface, just translations of their radio broadcasts. We have no information on any Ataxians by that name.

JANEWAY

So there's no way to determine if he's telling us everything he knows.

TUVOK

That is almost a certainty. The primary question we should be discussing is whether his plan has merit.

CHAKOTAY

I don't like it. Killing someone before they commit a crime?

TUVOK

If the destruction of the Alpha Quadrant is as widespread as he describes, the chances of bringing Trebor Piana and the Borg to justice in front a war crimes tribunal are slim at best.

PARIS

But what if we're wrong? What if we kill this guy, but his twin brother rises to power... or his best friend?

JANEWAY

There's simply no way for us to know for certain. The question is do we trust him?

TUVOK

(turns to KIM)

Ensign, I would to hear your opinion.

KIM

(quietly)

I think we have to do it.

PARIS

What? Harry, why?

KIM

I don't like this mission... and I've never killed anyone. But he knows that. He knows how I feel. If he has come back from the future despite knowing that... then this mission must be necessary.

JANEWAY

I see. Ensign, you and Lieutenant Paris report to the transporter room and assist Lieutenant Torres with her modifications of the transporter. Let me know when you are ready to beam down.

KIM

Yes, Captain.

KIM and PARIS leave.

CHAKOTAY

Sixty one years... I was hoping that we'd make better time than that.

TUVOK

I must point out that our current E.T.A. is sixty nine years, two months and three days, so we did indeed make better time than we expect. Logically --

CHAKOTAY

Logically, with a life span of 170, you have a good chance to return to the Alpha Quadrant alive. I can't say that for the rest of us.

JANEWAY

Please. The future's not set in stone. If we can destroy a threat to the Federation before it ever becomes a threat, then perhaps we can find a way to get back to our homes within our lifetime... all of our lifetimes.

6. INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

PARIS and KIM enter. TORRES is working with the device OLD KIM gave her.

PARIS

So where do we start?

TORRES

(distracted)

Hmm?

PARIS

What can we do to help?

TORRES

Nothing.

PARIS

Nothing?

TORRES

It's done. Craziest thing I ever saw. I just put this in our biochip reader and the next thing I knew, all of our transporter circuits are being reconfigured to emit chroniton particles. It's ready to go as far as I can tell. Though with the power this thing needs, we'll probably burn out the unit after three or four transports.

KIM

(looking at the isolinear chip OLD KIM  
gave him)

Then all we need to put this into the  
tricorders and we'll be ready to go.

PARIS

Harry, does it seem strange to you that  
this is all happening so fast? We don't  
have any time to think about what we're  
really doing here.

KIM

That's fine with me. I don't want to  
think about it.

7. INT. GALLEY

KES walks into the galley where NEELIX is already hard  
at work whipping up something. She is still touching  
her head tenderly, but more curious about the effect  
rather than feeling pain.

KES

Neelix, have you taken the Admiral his  
coffee yet?

NEELIX

Not yet. I thought I'd make the  
Spicenoodles first; in case he changed  
his mind. Of course, he'll have to  
change his mind quickly, the pot is  
beginning to dissolve. Could you take  
him some coffee from the replicator? I  
have to switch pots.

KES

Sure.

NEELIX

Are you feeling better?

KES

I'm fine.

NEELIX

Perhaps when I'm done with the  
Spicenoodles, I'll whip up a batch of  
that Ocampan Air Pastry you love so  
much. I'm sure there's nothing it can't  
cure.

KES

It's a date.

8. INT. GUEST QUARTERS

The room is darkened. OLD KIM is in shadow. The door  
chimes.

OLD KIM

Come in.

The doors open, revealing KES backlit in the doorway.

KES

Admiral, I brought you your coffee...

KES walks in to give OLD KIM the mug she's holding when  
a wave of pain almost makes her fall over. The coffee  
drops to the deck. OLD KIM moves to catch her.

OLD KIM

Are you all right?

KES

Yes... no... I'm just a little dizzy.  
(she stands on her own, but her face is  
still clouded by pain)  
I'm fine. Really.

OLD KIM

(ushers her to a chair)

Please sit down and rest a moment. Is  
it a pain in your head? The back of  
your head, like a low throbbing.

KES

(pain mixed with surprise)  
That's right.



OLD KIM

Long ago Ocampans were quite powerful telepaths, were they not? Able to read each others' minds and the minds of other species?

KES

I don't know for sure. Most of the stories are extremely old... and they speak of the Caretaker's influence on my people.

OLD KIM

But you believe in the legends? You've been able to use your powers even without the help of the Caretaker... and you've been training with Tuvok to further develop your abilities.

KES

Yes.

OLD KIM

And now you can feel something inside your head; like a message struggling to be understood.

KES

(getting out of the chair)  
Perhaps I should leave.

KES turns to go, but OLD KIM grabs her wrist. KES's eyes widen in fright as the pain in her head is finally understood: OLD KIM is dangerous.

OLD KIM

No. Stay. A latent telepath who does not know how strong her talents are nor how to use them effectively... interesting. We did not know the scope of your abilities because you did not live long enough to reach the Alpha Quadrant. You were the random element; the only danger to our plan. But you will be easily eliminated... it can be accomplished with just bare hands.

KES tries to get away, but OLD KIM is too strong. He grabs her by the throat and begins to strangle her. KES tries to scream, but no sound comes out. She's losing consciousness when a stream of phaser fire throws OLD KIM against the wall. He collapses and two SECURITY GUARDS rush in and lock him in restraints.

JANEWAY

Take him to Sickbay and keep him under guard. I want to know who or what he really is.

The SECURITY GUARDS half-carry, half-drag the semi-conscious OLD KIM out of the room. TUVOK kneels beside KES who is still lying on the floor.

TUVOK

(to KES)

Are you injured?

KES

(regaining her breath)

No, I'm fine. How did you know I was in trouble?

TUVOK

We heard your screaming.

KES

But I didn't scream. I couldn't. He was strangling me.

JANEWAY

But I heard you.

TUVOK

As did I...

(raises an eyebrow)

Fascinating.

Before they can discuss KES's telepathic abilities to any extent, the lights dim and the ships rocks.

JANEWAY  
(realizing what it is)  
Oh no.  
(to her communicator)  
Transporter room! Do not engage! Do  
not let them beam down!

9A. INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

The transporter room is bathed in an odd glow coming from the new transporter beam. TORRES springs into action, frantically working the controls.

TORRES  
I can't stop the transporter sequence.  
The modifications must have a built in  
override.

JANEWAY  
(on communicator)  
Can you bring them back?

9B. INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM (OPTICAL)

TORRES looks up as the last traces of the chroniton beam fade from the transporter platform. The lights return to normal.

9C. INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

TORRES stares at the now empty transporter pad.

TORRES  
No. It's too late. They're gone.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

10. EXT. ATAXIA - HILL - NIGHT (OPTICAL)

A grassy hill under a sea of stars. Then, suddenly, the area brightens as two columns of energy slowly coalesce into KIM and PARIS.

KIM  
Did we make it?

PARIS  
(looks up at the sky)  
The star patterns are different... for whatever that's worth.

KIM  
(pulls out his tricorder)  
I can match them up to the data we have given the distance and time traveled. Give me a minute.

PARIS  
(checks his own tricorder)  
Harry, take a look at the atmosphere readings.

KIM  
(switches over)  
Yeah, so?

PARIS  
Judging from the air, I'd say this planet is nowhere near the level of first contact. Look, smoke from burned wood and coal, some partially burned hydrocarbons, but no artificial radioactivity. They don't have nuclear power yet. And I can't think of a single civilization that's got very far into space without splitting the atom.

KIM  
Well, the star parallaxes are correct. We're on the right planet.

PARIS  
That's some relief.

KIM  
(uneasily)  
So, how do you want to do this?

PARIS  
As quickly as possible and get the hell  
out of here.

KIM  
No, I mean how do we find this guy?

PARIS  
How about "take me to your leader?"

KIM  
That's not very funny.

PARIS  
Well, we can try to blend in with the  
local populace -- we'll probably need  
some new clothes -- then work our way  
towards their capital city.

Suddenly a bright light flips on, the spot holding KIM  
and PARIS. They stop and hold their hands up -- trying  
to seem as non-menacing as possible. Their captor is  
silhouetted against the bright light he's holding, but  
they can make out his shape.

KID  
Hold it right there!

The voice belongs to someone young, perhaps someone  
about 14 years old.

KIM  
(to PARIS)  
It's a kid.

PARIS  
(putting his hands down)  
For crying out loud.

KID  
I said, hold it right there!

PARIS  
(sounding annoyed)  
Look, it's late. Why don't you go home  
and go to bed before I tell your folks?

KID  
Stay away from my parents, you -- alien  
monsters!

KIM  
(confused)  
Monsters? What?

PARIS  
(beginning to get a bad feeling)  
What are you talking about? We're just  
from... another state.

KID  
Oh yeah?

The KID turns off the light and PARIS and KIM confirm he's humanoid, but not even remotely human. And by his expression, the KID is not used to them either.

KID  
Then how come your skin's that weird  
color? And where'd you get those ears?

KIM  
I don't think we're going to be able to  
just -- blend in no matter what clothes  
we get.

PARIS  
(to KIM)  
Then we go to Plan B.  
(turns to KID with an uneasy smile)  
Uh, take us to your leader?

CUT TO:

11. INT. SICKBAY

Meanwhile on the Voyager, JANEWAY and TUVOK are watching OLD KIM who is in restraints. KES is in another bed being checked out by the DOCTOR and hovered over by a worried NEELIX.

KES  
Neelix, really, I'm fine.

DOCTOR  
(checking her vital signs as he walks to  
OLD KIM's bed)  
Though if you feed her any more of that  
pastry, she's won't be.

JANEWAY  
(standing with TUVOK)  
How could he have faked a DNA scan?

TUVOK  
Perhaps it is really Harry Kim; altered  
or controlled by the Borg.

JANEWAY  
But the Borg implants we've seen are  
primarily external.

TUVOK  
But for such a mission, the Borg would  
have to pass as human. All signs of  
assimilation would have to be internal.  
Theoretically our own nanite technology  
could provide the control --

DOCTOR  
Amazing.

TUVOK  
What have you discovered, Doctor?

DOCTOR  
Ensign Kim's physical condition has  
greatly deteriorated. He seems to have  
aged seventy years since his last  
physical three weeks ago, and I cannot  
find the cause.

JANEWAY

He appears to have aged because he has aged. This is not our Ensign Kim, but rather who he'll be in the future.

DOCTOR

(not happy he wasn't informed earlier)  
The future... I see. Well, that explains the aging. Do you have an explanation for the parasite, or would you like me to continue guessing?

JANEWAY

Parasite?

DOCTOR

Yes.

The DOCTOR turns OLD KIM's head to reveal a small stinger-like object protruding from the base of his neck. The DOCTOR points to it on the medical scanner.

DOCTOR

The creature is attached to the spinal column; "plugged in" so to speak to his brain.

JANEWAY

Is it controlling him?

DOCTOR

Most likely. The records I have on this creature suggest they will take control of humanoid hosts whenever possible.

JANEWAY

You know about these -- creatures?

DOCTOR

Of course. I have copies of all the medical data in the archives at Memory Alpha. This parasite was first discovered during an infestation eight years ago --

TUVOK

At Starfleet Command.



DOCTOR

Yes. Many of Starfleet's highest ranked officers were infected.

JANEWAY

I've never heard of this.

TUVOK

Due to the sensitive nature of the infestation, it was not made public. These creatures -- through their hosts -- were able to control much of Starfleet Command; fleet movements, production, communication. The crew of the Enterprise D was able to determine Starfleet was compromised by performing a comprehensive statistical analysis of Starfleet orders to note irregularities.

JANEWAY

(to DOCTOR)

Can you remove the creature?

DOCTOR

I don't know. The first infestation was stopped by destroying the species' Hive Queen. There is no recommended surgical procedure for individual removal.

JANEWAY

Can't you make your own recommendation with the information you have at hand?

DOCTOR

Well, yes, but --

JANEWAY

Then let me know when you have removed the creature.

JANEWAY and TUVOK leave.

DOCTOR

Just remove the creature... simple... like removing a hangnail or curing a cold... no problem.

JANEWAY walks into the transporter room where TORRES and SEVERAL ENGINEERS have the equipment taken apart.

JANEWAY

Have you found any way to pull them back?

TORRES

No, Captain. We can't get a fix on their position in space-time until they activate their return beacon.

JANEWAY

Can we signal them somehow?

TORRES

No. A signal from this end would fracture subspace. We'd never be able to get them back.

JANEWAY

Then we'll just have to follow them back through time and get them ourselves.

TORRES

The first transport burned out a number of subsystems. We're going to have to replace them.

JANEWAY

How long?

TORRES

Five or six hours.

JANEWAY

You have two.

CUT TO:

13. EXT. VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

14. INT. BRIDGE

DOCTOR  
(on communicator)  
Holographic Doctor to the Captain.  
Please respond.

JANEWAY  
Janeway here.

DOCTOR  
I have removed the parasite with partial  
success. The patient is conscious and  
wants to speak with you... though I  
believe he should rest.

JANEWAY  
I'll be right there.

15. INT. SICKBAY

OLD KIM is awake, but he looks bad; he's dying.  
JANEWAY quietly pulls up a chair to sit by his side.

JANEWAY  
How do you feel?

OLD KIM  
Neck hurts... can't feel my legs.  
(smiles)  
Terrific. You don't know what it's like  
to be controlled like that for so long.

DOCTOR  
(quietly to JANEWAY)  
You should make this quick, I don't  
believe he has much time left.

JANEWAY nods and the DOCTOR leaves them alone. OLD KIM  
knows what his condition is, but he appears to have  
made peace with himself.

JANEWAY  
What was the real purpose of your  
mission?

OLD KIM

These creatures... call themselves the J'Rai. They tried taking over the Federation once before... about eight years ago in your past --

JANEWAY

Yes, we know.

OLD KIM

Their hive was destroyed, but they were able to pass on the knowledge they had learned about the Federation and how it works. The Federation realized there was a threat, but they worked so hard defending against the obvious threats from the Dominion and the Borg, they forgot about the J'Rai until it was too late. Forty years from now, most of the Alpha Quadrant will be under their control.

JANEWAY

But what does Ataxia have to do with this? They're not part of the Federation... they don't even have space travel yet according to the reports.

OLD KIM

Controlled by the J'Rai... it's like living in a waking nightmare. You find yourself moving, working, hurting, killing, totally unable to stop. A few, a very few can shield their true thoughts from the J'Rai. Even fewer can momentarily retake control of their bodies for a few minutes. But Trebor Piana is the only host of any species that has ever been able to throw off the J'Rai influence completely.

JANEWAY

How?

OLD KIM

They don't know. The central hive on Ataxia was destroyed and they're afraid to send in ships in fear signals from the planet will corrupt more hosts. They're scared, Captain. They want Piana destroyed.

DOCTOR

(eyeing the medical instruments)  
His systems are shutting down. There's nothing else I can do for him.

OLD KIM

I fought them though. I fought them. I was forced to help develop the temporal transporter... forced to go back in time. But here -- so far from the hive, the J'Rai was weaker. I fought them... and won.

JANEWAY

What did you do?

OLD KIM

The J'Rai think of us only as tools. They have no idea how we think, how we feel. The Ataxians are roughly humanoid, and the J'Rai never even considered the physical differences between species. And the Ataxians have never seen aliens before.

JANEWAY

You didn't say anything about that before. Xenophobia... are my people in danger?

OLD KIM

No. The cultural reports show remarkable openness among the Ataxians.

JANEWAY

Then there could still be a danger. They might still reach Trebor Piana and kill him.

OLD KIM

(smiles and shakes his head)

I was able to change the transporter coordinates. Tom and Harry will arrive years too early. Piana won't be a famous scientist yet... impossible to find. Perhaps he won't be born at all.

OLD KIM is still smiling, but the effort to explain has exhausted him. He falls back into the bed. JANEWAY takes his hand.

JANEWAY

Save your strength.

OLD KIM

(weaker)

I have to go home. I have to know whether I was successful or not. Please, activate my return beacon.

JANEWAY flips open the control panel on the beacon and presses the button. The panel lights up and the beacon begins to emit an electronic whine.

JANEWAY

All right. The beacon has been activated. How long will it take?

OLD KIM

Not long, I think.

JANEWAY shakes her head and takes OLD KIM's hand.

OLD KIM

I have no official rank over you, but... please don't tell anyone I died... here... especially not my younger self. He has too much to look forward to without knowing that... all of you do... I think I know that now.

OLD KIM falls back smiling at something unseen. JANEWAY lets go of his hand as his grip weakens and falls away. OLD KIM dies and his body fades away in the bright beam of the time transporter. She pauses for a moment then walks out of the Sickbay.

16. INT. CORRIDOR

JANEWAY is in a solemn mood after. She walks slowly, aimlessly until TORRES runs up to meet her.

TORRES

Captain, we've finished the repairs on the transporter, and I've got my staff modifying tricorders now. With luck, we should be ready to go in a few minutes.

JANEWAY

We?

TORRES

You did say we had to go back and get them.

JANEWAY is not impressed by that reasoning.

TORRES

Request permission to accompany you.

JANEWAY

This mission is too dangerous to allow the Chief Engineer --

TORRES

Then it's probably too dangerous for the Captain to go as well. In which case, I would be derelict in my duty not to notify the First Officer and recommend the captain not be allowed to beam into a hazardous situation.

(beat)

That's a Starfleet regulation. I just looked it up.

JANEWAY

(smiles despite herself)

By the book. I'm impressed.

TORRES

Starfleet's rules, not mine. If you let me come along, I could be persuaded to forget this conversation ever happened.

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JANEWAY

I see. Very well, welcome to my little party.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

17. INT. LAB

The darkness is broken by a regular door opening. A light switch is flipped, revealing a laboratory. While looking old from Starfleet standards, the equipment is varied and sophisticated.

PARIS  
What's this?

KID  
It's my lab. Dad built it for me after I almost blew up the house. Don't worry, they're both afraid to come out here, so you'll be safe until you can get your disk repaired.

KIM  
Our what?

KID  
(conspiratorially)  
I know you aren't supposed to say anything about your mission, but I know about your flying disk. It was just an accident, right? I mean you're not going to be able to take any of our women looking like that.

KIM  
Women? Why --

KID  
Oh yeah, you guys probably have all sorts of slave girls to do your bidding up there, huh? Like a harem in those forward fiction stories.

KIM  
Forward fiction?

KID

You know, stories about the future when we're all flying around in disks and going to different planets and meeting up with you guys. You're not here to use us as farm animals, are you?

KIM

Farm animals?

KID

That makes sense. I figure a flying disk -- even for you aliens -- must cost like a zillion credits. So it wouldn't be very efficient to fly all the way to another planet just to get food.

KIM

Uh --

KID

And you guys probably don't eat food anymore... just little pills, right?

PARIS

(stopping KID from totally confusing KIM)

Remember what I said about our mission?

KID

Yeah, top secret. You can only tell our leader. So, did your planet explode? You guys need a new planet to live on?

PARIS is about to answer, but KIM's glare stops him without a word. The KID nods knowingly.

KID

That's pretty much what I thought. It happens all the time. The planet is getting ready to explode and you aliens pile on plants and animals and all the people to travel to another star inside a hollow asteroid. Takes -- like -- a thousand years. You know, I've been thinking that you could probably get someplace faster than that. I've been working on a new energy source that you just mix with its opposite and they just turn into energy. Nothing wasted at all!

(he checks his wristwatch)

It's almost time for my rest period. (KID points at the stuff around the lab) Well, I got a lot of parts lying around here. I've been working on some of those gadgets they're always talking about in those stories. But I can tell you about that later. I don't have instruction tomorrow, so I can come back early. Do you guys need like insects or slime or something for first meal?

KIM pales and PARIS smiles.

PARIS

No, thank you. We'll be fine.

KID

Oh yeah, the food pills, right. Well, good night.

KID leaves as PARIS waves. As soon as the door is closed again, KIM turns on PARIS.

KIM

What did you tell him?

PARIS

What do you mean?

KIM

What do I mean? Our flying disk broke down and we need women for our rocket powered asteroid? Why did you tell him that?

PARIS

I didn't tell him anything. I couldn't get a word in edgewise. He asked me about a million questions on the way here, but he answered them all himself from these -- stories he reads about alien civilizations. All I did was smile and nod.

KIM

But still... that could be dangerous. If this leader of theirs is some kind of paranoid genius then we could end up giving him another cause to fight against.

PARIS

Well, I wanted to talk to you about that. Why do you think your older self neglected to mention we don't look anything like Ataxians? For a challenge?

KIM

I don't know. Maybe he thought we could slip in somehow and not be seen.

PARIS

A military genius who is alone and unguarded? Come on. How likely is that? No, there's more going on here than we know.

KIM

Maybe we're not supposed to know the true mission yet.

PARIS

I don't like being some kind of pawn.

KIM

So do you want to give up?

PARIS

No, I'd rather be a pawn than a quitter. What do you think?

KIM

I don't know. Something doesn't make sense, but... like he said, if I can't trust myself, who can I trust?

PARIS

A lot can happen over time. People change.

KIM

But he's me, right? If anything happens to us back in time, then he'd never exist. He wouldn't want to risk that.

PARIS

I don't know. Maybe we're supposed to kill this Piana guy because he doesn't believe in aliens.

KIM

We shouldn't try to second guess ourselves.

PARIS

Good idea. It'll give me a headache.  
(rubs his head and grimaces)  
Too late.

KIM wanders around the laboratory, picking up a few things here and there.

KIM

Tom, you've got to take a look at some of this stuff.

PARIS

(points at a large panel on the wall)  
What's this? A storage unit?

KIM

No, I think it's a computer.

PARIS

A computer? It's the size of a shuttlecraft!

KIM

We're talking about very primitive electronics. This looks like an early stored program computer. We had to recreate one of these in one of my archaeological engineering classes at the academy in order to pass. It was supposed to make us appreciate the ingenuity of a Babbage or Wozniak.

PARIS

And did it?

KIM

Did what?

PARIS

Make you appreciate the olden days.

KIM

Oh... yeah... after I spent three sleepless weeks trying to piece together something called an Altair from replicated blocks of silicon.

They continue to look around. PARIS takes a look through an electron microscope, does a double take and looks in it again. KIM walks over to him.

KIM

What's wrong?

PARIS

(steps back from the microscope)  
What does that look like to you?

KIM

(takes a look)  
It can't be...

PARIS

This kid has a computer full of vacuum tubes over there and yet he's working with basic duotronic circuitry over here..

KIM

But that can't be. That's like going from chemical rockets to warp drive in one jump.

PARIS

So things aren't what they appear?

KIM

I don't know. Look at this.  
(he scans a piece of equipment with his tricorder)  
It's a cyclotron with a lithium target.

PARIS

A what?

KIM

They used to use these to split atoms, transmute elements and so on.  
(looks at the tricorder again)  
Very powerful. This probably peaks over a trillion electron volts.

PARIS

Another technological jump?

KIM

Well, I couldn't come up with these things with just these tools. The kid must be a genius.

PARIS

What if we're supposed to help this kid make something to fight the Borg with?

KIM

Possibly. But what about our primary mission? I don't think we should be messing around with this planet any more than we have to.

PARIS

You're right. Though I'd rather leave a more positive mark on this society than killing their leader in cold blood.

KIM

Me too. But we're in the middle of things. It's too late to pull out now.

KID comes back.

KID

I got a reprieve from my mom. Told her I had an experiment going on out here. Promised her I wouldn't melt the house with any death rays. You guys don't have any death rays, do you?

KIM

No.

KID

That's what I figured, but you know parents. All closed minded and thinking the worst of everybody.

(beat)

You're not just stringing me along... about the death rays, are you?

PARIS

(changing the subject)

Nice lab you have here.

KID

Thanks.

(sees they've looked through the microscope)

I've been working on that for my computer. I figure it'll be faster than the government's and not so hard to keep running.

PARIS

I don't doubt it.

KIM

Uh, were you able to talk to anyone? About our problem to... talk to your leader?



KID

Yeah, my dad's going to call one of his friends on the local council who knows how to cut through the bureaucracy. I told him I wanted to interview Ruler Opan for my local student publication. Can you believe he fell for that?

KIM

Opan? Is that his title?

KID

No, that's his name.

PARIS

I thought your leader's name was Trebor Piana.

KID

The leader? No. I'm Trebor Piana.

PARIS and KIM look at each other as they realize something else on this mission is not quite right.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

18. INT. LAB

KIM  
(weakly)  
You're Trebor Piana...

KID  
(smiles)  
That's my name, don't wear it out.  
(beat)  
That's a joke. You know, joke?

PARIS  
(grabs KIM and walks to the door)  
Um, can you excuse us? We need to get  
some air.

19. EXT. LAB - NIGHT

KID  
No problem.  
(calling after them)  
Hey, can you guys see through things? I  
read this story where a guy could see  
through everything except dense  
metals...

PARIS shuts the door on KID's questions.

PARIS  
All right, now why didn't your old self  
tell us about this little surprise?

KIM  
I don't know. Maybe there was a  
malfunction. We went too far back.

PARIS  
We went too far all right. What are we  
supposed to do, kill this kid?

KIM  
(scowling)  
If he grows up to be a military  
genius... then, yes.

PARIS  
(pacing)  
I can't believe you!

KIM  
I don't like it, but we don't have  
anything else to go on. Maybe this is  
the only way we could get close to him;  
as a child before he becomes important.  
I don't know.

PARIS  
I think it's time to pull the plug on  
this mission.

KIM  
We can't. Not yet. Look, Tom, I don't  
want to kill this kid. I don't know  
what he's going to do. But I do know  
that this mission must be important. I  
would never lie to myself about  
something like that. And I don't want  
to see everyone I left behind be --  
assimilated.

PARIS stops and looks at KIM. He knows they have to  
continue.

KIM  
(helplessly)  
Those are the facts as I see them.

PARIS  
All right, Harry, but we don't do it  
just yet. Let's talk to him some more.  
I need to know that at least the seeds  
of evil are already there... or I'm  
never going to be able to do this.

KIM  
That's fine by me.

They go back in. KID is working with the cyclotron.

PARIS

What's that you're working on?

KID

I've been thinking about matter and banging it together with its opposite. You guys might be interested in this. You see, scientists say atoms are made up of positively and negatively charged particles. Now, if you can make atoms where the charges are reversed --

KIM

(it dawns on him what KID's working on)  
Anti-matter.

KID

Anti-matter! I like that! Okay, so I've been thinking that if you put matter with its opposite anti-matter, they'll cancel each other out completely. One hundred percent. All energy.

PARIS

(to KIM)

If he's actually making anti-matter in here, we're not going to have to do anything else except get away from Ground Zero.

KIM doesn't really listen to him. He's getting an idea.

KID

Ruler Opan has scientists trying to break apart the Uranium atom to start chain reactions for energy plants. But this anti-matter would be so much more powerful. You could run the world on just a few grams.

KIM

(acting on his idea)  
You're wrong.

KID  
What?

PARIS  
Harry, what are you doing?

KIM  
(ignores PARIS)  
You're right about the amount of energy released, but anti-matter is much more dangerous than you realize. Anti-matter doesn't just have to mix with its exact opposite, it will react with any type of matter... and it won't be a controlled release either...

KID  
(making the connection)  
You mean any anti-matter I make would explode if it just touches the storage facility it's in, or even the air in the storage facility? Wow... that'd be some bomb...

KIM watches him intently as the KID works out all the consequences of possessing anti-matter weapons. Unseen, KIM slowly pulls out his phaser and takes aim.

KID  
(shuts off the cyclotron)  
No thanks. I don't think Ataxia needs any bigger bombs than we have right now...  
(dawns on him)  
Now I understand! You guys are from some ancient civilization, right? You're here to make sure we don't blow ourselves up like you guys did long ago!

PARIS  
(weakly)  
Something like that.

20A. INT. - LAB (OPTICAL)

At that moment a bright flash appears in the corner of the laboratory. JANEWAY and TORRES beam in.

JANEWAY

Tom, Harry, have you completed your mission yet?

PARIS

No.

(looking at KIM)

We haven't.

JANEWAY

Good. Then we're not too late.

PARIS

(not the reaction he was expecting)

What? What's happened?

The KID walks over, eyeing JANEWAY and TORRES with something akin to awe.

KID

I don't believe this! Are they part of your harem?

JANEWAY

(coldly)

I beg your pardon?

PARIS

(hastily)

Captain! I can explain --

JANEWAY

There's no time. We were mistaken. Trebor Piana is actually a respected scientist here.

That's probably the only kind of news that could get KID to turn away from attempting to hit on TORRES.

KID

I'm a respected scientist? You're from the future?

PARIS

Captain, I'd like you to meet Trebor Piana. He's been helping us out here.

KID

I'm going to be a great scientist?

(to TORRES)

So you came back to save me from blowing  
up the lab. I've read stories about  
this kind of stuff. Are you my  
concubine?

TORRES

Concubine?

KID

How do you get your forehead to do that?  
I like it. It's part of your mating  
ritual, right?

TORRES

(beginning to get angry)  
My mating ritual?

KIM

(interrupting before TORRES does any  
physical damage)

I think we'd better leave... now.  
Before we affect anything else.

JANEWAY

Agreed. Ensign, the Prime Directive is  
still in effect. Send the recall  
signal.

KIM

Aye, Captain.

KID

Wait. I'm going to be a great  
scientist... what am I going to do?

JANEWAY

Whatever you put your mind to.

The bright light swallows them and they disappear. KID  
looks on for a moment.

KID

Matter transmission... just like the  
stories. I wonder how they do that?

KID sits down at his desk and begins to work on plans to build his latest invention.

CUT TO:

21. EXT. VOYAGER

22. INT. TURBOLIFT

PARIS and KIM are in the turbolift to the main bridge.

PARIS

You've been pretty quiet since we got back to the ship.

(beat)

If it's any consolation, the captain says that older version of you was an impostor. The doctor detected the difference, but they've sealed the sickbay records --

KIM

I almost shot that kid. I was ready to. I don't like to think that I'm ready to just -- kill like that.

PARIS

Harry, you're not a killer. After all, you saved him, didn't you.

KIM

What do you mean?

PARIS

You saved his life when he was fooling around with the anti-matter. You were ordered to kill him, but when the moment came, you saved his life instead.

KIM

(ashamed)

No. I told him to see what his reaction would be. How he'd react when he realized he could be the most powerful person on his planet.



PARIS

You mean, you wanted to see if he was really the evil dictator we were told he was?

KIM

Yes. And he didn't want to be.

PARIS

What if he had?

KIM

I had my phaser set to kill. If he had tried to make the anti-matter... I think I would have killed him.

The turbolift stops and TORRES gets on.

TORRES

(looking at their glum faces)  
Good morning... harem masters.

KIM and PARIS sink down a little. TORRES steps over to confront KIM who can't seem to meet her eyes.

TORRES

(quietly)  
Concubine, huh? I know I'll love hearing the explanation to that.

KIM opens his mouth to explain, but TORRES stops him with a single finger on his lips. It could almost be considered a loving gesture except for the look on her face.

TORRES

No... not know. I'll give you until the end of this duty shift to think up something good. And it better be good, or this Tygarian Snap Flower is liable to take more than a finger --

23. INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Mercifully the turbolift doors open and PARIS and KIM escape to their stations. TORRES walks over to JANEWAY.

JANEWAY

Are we ready with the message?

CHAKOTAY

We put together a package including our ship's logs up to this point, our personnel records and a warning about the J'Rai infestation. Compressed, we should be able to send it all within fifteen seconds.

TORRES

Good because that's about all the energy we're going to have. Captain, we're ready to power down the ship to send the transmission to the Alpha Quadrant.

JANEWAY

Very good. Mr. Paris, full stop.

PARIS

Full stop. Engines are off-line.

TUVOK

Taking shields off-line.

KIM

Sensors off-line.

TORRES

Torres to engine room. Are you ready?

ENGINE ROOM

(over communicator)

We're set. Main power is being diverted to communications grid...

The lights dim on the bridge.

ENGINE ROOM

(over communicator)

Auxiliary power... battery power... switching off life support... now.

The bridge is now completely dark except for a single monitor -- the communications station. JANEWAY walks over to the station and begins keying in sequences. The monitor shows the transmission is being sent.

ENGINE ROOM

(over communicator)

The communications array is overloading.  
We'll have to cut off soon.

JANEWAY

Cut power!

The entire bridge goes dark for a moment then -- slowly -- the lights begin to come back on. Everyone on the bridge looks over at the communications station.

KIM

Did we do it?

JANEWAY

Yes. The transmission is confirmed.

The bridge breaks out in cheers.

TUVOK

I must point out Starfleet Command will not pick up our message for another thirty eight years, seven months, four days, sixteen hours... assuming no new Starbases are built between then and now.

JANEWAY

Let's hope it gives them enough time to prepare.

The crew grows solemn as they all think about how important their message is. And worry about might happen if it's not received in time.

24. EXT. VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

The Voyager continues on its way towards the Alpha Quadrant, towards an uncertain future.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END