

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"T'ALENE"

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Registered WGAw

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BRIDGE

An EXTREME CLOSE-UP of a Starfleet emblem and "chest-com" on TUVOK's uniform. WE FIRST HEAR NOTHING, then A GRADUAL INCREASE IN B.G. BRIDGE SOUNDS, very little if any tech-chatter or conversation. CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK to show Tuvok at his post, SILENT, studying a monitor as Spock would, occasionally pressing a console button with corresponding BEEPS of acknowledgment.

WHEN THE SOUNDS REACH FULL VOLUME Tuvok straightens in his seat, presses one console button with discernible finality, then stands. ENSIGN DANEEL, console and stylus in hand, approaches from behind TUVOK.

ENSIGN DANEEL

Lieutenant Tuvok?  
(offers console and  
stylus to Tuvok, who  
silently signs and  
returns the console  
and stylus to Daneel)  
Thank you, sir.

TUVOK

I will be in my quarters, Ensign.

Having turned over the watch to Daneel, Tuvok exits the bridge and Daneel sits in Tuvok's seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

Traveling TOWARDS US at warp speed...

TUVOK (V.O.)

Personal log...

CUT TO:

INT. TUVOK'S QUARTERS

He stands before a wall shrine of religious theme, having just completed a contemplative act and lighting a small candle on the shrine mantle. He is dressed in his nightclothes, a robe emblazoned with his house crest, and a gray shirt beneath.

TUVOK (V.O.)

I delivered the fourth cycle status report of Voyager's tactical systems to Captain Janeway on schedule. Chief Engineer Torres assisted me in finalizing all system test parameters.

He slowly approaches his bedside desk, listening to his own log entry.

TUVOK (V.O.)

(continuing)

We do not yet attain the testing criticality standards. However, I am confident that the next cycle will find Voyager prepared for any tactical contingency that is at least based on Starfleet records in our possession and experience in that part of the Delta Quadrant we have to date encountered.

He straightens and speaks aloud.

TUVOK

Personal log, supplemental. I have observed B'Elanna Torres in my capacities as a field intelligence officer for the Federation and as the Tactical-Security Officer on a starship. She has continually impressed me with her single-minded approach to the solution of any technical or engineering problem. I cannot overemphasize the word "any"...

He pauses on this: Has he unintentionally invoked humor?  
He can always edit it later.

TUVOK

(continuing)

I would recommend her without reservation for readmission to Starfleet.

He pauses again, faces another angle...

TUVOK

(continuing)

Computer, stop recording.

The computer BEEPS to acknowledge this first command.

TUVOK  
(continuing)  
Computer, sleep.

Another BEEP and the surrounding lights DIM to darkness, save for the shrine. He sits on his bed. We HEAR only the ambient sounds of a starship at work. He reclines in bed and proceeds to sleep as Vulcans do, with eyes wide open, but with sufficient pause and possibly camera movement to make us wonder if he has in fact fallen asleep.

His eyes face upward, then turn towards us. He slowly sits up, rises from his bed, sits on its edge, visibly sensing...what? He stands, and we see the shrine with the shadowed outline of a girl, CHILD T'ALENE, standing in front of it. We see enough of her features to discern her Vulcan heritage. She is very still.

Tuvok faces us throughout. He turns his head towards the shadow child but does not face her directly.

TUVOK  
(continuing)  
T'Alene?  
("tah-LAYN-eh")

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SICKBAY

In uniform and seated on the diagnostic bed, Tuvok faces O.C. as DOC's handheld medical tricorder probe reach over Tuvok's F.G. shoulder. We HEAR the probe scan as it moves over the F.G. side of Tuvok's head, over and around to B.G. Doc appears behind Tuvok, then faces him.

DOC

You are in excellent health,  
Mister Tuvok, and for the second  
day in a row. You are by all  
standards a textbook Vulcan.

TUVOK

Thank you again, Doctor. I was...  
(beat)  
curious to see if any of the  
readings had notably fluctuated.

DOC

That would depend on the amount of  
fluctuation you expect to find.  
As a rule, Vulcans do not...  
fluctuate. Your people's are  
among the most stable  
biostructures in Federation  
medical records. There are of  
course exceptions, but they are  
extremely rare, and, as you  
probably know, extremely sudden.  
(beat)  
I have answered your question,  
haven't I?

TUVOK

You have indeed, Doctor.

Tuvok gets off the bed and prepares to leave.

DOC

Then I should expect you at the  
same time again tomorrow?

TUVOK

Perhaps.

Tuvok's communicator BEEPS.

CHAKOTAY (V.O.)

Bridge to Tuvok.

Tuvok activates his com.

TUVOK

Tuvok here.

CHAKOTAY (V.O.)

We're approaching a planetary system. I thought you'd like to look at it.

TUVOK

On my way. Tuvok out.

And he heads for the corridor without a by-your-leave...

DOC

If there is anything else you would like to discuss with me, please do not hesitate to call on me.

Tuvok turns and nods in silent acknowledgment, then EXITS. Doc looks on, apparently aware that Tuvok indeed has more to say.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE

Tuvok enters from the turbolift and heads for his station, silently relieving an ENSIGN. CHAKOTAY, in command of this watch and standing near helm, sees Tuvok...

CHAKOTAY

We thought we'd give you a glimpse of home.

Tuvok observes...

CUT TO:

INSERT - MAIN VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

A double-planet system, with a Sol-type star in B.G. The two similar planets are in "Earth-Moon" arrangement, a solar eclipse seen from high orbit. The F.G. planet is reddish golden-yellow and arid. Thin wisps of cloud mix with plumes from active volcanoes. Its slightly smaller companion is larger and nearer Vulcan than our Moon is to Earth. Both have noticeable meteor craters and mountain ranges, but neither is as pockmarked as our Moon.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE

KIM observes the viewscreen from his station, glancing at his console readout for detail...

KIM

G-type star, younger than ours, so  
a little hotter. Their orbit  
around the sun is nearly circular.

Tuvok faces the viewscreen intently...

KIM (O.S.)

Neither is quite as tilted on its  
axis as Earth. Almost no  
nutation, either, so no seasons.

Chakotay faces the viewscreen.

CHAKOTAY

Surface readings?

KIM

I've only scanned the larger  
planet in some detail. Silicon-  
oxide crust. Some traces of  
metallic elements. Heavier  
gravity than Earth. A breathable  
atmosphere, but very thin. Almost  
no water.

Chakotay faces Tuvok.

CHAKOTAY

Sounds like Vulcan. A young  
Vulcan.

Tuvok raises an eyebrow.

TUVOK

Indeed.

KIM

Or a young Earth. Or even a  
younger Mars.

Chakotay nears Kim's station, faces viewscreen.

CHAKOTAY

Life signs?

KIM

None at this range.

CHAKOTAY

Mister Tuvok, launch a Class Three probe. Let's take a closer look.

Tuvok still faces the viewscreen, and does not take his eyes off it. He does not respond to Chakotay's order, and Chakotay notices this.

CHAKOTAY

(continuing)

Mister Tuvok?

Tuvok does not move. Chakotay approaches him at his station.

CHAKOTAY

(continuing)

Tuvok?

With no indication that he has "snapped out of" anything, Tuvok responds with activity at his console. We HEAR the computer BEEP its acknowledgment.

TUVOK

Probe away.

CHAKOTAY

Are you alright?

TUVOK

Yes. I am well.

But he has not taken his eyes off the viewscreen throughout.

CUT TO:

INT. CARGO BAY

Tuvok wears a recreational jumpsuit and small hip pack as he jogs an unmarked circuit. His pace is constant. We study his face and demeanor as he runs. He does not visibly tax himself, but he perspires. This appears pure physical exercise, but it's as much a regime for thinking and logical resolution to a Vulcan. He runs faster, but does not breathe noticeably harder in his finishing kick...

And stops. He breathes deeply, stretches his arms forward and back, opens his hip pack and removes a medical tricorder probe similar to Doc's. He is proficient in its use, and quickly runs it over his head and upper body. We HEAR it operate. Without consulting its readout, he quickly returns the probe to his pack, and notices Chakotay in the bay's main entrance.

CHAKOTAY

Fear not, Tuvok, I don't plan to compete in the same event as you. I know you well enough.



Chakotay approaches Tuvok.

CHAKOTAY

(continuing)

At least, I'm pretty sure I know you well enough to identify a Vulcan suffering from a bad night's sleep.

TUVOK

I have in fact not slept well for a week. Has the performance of my duties noticeably deteriorated?

CHAKOTAY

I am also pretty sure I know you well enough to know you really want me to answer that. No, Tuvok, quite the contrary is true. You have carried out your assigned duties to the capital letter. I think we need to do something about that.

TUVOK

Do you have a concern, Commander?

CHAKOTAY

Yes, I do. And I cannot put my finger on it. You have been yourself, when I've seen you that is, but you haven't lately given yourself your undivided attention.

TUVOK

I find it difficult to understand you. But, I am trying to.

CHAKOTAY

I have never lost sleep in doubt of that, Tuvok. Will you join me for supper?

TUVOK

I shall. Thank you.

CHAKOTAY

Neelix plans a secret culinary surprise. As always.

TUVOK

If both of us know about it, it is no longer a secret. However, I have little doubt it shall remain a surprise.

Chakotay smiles and EXITS. Tuvok watches him go, with the slightest hint of relief?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

NEELIX ladles soup from a steaming metal cauldron into Chakotay's bowl. Tuvok, back in uniform, stands behind Chakotay, and EXTRAS file behind Tuvok. KES works in B.G.

NEELIX

And this is the surprise.

Chakotay examines the bowl's contents.

CHAKOTAY

It looks like Manhattan clam  
chowder.

(sniffs)

It smells like Manhattan clam  
chowder.

(beat)

It's not Manhattan clam chowder.

NEELIX

It is Manhattan clam chowder.

He struggles with the word "Manhattan," pronounces it more phonetically than we are accustomed.

NEELIX

(continuing)

Frankly, Commander, I was hoping  
to save the element of surprise  
for the moment you had actually  
committed to tasting it.

Chakotay nods approval.

NEELIX

(continuing)

I have improved upon the seasoning.

To which Chakotay turns away from Neelix and reacts with observable mock dread as we walks to an O.C. table.

NEELIX

(continuing)

With a hambone. It adds "bite."

Neelix sees Tuvok...

NEELIX

(continuing)

No, Mister Vulcan, I certainly  
have no intention of biting you.

He takes the bowl from Tuvok...

NEELIX

(continuing)

I suspect you would chase me  
rather efficiently if I ever  
decided to provoke you in that  
manner.

He ladles the soup into Tuvok's bowl...

NEELIX

(continuing)

Yes, indeed, I know my limits,  
and...

He returns the bowl to Tuvok and catches something in Tuvok's  
intent gaze...

NEELIX

(continuing)

They know mine as well.

Neelix would very much like to hide, but is quietly grateful  
as Tuvok heads in Chakotay's direction and he dutifully takes  
the bowl from the next person in line.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL

Chakotay sits at the table and stirs his soup with a piece of  
bread. Tuvok approaches the table and sits across from  
Chakotay, but with his back customarily to the rest of the  
crew.

TUVOK

Has the Captain determined whether  
we should further explore the  
double-planet?

CHAKOTAY

It seems we have a dilemma. The  
probe revealed several very large  
veins of minerals on both planets  
that we could analyze for  
replication. Problem is, they run  
a little too close to their  
planetary cores for us to extract  
without spending a lot of power.

CHAKOTAY

(continuing)

Power we don't have a lot of, at least if we want to conserve and maintain at current levels for the projected long term.

TUVOK

I see. We need the power that the minerals would provide, but we cannot afford the power to acquire them. I am certain of a logical solution. Have you discussed this with Lieutenant Torres?

CHAKOTAY

She is, as usual, working on it. She is not confident, though, and that is something she does not say unless she really means it. Notwithstanding the computer expert systems at our disposal, a good coal miner is still hard to find.

TUVOK

Did the probe find any signs of life on either planet?

CHAKOTAY

None, none at all. Not enough air, not enough water. We did not find any ring of comets in this solar system, so it may take a while longer to get more air and water. Perhaps in another million years or so. Disappointed?

Neelix appears at the end of the table and glances at their bowls.

NEELIX

Neither of you has sampled my chowder. I can only conclude that each of you has unpleasant memories of Manhattan.

CHAKOTAY

We were debating that, Neelix. What possessed you to make this?

NEELIX

An odd choice of words, Commander, but I will play along. Who possessed me would be the more accurate question. Ensign Joplin did the possessing. She was a willing and able test subject as well as my mentor and co-conspirator. And, I might add, it was she who brought up the subject of the hambone. To mine and presumably everyone else's pleasure.

CHAKOTAY

She was homesick.

Neelix sits at table's end, to Tuvok's slight discomfort. Chakotay samples his soup.

NEELIX

I find that interesting about your people. You equate a fondness for home with an illness. "Home. Sick." Quite incongruous. Now, we Telaxians like to keep things simple in our solution to this problem. We merely take as much of our home along with us as we possibly can in our travels. That is, when we have time enough to pack.

CHAKOTAY

The soup is good.

NEELIX

The chowder is good. And, thank you, Commander. Ensign Anderson has promised to introduce me to another Earth delicacy, "she-crab" soup. I just hope we don't have to go anywhere near the Randara system to capture what I understand you regard as a crab. I would need a very large pot indeed. And possibly a photon torpedo. Or two.

The officers resign themselves to eating in front of Neelix, who smiles in anticipation of retrieving their empty bowls.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Chakotay and Tuvok walk TOWARDS US.

CHAKOTAY

You know, the irony of our new planet, or planets, is the unlikely chance of other Vulcans finding them any time soon. They're both prime candidates for colonization. Or R-and-R?

TUVOK

Perhaps a million or so years without our presence will sufficiently offset the need for environmental modification. That is, unless we locate a convenient wormhole.

They stop and face each other outside the entrance to Tuvok's quarters.

CHAKOTAY

Feeling better?

TUVOK

Mister Neelix's soup was satisfactory.

CHAKOTAY

Chowder. And I would sooner trust the replicator for the warm milk.

Tuvok pauses to process the reference, arches an eyebrow in response...

CHAKOTAY

(continuing)

Rest up, Tuvok. Good night.

Chakotay EXITS and Tuvok looks after him...

TUVOK

Good night, Commander.

He ENTERS his quarters, and the door HUMS shut behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. TUVOK'S QUARTERS

A silent but revealing study. He is alone and knows he is alone, yet privately hopes he remains alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUVOK'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Where Tuvok in his nightclothes lies on his bed as on the previous night. A beat, and again he slowly faces us, rises, walks to F.G. and stops, looks O.C. He slowly squats and looks closer, having reached the object of his attention. His face displays the closest we will ever see on a Vulcan to ineffable sadness...

As WE SEE Child T'Alene seated on the sofa, not fully in the light but not entirely in shadow, still, quiet, unreadable, and apparently awake. We cannot tell if she sees Tuvok.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. READY ROOM

In uniform, Tuvok stands "at ease" while addressing JANEWAY, who stands O.C.

TUVOK

I have a dilemma, Captain. I...  
I ask for your guidance.

Janeway appears in B.G., arms behind her back.

JANEWAY

Something is wrong, Tuvok?

TUVOK

If I am wrong about myself,  
Captain, I must ask you to relieve  
me of my duties as Tactical-  
Security Officer for an  
indeterminate period.

Quite the bombshell. Janeway reacts out of Tuvok's field of vision, but it's a brief reaction. She pauses and weighs her words carefully, as much out of respect as for impact...

JANEWAY

Mister Tuvok, let me state here  
and now that relieving you of your  
duties is simply not an option,  
unless you are physically  
incapacitated, or somehow deemed  
unfit on the express  
recommendation of this ship's  
Chief Medical Officer. A  
recommendation, I might add, that  
is within my authority as Captain  
to disagree with.

Janeway approaches Tuvok, gentler...

JANEWAY

(continuing)

Now, that was the textbook I just  
hit you with. Another, very  
practical reason is that I just  
can't think of anybody else for  
the job right now. Is there a  
problem?



TUVOK

I cannot yet say for certain that I am right. And, I cannot say for certain when I can be certain that I am right.

Janeway quietly returns to her desk. She pauses, sits, and cradles her chin in one hand, equally in thought and exasperation.

JANEWAY

For the eminently logical person you are, Tuvok, your riddles genuinely... stink. If your concerns were not important to you, you would not have come to me in person to discuss them. Do you need more time to articulate your reasons? Unless you need me to revise your downtime schedule, I can afford your absence for perhaps an entire shift, barring an emergency, or the next scheduled Kazon attack.

TUVOK

Captain, I apologize for portraying an indecision that you feel is most uncharacteristic of me.

Janeway smiles, but remains firm.

JANEWAY

Now that's a good start. I accept your apology. I owe you one the next time I can't make up my mind in your presence.

TUVOK

I believe... I am experiencing a series of... psychological displacements. They disturb me. I need to know more about them, their nature, their frequency, and their potential or actual deleterious effects, before I can provide a better... a more helpful explanation to you of my requirements for solving them.

A very careful question follows...

JANEWAY

Is it the plak tow?

To which Tuvok does not take seeming offense...

TUVOK

I am reasonably certain it is not.  
There would be other, more outward  
signs. I neither sense nor  
display them.

JANEWAY

Alright, Tuvok. I'll accept that  
by way of an explanation. For  
now. But I will not even consider  
giving you all the time you feel  
you need until you are able to  
identify this problem... to your  
satisfaction. I know there would  
not be a problem to begin with if  
you did not tell me so. Let me  
just ask you two more questions.  
First, you have had a physical  
examination?

TUVOK

I have had several. Outside of a  
loss of sleep which The Doctor  
says does not yet merit medical  
treatment, I am well. I presume  
you ask as much to determine if I  
pose a risk to the crew. To the  
best of my current knowledge, I  
pose no risk. And, I understand  
your desire to know that. What is  
your second question?

Janeway pauses on the coldness of Tuvok's question, but  
recovers.

JANEWAY

Is there anything I can do for  
you, right now?

TUVOK

I cannot guess at the effect of  
my... problem... on the performance  
of my duties. You have my word as a  
Starfleet officer and a friend  
that I will do my utmost to  
mitigate that effect. And, I  
thank you for not voicing your  
concern that I might do otherwise.  
If, at any time in your considered  
opinion and judgment, you deem me  
incapable of continuing my duties,  
I ask you to take the necessary  
course of action, with my express  
consent, understanding, and gratitude.

TUVOK

(continuing)

For now, I ask for your patience.  
Please.

Janeway nods silently, and attempts a reassuring smile, as much for herself.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHAKOTAY'S QUARTERS

Chakotay sits-kneels at the small table in the middle of his quarters. Still in uniform, he has just finished his own rite of worship, but the only evidence is the wrapped talisman and other ritual items on the table top. He faces O.C.

CHAKOTAY

Don't take this wrong, Tuvok, but  
I'm not sure I want to be that  
helpful.

Tuvok stands in B.G., apparently having declined Chakotay's invitation to join him at tableside.

TUVOK

The mind-meld is not a technique  
I often resort to. Because I am  
trained in it does not ensure its  
success. Even so, its efficacy is  
limited to the conscious  
willingness as well as the psychic  
receptivity of the partner. It is  
both a sharing, and a focus...

Chakotay slowly stands.

CHAKOTAY

No lecture, Tuvok. The plain  
truth is, you want to perform it  
now, and you want to perform it on  
me.

TUVOK

It is not a performance,  
Commander. And there is no one  
else on Voyager I would ask,  
except Captain Janeway, and  
possibly Kes. I believe the  
Captain has already provided her  
answer, although I did not ask her  
to assist me in the manner I am  
proposing to you. And Kes is...  
capable, but inexperienced. I do not  
want to risk harming her in any way.

CHAKOTAY

Which leaves me. Logical. And that's beginning to frighten me. You're proceeding on this course in a most logical manner, and all because of some lost sleep. Are you certain there are no other logical solutions?

Tuvok walks towards the sofa...

TUVOK

I do not even know if I am confronting a phenomenon that is subject to logical analysis. That is why I require independent verification, even though it is admittedly of a highly subjective nature. Once verified, and presumably identified, its solution becomes a matter of scientific research and experimentation.

Chakotay points to Tuvok, and approaches him...

CHAKOTAY

With your head, Tuvok. You seem to overlook that detail, at the possible expense of my head. Then again, maybe you're not overlooking it. While we're at it, there's something else I think you had better consider. I respect your privacy. I know how you and Vulcans in general would like to have that respected. But are you respecting mine?

TUVOK

I do not understand.

CHAKOTAY

I'll put it to you another way. You served with me in the Maquis for three years. I knew you, trusted you... informed you. I have gotten over the shock of learning you were a Federation agent. I think I know you better now. If that's not the case, then you've done a damned good job of making me think I know you better. All in the line of duty, I suppose.

Chakotay moves away from Tuvok.

CHAKOTAY

(continuing)

But the one thing that still gnaws at me... and you had better give me an answer that I want to hear...

Chakotay faces Tuvok.

CHAKOTAY

(continuing)

...is how many times have you read my mind?

TUVOK

(beat)

I do not recall.

CHAKOTAY

I do not believe you.

TUVOK

If you are testing what you yourself would like to call a friendship, you are doing so in a rigorous manner.

CHAKOTAY

That's a genuine compliment, coming from you. But you can call it anything you want. You're going to answer my question first. Then I will know how important my consent is to you before I decide whether to give it.

TUVOK

I can assure you, as a fellow Starfleet officer, that what I learned from you while acting in the line of duty as a Federation intelligence officer was properly logged and transmitted to Starfleet.

CHAKOTAY

That just made them someone else's secrets.

TUVOK

I was authorized to observe, not subvert. Anything more would require express approval from my superiors, and my service... my time as a Maquis, with you, provided few opportunities for me to obtain that approval.

CHAKOTAY

You are not answering my question.

TUVOK

I also do not possess a perfect memory. Those of my people who pursue and attain Kolinahr are said to remember everything. There is also a saying among my people that those who choose to remember everything must first master ignorance, so they can discern what they do not need to remember.

Chakotay moves away, raises his hands in exasperation.

CHAKOTAY

Alright, enough. Perhaps I should not demand an explanation from you. But now I'm going to introduce you to the subtle Maqui concept of personal negotiation. I know how difficult it is for you to ask for help. I do want to help. Now, exactly what do you have in mind?

(beat, a wan smile)

Excuse the expression.

TUVOK

We will share a portion of our short-term memories to help each other. I will provide enough for you to identify what you may or may not see. My "hunch," if you will. You will provide enough for me to feel that I am encountering this phenomenon for the first time. We can then compare. If we cannot compare, I will be convinced there is another, underlying physical cause which must be resolved through more objective processes.

CHAKOTAY

Sounds simple enough. I think.  
We'll be telepathically linked?

Tuvok stands and faces Chakotay.

TUVOK

To some extent.

CHAKOTAY

I don't suppose I could come and  
watch?

TUVOK

I rather you would not.

CHAKOTAY

It wears off?

TUVOK

You do forget, in time.

CHAKOTAY

(smiles)

Then I accept the honor. Given  
the fact that this is as good an  
explanation as I'm going to get,  
let alone understand. But, with  
one condition. What we learn  
about each other gets told to a  
third party only if the other  
wants it told, "with express  
approval." Are we agreed?

TUVOK

(beat)

Yes.

CHAKOTAY

So what do I have to do?

TUVOK

Relax.

CHAKOTAY

(laughs)

That's a tall order right now. I  
could use a drink.

TUVOK

No.

Chakotay's gaze is arrested by Tuvok's last statement. For an instant, Chakotay appears startled. Quick and purposive, just short of an actual assault, Tuvok's F.G. hand reaches for Chakotay's F.G. temple and forehead. It is a gentle touch. Their eyes close. Chakotay's mouth slowly falls open. Neither breathes heavily, or otherwise reveals any signs of stress.

Tuvok removes his hand from Chakotay, and opens his eyes first. Chakotay opens his eyes next, blinks, and focuses.

CHAKOTAY

My ears are ringing.

TUVOK

That will soon pass.

CHAKOTAY

I could use that drink right now.

TUVOK

I advise against that.

CHAKOTAY

I'm beginning to understand why  
I've never seen you belly up to a  
bar.

TUVOK

Even my curiosity has its limits.  
Self-destruction is among them.

CHAKOTAY

As I've said before, Tuvok, you're  
one hell of an officer.

Tuvok turns away.

TUVOK

I should point out that I am not  
entirely certain I have succeeded.

CHAKOTAY

(rubs forehead)

I can think of a simpler way to  
call me stubborn.

Tuvok walks towards the door, stops and turns to face Chakotay.

TUVOK

I am grateful to you. And I shall  
keep my word to you.

CHAKOTAY

Forget not your oath of allegiance  
to the King.



Tuvok is taken aback (as much as a Vulcan can appear) by this odd reference. Chakotay approaches him and places a hand on Tuvok's shoulder.

CHAKOTAY

(continuing)

Besides, Tuvok, what are friends for? They're always good to have around an exorcism.

TUVOK

I daresay you shall have a better night's sleep for the effort than I shall.

CHAKOTAY

It should at least be as beneficial. I'll keep that squarely in mind.

Tuvok nods, and EXITS.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Tuvok walks TOWARDS US, stops and looks around. A disorientation from the mind-meld. He ENTERS the turbolift...

CUT TO:

INT. TURBOLIFT

We HEAR the door close behind him...

TUVOK

Deck Three.

We HEAR the turbolift respond, and again a sense of disorientation, but limited only to Tuvok's reaction to the otherwise normal surroundings.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUVOK'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Tuvok is dressed in his nightclothes, but sits at the edge of his bed.

He rises, and approaches the empty chair where Child T'Alene had appeared. He senses someone outside his door. He approaches it, pauses, then it opens to reveal Chakotay in the corridor, still in uniform, and with the distinctive look of one who has seen a ghost he is not accustomed to seeing...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. READY ROOM

Tuvok and Chakotay sit opposite Janeway at the conference table. All in uniform.

JANEWAY

She was your daughter, Tuvok?

TUVOK

She is my daughter, Captain.

JANEWAY

Tuvok... your daughter is on Vulcan, and that location is very much removed from us at the present. There's something far more important I have to discuss with both of you. I do not condone what happened between you.

Janeway rises and walks around her end of the table.

CHAKOTAY

Captain...

JANEWAY

I am not finished. Gentlemen, I know we're all we have out here. I will grant extenuating circumstances, and I know that we have by no means exhausted the unknown. But... influencing each other through a mind-meld is unbecoming Starfleet personnel. I genuinely don't care whether consent was solicited, or granted, or the level of skill that was required, or exercised, or even cultural precedent. I know enough about it to know when it should be resorted to. Frankly, under the conditions you just described to me, it sounds like an prank executed by Academy plebes. And I don't have the time to conduct a disciplinary hearing on executive officers onboard a starship who simply should know better. Am I clear on this point?

Chakotay and Tuvok sit quietly, for all appearances suitably chastened, but unmoving. Janeway looks at them.

JANEWAY  
(continuing)  
Say something.

The men nearly respond together, then stop, look at each other, wait for the other to respond, then--

CHAKOTAY  
Captain, if I had to name at least one common trait for every intelligent species I've met in the Federation, which of course goes for ours... and, some outside the Federation... it is the need to share experiences. The way Tuvok shared his with me was unorthodox, but... efficient.

Chakotay glances at Tuvok.

CHAKOTAY  
(continuing)  
And, I want to make it very clear that I wanted to help. Unfortunately, the problem remains for us to identify what Tuvok and I have seen.

JANEWAY  
Tuvok, can you identify it?

TUVOK  
She is my daughter, T'Alene.

JANEWAY  
She is your memory of your daughter.

TUVOK  
Of that I am not yet certain.

Janeway reflects on this as she returns to her seat and addresses Chakotay.

JANEWAY  
I first met the lieutenant's family while attending a Starfleet war college on Vulcan. It was my first visit to Tuvok's home planet.  
(glances at Tuvok)  
And, only the second inhabited world besides Earth that I had ever set foot upon.

JANEWAY

(continuing)

Tuvok was an instructor in tactics who was also assigned to me as a host for an interplanetary exchange student. Who turned out a little older than expected.

(smiles, to Tuvok)

There was no culture shock, thanks to your hospitality. And your family was delightful. We stayed in touch afterwards as best we could. Your wife was pregnant with your daughter when I last visited all of you.

It's starting to dawn on Chakotay that Janeway could very well have stayed in touch with Tuvok while Tuvok was in the Maquis.

CHAKOTAY

(to Tuvok)

When did you last see your daughter?

TUVOK

Almost five years ago.

CHAKOTAY

You haven't seen your family since you joined the Maquis?

TUVOK

I have not. I should add that we are not estranged from each other.

Chakotay is surprised and puzzled.

JANEWAY

Among family bonds that of the Vulcan family is... unique.

CHAKOTAY

Tuvok, do you know if your daughter is well?

TUVOK

I cannot know. I can only surmise.

JANEWAY

I can understand if this is parental concern, Tuvok.

TUVOK

It is not just parental concern, Captain. I may not merely be a family member who suffers at some physical level because I do not see my family. It is not... homesickness for me.

JANEWAY

I think Mister Chakotay needs to know how Vulcan women are raised from childhood.

TUVOK

Much is made of a Vulcan male's rite of passage into manhood. The Kahs'wan is a tradition that dates back thousands of years. A physical, mental and emotional trial, which the child must take in or near his seventh year, in the Great Desert. For the Vulcan male, adulthood is literally a matter of physical survival that he must face alone.

CHAKOTAY

I have similar experiences from my own childhood.

TUVOK

For the Vulcan female, however, no such ritual or objective test awaits besides the later bonding into marriage or attainment of Kolinahr. That does not mean she does not face a trial of her own.

A glimpse of Janeway, interested and sympathetic.

TUVOK

(continuing)

The Vulcan female child matures emotionally long before the male child. However, the female is delayed in bonding with her parents. We are told that is a paradox, and peculiar to Vulcan psychology. It is the principal reason why Vulcan males receive their formal training in logic at an earlier age than females. However, this initial bonding is an especially traumatic time for the female child.

TUVOK

(continuing)

Her telepathic powers are heightened, and, at this stage, she is very much emotional. And frightened.

JANEWAY

This is not too far removed from what young human females must contend with, Tuvok. Our parents become very important to us.

TUVOK

As do ours, Captain. It is a private time for the parents and the house family, and the child is especially in need of their presence and support.

CHAKOTAY

And you think your daughter is trying to reach you telepathically?

On this Tuvok purposely pauses. For all his explanation he remains uncertain.

TUVOK

I cannot pretend to understand how my daughter could succeed in reaching me. Logic dictates against any conclusion that would sound even remotely rational.

(faces Janeway)

I would hope that you would understand why I sought Chakotay's aid. When these visits continued on a cyclical basis, I focused on finding a physical cause, perhaps a space-time phenomenon that affected perception and memory.

CHAKOTAY

Or an alien intelligence trying to communicate with us through constructs of our own memories.

TUVOK

I could not approach either of you with such a suspicion, at least not without an assurance that others had been similarly affected. And that is not the easiest question to ask anyone. Not even a... confidant.

TUVOK

(continuing)

The limited mind-meld I established with Mister Chakotay produced independent verification. I must admit that I remain unsatisfied with the answer.

(faces Janeway)

As you had asked me not to be.

JANEWAY

Tuvok. I should have realized that you sought my help. Now I understand why you could not articulate your request as well as you would have liked.

CHAKOTAY

Captain, I knew who she was. She looked lost. And very sad.

TUVOK

I erred in more ways than you may suspect, Captain. My daughter may have sought me, and found Chakotay instead. I should not have allowed that to happen.

Janeway pauses, takes a deep breath, faces both men.

JANEWAY

We are presuming so much at this point that I can't help but think we all need to start acting on faith.

(to Tuvok)

You are a very long way from home, Tuvok. And, if you are right, so is your daughter.

TUVOK

I must also point out again that, if I am wrong, the cause for my affliction logically resides in my own mind. For which I would require medical treatment.

JANEWAY

Then, Mister Tuvok, I suggest you proceed along the logical path to determine that you don't need it.

Tuvok dwells on that point. He instinctively knows he needed that said to him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

DOC and Tuvok sit at opposite ends of a desk. Detailed displays of Tuvok's life signs and examination results APPEAR in b.g.

DOC

I was wondering when you would decide to see me and request something over and above a comprehensive physical examination. Now I'm not so sure I can provide anything over and above that.

TUVOK

I had assumed that you could access far more extensive Vulcan medical references than I possibly could.

A flash of professional jealousy? Doc stands and walks in front of the displays, glances at them yet focuses his clinical attention on his patient.

DOC

Indeed I can. On Vulcan anatomy and physiology. Diseases native to your world, and offworld diseases and their effects on you. Mental, nervous and psychological disorders for which I can prescribe treatment. But, in any medical analysis of an affliction on any species I must first identify the symptoms. And yours are frankly in short supply.

Doc stands in front of Tuvok, faces him.

DOC

(continuing)

Your primary option is simple. Don't fall asleep. Your secondary option is not so simple. Don't dream. To help you exercise either option I would need to impair your conscious and subconscious faculties for as long as I would need to adjust the treatment and heal you. However, my doing so carries no guarantee that your capacity to perform your duties will not be impaired, and for an indefinite period.



TUVOK

That is not an option.

DOC

Mister Tuvok, please understand that it may need to be an option. I am of course programmed for psychoanalysis, but that is not a viable approach unless there are actual physical effects to symptomize. So I return to the beginning. You display no symptoms on which I can base a diagnosis, except for a lack of sleep. You may in fact display a unique adaptation to our situation that is without medical precedent. In which case I would have no option but to study you in even greater detail than I already have.

A glance at Tuvok.

DOC

(continuing)

I know. That too is not an option. In which case I have no other option but to access a level of my programming that comes closest to sheer speculation.

Doc returns to his desk and leans forward to face Tuvok.

DOC

(continuing)

You have no affliction.

TUVOK

(a beat)

I would have to agree with you, Doctor. That is the logical conclusion.

DOC

So let us now infer the logic in an impossible situation.

TUVOK

(pauses, realizes)

Occam's Razor.

DOC

Scalpel would be more appropriate. The simplest solution is likely the correct one. Your daughter is visiting you. What does she want?

TUVOK  
For me to be with her.

DOC  
Where?

TUVOK  
Home. At our home. On Vulcan.

DOC  
You cannot go to Vulcan.  
Therefore...

TUVOK  
Vulcan must come to me.

DOC  
In the holodeck. I prescribe a  
simulation, Mister Tuvok. One of  
remarkable fidelity. For which I  
have a wealth of references to  
access. Yours.

Tuvok pauses, silently subjects this conclusion to his own  
logical scrutiny.

TUVOK  
You are again correct, Doctor.  
This is an impossibility.

DOC  
But it is not illogical, Mister  
Tuvok.

TUVOK  
Vulcans do not have visions. My  
people have long abandoned the  
spirit world as an attempt to  
understand the world we inhabit.  
We neither see nor commune with  
ghosts.

Doc pauses.

DOC  
Computer...  
(acknowledging BEEP)  
Reduce the Emergency Medical  
Program holographic projection  
integrity to one-third.

Doc's appearance does not change. He stands straight and  
walks to the edge of his desk, raises a hand and sweeps it  
slowly through a nearby piece of equipment, then back,  
without physical effect.

Doc silently raises a finger at Tuvok demonstratively, slowly picks up a light-pen from the desktop, holds it out between him and Tuvok, and drops it onto the desktop with a clatter.

DOC  
(continuing)  
Man of the worldly mind, do you  
believe in me or not?

Tuvok does not answer.

DOC  
(continuing)  
Mister Tuvok, you are a living,  
breathing contradiction. Yours is  
the only culture I know of that  
has subjected psychic talents to  
rigorous scrutiny and accept their  
veracity without question. For  
you they are not superstition but  
scientific fact.  
(leans across table)  
And I cannot experience a particle  
of that. Your narrative is my  
sole source of genuine personal  
information, and I can only  
compare what I learn from you  
against entries in a database.

Doc returns and stands in front of his seat.

DOC  
(continuing)  
I on the other hand am merely a  
contradiction. I am but a symbol.  
A representation. An image.  
A projection of logical parameters  
through replicator technology.  
You think I am, therefore I am.  
Yet you have no apparent qualms  
about seeking professional advice  
from me. Advice that I hope you  
would choose to act upon.

Doc begins to sit, stops...

DOC  
(continuing)  
Computer...  
(acknowledging BEEP)  
Restore holographic projection  
integrity to full operational  
parameters.

He sits.

DOC

(continuing)

I suggest you take time to re-create the simulated environment. It appears that crew members' homes are not standard issue programs on starship holodecks. Perhaps we will now find out why. I will conduct further research for documented precedents. If there are any.

Both pause, silent. Tuvok does not face Doc.

DOC

(continuing)

Would you object to Kes's helping you?

TUVOK

Kes would be a logical aid. However, I must enter the simulation alone. And the command protocols to run the simulation must belong only to me.

DOC

Understood. I suppose I must wish you a safe and pleasurable visit home. I don't often tell a patient to heal himself and tell me how well he's done. And I truly would like you to tell me.

Tuvok dwells on the prospect of his own personal voyage.

DOC

(continuing)

You see, Mister Tuvok, there are some things a ghost can't do alone.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. TUVOK'S QUARTERS

Tuvok stands in front of his bureau, uncharacteristically gazing at his own reflection in the mirror, but too long to garner suspicion from us or the o.c. KES. As he SPEAKS to Kes he opens a drawer and removes a foldable rucksack, a Vulcan's small overnight case.

TUVOK

I have already input and verified most of the physical parameters for the simulation. The holodeck environment must be adjusted for Vulcan gravity and atmosphere...

He walks to his bed and places the rucksack on its end at the foot of the bed. We SEE Kes stand near the bedstand, her hands clasped behind her in relaxed attention.

TUVOK

(continuing)

I have re-created the floor plan of my home and its immediate surroundings with the computer's simulation design gallery. I have tried to account for local time and length of day, although I realize that is a considerable approximation. The simulation should not be static, as would be a portrait...

KES

And you will soon go home.

Tuvok briefly shakes his head. This is as close as we will see him bitter in front of a crewmember.

TUVOK

A wishful thought, at best. I am not going home. I enter a simulation of my home. I do not know how long I shall choose to remain.

KES

(knowing)

As long as you wish.

Tuvok has come to accept Kes's insight into his thoughts. Kes knows this, but remains kindly discreet. Tuvok walks to his bedstand and lifts a small grey case. He places it near his rucksack.

TUVOK

I do not make it a habit to enter the holodeck for recreational purposes. Or, for that matter, any other purpose. It is not a dislike for the simulations. I do not doubt their therapeutic value, for some. Except when it is presumed that I will benefit.

KES

Yet you told the Doctor you would go.

TUVOK

The logic of my decision escapes me.

KES

For a very logical reason. You wanted to.

Tuvok looks at Kes and chooses not to argue with her logic. He turns away and walks to his suite replicator.

TUVOK

(addresses)

Vulcan casual clothing. Middle twelve-month. My parameters.

The folded clothes MATERIALIZE in the replicator. Tuvok takes them to the bed and lays them out, almost ritualistically. He does not look at Kes, who moves to his side and respectfully observes his preparations.

TUVOK

(continuing)

I expected you to ask Mister Neelix to assist me.

KES

I wanted to. But I first wanted you to tell me that you thought Neelix could help you. He would certainly want to.

TUVOK

I suspect he would want to suggest improvements to the simulation.

KES

(smiles)

He has made me feel at home with only my memories of my home.

TUVOK

I will grant he possesses unique talents.

A beat, then Tuvok faces Kes.

TUVOK

(continuing)

You are very fortunate to have him nearby.

Their eyes meet and Kes gratefully smiles before she briefly studies Tuvok's gaze.

KES

Why are you afraid, Tuvok?

He is not offended by this query, perhaps briefly wonders why he does not feel offended. He turns to pack his rucksack with the clothing.

TUVOK

It is a popular misconception that Vulcans are by nature explorers. We are in fact problem-solvers. We are sufficiently curious to observe, analyze, experiment, synthesize, test, and verify, but only when logic dictates that we should.

KES

You seem at home on a starship.

TUVOK

It is a superior facility for conducting research. A floating laboratory with practically unlimited mobility. And it has provided me a most intriguing and most illogical problem, for which the only solution appears equally illogical.

KES

And that is what you fear.

TUVOK

Logic dictates that I run the simulation. Or so I have convinced myself. And because I have convinced myself to run the simulation I am logically precluded from regarding it as an act of emotional self-indulgence that I should shun.

TUVOK

(continuing)

I can estimate what I will experience,  
but I do not know what I will learn.  
And I may learn what I do not wish  
to know, but must.

He stops packing, faces Kes.

TUVOK

(continuing)

I had hoped you would have been  
able to tell me.

KES

Some things I cannot see. But I  
want to help you.

(looks around)

You do not have many reminders of  
your home.

TUVOK

I have learned not to travel with  
them. Doing so defeats the  
purpose of the voyage.

He pauses, walks to his votive area. He opens a box and  
produces a book-sized tablet made from a copper-like metal.  
He silently hands it to Kes, perhaps with reverence.

She gently turns it over in her hands. It appears solid, but  
she opens it to reveal foil-like pages, surprisingly gossamer  
for a metallic substance, but obviously blank. She turns to  
a page, studies it, closes her eyes, places a hand on the  
page. She suddenly looks at Tuvok and smiles broadly. He  
lightly touches another page, and she does the same.

KES

I see your family. They're  
beautiful.

(pause)

Your daughter...

(a sad smile, she  
understands, raises  
book)

How is this possible?

TUVOK

Wishful thinking.

She turns to another page. Again the smile of wonder and  
surprise at her seeming familiarity with the visions.

KES

Your garden...



TUVOK

I did not mention this to the Doctor. I have not been able to read this for some time. No one besides its owner should be able to. You can. Remember them for me.

KES

(grateful beyond words)

Thank you, Tuvok.

Tuvok's silent return of Kes's gratitude shows he has turned a pupil into a lifelong friend.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUVOK'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Tuvok sits at his cabin table. The b.g. votive provides the only LIGHT source.

One hand is on a page of his opened memory-book, but he does not look at it. His gaze is instead fixed o.c., uncertain yet serene.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLODECK

It is "naked," with its graph-paper grid configuration lining the walls, floor and ceiling. We SEE AND HEAR a wall portal open and Tuvok ENTER. He is in Starfleet uniform and carries the rucksack on one shoulder. The portal CLOSES behind him but remains visible. He looks around, then turns to address the portal com console.

TUVOK

Computer...

(acknowledging BEEP)

Activate Program Memory Vulcan on my next oral command.

Again the acknowledging BEEP. He slowly walks to the virtual center of the holodeck, grips the rucksack shoulder strap, and gently closes his eyes. We study his face, then the inactive holodeck walls, until we SEE ONLY the grid flood with LIGHT.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUVOK'S HOME - DAY

We SEE ONLY the wall with an entrance that leads to the house's walled and enclosed garden and a window that reveals the garden and very little else. We are in the main room, which serves as the living and dining room, and perhaps the kitchen as well.

After this establishing shot, we SEE Tuvok stand in the physical center of this room. His eyes remain closed but not tightly shut. He slowly opens them. He does not move at first, then turns his head very slowly and takes in the surroundings. He studies the fidelity of the simulation, as he has purposely avoided a "test run." He draws a deep breath and tries to feel "at home" in what he knows is a merely a re-creation.

He approaches the opposite wall, which is adorned with an elaborate tapestry. He stands to one side of the wall tapestry and palms a wall control.

The tapestry DISSOLVES to reveal the "front yard" of his home through a replicated window.

INSERT - TUVOK'S WINDOW (OPTICAL)

Vulcan suburbia in the groves of academe. The developed neighborhood has similar homes, their frontage purposely concealing their interiors. No morbid defense of privacy, this; simply the way it is. No movement or any evidence of other Vulcans, or for that matter activity or life of any sort.

The Vulcan sky is clear and a vivid, cartoonish blue. A thin, blue-tinged crescent arcs across a third of the horizon; it is the only hint of Vulcan's sister planet, again, far larger than our Moon. The neighboring homes, as his, feature stucco walls and roofs that catch the ever-present Vulcan sun and doubtless use its rays most efficiently. Cultivated foliage and shrubbery, but no lawns. Any glimpse of sand is silver.

INT. TUVOK'S HOME - DAY

Tuvok stands near the window. We first think he's hiding, but he eventually can't resist the urge to stand in full view of--of what?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUVOK'S HOME - BEDROOM

A young adult's room, with two empty beds. Tuvok slowly ENTERS. His two youngest sons should be here. The room appears sterile, clean but neither deserted nor lived in. Tuvok gives the first indication that all he has achieved with the simulation is the "walk-through portrait."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUVOK'S HOME - T'ALENE'S BEDROOM

Tuvok stands in the doorway to the bedroom of his youngest child and only daughter. His face registers as much as a Vulcan can register surprise at a surpassingly personal level as WE SEE CHILD T'ALENE lying still in her bed, on her side, face hidden from Tuvok. Let us say she is between seven and nine Terran years in age and appearance.

Tuvok approaches the bed and quietly sits near the bedstand. His is now a profoundly puzzled look, again, for a Vulcan, but it is as much his instinct to remain exactly where he is and not move a muscle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUVOK'S HOME - T'ALENE'S BEDROOM - DUSK

The house's internal LIGHTS are on. Child T'Alene's face remains in the shadows, but she slowly and silently stirs. Tuvok registers curiosity and a hint of trepidation.

Reminiscent of Tuvok's first encounter with her, Child T'Alene turns her head, eyes open but unseeing. A beat, then she looks directly at Tuvok, a look of silent and still yet palpable alarm.

Tuvok reassures her with his paternal gaze, displaying the closest you'll ever see from him of a smile.

Child T'Alene's look softens. She smiles, a genuine and disturbingly human smile. She sits up and unhesitatingly embraces Tuvok. A brash and exceedingly vulgar display of emotion to which Tuvok offers no resistance.

Tuvok lowers her gently to her sleeping position and pulls her bed cover up to her neck. He joins the index and middle finger of one hand and places them gently upon her forehead.

TUVOK

I am with you.

She silently closes her eyes and gently returns to sleep.

Tuvok stands, leaves the bedside and walks to the doorway. He turns and faces the o.c. Child T'Alene. We sense an indefinable mission accomplished. The bedroom LIGHTS GO OUT and he EXITS.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. TUVOK'S GARDEN - EVENING

Tuvok ENTERS the walled and enclosed garden we had glimpsed earlier. We also glimpse his genuinely private side, as he is plainly at his most content and serene here. He is out of uniform and dressed Vulcan-casual-contemplative, in the clothing he had packed in his quarters.

The garden's center is a stone fountain with circular bench. We HEAR the unobtrusive sound of running water. Small trees bearing succulents and native blooms prevail. Vulcan is by all accounts a harsh planetary environment, and Tuvok's garden serves the same purpose as its North African or Middle Eastern counterpart.

He glances heavenward. He approaches a cluster of night-blooming plants starting to open. He stops at a taller plant, a distinctive bloom, orchid-like, knee-level. He pauses, studies it, does not recognize it, bends and leans toward it.

ADULT T'ALENE (V.O.)

Father.

Tuvok slowly stands and turns to face his adult daughter, who is dressed in the robes of a postulant in the rite of attainment of Kolinahr.

He registers a silent mixture of surprise, astonishment, recognition, and dread. Has the simulation taken on a life of its own?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

INT. TUVOK'S GARDEN - EVENING

Adult T'Alene sits at the fountain bench, still, quiet, reverent, and as pleased as a Vulcan can be expected to appear. We will no longer witness the display of a child's affection, but it will become evident that she speaks with controlled effort.

Tuvok stands near her, more at attention than at ease. He cannot bring himself to sit near her. The apparent reunion is tender, yet strictly Vulcan and utterly inexplicable. And it will become evident that his reactions are also displays of controlled effort.

ADULT T'ALENE

I have remembered you.

TUVOK

Explain.

ADULT T'ALENE

You came from far away, and gave me a gift when I needed you.

TUVOK

It was a gift I suspect you had always possessed, Daughter.

ADULT T'ALENE

I speak of the gift of hope. Your memory has sustained me.

TUVOK

Why have you sought me?

ADULT T'ALENE

It is you who have sought me, Father.

TUVOK

Again, I ask you to explain.

(pause)

Are you well?

Adult T'Alene nods silently.

TUVOK

(continuing)

And our house?

ADULT T'ALENE

We are whole, but remain without you. T'Pel has passed on.

Tuvok pauses on this news of his wife. We do not see grief.

TUVOK

You are head of our house?

ADULT T'ALENE

T'Pel so willed. Your sons  
understood this. It is also  
understood this will change when  
I attain Kolinahr. I must  
renounce our house and your name.

Tuvok steps away from the fountain and turns away from Adult  
T'Alene.

TUVOK

Daughter, you were unwise to wish  
me back into your world. It is  
not logical. I can only guess at  
the burden you bring upon yourself  
to reach out for the one you  
cannot see.

ADULT T'ALENE

Have you not done the same, Father?

Adult T'Alene stands and approaches Tuvok yet maintains a  
respectful distance.

ADULT T'ALENE

(continuing)

You are the only one of our people  
in your quadrant of our galaxy.  
Yet when I tell how I know this I  
am met with... hesitation. I know  
this with even greater certainty,  
that more so than anyone else on  
your starship you are utterly  
alone. You have no reminders of  
us except the ones you have buried  
in your mind.

TUVOK

It is not that much different for  
my fellow crew members.

(realizes; faces

Adult T'Alene)

You know of the memory-book?

ADULT T'ALENE

I know it is incomplete. And I  
know you impress its contents upon  
others, at times without their  
knowledge or consent...

(pause)

And I realize you must do this,  
for you cannot help it.

TUVOK

Do you fault me?

ADULT T'ALENE

You hope to see us in others onboard your starship. You wish to make yourself as they are. All the while what you are changes, adapts, diminishes. And that is why you yourself cannot recognize the change in you. You can no longer recognize yourself.

Adult T'Alene sits at the fountain bench. We now see the deep sadness Tuvok revealed when he first saw Child T'Alene.

ADULT T'ALENE

(continuing)

I do not know what I will be when you return. I do not even know if I will see you then. Father, you are worse than dead to me, for the others can only suspect that you are still alive, while I know you are alive. And if I cannot know when you will return to us, I wish to know that you wish to return to us. To me.

She cannot face him. On the path of Kolinahr she is embarrassed by her own lapse into emotion, however brief and restrained. A pause before he sits next to her.

TUVOK

The only gift I would truly want to give you is the truth. You are not alone in your loneliness. None of us is alone unless we wish it so.

ADULT T'ALENE

T'Pel remembered you. Before she passed on she imparted to me what she had wanted you alone to know upon your return.

(shakes her head)

I have kept it inside me yet apart from me for so long, to honor both your memory and the memory of your beloved...

(faces Tuvok)

And I still cannot give that to you.

TUVOK

Then accept the truth that you cannot and should not, not by this means or by any other, until my return. T'Pel would have wanted that.

(rises, resolute)

Daughter. Do not seek me here or in this manner again. Honor the memory of your mother to honor mine and to bring honor to our house. In doing so you will honor yourself.

We glimpse Adult T'Alene, the Vulcan. She stands, they approach each other.

TUVOK

(continuing)

I shall return to you and our house in my own time. And this I promise you: We shall meet again, in our time. Peace and long life, Daughter.

ADULT T'ALENE

And to you, Father.

They prepare to touch hands in Vulcan farewell. Suddenly yet gently they do not touch hands. Perhaps they cannot, or have each decided they should not.

We now see only Tuvok as he turns away.

TUVOK

Computer...

(acknowledging BEEP)

Exit and erase Program Memory  
Vulcan.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Please confirm your last command.

TUVOK

Confirmed. Execute.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLODECK - "NAKED"

We HEAR the "whoosh" of simulation's end as the grid configuration APPEARS. Tuvok stands in place, still dressed as he was in the garden, the rucksack at his feet. He looks down and lifts his rucksack.

CUT TO:



## INT. CORRIDOR

We SEE the outside of the holodeck portal OPEN to reveal Tuvok, his rucksack slung over a shoulder. He enters the corridor and we SEE Chakotay standing there as well. Chakotay's face reveals nothing as to his reason for being there.

Tuvok walks away from the portal, past Chakotay and o.c., without a glance or physical contact between the two. Chakotay silently pauses, looks at the portal, then TOWARDS US with a hint of something that has passed between him and Tuvok, unspoken yet mutually understood.

DISSOLVE TO:

## INT. TUVOK'S QUARTERS

Still dressed as he was in the garden, Tuvok stands at his votive area, opens the box containing the memory-book and holds the memory-book in his hands yet keeps it closed.

We HEAR a soft chime that signals a visitor. Tuvok does not respond and unhurriedly places the memory-book in the recessed replicator. We HEAR the chime again. Tuvok looks toward the doorway.

TUVOK

Enter.

We HEAR the "whoosh" of the opening door. Chakotay ENTERS, sees Tuvok, sees the replicator and moves toward it but does not reach out or touch anything. Tuvok appears unconcerned but steps away from the replicator. Chakotay reaches for and picks up the memory-book, faces Tuvok and holds the memory-book out to Tuvok, not threatening--

CHAKOTAY

You brought me with you into the simulation. I would have gladly come had you asked. I would be more grateful if you ask me next time.

(approaches Tuvok)

You do not run away, not from the past, not from the present, and certainly not from the future. You may even fool yourself into thinking you succeed, but you do not. And that, in essence, is why you live right now, onboard Voyager. Among your friends, of which, it may surprise you to know, there are many.

Chakotay gently hands the memory-book to Tuvok, who accepts it quietly and passively, then turns away from Chakotay and gently places it on a desk.

CHAKOTAY

(continuing)

There may be other ways to reach your daughter, Tuvok. I can help you look for them, and perhaps even use them, if you want that.

TUVOK

(firm)

No. I will not repeat the experience.

CHAKOTAY

(nears Tuvok)

The Captain was right. We haven't exhausted the unknown. We haven't even guessed at it. You think you saw into the future, or your daughter's present. You're a scientist, so you are at least comfortable with the possibility that it was both. But the scientist in you hungers to know how far you traveled. Your daughter could have told you, you may not have believed her, or perhaps you truly did not want to know. And it's still not knowing after all you've gone through that troubles you, doesn't it?

Tuvok still does not visibly react...

CHAKOTAY

(continuing)

You know, Tuvok, you're only demonstrating that even a Vulcan can occasionally be human.

--now that gets a characteristic reaction--

CHAKOTAY

(continuing)

It's just a matter of knowing enough about ourselves to recognize ourselves when we see ourselves...

(beat)

...as others see us.

(smiles)

Or, in my case, being stubborn enough.

CHAKOTAY

(continuing; pauses)

I believe I owe you a drink.

TUVOK

Will a bowl of plomik soup suffice?

CHAKOTAY

I believe it would pass muster.

Do you believe Neelix's attempt to prepare it will?

TUVOK

I shall endeavor to instruct him accordingly.

Chakotay steps back, towards the doorway.

CHAKOTAY

We have another reason to celebrate. Torres has jerry-rigged a nanofilter for the transporter. We'll have our load of coal from Newcastle to show for it, even if it arrives one molecule at a time...

(mock serious)

It's the first time she's ever told me to be patient with her, in so many words. You've been a healthy influence on her as well, now haven't you?

Tuvok raises an eyebrow and Chakotay smiles again.

CHAKOTAY

(continuing)

Welcome back, Lieutenant.

TUVOK

Thank you, Commander.

Chakotay EXITS and Tuvok looks after him with as much a display of gratitude as we can reasonably expect.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEELIX'S KITCHEN

Back in uniform, Tuvok masks his impatience as Neelix proudly yet delicately ladles plomik soup into Tuvok's bowl on a handheld tray. Neelix smiles at Tuvok, who very subtly grates in return.

Tuvok turns, tray in hands, his eyes wander, then settle with muted surprise upon the same bloom that caught his attention in the holodeck simulation of his home garden. This time the bloom perches in a crystal vase, near Kes, who does kitchen work in the b.g.

Kes sees Tuvok's attention towards the bloom, and smiles knowingly. A silent exchange of recognition, friendship and gratitude follows.

NEELIX

(notices, nears Tuvok)

Mister Tuvok, you must some day  
tell me how you became interested  
in horticulture.

TUVOK

(direct)

Their beauty, Mister Neelix.

On it surface a logical answer that still prompts a delayed look of surprise from Neelix, who then studies the bloom under Kes's equally attentive gaze towards Neelix. Tuvok EXITS the kitchen, tray in hand...

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL

Tuvok seats himself alone at a table, his back to the rest of the diners. He prepares to sample the soup. We HEAR others converse, POSSIBLY with the same insulated focus as in the teaser opening, which will give Tuvok pause until Neelix suddenly appears at table's edge.

NEELIX

And may I ask how the plomik soup  
is this time?

If not for the question Tuvok would have told him. Tuvok puts his spoon down audibly, folds his hands and faces Neelix directly.

TUVOK

Mister Neelix, it is a tenet of  
the Vulcan ethic that the truth,  
in whatever form it may appear,  
must be recognized for what it is  
and accepted.

Neelix's grin is just short of a grimace as he quietly struggles to understand what he has once again wrought--

TUVOK

(continuing)

However, I am obliged to point out that you constantly challenge me to treat you either as I should or as I am required to. I cannot truthfully distinguish between your displaying sincerity or merely being...

(bites the word)

Unctuous.

Neelix blinks but continues to grin, a little less painfully.

TUVOK

(continuing)

As you yourself have phrased it, I too wish to keep things simple. And so I shall henceforth presume your sincerity. If nothing else, it will save time, and as a purely collateral benefit aid my digestion.

A pause, then Neelix grins knowingly and leans closer to Tuvok.

NEELIX

(a loud whisper)

My good friend Mister Tuvok. If you are not more careful you will leave me no choice but to become your best friend.

Neelix nods in self-approval and cheerfully EXITS, returning to the kitchen.

A pause, Tuvok raises an eyebrow, then prepares to resume his meal. He notices something o.c., pauses, looks at his tray and purposely picks it up, walks around the table, and sits on the opposite side. He now faces the other diners, and we notice his getting used to this change himself.

He again notices something o.c. He turns his head TOWARDS US--does he anticipate another crew member approaching?--and we now more clearly infer from his direct gaze that he is unafraid.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

Moves AWAY FROM US at warp speed, on course for the next  
adventure.

FADE OUT:

THE END