

B4FV Episode 3.01

The Rhythm

Holodeck 2:

A lot of the crew were sitting in an audience circling a small round stage. Six people were standing behind tall computers, while a male hologram stood in the middle holding a pad.

"Hello everyone, welcome to The Stupidest Link, presented by me, Stewart," the hologram bellowed. Everyone clapped loudly. "Now let's introduce the contestants."

Kathryn smiled and waved at the camera, "hello I'm Captain Janeway of the Starship Voyager. I haven't had much coffee today so please vote me off straight away."

Craig passed her a funny look, "ookay. I'm Craig, Doc thought that something like this would show me that I'm an idiot, or something like that."

"Hello I'm Neelix," Neelix said grinning. "I cook for a living, plus I'm an ambassador wannabe, guide to the Delta Quadrant and I'm an excellent dancer."

Faye pulled a face while Danny and Tom giggled nearby. "Ok I'm Faye, I have no idea why I'm doing this."

Danny stopped laughing to speak, "I'm Danny, I'm cute but not too smart, but I'm up against these lot so I should win."

"Hi I'm Tom, the most sexiest person here by far," Tom said. Everyone laughed loudly. "I'll ignore that, anyway I'm here cos I called James gay again, and he was in the room. He's tried to kill me once before, I wasn't going to stick around."

"Uh huh, that's great," Stewart muttered. He cleared his throat. "Ok let's begin Round One. Three minutes is how long this'll last, I'll ask as many questions as you idiots can handle. Each correct answer you get money, but if the next person answers incorrectly the money all goes so whenever you can bank it before the question by saying bank, only if it's your turn."

"I don't like that word, what about um, sausages?" Neelix questioned.

Stewart stared blankly, "no, I think bank is good enough. Let's begin." Lights shone on everyone, except the audience. "Janeway, which ship encountered the Borg first?"

"Ooh er, Enterprise, no it was the Enterprise, aah damn prequel series'," Kathryn stuttered.

Stewart shook his head, "oh brother."

Kathryn giggled nervously, "oh yeah, both ships have the same name. Enterprise."

"Correct," Stewart said. "Craig, what is the meaning of the word compulsory?"

Craig looked up at the ceiling, "oh crap I dunno, but the doc says it to me a lot."

"Sorry that's wrong, you lost the money Janeway won," Stewart said. "Neelix."

"Sausages!" Neelix blurted out.

"There's nothing to bank you idiot, and that's not the word!" Stewart snapped. He shook it off, "which story had the characters Hansel and Gretel in it?"

Neelix stared blankly, "Cinderella?"

"Oh dear god," Stewart groaned. "Faye, name the metal that melts at the lowest temperature."

"Do I look like someone who's good at Science?" Faye snapped. "Give me Neelix's one."

"Sorry. Danny, who was prime minister of England in the year 2003?" Stewart asked.

"Some ugly guy?" Danny replied, shrugging.

"I'll accept that," Stewart said. "Tom, which city has the cathedral Notre Dame in it?"

"Oh I know this one," Tom said, panicking a little. "Paris right?"

"Yes congratulations," Stewart muttered. "Janeway, which member of N*Sync was the ugliest?"

"All of them," Kathryn replied.

"I'll accept that. Craig, what's the prime route of forty seven?" Stewart asked.

Half of the round later:

"Um um, I have to guess here Stewart. Is it oranges?" Craig answered, going bright red in the cheeks.

Stewart raised his eyebrow, "orange isn't even a number Mr Anderson."

"I um, forgot the question," Craig stuttered.

Stewart sighed, "moving on. Neelix, what is the capital of Spain?"

"Sausages!" Neelix blurted out.

"No. Faye, what does NYPD stand for?" Stewart asked.

Faye didn't look at all happy, "I don't know, stop giving me the hard ones!"

Loud music interrupted Stewart's response. "Ok um, you idiots have banked nothing," he said whilst shaking his head. "The correct answer Faye, was New York Police Department."

"Well I'm not American, how was I supposed to know that?" Faye pouted.

"Whatever, will everyone vote for the stupidest link. That should be harder than the questions," Stewart said.

"Craig, Neelix, and Faye were the stupidest but we did give Neelix the easiest questions so he's obviously the stupidest of the stupidest. Janeway was the smartest but we did give her easy questions," the computer's voice echoed around the room.

"Damn, I hate that thing," Stewart grumbled. "Ok who is everyone's stupidest link?"

"Tom," Kathryn replied.

"Neelix," Craig replied.

"Sausages! I mean, Janeway," Neelix said, blushing slightly.

"Tom," Faye replied, giving Neelix a funny look.

"Tom," Danny replied, sniggering slightly.

Tom pouted, "Janeway."

"Danny, why are you laughing?" Stewart asked.

"Neelix keeps saying sausages," Danny giggled.

Stewart rolled his eyes, "fine, why Tom?"

"Cos I don't like him, the earlier he leaves the sooner he gets beaten up," Danny replied.

"What is everyone else's reason?" Stewart asked.

"Don't like him," everyone but Tom replied.

"You didn't even vote for him," Stewart said while looking at Craig and Neelix. They shrugged. "Very well, Tom you are the stupidest link, get lost."

"Aaw man, this wasn't enough time. I'm going to die," Tom moaned. He walked slowly away from his computer. Stewart kicked him in the leg as he passed, he had to limp away. "Oh great, how am I going to be able to run now."

Stewart smiled, "you will all let me know how that turns out, right?"

"I know I will," Danny said, grinning slightly. "That's the only reason I voted for him."

"Good. Let's start the next round. You've only got a minute this time," Stewart said. "The smartest one will begin, that was Janeway but it was Janeway by default so no change there."

"Is that because I'm the Captain?" Kathryn asked.

"No," Stewart shook his head. "Let's begin. Janeway, spell psychologist."

"Why, can't you spell it?" Kathryn questioned.

"Never mind. Craig, who sang the number one record Doctor Jones?" Stewart asked.

"Why do I have that feeling that I should know this, when I don't?" Craig muttered to himself.

"Cos you're an idiot. Faye, what's two plus two?" Stewart asked.

"Four," Faye replied.

"Good. Danny, how long is a..." Stewart started to ask but was interrupted by Danny sniggering. "Scrap that. Janeway, what is the name of the drug that can ease pain?"

"Coffee!" Kathryn blurted out.

"Um no," Stewart muttered. "Craig, name the oldest member of Wham."

"Who?" Craig said, staring blankly.

"Ugh, music's not your strong points," Stewart sighed. "Neelix, name something that can be found in a breakfast dish."

"Sausages!" Neelix replied.

"Hey, that's cheating," Craig pouted.

"Shut up," Stewart muttered. "Faye, spell the word salutatorian."

Faye stared at him with wide eyes, "what the, did you make that up?" She threw her arms up in frustration and stormed out.

The loud music interrupted again. "Ok people, you should remember the word bank. It helps you win the stupid game!" Stewart snapped.

"Oh yeah," everyone said.

"Jeez, just vote already," Stewart muttered.

"Neelix and Faye were the smartest links only because the hosts helped them out, everyone else were the stupidest," the computer's voice echoed around the room.

"Who's your stupidest link?" Stewart asked.

"Danny, she's too dirty," Kathryn replied.

"Neelix, cos he is too," Craig replied.

"Hey!" Neelix moaned. "Sausa... ok I vote for me."

"Janeway, she's too obsessed with coffee and she voted for me," Danny replied.

"Ok Neelix, you are the stupidest link, get lost," Stewart said. Neelix pouted, he headed out. Of course Stewart kicked him to the ground like he did to Tom. "Now cos I'm getting bored I'm going to make this the last round. Also you're too stupid or stoned."

"Um, the stoned guy has already gone," Danny pointed out.

"Whatever. I'm going to ask four questions to everyone, whoever knows it just answer, there are no turns. Whoever gets two right first wins, or whoever gets one point on the last question wins. Ok let's start," Stewart said. "What is a tomato, fruit or vegetable?"

"Fruit," Danny blurted out.

Stewart sighed, "yes, one point. What's four times twelve?"

"Ooh erm, ah..." Craig stuttered, he glanced at Danny.

Kathryn smiled smugly, "forty eight."

"Correct. Name a coffee brand," Stewart said, yawning slightly.

"Nescafé, Kenco, oh Asda!" Kathryn yelled out.

"Don't yell it," Stewart groaned. "Janeway's got two right so she's won."

"Ack, that's not fair. Surely there's something better to do than this crap," Craig moaned. Danny nodded in agreement.

Kathryn grinned, "sore loser."

Two days earlier:

Several crewmembers were walking down the corridors like normal. Strange music started playing from the computer, making everyone stop looking confused. A haunting female voice started whispering over the music, "you're just slaves to the rhythm, rhythm, rhythm."

"Ok, that was weird," one crewmember muttered.

One crewmember started swaying her hips, "um this is not good." Everyone else started to do the same as they formed into a line. Half way down the line one girl stepped out of it, then walked down to join the left side of the line at the end.

Everyone then started to sing, "ooh the music's gonna get us. Ooh, my oh my."

Jessie walked out of her quarters, she stepped in the the gap in the line, totally oblivious to what was going on. She started to sing along too, "I'm looking forward to just one sensible day." She frowned, then she noticed everyone in a formation, dancing weirdly. "But something's odd, everyone's bloody dancing."

Everyone else started to join in with her, "people are being taken by the rhythm, everybody's in the mood, for a song and dance. Song and dance."

Just the crewmembers continued while Jessie just watched them, looking a bit disturbed. "Ooh, the music's gonna get us. Ooh, my oh my."

"Ok, I've had my drink spiked again," Jessie muttered, she walked off.

Meanwhile on another ship that's flying beside Voyager:

A group of people were dancing just like the crewmembers, "they're going to keep on singing, they're going to keep on dancing. There's no end in sight, they're all slaves to the rhythm."

The guys clapped their hands while the girls walked in front of them, conveniently there were equal amounts of girls and boys. "There's no need to fight it," the girls sang, kneeling down.

"Say goodbye to all your secrets," the guys sang, posing stupidly. "It's easier to express things."

The girls jumped to their feet, "there's no end to the rhythm." The music cut off, the entire group laughed madly.

One of the guys stopped, "oh wait, guys."

A girl stopped, "what, what is it?"

"Darna, you infected us too," the guy said.

The girl stared blankly, "oh, son of a bitch!"

Back on Voyager Engineering:

B'Elanna sighed as she worked at a console, holding a pad in her hands. A crewman walked over to hand her another pad, "Lieutenant, here's the report you asked for."

"Thanks," she sighed.

Nearby a few crewmembers were talking near Ian's console. "Yeah, I walked in and there they were, dancing together in the turbolift. Then they started singing something from Dirty Dancing," one crewmember said.

Ian pulled a face, "why am I annoyed that I missed that?"

"Because it was so funny. That's not all, rumour has it a whole group started singing this weird song in a corridor," another crewmember said.

B'Elanna rolled her eyes while she turned to them, "will you lot stop gossiping and get some work done!"

"Sorry Lieutenant," one crewmember muttered.

She turned back around shaking her head, "god, these people will believe anything."

"We're going to look for those old video cameras Tom put up, there's got to be some footage of it. See you around," one crewmember whispered. He walked away.

Ian glanced at the other crewmember, "so, is this true?"

"Hell yeah, you can't make up stuff like that," the crewmember replied.

B'Elanna sighed again, she put down the padd. Softly she sang to herself, "another day in space, another day is yesterday." A few people looked at her. "Everyone's feeling the strain, cos the journey's just begun."

Harry walked into the room holding a pad, humming the same tune to himself. He then started to sing too, "I know, that'll I'll never get used, to it. So let me out, and out, and out." He walked over to B'Elanna, both obviously not noticing the singing, while everyone turned their heads to watch them.

They both started to sing together, "Voyager, the journey's all we got."

B'Elanna turned to a crewmember, "keep the ship movin', the nacelles aren't up."

Harry joined in again, "voyage home, we don't ever stop. We wanna know how to stop this being so tedious."

He walked away humming, "ooh, oh, ooh, oh." He left the room.

"Ok, there's got to be cameras in Engineering," Ian said.

B'Elanna frowned, "wait, oh god! Was I just." She shuddered, "Ian you're in charge." She rushed out of the room.

Meanwhile Harry was waiting at the turbolift doors just humming, B'Elanna joined him. The doors opened, they rushed into it. B'Elanna glared at him, "Harry."

Harry continued to hum, "ooh oh."

"Ugh," B'Elanna threw her hair back in disgust, "deck five."

The turbolift stopped on the next deck, Lee walked in humming the same tune. B'Elanna groaned, rolling her eyes.

"This is what I wanted, should I smile or frown as well," Lee started singing, glancing at B'Elanna then Harry. "So what if we're stuck here, we're not exactly bored to tears."

Harry stared at him, "some ones, already prefer this, to home. But I want out, and out, and out."

B'Elanna covered her ears as both Lee and Harry sang at the same time. "Voyager, the journey's all we got."

"Keep the ship movin', put the nacelles up," Lee sang on his own.

Harry joined in again, "voyage home, we don't ever stop. We wanna know how to stop this being so tedious."

"Voyager, ooh oh," Lee sang on his own.

He and Harry stood in silence for a while. B'Elanna kept glancing at each of them. Harry turned to her, "so what deck are you going to?"

"Sickbay," B'Elanna muttered through gritted teeth.

"Good," Lee and Harry said, eyes widening slightly.

Sickbay:

The Doctor frowned as he looked at a tricorder, "this is incredible. This tricorder is saying that you're suffering from small pox."

Craig stared blankly, "huh?"

The Doctor rolled his eyes, he handed the tricorder to him, "you've done it wrong, again. I don't know how you keep doing that."

"Maybe the teacher's rubbish," Craig muttered, walking over to rest of the teens.

Lisa tried not to laugh as she headed over to the Doctor, she gave him a tricorder. The Doctor frowned, "Lisa, you're in a class with Craig, and other girls."

Lisa looked confused, "so?"

"Then why is your scan show that you're attracted to something?" the Doctor asked.

Lisa's eyes widened, blushing slightly, "I must have scanned wrong." She snatched the tricorder away.

"Hey, was that an insult or something?" Craig muttered.

Lee rushed into the room, "doc, doc!"

"Finally Mr Williams, so glad you can join us," the Doctor said.

"No I," Lee tried to say in between breaths.

Harry and B'Elanna ran in. "Doc, there's something weird going on," Harry blurted out.

"I'm not surprised," the Doctor muttered.

B'Elanna rolled her eyes, "doc, people are singing. It's really creepy."

"Maybe everyone's just in a good mood," Claire said.

B'Elanna stared at her, "I'm not and I did."

Craig tried not to laugh, "you sang something?" She smacked him across the head, he fell to the ground.

"Well his tricorder will say that he's now unconscious and a bigger idiot than usual," Faye said.

"I don't understand," the Doctor said.

"It's simple, we were singing and at first we didn't realise," Lee said.

Harry nodded, "yeah and I was enjoying it too. Afterwards it was like, *oh my god.*"

B'Elanna shook her head, "well I didn't enjoy it."

The Doctor sighed, he picked up another tricorder. "I'll scan you all, but I doubt it's something wrong."

Meanwhile, the Mess Hall:

The room was mildly busy, most of the people there were unknowns sitting at tables. Neelix was in the kitchen mixing up some stuff in a wok. He started shaking his head slowly, "ooh, oh yeah."

Everyone looked up from their *food* with eyes widening in terror.

Neelix cleared his throat, "ooh, I love to fry, wet people's appetites." He picked up the salt, then started to shake it over the wok. "I've got lots of food. Leek dishes, apple pies, mmmm mmmm."

"We'd better get out of here," one crewmember stuttered.

"I'll fry it up, or microwave it," Neelix *sang* whilst nodding his head. "It's unhealthy, oh so what. Don't you know that." He started to shake his hips a little, he raised his voice, "some people are born to command, some people fly a ship."

"Aaaggh," several crewmembers ran out of the room.

"Some people are born engineers, some write reports," Neelix sang, clapping his hands. "I cook up everyone's lunch and I like it, like it." He took a spoon to taste what he was making. "Mmm, you enjoy the food, I get the praise." Dropping the spoon into the wok, he climbed onto a pan on the floor. "Go tell your friends about it!"

"Aaaagh, run for your lives!" one crewmember screamed, he ran out of the room.

Neelix pressed a button a little panel in the kitchen, everyone could now hear him over the commlink.

Meanwhile, Sickbay:

"What's that noise?" Faye asked.

In: "Oooh, it's my duty duty."

Harry shrugged, "to give us food poisoning."

In: "Hey, get out of my song!"

"You're an awful cook, get over it," Lee sang. Everyone stared at him.

In: "Hey! It's my duty duty."

The Doctor sighed before singing, "to give me more patients."

The Mess Hall:

Neelix pouted, still he continued singing, "don't let me warn you again."

In: "For god's sake, stop singing."

Neelix jumped down from the pan, he continued what he was doing before. "I'll cook it, cook it, cook it." He moved over to a chopping board. "Oooh, big or small, it gets chopped either way," he wailed while chopping some carrots, they got thrown into the wok but some went on the floor. "I'll mix up everything, into a casserole oh!"

"Oh god, somebody contact Security!" one guy screamed.

Neelix knelt down to pick up the carrots, "mmm, it's very yummy. Fish and Leola root. Leola goes with everything." He stood up to put the carrots he dropped into the wok. "Didn't you know that. Some people are born to command, some people fly a ship."

Tuvok walked in with James, Thompson and Foster behind him, they all, excluding Tuvok put hands over their ears.

"Oh my god, what is that?" Thompson wailed.

"It's worse than Janeway singing, that's for sure," James groaned.

"Some people are born engineers, some write reports," Neelix sang.

"Which is what I'm going to be doing, in say, a few minutes," Tuvok sang, scaring the three guys he was with.

"You en... oh," Neelix stuttered, the music that was there stopped abruptly. "Oh my, I'm sorry."

Tuvok raised his eyebrow, "interesting." He turned to the others. "Foster, you meet up with the new member of the team. Taylor, Thompson, you two go and patrol Deck One."

"Ohno, why do I get stuck with Dirty Dancing here?" James asked.

Thompson pouted, folding his arms, "that wasn't my fault. Besides what song will you sing, YMCA?"

"What!?" James snapped, glaring at him.

Thompson turned very pale, "oh shhhh!" He ran out of the room.

James groaned, "what do I have to do to be taken seriously around here?" He walked out of the room muttering to himself.

Foster sighed, "so who's the new guy?" Tuvok raised his eyebrow.

The Bridge:

Everything was normal on the bridge. Danny was bothering Jessie at the science station, Kes was nearby them obviously trying to ignore Danny, Tom was flying the ship while trying to eavesdrop on everyone, Harry was at opps looking a little paranoid, Kathryn and Chakotay were in their chairs having a thrilling conversation.

"And then I mixed it with strawberry sauce. It was, mmmm," Kathryn was saying.

Chakotay nodded his head, "yeah." He yawned, "can we talk about something else?"

Kathryn gasped, "something else!?" She stood up, "how could you!" She stormed into her Ready Room.

"Ouch, I'm going to pay for that tonight," Chakotay muttered to himself.

"Danny, shut up," Jessie said, shaking her head.

Danny smiled innocently, "oh come on. I wanna know what you sang."

"Nothing much ok," Jessie said.

Kes sighed, "you really should stop teasing her, or you'll not have anyone to tease ever."

Danny frowned, "well if I stop teasing her, she'll still be around and taunting me cos I can't tease."

Jessie groaned, "you're one disturbed woman."

Chakotay walked passed them as he headed for the Ready Room. He pressed the door chime. "Go away!" Kathryn's voice snapped.

"No cos I want to talk about coffee," Chakotay said, pulling a face.

"Oh really, come in!" Kathryn's voice gasped.

Chakotay walked into the Ready Room. He found Kathryn sitting behind her desk, which had a huge cup sitting on it. "Listen, I know coffee's important to you so I'll just have to deal. Are we cool?"

Kathryn giggled, "no it's really hot." Chakotay stared at her with eyes wider than usual. "No the coffee is, silly."

He laughed nervously, "yeah, I knew that."

"Yes we're cool by the way, you know why?" Kathryn questioned.

Chakotay shrugged, "cos I said I'd listen to your coffee stories?"

Kathryn giggled, "no silly. There's just better things than coffee."

"Wow, did you really just say that?" Chakotay said in disbelief.

Kathryn stood up, "do you really think I'm that shallow?"

"No, but when you're high on coffee," Chakotay stuttered, nervously.

"If you were me," Kathryn sang quietly. She sat on the edge of the desk while a drum beat went around the room. "If you were me, I'd be bottomless. I'd know exactly how much gets you hyperactive by me," she continued to sing.

Chakotay looked confused, "um, that sounds familiar."

She ignored him, "open my jar, breathe in my smell. Come drink me while I'm hot, hush baby you're addictive." She stood up and made her way over to him slowly. "Resistance is futile, I'll drink up all of you cos you're perfect." She brushed his shoulder with her hand as she walked passed him. "I got you, so I'll dissolve you in hot water."

Kathryn started doing a dance around the coffee table, waving her arms around slowly while circling it. "I'll spin you around, add no milk or sugar. You're coffee delicious, a caffeine injected rush."

Chakotay smiled, "oh I get it." He walked over to her dancing area.

"Boy if you were me. You'd know just how good you taste," Kathryn cooed as she made her way over to him.

Chakotay started to sing as he took a hold of her hands, "you'd keep me up all night, fake bitch won't do. The things you can go with, will get the job done too. I'll try you on ice, taste you with 'cream. Hey baby don't overlook the idea of mixing with champagne." He put his arm around her, she placed one of her hands on that arm, and started dancing around the table.

The door that never opens that's next to the main one, opened up, James and Thompson walked in arguing. They noticed Kathryn and Chakotay dancing and Chakotay singing, they just stared at them.

"Ha, you can't insult me now," Thompson whispered.

James nodded, "I know, but it's too hard not to." He glanced at Thompson, "I don't remember this door."

"It's a magic torture door," Thompson said.

"No that's the turbolift door when you and O'Hara are inside," James muttered as he walked out via the other door. Thompson followed not looking happy.

Chakotay raised their hands, Kathryn did a little twirl. "I'll spin you around, add no milk or sugar."

"No no," Kathryn giggled.

"You're coffee delicious, a caffeine injected rush," Chakotay sang.

"Boy if you were me. You'd know just how good you taste," Kathryn sang as they got closer together. They put their arms around each other so they dance close together.

"If you were me you'd know it," Chakotay whispered into her ear.

"Ahem," Tom cleared his throat.

Chakotay and Kathryn pulled away blushing slightly, they slowly turned to the main door. There stood Tom, Jessie, Kes, Harry, James and Thompson, most of them sniggering.

"Chakotay tastes nice does he?" Danny giggled. Everyone looked at her looking disgusted. "What? That's not as disgusting as what I was thinking."

"I can't believe this," Harry said, trying not to laugh.

James shrugged, "told you, none of you would believe me."

"Well it's hard to believe it when Thompson was with you, I thought you might have been covering for him for the Dirty Dancing thing," Tom sniggered.

Thompson glared at no one in particular, "how come everyone knows about that!" He stormed off.

James looked confused, "why would I cover him?"

"Beats me," Tom shrugged. "So guys, should we leave you alone for five minutes?"

Kathryn turned to Chakotay, both of them looked a little annoyed. "Sometimes abortion isn't really that bad," Kathryn whispered. Chakotay tried not to laugh.

Present Day

Holodeck One, the beach resort program:

Several crewmembers had scattered the fake looking resort, most were in groups chatting.

"This place is so fake, and I'm not talking about it being in a holodeck," Harry commented.

"Stop changing the subject, I want to know what happened with Chakotay and Janeway," Neelix said.

"Nothing really, they just got annoyed and called for that meeting," Jessie said.

"Oh and Janeway mentioned something about abortion, she was probably talking about Tom," James said.

Neelix nodded, "yes, he is getting rather fat lately." The others stared at him. "What?"

"Forget it," James groaned.

"Oh, you meant that Tom should have been aborted. I get it," Neelix said, laughing in a weird way. Everyone else developed Pokémon sweatdrops on the side of their heads.

"Sometimes I do prefer those serious and attempted angst episodes," Jessie muttered. James and Harry agreed by nodding their heads.

"Oh that's so funny," Neelix continued to laugh.

James and Jessie glanced at Harry, he shrugged. "Don't look at me, I didn't do anything."

Tom walked over to the group, "hey guys, hey Neelix."

Neelix grinned, "hey Tommy, thanks for the drink."

Tom winked at Harry, "no problem, ey." He dragged Harry away by the arm.

"Oh I didn't know those two got together," James commented.

Jessie smirked, "it's about time." Neelix couldn't take it any longer, he fell to the ground laughing.

"Quick, tell him some knock knock jokes to get him unconscious," James said.

"I'm crap at those," Jessie muttered. She looked down at Neelix, "oh well he found that comment funny so, knock knock."

Three days earlier

Nearby the transporter room:

Kathryn and Chakotay were walking down the corridor, talking about something other than coffee for once.

"So I was thinking, if we find something to trade we can top up our coffee supplies," Kathryn said.

Chakotay sighed, "ok how long was that?"

Kathryn frowned, "what?"

Chakotay smiled, "nothing."

They turned into the transporter room. Kathryn nodded at the transporter person. "Energise."

"Captain, I was wondering, isn't there a more interesting job than this?" Sid asked, pouting a little.

"Uh, we'll discuss this later, beam up our guests," Kathryn muttered.

"Fine, I just hope this console gives me a shock or something," Sid grumbled. His eyes lit up, "that could happen." He fiddled with the controls.

Five figures rematerialised on the pad. Two of them looked very familiar.

Kathryn turned to Chakotay, "we know these guys right, are we going backwards again?"

"No we're not, but we were a few weeks ago remember?" Chakotay replied.

"That was last season, idiot," Sid muttered.

Kathryn and Chakotay stared at him. "That was a few weeks ago," Kathryn said.

Chakotay looked nervous as he glanced at the guests, "I'm sorry about that." He stepped closer to them. "Welcome aboard Voyager, I'm Commander Chakotay."

The female leader nodded her head, "Darna." She looked down at the four foot man beside her. "This is my um, thing that follows me around. Oh right, servant, that's the word." She turned to the other three. "Mr Geenewell said he wanted to board this ship, I'm not sure..."

Ligod stepped forward, "my reasons will come clear soon enough. Hello Captain, Commander, some weird guy."

Nearby stood Zare, she rolled her eyes, "why do you have to be so dramatic about everything?"

Ligod stared angrily at her, "you're lucky I let you come at all."

"You're lucky you're not dead," Zare grumbled to herself, folding her arms.

The guy behind the two looked nervous, "um, we're here cos you're heading in the same direction as we want to be, and Mr Geenewell wants to check on the other Slayer."

"I told you, we're going the same way for a few days, Mr Geenewell," Darna said.

Ligod stepped off the pad, "yes well, I do need to check on the other, old friend of mine." He glared at the guy who was behind him, he cowered a little.

Kathryn turned to Chakotay, "I still don't know who these people are."

Chakotay groaned, "Ligod is that annoying watcher who sent James, Jessie and Tom on that suicide mission. The girl is Zare, she went with them."

"Annoying? How rude," Ligod snapped.

Kathryn laughed nervously, "oh yes I remember."

"If you don't mind, I'd like to start the trade negotiations," Darna said, looking uncomfortable.

"Yes, of course. Sid, you take Zare, that watcher guy and his friend to separate quarters," Kathryn commanded. "This way please." She and Chakotay lead Darna and her little guy out of the room.

"Oh goodie," Sid giggled, he rushed over to the others. "So, are you guys wanted criminals or anything dangerous?"

Present day

The Holodeck resort:

"Then that strange guy who likes getting hurt, lead us to quarters," Zare said, fiddling with a drink she had.

"Yeah yeah whatever. You're a Slayer thing, can you punch something?" Lee asked, looking bored.

Zare shrugged, "sure." She only needed to smack him gently to knock him off his chair, and onto the ground. She got out of her own chair, and walked away.

Nearby a new stage, Tom walked over to a holographic DJ. "Are you ready then?"

"Yes, I've been ready for ages," the DJ muttered.

"Oh well it is hard to convince people to embarrass themselves you know," Tom said. He stepped onto the stage holding a microphone. "Good evening Voyager." Everyone turned to him, but all that could be heard were crickets chirping.

Neelix tried to climb onto his feet, yes he was still on the ground. "Those creatures again, I've got to catch them to make those crunchy snack bars."

Still nearby, Jessie panicked, "um um, why did Tom cross the road?"

Neelix shrugged, "I dunno, why?"

Jessie glanced at James, "I thought that alone would crack him up again."

"Um cos he um," James stuttered, trying desperately to think of a punchline. "Cos he heard about the Barbie sale at Toys R Us." As he was still totally hammered, Neelix burst out laughing.

Tom obviously had heard the joke as he was blushing madly, "you shouldn't know about that Barbie thing until Season Four. I demand continuity!" Everyone tried not to laugh, he had just yelled down the microphone. "Crap."

The DJ smirked, "it's not that hard to convince people after all."

Tom tried to stop blushing, "ok that's fine, if we're being all Season Four, I've got tones of stuff in theory..."

Kathryn, who was originally asleep on the table, woke up startled, "get off my coffee you arsehole!"

Chakotay looked at her, "um, who was stealing your coffee?"

"Oh it was just a dream," Kathryn sighed. "Some guy said he'd borrow it."

"We're only allowed to know little things, of course the little things always lead to my humiliation, not anyone else," Tom grumbled, ignoring Kathryn. He cleared his throat. "Right, tonight is karaoke night." Everyone groaned. "Yes I know we've just recovered from a lot of singing, but I thought that this get together will be very interesting if some of us re sing some of their songs. Or maybe sing ones they have in mind now."

The crickets continued to chirp loudly, luckily Neelix was still too busy laughing at the bad Barbie joke to care.

"But first, I think we should get the main star of the musical up here; Jessie," Tom said.

Jessie looked confused, "how am I the star?"

"Rumours say you were the one that made everyone sing," Tom replied.

Mostly everyone turned their heads to look at Jessie. The only exceptions were Neelix who was still laughing, James who was giving Neelix a funny look and wasn't paying attention, and Sid who was fiddling with the holodeck controls.

Jessie looked a little uncomfortable. "Well it was the alien leaders fault, she did it. She just used me as a puppet."

Tom nodded, "uh huh, tell us about it. We need to get some more volunteers before we begin."

"Do I have to?" Jessie moaned, looking more embarrassed than anything else.

"I wonder what would happen if I told him an actual joke," James muttered, still looking at Neelix.

Sid giggled nearby, "there we go, sharks in the ocean, safeties off." He turned around. "Ok people, don't go in the ocean until I say so, see ya!" He rushed towards the beach.

Tom stared blankly, "um, yeah you have to. This episode is already getting a little long, so make it brief."

Jessie groaned, "ok it all started when Ligod and um, the other one, came aboard along with the aliens..."

Three days earlier

Holodeck Two:

Jessie was standing nearby the wall, with folded arms, "so do you have to go back to Doc's hospital?"

"Computer end program," James said, heading over to her. "No, unless I try to kill Tom again. He keeps hiding still so that should be pretty easy."

"What did he do to annoy you that much anyway?" Jessie asked.

"He was himself," James replied.

"Oh, stupid question," Jessie said, trying not to laugh.

"Seska said something about a trigger after a mini evil discussion with Cullah, so she must have done something," James muttered. "I'm done trying to figure it out."

"I take it the Doc didn't find anything," Jessie said.

The holodeck doors opened, but they both ignored it. "He thinks it's a very small chip, thing. Whatever it is, it's not doing anything," James said.

"Hi James, long time no see," Zare said as she walked over to them.

Jessie rolled her eyes, "great, I would have preferred long time never see."

James obviously didn't hear her, "hey Zare."

"I've heard you been naughty. Who did you kill?" Zare asked, folding her arms.

"Nobody, it was a nearly," James replied.

"Speaking of..." Jessie muttered to herself.

Ligod walked over, "ah James, it's good to see you."

James pulled a face as he looked over in his direction. Zare shrugged her shoulders, "sorry, he just follows me around."

"You know that we're on our way to that planet," Ligod muttered.

"Geez Ligod, don't take everything seriously," Zare groaned.

Ligod's face lit up, "ah, so you weren't actually insulting me."

"Um yeah, I just wanted to tell you to stop taking everything seriously," Zare muttered, rolling her eyes.

"You're on route to a planet, let me guess, another suicide mission?" James questioned.

"Most probably," Zare said.

"You mean you don't know yet? Why doesn't that surprise me," James said.

Ligod folded his arms, "you two will never leave me alone about that, will you?"

"No," Zare and James replied, shaking their heads.

"Well, I'll leave you Slayer type people to it then," Jessie muttered, she headed for the doors.

James frowned, "uh Jess, are you ok?"

Jessie turned around, "yes of course I am, why wouldn't I be? I'm not bothered about you hanging with Zare, so I'm leaving you with her. How strong am I?" She headed out muttering to herself.

"She's still bitter?" Zare questioned with a raised eyebrow.

"No, well I thought she wasn't," James replied.

Ligod looked interested all of a sudden, "oh, bitter about what?"

"I thought we sorted it out," James said.

Zare shrugged, "maybe she isn't, maybe she's just crazy. For all I know, that's a symptom of dating you."

James narrowed his eyes as he turned his head in her direction. Ligod meanwhile looked annoyed himself, "stop ignoring me will you."

"So, I'm finished here, wanna go?" James asked.

"Sure," Zare replied. She and James headed out too.

Ligod growled, "hey, are you two not going to tell me?" As soon as they left he groaned, "I'll find out myself."

James and Zare picked up speed to catch up with Jessie. Ligod was right behind them, he tried to push in between them but kept failing.

"By the way I would really like to meet your Doctor. I would like to see the program he used," Ligod said.

Zare glanced back at him, "you need a life, god."

"That's Ligod," Ligod grumbled.

"Yeah Zare get it right, he's no god," James said.

Zare frowned, "god, didn't actually know that was a real word."

"It's some guy actually, you know religious creator guy," James said.

Zare raised an eyebrow, "that's a stupid name for it."

"Don't I know it. Stupid name for a stupid guy," James said. "Only stupid guys would create such a messed up race and planet."

Zare smiled, she tried not to laugh. "On my world, we believe in multiple creators. Yours must be four times as smart as each of ours."

Jessie pulled a face and rolled her eyes. "Ugh, I'd say get a room but, ugh," she muttered to herself.

The Mess Hall:

The room was a little quieter than usual. The alien visitors had taken over a small table near the window. James and Zare were talking nearby the replicator, Jessie was standing about a metre away not looking at all happy about it. Neelix was of course busy cooking something poisonous in the kitchen.

Zare was in the middle of a story when Jessie decided to join in with the conversation, "so did you find yourself another Slayer boyfriend, Zar?"

"What?" Zare said with a frown on her face.

"They seem to be your type, right?" Jessie said.

"You can talk Jess," Zare muttered. She glanced back at James, "did you tell her?"

"Actually no," James replied.

Jessie folded her arms and smirked, "so I was right then Zare."

"Just because I dated one Slayer doesn't mean they're my type," Zare said.

Danny, Ian and Kes walked into the room, talking amongst themselves.

"Sure," Jessie said while shrugging her shoulders. "Just be careful with what you do with those flat lips, ok Zar." She walked away after passing Zare an icy stare.

"What was that all about?" Zare asked.

"I don't know, sorry I'll talk to her," James said. He quickly headed over to where Jessie was standing now. "What was that?"

"One of these days I'm buying you a *slut coming onto you* scanner," Jessie muttered.

James developed a smirk on his face, "Zare? Yeah right."

Jessie groaned as she turned around, "admit it, you never know when girls are coming onto you, even me. I'm always the one telling you, and was I ever wrong?"

"I don't know really, about ninety odd percent was inconclusive, right," James replied. "Besides you were wrong about Zare the last time, and we're not doing that argument again."

"Well it wouldn't end the same way so don't worry about it," Jessie grumbled, folding her arms.

Danny and co made their way over to the two. "Hey you two, we were just going to the new resort program and..." Ian said.

"You're seeing things Jess, Zare and I are too alike to like each other," James muttered. The icy stare came back onto Jessie's face. "You know what I mean."

"Oh yeah I do. You're absolutely right. She's a Slayer, both of you are Chosen maybe's and oh, help me out here," Jessie said. "You've known each other for the total time of two hours, you have no idea what she's actually like."

"Ok guys, you're making Ian and Kes a little uncomfortable," Danny butted in.

James ignored her, "what's the matter with you? I don't like her that way, and she doesn't like me. Give me some proof and I'll try to see it for myself."

"No James, you said you and her are so alike, do you think you and I have anything in common?" Jessie asked. "I think there's something you want to say there."

"No there isn't. What I meant was we're both Slayers, she's sarcastic and annoying, she's got all of my annoying traits. I just talk to her because she understands the whole Slayer business better than I do," James replied.

"That's nice," Zare commented as she walked over. "Don't worry about it Jess, I can't stand him either now. You can keep him." She walked back the way she came.

"See, she liked you before," Jessie said.

James glanced back at Zare who was leaving the room, "I didn't mean, oh that's great."

"Oh so you were lying to me," Jessie said.

Ian smiled nervously, "ok guys, this is getting stupid."

"Getting? It was from the very beginning," James muttered. "She doesn't like me, I don't like her. Also I'm getting sick of this, if you don't like Zare and you just have to insult her, don't involve me in it."

"James, you're just blind. She took that a little too hard for someone who's only known you for a little while," Jessie said.

"You still haven't given me any proof," James said.

"I don't have to, just watch her for five seconds as she talks to you," Jessie muttered.

"See you later Jess," James groaned as he walked away.

"So glad you two are friends or whatever again," Danny quickly said as she put an arm around Jessie. She angrily pushed it off. "Ok can't blame me for trying."

"I bet she did this on purpose," she grumbled.

"Who, what?" Kes questioned.

"Zare. She made it obvious to me she was flirting, but that wasn't to him, just so she could have her way with him," Jessie replied.

"Sorry Jessie but I don't follow you. I don't see it either, you're just being paranoid. You're being jealous over nothing," Danny said.

"I'm not jealous," Jessie muttered. The others started blankly at her. "I have a right to be."

"No you don't. You've got the guy, she's not interested in him anyway, and he's not either," Danny said.

"Seriously, you guys don't see it?" Jessie said. "My god, you Danny, you always spot these things. You were onto James and I when we were about ten, premature but spot on."

"Exactly right Jess, I don't see it. Yeah it's weird they get along despite what James said, but there's nothing there. Sorry," Danny said. She dragged Ian away by the arm.

"Kes," Jessie said.

Kes shook her head, "sorry. I think it's just because she and him have that one thing you and him can't share. It's nothing to worry about, you do have everything else with him, unless he does talk about Slayer stuff with you."

"No, she likes him. She laughs at all the jokes, ignores any insults, she stares at him," Jessie muttered.

"Ok the jokes maybe funny, the insults were his usual sarcastic ones, and it's rude to not look at people when they're talking," Kes said.

"No, jokes weren't funny, insults I'll give you, and you didn't see the stare," Jessie said.

"Was it anything like yours?" Kes asked.

Jessie frowned, "how would I know? I can't see my face twenty four seven unless I have a mirror in front of my face."

"You know, did it look like she was not paying attention to surroundings and looking in his eyes?" Kes asked.

"Kinda yeah," Jessie replied. She frowned, "wait, I never do that."

Kes tried not to laugh, "oh no, you never do."

"I just wish that she would stop trying, I mean she thinks she's better than me," Jessie muttered.

Kes looked confused, "you got all that from a reunion conversation?"

"You should see the way she talks to him. She's all over him," Jessie grumbled.

"Yes, all over him with the eye staring," Kes said. Darna looked over from her table briefly, she whispered something to her little minions before getting up slowly.

"Just watch her for ten minutes, she's trying too hard. You'll see tarts like Lisa pretending to laugh at unfunny jokes, try to look cute or whatever and pretend to be actually listening to what they say. They only do that when they want to get into their pants," Jessie said.

"Sorry, I don't understand," Kes said.

"They do it so the guys will be interested in them," Jessie muttered.

Kes sighed, "oh right. Does it work?"

"No, as they don't listen they end up laughing at something not funny at all. Maybe the desperate guys take anything they can get," Jessie replied.

Kes smiled, "I don't think James falls into that category."

Jessie pouted and folded her arms, "why does everyone think that I think he's the one who's interested? I know he's not, and he's a good guy, I trust him, he'd never cheat. I just can't stand that girl, she knows I'm with him and she still tries."

Darna walked over to the pair, "excuse me."

"What, there's plenty of room, walk around us," Jessie muttered.

"I don't think that's what she wants Jess," Kes whispered.

"I couldn't help but overhear your conversation, girls. Maybe I can help you, young lady," Darna said.

"How can you help me?" Jessie asked.

Darna smiled, "I can cast a spell on this girl."

"Right, witchcraft is all bull," Jessie muttered.

"And I suppose people with abnormal strength isn't?" Darna said.

"Fine I'll play along, what kind of spell?" Jessie asked, with a smirk on her face.

"If she does like this guy, the spell will make her stop," Darna replied.

"Jess," Kes said in a warning voice.

"Whatever you say, somehow I doubt you could do that," Jessie muttered. She headed over to the replicator, Kes eyed Darna briefly before following her. "Tomato and apple juice," Jessie said to the replicator.

Kes pulled a face, "eww."

"What, they're both fruits," Jessie said as Darna walked over to them.

"I'll tell you what, if you're right and nothing works then you can keep my lucky pendant necklace. If I'm right and she stops coming onto him, then I take something special of yours," Darna said.

Jessie narrowed her eyes, "you've just lost yourself a necklace."

Darna smiled, "I don't think so. You'll need to wear it so I can cast the spell." She handed a necklace to her.

"Oh well it's nice of you to give me it before you even try, see ya," Jessie said. She walked away.

Darna rolled her eyes, "charming girl."

Present day:

"What kind of spell?" Tom asked.

Jessie still looked nervous, "I was hungry and I had no rations." Kes rolled her eyes.

"Oh come on, you're not telling us the whole story right," Tom moaned.

"No I am. I was talking to Kes, witch wannabe girl butted in and she offered to help," Jessie said.

Tom rolled his eyes, "that's boring though. How am I supposed to entertain the crew with that?"

The DJ raised his hand, "we've got a volunteer."

"Oh finally, let's get started," Tom said with a grin on his face. A hand pushed him off the stage, face first. Kathryn stumbled into his spot, holding one of those tall glass cups of coffee.

"Hit it!" she told the DJ, who by now was the only person paying attention who wasn't afraid.

"Oh woah, oh!" Kathryn sang too close into the mic. "Caught in a caffeine rush." The DJ quickly put the music on. She began tapping her foot to the beat, "coff, coff, coff coffee. Coff, coff, coffee. Coff, coff, ooh la la. Want your caffeine rush."

The music kicked off so the crazy Captain started to dance stupidly, still singing the coffee part into her mic.

"I want your gritty, I want your bitter. I want your everything, as long as you're mine. I want your buzz," she continued. Of course the so called singer didn't notice everyone had snuck off to the bar, except for Sid of course. He was currently bleeding, with a huge bite mark on his leg, tapping his foot.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz, I want your buzz. Hey!" Kathryn quickly finished off her coffee, then chucked the glass away. "I want your 'roma, the smell in my nose. Hey! I want your morning perker, kiss on my mouth. I want your buzz." She pulled the clip out of her ponytail, then quickly swung her hair around. "Buzz, buzz, buzz, I want your buzz."

Chakotay looked at a conveniently placed watch on his wrist, then back at her. Tom looked at him with interest. "I swapped that cup with half decaf."

"Wouldn't that just be only half a top up instead of one?" Tom questioned.

Chakotay smiled sneakily, "you'll see."

"You know that I want you," Kathryn tapped her foot with the beat. "You know that I need you. I want your caff, caffeine rush." Suddenly the red and black jacket was airborne, then into Chakotay's face. "I want your rush, and I want your headache. You and me can run the ship tonight. I want your rush not the stupid tea bags. You and me will kick ass tonight." Her dancing got a bit tired, but the look on her face was still caffeine full. "Oh, oh woah oh. Oh woah oh, caught in a caffeine rush."

"Coff, coff, coff coffee. Coff, coff, coffee. Jane, Jane, way la la. Want your caffeine rush." The music continued as Kathryn rubbed her stomach, turning paler by the second. "I don't feel well." She rushed off the stage with a hand over her mouth.

Two days earlier

The Conference Room:

"It can't be a coincidence that this started happening as soon as those aliens..." Chakotay said.

"And Ligod, oh and Zare," Jessie butted in.

Chakotay stared at her, "came aboard."

"All my scans revealed nothing. Frankly I'm at a loss," the Doctor said on the screen.

"Maybe it's a spell," Kes said with a smirk. Jessie shook her head.

"Don't be silly Kes, next you'll be saying that an army of angry fairies are after us," Danny said.

"We all know how to solve that problem, don't we," Tom sniggered. Almost everyone groaned.

"People, concentrate. We've got an obvious illness here that we can't detect or cure," Chakotay said.

"Then what do we do? No matter what we do, we just start singing about it," B'Elanna questioned.

"Well we can't just give up, it's not that bad," Harry commented.

"Nobody said that we should," Ian said.

Kathryn sighed, "exactly. Doctor keep us informed of any progress."

"Yes Captain," the Doctor said. The screen turned itself off.

"If it's an illness the Doctor would have found something by now surely," James said.

Tom shrugged, "yeah and so far not everyone's been affected."

"After a year or so on this ship, I'm nearly ready to believe anything," Chakotay said. Everyone failed to notice the poppy music that had started silently playing in the background.

Kathryn rested an elbow on the desk, and placed her chin on the palm of her hand. "Maybe it is a spell," she 'sang' along to the tune.

Chakotay pulled a face, "don't be silly, witches don't exist." Everyone stared blankly at the pair.

"Hey, sing this in tune," Kes sang while shaking her head.

"Oh they're singing again, cover your ears," Tom sang with a smirk on his face. The smirk was short lived though.

"Oh shut up Tom," B'Elanna sang while rolling her eyes.

"Yes this song sucks, it's so out of tune," Harry sang.

Danny tried not to laugh, "maybe we should leave."

"No this funny, everyone's gonna sing," Ian sang.

Everyone was now looking freaked out, but they still managed to sway a little to the tune. "Oh damn, here we go, singing very badly to a Steps tune," everybody sang together while standing up. "Now we're getting up, ready to dance to the beat, to the beat."

All the chairs were pushed back a little as the whole senior staff started to a cheesy dance routine with their arms mostly. "Nobody dance, nobody sing. We don't have to do anything, cos this crap always happens, to at least one of us. This is weird but like other things, we'll get out of it, out of it."

"Screw this, I want coffee," Kathryn sang as she sat back down in her chair.

"Quick get the rat poison," Harry sang in a giggly voice as he did the same.

Kathryn glared at him, "hey!" Everybody quickly sat back down again.

"This is creeping me out," Jessie sang along looking disturbed.

"If anyone sings, that I sound gay," James sang as he narrowed his eyes at Tom.

Tom just grinned, "I'm not saying a thing."

Kes shrugged, "well at least he can sing, unlike someone." Tom pulled a face.

Again everyone got up slowly. "Oh damn, here we go, singing very badly to a Steps tune. Now we're getting up, ready to dance to the beat, to the beat." The dance routine picked up as they sang the chorus again.

They started swapping places with the ones next to them. "Nobody prance, nobody wail. We don't have to worry at all," they sang just as they got to their new seats. "Cos we always find some way to beat it back, this is us, and we can."

"This is so illogical," Tuvok sang as he raised an eyebrow. The music stopped, everybody quickly sat back down.

"Ok, that was pretty bad," Tom muttered.

"You think, but it would have made number one knowing the charts," Danny commented.

"Actually I liked it," Harry said with a grin. Tom quickly slapped the back of his head. "Ow."

Kathryn shook her head, "all right, this is top priority. We need to find out what's happening. Wherever possible, avoid situations or conversations worth singing about."

"That was worth singing about? We're in trouble," Tom commented.

Danny giggled, "no it wasn't, but Janeway and Chakotay's *get a room quick* song was."

"The song was using metaphors and stuff," Kathryn muttered, blushing furiously.

"Yes it was a tame song, you just make it sound dirty," Chakotay said.

"I didn't have to," Danny giggled.

"Ok everyone dismissed," Kathryn quickly said. Everyone got back up and headed out of the room.

Deck Five:

The turbolift doors opened to reveal Ian and Danny talking quietly. Danny pressed a button to the close the doors again. "See, nothing to worry about," she said.

"Oh come on Dan, the turbolift isn't exactly original," Ian said in a teasing voice.

Danny pretended to look offended, "you know I should punish you for that." She turned away from him with a fake pout on her face.

Ian walked right up to her, he slipped an arm around her waist. "You know I've been thinking of a *get a room quick* song of my own."

Danny giggled, "oh really?" She turned herself around. "It's kinda exciting that nobody knows about us, don't you think?"

Ian grinned, "it kinda is, but I think we can tell our friends."

"Nah, not yet," Danny said, slipping her arms around his neck.

Meanwhile

Sickbay:

Claire was busy pacing the main area, impatiently tapping her hand with a PADD. She stopped nearby the end biobed, "where is everyone?" She sighed as she sat down on it.

The doors opened as Danny and Ian strolled in, holding hands. They stopped nearby the door, unaware that Claire was in the room.

"So I'll see you later Dan," Ian said. Danny turned around to face him.

"Mmm can't wait," she murmured. He leaned down to kiss her on top of her head, then he stepped back out of the room. Danny smiled while she leaned on the biobed, blushing a little.

Claire shook her head and headed into the office, "ugh gross."

"Hmm, why can't it be later now," Danny said quietly to herself. She moved away from the biobed and looked around the room. She started to sing, "he puts a strand of my hair, 'hind my ear, it's weird but feels ok. He puts yesterdays other guys to shame, but that's easily done."

Claire pulled a face as she walked back the way she came.

"So am I crazy or I am doing it right this time? I do love to touch him, talk to or leer all day," Danny sang quietly to a summery tune. The music picked up as Claire came further into the room with wide eyes. Danny failed to notice as she started dancing to the music.

"There he goes, he's my man, keep your hands to yourself," she sang.

Claire rolled her eyes. "Hey, no problem," she sang, pulling a face.

"He's a bit tall, but I don't really mind that much," Danny sang.

"Oh that's sweet," Claire added on.

"I think I've found my forever guy so girls move along. You've got two seconds to vacate," Danny sang, she pointed at the doorway, "there he goes."

Claire walked over to stand next to her, "uh Dan..." The music picked up again, Danny climbed onto the biobed and continued dancing.

"There he goes, there he goes. He's my sugar plum and I'm his cuddly bear. There he goes, there he goes," she sang. "Get out the queue boys, this till is closed. There he goes, there he goes. I'm his new girlfriend, but don't tell anyone," she placed a finger in front of her lips. "There he goes, there he goes." She jumped down from the biobed.

Meanwhile:

Ian was going down the corridor singing a similar tune to Danny was singing earlier. "One day she was

a good friend, and now she's all mine. I opened my door, let her in and oh, the rest you know. No we didn't, you know, but we did kiss a while. Still don't know how or why right now."

Tuvok turned the corner and found himself walking right behind him.

"Off I go, she's my girl, keep your hands to yourself," Ian continued to sing.

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "indeed."

"She's a bit rude, but I don't really mind that much," Ian sang.

"Interesting," Tuvok said.

"I think I've found my forever girl so boys move along. You've got two seconds to vacate," Ian sang.

Sickbay:

"There he goes," Danny sang louder than before.

Claire was busy sitting on a neighbouring biobed, looking bored. "Are you quite finished yet?"

Danny's eyes widened a little, she turned her head slowly around to her direction. "Oh crap," she muttered.

Meanwhile:

"I don't know what you're talking about," Ian muttered while increasing his walking speed.

"It would be illogical to deny such a thing," Tuvok said.

"Ok maybe, but it would be even more illogical to make up something stupid like that," Ian said. He jumped into the turbolift, "quickly Deck Two." The turbolift doors closed.

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, he pressed the button on the panel next to the door and waited patiently.

The Bridge:

Tuvok stepped off the turbolift, his eyebrow set a new record for him as he looked around the room. All of the unknowns were doing a dance routine where they were shaking tricorders around their heads.

"Ooooh, ooooh," they all sang.

"Ahem," Tuvok cleared his throat.

Everybody quickly stopped and turned around. They all quickly rushed back to their stations muttering, "sorry sir."

Tuvok shook his head as he went to his station. "So illogical."

"It isn't sir, nobody can help it," a female crewmember nearby commented.

Tuvok looked around the bridge, "where is the senior staff?"

"I think all on break sir," another crewmember replied.

The female crewmember looked at him, eyes widening, "no don't say it." Everyone continued with their dance routine from where they were up to before.

"Ooooh, ooooh... boom boom," the girls sang.

"And we change over to a different song," a male crewmember sang. All of the crewmembers stood in a line at the back of the bridge, they continued to do a stupid dance routine with the tricorders.

Tuvok frowned as the background tune changed. He started to sing along, "I begin to frown just a little bit, it's very odd."

One of the girls jumped to stand next to him, "yeah I got that." She then jumped back into the line of crewmembers as the music picked up. Tuvok walked over to stand in front of them, in the center.

"Why must you sing, sing, and dance," Tuvok sang, just moving his feet. The line behind him split up into pairs, the pairs started dancing together. However two of the pairs were two boys, they were less reluctant to dance together. "Watching everyone embarrass themselves," Tuvok sang as he glanced back at them. "What will it be next?"

"It's illogical to sing, sing, at this time," he continued to sing.

A girl leaned back, the guy kept a hold of her as she kicked one leg up. The guy's nose started twitching, he quickly moved his hands in front of his face. The girl screamed as she fell to the ground. The guy sneezed into his hands.

Tuvok turned around, "and I really think you should pay a visit to Sickbay."

The tactical station started beeping. Everything stopped suddenly. "Interesting," Tuvok said, raising an eyebrow. He went to his station, "as you all were."

"Uh yes sir," one crewmember nervously muttered. Everybody rushed back to their stations.

The Conference Room door opened. James, Foster, Thompson and Sid stepped through it, and headed over to Tuvok.

"We'll add any Tom, Dick and Harry to this team," Thompson grumbled.

James glanced briefly at Sid, "so Harry's next to join then."

"Foster, did you show Mr Collie the works?" Tuvok asked.

"You can't be serious about this Tuvok, Sid isn't Security material," James questioned. He glanced briefly at his team mates, "never mind, forget it."

"It's the most appropriate job for him. Now is there a reason why your team is here?" Tuvok said.

"Um patrolling Deck One perhaps," James muttered.

"Yes that's right," Tuvok said. "I apologise, the current epidemic has distracted me."

"Oh it got you, what did you sing?" Thompson asked with a smirk planted on his face.

"Oh an urbany slash pop song with..." a crewmember blurted out.

Tuvok quickly butted in, "a very short ballad."

"Uh huh," Thompson sniggered. "I'm still waiting for Taylor here to burst into a cheesy Gay pop anthem. Or maybe a *Raining Men* cover."

James stared blankly at him, "why does it always have to be gay with you?"

"Why do you think?" Foster replied. "Think about it, he wants *Raining Men* while you're sharing a room with him."

Thompson and James both pulled a disgusted face each. James looked at Thompson with it, "you're sick, I'm telling O'Hara."

"What, me gay, no way!" he moaned. He marched off towards the turbolift, "like he'd be my first choice if I was."

Foster shrugged, "it seemed reasonable."

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "indeed. Now can you please continue your patrol."

"Sure as long as I can keep a phaser lock on Thompson," James muttered. He headed for the turbolift. The remaining two followed him.

Deck Two:

The team were casually walking down a quiet corridor. Sid was walking ahead of them all.

"I don't get it. Why did you want to work on Security?" Foster asked.

"Transporting people back and forth isn't exactly a fun job you know," Sid replied. He stopped to turn around, "those are one of the few stations that blow up. Plus whenever an alien tries shooting at people in a transporter room, I'm never there." The others stopped too.

"You'll find Security just as tedious, and it's usually the guys who don't want to be shot that do," James said.

Foster nodded, "he doesn't lie about these kind of things."

"What does it matter? Five minutes on this team and Sid'll be in his version of heaven," Thompson muttered.

James glanced at him, raising an eyebrow, "meaning what exactly?"

"If you're looking at me like that then you know what I mean," Thompson replied.

Foster shook his head, "why are you like that anyway, it's really weird."

Thompson turned back to Sid, "yeah, I mean if I tickled you would it hurt?"

"Yes, uh I mean no," Sid stuttered. "Why do you think it's weird, people get injured all the time. It should feel good. If it doesn't I feel sorry for injured people."

"No it shouldn't, people would just injure themselves stupidly like you do and probably kill themselves," James said. "Seriously you need some sort of help." The other two nodded in agreement.

"Ok if I'm agreeing with freak boy here then it must be true," Thompson said. James glanced at him, narrowing his eyes.

"You'll be wishing you're Sid in a minute," he grumbled.

Sid jumped forward, "oh oh, hit me instead of him."

"What would be the point in that?" James asked.

"Well you see," Sid said as music started to play in the background. His team-mates looked at each other with the same worried expression on their faces. "It's been several minutes since I banged my head," Sid started to sing.

Thompson groaned, "oh I had my bets on James singing next, not him."

"Everytime I feel blue, I annoy someone so he can kick my ass," Sid continued to sing. He started to dance around stupidly, "seven hours since I cut my wrists. Started an absail, crawled on the hull. I wanted to fly a shuttle into an asteroid, but nobody would let me go."

"Ok, how come he isn't dead yet?" James whispered to the others, Sid continued to sing of course. They shrugged.

"I say *cos I like to*," Sid sang. "Oooh, everyone thinks there's something wrong with my head. But there isn't no, I just like the rush." His team-mates stared to edge slowly away from him. "Oooh, and I like the feeling of the scratch on my back."

"I heard it's Neelix's turn for a scan in Sickbay," Foster whispered. "Mess Hall?" The other two men nodded quickly, they all ran off as quickly as they could. Sid continued to sing and dance, totally oblivious to the fact that he was alone now.

The Mess Hall:

Faye walked through the doors, she spotted Craig by the replicator so she stopped next to him. He glanced at her briefly, "just pretend to be busy."

"Why? There's only so long you can look busy at the replicator," Faye questioned.

Craig beckoned his head briefly in the direction of the table Lisa and an unknown guy was sitting at. "Lis and boyfriend are arguing."

Faye looked over, "oh, that can't be good."

"Not for Lisa no," Craig muttered.

"What do you mean, he's only a friend," Lisa said.

The guy sitting opposite her groaned, "you like him, I'm not stupid."

"Yeh as a friend. If you don't believe me or trust me then this isn't going to work is it?" Lisa said.

"Yeh you're right," the guy muttered as he stood up. "He's all yours." He then marched out via the other door. Craig quickly headed over with Faye right behind him.

"Lis, you ok?" he asked.

Lisa covered her face with her hands, "yeah." The pair could hear her crying gently behind them. She quickly moved them away, trying a little too hard to put on a convincing smile. "It's just another guy like all the rest, so what."

"Yeah but you're not acting like he was," Craig carefully said.

"What do you mean? There's plenty of other guys, what does it matter," Lisa said.

Craig glanced back at Faye helplessly, she shrugged her shoulders. "Maybe you can fool Faye," he said, turning back to Lisa. "But you can't fool me."

"Ok when have I ever been interested in something serious?" Lisa asked with a raised eyebrow. She looked around at the neighbouring tables, she noticed one guy glance at her briefly.

"This is going to turn into a song isn't it?" Faye groaned.

Craig glanced at her looking worried, meanwhile cheesy poppy music began playing. "Ok, where does the music come from!?" He glanced back at Lisa, who had walked over to the other guy while the pair were talking. "No Lisa, don't, please don't."

"I see what ya staring at," Lisa sang in a sultry voice. She briefly stroked the guy's cheek, "I know what you see instead." She took a hold of his hand, then backed away a little. He stood up but looked like he wasn't able to control himself. "I know you like me."

"How are you still friends with this girl, I'm surprised she hasn't dated you yet," Faye questioned quietly.

Lisa and the guy started to dance in front of each other. "You don't really see me, I ain't just eye candy."

Meanwhile Security Team One entered the hall, but stopped dead in their tracks as they spotted Lisa. "You know I'm not really hungry," Thompson said.

"Yeah me neither," James muttered. The team headed back out.

Sickbay:

Lee and Claire sat opposite each other at the Doctor's desk, both snacking on their lunch on a tray.

"We could make him a ballerina," Lee said with a mouthful of food.

Claire pulled a disgusted face, "no way, we'll have nightmares for weeks."

"Ok then, you think of something we could do to the Doctor," Lee grumbled. He eyed Claire's plate, "are you going to finish that?"

Claire stared at him with a blank expression on her face, "well yeah, I am still eating it."

"Fine fine," Lee said. "Well?"

"Why the Doctor, can't we do something to somebody else?" Claire questioned.

"Sure, I'll get Janeway here and you can reprogram her to dance the flamenco," Lee replied, shaking his head. "We can only mess with the Doc, genius."

"No we could do something to the coffee, or reprogram her replicator to talk back to her," Claire said with a shrug.

"That's more suicidal than funny," Lee said. "Why do we have such a psycho captain anyway?"

"Well it's better than a wussy one," Claire smirked.

Lee smiled as he leaned his left elbow on the desk, "here's something."

"What?" Claire said.

Some unknown crewmember walked in carrying a guitar, with a dumbfounded expression on his face. He started to strum a few notes every now and then.

"Let's say Janeway did a bunk, just for a day, just only one day," Lee sort of rapped as he did so. Claire glanced between the two, looking worried. "And she randomly chose someone to be in command. And her finger landed on you, what would you do. If you were Captain for a day?"

She stared at him with wide eyes. "Tell all aliens to shove it up there..." she muttered.

Lee butted in, "I'd go around the quadrant buying all the torpedoes. Then I'd label them all "just passing on by pal"."

Claire pulled a face, "But if you did that you'd get your butt kicked." She looked scared as she noticed that she was singing along, "I'd paint the ship black."

"Yeah but on that day I'd make Tom do it all," Lee rapped after her.

"Well I'd tell all aliens passing there's free coffee," Claire sang, still with her scared wide eyes. "It'd get Janeway really pissed and maybe she'd retire."

"Then we'd could run the ship forever, wait," Lee rapped. He frowned, "Is all the grub free?"

"Well I don't know, but you could pretend it is," Claire sang. Luckily the guy with the guitar managed to stop, the two teens sighed in relief. "That was scary."

"Oh yeah," Lee muttered. "Now are you finished?" Claire rolled her eyes then nodded. He pulled the tray over to him.

Engineering:

Tom walked in looking nervous. He had a quick glance at his surroundings, one crewmember was singing about power conduits to a scared looking girl, everyone else but B'Elanna had gathered around to watch. As soon as the male crewmember stopped, the audience started throwing what looked like mushy tomatoes at him and booing. All of this seemed to ease Tom, so he continued forwards.

B'Elanna meanwhile was grumbling to herself at one of the stations around the core. He stopped next to her, "where did they get those tomatoes from?"

She glanced at him with a raised eyebrow, "they're not tomatoes, they're balloons filled with Neelix's soup." Tom's eyes widened as he turned to watch the poor crewmember, he was now lying on the ground with his arms covering his head.

"Aaah, it's hot. Stop it!" he yelled.

One crewmember looked confused, "I thought it was Gazpacho soup."

Everyone watched as the soup started melting the guy's uniform away. "Oh wait," one said looking pale. "Neelix added Talaxian spice herbs to it."

"Oh god, call Sickbay," one guy said.

B'Elanna groaned, "he deserves it really. He won't stop singing."

"None of us can help it," Tom said.

"I know but he sings every five minutes," B'Elanna muttered. "What do you want?"

"I have a question to ask," Tom said.

B'Elanna groaned, "so?"

"Soo um, I have this program about a lake, and a boat and a um, me. Do you want to see it?" Tom stuttered, blushing madly.

B'Elanna laughed, "oh my god. Am I next? Geez, take a hike will you." She walked off.

Tom watched her looking sorry for himself, "not again." He marched off muttering something under his breath.

Sickbay:

The Doctor finished scanning an unknown crewmember. "Both nothing, this doesn't make any sense."

"Well you're a lot of use aren't you?" the crewmember grumbled.

"I'm trying the best I can," the Doctor snapped.

"You know what the problem is? You have no imagination, a real doctor would have that." The crewmember slid off the biobed and headed out. "Good luck."

"I am a real doctor," the Doctor sighed. "Oh I see, just cos I'm a hologram. I see." He turned to another crewmember's biobed but they were actually edging towards the door. "Hey, you can stay right where you are."

"Actually once I'm out of the room, you can't stop me," she stuttered before running out.

The Doctor again sighed, "what does it matter. Not one crewmember shows sign of any illness." He looked around the room, "wait a minute, I had two other patients before. Ugh why does no-one treat me with the respect I deserve." Some gentle music started playing in the background.

"I appear, empty and bare. I don't breathe, but need air," he sang while he headed over to the med tray. "You think I am just a machine but you and me are no different." He smiled to himself as he worked on the tricorder and hyposprays. "So much more I want to say, I need to find a way."

Tuvok stepped in through the main entrance. He stopped at the doorway with his eyebrow in it's usual position.

"I doubt you really know, how it really feels to be left here all alone, when there's nothing to do," the Doctor sang. "Well you really should know, just how it feels to seem like you're all alone, when you're in a full room. I tell ya all..."

"Doctor?" Tuvok quickly butted in. The Doctor turned to him as the music cut off abruptly. "Any progress?"

"No not really and it seems I am infected as well. It can't be the usual kind of illness as it doesn't come up in scans," the Doctor replied.

"Interesting," came Tuvok's usual response.

"Yes well there's no way I can discover what's causing this if it isn't medical," the Doctor said. "I simply don't understand this."

The Bridge:

Tom collapsed into his chair with the loudest sigh you can do. Everyone else on the bridge were too busy to notice it or hear it. Kathryn was busy sipping a cup of coffee while staring at a padd. Chakotay tried to look like he was doing work by playing a silent game on his computer. Harry had big ear muffs over his ears.

"Ahem, Captain we're still on course at warp eight point five," Tom said.

"Uh huh," Kathryn mumbled.

Chakotay glanced over briefly, "is that a picture of a coff..." Kathryn turned her head to glare at him. "Coffin?" he said nervously.

Jessie shook her head, "way to go Chuckles."

"Shut up, and who gave you the inspiration to call me that?" Chakotay grumbled.

"Um let's see, there's Danny, Ian, Harry, James..." Jessie replied while counting her fingers. "Tom, Janeway."

"Hey Kath... tain," Chakotay hissed.

"You have a way of words today, don't you?" Kathryn said in a teasing voice.

"You call me Chuckles?" Chakotay muttered.

"I don't remember that," Kathryn said, glancing back at her padd.

Chakotay frowned as he looked over to see what was on the padd, Kathryn didn't seem to notice. "Can we talk in private please?" he asked while standing up.

"Um ok," Kathryn replied. The pair headed for the Ready Room.

"It's just not fair," Tom moaned.

Jessie rolled her eyes, "let me guess, somebody new rejected you."

"No, I'm not after anyone right now," Tom snapped at her. He quickly turned back to his station before she had a chance to glare. He looked at one of his screens which had a B'Elanna desktop on it, she looked like she was yelling at some unknown who was cowering despite him being a foot taller than her.

Jessie glanced around the room looking worried, she of course was reacting to a poppy song starting to play. "Crap, Harry." she ran off towards Opps. It was too late though, Tom had already started singing.

"Just cos I joke, shouldn't bother you at all. It's not fair you judge me that way. Let me be the one for you."

"Harry, does those even work!?" Jessie yelled at Harry. He obviously didn't hear her and was happily typing away. She resorted to slapping him on the arm. He glanced at her with a pout on his lips. "Does those work?"

"What?" Harry yelled back.

"When I'm lying awake at night, there's your face stuck in my mind," Tom sang as he stared at the picture.

Meanwhile in the Ready Room, Chakotay and Kathryn were yelling too.

"I don't understand you sometimes. First you say or rather sing all that stuff about me, and us, next you're fawning over that picture of Mark," Chakotay grumbled.

"I'm not, it's just the dog I swear," Kathryn stuttered.

"And this coffee obsession. If you love it so much, why don't you date that instead," Chakotay grumbled. He stormed out but immediately regretted his decision.

"Damn it, give me those!" Jessie screamed at Harry who was looking really clueless. Instead she pulled them off his head.

"There's nothing I can do but to put a spell on you. I wish I had a love spell," Tom warbled on.

"What the? Oh trust Tom to sing a love song," Chakotay groaned. He headed over to him.

Tom continued singing all wobbly, "love spell." Chakotay made it over to him just as he was about to finish the chorus. "I wish I could make you fall in love with me."

"Never going to happen," Chakotay muttered, slapping him across the head. Of course the music cut off.

"Oh finally, these things always mess up my hair," Jessie sighed in relief. She tossed the ear muff's to the side of her, they bounced off Harry's face.

Deck Two:

The Security team headed down the corridor, minding each other's business. In other words in silence for once. Sid was once again with them.

Thompson pointed at a foot that was sticking out from around a corner, "what's that?"

"It looks like somebody's foot you moron," Foster muttered.

Sid's eyes lit up, he then ran towards it as fast as he could. His team stared after him blankly. He managed to trip over the foot and land flat on his face.

"Oh," both James and Foster said at the same time.

Thompson smirked as they finally reached the foot. "At least this guy'll be great entertainment on a quiet day."

The guy with the guitar came along again, not looking too happy about it. This time he was a better player. The team, excluding Sid looked at each other in horror. Lucky for them, more or less, the owner of the foot stirred and moved it out of sight. At the same time a female crewmember was walking closer from behind them.

The guy with the guitar strung his guitar several times, then Sid jumped to his feet now holding a drum.

"Shhhh!" the owner of the foot said desperately.

The girl stopped at the other side of the wall to him. "I see you," she whispered. "I just want to show you."

"Damn," the man grumbled. He jumped to his feet and ran off as fast as he could. The girl giggled seductively while stroking the wall with her middle finger.

"Every time you show me that frown, just wanna go that extra parsec for you," she sang. Her head turned to the left, then to the right. She then turned her walk into a hunched tip toe. "My display of affection," she cooed, before shaking her upper torso.

"Nice," Thompson commented.

"Feels like it's only ever for you." Quick as a flash she jumped around the corner, spotting the male crewmember trying in vain to get the stubborn turbolift doors open.

The girl side stepped to the right, then leaned on the wall with her hands, staring at the man. "We can play now, like there's no one around."

Sid banged his drums a bit more, deciding to sing along, "we keep on stalking, keep on stalking, stalking."

At this point James, Thompson and Foster were backing away looking all freaked out. Meanwhile the crazy girl did the exact same moves to the other wall, taking a step closer before doing so.

"Red Alert's flashing while we'll be dirty dancing," the girl sang.

"We could be dying, or coffee hunting," Sid sang along happily.

Stalker girl spun herself around twice, aligning herself to the centre of the corridor. Her arm moved out, and did a beckoning wave to the man. "Looks like The Cloud is saying."

Kathryn decided to run passed at that moment, "there's coffee in that nebula!"

"No," stalker girl huffed as the music stopped. She glared at Sid, "you threw me off. Try again." The music restarted at Sid's second line, the girl sang it instead. "Nobody's watching, but keep watching." She did her spin again, "looks like my heart is saying."

"Oh god, why won't anyone help me!" the man whined.

The stalker girl looked like she was about to pounce, but instead she turned on the computer panel nearby and stuck her face close to it. "Gimme gimme," she sang into it.

The man tried to sneak passed her while her back was turned. Just as it looked like he succeeded, she swung around grabbing his arm. "You!" Her other hand pointing a finger at him. "Gimme gimme." A wink and a pat on the butt followed another twirl dance move, "you!"

"We have to seal off this deck," James whispered to his team mates.

"Yeah before we have to dance too," Foster whimpered.

Thompson agreed, he glanced at Sid who was grinning and dancing along, forgetting his drum. "This must be the greatest song ever to him."

"No that's Justin Timberlake's records, Nelly & Kelly crap, Rhianna, let's go," James muttered.

"Maybe we should do our job and rescue him first?" Foster said.

"I wouldn't, unless you want to be stalked too," James said.

Thompson smirked, "she's hot but really harmless, what a wuss. I'll sort it..."

James' eyes widened, "NO!"

It was too late, just before the girl finished her chorus Thompson quickly separated the two. "Hey now, there's things called personal space and a tune. Figure them out."

"Nice knowing you," the man stuttered before running for his life.

Thompson jumped as the girl slapped his butt, her eyes glazing over as she stared at him. "Oooh you're like a knight in shining armour aren't you?" She continued singing, "I'm the centre of attention."

"Do you hear that?" James asked Foster, he shrugged. "That's me being right."

The girl smiled sweetly at Thompson, he didn't seem to mind too much. Her fist then flew into his face, making him fly back into the wall. The space between them soon narrowed, her hands slammed on the wall on both sides of his head. "Even when you're up against the wall." She swung her head around to swish her hair, "you've got me in a compromising position. No need for suspicion. We have a connection."

"Oh god," Thompson stuttered.

"Let's get out of here," James whispered to Foster. He now agreed with him. They edged away.

"I love this song," Sid meanwhile giggled while clapping his hands.

Thompson stared at him. "Help, me," he mouthed slowly.

"If only you were blond, I'd show you around," stalker girl sang.

"Oh hey, James is," Thompson sang, pointing at James as he walked away. "Go get him, get him!"

"Ooooh!" the girl squealed, turning around. "Red Alert's flashing while we'll be dirty dancing."

James stared at Foster, they both looked pretty freaked. "Hurry." They decided to run for it instead.

"Nobody will see you, but I'll see you," stalker girl sang just before running as well. "Feels like my hands are saying!" she yelled just as the two disappeared into the turbolift. Her face fell, "aaaaw."

Thompson's eyes twitched as they noticed the other turbolift. He ran for his life leaving the stalker girl alone to sing into the computer screen again.

Present Day:

"Of course, only a man who likes pain would find that enjoyable," Tom muttered.

Sid, who was standing next to them on the stage, stamped his foot as hard as he could, "I demand an encore of that." Everyone looked on in despair.

"No," Tom quickly said. "Anyway Lisa has volunteered to sing us her song."

Lisa rushed up behind the two, she pushed Sid off the stage. He grinned as he crashed to the ground, "thanks!"

"You're welcome," Lisa said sweetly. "I need Danny for this, we did both sing it."

Danny blushed as people looked at her, "yeah but it doesn't mean anything, really."

"Come on Dan," Lisa moaned with a pet lip.

Danny rolled her eyes, "fine, hang on." She quickly downed the glass of alcohol she had, then Ian's as well. She headed for the stage. The two stood in a line in front of microphone stands. Tom quickly rushed off it.

Electro poppy music started blasting from the speakers. Danny and Lisa then started to sing like they didn't care along with it, "there was a guy, you know, he had a little play of my platform game. But he rushed it, didn't finish, oh."

"Ok are they making this up as they go along?" Harry asked.

"He should have jumped to the top and collected all the little things," the two girls continued to sing in monotone. "Instead of being lazy, it was game over."

Two days earlier:

The same music was playing while Lisa walked down a corridor. "I let very few play with me, all only lasted one level." She watched one guy go passed, "ever since he tested me, the very few have scored higher."

Danny was meanwhile going down the corridor in the opposite direction. "Here's a small tip, you have to make a bigger effort, to get higher scores," she sang in a high voice. The two stood opposite each other just as they started to do a basic routine. "Here's a small tip, you have to make a bigger effort, to get higher scores."

Present Day:

"Nobody wins my game, by rushing through it all. There is no cheats, you know well I like the points," the girls sang with the microphones separated from the stands. They were swinging the stands side to side.

"If you want to score, higher than anyone else," both of them knelt down as the stands stood straight again. They slowly straightened themselves back up to sing the rest. "You'll have to play it right, don't give it up." The stands were swung back and forth again.

"Ooooh, oooooh," the girls sang just as Lisa spotted the same guy winking at her. She pushed her microphone to the floor and jumped off the stage.

Danny stared blankly, "ok uh ahem." She signalled the DJ to cut to the end of the song, she continued singing, "oh play with me, don't just play me now. Ooooh oooooh." She stared blankly at the audience again, "ok thanks very much." She rushed off the stage herself.

"Well that was pointless," Harry said again, glancing behind him briefly. What he hadn't noticed was that something was slipped into his drink as he did so.

Two days earlier:

Zare strolled down a corridor on Deck Twelve muttering to herself. "I can't wait to be rid of him forever ugh."

Two men walked out from another corridor and stopped behind her. "Maybe I can help with that," one said.

Zare turned around looking confused, "huh, that's not right." She got a fist in her face, knocking her to the ground.

Frenit walked over to her, "oh, somebody got a boo boo."

"Dude that's lame," the other guy with him sniggered. Frenit glared at him.

"That's the point!"

Zare pulled herself back up, "what are you doing here?"

"You're with that watcher, why don't you ask him, he'll know," Frenit sneered. "Get rid of this guy for me first though." He whispered something in the guy's ear and walked off.

"Wait, no!" Zare yelled after him, the big guy lunged for her though. She just pushed a knife into him, he turned to dust. She looked around for Frenit, but he had gone.

The Mess Hall:

Jessie walked through the busy tables looking for a place to sit, she tapped the padd she had in her hand impatiently. A table of guys continually looked at her until one of them tapped her on the arm.

"There's a spare seat here," he said.

Jessie groaned, "fine." She sat down next to him on the only spare chair in the room.

"So, why the long face?" one of the guys asked.

"Look I didn't sit here to chat with you, I sat here cos I had to," Jessie muttered.

The guy's eyes widened, "ookay, just asking."

"Now boys that's not how you talk to a girl," the first guy said. The others groaned and rolled their eyes. "Let's introduce ourselves first. I'm David, that's Steven, John and Chris."

"Whatever," Jessie groaned.

"That's a pretty name," Chris sniggered.

"Hmm no wonder you guys are asking any old girl to sit with you," Jessie said. "You can't get girls to talk to you the normal way?"

"Don't listen to him, he doesn't speak for all of us," David said. He leaned his elbow on the table, "now, what is your name?"

Jessie stared at him with a raised eyebrow, "sorry, nowhere near interested."

The rest of the table laughed as David sulked behind his hand.

"My turn," John said. "Is there any guy on this ship that'll be at least a little bit jealous of us?"

"No cos only a big loser would be jealous of mini losers like you," Jessie replied, smiling sweetly. "If you mean annoyed at me sitting with annoying little men, then maybe..."

"Ooh, I've always wanted to have a fight over a woman," Steven sniggered, clenching his fist. "I bet I'd be a very good match."

Jessie tried not to laugh, "ok the guy I'm thinking of would give you brain damage by flicking your head."

"Brain, what brain?" John sniggered.

"Yeah good point," Jessie said as she stood back up.

"Hey where are you going?" Chris asked.

She stopped next to a table full of girls who had stopped talking to watch them. David was the first to get back up. "Ok give us one good reason why you're ditching us, and for being rude." Everyone but Jessie and the two tables looked pretty freaked out as music started to play.

Jessie turned around, the girls pushed their chairs and stood up. "Baby can't you see I've fallen, there's no guy like you." The girls behind her began a strange dance routine involving the chairs. For some reason Jessie didn't seem bothered that she was singing, so she continued, "no warning, I'm dangerous, easily jealous."

David and the other guys seemed to be enjoying the performance, the others climbed out of their chairs.

"There's no reason, I can stay, really mad at you," Jessie continued to sing while dancing differently to the others. "Baby can't you see you're oblivious, it's obvious."

Jessie walked over to David as he held out a hand for her, instead she just pushed him out of her way. The girls walked over to the table, they did the same to the other guys. Jessie used one of the chairs to step onto the table itself. The girls settled for standing on the chairs themselves. They all started to do a different dance routine, mainly moving their arms around.

Jessie managed to hit a few high notes while doing her part of the dance. "Too hard to calm down. She's in my hair, and my mind's screaming. Can you hear me now?"

As the music started to change the dancers jumped down, gathered in front of Jessie. Two of them held out their arms, she held onto them as she walked back down to join them.

The men quickly got out of their way as they headed for the exit they were facing. Jessie continued to sing as they walked, "from the feel of your kiss, to your gentle touch. You're addictive, I'm under your spell."

The girls stopped when they got outside, the dancers stood in a circle around her. They all continued to dance. "Like an alcoholic to her glass of wine. I'm crazy for you, don't you know you're addictive. And I love what you do, don't you know you're addictive." Jessie separated from the dancers, they continued dancing as she walked away.

Half way down the corridor she stopped, "what the?" The music cut off. She blushed madly, "oh god no." She rushed off as fast as she could.

"Well I enjoyed it," one of the dancers muttered, the others looked at her. The men quickly joined them but they immediately looked disappointed.

"Aaaw you finished, I was going to video, uh, watch," Chris moaned. The girls all walked away in disgust. John elbowed him.

"Look at what you did, you ruined it," he snorted.

The Bridge:

Almost everyone had ear muffs on now so nobody could hear the music playing in the background.

Chakotay looked at the padd in his hand, humming to the tune. It didn't take him long to break into a quiet song, "Is it you and me? Are you going to tell me soon? Always him, coffee or teasing me around. Will you give me a chance or maybe wait around."

He turned to the side computer instead, "Is it yes, no? Do you want to be with me?" He stopped singing and sighed, "oh great."

Sickbay:

The Doctor groaned into his hand, "Kes!"

Kes rushed to the office doorway, "yes Doctor?"

"Would you mind doing some scans on other crewmembers?" the Doctor questioned while rubbing his forehead.

"No, it's no trouble," Kes replied. She turned to leave.

"Oh and Kes," the Doctor said.

Kes glanced back at him, "what?"

"Last I heard Mr Neelix was singing a love song about you," the Doctor replied.

Kes shuddered, "right thanks for the warning." She walked away.

The Mess Hall:

Kes slowly walked into the room, glancing around nervously. She headed further into the room while fiddling with the tricorder in her hands.

"Ah my sweet, you're a sight for sore eyes," a familiar voice said.

Kes groaned, looking up from her tricorder. "Yeah we kinda swapped places."

Neelix looked confused, "what you have sore eyes?"

"Exactly," Kes replied. She tried to walk away from him, but he just followed her.

"Well um I was wondering if you'd like to give it another go, us I mean," Neelix blurted out.

Kes' eyes widened, "oh god." She turned around to face him, "I really don't want to."

"But I made a foolish mistake, and I hope you forgive me," Neelix said.

"Ok you still don't know, I made you jealous on purpose so I wouldn't have to dump you," Kes said. "I'm sorry it's the truth."

Neelix stared blankly at her, "but why?"

"Why!? Why do you think," Kes grumbled. Three male crewmembers walked up to her, two stayed at each of her sides while one stood behind her. She started to sing as the men did a cheesy dance routine. Of course a pop song was playing in the background.

"What was I to do to get my life back. How was I supposed to live my way," she sang, joining in with the dance routine. "I just had to break up with you cos. All you ever did was overprotect me."

Neelix backed off a little, "uh."

"I can hang out with the guys when I want, without you," Kes sang, she stopped dancing but the dancers didn't. "But even apart you try to butt in. Lessons that I wanted I couldn't do without hearing a nagging voice. Realised you're over jealous."

Meanwhile:

Kathryn and Tuvok walked down a corridor discussing something.

"If it's not medical then what else is left?" Kathryn said.

"I do not know Captain. I have never heard about this type of phenomenon," Tuvok replied.

The two could hear the faint sound of music coming from around the corner, not to mention singing. They tried to ignore it as they turned the corner. About four unknowns were dancing around using phasers as pretend microphones.

"They just don't realise and they wonder why," one wailed.

"We got... Half the mind of a Borg drone, half the spirit to live. Torn from everyone we love or could have done," all of them sang.

"We need to find a solution fast," Kathryn sighed as they both walked passed them.

"Indeed before somebody gets hurt," Tuvok said as they managed it.

"Only half the way home," the group wailed.

"How would that happen?" Kathryn asked. She heard a phaser shot behind them and a few gasps. They stopped to turn around. One unknown was lying on the ground with a nasty phaser wound on his face, around his mouth. "I see your point."

Meanwhile again:

"Great, I should have known I hadn't seen the last of him," James muttered.

"If he's aboard, there must be others hiding somewhere," Zare said.

"No way, somebody would have spotted them by now unless," James said.

Zare frowned, "unless?"

"Unless they're stupid enough to hide on Deck Thirteen," James replied.

"Why would they do that?" Zare asked.

"That place is messed up, lots of strange things happen there. Frenit would feel right at home," James replied.

"Oh," Zare sighed. "What are we waiting for then?"

"We'd better split up to cover more ground. We'd better check Deck Twelve first," James said.

"Good idea, I'll check Thirteen, you check Twelve," Zare said.

"Um I don't think..." James muttered.

"Glad you agree," Zare smiled. She walked off quickly.

Deck Thirteen:

Zare stared out of one of the windows. Yes you guessed it, she started to sing quietly to herself. "My greatest fear is nearing. I don't know what I will find, down in the depths of no sunlight."

Meanwhile just on the deck above her James was walking down the corridor, fiddling with a crossbow rested in his right arm. He attached it to his side. He started to sing too, "there's something I'm not buying. No, vampires aren't on my mind. I'm just hoping that I'm ready for the fight."

Just on the below deck, Frenit and a big bunch of vampires were having a meeting. They burst suddenly into a dance routine, and of course singing too. "The lowdown. There's no light, no clouds in sight."

The group clapped their hands, they twirled around with their arms in a defensive position. They stopped to clap again. "Out in space, stars are too far away to affect us. They know we're hiding away, on Deck Thirteen."

James walked directly above them, if there was a camera it would have moved upwards through the floor. "I don't know if they've seen us, coming from above them." He turned the corner, and stopped in his tracks. "Nothing can give away who I really am."

The shot moved back the way he came, then went back down through the floor. I've decided there's a camera now. It focused on Zare as she walked down the corridor loading a crossbow. "So why do I even make a fuss of finding a vampire den. When I'm torn between different worlds, I give a damn."

The camera divided into two shots, one of Zare and the other of James. Both started to do the same routine, but a different one thankfully to the vampires. "Sun's down, is vampires haven, it's a paradise. They'll be nested let's get ready now." They both leaned on the nearby wall, which was in the same place, except on a different deck obviously.

"To take them down. We know they're stuck on Deck Thirteen," they both sang. Zare did this as she did a little waist movement while falling slowly to her knees. James did something similar, he knelt down on only one knee.

Meanwhile on Deck Thirteen, the vampires changed their routine. The females did the same as Zare, except not up against a wall. The guys stood with their legs wide apart, had their elbows pointed out, fists clenched and facing upwards. They started doing a really strange arm routine while the girls did a slow belly dance as they stood back up. While this was going on, an instrumental part of the song was playing.

The screen again split up. One side showed the vampires dancing, the other had James and Zare. They both, while staying on their knees, leaned over and rested on their hands. They rolled to lie on their backs, they again rested their hands, pushing up the upper half of their body.

The girls seemed to tag the boys as they walked passed one another, their backs were facing each other. James and Zare both leapt to their feet, by putting their weight on their hands. The vampires then did backwards cartwheels and met back up in the middle. The screen then went back to single view of the vampires.

It quickly changed to Zare, who had backtracked to the window. The music slowed down, "it's time. There's no need to fret, so here it is. We are meant to be, you and I but of who we are, you with another. It is wrong."

James surprised her by walking up to stand beside her. They sang together again, facing each other, "we're getting sidetracked so we'll start looking for them on..."

The camera moved to Frenit, who stood in front of all of his vampires doing stupid poses. "We're ready, so bring it on," he sang or rather rapped.

James and Zare at the same time finished their sentence above with, "thirteen."

Meanwhile The FDA ship:

Damien and his crew were in the middle of an important meeting, sitting around their new rabbit head shaped table.

"This table is really dodgy, if you get what I mean," Gareth pointed out.

Damien smiled, "you're just jealous cos you don't get to sit in between the ears." Sure enough he was sitting at the top of the head, in between two straight up ear shapes.

"Oh no no, we're good," Gareth muttered. He whispered to Johnny, "dodgy."

Johnny Junior tilted his head to the side, "if you look at it in a different angle it kinda looks like a sea monster about to eat Damien."

"Don't do that!" Damien snapped. "Now we need to discuss what we're doing in this season."

"Well I was thinking we take over the Borg, that would be cool," Justin said. Everyone stared blankly at him.

"Okay, any sane suggestions?" Damien suggested. Everyone's blank stares turned to him instead. "Ok saner and more realistic."

"What about recruiting some of the cute boys from Voyager," Myleene giggled, licking her lips. Everyone groaned.

"Right we've tried uh.. what have we tried?" Damien asked.

"Good question," Gareth replied. "We were being good guys, we could do that."

"It's not really my kind of style. We were only being nice so we could have another chance to get Voyager for ourselves," Damien said.

"Why do we even want it, this ship is better," Justin asked.

"Well the series isn't called Fifth FVDA Ship, is it! If we get Voyager we will be the stars of the show," Damien replied.

Gareth frowned, "Fifth Fifth Voyager Destruction Association Ship?"

"I like it!" Justin blurted out.

Damien narrowed his eyes, he pressed a red button that was on one of the ears. Two needles came out of Justin and Gareth's chairs and poked them in their arms.

"Shouldn't it be Fifth Apple Destruction..." Johnny Junior muttered. Damien hovered his finger over the button again. "Ok never mind."

"How does the button know who to stab?" Myleene asked.

"More importantly what's in those needles?" Johnny added on. He pulled out a mirror to look at himself with.

"A slow poison, they'll be dead in a few seconds," Damien said. Justin and Gareth's eyes widened. "What's the point in looking at me like that, you never stay dead."

"Was that the original plan though, to become the main castmembers?" Johnny Junior asked.

"No that's only the beginning, I'm full of many ambitions," Damien smiled evilly. "You look at me like you have some... wait that can't be right. As I'm the only one that can actually think. You don't have a thing to add," he sang along to a weird tune in the background.

Gareth rubbed his arm, "I try to help but you keep..."

Myleene leaned on the table so she could look at the back of her jeans, "damn, does my butt look big in this?"

"I am wondering why I'm teamed up with you guys," Johnny Junior sang. He pulled a face.

"Why did you leave me all alone," Justin cried in a bad tune. "Cry me a..." Damien leaned over to smack him across the head. He pulled a face while wiping his hand on his chair.

"One day they will," Damien said with the tune picking up a little. "Build statues of me, and the Voyager crew will..." The music stopped for a few seconds, then picked up again. "All bow before me." He stood up, "they'll write books about me, and make documentaries."

Gareth started to look pale, he fell off his chair looking a bit limp. Justin also hadn't moved after being hit by Damien. Myleene was trying to look at her butt but she ended up falling head first onto the table.

Johnny was busy cooing into the mirror, "I want to go home and do married couple stuff." He started kissing the mirror, "I'll write you a poem too babe."

Junior looked like he was going to be sick, "how can you do married stuff with a mirror, you sicko."

Damien sighed, he sang his last line quietly, "while these fools all wish I didn't screw them over."

Voyager:

Kathryn was sitting on the bridge, cradling a cup of coffee in her arms. She sat up after drinking the last drop. "Sooner rather than later, I'm drinking lots and lots." She stood up, headed towards the turbolift. "I'll stop when I feel content." She turned around in front of the door, put her hands on her hips. "I'm far passed eighteen, but I'm acting over twenty and I'm stuck in a fifties life." She walked in.

On Deck Five Kes was waiting for the same turbolift. She turned around, she swayed her right arm around and brushed it against her cheek, while putting her other hand on her hip. "Life was kind of boring, not in it for the journey, but I knew that I had to fly." She started to walk down the corridor, the door opened and Kathryn stepped out.

"Life's going to catch me but only if I let me take a glance back at home," Kes sang, stopping to let Kathryn catch up with her.

Faye, only a couple of metres away was walking towards them. She turned the corner just as they walked passed, they stood in a line, Faye moved to the middle and walked in front. "Why is the trip no fun, but the stops are so risky." They all stopped to stretch their left arms out, and sway them over to the back of their heads.

"And why can't the kids see the sights that the 'fleet want us all to see," Faye sang as they all turned around.

"I'm caught up in the riddles, crashing into hurdles," all three sang. They stopped, put their hands on their hips and swung them lightly. "I'm dying just a little a day, ah ah."

Meanwhile:

B'Elanna was busy working on her own at one of the warp core stations. "Midnight has me on the go, no fun, no I'm all alone. I'm speaking all in code," she sang. Turning around, she leaned back on the station. "Well I may as well be."

Lisa started to sing from a nearby station, "I'm coming out of the flap, passing all the crap." She turned around as B'Elanna headed straight for the main exit, she quickly joined her. "Falling for all the prats." She turned to smile at some of the guys who were watching, B'Elanna stepped out. She waved her finger at them, "there is no pleasing me."

They quickly were united with Claire, she walked in between them. "I've got fifty girls with me, but I'm around the guys," she sang. "We have to try and tame the boys." The girls stopped, they waved their fingers at the same time while shaking their hips. "Cos we don't wanna play their games."

Kathryn, Kes and Faye stepped out of a nearby turbolift, this time Danny was with them. She was walking alongside Kes. "Everybody from the 'quis are treated as criminals," she sang.

"It doesn't really bother me, but I hate that image," Danny sang as they headed straight for the other group. They all mixed up, Danny stayed in the centre while the others lined up against the wall. "What I see in the mirror, is not the same as me. Acting out of character is a surprise for them all, oh!" She turned around, so did everyone else and danced against the wall.

Kes, B'Elanna and Claire turned around first, swinging their hair back and forth with their hands on their hips. The remaining girls turned around quickly with their own arms around them, they brushed their own faces with their left hands.

Jessie stepped out of the turbolift, she stared at all of the girls dancing more or less out of character. Suddenly the rhythm got her, and she walked over to share the centre with Danny.

"Everybody's freaking about the trip," she sang, kneeling down onto the ground. She rested her head on the back of her right hand, "all want to get home, but I see nothing there." She turned to the side, pushed herself to her feet. "They try and quicken the ride, but I'm not in a rush. I've gotta join the crowd to avoid the crush."

Everyone started to change positions, "I'm caught up in the riddles, crashing into hurdles." Once there they put hands on their hips, then swung them slowly while turning their heads the opposite way. "I'm dying just a little a day, ah ah. Cause something's always making it harder or someone's causing trouble. We're flying but we're going nowhere, ah ah."

They all separated into two groups, one group headed one way while the other went the other way. "I'm dying just a little a day."

Present Day:

Tom tapped his foot impatiently as he stood on the stage, "no one?"

Neelix jumped up and down with his hand in the air, "oooh, ooh pick me!"

Tom tried to ignore him, "no? Ok, let's see, who hasn't sung anything yet?"

"Almost everybody," Chakotay muttered.

Tom narrowed his eyes, "yeah thanks, that helps."

"Me me!" Neelix yelled.

"Ok I'll pick somebody at random," Tom said. He started to point his finger around the holodeck.

James rolled his eyes, he put up his hand much to everyone's confusion.

"No no, this is karaoke not pick on Tom," Tom muttered.

"Hmm that sounds good too," James said. "I only put my hand up because you were going to *randomly* pick me anyway."

Tom shrugged, "well either you or Chakotay." He smiled cheekily, "I bet you two would have some lovey dovey love song to sing, not to each other of course."

James pulled a disgusted face, "eww."

"So what are you going to sing then?" Tom asked.

"Just some random *song* I did years ago," James replied. He headed for the stage, "this is the result of a really dull English lesson."

"It's not about that is it?" Tom frowned as he joined him on the stage. He backed off a little.

James shook his head, "ok shove off."

Tom pouted, "don't be so rude." He wandered off to the side of the stage.

Danny glanced at Jessie, "ok, this is not like him."

"What, he snaps at Tom all the time," Jessie said with a smirk. "Oh you mean Tom being within two metres of James without wetting his pants?"

"No I meant James actually wanting to sing in public again, especially after that last time," Danny replied. "But now that you mention it, Tom wasn't as scared as he usually is. Maybe he's been drinking to help calm him."

"Maybe James has too," Jessie said with a shrug. "And you said you'd never mention that last college gig again."

Danny smiled sweetly, "sorry, I was surprised that's all."

"Well rest assured, I'll not be getting on a stage like that ever again," Jessie said.

The DJ fiddled around with an mp3 player, he hooked it up to the speakers. "Ok ready."

"Not yet," James said, looking around the room. A waiter rushed over to hand him a bottle. He quickly downed the whole thing, "ok now I'm sorta ready."

Tom glanced at Harry, both standing offstage. "Get the video camera ready to record."

Harry looked worried, "do you have a death wish?"

"No, he'll think it was you and only you," Tom said, smiling evilly.

"And why's that?" Harry questioned looking nervous.

Tom decided against responding. The DJ started to play the instrumental track anyway. Harry swallowed a lump in his throat as he raised a small digital video camera. The music playing was just a soft ballady type tune.

"After all you put me through you'd think I'd hate you," James just spoke into the microphone. "But in the end, I should thank you. Cos you prepared me for the future." The music picked up, it now had a cool rocky beat. James started to sing along to it.

Meanwhile Chakotay was watching Kathryn drink a few coffee shots. "Um shouldn't you be watching this?"

Tom quickly climbed back onto the stage, he grabbed James' microphone just as he let go of it. He took it off the stand and rushed away.

Kathryn gasped, she tossed a shot cup over her shoulder. "Oh my baby's going to sing, aaw." She immediately put on her proud face.

"You missed it," Chakotay muttered.

"You were, breathing down my neck trying to make me in your image," Tom sang, or rather yelled to be heard over the music.

James just watched him with a raised eyebrow, "ok, wasn't expecting that one."

Harry continued to video tape the whole thing, "damn you Tom, damn you."

"After all of the yelling and snapping you probably think that I can't stand the sight of you!" Tom screamed down the microphone. The DJ quickly turned up the music a little. "But, oh no, you're wrong. Cos if it wasn't for all that you tried to do I wouldn't be here, have a second chance. Should I say thank you?"

He failed to notice James walking over to him, he was too busy belting out the chorus. "That's the wrong lyrics you moron," he said as he snatched the microphone back off him.

The music continued to play on it's own. Tom looked nervous, "not really, I just re-wrote them."

"Why did you do that?" James asked.

Tom stepped closer, he tried to hide the little fear on his face. He put a hand by his mouth and whispered, "Harry blackmailed me. Now continue singing." He continued to sing the chorus into a new microphone, "so why do you make me fight you!"

James cringed as Tom started to *sing* loud and screechy "woah, woah, oooh!"

He put one hand over his left ear, then started to sing again. "Never saw what was coming, all of your hate 'n anger. Just cos you knew that I was stronger than you ever could be."

"Oh thank god, he can actually sing. It sounded like Tom was strangling a cat," Danny said. Tom overheard and pouted his lips, folding his arms.

Jessie looked at her with a bemused expression on her face, "um no, that would make no sound besides hissing and claws scratching. He sounded like James was doing the strangling, and he hates cats." She and Danny laughed quietly, glancing at Tom briefly.

"Bitches," he grumbled. "James groupies."

"You wanted me to be like you but you made me into what I am now," James sang, while trying to keep a straight face. "Cos if it wasn't for all your torture I wouldn't know how not to be like you, and I'd know when to back down. Should I really say thank you?"

Tom raised his microphone, everyone quickly blocked their ears. Kathryn screeched bloody murder, "hey, stop trying to steal the spotlight, get out of here!" This cut the song off abruptly as the DJ even jumped in shock. He accidentally knocked a different song on. Tom had turned an interesting shade of white, he hid behind James who couldn't keep a straight face.

Danny's eyes lit up, "I love this song." She rushed to the stage, James watched her with a frown on his face. "DJ, pause a second." The DJ did as he was told. Jessie meanwhile covered her face with her hand.

"No no," she groaned.

"What? I love this song," Danny giggled. She glanced at James, "should we get Jessie to sing it too?"

Jessie's eyes widened, "oh god no."

The song restarted, Danny put the microphone back onto the stand. James quickly hurried off the stage, Tom panicked and followed him.

"Touch me, I'm electric," Danny whispered in a sultry voice, she did this another two times. "Take me out of your pocket, plug me into your socket," she started sniggering as she sang the next bit. Everyone at this point had realised why she liked the track, unless they knew what it was beforehand. "If you want me then later."

"Danny, censored version, this is a PG!" the DJ yelled out.

"Ahem, touch me I'm electric," Danny whispered again, it sounded totally out of place. "yeah, yeah, yeah."

A couple of girls rushed over to the stage, where James and Tom were. James was busy talking to him and hadn't noticed. "I'm not protecting you from Janeway, it's your own fault. And why on earth would Harry blackmail you to sing on stage?"

"Hi there, we loved your performance up there. You have a nice voice, and you're not that hard on the eyes either," one girl said. The others giggled.

Tom quickly jumped out from behind James, instantly better of course. "Aaw it's always nice to meet the fans."

Jessie meanwhile was watching, practically seething, clenching her fist. With a growl she stood up.

"Eew," one girl pulled a face. "You sounded like a cat being swung by its tail." The girls turned their attention to James. "You should have your own band or something." Tom collapsed animé style.

"Oh, it's never me," he moaned.

"Duracell got nothing on me," Danny sang really fast. The DJ cleared his throat. "Um, oh oh oh, whatever, asshole," she muttered. She continued the chorus, "Yeah baby I'm electric, pent up electricity."

Jessie marched over to James' new fans. He looked pretty nervous, "um that's nice but, I'm not really interested in singing."

"Oh but you'd be great. You could just settle for being a male model or something," another girl giggled.

Jessie finally reached them, "sorry to interrupt this little nauseating sight." She looked at the girls in disgust, "but I'd like to point out that James here should have mentioned that Tom didn't sound like a cat being swung by its tail. He knows exactly what it sounds like, that poor kitty never saw that one coming."

The girls gasped, James glanced at Jessie briefly with wide eyes and glanced back at them. "You swung a poor kitty by a tail?"

"Of course he didn't, she just wants to take all the attention away," another girl said, she put a hand on his arm.

"Um actually I did, I was a kid but that doesn't mean I didn't regret doing it," James said, looking nervous. The girls all gasped again, Jessie just smiled in victory.

"Tonight let's start a fire, yeah, yeah, yeah. Feel..." Danny sang. The DJ again cleared his throat. Danny lost her temper and threw the microphone at him, knocking him out cold. "Stop ruining a good song, even those crappy music channels didn't censor it that badly!"

Jessie shook her head, "hey wait a minute, aren't you the girls who were in the Mess Hall during the 'Addictive' song?" The girls looked at each other, then Jessie looked back at James. "Never mind that, if you're not put off yet I know another good cat story." The girls rushed off.

Tom jumped onto his feet, "no, you fool, you could have denied it. Damn those girls were hot!"

James stared blankly at him, "I thought you wanted them, why do you care?"

Tom sighed, "you simply don't understand what's it like to be a real man do you? Jeez, you could have at least put in a good word for me." James started to glare at him, he cowered and ran off towards Harry.

Jessie turned to James, "oh by the way, you passed." She walked off.

"Passed? That was a test?" James said.

"No, not at first," Jessie smiled as she turned back around.

"Wait a minute, what was the Addictive song?" James asked.

Jessie's eyes widened, "oh, er nothing." She ran off.

Tom reached Harry, "well did you get it?"

Harry nodded, "yep I sure did. Congratulations, cos you got on stage with James he won't ever think that you were behind the video." Tom smiled and nodded.

"I mean you wouldn't send out a video of you getting snubbed by slutty, easy girls who chose James over you, and then him snubbing them. And the best part, you calling Danny and Jessie bitches and groupies." Tom's smile disappeared. "Oh yeah I got that, now what were you saying about me blackmailing you earlier?"

Two days earlier:

Zare and James quickly walked into a busy Mess Hall. Zare's cheeks were red, James was just smirking, but she hadn't seemed to notice.

"I can't believe it, how embarrassing," she grumbled.

"Why, nobody saw you?" James said. They sat down on the closest empty table.

Zare glared at him, "are you laughing, why are you laughing!?"

James put a hand over his mouth, "no reason."

"Don't make me smack that smirk off your face," Zare grumbled. "You saw me sing, and that's enough ok."

"What's the matter, you're not that bad," James said, still smirking a little. "I didn't get what you were singing about but..."

Zare rolled her eyes, "ugh, you can talk with yours."

"Don't even start, I sang in the past and I gave that up. You don't have to tell me," James said.

"No you can sing, I was going to say your girly voice," Zare said, she decided to join in with the smirking.

James stared blankly at her, "girly?"

"Relax I'm kidding with you. You just have a soft voice, it's pretty good actually," Zare said. She groaned into her hand, "ok that's embarrassing"

"You've got to stop doing that," James said.

Zare raised an eyebrow, "doing what, getting embarrassed? Yeah I'm trying."

"Never mind," James muttered.

"No really, what?" Zare questioned. She looked over his shoulder, Jessie had walked in and was watching them. "Oh you mean giving Jessie reasons to think I like you, when I don't."

James frowned, "no." He glanced behind him, Jessie quickly turned around and walked back out. He glanced back at Zare, "excuse me a sec." He got up and rushed after her.

Zare sighed, she shook her head, "what the hell, why was I singing that? Nah can't be."

James managed to catch up with Jessie, he stood in front of her to stop her. "Ok Jess this is got to stop, me and Zare, there's nothing."

"I know that. I never said there was, you obviously didn't listen to me," Jessie said.

"I did, I just wanted to tell you that," James said.

Jessie nodded her head, "ok. I was going to the Mess Hall to talk to you and sort things out but..."

"We can still do that," James said.

"No, you obviously don't get why I was mad at you. Talk to me when you do," Jessie muttered. She walked around him.

"Wait," James said as he turned back around. "I get it, you think Zare likes me. I don't see it, neither does anyone else."

Jessie stopped to glance back at him, "I watched you two for a while, I'm not stupid." She turned around again, "look I've changed my mind about talking about this when I saw her acting like that. It's not you I just can't right now. I'll see you later." She continued to go down the corridor, James stared after her with a sigh.

A minute later Zare walked up to him, "I gotta check in with Ligod."

"Are you going to tell him about Frenit?" James asked.

Zare stopped in front of him, "I guess I have to. The least we can do is seal off the thirteenth deck, and maybe keep the decks above and below off limits."

"I'll do that, I gotta keep myself distracted," James said.

Zare smirked, "what from singing?"

"No, from putting my fist through a wall but yeah singing is a possibility too," James replied with another sigh.

"Give her time to cool off. You're worrying too much, everyone gets jealous at least once. We work together, we have a lot in common. I don't blame her. I'd be the same way," Zare said.

"I know but it's just, we trust each other a lot. We shouldn't get jealous," James muttered.

Zare raised an eyebrow, "we?"

"Well I suppose Tom counts as one incident," James muttered quietly.

Zare tried not to laugh, "Tom really? That's a good example, some people get jealous of anybody who may or may not like their partners. Jessie wouldn't ever lower herself to Tom, and that's saying a lot considering I don't like her."

"You're going to have to work on that little problem if we're to stay friends," James said.

"I should have expected that. Just get her over that jealousy problem and I may give her a second chance ok? Now I'd better go, good luck with the Frenit thing," Zare said, she walked off. "If I haven't heard from you in a while I'll go down to give you a hand."

Deck Fourteen:

As usual the corridors were quiet and empty, the darker lights gave them a creepy atmosphere.

James walked around one corner looking a bit creeped out. "Computer, can't you raise the lights a little bit?"

"No it can't," Frenit's voice said from around the next corner. He and a dozen vampires showed themselves, and stood a few metres ahead of him.

"Ok whatever, let's get this over with," James said.

"If you insist," Frenit smirked. He waved his arm, the dozen vampires charged forward, he just slowly walked towards him instead. Instead of running right towards James, some of them went passed, stayed in front or stayed at the side.

"Ookay, what are you doing?" James muttered. His eyes widened a little as the vampires started dancing. "Ohno, no not now."

Frenit looked on in disgust, "this is just ridiculous."

"Ok this'll make it easier to kill you guys," James said as he pulled out a dagger.

To his horror Frenit started to sing as he started to pace back and forth. "Under a light blue sky you cannot hide from you, and no-one's gonna beat around."

The vampires swapped positions, a girl and a boy moved over to James. "You think it's us that's wrong well just wait until, till the sun goes down," Frenit continued to sing. The girl was the first to get stabbed in the heart, she turned to dust. James shuddered as the guy put a hand on his arm, in a friendly way. He quickly stabbed him too.

"Just try to listen. Don't hide from our kiss, and you know, that you know that you can't fight the nightlife," Frenit sang. At this point he was oblivious to all of his minions, he was obviously enjoying himself too much.

One girl moved over to turn her back against James, before she got a chance to do anything else she got it in the back. Like the others, she turned to dust.

"There's no escaping us. Once a gentle fool, then thieves take away your heart," Frenit sang. Just as he said heart one guy got staked.

James shuddered again as he watched the remaining nine vamps circle around him. One girl ran forward to grab his arm, on instinct he threw a punch, she ducked and grabbed a hold of his left hand. She tried to dance with him.

"No matter what you feel, it won't be too long. Till you figure it out."

The girl was pushed away with the knife in her chest. She turned to dust. One guy got mad and lunged for him, he ducked to the ground. The guy crashed into a wall.

"Don't try, you're never gonna win."

Two guys attacked at once while he was still on the ground, James quickly pulled out a crossbow from behind his back. One turned to dust, the other jumped but he missed completely as James rolled out of the way. He picked up the knife.

"Underneath the moonlight. You think that's your right."

The five remaining continued to circle him. The guy who crashed into the wall lunged for James again, he turned and easily staked him. One girl jumped onto his back, wrapped her arms around his neck and hung on for a dear life. She of course tried to bite him, he threw her off.

"You just do it for the thrill. Who's worse?"

One guy grabbed a hold of him from behind, he kept a tight hold of his arms.

"You or I!"

The other guys lunged for him then, while the last girl danced in the background wildly. James kicked both of the guys at the same time, then threw the guy holding him over his shoulder. The knife quickly ended up in all three's hearts.

"Deep in the dark. You've surrendered who you are and you know, that you know that you can't fight the nightlife."

The last girl looked panicky, she attempted to run away. James fired the crossbow, she was soon dust.

"No, you can't fight it," Frenit sang. He struck a pose with his eyes closed. "It's gonna take away who you are." He opened them, he glanced around. "Uh."

James walked over to stand two metres in front of him, "ok, that was disturbing!"

Frenit narrowed his eyes, "all of them?" James nodded. "Damn, this wasn't our time anyway. See you around Jamesy." He ran off. James quickly threw the knife but Frenit was too fast, it got stuck in the wall.

"Crap, not again," he muttered.

Deck Six:

Lisa stood waiting for a turbolift humming to herself. She immediately broke out into an upbeat pop song. "There's not a thing I need, can't pretend, that he's anything I would ever need. To me in the end, he'll never see me there."

She sighed and continued, "cos now he's gone, there's nothing holding me back. I shouldn't be thinking like this, this is driving me insane!"

"In the land of make believe, you're there with me. But that's just the part that I don't understand," she sang pressing her hands on the wall. "But I can dream away, that my best friend I love, will love me back soon. I can't seem to lose, this stupid dream of lovers pure, it's a land of make believe." She rested her head there as the music faded out.

"That's a nice song," Craig said.

Lisa jumped a mile, she turned around, "what?"

"That song you were singing, it was nice," Craig said.

Lisa smiled nervously, blushing a little, "um thanks."

"What exactly does it mean?" Craig asked.

Lisa pretended not to hear him, "huh, what?"

Craig groaned, "Lisa, tell me."

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Lisa stuttered.

"The song, Lis," Craig muttered.

"Oh that. It's about wishing about things, yes," Lisa stuttered. She walked away quickly.

Conference Room:

"Great, maybe now we'll be forever known as the Voyager Opera crew," B'Elanna muttered.

"No we won't," Chakotay said.

"We will be if we don't find a cure soon," the Doctor said.

Chakotay shrugged, "we will eventually, we always do."

"No no, not that song again," Harry groaned.

"I can't take this anymore, almost anything we say is turned into a song," Tom said.

"I know, I sang about going to the bathroom," Harry said. Everyone stared at him, most of them sniggering. "Ok I shouldn't have shared that."

"Yeah well, we have been singing about everything but not something like that," Danny giggled. She glanced at Jessie, "right Jess." She wasn't paying attention, she was watching James who had been looking at her. He quickly looked away with an uncomfortable look on his face. She frowned.

"Oh, I saw that," Danny smirked. "What's up?"

Jessie glanced back at her, "maybe he knows about the song I sang. I was a little, um angry at the time."

"I doubt it," Danny whispered. "Was it about Zare?" Jessie glanced away with a nervous look on her face. "Ah right."

"We need to figure out somethings. When was the first incident?" Kathryn asked.

"This morning," Chakotay replied.

The Doctor sighed on the monitor screen, "I'm afraid with the illness theory being knocked out of the park, we have nothing to go on anyway."

Jessie looked down at the necklace around her neck, she pulled the rest out from underneath her uniform. "What else could it be?"

"I checked the computer systems and it's not responsible for the music that appears out of nowhere," B'Elanna replied. "I'm at a loss with this."

Jessie stood up, "I doubt I'm any help so I'll just go." She headed out just as James got up too, he rushed after her.

"Wait Jess," he called out as they left the Conference Room.

She stopped, "ok, why are you following me again?"

"We need to talk," he said.

"Right now? There's something I need to do," Jessie said in a worried tone of voice.

"Uh, like what?" James questioned. "Can it wait?"

"Not if we're going to argue, I don't want to argue anymore," Jessie replied. She beckoned her head at the door next to her.

"No I don't either," James said, glancing briefly at the same door. "Oh well, I'll just wait then."

Jessie smiled weakly, "great." She walked through the door and into the public toilets. She stood in front of the mirrors while fiddling with the necklace. "Nah, can't be." She looked up at the mirror, "you couldn't have."

James paced just outside the door, Jessie bumped into him as she rushed out. "Oh sorry."

"That was quick," he said.

"I didn't um, go. I just realised I have to do something," Jessie stuttered.

"But don't you have to go?" James questioned.

"Yeh, no. I just had to sort my hair out. You know me," Jessie replied.

"Ok do you want any help? Not with the hair, the other thing," James questioned.

"No it's ok, thanks," Jessie replied. "I uh..."

"I know, you have to go. Can't we talk first?" James asked.

"Ok are you angry with me? Is this why you looked at me like that?" Jessie questioned nervously.

"What? No no, I just wanted to know something. We can talk about it later, it's fine," James replied.

"Are you sure, it's just this is important and I don't want this to turn into some romance post argument song," Jessie said.

James developed a smirk on his face, "romance post argument song?"

"Yeah you know what I mean," Jessie said. "I'll talk to you later when this musical ends. But first, what did you want to know?"

"I was wondering if you sang anything already," James replied.

"That's what was so important?" Jessie asked, looking bewildered.

"No, not exactly," James replied.

"I'll tell you later," Jessie said, tilting her head to the side with a smile. "We won't argue will we?"

"No, I just wanted to say that you don't have to worry about Zare. If she did like me it doesn't affect us," James said.

"I know that, that's not the issue," Jessie said. "It never was, I just wish you'd see what was in front of you and..."

"I do, right now I see my jealous girlfriend in front of me. Come to think of it, if I go on like this we will end up singing," James said with a smirk. Jessie smirked with him before glancing behind her briefly. "I know." He stepped closer to kiss her on the cheek, then he turned around and walked back the way he came. She smiled before walking in the opposite direction.

Present Day:

"Soo, did you tell him that you sang some bitchy song about Zare?" Danny asked in a teasing voice.

Jessie narrowed her eyes, "no, and since that scene was deleted why mention it?"

Danny shrugged, "shame."

The pair jumped as Kathryn started screaming abuse at a waiter guy. "Damn it what do you mean by cut off!?"

The waiter looked nervous, "um, somebody told me to not give you anymore coffee."

"But I ordered a large cup of espresso, five espresso shots and a frescato!" Kathryn snapped.

"I know, you can't have them," the waiter stuttered, he ran off as quickly as he could.

Kathryn growled as she jumped onto her feet. She marched over to the stage, "give me that damn microphone!"

Tom's eyes widened, "uh, why?"

"I want to know who cut me off," Kathryn growled in response.

"Oh ok," Tom said, trembling. He handed the microphone to her then ran off.

Kathryn walked onto the stage. As she brought the microphone to her lips everyone in the room watched her in fear. "Hey Dj guy, play a tune, any tune."

Even the DJ looked pretty scared, "yes ma'am." Some loud pop rock music started blasting from the speakers.

"Where's my coffee!" Kathryn screeched into the microphone. "Where's my coffee?" Everyone, well excluding Sid of course blocked their ears. "It's like a lover, that is so selfless. I get to kiss it all day, it's my heaven. When I get real bored, or I'm just thirsty, I grab a cup and pour some in."

Chakotay covered his face with his hands, "ugh god, not again."

"Where's my coffee! All I want is to have a drink. Where's my coffee, drink all night until I fall asleep. Where's my coffee!" Kathryn continued to screech down the microphone.

"For god's sake just serve her," Chakotay muttered to the scared waiter.

"Yes sir," he said.

Two days earlier:

Kathryn climbed off her sofa, she headed for the replicator. "Coffee black." As the replicator obeyed her command, something caught her eye. Right beside the sofa stood a small box. She took the cup out of the replicator, then knelt down next to the box. Inside it was a dark red photo album. Tears started to fill in her eyes.

She softly began to sing, "I told everyone that I was just away, to escape for a little while." Kathryn climbed to her feet, holding the album against her chest. "I was really hiding a really big secret. Everyone bought it 'cos reality was surreal. I was lying to protect only myself."

Kathryn clenched one fist as she headed for the bridge. The doors opened for her. "What did I throw away? What would it have been like if I had stayed." She stood in front of her chair. Everyone on the bridge just ignored her singing. The music picked up a little. "My life may have been better. But it might have been, a lot worse."

The song turned into rock, Kathryn climbed onto her chair. "I'll keep watching from behind the scenes. Saying that I'm just a concerned leader. I say that I have the right!" She hugged the album while singing at the top of her voice, "But I'm lying, I'm lying!"

Jumping down from the chair, she began to sing a little quieter, the music toned down. "I hid away from everyone, just so I could be with him. Two years wouldn't pass so quickly, but I was wrong."

"What's she doing?" Harry asked an unknown crewmember. He ignored him. "Fine be that way!"

The unknown frowned at him, "what!"

"Time sped by at warp speed. It wasn't long until I had to pack my bags. Now it's twenty years later!" Kathryn sang as loud as she could.

"I'll keep watching from behind the scenes. He'll walk right passed, and not notice, the pain I have cos I let him go. I say that he means nothing to me," she sang while sitting in her chair. "But I'm lying, I'm lying."

She glanced around the room, "I hate the taste of coffee and don't want to be home." She again climbed onto her chair, "I hate my crew and I don't give a damn. I'm single and childless yet I'm not alone." She threw the album to the ground, placed her palms against the sides of her face. "Liar, liar. Liar, liar," she whispered.

"Oooh, I want to be his mother but he can't ever find out," she sang quietly in a sad voice. The music stopped.

"I said, what is she doing!" Harry yelled at the unknown.

"Dude, I can't hear you," the unknown said. He took out an ear plug, "now what?"

Harry blushed, "oh yeah, I forgot Chakotay told us to put these on."

Later:

Tom sat in the corner of the Mess Hall, sulking while stirring a cup of coffee to death. Sad, slow depressing music started playing.

"I fell for, the girl I should be with but she, laughed and hit me in the face. I fall for, girls who love to hate me. That's wrong, why can't I find someone." He got up and headed for the door, leaving his coffee behind. He failed to notice Kathryn run up to it and steal it.

Tom left the hall, just outside the door was a band. One guy was playing the drums, another had a guitar. Tom walked up to the microphone stand. The guys started to play a loud rock anthem. "The girls are playing a cruel joke on me now but it still feels like, a game to me."

Tom turned to the camera with the saddest look on his face possible. "It's one of her bad girl days," he whined.

Meanwhile Craig sat in his quarters, looking just as glum as Tom. "She used to be, so much easier to talk to. But now, she's different, it's hard to be around her." He headed for the door. "I fall, for every girl who walks passed. But she's, only just a friend to me."

Like before, a band joined him as he left his quarters. He stood at the microphone stand, "surely she's playing a cruel joke on me now. But it still feels like, a game to me. It's one of her bad..."

Meanwhile again James walked down a corridor somewhere in the middle of the previous singers. "I have to get out, but I wanna stay in. It's hard to understand, I just want her. She should know that, but I can't convince her."

He turned the corner, the other two guys and the band were there. "This whole thing's a joke, it has to be, it can't be like this," he sang.

The guitarist handed Craig the guitar, the drummer handed Tom the sticks. He pulled a face as James was able to take the microphone. They all joined in together anyway. Tom drummed like a mad man to get attention.

"Maybe the girls are playing a cruel joke on us now. They really don't care, it's just a temporary thing. It's one of their bad girl days."

James glanced back at his new *bandmates*, they continued to play their instruments. "Um guys?"

"Hang on, I got a good beat going here," Tom said, rocking his head back and forth. Craig did the same while playing the guitar. James rolled his eyes and walked off.

Present Day:

Harry stood on the stage, "now as Tom recovers in Sickbay from uh, the incident beforehand." Jessie and Danny smiled at each other. "I'll be taking over. Now we're getting more requests, obviously this has been enough time for plenty drinks to be passed around. Anyway, welcome a number of people." He clapped, then jumped down.

B'Elanna, Kes, Danny and Ian rushed onto the stage. B'Elanna and Kes looked like they had one too many drinks, Danny and Ian looked pretty much normal.

"Attention the entire crew. Grab a crowd and sing for them," Danny sang into her microphone stand.

"No one cares," Kes sang.

"When you're baring your soul in the middle of a song," Ian added on.

"To hell with 'em all," B'Elanna sang.

"It feels good, don't leave without giving it a try," Danny sang.

"Don't be scared of the rhythm, think that you're singing in the shower. I wanna hear your story, I wanna hear your story," Ian sang pretty quickly.

"Don't fear, you're on your own. Let me hear you sing. Let me hear ya. All the members of the crew. Let me see you dance, I wanna see ya," the group sang together.

"You're almost there," Ian sang.

"Don't feel bad, it's hard at first," B'Elanna sang.

"No one can hear ya," Kes sang.

"Everyone has a song to sing," Danny sang.

The group again sang together, "I can hear it's beat. From the A to E, from pop to rock. C'mon, it's your turn. Let me hear what you're all about." They moved the stands to the side briefly. "Hey Voyager, all secrets can be told. Get over here there's song you can parody. Sweet and silly, a song about your lunch today. Anything will do, just give your lungs a work out."

"God this is dull," Kathryn yawned, "another coffee."

Chakotay groaned, "you can't possibly be tired after thirty cups and five shots!"

Two Days Earlier:

Kathryn sighed as she worked at the holodeck controls. She walked into the holodeck itself with a guilty look on her face. "My attention fades, I keep thinking of you, I've still got a picture of us, so blue," she sang softly. The holodeck created an image of Mark, but it didn't move.

"My focus fails, I'm now thinking of him. That's one more secret I'll keep to myself," Kathryn sang, turning away from it. "Computer delete Mark hologram," she muttered.

Harry stopped just outside, he noticed the holodeck was already in use. He leaned against the wall, he began to sing too. "Yes, I miss the touch. You know I liked the feeling. But out here I'm all on my own. I don't want to cheat." He straightened up, continued down the corridor. "One thing for a man to do."

The screen split into two, one for Kathryn and the other for Harry. "Programme it, programme it. It won't capture anyone right. Programme it, programme it. But I'll be warm in your arms tonight."

Harry continued down towards Holodeck Two, singing on his own this time. "I'll say the words and the image appears. What's left of you is right here." He stopped outside. He walked in after keying in something. A hologram of Libby was there motionlessly waiting for him. "No I won't deny what I feel for you. So this empty image will have to do."

Back to Kathryn, she was singing while resting her head against the holodeck controls. "I awake with a sweat, I'll whisper your name, then the image goes every time." She turned around, "dreams won't do, I need something else. I need to see you one last time."

The two sang together again, instead it swapped single shots of them. "Programme it, programme it. It won't capture anyone right. Programme it, programme it. But I'll be warm in your arms tonight."

Harry walked over to the Libby hologram. "We're lightyears apart, don't need a degree. You'll be babysitting grandkids when I get back. So I'll move on like you, and begin again." He walked out of the holodeck. "Computer end."

Kathryn watched the Mark hologram she re-created, "yes, I've got the touch. You know I love the feeling. Out here I'm not on my own." She smiled and shook her head. Again she headed for the doorway. "I feel like such a cheat. One thing for a woman to do."

The camera moved to Harry again, he sat down on the ground singing his little heart out. "Programme it, programme it. It won't capture anyone right. Programme it!"

Kathryn walked down the corridor, passing Holodeck Two. "You can't just programme it!" she sang loudly. "Programme it, programme it," the two sang quietly to themselves.

Meanwhile:

The Mess Hall was dark, only Chakotay occupied it. He finished off a drink he had.

In: "Janeway to Chakotay."

He tapped his commbadge, "yes Captain."

In: "We're off duty, you don't have to call me that. Um can you come by my quarters, I need to talk to you."

Chakotay sighed, "I'm on my way." He tapped his commbadge, "Kathryn." I think you know what's going to happen next.

"I glanced into your eyes, I saw all of your soul. I couldn't see anything else cos your beauty had me in awe," he sang to a slow ballad, standing up. He headed for the nearest exit, "I can't help myself, I can't leave you alone. I don't want to try."

Meanwhile again

James/Jessie's Quarters:

James sat on his own on the sofa, he had a picture of him and Jessie in his hand. He placed it by his side, "I am not good enough. But you're under my skin. I've got more strength than the norm. But you always leave me weak." He headed for the door.

Chakotay was now standing in a turbolift. "You make my knees weak, you make me stare deep. Fallen far this time."

He stepped out of it, "and you're all I see, yet you're all I fear. I love you, yeah I love you now."

James continued to sing halfway down the corridor and around the corner, neither of them noticed the other. "I feel I'm slipping away. Everytime you're not here."

"I see me in your eyes when you're in my arms," Chakotay sang. "If you let me, I'll look after you or I'll lose my mind, oh."

The two men began to sing at the same time, from different parts of the deck. "I'm too in love with you, love with you, love with, everything about you I see. I watch you sleep, watch you breathe. I just think about you everyday. I'm too in love with you."

"I'm crazy, in love with you, and I want to tell you everything, everything," James sang just as he was about to turn the corner. "Nothing scares me more."

"I'm too in love with you, too in love with you. Love with, everything about you, I see," they both sang, slowly closing the gap between them. Chakotay turned one corner, they still didn't notice each other. They walked passed one another. "I watch you sleep, watch you breathe. I just think about you everyday."

"I'm too in love with you," James sang.

"Too in love with you," Chakotay sang.

They both stopped in their tracks, turned around. The music faded out leaving two very embarrassed men. "Let's never speak of this again," Chakotay muttered.

"Uh huh," James said. They both continued on their way.

Deck Four:

Jessie stopped outside one of the doors nearby the turbolift, she pressed the door chime. "Jeez, this better be the right place." The door opened, but nobody was there to greet her. She stepped inside.

"Hello? Is this the guest quarters?" she called. Looking around she found that nobody seemed to be home. "Ok then, moving on."

She turned to leave when three of Derna's little servants marched in. "Can we help you miss?" one asked.

"Ok, where's that woman who bosses you around. Thinks she's a witch?" Jessie questioned.

The men glanced at each other. "She's not here," one answered.

Jessie sighed, "fine I'll wait."

One of the men spotted the necklace she had around her neck. "Oh no no, she will be a while. She might be visiting our ship now."

Jessie narrowed her eyes. She walked over to the coffee table, to their surprise she started to sing. "Somethings I can stand. Like a knuckle crack or a joke from Tom."

They glanced at each other, looking worried. "Things like this I can't. It all grates on me, like Janeway high," Jessie sang, walking closer to them.

"We don't know what you're talking about. We don't know how this all happened to us," the men all sang together.

Jessie pulled a disgusted face, "ugh, it seems like strangely, something I've done started this." She began to do a slow dance while pacing the room, the men did their own dance too. "This singing and musical craziness. Someone tell me how to stop this, or we'll live forever like this."

"It's creeping everyone out. Like Neelix streaking, or Tuvok smiling," Jessie sang, shuddering slightly.

Derna stepped into the room, she smiled at the display in front of her.

Jessie tried to look intimidating, "why won't these runts tell me cos it's obvious to me, they're doing this."

"Oh they're not," Derna said.

Jessie turned to look at her, she continued to sing, "just tell me how to stop this or I'll beat the crap out of you and your runts too."

Derna stepped forward. She began to sing, and do the same slow dance Jessie did before. "Strangely, that spell I cast on you was wrong." She shrugged her shoulders, "not really, cos I intended to do all of this."

The aliens started dancing in formation. "It seems like strangely. Something you did started this. This singing and musical craziness," they wailed.

Jessie covered her ears, "oh my god."

"We'll have to tell you how to stop this cos we'll live forever like this," the aliens continued.

Derna faced her again, "Strangely, the route of the spell is in that pendant. Just break it, and our troubles will all be over."

Jessie pulled the necklace off and dropped it onto the floor, she stepped on it. The music stopped abruptly, everyone sighed in relief.

Present Day:

Somebody actually ok at singing was singing a slow ballad on the stage. Most of the crew there weren't really paying attention to her though.

James walked around some of the back tables, and passed by the comfortable looking sofa like chairs on the wall. Sitting at one of them was Kathryn and Chakotay, obviously trying to hide their heads from everyone else.

"You can be one sappy guy, can't you?" Kathryn said.

Chakotay smiled nervously, "um yeah well, I'm pretty sure it was James' fault though."

James stopped and turned to them, "I wasn't even around when you had obviously started singing."

Kathryn and Chakotay jumped a little before glancing at him. "Is this true?" Kathryn asked.

Chakotay sighed, "fine, it is. So what, I shouldn't be ashamed."

Kathryn smiled at him before turning back to James. "I don't need to ask why you were singing the same song."

"It wasn't the same, they kinda meshed," James said quickly.

"Uh huh. Where is she anyway? She's always around you," Kathryn questioned.

"I was looking for her actually. You obviously haven't seen her then," James replied.

Chakotay did a quick scan of the room, he pointed at one of the other sofa's. "She's over there, now..."

"I know, I don't want to see you guys talk about sappy stuff or worse," James said, he quickly walked away.

Kathryn pulled a face, "hey."

Chakotay smirked, "did you really want him to see that?"

"No, but that's not the point," Kathryn muttered.

James got to Jessie and Danny's table, the two stopped talking and looked up at him. "Oh don't stop when I come over, it's really worrying when people do that."

Danny smiled at him, "they're usually talking about you when you do."

"That's what's worrying about it," James said.

"Don't worry, we finished talking about you a while ago," Jessie said. She stared at Danny with a raised eyebrow, "though it was about me too."

"Ok I can take a hint," she said, shaking her head. She got up and headed away.

"She sure can," Jessie said with a smirk. James sat down in Danny's old seat. "So, you wanted to talk about something."

"I told you, I wanted to know what you sang about," James said.

Jessie giggled nervously, "nothing important really, it's just... What did you sing about then?"

"So, I hear you sang something about me," James said, smirking a little.

Jessie's eyes widened, blushing madly, "what, no I didn't. It was Danny, really I didn't..." James leaned in to kiss her, she smiled afterwards. "Ok I did." They both continued the kiss, unaware that Ligod was watching them.

Later:

Everyone was minding their own business, doing their own thing when somebody else stepped onto the stage. Nobody really cared or noticed until Baby One More Time by Britney started playing from the speakers.

Justin cleared his throat, "ahem." He took the microphone off the stand and started what he called singing. "How was I suppose to know, that everyone despised me. Oh why oh why."

"How the hell did he get on board?" Tom asked while trying to cover his ears.

"Does everyone feel the same, oh. I mean, what's it all about yeah," Justin squealed like he was getting his crotch kicked.

"Damien must have left him behind after the finale," Harry stuttered.

Justin started doing his Michael Jackson tribute dancing, "I don't know, is it about my looks. Tell me now, is it my acting career, tell me now." He stopped to do a stupid pose, "my bad luck, is killing me."

Security rushed into the room, they heard the noise and all of them backed off or ran back out. One of them dropped a phaser rifle. Tom quickly picked it up.

"I must confess, I'd rather stay," Justin squealed. Tom tried to fire the rifle at him but he dodged it by continuing his *dancing*. "That way!" Again he posed, Tom tried again but he just continued dancing.

"Oh my god, somebody must be able to do it!" Tom wailed. A lightbulb switched on the ceiling above him. He turned to Zare and James, "you two do it."

"Than put up with bad luck almost everyday!" Justin screeched.

Zare pulled a face, "me, who is this freak anyway?"

Justin posed again, "give me a break."

James took the rifle off him, "I'll do it."

"Kill me baby one more..." Justin squealed, he screamed at the end and fell to the ground.

"Well, that's it. Welcome to Season Three," Tom smirked. Crewmembers with gloves on dragged Justin off the stage.

******THE END******