

B4FV Episode 3.06

Silent Scream

The Ready Room:

Chakotay made his way over to stand beside the desk, while Kathryn peered at a PADD in her hands with interest. "So, how are you adjusting to life onboard Voyager?" she asked.

Craig moved around nervously in his chair, "uh fine ma'am."

"I see, let's talk shall we," Kathryn said, smiling in a creepy way.

"Um, I didn't do anything wrong did I?" Craig stuttered.

"No of course not, this is just a thing we're doing for the whole crew," Chakotay said.

Kathryn's smile changed into a fake sweet one, "well more or less."

"What is this thing though?" Craig asked.

"We just want to get to know our crew," Kathryn replied. "So, the next fifteen minutes it's just you, me and Chakotay. Lets talk about you."

Craig looked even more nervous than before. "Uh.. ok then."

Meanwhile, the Mess Hall:

Neelix hummed out of tune as he held a big picture of Kes against the wall. Using his other hand he stuck selotape pieces onto the corners. After four pieces he backed off with a proud smile on his face. "There, that should brighten the room a little."

"Oh my god, are you all right!?" one girl yelled. Everyone but Neelix gathered around somebody lying on the ground. A little while later the same girl said, "oh great, somebody call Sickbay, he's going to die."

"I told him not to eat that stew," another guy commented.

Neelix tilted his head to the side, "ah what a vision of beauty." He walked back towards the kitchen, totally oblivious to what was happening nearby.

The Ready Room:

"Didn't we already have a little talk?" Faye asked, looking uneasy.

"Yes, but we were interrupted," Kathryn said as she poured herself another cup of coffee.

Chakotay watched her with an animé sweatdrop going down the back of his head. "Uh, we'd better make this quick. So Faye, what do you do in your spare time?"

"Well I collect things," Faye replied.

"What kind of things?" Chakotay asked.

Kathryn started giggling, "you can smell the lime, it's really.." She sipped on her coffee, "oh yeah, I will be trying strawberry later."

"Well these um little toy animals, they're really little," Faye quietly said.

Chakotay nodded, "uh huh. How are you after your little invisibility incident?"

Faye shrugged, "visible and usual."

"What do you do with these animals then?" Chakotay uncomfortably asked.

Meanwhile, Engineering:

Tom dragged Harry in through the main doors. "Hey that hurts," Harry moaned as they stopped. "What's this all about?"

"Listen, the best advice I've heard is make friends with B'Elanna or hypnotise her," Tom muttered. "Which one sounds the best?"

"Uh.. hypnotise her?" Harry shrugged.

"No, I'm going with the advice from a guy that's had at least two girls fighting over him, rather than a dateless wonder," Tom said.

Harry started pouting, "hey, I was the one that suggested hypnotising."

"My point exactly," Tom muttered. "Now, you come with me when I ask her to hang out, that way she won't think that I'm just trying to date her."

"Fine," Harry groaned. He and Tom made their way slowly over to B'Elanna. "So does the being friends tactic actually work?"

Tom shrugged, "beats me, it's James.. he never tells you anything. At the very least he had Zare and Jessie bitching at each other."

"Hmm, that's better than nothing," Harry sighed.

B'Elanna turned around and found herself face to face with the two. "What do you two want?"

Tom elbowed Harry. "Um er, we're going to the Mess Hall for lunch, do you want to join us?"

B'Elanna rolled her eyes, "ok, who told you about the being friends tactic? I'll give them a beating." She walked off in a huff.

Harry tried not to smirk, "maybe you should give up on this one as well, see ya." He walked off.

Tom quickly followed B'Elanna, "tactic, what are you talking about? I've realised I'm not good enough for you, and I'm sorry for bugging you. I really do want to be friends again."

B'Elanna stopped and turned around, "we were friends before?"

"Ok, maybe not but I'd like to be," Tom replied.

"Did Harry suggest that ridiculous tactic?" B'Elanna asked, folding her arms. "I'm not falling for it."

"No Harry suggested hypnotising and... uh oops," Tom blurted out, cringing right at the end.

"So when is it you get tired of your infatuation and move onto the next one?" B'Elanna asked. "Who is next anyway, Faye? Or maybe even Lisa."

Tom glanced at the floor, "I'm going to kill him for this."

"Who?" B'Elanna asked with interest.

"Well I could try and get killed myself," Tom continued to mutter to himself. He looked back up, "the guy who suggested this."

"Hmm, somebody who could easily turn the tables on you, that narrows it down," B'Elanna said sarcastically. She walked off again. "At least I know it wasn't Sid."

Meanwhile, the Security Office:

"I'm telling you it was um... Tom, yes," Clive was saying, with his hand behind his back.

"Right, Tom has trouble guessing his own password let alone anyone else's," James muttered.

Clive looked confused, "I didn't do anything with passwords."

"I was just saying that he's the last suspect for a hacking incident you moron," James groaned, covering his face.

Clive didn't look happy, "ok fine, it was Naomi. That's more believable."

Foster walked in, "uh James, we have a fight outside... I couldn't break them up."

"Fire a phaser at them," James said.

Foster looked uneasy, "you've been saying that to everything I've reported."

"Yes, and so far you've ignored me everytime," James muttered. He got out his own phaser and pointed it at him, "just put it on stun, they'll recover."

Foster's eyes widened, "uh ok boss, you're the boss." He rushed out.

"That's the only way of getting through to these idiots," James said to himself as he put his phaser away. "Where was I?"

"You were busy blaming me for something I didn't do," Clive replied.

"Look, you and me are the only suspects, and I couldn't care less about other people's rations. I was in a coma for a while, I've got plenty," James said.

"That sounds like a great way of saving money, you still get paid for being in a coma?" Clive questioned.

"Yeah, do you need a hand with that?" James asked.

"No, I'll manage," Clive muttered. "Jeez, somebody's testy today."

"I'm not, couldn't be better," James said.

Foster walked back in, "ok I did it, I shot them."

"Okeydokey, put yourself in the brig then," James said.

Foster pouted, "huh? You told me to do it!"

"What else can I do for fun around here, and get rid of you at the same time?" James questioned.

Foster started crying, "you're mean, I'll report you." James got out the phaser again, Foster ran out as quickly as he could.

"Speaking of reports, better deal with people's moaning and crap," James said as he turned to the computer.

Clive raised an eyebrow, "ok.. good for them people." He headed out.

In: "Chakotay to Martin, it's your turn."

"Damn it, why didn't I get rid of this?" Clive grumbled as he threw away his commbadge. He walked out.

James meanwhile narrowed his eyes as he brought a PADD closer, "hey, what did I do?"

1100 hours

The Conference Room:

All of the senior staff had sat down around the table.

"Ok moving on, Tuvok?" Chakotay said.

"A lot of complaints have been sent to me about a crewmember, however Mr Taylor is the one that's in charge of going through them," Tuvok said.

"And?" Kathryn said.

"They're all about him," Tuvok replied.

Everyone glanced over in James' direction. "Oh come on, not all of them are. There's one about Janeway and a few about Tom," he muttered.

Tom looked nervous, "what is there to complain about, I'm a nice, friendly guy."

"A little too friendly if you ask me," B'Elanna muttered.

Kathryn shook her head, "what are they complaining about?"

"Mainly his bad attitude lately. Also Foster claims he made him shoot two people to stop them fighting and told him to go to the brig afterwards," Tuvok replied.

"It was a test to see if he'd rather be stunned by a phaser shot by me, or shoot other people. He failed," James said.

"Actually that's a good idea for a test," Chakotay commented.

"Please tell me you're joking," Kathryn grumbled. "So have you got anything to say for yourself?"

"Um yeah, I'm bored," James replied.

Kathryn groaned into her hand, "that's not what I meant!" Nearly everyone moved their chairs a few centimetres backwards.

Jessie moved her own chair closer to James', she put a hand on his arm. "You've been a bit off all day, what's wrong?"

"Nothing, just some people annoyed me that's all," James replied.

"You mean about twenty people managed to annoy you," Tom said as he looked at Tuvok's PADD. He took it off him.

Kathryn glanced over at Chakotay, "put him on the list." Chakotay nodded. "Now moving on.. As you know I've been having fifteen minute meetings with crewmembers I don't know that well, to get to know them, for the last few days. I'm not impressed so far, there's obviously a lot of people onboard with problems."

"The Captain and I agree that this ship needs a counsellor," Chakotay said. "As we don't have any, the Captain has decided to do it temporarily for a week." Nearly everybody stared blankly.

"And of course, if I give you an appointment, you have to come," Kathryn said.

Chakotay sighed, "and I'll be there to make sure she doesn't screw up."

"That's a full time job, right?" James commented.

Kathryn was now fuming, "that's it, you're going to be one of my first 'volunteers!'."

"Hang on, who's crazy or moody enough to go before him?" Tom asked.

Harry shook his head, "well you're crazy enough to make comments like this, on days like these."

"Or stupid enough," Jessie muttered.

Tom looked confused, "what do you me... ow!" He stumbled off his chair, cradling his leg. "Ow, I think he broke my leg."

"Just by kicking it, cool," Danny said.

Chakotay looked at his PADD, "well Tom should be moved before James as he's a danger to himself."

Kathryn groaned, "no, it's James that does most of that damage anyway."

"Hey," Jessie and B'Elanna moaned.

"All right, you two can have some credit too," Kathryn said. The two girls smiled. "Speaking of, you two could do with some rage counselling."

B'Elanna slammed her fist on the table, "no I bloody well don't!"

Harry's eyes shifted nervously, "we have too many violent people in the senior staff, no wonder all the aliens we come across aren't friendly."

"I'm not that bad," Jessie commented. She tried to ignore smirks from a few people. "Recently."

Kathryn just stared blankly, "you're after James."

"But... oh," Jessie moaned.

James rolled his eyes, "ok, is everyone getting the Janeway therapy? We don't all want lessons on how to be like you."

"Here here," Tom groaned as he climbed back onto his chair.

"Everyone who obviously needs help with something will get it. You know like people with attitude problems and violent tendencies," Kathryn said, glancing James' way. "Other violent people," she glanced at B'Elanna, then Jessie. "Crazy and or stupid people who are a danger to themselves," glancing at Tom, then Neelix, and then finally Ian.

"What, I'm not crazy," Ian muttered.

"Well you look crazy," Kathryn said.

Chakotay sighed, "just give everyone here that has an appointment, their appointment card and wrap this up."

"What happens if we don't go?" Jessie asked, smiling sweetly.

"Then we'll just come to you, commbadge or no commbadge," Kathryn replied.

"Wait, surely I'm not the only one with an attitude problem?" James said.

"Lately yours seems to outweigh the total number of everyone else's," Chakotay commented.

"Hmm, ok.. there's the violent tendency part," James muttered, narrowing his eyes.

Chakotay glanced at Kathryn, "should we have him first?"

"No, I have an insane teenager who collects 'Puppy in My Pockets' and centres her whole life around them first," Kathryn replied.

"What!?" Tom yelled out. "She's not going to do any harm, don't you think the violent ones need sorting out before somebody, like me, gets killed?"

"Well maybe if you shut up, it won't happen," Jessie said.

"Good point but mine's better," Tom grumbled.

"He has a point," Chakotay said.

James shrugged, "I have many." He glanced in Tom's direction.

"Ok let's hear them," Tom said.

"Oh they're not verbal points," James said.

Tom's eyes widened, "ok, can I go now?"

"No. Only Tuvok and Harry can, everyone else needs an appointment," Chakotay replied. Tuvok got up and walked out, Harry hurried after him with a smirk on his face.

Danny glanced around, "ok. I wasn't mentioned before, you forgot me so can I go?"

Jessie raised an eyebrow, "hey if I'm here for my temper, you've got to have one for that dirty mind."

Neelix looked confused, "why am I here Captain? I'm perfectly fine."

"Ha, everytime you get drunk you streak," Ian said.

Kathryn shuddered, "Chakotay, you're handling that one."

Chakotay groaned, "fine, you can have James then."

"Yes, that's a similar case," Kathryn sarcastically said. "I was going to take him anyway."

"Ooh yey," James muttered sarcastically. "Does that mean I get free coffee?"

"Ha, you wish," Kathryn laughed.

Jessie glanced at Kes, "why aren't you complaining?"

"Well I did date Neelix," Kes commented.

"Good point," Jessie said.

1130 hours

Chakotay's Office:

Claire stood at the doorway, "what's this about?"

"Captain Janeway and I are doing crew evaluations," Chakotay replied.

Claire pulled a face, "didn't we already do something like this?"

"Yes but we forgot to discuss important things. Please sit down," Chakotay replied.

"Ok," Claire sighed as she made her way over. She sat down opposite him.

"Now, how are you adjusting to life onboard Voyager?" Chakotay asked.

"Fine.." Claire replied.

"Ok, what about your lessons.. how are they?" Chakotay asked.

"Uh, is this another 'get to know you' interview or an evaluation?" Claire asked.

"Evaluation, don't worry I just do these in a different way that's not very confrontational. I'm sure the Captain will be doing the same thing," Chakotay replied.

Meanwhile

The Ready Room:

Kathryn sat down on her sofa reading a PADD while sipping on her coffee. The door chimed. "Yes, come in."

Faye walked in nervously, "you wanted to see me?"

"Yes, come and sit down," Kathryn replied, patting the part of the sofa beside her.

Faye nervously sat down next to her. "Why don't we talk about this collection of yours," Kathryn said.

"Uh actually I don.." Faye said.

"Do you see them as substitutes Faye, they're not real people, and they do not understand you," Kathryn said.

Faye raised an eyebrow, "uh.. right."

"You should try doing more grown up things, it should give you some self esteem," Kathryn said.

"Um can I say..." Faye muttered.

"In a minute, I'm onto something. If you *grow up* then you might start feeling like the real thing," Kathryn said.

"The real me?" Faye stuttered.

"Yes, people change during their teens or twenties," Kathryn said.

1210 hours

The Mess Hall:

"This is crazy," Jessie said.

"Isn't that the whole point. Hope you guys have fun with that," Harry said smugly.

Jessie slapped him across the back of his head, making him pout and rub it. "I don't need any kind of counselling, I'm perfectly fine."

Danny tried to keep a straight face, "oh yeah there's nothing wrong with you."

"No there isn't, that's why my appointment was moved back. Before long I'll not have one," Jessie said.

"Why was it moved back, really?" Danny asked.

Jessie shrugged, "she must have thought some little people were more urgent. There was um Anderson, Lewis and Martin... ring any bells?"

"Lewis will be Claire, but personally I think she's the most sane out of all of us. I don't know the others," Harry replied.

"It wouldn't surprise me if she's going through the entire crew," Kes muttered as she walked over to the table. She put down a cup as she sat down next to Danny.

"Well there's nothing wrong with me, she said so, I don't have to worry," Harry said.

Jessie raised an eyebrow, "that's what you think."

"What do you mean?" Harry questioned.

"I think James made a comment about the sleep walking thing, you're the thirteen hundred one," Jessie replied.

Harry stared at her blankly, "but he's making it up!"

"Right, so you and James made a tape and agreed to make you look like a twit with it," Danny muttered.

"Twit?" Harry muttered.

"Yeah, moron or loon, take it anyway you want. If he's making it up then you must have been acting in the video," Danny said.

"It had to be a hologram," Harry said while blushing.

"Sure, whatever," Danny said with a wink.

"So which poor schmuck is with her right now?" Jessie asked.

Kes smiled, "oh one of the urgent ones."

Tom walked into the room, he headed over to the nearest table which was theirs. "Harry, you know me better than anyone onboard, right?"

"Um I guess so," Harry replied.

Tom pulled a chair away from another table, he sat down. "So do you think my mouth works faster than my brain does?"

"Yes," everyone replied.

"Ok, do I have behaviour problems?" Tom asked. Everyone nodded. "Right, you've got to say no to this one. Do you think I only annoy violent people because I get my kicks from getting punched in the face?"

Jessie looked uncomfortable, "oh I don't know, what kind of kicks?"

Danny burst out laughing, "oh Jess, you're in trouble if it's what I'm thinking. Then again so is B'Elanna and especially James."

Tom stared blankly at her, "no, not that kind of kicks."

"It kinda makes sense," Harry said. Tom moved his stare over to him. "Think about it, why else would you say stupid things to people like them? You should know by now what kind of response you'll get it."

"That's great Tom, if you like getting beat down we can make a daily appointment," Jessie said.

"But I don't, I prefer having my nose the way it is and my face bruiseless," Tom muttered.

"And the ability to have kids in the future," Danny said.

Tom's eyes widened a little, "yes, that more than any of those.. well kinda, you know." Harry nodded his head.

"Ohno, we can't have that. One Tom is bad enough," Jessie said.

"Feel the love in the room," Tom muttered. "Besides, I'm sure more people are less fond of having a Jessie Junior around."

"What's that supposed to mean," Jessie stuttered, looking nervous. "What have people been saying?"

"Um nothing, what's wrong? Are people mistaking you gaining weight for something else?" Tom asked. Jessie narrowed her eyes, he quickly backed his chair away.

Danny glanced at her, "you don't look any..."

"Shut up, all of you shut up!" Jessie snapped. She slapped Harry again.

"Ow! What was that for?" he moaned.

"Sorry, you were the closest," Jessie replied.

Tom sighed in relief, "I didn't mean that you did, I was just wondering why you panicked after the Junior comment."

Jessie laughed nervously, "oh it's just somebody was spreading some rumour, forget I said anything."

Kes covered her face with her hand. Tom looked intrigued, "which rumour? I haven't heard it."

Jessie glanced at Kes, "um, some idiot thought that Kes was my kid, you know cos I said to them what her age was."

Danny shook her head, "people will believe anything these days, ey?"

"She doesn't look like a kid though," Tom said.

"Yeah I know, he thought Kes wasn't the one I was talking about," Jessie said. She quickly got out of her chair, "ok I've got to go and um, hair dressers appointment." She rushed off.

Kes stood up too, "um yeah, me too."

"Uh Kes. One, we don't have one. Two, your hair is short enough already," Danny commented.

"There is and I'm getting extensions, whatever they are," Kes muttered before rushing after Jessie.

Danny smiled, "hmm, those would suit her actually."

Tom frowned, "ok, something is going on with Jessie, and Kes is in on it."

Danny shrugged, "maybe they really are related."

Tom laughed, "yeah right, but maybe that's a good rumour for my bookies. I'd get a huge pay out for it."

Harry raised an eyebrow, "even Voyager doesn't have that many idiots on board."

Meanwhile Kes had caught up with Jessie. "Great excuse, now we'll have to get our hair done."

"You didn't have to do the same excuse, did you?" Jessie said.

"True, but I couldn't think of anything else," Kes said.

"Don't worry about it, I doubt any one would notice anyway," Jessie said.

Kes sighed, "O'Hara suggested I should get extensions, what are those?"

"They make your hair look longer, it's fake hair. You should get the doc to make your hair grow faster instead," Jessie replied.

"No, I think I'll go with O'Hara. What are you going to do?" Kes asked.

"Dunno, I'd get it straightened again but it curls too quickly," Jessie replied.

Kes smiled, "can you get curly extensions?"

1224 hours

The Ready Room:

"I think I see your problem, Craig," Kathryn said.

Craig's eyes shifted nervously, "but I don't ha..."

"Shush, I'm getting somewhere!" Kathryn snapped. She had a sip of her coffee. "I think your problem is that you're trying to avoid acting like a teenager, or a grown up. You're still trying to be a child."

"But I do act like a teen," Craig muttered.

"Listen Craig, you seem like a nice boy and you're not ugly. At your age you should be dating, partying with friends, that sort of thing," Kathryn said.

Craig looked more worried than before, if that's possible, "not ugly?"

"Well I can't say anything more than that, you're only sixteen or something and it would be wrong," Kathryn said, shaking her head.

"Ookay then," Craig mumbled.

Meanwhile

Chakotay's Office:

Chakotay put down his PADD, then leaned on the desk. "The purpose of this is to help the crewmembers who we think need it."

"Ok, fair enough," Clive said.

The two sat in silence for a few minutes. "So, how are you settling in?" Chakotay asked.

"Good," Clive replied.

Chakotay nodded, "ok. What about your job, do you like it?"

"It's ok," Clive replied.

Chakotay sighed, "all right." He rubbed his forehead, "what about people, do you get along ok with everyone?"

"More or less," Clive replied.

"Ah, go on," Chakotay said. He just stared at him. "Ok ok, do you have any answers that are longer than three words?"

"No," Clive replied.

Chakotay groaned, "ugh."

1255 hours

The Security Office:

Kathryn stood nearby the door, Foster and Thompson were standing in front of her. "So do you boys have an appointment?" she asked.

"I had one already," Foster replied.

Thompson smiled nervously, "I'm too normal and sane to need an appointment."

"Yes well I'd better go," Kathryn said.

"Yeah before I go evil and hit your head against the wall," James muttered.

"Actually we're leaving now," Foster stuttered. He and Thompson rushed out of the room.

James briefly looked at Kathryn, then back at the computer. She watched him. "What's the matter with you?"

"My appointment isn't until thirteen hundred thirty hours," James said.

Kathryn sat down opposite him, "I'm putting it forward."

"I'm working on something important," James muttered.

"All right, I know something's bothering you lately though," Kathryn said. "See you at half one." She stepped out.

Meanwhile

The Mess Hall:

Neelix picked up a tray, he headed over to a group of four's table. On the neighbouring table Faye was busy downing small glasses of coke. Neelix watched her as he made his way over.

Craig walked in, he stopped once he was a few metres away from the door. After a quick nervous glance around the room, he whipped out a PADD.

"Here's your many drinks," Neelix said, eyeing the few dozen small glasses of coke.

"Hey thanks," Faye mumbled. She pulled a face at him, "you still here?"

Neelix lifted his head slightly as he sniffed the air, "what's that smell?"

"Probably him," Faye replied, pointing at a woman on the nearby table.

"Him, hey!?" she snapped.

Neelix stared at Faye blankly, "are you drunk?"

"Me, no way. You've been serving me Cherry Coke anyway, there's no booze in that," Faye replied.

Neelix looked worried, "you never know." He snatched one glass away. "Hmm, it smells fine."

"Duh yeah, it's just coke, now shoo," Faye muttered.

"Shoo?" Neelix said.

"Yes. Get lost, F off, clear off, go away... getting it yet?" Faye grumbled.

"Ok ok," Neelix stuttered, he slowly turned away.

Craig meanwhile made his way over to a table occupied by three girls. "Hi um, can I join you?" One of the girls shrugged so he sat down. "Now um, what's your names?" he asked as he held the PADD tightly. The girls eyed it looking worried. "It's a crew survey."

1330 hours

The Security Office:

The doors opened, Kathryn made her way through them and towards the desk. She put down a cup before sitting down.

James glanced at her briefly, "sorry, the nut house is next door."

"It's time for your appointment," Kathryn muttered.

"Good luck," James said with a sigh. He sat back in the chair and put his feet onto the desk. "You've got fifteen."

"Please don't do that, you might damage the desk," Kathryn said.

"Wow I feel much better, thanks," James commented.

Kathryn folded her arms on the desk, "James, you're not happy about something. Maybe you'd feel better if you talked about it."

"I'd rather not," James said.

"Ok, is it about Jessie?" Kathryn asked.

"Yes, but you're never going to get it," James muttered in response.

"You've been acting like somebody who's just learned something, or has had something happen to him, and he doesn't know what to do about it," Kathryn said.

"Look I told you, I don't want to talk about it," James said.

"Why do I get the feeling that I already know what this is about," Kathryn said. "She told you, didn't she? Took her time."

James sat up with a frown on his face, "told me what?"

"Something really big, right?" Kathryn said quietly.

"She told you, why would she tell you about it?" James said.

Kathryn smiled, "I was the one who helped her find out. It does all make sense. People take pregnancy news in three different ways. There's the happy one, those ones were usually trying anyway. There's

the scared ones, they tend to get over it after a while. And finally there's the ones that act like their world has come to an end."

"I haven't been acting like that," James said.

"Well you seem to be snapping at nearly everyone, it's almost like you don't care about anything at the moment," Kathryn said.

"I do though, I just..." James muttered. "There's no point in talking to me about this, cos I have no idea what's wrong with me."

"It's all right James, I'm sure after a few days you'll warm to the idea. You're just in shock," Kathryn said.

"That's the thing, I don't think it is that. I didn't feel shocked when she told me, I don't know what it was," James said. "It's stupid you know, I thought this was what I wanted and that I'd be happy."

"And you weren't," Kathryn said.

"What's the matter with me, do I just subconsciously enjoy making myself miserable? For god's sake, I'm in a relationship with my best friend who I've loved for years, she's pregnant with my child. I should be annoyingly happy and hyper. I should be the one people would want to hit, you know," James said.

"There's obviously something that's ruining this for you," Kathryn said with a sigh. "Is it because she waited a while to tell you, or is it too early or..."

James leaned on the desk, "no, it's... not exactly how I wanted it."

"What do you mean?" Kathryn asked.

"Well I didn't want our baby to be the product of a stupid virus in the Cherry Coke, maybe that's it," James replied.

Kathryn looked confused, "she got pregnant then? But that was..."

"I know, really stupid," James grumbled as he covered his face with his hand. "Out of the few times, it had to be that time."

Kathryn did the same, "ohno, is that what she said, are you sure?"

"Yeah, I doubt she'd lie. If she did she would have said the second or third time," James replied as he got out of the chair. He walked away from the table.

"My god, stupid girl," Kathryn muttered to herself. She sat up a little, "you know..."

"It's just typical of my luck, I don't know why I bothered asking when, it had to be then," James muttered.

Kathryn looked nervous, "uh James?"

"I mustn't have much stuff to tick off my check list now," James continued to mutter, while pacing of course.

"What check list?" Kathryn asked.

"My check list of stuff I was against, you know stuff that I thought nobody had a good reason for doing. I didn't really write it out obviously," James replied.

"You had conceive a baby via a Cherry Coke virus on that?" Kathryn questioned.

James turned around to stare at her funny, "no. Get a girl pregnant while drunk or something. I know that's not something somebody would do intentionally, but it's still not something I wanted to do."

"Oh, but that's the thing you..." Kathryn stuttered.

"I've already got the killing people one ticked off, don't hit girls and I did kinda cheat. Yeah Zare did kiss me, but that counts," James muttered.

"Uh it doesn't if you don't kiss her back. Anyway you don't..." Kathryn said.

"All I need to do now is hit a kid, rape someone or just try, and get married just so I can get divorced," James muttered. "Then I'll be the kind of monster my dad would be proud to call his son."

"Ok I know Peter was a jackass, but I doubt he'd be happy if a child of his did all that, well except the first one," Kathryn said. "Look as far as I know you only killed under this weird evil influence thing. You have never cheated unless you've slept with another girl, kissed another girl etc..."

"That's it, that's your little *you're not a monster* speech that's supposed to change my mind?" James said with a raised eyebrow.

"The kind of monster you're speaking of is a brutal killer, who obviously has no respect or feelings for the girl he's dating. I don't even want to begin on those other things that were on your list, I don't think you're capable of any of them," Kathryn said. "Except the last one, there are a lot of good reasons for divorce."

"Well yeah, that's not monster material, just something I didn't want to do. But you've got to admit it, probably all of those reasons are used because some idiot married another idiot, and they weren't right for each other," James said.

"Ok but still..." Kathryn said with a shrug.

"Whatever, I'm sure the fifteen minutes should be over by now," James said.

"I think we're nowhere near finished," Kathryn said.

"I think we are. I thought it would make things worse if I talked about it," James said. "Besides, I have work to do."

Kathryn sighed as she stood back up, "ok but just remember, if you ever want to talk, my door's always open."

1410 hours

The Mess Hall:

"So I was wondering if you uh... wanted to do something tonight," Craig mumbled.

Faye tilted her head to the side, she then glanced behind her. "Who are you talking to?"

"Um, you. You're my age and um pretty," Craig said really quietly.

Faye burst out laughing, "that's a good one."

"I'm serious," Craig said.

Faye tried to calm down, "oh that's a good joke. See you in class tomorrow, maybe." She turned around and walked out of the room.

Craig pouted, he fiddled with his PADD before heading over to Claire's table.

Tom downed the rest of his drink, he slowly headed over to B'Elanna. He sat down opposite her, she passed him an icy stare before glancing back down at a PADD she had a hold of.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"We need to talk," Tom replied.

"We really don't," B'Elanna muttered.

Tom folded his arms across the table, "I think you're being really unfair to me."

B'Elanna looked back up at him, "I am?"

"Yes. I've never done anything to you, and I'm not a bad guy. You're treating me like crap for no reason, and if you can give me a reason then I'll leave you alone," Tom replied.

"All right," B'Elanna said, she slammed the PADD down onto the table and got out of her seat. "I can't stand you, I hate you. You're a stalking creep who loves himself and thinks he's god's gift to women. News flash Paris, you're women's punishment for letting something like you ever be born, which isn't really fair."

Tom stared at her with wide eyes, "uh, that was harsh."

"Yeah, so leave me alone," B'Elanna muttered.

"I don't think I'm god's gift and..." Tom stuttered.

B'Elanna shook her head, "well you act like you do."

Tom pulled himself out of his chair, "I don't."

"Shouldn't you be in the middle of leaving me alone?" B'Elanna grumbled.

"No, we're not finished here," Tom said.

B'Elanna shrugged, "ok that's fine." She punched him in the face, knocking him backwards onto the ground. "Now we are." She walked out of the room.

1430 hours

The Security Office:

B'Elanna stormed into the room, then stood in front of the desk. "You have to do something."

"I am," James muttered.

B'Elanna slammed her hands down on the desk, "about Tom, I've done everything."

"All right, slow or fast?" James questioned.

B'Elanna rolled her eyes, "serious please."

"I am, I mean what else am I good for besides killing and beating," James said.

B'Elanna frowned, "what's up with you lately?"

"Nothing, all's good," James replied.

"Just talk to him, this is stalking so it's a security matter," B'Elanna muttered.

"Wow, haven't you gotten soft. Just keep hitting him or something," James said.

"Soft?" B'Elanna growled.

"It's not like you to get someone like me to help you with something like this," James said.

"I told you, I've tried everything," B'Elanna grumbled.

"Sure, Jessie and Kes don't have him after them anymore. Obviously you're not trying hard enough, maybe you don't want to," James said.

B'Elanna narrowed her eyes, "what's that suppose to mean?"

"It means you probably don't want him to stop, cos you like him," James replied with a shrug.

"Oh, that's a good one. I obviously made a mistake in coming here," B'Elanna muttered. She turned around and walked out.

James pulled a can out of from under the desk, and opened it. "We all make mistakes," he said before drinking the whole thing.

Meanwhile

Chakotay's Office:

Chakotay sighed into his hand, "this isn't going anywhere is it?"

"No," Clive replied.

"Ok I've got an idea, I'll let you decide on the conversation's topic," Chakotay said.

"Fair enough," Clive said with a shrug. The two sat in silence for another few minutes.

"Oh never mind, you can go," Chakotay said.

Clive got up and walked out.

1930 hours

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Jessie walked through the main door, she looked around the dark room. "That's weird. James?" She took off her jacket then put it onto a chair. "Ok.. computer lights to 50%" The lights came on.

Meanwhile

The Security Office:

James walked into the room while reading a PADD, with a sigh he put it onto one of the tables. He turned his attention towards the main desk, a tall man was standing in front of it, with his back to him.

"I'm off duty so you better make this quick," he said. The man turned around, James' eyes widened. "What, what are you doing here?"

"Can't a father visit his son?" Peter replied. He glanced back at the desk as he stepped to the side, you could now see a small baby lying on the desk all wrapped up. "And don't forget his grandson."

"You'd better get away from him," James said, sounding too nervous.

Peter glanced back at him, "or what, you'll cry? He's probably more manly than you."

"No, I... I'm not a kid anymore," James mumbled. "I don't get it, why are you here?"

"I'm here because you need me to be here," Peter replied.

"What's that supposed to mean?" James asked.

Peter smiled and shook his head. "It means that you're having doubts about this, putting it mildly. Finally, we have something else in common."

"Something else? I'm nothing like you," James muttered.

"There are differences, ones I do wish didn't exist but in some ways we are the same," Peter said. "Come on, you've been thinking the same thing yourself for months."

"Name one thing we have in common," James said.

"I'm not going to play this kind of game with you. You were the one who thought it, not me," Peter said.

"I wouldn't do any of the things you did. Yeah I am probably just as violent as you, but it goes to the deserving.." James muttered.

Peter smiled, "you know what I'm wondering. I'm wondering if this boy will moan and tell sob stories to his girlfriend, friends, just to get sympathy."

"What, I never did it to get sympathy," James said. "Besides, I'd never hurt my own kids."

"If you say so," Peter said with a smirk planted on his face. He turned around to pick up the baby.

James quickly headed over towards him, "what are you doing? Get off him." He grabbed a hold of Peter's arm. With his other arm Peter punched him hard in the face. The blow knocked James to the ground.

"I wonder what your girl will think of you in a few months," a familiar voice said.

James looked up at where Peter was standing, but someone else was in his place. He pulled himself back onto his feet, staring at the person in front of him which was himself.

"I mean she really believes in you, too bad you're going to mess up everything you touch," the other James said.

"No that's not true, just stop it," James stuttered.

The second James tilted his head slightly, "stop what? I'm only telling you what you've been thinking for days. You are right though, you're nothing like your father. You're worse than he ever could be, even he would be disgusted with you." He glanced down at the baby, he put his hand over the baby's face. "Isn't that right junior," he said in Peter's voice.

"Mr Taylor, shouldn't you be off duty by now?" Tuvok's voice said.

James opened his eyes, then looked around the room. He was still sitting behind the desk, Tuvok was standing in front of it. "What?"

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "your shift ended two hours ago. Perhaps you should get some rest."

James stared at something in front of him, "no, that's the last thing I need." He pulled himself out of the chair and headed out of the room.

1950 hours

The Mess Hall:

Claire walked over to the table where Faye was sitting, holding two cups. She put them down onto the table, and she sat down next to Faye.

"Another cup of coffee, I can't I'll be shaking like mad for the rest of the day," Faye groaned.

"Well that'll teach you for getting drunk," Claire said.

"Why not? There's no point, is there," Faye muttered.

"What do you mean no point," Claire questioned.

"Isn't it obvious? Janeway was right, I should start acting like a grown up instead of this childish little girl," Faye replied. She pushed the cup off the table.

Claire sighed, "Faye, there's nothing wrong with what you are. Janeway's been talking a load of bull to everyone so I hear, I got Chakotay luckily and I'm fine."

"Oh come on, I knew this before I had my counselling session," Faye said.

"But Faye..." Claire said.

Faye shook her head, "don't, just don't waste your breath." She got up out of her seat, then headed off towards the nearest exit.

Claire sighed, she did the same but towards the opposite door. As soon as Faye stepped out of the room she turned around and walked back in. "Sucker," she said as she stopped in front of the replicator.

2010 hours

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Jessie was sitting in her room, on her bed reading a book lying on her lap. She looked up from it as she heard somebody walk into the living room. Only a few seconds later the door to her room opened.

James stood at the doorway, "hey Jess."

Jessie continued to read her book, "hey, where have you been?"

"Oh, the office," James replied.

"Ok, but you never work this late," Jessie said.

"Yeah, I was busy thinking," James said.

Jessie looked up at him, "about?"

James headed towards her, "me, you, us. You know the usual."

"Ok then," Jessie muttered as she put her book on the table nearby. "What's wrong with you?"

"Good question, here's a better one. What's not wrong with me?" James replied.

"Um, why don't you answer mine first, I don't get yours," Jessie muttered.

"Ok it all started when you walked into the office, you were acting all weird. Then you tell me we're having a baby, and we can thank that virus in the coke for it," James said.

"Oh, but you seemed ok then," Jessie said.

James tried not to laugh, "oh come on Jess, you've known me for what, nineteen years and you don't know when I'm faking." He sat down nearby her.

Jessie stared at him, "you faked it? Why?"

"Obviously it was instinct, I just wanted to make you happy. It's so typical of me, I do everything wrong," James replied.

Jessie frowned, "what's that smell, is that beer?" She moved a little closer and sniffed the air, she backed off again, "have you been drinking?"

"Well I had an odd few," James replied. "As you can see I'm ok."

"How many?" Jessie asked.

"Hmm let's see," James muttered to himself as he moved to sit next to her. She pulled a face as he slipped an arm around her shoulders. "There was the six pack after my counselling session, then another five packs before lunch at three. I kinda lost track after five o'clock."

"Ok you're drunk," Jessie said, she pushed his arm off. "Well a different kind of drunk, but you are, and you stink of beer. Why don't you go to bed or something, and we'll talk tomorrow."

"I was hoping to stay here actually," James said. "We need to sort things out."

"There's nothing to sort out, I'm ok with this. And I'm not talking about stuff like this when you've had a few dozen six packs," Jessie said.

"Yeah that's sounds about the right amount," James said as he glanced at the ceiling. "Oh well that's not important."

"It is to me," Jessie muttered.

"It's ok, I have a solution to our problem," James said. He moved again so he was sitting opposite her.

"Your problem," Jessie said.

"Yeah, and it kinda is yours too," James muttered. "Now, we are both having this kid in a few months. It wasn't how I pictured doing it, you know this virus thing. Neither of us remember it, so as I said I've got the perfect solution."

"What, a memory ray gun?" Jessie questioned, raising an eyebrow.

"No, way better," James replied. He moved forward, and reached out to stroke her arm. "We can just pretend right, that it happened tonight..."

"That's your idea, wow that's brilliant," Jessie sarcastically said. She shook her head, "you're totally hammered, and it would make things worse as I'm sober."

"I'm not drunk," James muttered.

"Uh yes you are, now go away, this kind of drunk you've got is creeping me out," Jessie said.

"I told you, I'm staying here," James grumbled.

"No you're not," Jessie said. She pushed away his hand. "Go and get some coffee and calm down."

A little while later:

Thompson and Foster were walking down the corridor, talking about something unimportant most likely.

"True but at least things can't get any crazier," Foster said. They both jumped at the sound of a woman yelling.

Thompson groaned, "well done Foster." They both ran towards the source of the noise. They stopped at a door. Thompson fiddled with the panel on the side, after a few attempts the door opened.

They rushed inside the room but found it empty. More yelling was heard from one of the rooms. Thompson glanced at Foster nervously as he pulled out a phaser, Foster did the same. They rushed towards the door.

The two of them stared in shock as it opened. Jessie was against the wall, struggling to get away while James blocked her way.

"Oh my god..." Foster stuttered.

James glanced back at them. Thompson pulled a face, "um, we're not interrupting anything, disturbing are we?"

"Actually yeah kinda, get lost," James replied.

"Ok sorry, we'll go," Thompson said, he quickly raised the phaser. He fired it just as quickly, James collapsed nearby Jessie. She quickly stepped a few times to one side.

"Evil again, he needs a pill or something," Foster commented as he headed over to her. She moved away from him, shaking.

Thompson put away his phaser, "I don't think so. If he was evil, how come stun worked?"

The next morning

The Bridge:

Kathryn stepped out of the turbolift, "morning everyone. Report."

Chakotay glanced back at her, he climbed out of his chair as she made her way over. "I'm so glad you didn't say good morning."

Kathryn frowned, "why, what's wrong?"

"Jessie was attacked last night in her quarters, luckily Thompson and Foster were passing by to stop it," Chakotay replied.

"Oh. Is she all right?" Kathryn asked.

Chakotay sighed, "I don't know but I really doubt it. The attacker was supposedly really drunk, I don't know anymore than that."

"Who did it?" Kathryn questioned.

Sickbay:

"So much for not getting any crazier," Thompson muttered.

Foster rolled his eyes, "ok, enough already."

"Indeed. Thank you crewmen," Tuvok said. The two sighed as they left the room.

The Doctor walked over to stand in front of him. "I've never seen anything like this, I didn't think anybody could drink this much."

Tuvok briefly glanced at the PADD in his hands. "According to several crewmembers, he kept turning his chair around for a few seconds. Later in the day he stopped bothering. Where is he?"

"Thompson suggested transporting him to the brig straight away, and getting Kes to treat him," the Doctor replied. "Just in case."

Meanwhile Danny and Jessie were sitting on the biobeds. Danny had an arm around her. Jessie was still shaking, she wiped away a few tears from her cheeks.

"It's ok Jess, he didn't get anywhere did he," Danny said.

"That's not the point Dan," Jessie muttered. "He's the one I trusted the most, I never thought he'd..."

"Yeah I know, but he wasn't himself," Danny said.

Ian rushed into the room, then over to the girls. "What happened, I heard you were attacked?"

"What, people know about this? That's just great," Danny muttered.

"Jessie, who did this to you?" Ian asked as he sat down next to Danny.

Jessie turned her head away from them. Danny glanced at Ian, "it was James... he was a little too drunk."

Ian raised an eyebrow, "ok, did you hear the question?"

"Yeah I did," Danny replied.

Ian shook his head, "but he wouldn't. You've seen him drunk before, he's the happy kind of drunk... not the violent kind."

The Doctor made his way over. "I think this time was different because it looks like he drank slowly all day. Usually it's quick and the deed's done after an hour."

"But this is Jessie. He's obsessed with her, he cares about her... why?" Ian muttered.

"A little too obsessed if you ask me," the Doctor said quietly.

Jessie shook her head as she covered her mouth with her hand, "ok please, shut up both of you."

Danny sighed, "yeah you really should, you're not helping."

"What did he do exactly, hit her or something?" Ian questioned. Danny leaned closer to him to whisper something in his ear. Ian's eyes widened, he pulled himself back off the biobed. "You're kidding right?" Danny shook her head. "Oh, somebody's going to get punished for this."

"I don't want anymore patients," the Doctor said.

"Yeah Ian, don't pick any fights with him. You know you'll lose badly," Danny said.

"So we're supposed to just forget about it? I don't think so," Ian grumbled as he folded his arms. "No, I'm going."

The Doctor took a hold of his arm, "there's no point. As Kes is getting the alcohol out of his system, he's staying unconscious."

"Hey, that makes it easier for me," Ian said. "Right Jess, do you want me to kick him somewhere in particular?"

"No," Jessie muttered.

"All right, I'll just hit anywhere then," Ian said with a shrug.

"You will not do anything of the sort. I don't care what he's done, it doesn't justify hitting him," the Doctor said.

"Oh come on, Dan and Jess are with me on this. Right girls?" Ian said.

"Well unconscious you'd have a chance, but that's just a waste. Conscious you'll just end up swapping places, if you get what I mean," Danny muttered.

"No, I mean he deserves it right?" Ian questioned.

"Actually yes," Danny replied.

Jessie glanced at her, "what? No he doesn't."

Ian stared blankly at her, "uh Jess, you do know what he did to you, right?"

"It's not like he was sober or meant it," Danny replied.

"But you just said," Ian muttered.

Danny shrugged, "yeah I did, cos let's face it he doesn't deserve a beating, but he does deserve a little slap at least. You know for drinking that much in the first place."

Ian looked bewildered, "I'm not going to just slap him."

"If you hit him, it'll feel like a slap to him. Face it Ian, you're not a violent guy and you can't even kill a fly with your punch," Danny said.

"That's not true," Ian muttered. "I'll kick him, there, everyone happy now?"

"I don't want anyone to hurt him. Just leave it ok," Jessie said.

"I can't believe you're being so protective of him still," Ian said. "You should be hating his guts for what he did to you."

The Brig:

Kes stood up while putting the med kit's strap over her shoulder. She got out a hypospray and knelt back down, she pressed it into James' neck and stood back up.

The security guy keyed in a few commands, the forcefield went down. Kes stepped, the forcefield reappeared.

James woke up, he slowly sat up. "Ok, what am I doing here?"

Kes looked uncomfortable, "um you were drunk, there was a..."

James glanced at her with wide eyes, "what no, I didn't."

"You remember something, what do you..." Kes questioned.

"Oh god, I'm in the brig so it couldn't have been a dream," James stuttered. He placed a hand over his face, "no no, I didn't."

Kes swallowed hard, "um, I don't know what..."

"I hurt her didn't I? Please tell me I didn't," James stuttered. Kes glanced briefly at the floor, she nodded her head. "No," he said, he started crying into his hands.

Sickbay:

"Come on, let's get you home Jess," Danny said as she stood up.

Ian rolled his eyes, "fine, ignore me."

"I think I will, you're making it worse," Danny muttered.

Jessie stood up too, "no I don't want to go home."

Danny put her arm back around her, "you can't sleep here."

Jessie shook her head, "I don't, I can't go back."

"All right, I still have a spare room. You could stay there until you can," Danny said.

"Really, you don't mind?" Jessie questioned.

Danny smiled, "of course I don't. I'll drop you off, then I'll get some of your stuff." They both headed out and passed Kes as they did.

"Unbelievable," Ian muttered.

"Yeah I know," Kes said.

"Is he awake yet?" Ian asked.

Kes frowned, "yes but I don't think he's up to visitors."

"I don't give a rat's ass about that," Ian grumbled. He headed towards the door, Kes quickly grabbed a hold of his arm.

"Ohno, you're not doing that," she said.

"Why the hell not?" Ian asked.

"Because it's not necessary, believe me," Kes replied.

Ian shook his head, "what is it with the women today? Danny thinks he only deserves a slap, Jessie's still protecting him, and now you."

"You don't get it. He doesn't need you to try beating him, or yell at him," Kes said.

"Oh boo hoo, who cares," Ian muttered.

"You're still not getting it. He doesn't need it cos he's doing it to himself," Kes said.

"Well, I'd better go and give him a hand then," Ian said as he walked out of the room.

The Ready Room:

"This is all my fault isn't it? I made things worse with him, like I did with everyone," Kathryn said.

Chakotay took a step closer to her, "no it's not. You tried to help him, it's his own fault that he got that drunk."

Kathryn sat down on the sofa, "I never thought he'd be capable."

"When you're drunk, you do stupid things," Chakotay said.

"Putting it mildly. I doubt either of them will get over this," Kathryn said.

"I thought that you hated the idea of them being together," Chakotay said.

"I dunno, they seem at the very least smitten with each other, well they were. The only reason I was against it was because I thought she wasn't good enough for him," Kathryn said.

Chakotay smiled, "you're probably the only one who thinks that."

"I just didn't think she liked him the same way. I mean he loves her and I doubt she feels the same way. It's just now there's a baby," Kathryn said.

"You must be as blind as he is," Chakotay muttered. Kathryn stared at him. "I think she does, were you even listening to her *I'm keeping his baby* speech a month ago?"

"I guess," Kathryn muttered. "Now she'll probably hate him, everything's so screwed up."

The Brig:

The security guy jumped, he glanced in James' direction. He was lying on the bed, with his back to him. "What was that?" the security guy asked. He just shrugged. A loud bang startled him again, James didn't seem to hear it. He sat up but still kept his back to him.

Ian charged into the room, "you can go."

"Um, I can? You don't outrank me," the security guy said.

"I'll give you a day's rations, ok now leave for about ten minutes," Ian said.

The security guy shrugged, "I'll be right outside. While you're here, find out what that constant banging noise is." He stepped out.

Ian walked over to the forcefield, he pressed a button on the panel to lower it. He walked inside, "I've got a bone to pick with you."

"Fine," James groaned, he turned around. "Will this be verbal or violent?"

"Second," Ian replied.

"Ok," James muttered, he stood up.

Ian frowned, "ok, you're just going to stand there and let me."

"Why not, I deserve it don't I?" James muttered. He wiped away something from his eye. "What are you waiting for?"

Ian shook his head, "you'd like that wouldn't you? I don't want to hit you if that's what you want."

"That's fine, I can insult you to get you going if you want," James said.

"Um, what did you do to your hand?" Ian asked, eyeing James' left hand which was bleeding. He then looked up and noticed his arms were bruised, his other hand was in the same state.

He shrugged as he beckoned his head towards the wall, which had a few holes in it. "I think it would be easier on the wall if you took over, right? Do you want me to insult or not?"

"I don't understand, why did you do that?" Ian asked.

"What would you do?" James replied.

"Well for starters I wouldn't try to assault my girlfriend," Ian muttered. "There's no point in hitting you, I don't want to make you feel better."

"Don't worry about that, that'll never happen," James said.

"I think we're going to do the verbal one, cos I don't think you want that one," Ian said. "Lets see, where should I start?"

"Don't, there's no point in that either," James said.

Ian put one hand on his hip, "ah I got somewhere to start. Ok here goes. You're a moron."

"Ok I was expecting just a tad worse than that," James muttered.

"I can call you all the names under the sun, but that's a waste of time. Moron is appropriate, as is idiot," Ian said. "The only reason you'd drink the way you did is if you were depressed. What the hell is there to be depressed about?"

"You'll never understand," James replied.

"Shut up, I'm talking," Ian snapped. "You had something that a lot of guys would kill for, and would never get. You had a gorgeous girlfriend who adored you."

"I told you," James muttered as he turned his back on him.

"Oh poor you," Ian sarcastically said. "What the hell's the matter with you? She's a great girl, there isn't another one of her in the universe. She has trouble trusting men as it is. It means a lot that she trusted you but what did you do, go and betray her in one of the worst ways possible. She's not going to get over that fast."

"I don't know," James said, getting a few tears in his eyes again. "I don't what's wrong with me anymore."

"All I can think of is you're so screwed up that you just can't be happy, and you have to hurt other people to do that," Ian said. "That's what I don't get, why did Jessie decide to date you in the first place? Oh yes that's right, cos she didn't care. She liked the part of you that wasn't screwed up, and she believed in you."

"I know that she's probably, or rather was the only one who did," James said.

"Her mistake huh," Ian muttered. "I hope you're proud of yourself."

"Proud? I've never hated myself more than I do today," James muttered. "I guess this was inevitable. I was already just as bad as my dad before this, now I'm worse. He'll be the only proud one."

"Yeah that's true, I just hope the Taylor family ends with you. We certainly don't want anymore of you creeps," Ian said.

"Too late for that now," James said.

Ian frowned, "what?"

James turned back around, "I said it's too late for that now. She's, Jessie's pregnant."

"Oh and it gets better," Ian muttered.

"I know, you made your point perfectly clear. The only good thing about this is she'll never want to see me again, and the baby won't grow up with my influence," James said. He turned away again and sat down, he put his hands over his face. "Though growing up without my dad, that didn't do me any good, did it. Must be in the genes."

"Yeah you're right, she won't ever want to see you again. You'll be lucky if you ever see this kid, but I guess you wouldn't have drowned yourself with booze if you didn't want that to happen," Ian said. "Are you happy now? You're free of that responsibility, you don't have to pretend to be a good guy for Jessie anymore. It's over."

James started crying into his hands again, "no I'm not bloody happy." He moved his hands away and looked up at him. "I've wanted this for years."

"Wanted what?" Ian questioned.

"Ian, I'm not the only moron around here, am I?" James muttered. "You've known how I've felt about her for years."

"Not really, enlighten me," Ian said.

"I was really happy with her, happier than I've ever been in my whole life. I was starting to think it was the real thing, you know the kind of relationship that goes on for years, maybe even life," James said.

"And then the baby ruined it for you," Ian said.

"No. I would have loved to have a family with her, I thought if I ever was told I'd be happy about it. When I did it felt like something inside me died, and I didn't get why. Then it all made sense when I had a dream about my father," James said. "He told me I was just like him in some ways, and different in ways he didn't like. I originally worried that I'd turn into him if I ever became a dad, but..."

"Usually I'd say I doubt you'd ever hurt your own children, like he did, but after today," Ian said.

"Yeah, I have no right to call my dad a monster, he's nothing compared to me. I doubt he ever killed anyone, or laid a finger on my mother. I haven't even had a kid yet and I'm already a murderer, and I've just hurt the woman I love in the worst way possible. And now because of it, I'll never see her again or the baby. Now because of some stupid craving to drink myself stupid instead of talking to her about how I felt, my life's over... and I ruined hers too," James said.

Ian stepped closer, "you're in love with Jessie?"

James looked up at him, "you're sharp aren't you, I have been for a long time."

"So how could you do that to her? Even drunk I figured you'd have some control," Ian said. "Do you even know why you wanted to do it?"

"I don't know, it was something about the baby. It was because it was conceived during a time we don't remember, you know that virus, I think I wanted to pretend it happened then. That's much better isn't it," James replied.

"Oh yeah, that's one of the worst things that can happen to a girl," Ian muttered. "You know I've tried to understand, but I still can't. You always went to Jessie if something was wrong, why was yesterday any different? You've changed, and it's not for the better. If you want to spend the rest of your life punching walls like the way you have, be my guest, you won't be getting my sympathy." He turned to walk away, a quick press of a button got the forcefield back up.

****** THE END ******