

Episode 4.02

Half of the Heart

June 2377:

Voyager dropped out of warp, it flew towards a large golden nebula. Inside the bright science lab, a familiar bald man was working with a more familiar bald man.

"It's ready, I hope you know what you're doing," the Doctor said calmly.

"Of course I do you nitwit. I am Damien, I know all," the second bald man grumbled. The Doctor handed him two hyposprays, not looking too sure about it.

"You do know that this won't fully work, don't you?" the Doctor asked.

Damien groaned, "your puny matrix cannot comprehend the pure genius of my evil plans. Don't you worry, you just get the transporter ready. You know, just in case."

"Yes sir," the Doctor said.

"And no more betraying me," Damien snapped. He walked out of the nearby door.

Voyager's warp drives glowed a bright blue colour as they raised. Another Voyager was in pursuit. It fired but it totally missed the other Voyager.

The torpedo exploded, a shockwave came away from it. It collided with the back of the Voyager being chased, the warp drives overloaded and they exploded taking the whole ship with it.

The remaining Voyager swerved to the right and it jumped into warp, a few seconds later the shockwave spread throughout the area, destroying everything in its path.

Damien stepped onto a small bridge, several other guys were standing around. "Excellent timing," he said. He rubbed his forehead.

"Master, are you ok?" one guy asked.

"Yes I'm fine, those stupid idiots used a hypospray on me. Anyway that doesn't matter. What's important is that we got what we wanted, we can now begin," Damien replied. He laughed maniacally, the rest of the bridge crew joined in.

July 2377:

Damien was standing around a small science lab. A younger man stepped up to him like he was going to his execution.

"Sir, we have a problem," the man said.

"A problem? Impossible!" Damien snapped.

The man cringed, "well the first one is getting along just fine, it's just the second one. My assistant got mixed up, he thought the second one was supposed to be an exact copy."

Damien growled, he turned around and kicked the wall. He tried to hold back a scream afterwards. "Do you realise that the second one is useless to me without the changes?"

"Well not exactly. We could either kill the original or we can try to summon the original past life's warlock powers," the man said.

"Can you do either of them? Can you!" Damien asked loudly.

"The second one isn't impossible, but it's still difficult. The first one, well I can't do it, he's too strong for me," the man replied.

"Then what are you going to do about it!" Damien screamed.

"Um, we could um, start off fresh again," the man stuttered.

"And waste another month," Damien muttered.

"Uh yes sir. I'm so sorry," the man said.

"You should be," Damien said. He turned to leave.

"What should we do with him?" the man asked.

Damien smiled, he turned back to the man. "As soon as he can live outside the chamber, kill him."

"But sir, he can at least be a valuable member of the crew," the man said.

"Like you, ha!" Damien laughed. He shook his head, "no. The last thing I want is to see that face every single day. It just infuriates me when I see him."

"But," the man stuttered.

"Ok ok, I'll kill him. All it takes is one shot from a gun," Damien said.

"Very good sir. Um, we can actually release him tomorrow," the man said.

"Good, I look forward to it. Oh I just thought of something, can you make lots of copies so I can shoot them all?" Damien asked.

"Sir, that's going too far," the man said.

Damien pouted, "way to spoil my fun."

The next day:

Damien stepped into the lab, he had a large knife in his hands. Everyone stared at him looking worried.

"You lot are too human, come on be more evil," Damien said.

The lead scientist approached Damien. "Sir, he's ready but I must warn you."

"Just let him out," Damien said. He cringed, "does he have something on?"

"Yes sir, of course," the lead scientist replied.

"Good, what was your warning?" Damien asked.

"He may not have the strength of the original, but he is still strong," the lead scientist replied.

"I'm hearing this now, because?" Damien grumbled.

"I believe we already told you that," the lead scientist said.

"I would have remembered it, now open the chamber," Damien said.

The lead scientist nodded nervously, he went over to what looked like a stasis chamber. Damien stepped closer to it. The lead scientist fiddled with a panel, the chamber door opened. A cloud of what looked like smoke or steam filled the entire room in seconds.

"Now you didn't warn me about that," Damien coughed. There was suddenly a huge crashing sound nearby him. The cloud started to fade away. Damien raised the knife but he felt it being taken away from him.

"Sir, are you ok?" one of the scientists frantically asked.

The cloud fully cleared, the scientists backed off. Damien was now lying on the ground with a cut across his neck. The lead scientist was lying unconscious near the wall.

A guy who looked exactly like James stepped over Damien's body. "What, no birthday presents?"

All of the scientists looked at each other, they all ran out.

Present day:

"Now come on, you can do better than that, don't hold back, give it everything you got," Daniel said. He was all protected with what looked like bike gear.

"Ok, but you asked for it," Lena said. She punched Daniel in the stomach, he cringed and fell onto the floor.

"Great," he just managed to spit out.

Meanwhile Wesley was pacing back and forth, yelling towards James, Sandi and Kevin who were fighting against demons.

"Sandi put more aggression into it! Kevin stop hitting on that one!" Wesley yelled.

Kevin glanced around, "I wasn't, she's just too pretty to kill."

"It's an insentient hologram, just kill it!" Wesley yelled.

Kevin shrugged, he stabbed the female demon in the heart. She disappeared.

"Good, better. James, for goodness sake, put that bottle down!" Wesley yelled.

"Yeah James, give it to me," Lena said. She snatched the Cherry Coke bottle off him.

"Excellent. Emma, keep up with the others... wait, Emma?" Wesley said, sounding confused.

"Um Emma hasn't arrived yet," James said.

"Well if she was on time I'd be worried," Lena said.

Sandi and Kevin finished off the rest of the demons. They went over to the watchers and the rest of the Slayers.

"This is unacceptable, she should be here. She's had the least training out of all five of you," Wesley moaned.

"Lighten up, we have four Chosen Slayers, it's not like a Natural Slayer is going to make any difference," Daniel said, he lit up a tab.

"I suppose, but we need all the help we can get. Four Chosen Slayers on one fleet, that's just like having bug spray in only one room in a city infested with Sbaracs," Wesley said.

"Oh you know about those," Lena said.

"It's better than just having two Chosen Slayers on one ship, like it was before," Daniel said. He blew some smoke in Wesley's face.

Emma strolled in. "Hi guys," she said cheerfully.

"What is this, you're an hour late," Wesley snapped.

"Yeah, if I'd known I would have been late for an extra twenty minutes," James said.

"Dear lord," Wesley groaned. He walked off.

Meanwhile, on a nearby moon:

A very familiar girl was standing around a statue, stroking it actually. "Voyager's back in orbit, are you sure you wanna do this?"

"You have no idea what it's like to be the reject, do you? I'm weak and pathetic, like an ordinary human is," a familiar guy replied.

Several alien men came into the room, they stood nearby the girl.

"Don't be too hard on yourself, you have those really cool powers," the girl said.

"But that isn't enough," the guy said.

"Sir Voyager and the Enterprise is back in orbit. Along with the Lillyia Fleet," one of the men said.

"Ah, that's interesting," the girl said.

"They're like vultures, or whatever you call them sir. Supposedly they're back in orbit to get supplies of some sort," one of the men said.

"Perfect, get the chambers ready. I think one of you should take command just briefly, and invite some of their people here for supplies," the guy said.

"Yes sir," the man said.

"And make sure you know who is on that team and don't forget, be careful with him," the guy said.

"But sir, he is an ordinary human, he won't cause any problems," the man said.

"Just because me and him have a different past, doesn't mean he's going to be gentle and innocent. He'll be like me, dangerous. So be careful," the guy said.

"Ooh dangerous, wish I was," the girl said.

"Honey you're too sweet to be dangerous," the guy said.

"We're on it, sir," the man said. He and the others left the room.

The Enterprise Bridge:

Everyone who was there were in their usual places, except Lena. Instead James was sitting on her chair, with his feet up. Lena walked over to him, she smacked his leg really hard.

"Ow, Lena," James moaned.

"Get off my chair," Lena muttered.

"I told you," Tom said.

James pulled himself out of the chair, he sat in the spare one. Lena sat in her own chair.

"So, has Voyager made contact with the planet?" Lena asked.

"Yeah, they've been told to contact the moon. The people there have lots of supplies," Triah replied.

"Great, so it looks like our job is to sit around and look pretty," Lena said.

"Don't you do that all the time Lena?" James asked.

"You don't know when to stop, do you?" Lena snapped.

"Sorry, it just looked like Tom was going to say it," James said.

Tom pouted, "how did you know?"

"Well Voyager's hailing us," Triah said.

"Well someone's got to look pretty, my mum can't do it," Lena said.

"Ahem," Tom coughed.

"Oh yeah, put them on screen," Lena said.

"They already are," Tom said.

"Oops, hi mum," Lena said.

"I am pretty Lena, where do you think you got your looks from?" Kathryn said angrily. Everyone on both bridges laughed.

"I dunno, mutation perhaps?" Lena replied.

"Slayers are mutants, but then again James wasn't blessed with the good looks mutation like Lena," Tom said.

"Don't listen to him James, he loves you really," Jessie said.

"Oh come on, I'm not the gay one," Tom muttered.

"What do I have to do convince you people that I'm not gay? Do I have to go to a girl strip club or something," James said.

"Not when I'm around you're not," Jessie said.

"Well this is all very nice, can we get back to business," Kathryn said while steam came out of her ears.

"Aaaw," Ian moaned.

"Fine, what's up?" Lena asked.

"We're sending a team down to the moon's surface to meet the leader there but..." Kathryn replied.

"But what?" Lena said.

"We detected two human lifesigns down there, I figured that we should take the Enterprise lead security team down as well," Kathryn said.

"What's wrong with just Craig's team?" Lena asked.

"What's not wrong with just Craig's team, that's the question," James replied.

"Is it because it's just got unknown crewmembers on it?" Lena asked.

"Noo, it's because Craig's in charge," James replied.

"Look just meet us down there, Janeway out," Kathryn said. The viewscreen went back to the flying through space screensaver.

"James, take other people with you. I have a bad feeling about this," Lena said.

"I know, Janeway's too sober," James said.

"That's not what I meant," Lena muttered.

"Yeah James, use your not very used brain, supply missions always go wrong. Always," Tom said.

"Not always," Bryan said.

"Bryan what did your mum tell you about questioning your parents?" Tom asked.

"Never question mum, always question dad," Bryan replied.

"I should have known she'd say that," Tom grumbled.

"I was only joking, why are people taking me so seriously?" James said.

"Because you've been in some serious episodes, obviously," Triah said.

"Fine whatever. I'll take Kevin, Triah, and Tom," James said.

"Hey, why me?" Tom moaned.

"Hopefully if something does go wrong, you'll be the one who gets hurt," James replied.

"I like that plan," Triah said. Everyone on the bridge who was mentioned headed for the turbolift. Tom was busy muttering under his breath.

The moon's surface:

Kathryn, Craig and Harry were hanging around outside a tall building. Nearby them were several guards.

James, Kevin, Triah, and Tom rematerialised nearby them.

"It's about time, we can go in now," Kathryn said. She lead the group up to the lead guard. After some brief introductions he lead the entire team inside the building.

They all entered a large dark hall. The guards stopped the team near the end of the hall. They all saw one dark figure in front of them.

"So finally we meet. My name is Richard, I prefer Ric," the figure said.

"Richard, that's a human name. You're one of the humans. How did you..." Kathryn started to ask.

"Get here? It's a long story, in a way it's the same story you'd tell if I asked you," Ric said.

"The Caretaker or the Seventh Dimension?" Kathryn said questioningly.

"Both technically," Ric said.

Another figure stepped forward, she stepped into the light. Everyone in the team gasped, she looked exactly like Emma. "Ooh lots of people, can I play with them Ricky?"

"Patricia, no... not yet," Ric said.

"The voice sounds creepily familiar, yet annoying," Tom said.

"Uh huh," Kathryn said nervously.

"How is this possible, Emma is on our ship?" Kevin asked.

"Should we tell them Patty?" Ric said.

Patricia giggled, "yeah, I wanna see this part."

Ric stepped into the light, everyone once again gasped. Ric was in fact the guy who looked exactly like James.

"Oh crap, I didn't say your voice was annoying," Tom said nervously.

"Ok how is this possible? I'd remember giving birth to twins," Kathryn asked, sounding worried.

Ric stepped closer to the group, he eyed Kathryn in disgust. "This is the mother, my god. I was expecting someone a lot older."

"Aaaw, you're the nicer twin aren't you," Kathryn said.

"You must have been one of those teenaged sluts then," Ric said.

"So much for that theory," Kathryn muttered.

"I don't get this, how come there's another me?" James asked.

Ric smiled, "ah, I was cloned from you."

"That explains the other Emma," Tom said.

"Can I play with them now, Ricky?" Patricia asked innocently. She stepped closer to Ric, she took a hold of his arm.

"I told you, not until we've done the procedure," Ric replied.

"What procedure? We only came down for supplies," Kathryn asked.

"Oh your ships will get supplies, we just want something in return," Ric replied.

"Hmm, we're lonely down on this little moon. We just want some company," Patricia said softly.

"Well you can come to our ships, if you want," Kathryn said.

"Um no thanks," Ric said. He clicked his fingers. Everyone in the team froze on the spot. "Begin the procedure," he said.

"Yes sir," one of the guards said.

Voyager's Bridge:

"The team is ready to come back," B'Elanna said.

"Good," Chakotay said. He headed towards the turbolift.

"Are you going to tell the Captain about all those humans who appeared on the moon?" Ian asked.

"Get me an explanation for it, then it would be a good idea," Chakotay replied. He stepped inside the turbolift.

Ian shrugged, "Kevin was on the awayteam."

"Unless Triah or even Janeway changed their status to desperate, I don't think so," B'Elanna said.

Transporter Room:

Chakotay stepped through the door, he nodded at the transporter chief. The awayteam rematerialised on the pad, only James was missing. In his place was Ric.

Kathryn glanced back at the others, she looked at Chakotay. "Oh look everyone, they have a cuddly bear. A big one!" She ran over, and started to hug Chakotay tightly.

"You guys should know better, never give her coffee," Chakotay snapped.

"God, is this guy always a pain in the arse?" Ric said quietly to the others. He walked out of the room.

Kathryn followed, after blowing Chakotay a kiss. He pretended to catch it, he threw it back at her.

"Gee this place needs some serious cleaning," Triah said. She walked out too.

Kevin made his way over to the chief, everyone else left. "Something is weird, I can feel it," Chakotay muttered.

"Hey, how you doing?" Kevin said to the male transporter chief.

Chakotay's eyes widened, he ran out of the room.

Meanwhile on the planet:

"Come on, wake up you stupid bitch!" James voice yelled over the darkness.

Kathryn opened her eyes, her vision was all blurred. She eventually saw James, Kevin, Tom and Triah hovering over her. James slapped her in the face.

"Wake up!" he yelled.

"Yes I'm awake," Kathryn mumbled. James continued to slap her anyway.

"Um should we stop him?" Kevin asked.

"Meh," Tom replied.

Kevin shrugged, he grabbed a hold of James' arm and tried to pull him away.

"Oh fine," James groaned. He stood up, and walked away.

Harry and Tom pulled Kathryn to her feet. "Where are we?" she asked.

"Well it looks like a prison," Harry replied.

"Ok but why did James and Emma's twins put us here?" Tom asked.

"I dunno, but something isn't right," Kevin replied.

"What, you think a clone of me is something right?" James said questioningly.

Tom tried to keep a straight face, he glanced around. "Someone hold me back."

"No no, hold me back," James grumbled.

"No, we want to see Tom hurt, I'm bored," Craig muttered.

"Thanks a lot," Tom muttered.

The Bridge:

Chakotay was sitting in his chair doing a log, while Ian and Kathryn were in their usual places.

Commander Chakotay's Log Supplemental: Ever since the awayteam has come back from the planet, well five minutes ago, they have been acting strangely. Well only Kathryn. I mean the Captain, and Kevin were different. But if my instincts are right, they all are acting weird wherever they are. All except James that is, he was still making comments about me and stuff. I am not a pain in the arse, that's for sure.

"I'm thirsty," Kathryn said. She reached down and pulled a flask out of her bag.

Well at least Kathryn's drinking coffee, that's normal... wait that doesn't smell like coffee.

Kathryn slipped a few tea bags into the flask, she waited a while before drinking from the flask.

"Um, I'm going for a walk," Chakotay stuttered as he stood up.

"Ok teddy," Kathryn said. Chakotay rushed into the turbolift.

The Enterprise, bridge:

Chakotay rushed out of the turbolift, he leaned on the banister. "Lena, where is Tom?"

Lena looked up at him, "I dunno, he lost his temper when I told him his hair was a bit out of place."

Bryan turned around, "it was odd, but funny."

Chakotay raised his eyebrow, "no it's not. I just got onto the Enterprise when a security team bumped into me. They said that somebody was wrecking stuff in Tom and B'Elanna's quarters. I checked the computer, B'Elanna was in Engineering."

"It was only out of place by one hair," Lena muttered.

Bryan pulled an annoyed face, "I hope he didn't go in my room. I just got a guitar."

Lena groaned, "go on, check if it's ok."

Bryan stood up, he headed for the turbolift. Chakotay took a hold of his arm, "get back to work kid."

"Dad, I run this bridge," Lena said.

"Yes well, I know we're not moving anywhere but you need a pilot at all times," Chakotay said.

"But my guitar," Bryan moaned. He sat back down in his chair.

"Well I ain't got anyone at opps either, is it such a big deal?" Lena said.

Chakotay glanced towards opps, he glared back at Lena, "why not?"

Lena shrugged, "Triah said she would be right here, she was busy."

"Busy with what?" Chakotay asked.

"Cleaning I think," Lena replied.

Triah's Quarters:

The door chimed. "Come in!" Triah called.

Chakotay stepped into the room, he immediately tripped over a huge pile of clothes on the ground. As he stood up again he gasped in horror. "Oh my god, the room is..."

"Clean I know, it's about time. It was really dirty," Triah said. She used a feather duster to knock over a glass of pop, it went all over the sofa.

Chakotay stepped backwards, the door opened again. "You know, I'll come back later."

"Ok," Triah said cheerfully.

Chakotay grinned nervously, he took one more step backwards. The door closed in front of him.

Meanwhile:

Duncan ran out of one of the classrooms, he quickly turned the nearby corner. He bumped into Ric. "Oh, hi dad," he said nervously.

Ric groaned, "oh that's just great."

"I'm not missing school again I swear, the clocks have just gone forward. You mustn't have been told," Duncan stuttered.

Ric smiled in a devious way, he knelt down in front of Duncan. "Missing school are we?"

"No, I told you, evil clocks gone forward. It was such a waste," Duncan replied.

"Let me tell you something. When the people who work for me skip duty, I punish them," Ric said.

"Ok I punish myself, I'll go and visit my grandma," Duncan said.

"That's not good enough," Ric said. He hit Duncan across the head, and stood back up. "Run along now." He continued down the corridor.

Duncan put his hand over his head with a huge pout on his face, he ran off in the opposite direction.

Enterprise Bridge:

Chakotay rushed back out of the turbolift, "Lena, we need to organise a meeting in your conference room."

Lena stood up, "what, why?"

"Something is going on, the awayteam is acting strangely. Well most of them are," Chakotay replied. "And your mother's turned our Conference Room into her brewing room."

"I'm not surprised, they didn't come back with any supplies either," Lena said.

Bryan turned around, "dad only lost his temper, what's the biggie?"

Chakotay tried to keep calm, "Janeway's drinking tea, Kevin was chatting up a guy, Triah thinks dirty is clean, you should see her quarters. Oh and I just saw Craig and Harry."

"Oh my god," Lena muttered.

"Yeah, what's up with them?" Bryan asked.

"They were dueling with swords," Chakotay replied.

"Dueling? Over what?" Lena sniggered.

"Whoever wins the fight to the death gets the hand of Naomi," Chakotay said.

Everyone stared blankly at him. "Naomi?" Lena said slowly.

"Uh huh," Chakotay replied.

"To the death?" Bryan said questioningly.

"Uh huh," Chakotay replied, getting more annoyed by the second.

"Shouldn't you stop them?" Lena asked.

"I tried, I got this," Chakotay replied. He showed off his hand, which had a massive cut on it. "I called James' security team, but all I got for a response was 'f off monkey...' uh, I'm not finishing that off."

Lena tried not to laugh, "um, that's nice. Did you ask Craig's team?"

"They're there already, that's how it started. They were fighting over Neelix's hotpot earlier, the team showed up and... well you know the rest," Chakotay replied.

"Were they trying to get the other to eat the hotpot?" Lena asked.

"No, now can we please have that meeting, without the actual awayteam?" Chakotay asked.

"Sure, but as far as I can see James is the only one that seems to be acting normally," Lena replied.

"Ok, I'll repeat some of the stuff James said to me, after the monkey comment," Chakotay said. Bryan burst out laughing, Chakotay glared at him. "Forget it. James is acting strangely too."

Jessie looked up from her station, "what's, what?"

Everyone glanced at her. "We've mentioned Tom, James and several others and now you speak?" Lena said in disbelief.

Jessie looked embarrassed, "I fell asleep ok. Someone should take this new chair away from me."

"You haven't seen any other members of the team since they came back?" Chakotay asked.

"Nope," Jessie replied.

"Not even James?" Chakotay said questioningly. Jessie shook her head.

"Yep, James is acting weird too," Lena said. Jessie looked confused.

"Just get everyone but the team at a meeting in ten minutes, Lena. I'll do it if you don't," Chakotay said.

"Ohno, how will I cope if that happens?" Lena said sarcastically.

"If James doesn't see me often, that means he's acting weird? You're just trying to justify yourself, surely," Jessie muttered.

"Uh huh," Lena giggled.

Duncan ran out of the turbolift. He rushed over to Jessie. "Mum, you're not going to believe what dad just did."

"Told someone else that they sleep with monkeys," Chakotay muttered. Bryan burst out laughing again.

Duncan pulled a face, "wouldn't they smell, and snore? And the bed would have hair everywhere."

"I hope he doesn't have any idea what Chakotay meant," Lena muttered. Bryan continued to laugh.

Jessie rolled her eyes. "What did dad do?"

Duncan rubbed his head again, "he hit me."

"What!?" Jessie exclaimed. Everyone but Duncan jumped a mile when she did.

"Ok I admit that I tried to skive school, and he caught me. But instead of just telling me off or something, he hit me," Duncan said.

Lena leaned on the nearby bannister, "that doesn't sound like James at all."

Chakotay smiled, "told you so."

Jessie stood up, "I don't care, either way someone is going to get a beating of a lifetime for this." She stormed out.

"Woah, no wonder dad is scared of that woman," Bryan muttered.

"Is he scared of me?" Lena asked.

Bryan grinned, "oh yeah."

"Good," Lena said.

Meanwhile, the Mess Hall:

"You are not going to get her this way," Harry sneered. He revved up a chain-saw.

"You'll get her over my dead body," Craig grumbled. He revved up a chain-saw too.

Naomi rolled her eyes, "I can't believe this is happening."

Evil C glared at her, "well help me out here, for god's sake!"

Naomi laughed, "yeah right. Like I'm going to help you stop a fight in my new top. I could get blood on it."

"God forbid. Look just act like an airhead to distract them, hopefully one may drop a chainsaw and I can have it," Evil C said. Naomi stared at him with her eyes wide. "Yeah like that, just aim it at them."

"Aim what?" Naomi asked.

Craig and Harry started swinging the chain-saws at each other like they were swords. Sandi walked over to the two, "do you mind, I need to concentrate."

"Shove it sweetheart," Harry muttered.

"I need to cook today's lunch, I can't..." Sandi grumbled.

"Go away, or we'll serve you with the stew," Craig snapped.

"Uhoh," everyone but the duelers stuttered. Nearly everybody headed for the nearest exits.

Sandi lost her temper finally, she kicked Craig's chain-saw out of his hands. She then managed to grab Harry's, snapping it in half as she did. The two stared at her looking scared.

"Bye," they both said, they ran out of the room.

Evil C knelt down to pick the chainsaw still in one piece, after turning it off that is. "Thanks."

Sandi turned around, she smiled sweetly, "you're welcome." She went back to the kitchen.

"Woah, she's on something, get my meaning," Naomi said.

Evil C shook his head, "don't anger the easily angered Chosen Slayer. You could get a top ripped."

Naomi gasped, "no way!" They both disappeared out the door.

Deck 7:

Ric, Craig and Harry were standing nearby one of the turbolift doors. Ric was busy telling the other two off.

"I don't want some dumb blonde cloned, or some ginger nut either," Ric was saying.

"The ginger one was a telepath," Harry said.

"I don't give a... what, telepath? Ok, get her. The point is, I want you to try to get a hold of Patricia's twin, and the Slayer's sister. We could kill her after the cloning process too," Ric said.

"But sir, when are you going to kill your double?" Craig asked.

"Soon, I want to choose some new clones for myself," Ric replied.

"So sir, you want Patricia and the Slayer's sister, anyone else?" Harry asked.

Ric smiled evilly, "yeah, I want the girl who Damien created after me. We'll see who's the best."

"You want a clone of her?" Craig said questioningly.

"No, I just want to kill her. Happy?" Ric said.

"Oooh, can I take the pretty blonde girl for the cloning thing? Please oh please?" Harry asked.

Ric pulled a face, "hell no."

"Ok, fine," Harry mumbled.

Craig put his hand up, Ric rolled his eyes. "What!?"

"You said you wanted the Slayer's sister, right?" Craig said.

"Yes," Ric said.

"Well, we don't know what she looks like," Craig said.

"You'll know, she'll look like the girly version of the Slayer we have or something," Ric said.

Harry looked confused, "but we already have you sir... oh crap." He ran off.

Ric narrowed his eyes, "I'll kill him later. What was I thinking?"

"Yeah sir he's a moron, he tried to take my blonde girl," Craig said.

Ric groaned, "good for him." He looked impatiently at Craig, "go, go!"

He nodded, then ran off too. He bumped into Jessie, squealed and ran away quicker.

"Wuss," Ric muttered. He pulled a face as Jessie walked up to him. "What, what do you want?"

Jessie narrowed her eyes, she punched Ric in the face. "That's what I wanted, thank you."

Ric placed his hand over his face, "why do I get the feeling that I know you?"

Jessie smiled sweetly, "why do I get the feeling that you're not who you look like?"

"Is it that obvious? Gee, maybe I should have wore a disguise," Ric said.

"Who are you?" Jessie asked.

Ric smiled deviously, "you were part wrong. I am who I look like, sweetheart."

"Then who am I?" Jessie asked, folding her arms.

"A stupid bitch who just punched me for nothing," Ric replied.

Jessie smiled again, she punched him in the face again. "Wrong both times. Minus two points."

"Really, I thought I was dead on," Ric said.

"Now again I'll ask, who are you?" Jessie asked.

"Ok, my name is Ric, short for Richard but that's a wussy name," Ric replied.

"Ok Richard, why are you in my husband's body, or something?" Jessie asked.

Ric pulled an annoyed face, "it's Ric." Jessie punched him again. "Ok ok, ow you punch like a man."

"Want another one?" Jessie asked sweetly.

Ric rolled his eyes, "fine. I'm not possessing anybody's husband. Frankly I'm not surprised my other half is married, I'm such a good looker, don't you think? Oh of course you agree with me, it wasn't the personality, for him anyway."

Jessie stared blankly at him, "ookay, can I punch you again?"

"No, but that's all you're going to know. Can't let you ruin anything," Ric replied.

"Ok, I doubt that. First things first, other half?" Jessie said questioningly.

"Yes, other half. Get lost lady," Ric muttered. He put his hands up just as Jessie tried to punch him again. He took a hold of her arm, and pushed her into the wall.

"I can't now," Jessie said.

"Shame, I'm really disappointed. Ok why the sarcasm, I do want to get rid of you," Ric said.

"Well since I'm here, you can tell me what's going on," Jessie said.

"Ok but it comes with a price. You either have to die, or come with me somewhere," Ric said.

"I could kick you," Jessie said.

"No sweetie, I'm not telling you anything if you hurt me," Ric said.

"Sweetie? Well that's nice, now just tell me," Jessie said.

"Ok but I will kill you afterwards," Ric said.

"I'd like to see you try, go on," Jessie said.

Ric stepped away from her. "I am a clone."

"A clone, I thought Slayers couldn't be cloned without killing the originals," Jessie said.

"You think that they just die, like a click of a finger or something?" Ric said. He laughed, "no, they can be cloned but the clones cannot get the strength unless they kill the originals themselves."

"Damien was the one who said it. Besides, somebody suggested cloning the Slayers and he acted like he'd never thought of it," Jessie said.

Ric laughed, "of course, I was such a failure he would have done anything to get rid of me. Since he couldn't, well I guess he could have made himself forget it. He can't be imperfect you know."

"Can't be? I thought he was anyway," Jessie said.

"So did I," Ric said.

"So let me get this straight, and correct me if I make a mistake; Damien tried to clone James entirely but noticed there was no Slayer strength in you, so he abandoned you?" Jessie said.

Ric shook his head, "no you silly girl. He didn't want another one of him, he wanted somebody who he could pass off as a lost relative or something. When I killed him I checked his database. He had all these spells to make people have false memories and crap like that. All just so he could get what he already had in the first place, a Slayer or two."

"Great, so why are you here?" Jessie asked.

Ric stepped closer to her, "because... oh that's right, I can't tell you the rest."

"If you're going to try and kill me, why not?" Jessie said.

"I'm not a monster, you and him are married, there's kids. Don't want to leave anymore bratty orphans do I?" Ric said. He pulled what looked like a tricorder out. "Hey it's me, beam me down." He smiled as he dematerialised.

Jessie shook her head, "he's so stupid." She walked off down the corridor.

Enterprise's Conference Room:

Emma and Lilly rushed to join the remaining senior staff at the table.

Chakotay was sitting at the front next to Lena, who had her feet up. Chakotay slapped her leg, she glared at him and slapped him on the arm.

"Ow, Lena, get your feet off the table," Chakotay snapped.

"It's my ship, my table," Lena said.

"Fine. Start the meeting since you're the boss," Chakotay said sarcastically.

Lena smiled, she put her feet down and leaned on the table. "Ok people, we have a bit of a situation here."

"Tell me about it, I can't remember the last time I had a drink," Emma said.

"What's wrong with that, you're giving up alcohol?" Lilly asked.

"A drink of Cherry Coke," Emma replied.

"I know, I'm sure the main supplies have gone," Faye said.

"Look, that's another crisis we'll solve later. I'm talking about what happened to the awayteam," Lena said.

"Oh that," Faye muttered, looking repulsed.

Emma giggled, "two guys fighting over you, you're a hit with the men lately."

Faye glared in Emma's direction, "shut up."

"Anyway I'm thinking it may have happened when lots of humans appeared on the moon just before transport," Chakotay said.

"Yeah, we never solved that did we?" B'Elanna said.

"Any theories?" Chakotay said questioningly.

"Seventh Dimension?" Emma suggested.

"No, not again," everyone moaned.

Emma pouted, "god sorry."

In: "Richards to Conference, which jackass thinks I'm not a main castmember anymore?"

Chakotay rolled his eyes, "you're a regular Ian, now is there a reason you called?"

"Sucks doesn't it?" Lilly commented in Emma and Faye's direction. They frowned in confusion.

In: "Fine. Yeah there is, several crewmembers from the Enterprise have gone to the planet."

"Which ones?" Lena asked.

In: "Lemme see, Janeway, James, Triah, Kevin, Harry, Tom, Craig, Naomi, Yasmin..."

"Get them back!" Chakotay commanded. Lena coughed, glaring at him. "Now's not the time."

In: "I can't. They've put a shield around the building."

Lena frowned, "wait, what happened to our shields? Are we beaming through just our own this week?"

"No, they should be working," B'Elanna muttered. Everyone turned to her. "They fixed the problem this morning. Faye replaced one of the shield emitters."

Faye frowned as she tried to remember if she did anything wrong, for once she couldn't come up with anything. "No. I got the emitter from Engineering, you know that one that was lying in the storage near the warp core."

B'Elanna facepalmed, "was that the warp core shield emitter?"

The colour in Faye's face drained, "oh."

"You fool," Chakotay groaned, also doing his own facepalm.

"God, never mind. I get why some of them have gone back, but why Naomi and Yasmin?" Lena said.

Jessie ran into the room, she stopped to catch her breath. Everyone turned to stare at her. "Clones," she managed to blurt out.

"Clones, of course. Wait, clones?" Chakotay said.

"I located James' commbadge, and I found some guy who looked like him but it wasn't him. It was a clone," Jessie said.

Nikki's face lit up, "ooh there's two?"

"He went down to the planet," Jessie said, ignoring Nikki.

"Ok, if he's a clone, then is the rest of the team clones?" Chakotay asked.

"I don't know. This guy was cloned before Yasmin supposedly. He was the reject. He didn't tell me directly but he wants to kill James," Jessie replied.

"Well we know why Yasmin's down there now. He might be jealous her," Lena said.

"Naomi, two of them were fighting over her," Faye said.

"Firstly you, why didn't they take you?" Emma asked.

"It's obvious," Faye replied.

Chakotay groaned, "time out people, we need to solve this. James was cloned back when Damien had his first host I'm guessing, right?"

"It must have been when we destroyed the Seventh Voyager ship," B'Elanna said.

"Leaving a bigger puzzle, how the hell did the clones survive that?" Lilly said.

"That doesn't matter. We need to figure out why the other members of the team are acting differently too," Chakotay said.

"Maybe the James clone got lonely," Emma said.

"He's called Ric by the way," Jessie said.

"Ok whatever," Emma muttered.

"She may be right. Maybe Ric got onto an escape pod before we arrived on the scene, and maybe took some of the cloning technology with him. He could have cloned our people when they landed on the planet," Chakotay said.

"Oh god," Lena muttered.

"What?" Jessie said.

"Hundreds of humans appeared on the planet before we transported our so called team back, does this mean there's hundreds of Kevins, and Janeways?" Lena said.

Everyone turned pale, "hundreds of Janeways?"

Chakotay was the first to shake it off, "who says we get rid of this colony?"

"After we get the originals back, obviously," Lena replied.

"Hang on, ain't that murder?" Lilly asked.

"We've blown up other ships, this is no different," Lena replied.

"Hurray, mass murder," Emma said sarcastically.

"Has anyone got a better idea? These clones can just as easily replace us and if any aliens, and future enemies get a hold of them god knows what'll happen," Chakotay said.

Lena stood up, "ok that's settled. I'll send a team down."

"Great plan, if a clone of James can just kill him and become a Slayer, then the same will happen to you," Jessie said.

"Like a plain clone of me could kill me," Lena said. "Ok, I'll send a small team to the surface, get the originals off the colony and we blow it up from the inside."

"Fine, who'll go?" Chakotay asked.

"Me, Jessie, Emma and Daniel," Lena replied.

"Daniel, you mean that blond watcher?" Emma questioned.

"When he's not droning on and teaching us crap lessons, he can be a good fighter," Lena replied.

"Maybe when he had his memories, what if he's forgotten how to fight?" Jessie asked.

"We don't want anymore clone ammo or whatever in this team. A watcher will be no good to the clones," Lena replied.

"Lena, don't you think you should think about this a bit longer?" Chakotay asked.

Lena rolled her eyes, "no, we need to act not think."

"Fine but..." Chakotay said.

"No buts, I hate that word," Lena said.

The planet, the prison:

Two guards stood by the door, pacing back and forth. They each held what looked like old phaser rifles, with a trigger instead of buttons. The awayteam were huddled in a group, discussing something.

"Are you sure this is a good plan? No we need another plan," Craig said.

"It'll work, but I have this feeling I've used it before," James said.

"You can't be this crazy twice in one lifetime," Tom said.

"I don't get how this is a plan, and why am I the distraction?" Kathryn said.

James smiled nervously, he patted Kathryn on the shoulder, "don't worry it's a plan." He wiped his hand on Tom's arm.

"Hey!" Tom moaned, he wiped his hand on Harry.

"Oh grow up," Harry groaned. He wiped his hand on Tom's arm, then quickly crossed his fingers. "Hah, can't get me."

"I'm in a team with insane people," Triah muttered.

Kevin rubbed his eye, he looked at his hand afterwards. "Crap, I pulled out two eyelashes there, that can't be good."

"And one idiot," Triah said.

"Tom, she's talking about you," James said.

Tom pouted, "screw you."

Kathryn gasped, "Tom!"

"He started it," Tom said.

"I don't care, I hate that word," Kathryn said.

"What, screw?" Tom asked. Kathryn glared at him. "Is it because one of yours is loose?" Kathryn smacked him in the back of the head.

"Um, are we going to do this plan or what?" Triah asked.

"Yeah, go on mum," James said.

Kathryn placed her hand on her chest, "oh you called me mum."

"I'll call you bitch in a minute, the plan please," James muttered.

"Well he said please too, we're getting there," Harry said.

Kathryn groaned, she pulled a small bag out of her pocket labelled Emergency Filter Coffee. After ripping it open, she poured the contents in her mouth.

"Are you sure this'll be enough?" Jodie asked.

"It's extra strong, of course it'll work," James replied.

Kathryn finished pouring the contents into her mouth, she threw the bag away. She grinned in a hyper way, "hehehe hiya."

"Yep, it's working," Harry giggled.

"Great, how long do we have to put up with her like this?" Tom asked.

"Hopefully not long," James replied. He pushed Kathryn into the forcefield. The guards jumped in shock when she did.

"Hiya, wanna song?" Kathryn giggled.

The guards all shrugged. "Yeah, why not," one replied.

"They're nuts, haven't they noticed her voice?" Kevin whispered.

"I try not to notice either," Tom whispered back.

Kathryn stood up straight, she got ready to sing. "Uhoh, here we go," James said.

Tom's eyes widened, "I hope she doesn't sing Here We Go, it's too... well um it would be scary if Janeway did it."

"You do realise that only an odd few people know that damn song, don't you?" James muttered.

Kathryn started to sing, luckily nobody noticed what song it was since it was so terrible. Oh wait, it was probably Rock Your Body by Justin... actually we'll make it that shall we?

"Rock your body, something something day. Dance with me," Kathryn squealed.

The awayteam all covered their ears, of course it didn't block the noise out.

"Oh god, she's only just started and I feel like killing somebody, not rocking anyone's body," Harry moaned.

"Ok, part two of the plan. Now. Please!" Tom stuttered.

Meanwhile the guards were all rolling around in agony on the floor. Their rifles lay next to them.

James sighed, "ok fine." He uncovered his own ears, then went up to stand next to Kathryn by the forcefield. She then decided to put her arm around him.

"Come on sing along," she giggled.

"Aaaw, mummy's boy," Tom laughed to the others.

"You know I can still hear you!" James yelled over the noise.

"Not deaf yet, that's good," Tom stuttered.

Kathryn clapped her hands, "oh I know a good one." She cleared her throat. "Now it's raining coffee more than ever, you know it'll always be my friend," she sang in a nasally voice. "You can't stand under my umbrella. Eh eh eh eh eh!" Each *eh* pierced the awayteam's ear drums, the noise was so unbearable it was making the guards ears bleed.

"I think it's working," Tom whispered with tears in his eyes.

"Thank god," Harry managed to say through his sobs.

James closed his eyes, he pushed Kathryn's arm off like it was a huge bug. When he opened his eyes they were red. He walked straight through the forcefield. This didn't put Kathryn off though, she kept on with her *eh*'s.

"Yes it worked, he won't kill us right?" Tom said.

"Maybe if we shut her up, he'll go back to normal," Kevin said.

"I'm not touching her mouth or anything," Craig said.

Kevin groaned, "fine." He went over to Kathryn, he hit her over the head. She fell unconscious.

The forcefield went down, everyone but Kathryn evacuated. James shook his head, then his eyes went back to normal. "Well that was fun."

"So er, you can now just do that whenever you feel like it?" Harry stuttered. "Or do we always need the Captain to..."

"No, that was just so they would drop these," James replied, he knelt down to pick up both of the rifles. One of the guards was sucking his thumb, his eyes were wider than they should be and he was curled in a fetal position. The other one was shaking quite a bit. "It helped though."

"I thought when evil those things don't affect you. You tortured us for nothing, right?" Tom said.

James stared blankly at him, "no, the sound of Janeway was the only way I could turn."

"Yeah, when I first heard ten seconds of that second song it took me days to get over the panic," Harry said. "Then came the anger at how people could possibly like a song that goes eh, eh, eh..." Kevin slapped him across the back of the head, knocking him over.

"We don't need an encore!" he groaned.

James shook his head, he aimed one of the rifles at the floor and fired at it. Instead of a phaser beam, a good old fashioned bullet shot out.

"Oh," Tom sighed. "Those things can still kill you."

"Yeah. I only lost it cos I wanted to. I just didn't want to get shot before I could do anything. So, can we go?"

"Someone will have to carry Janeway," Kevin said. Everyone glanced around at the person next to them.

A little while later:

"This is stupid. I'm a Slayer, I should be fighting, not carrying Janice here!" Kevin moaned.

"Well you knocked her out," James muttered.

"You made her sing," Kevin said.

"I got us out," James said.

"Well I... I'm carrying Janeway," Kevin said.

"This is going to go in a loop isn't it?" Harry muttered. The others nodded.

The group entered a large room, they all stared in shock. Right in front of them were lots of Kevins.

Kevin grinned, "hey, how you all doing?"

"How you doing?" a lot of them said in unison.

Two of them however replied with, "har, yoob dose."

"That's it, I'm back in prison," Harry muttered. He left the room.

"I'm with ya," Tom commented. He followed him.

Meanwhile:

Lena, Jessie, Emma and Daniel headed up to the entrance. The two guards started coming up to them

to meet them. "Clearance pl..." Lena knocked both of their heads together, they fell to the ground. She turned to the others.

"Ready to go in?" she asked cheerfully.

"Sure," the others replied nervously.

Meanwhile again:

Several guards dragged Naomi and Yasmin into the prison, they all gasped in shock at the sight in front of them.

"Rock your body, rock your body," one guard was stuttering.

"Umbrella, eh eh eh eh eh eh," the other one was stuttering.

"Oh my god, they're dying," Naomi said.

"No one deserves those songs," Yasmin said.

The guards let go of the two, they rushed over to their traumatised friends.

"Wanna go?" Naomi whispered.

"Hell yeah," Yasmin replied. She and Naomi ran out of the room.

Meanwhile yet again:

"You suck Stuart," Kevin muttered.

"Right back at you Clarke," James said.

The pair were walking down a long, dull corridor. Craig and Triah followed them, he was holding one of the rifles they took.

"You didn't have to do that," Kevin grumbled.

James rolled his eyes, "I really, really did. They're just copies, we can't have lots of..."

Kevin rushed forward so he can turn and stand in front of James, he stopped to avoid bumping into him. "Any excuse, you just wanted to kill people. You psycho."

"Two of them couldn't even see, one of them thought another clone was a mirror, and one couldn't walk unless they enjoyed searing pain," James muttered.

"Yeah well... they were hot, you monster!" Kevin snapped.

Craig caught up with them both, smirking to himself. "Um, are we still talking about the Kevin clones?"

Kevin narrowed his eyes at him, "they were hot blonde chicks. Why are you not more angry at him?"

"If they were ugly ones, you wouldn't have bat an eyelid," Craig commented.

James nodded in agreement. "The cloning technology my clone stole must have been damaged. It'd be cruel to keep them alive. Besides, they're just going to get used for evil things, anyway. Aren't they?"

Kevin sighed, looking deep in thought for once. "Evil?"

"Duh, I doubt good guys would kidnap people, clone all of them but the Slayer that looks like their leader, then leave the mutations to suffer," Craig commented. "Though, I noticed the Kevin batch didn't look as bad as the *blonde chick* room, or the Harry Chin room."

James tried not to laugh, while Kevin looked oddly proud for some reason. "It was hard to spot the difference between a passable clone and a deformed Kevin clone, wasn't it? The Harry one, let's never speak of it again."

Kevin's eyes narrowed. "You know what." He held his arms out, which were still holding Kathryn. "You carry your own crazy ass mother, and I'll take the lead on this. You two guys are obviously way too gun happy to do it."

"No," James muttered, eyeing Kathryn like Kevin was holding a cat.

Craig and Triah caught up with everyone. "What would your plan be then? Open the doors and set all the clones free into the *wild*, or invite them all to our ships. They're clones," he said.

Kevin glanced between his teammates, his face twisted in disbelief. "Clones of people. Well except the Craig ones, and Ricky here."

"There's nothing else we can do. You're only complaining cos you know the Kevin room will be blown up along with everything else," James said.

"Ok that's it," Kevin grumbled. He looked down at Kathryn in his arms. "I'll drop her."

James shrugged his shoulders, "ok."

Craig smirked to himself, "yeah, that's not a good bargaining chip, Kev."

"She's your mother, what's the matter with you? You really are a psycho," Kevin muttered.

"You're the one who wants to drop her to save a group of clones of yourself," James said.

"No, no!" Kevin snapped. "Just take her off me. You owe her for all the times she carried your heartless ass around."

James raised his eyebrow, "she abandoned me, so no I don't. Besides, you thought it was a great idea to knock her out. Live with it."

"Fine!" Kevin huffed. He dropped his arms. James caught Kathryn before she hit the ground. "Now Triah and I are going to destroy the cloning machines, you two can stay back and form a trio with mummy here. Ok?"

"Um, I'm on his side," Triah muttered.

"Ok, form a band. I'll do it myself," Kevin grumbled. He stormed off.

Craig smirked in James' direction as he was pulling a disgusted face. "We're still going to destroy this place, right?"

"Yeah. We can't have an army of Kevin's harassing all the women on the ship, or anywhere," James replied.

Kevin overheard this and had stopped dead. "On second thoughts." He turned back around, then headed back to the others. "Can't have all those handsome guys taking all the women, can we?"

James and Craig looked at each other, with a similar smirk on their faces. "Maybe you should go find the others, this'll go a lot easier and quicker if we divided up the sabotage," Craig said.

"Ok fine, just give me the bomb and I'll do that," Kevin said.

"Do you think we carry bombs on away missions?" James asked, staring blankly at him.

Kevin's eyes shifted nervously, "so, how..."

"Just find Tom and tell him. He's probably got the same idea anyway," Craig replied.

James shook his head, "I think he'll be thinking like Kevin did a moment ago, find Harry."

Kevin shook his head, and ran off down the corridor.

Meanwhile:

Tom cringed as it felt like the air was being squeezed out of his lungs. He couldn't move, all he could do was stare ahead helplessly at Harry, who was having the same trouble.

"We're going to die here, buddy," he squeaked.

Harry whimpered. "One is squeezing my butt."

Tom laughed despite his predicament. "Oh Harry, you're in there!"

Nearby a cloning machine door opened up. A cloud of smoke blew out of it, then a pair of legs stepped out after it. The owner's eyes lit up when she saw the two unfortunate men. "Harry, Tommy!" She ran passed another clone, who was busy stuffing her face with filter coffee while sitting cross legged on the floor.

"Noooo, go for Harry," Tom squeaked, as he was the closest.

The new clone stopped in front of him. She did a dip between them, her finger rested on Harry. His eyes widened. Within a few seconds she dived for her target, Harry squeezed his eyes shut.

"That's MY coffee you bitch!" one clone screamed.

"To hell it is!" the new clone screamed.

Harry opened his eyes to see the two Janeway clones playing tug of war with the giant jar of coffee. They spilt a lot of it during the struggle, making their eyes widen so much they watered. A lot of eyes focused on the piles of coffee lying on the ground. Next thing the two boys knew, they were mostly free and an army of about twenty Janeways were eating the piles off the floor. Some weren't even using their hands to do so either.

"Eeeew," the boys groaned. The remaining Janeways still clutching onto him did the same. One of them looked at Harry, made a little squeal then gave him a tight hug, pressing her cheek against his.

"Ok, this is odd. Janeways that don't care about coffee," Tom squeaked.

Harry could only cringe in response.

"Maybe the cloning machine doesn't always work properly," Tom said to himself. He yelped as one of the Janeways grabbed his ear, and started to pull it. "Oh god, maybe not!"

Harry nodded nervously. "We need to destroy this place."

"Eeeeh!" Tom agreed in agony. The Janeway giggled as his pain worsened.

"I have an idea," Harry said. He widened his eyes, then pointed at the door. "Oh my god, was that James who just went passed?"

The remaining Janeway's shoved the two men to the floor. Some of the ones eating the coffee looked up briefly, but got straight back to what they were doing. The coffee-less ones ran for the door, all screaming in unison, "Jamesy!"

"Oh phew. Good idea Harry," Tom sighed in relief. "Now, I was thinking we could cause an overload, that may do some damage. We'd have to do this in a lot of rooms though."

Harry looked at the clone machine, "I know a good place to start."

Lena rolled her eyes as she swung yet another punch into somebody's face. The owner of it fell onto the top of a pile of unconscious clones. "Eeeew, I can't take this anymore!"

Jessie looked over from another clone machine, "I dunno, it looks like you're having fun. Are you sure you want me to stop this."

A Tom clone walked over, or rather strode over. He leaned against the wall, giving the girl a wink. "Hey, I'm a pilot. Can I fly you?"

"What?" Jessie snapped. "What the hell does that mean?"

Daniel smirked to himself as he lit up a cigarette. Emma looked at him in disgust, "can't you do something useful with that instead?" The watcher inhaled the smoke from his cigarette, then turned to blow it in her face. Instead he got a foot stamping. She grabbed the lighter off him as he started hopping on the spot.

Lena meanwhile had punched two more Tom clones, both of them fell onto the Tom reject pile. "Jessie, turn that thing off. NOW!"

"What's stopping someone from coming back in and turning it back on?" Jessie muttered. A Tom leaned on the station next to her, he opened his mouth. "No Tom, you don't!" She elbowed him in the stomach. "We need to break this."

"No problem," Lena grunted. She walked over to the machine. A Tom followed her, drooling.

Daniel meanwhile decided to kill the pain in his foot by lighting up another cigarette. Emma noticed this, and scowled at him. "How many of those lighters do you have?"

"Enough," he muttered. After lighting it he glared at it, "damn, almost out." Even though there was still a tiny flame on it he tossed it over his shoulder.

Voyager, the Bridge:

Chakotay paced back and forth in the centre of the bridge, holding one of his arms behind his back. "Hasn't anybody got any ideas?"

"While they have that shield up, we can't beam up our people," Ian commented.

Chakotay groaned, "ideas Ian, not crap we already know!"

"Well I was sure the readers didn't," Ian pouted. B'Elanna smirked at him from her station. "You edit an episode this much, this stuff happens, you know."

"I'm sure our people are working on a way to lower the shield," B'Elanna said. "But I'm working on modifying our phaser beams to a lower frequency."

"How will that help us?" Chakotay questioned.

"I've got a little surprise hidden in it," B'Elanna replied with a smile.

"Ok, fine. Once the shield goes down, get our people out and destroy the facility," Chakotay ordered. He took his seat.

"Really?" Ian said in surprise.

Chakotay covered his eyes with his hands, "ugh. Are we really going to argue over the ethics of this situation?"

"I'm sure the Captain would agree with this. She wouldn't want a horde of Janeways making all the coffee plants in the universe extinct," B'Elanna commented.

"Sounds like a plan to me," Ian smirked.

Chakotay looked at the man like he was nuts. "Do you remember the last time Kathryn had no coffee?"

"No," Ian pouted.

"*Aggressions*," everyone on the bridge reminded him.

Ian frowned, "but nothing happened in it."

"Nobody said *Hunters*," B'Elanna muttered, shuddering slightly.

"No, no. Nothing like that happened, the title didn't even fit," Ian said.

"Oh for god's sake, somebody give him the new version and let's never speak of it again!" Chakotay snapped.

"There's a new version of *Hunters*, there is a god!" Ian sighed happily.

B'Elanna groaned, "no, he meant the first episode."

Ian's face fell, "so *Hunters* is still canon? It still exists?"

"B'Elanna I have a new idea, scrap the phaser surprise," Chakotay replied. "Send them *Hunters*." Everyone gasped in horror. "While they're distracted by the sheer awfulness of it, the virus we'll hide in it will be activated."

"We won't have much time to do that," B'Elanna said.

"Yes, but the backup plan is that the awfulness may make them want to kill themselves, that'll give us more time," Chakotay commented. "Or the Ric guy may just kill himself out of humiliation."

"I'm sure James has thought about it," Ian commented. "Good plan."

Chakotay nodded, "do it."

"Why not make the virus read out *Hunters* to everyone," B'Elanna said.

"Our people are still down there, what kind of monster are you?" Ian gasped.

B'Elanna looked ashamed, "you're right. We don't have the original uncut version, should I..."

"Yes, we'll just have a lot less time than we thought," Chakotay replied.

Meanwhile:

Yasmin and Naomi wandered the halls. At a T junction the girls accidentally split up down the different paths. Before she even realised this, Yasmin popped her head in through the next door. Inside she saw Ric standing with the Harry and Craig clones around what looked like a control room.

"What do you mean they escaped?" Ric demanded.

Harry pointed at Craig, he pointed at himself. Craig then realised what he'd done, then decided to point away from himself. Only he was pointing at Ric. He groaned into his hands.

"I swear those cloning machines take a brain cell out of every new clone," he muttered.

Harry looked at the station, "sir, we're being sent something."

Ric followed his glance, he frowned as he worked at the station. "Hmm, a text file. Odd." He opened the message up, and stupidly started to read it. "What the hell is this?"

In the Tom room:

The group stood around in bemusement as one of the Tom clones was running around, with his hair on fire. "Oh my god, put it out, put it out!"

"Nice shot," Lena giggled.

Daniel shrugged. With a cigarette hanging in his mouth, he mumbled something.

"So what now, do we do this to all of them?" Jessie asked.

Lena's eyes lit up, "oooh, we should."

"We already broke the machine, but the Tom's do need getting rid of," Emma said thoughtfully. "Does anyone have a chainsaw?" The others stared at her blankly. "Fire's good, whatever."

"Just do this," Lena muttered, grabbing the box of cigarettes from Daniel's pocket, then his lighter. She threw them near the pile of Tom's.

"Hey!" Daniel grumbled. "Why?"

"They stink," Lena replied. "Now..."

Kevin, Tom and Harry walked into the room. Tom's eyes widened as he saw the pile of Tom's, "oh god, the horror!"

Harry sniggered into his hand. "Ok, I'm glad you're here. Now we've been rigging the clone machines to overload, so..."

Lena coughed, then pointed at the machine that was now in bits. "Yeah."

Harry groaned, "ok, that's a problem." The fire haired Tom ran passed him, bits of the fire had dropped onto his pants. "Oh, that we can work with."

Tom looked at him with wide eyes, "oh I don't like the sound of this."

Meanwhile:

Ric's eyes were wide, his right fingers were digging in the side of his head, while the other hand was covering his mouth. He hadn't realised that the power was flickering on and off, and the screens were showing garbled text.

"Sir, sir," Harry stuttered, as if the lights were scaring him. "What do we do?"

Craig jumped up, "oh oh. I know. I'll ask her." He pointed at Yasmin.

"Damn!" she squeaked before disappearing out of the door.

Craig poked Ric in the shoulder, "sir that clone girl, she was just here."

"I... I'm, what was I doing?" Ric stuttered. "Triah, what the fu... that didn't make any sense!"

"Sir, Yasmin," Harry said.

"Nothing happened. That was bull!" Ric snapped, his voice sounding a little deranged. "Why was it called *Hunters*? And why was I one step away from skipping down the corridor like a little girl? Oh god, the bobbles fight... oh god. Who'd write this?"

"Um, Yasmin?" Harry suggested. Craig frowned in confusion, he gave him a wink.

"Yasmin!?" Ric growled.

"Yes sir, she just left," Harry said.

"But..." Craig stuttered.

Ric charged out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

"He didn't listen about the scary lights," Harry sighed. "Oh well."

Meanwhile James, Craig and Triah had just walked into what looked like a small Engineering. Kathryn was still unconscious, sleep talking about coffee.

"Perfect," James said, before rushing over to one of the main stations. He grunted as he had forgotten about Kathryn, so he dumped her on the floor nearby. "Ok, let's see if we can speed things up here."

Craig walked over to join him. "Maybe first we can find out how many clone rooms there are, and disable them."

"By disable you mean destroy?" James questioned.

"After that Craig room, you won't get any argument from me," Craig replied.

Triah looked uncomfortable as she watched Kathryn. The Captain rolled onto her side, resting her head on her right arm. "Oh god, don't do that. This place is so, so dirty." She rushed off to the other side of the room. The other members of her team paid no attention to her.

Tom and Lena's team made their way into a large Cargo Bay. Harry scanned the room, his face lighting up a little. "There's no computers or anything technological in here, but we have flammable material."

Daniel clicked his tongue and rolled his eyes. "Sure, now you like the smoking."

"Setting this place alight then running for it, should bring down a few of the power conduits," Harry said.

Lena looked up as the lights flickered on and off again. "Seems like we've done more damage than I thought. Maybe this and one more room should be enough."

Another door opened up, most of the team turned to see who had opened it.

"Now, now. This is Ricky and I's little sanctuary, you've been very naughty," Patricia cooed.

Emma stared at her in disgust, "eeew, just eeew! Am I wearing a plaid skirt?"

Harry dared a quick glance, he blushed furiously. "Yep, she sure is." Emma glared at him, then slapped him across the back of the head.

"Ok, I'll distract her, when I do you guys go attack somewhere else," Kevin said.

"I outrank you mister," Tom said angrily.

Emma looked at Kevin in disgust, "I hope you're not going to hit on her."

Patricia giggled, she made her way over to the group. Most backed off, Lena stayed where she was on her guard. Patricia waved her finger around, she stopped her finger near Tom. She went up to him and scratched his face.

"Did you see that, she she," Tom stuttered.

"So, my plan?" Kevin said questioningly.

"Love it, you're the man... bye," Tom stuttered.

Lena beckoned the others to the other door, then nodded at Daniel. He gave her a box and a lighter, then stayed with Kevin.

"Aaaw, two against one, not fair," Patricia said softly.

"I don't play fair," Daniel said.

Kevin grinned, "me neither. I want that line."

Patricia stepped over to face Kevin and Daniel, eyeing them like they were pieces of meat.

"Ok you attack first, I hate attacking women. It's ok when they started it, or the other guy does," Daniel said.

Kevin glanced at him, "oh thanks a lot."

Voyager's Bridge:

"Well?" Chakotay said in B'Elanna's direction.

"The virus made it. There's power fluctuations near where I assume the command centre is. It's not enough to bring the whole shield down, not yet," she replied.

"Maybe we should send them *Holo Q*," Chakotay said.

B'Elanna gave him a disapproving look, "what?"

"Fine, fine. Send them *The Fight*," Chakotay groaned.

"The original or..." Ian began to ask, but was cut off by a Chakotay death glare. "The original was fantastic, I was just checking."

B'Elanna shook her head, "sending yet another butchered Voyager episode *parody*."

Meanwhile:

Lena, Jessie, Emma, Tom and Harry ran into another one of the cloning rooms. The stench they were greeted with took their breath away. They quickly ran straight back outside.

"What... what was that?" Jessie stuttered.

"I think that was Triah," Harry said with his eyes wide. "But it couldn't be."

Tom felt brave enough to peep his head back in. A Triah clone smacked him in the face with a dirty mop. "Hey, you're letting all the dirty air in. Shoo!" He backed off while wiping his hair, and spitting on the floor.

"Oh god. It smelt like..."

Everyone quickly backed away from him, pulling a face. "Somebody chuck in a lit cigarette, that should do it," Jessie muttered.

Harry's eyes widened, "we'd have to run, fast."

Lena opened up the box Daniel gave her. "You guys go ahead, I'll do it." The group looked at her like she was mad. "It's ok, I'll know where you are. Tom reeks." Tom pouted.

The group quickly ran off, leaving Lena behind. She lit a cigarette after she took it out of the box. Then she threw it into the room. As fast as she could, she ran after the others.

The entire building shook as another room went up in flames.

Meanwhile Naomi ran down a different corridor, she literally bumped into Lena, sending her flying back.

Lena looked around, "Naomi, have you seen anyone else? You're not a clone, are you?"

"Huh?" Naomi said in between heavy breaths.

"Never mind. Follow," Lena groaned.

Meanwhile yet again!

Kathryn woke up to the smell of bleach in front of her face. Her eyes sprung open to see what looked like a mop in her face, then she heard a woman humming.

"What the... Triah!?" she snapped as she sat up.

Triah jumped, almost dropping her mop. This one was spotless though unlike the last one. "Oh you're awake."

"What are you doing?" Kathryn grumbled.

"Well James dumped you on this dirty floor, and I couldn't stand it so," Triah replied. She noticed the death glare forming, so she quickly pointed the handle side of the mop in James and Craig's direction.

"Looks like all of the cloning rooms are gone. That's a plus," Craig was saying. He turned to James. "There's also some virus hanging around, confusing the power systems. This is one tough computer system though, shield's still up."

"It just needs redirecting," James said.

"The shield or the virus?" Craig asked.

James turned to stare blankly at him. "Are you serious?"

"No," Craig laughed nervously.

Kathryn marched over, well tried to, she marched and slipped a bit on the wet floor. "James, did you knock me out? You're in big trouble."

"How right you are," a familiar voice said from the doorway.

"Ok, I know you don't usually care but..." Kathryn muttered in confusion.

James turned around to look at her, "that wasn't me."

The group turned back towards the doors. Ric stepped forward, allowing them to close. He wasn't alone though.

"Are you the ones responsible for the sabotage of my cloning machines? How foolish," he said.

"Ugh, who talks like that?" Yasmin groaned. Ric tightened his grip on the arm he held behind her back. "Hey did you touch my arm, I think I felt a little tickle?"

Ric growled, he instead decided to push her onto the floor. Yasmin tried to get back up, but she had landed on a wet spot. "Did you feel that?" he asked.

Kathryn marched forward, "ok that's it. I don't care if you are a copy of my son..."

"Don't see how that would be a problem," James commented to Craig.

"... But I'm going to tear you apart, you worthless clone!" Kathryn finished off. She rolled up her sleeves.

"Eew, it stinks down here. Little help," Yasmin grumbled. Her hand slipped again as she tried to climb to her knees.

Ric smiled down at her, "is that what you would say to your *daughter* down there?"

Steam shot out of Kathryn's ears, her eyes hardened. "I see, you're just jealous that I picked her to be my kid, instead of poor you."

Ric's eyes narrowed, "you? Don't make me laugh. It was Damien who dumped me, not you!"

James walked over to where Yasmin was struggling. He helped her back to her feet. She looked back at him, "well now I know which James I like better, hmph."

"Gee, thanks," he said, not sounding so sure about it.

Craig smirked to himself, "guys while she's got him distracted..."

"Right," James turned back to the computer. Now it was flashing garbled text at him, then it started loading a different screen. "Uhoh."

"What?" Yasmin asked him.

"I think I know where the virus came from," James replied, his face turning a shade paler. Craig and Yasmin peeped at the screen, at the top of it read the word *Hunters*.

"Oh jeeze, you're not going to redirect that thing here, are you?" Craig stuttered.

James again stared blankly at him, "what do you think this is!?"

Craig quickly turned around, covering his eyes. "Oh god, don't look directly at it!"

Yasmin looked confused, "what, it's only a story."

"Barely," James mumbled to himself.

Last meanwhile I swear:

Daniel stumbled into the wall with blood coming down his face, "damn those nails."

"It's ok Ron, I'm handling it," Kevin said, dodging some of Patricia's claws.

"Don't call me that," Daniel groaned.

Tom, Harry, Emma and Jessie appeared on the scene. No one seemed to notice.

"Ok, how are we going to do this without ignition?" Tom asked quietly.

Patricia still heard him and turned around. "Oh new people, love new people." She kicked Kevin in the balls, he fell to the ground. The guys winced.

"Well, now she seems a bit more like the original," Tom commented.

"Bloody hell, damn lighter! Ah there we go," Daniel grunted. He got his cigarette to light, he threw the lighter away. "Stupid thing."

Tom smiled, "that ought to do it."

The lighter landed next to some crates, they all caught fire. The team decided now was the time to get away.

Patricia squealed as she watched the fire spread. "Ohno, my Harry Potter collection!"

Emma stopped in her tracks, her cheeks went red. "That does it." She marched over to her clone, who was busy trying to waft a breeze from her cardigan to put out the fire. "Hey Patty!" The clone turned around.

"Oh hey, sis! Help me out here, I'll share them with you," she said. Emma growled at her, her fist flew into her other face. The clone stumbled onto the ground, dropping her cardigan on the Harry Potter fire.

The others watched Emma in bemusement as she rejoined them at the door.

"Not a fan then?" Tom sniggered. The look on Emma's face answered his sarcastic question, he ran for his life.

Voyager:

Chakotay continued to pace the Bridge. "Status?"

"It looks like our people have been busy. There's been explosions and fires throughout the complex. The shield is weakening," B'Elanna replied.

"So we can stall the *Timeless* virus?" Ian asked hopefully. B'Elanna nodded.

"Keep a lock on them, see if you can find out which ones are our original crew," Chakotay said.

B'Elanna sighed, "I assume they're the ones that are still alive. Well I say assume, I mean hope. I still detect two James', one of the Emma's lifesigns have just gone."

Ian looked thoughtful, "that's easy then. When the shield goes down, beam up everyone. Then get the two James' to have an arm wrestle. Whoever gets their arm broken, we shoot."

B'Elanna smirked and shook her head, Chakotay just stared blankly at the crewman. "I'm sure the Captain would be thrilled with that idea."

The planet:

Kathryn pointed her finger in front of her, "god, do you have some abandonment issues? What moron wangsts about Damien leaving them?"

Ric growled, "that's not the point!"

"Aaaw, did something go wrong in your cloning process, hmm? You're just all pissy wissy cos you miss your mummy," Kathryn mocked him.

Craig laughed to himself, "I dunno, seems like that's the only thing the clone machines got right."

James turned to narrow his eyes at him. Yasmin laughed afterwards, "I get it."

"Yeah, very funny," James muttered. He pressed a button on the console, a computer voice started to read out *Hunters*.

"Oh god!" Craig stuttered. "Are you nuts? No, turn it off!"

Ric's whole body froze, his face twitched. Kathryn though seemed oblivious to the horror, she continued mocking him.

"I can't believe you did that, you come off worse in that than I do," Craig said.

Yasmin pulled a face at them, "what's your problem, it just sounds like another Fifth Voyager episode." James and Craig turned their heads towards her, their faces with the same *what the hell* expressions planted on them. "A bit boring yeah. Who cares about Craig's stupid family?"

"Hey," Craig whined.

"Hey," Ric copied off him, in a whinier voice. He shoved Kathryn aside. "Shut that off! I don't want to hear that stupid *boo hoo I miss my sister, oh look she's here* story again!" He made his way forward, looking slightly deranged.

"*Hunters* is a story?" James said in confusion.

"Why are you picking on me for that? A lot of TV shows do those convenient plot event, things," Craig muttered.

"Plot, what?" James said in Yasmin's direction. She shrugged.

Kathryn meanwhile looked a bit angry that she had been pushed, putting it mildly. "Oh he is so grounded for this."

Ric approached the rest of the group, his eyebrow was twitching still. He pointed at Yasmin, "you wrote this, why? To torture me. It's bad enough that an idiot villain thought of you as better than me."

Yasmin laughed, "I'm not that crazy."

"Get over it, and maybe I'll turn it off before my so called scenes," James said.

Ric growled in his direction, "I'll kill you. I'll kill you even more if that so called episode is considered canon."

James tried not to laugh. "Lucky for you, it isn't in this version of this episode. You don't want to embarrass yourself too much."

Craig sighed in relief, "oh thank god."

Yasmin poked him. "Is anything going to happen, at all? It's putting me to sleep."

"Which, *Hunters* or this?" Craig asked her.

"You're all talk," Ric muttered.

"I'm not the one who argued with my mother for twenty minutes, while everyone sabotaged your facility," James commented.

"That's it. Let's finish this," Ric grumbled. He threw a punch as hard as he could, at the last second though James grabbed his wrist. He used his spare hand to knock his clone to the ground.

Kathryn smiled as the one sided fight kept going, just like that. "Finally, you can tell I didn't raise that one. What an ass."

Craig and Yasmin smirked in her direction. James stopped what he was doing long enough to turn his head and laugh at her. He then continued.

"Mum, you're funny," Yasmin commented.

Kathryn didn't get it, "aaaw, thank you."

Lena and Naomi ran into the room just as Ric was knocked onto the ground again. He looked up and he saw the two new arrivals. James blocked his view as he stepped up to him, "I think you need some Slayer strength Ricky."

"Well let's get some," Ric growled. He jumped up, he managed to quickly get a hit in. It didn't matter, James hit him again, he fell to the ground.

"Need some help?" Lena asked.

James laughed, "no thanks."

The others soon joined them, each one grimaced as the ending of Hunters was read out. Tom laughed, "oh, she cut the ending. That was the best part."

"Shhhhh," everyone else snapped.

Daniel walked up to the computer, as usual a cigarette was hanging out of his mouth. He pressed a button on the computer.

"No, you idiot!" Ric yelled.

"What? God, take a pill," Daniel said.

The computer then said, "The Fight."

"Oh god," Craig stuttered. "Let's get out of here!"

"Good plan," Lena said. Craig pushed passed the others to get to the exit, but it was too late.

The computer continued, "My Holodate program! The host and audience have gone loopy!"

Everyone stopped what they were doing, and stared at Craig. He didn't even dare turn back, he ran for it.

Lena giggled, "oh god, I forgot how desperate Season One Craig was."

"I forgot about all the exclamation marks," Kathryn shuddered.

James shrugged. He threw in an extra punch, this time knocking Ric unconscious. "Well he was very upset about it."

In: "Chakotay to Lena. The shield is down, good work. Prepare for transport."

Daniel finished his cigarette as the others left the room. "Well it was nice knowing you." He threw it away, it landed nearby the computer currently reading.

"Son of a b..." Ric muttered just as he woke up.

The computer exploded right behind Daniel as he left the room. He turned around, computer pieces landed near his feet. He shrugged, and followed the others. "Does any of you guys have anymore tabs?" he asked just before they were transported away.

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