

B4FV Episode 3.05

Too Far Gone

The Security Office:

James had his elbow resting on the desk, resting his chin on that hand, while drumming his other fingers. On the other side of the desk sat a woman in her forties, waving her hands around madly in frustration.

"And then he... Oh oh, that won't make any sense if you weren't..." she rambled on. "Just last week he called me to his office, just to... no wait, you had to have been there the day before that and..."

"Are you getting to the point anytime soon?" James asked, looking really bored.

"I told you, you won't understand if I just tell you. So anyway, before the office incident he decided to tell all my friends about the time..." the woman continued to ramble.

James rolled his eyes, he stopped drumming his fingers. He picked up a PADD and started to read it.

Tuvok entered the room reading a PADD, with an eyebrow raised. "Illogical humans," he muttered before dumping the PADD on the desk.

James looked up at him, "can I go to lunch now?"

Tuvok eyed the woman, who was still yapping on. "You should finish off what you're doing now before going."

"Well, can't you do it?" James asked.

The woman stopped, looking annoyed. "Are you listening to me at all young man. Yeesh, youth today."

"Well I listened to you for half an hour," James muttered.

"As I was saying. He then, no..." the woman said.

James groaned, "let me guess, I should know what happened ten years ago?"

"Don't be silly," the woman replied. "It was just two months ago."

Tuvok frowned, "ma'am, what is the problem?"

"Well I think it started two months ago," the woman replied.

"That's me gone," James muttered as he got onto his feet. He headed over to the door.

"Make sure you're back in half an hour," Tuvok said.

"Only half an hour? Thanks lady," James groaned as he left the room.

The woman shook her head, "these Marquis crewmembers are too rude, Mr Tuvok."

"Yes well, why are you here then?" Tuvok asked.

"Like I said, it all started three months ago, or maybe it was two," the woman replied.

The Mess Hall:

Neelix was standing in front of a large wok, whistling an annoying tune while dropping small bits of light red meat onto it.

The room was relatively quiet, only three tables were being used. Jessie was sitting at one, she kept glancing around the room and then looking down at the untouched plate of food in front of her.

Craig and B'Elanna had taken up another one, he scooped up the stir fry he had with a fork. As soon as he put it into his mouth he cringed.

"That bad?" B'Elanna questioned.

"The meat is bitter and squishy," Craig shuddered, pushing his plate away. B'Elanna sighed, she did the same.

James and Tom walked into the room. "It's great you know. No you wouldn't, only one girl is mad enough to like you," Tom was saying.

"What are you blabbering on about?" James asked.

"Well I'm a people person. I'm very good with women, and a lot of them can't get enough of me. They love the Tom attention," Tom replied. "I'm making my way through them all, sometimes it feels like there just isn't enough. Other times, it can be a little too overwhelming taking on too many at once. But that's between you and me, oh and Harry."

"Tom, everyone knows," James said. "Don't worry, I'm sure out of all the women on the ship, there's just Claire and Faye left to reject you and then you can stop. I know you can do it." He walked away.

Tom pouted, "no no! Jessie, Kes and uh, someone else are the only ones I've been rejected by, all the other girls love me."

James turned around, "just let me know when you start going through the men. I can finally have an excuse to carry a knife around." He turned back and headed over to Jessie's table.

Tom continued pouting, "god, I hate that guy." He headed over to the replicator.

James stopped behind Jessie, she looked up at him. "You're late," she said, glancing back at her 'food.'

"Sorry. I couldn't get this woman to shut up, she kept going on and on," James muttered. "I still don't know what that guy did to her five minutes before she came to the office."

Jessie looked amused, "um ok, I guess you're forgiven, this time."

James looked around the room, he spotted Tom walking over to B'Elanna looking slightly pale. Craig was playing with his food while she watched in disgust. Two crewmembers were on the other side of the room eating real food.

"Ok, Tom's here, so is B'Elanna and other people," James said.

"Yeah, and?" Jessie said.

James sighed as he turned in the direction of the kitchen. "Neelix, is that a Janeway poster on your wall," he said as loudly as he could. Neelix and everyone else glanced over. James quickly kissed Jessie on the cheek before sitting next to her.

"Why am I looking?" Craig questioned. He shuddered, "scary woman."

Tom shrugged, "that's another girl I didn't even try or will hit on, Taylor."

James rolled his eyes, "you never know."

Tom shuddered too. B'Elanna glanced back at him, she groaned into her hand. "Oh great, it's our resident Brock wannabe."

Craig glanced at her, "who?"

Tom finally got over to her table, shaking like a leaf. "Hi... B'Elanna."

Craig smirked, "I think I'll go." B'Elanna stared angrily at him, making him cower. "Later."

"What do you want Tom?" B'Elanna asked.

"I was wondering if you'd um, ahem... join me for um, dinner sometime," Tom replied with a stutter.

"Well let me think ab... no," B'Elanna replied.

Tom frowned, "but, why not?"

"Because you're a pig," B'Elanna replied.

"No I'm not, why do you think that?" Tom asked.

Jessie briefly glanced back at them, "I wouldn't go that far."

Tom smiled, "thanks Jess."

Jessie glanced back with a raised eyebrow, "um, actually I was defending the pigs."

Tom pulled a face, he glanced over at James who was trying not to laugh. "And you'd better not have anymore cheek for me."

"Nope, I've filled my five minute quota," James said. He glanced at the watch on his arm, "one minute and thirty to go until my next one."

"Don't bother, save it," Tom grumbled. He walked away in a huff, he stopped at the kitchen.

Neelix was busy staring at the wall still, "why would I? Though a nice poster of Kes could go there."

"Neelix, what is that?" Tom asked, eyeing the stir fry.

Neelix smiled as he turned to him, "one of my new recipes."

"No, the meat," Tom muttered.

"Oh well it seemed a waste to well waste the little fellas. They're quite an acquired taste," Neelix replied.

Tom stared blankly, "what little fellas?"

"Our alien invaders from last week," Neelix replied.

Tom's eyes widened, he backed away a metre. "You mean you cooked those big spider things!?" Everyone else in the room looked over. Craig turned a little pale.

"Oh god, I ate spiders," he muttered. He ran out of the room.

Neelix tried to look innocent, "what, I heard that humans eat a lot of Earth arachnids anyway in their sleep. These guys are full of protein."

Jessie pushed away her plate, "James, thank you for being late. Eew."

"Why?" James asked, looking worried.

"Because I delayed eating until you arrived," Jessie replied, she shuddered.

"Why don't you replicate food," James said.

"Because I am saving for something else. I'm thinking of giving up on it though, before Neelix kills me," Jessie muttered, passing an icy glare over at Neelix.

"You can't let good meat go to waste, they're not poisonous," Neelix stuttered.

Tom backed away again, "you know, just seeing the meat is freaking me out. I'll have food later." He rushed out of the room.

"I'll get something else," Jessie sighed.

James got back up, "I'll get it. What do you want?"

"No, I've been saving a while. I have plenty thanks," Jessie said.

"If you insist on paying, I'll hack into your account," James said with a shrug.

Jessie tried not to laugh, "oh that's sweet."

"I thought sarcasm was my thing," James said.

Jessie shook her head, "I'll have a sandwich, surprise me. In a good way."

"Right, but I doubt many things in the database is worse than spider meat," James said as he headed over to the replicator.

Jessie watched him, then turned her head back to the plate on the table. "This better be worth it," she muttered.

The Ready Room:

Chakotay and Kathryn were sitting on a blanket nearby the coffee table. Also on the blanket was a basket, a few plates and of course flasks of coffee.

"This is nice," Kathryn commented before sipping on her coffee.

"Yes, for once Neelix had a good idea," Chakotay said.

Kathryn's eyes widened, "did you tell him?"

"No, I said I was asking on a friend's behalf," Chakotay said, smiling.

Kathryn sighed, "oh good."

Chakotay carefully put his cup down next to one of the plates. "Speaking of Neelix, he had an interesting idea for a crew get together."

"So soon after the 'sports week' idea? I think we're going to need a little more time to recover from that," Kathryn said.

Chakotay smiled again, shaking his head. "We could try it in a month or two's time. It will be fun."

Kathryn sighed, "what is it?"

"A talent night," Chakotay replied with a smirk.

Kathryn groaned, "oh god."

"It won't be that bad," Chakotay said.

"Only cos you'll never take part and just watch," Kathryn muttered.

"That's the plan. I hope you come up with something and join in," Chakotay said with a sneaky grin on his face.

"I think I'd need a lot more than my usual dosage of coffee before I do," Kathryn said.

Chakotay raised his eyebrow, "that's not true, you're the type who'd just have to join in. You just want another excuse to increase your daily coffee amount. Sometimes I worry what..."

Kathryn looked nervous, "I'm going to tell James the truth this week. So it's out of the way and it'll give him time to get used to it. You know before the baby comes. And I was thinking of doing the Dying Swan for the talent night." She continued sipping on her coffee.

Chakotay just stared at nothing with wide eyes. He slowly put down a sandwich slice he had just picked up. Kathryn looked back up at him, she waved a hand in front of his face. "Chakotay, hello? Oops, I broke him. If you want I'll just read a poem for the Talent Night instead. It's not that bad. It's only a dance, no swans actually die. Chakotay?"

Later, The Security Office:

Tuvok guided the woman from the first scene towards the door. "Whatever he did, I will handle it."

"But you didn't let me finish," the woman stuttered.

"From what you've told me I can tell he's a bully. I'll handle it, goodbye," Tuvok said. He pressed the button next to the door, it closed in her face.

"So, how far did she go before you stopped listening or went nuts?" James asked from the desk.

"Nuts?" Tuvok said. "I was listening, I just had a lot of work to do."

"Yeah yeah, five minutes of her and all that Vulcan control had washed away into nothing," James said. "I saw you clenching your fists."

Tuvok cleared his throat, "I was not. She was upset, and..."

"Oh I think you were. You were going to go all natural Vulcan on her," James said, turning back to the computer on the desk.

"I was not, I have full control," Tuvok said.

"Shame," James muttered.

Tuvok raised his eyebrow, "Vulcan nature is extremely volatile. It is a good thing I keep it under control."

"I only said shame because somebody should have gone 'evil' on her. I was five minutes away from slitting my wrists, again," James said.

"Not advisable Mr Taylor," Tuvok said.

"What, you're saying that you'd be so angry and violent you'd be a danger to everyone?" James questioned. "Yeah, it's not as good as it sounds."

"You cannot compare your evil state with a Vulcan without control," Tuvok replied.

"Right, Vulcans aren't so tough. I've knocked two out in my time," James said. He frowned, "but they really shouldn't be chosen for Slayers."

Tuvok's eyebrow went higher, "yes indeed. As far as I'm aware, there have been no Vulcan Slayers. Now, I should get back to the bridge." He stepped out.

James smirked as he glanced back at the computer, "why am I glad? 'It would be illogical to fight, now stay still as I put this stake in you'." He looked back at where Tuvok was, "why does everyone do that?"

He did some work for a few minutes, during that time he failed to notice the doors open and close again. Somebody's hands slammed down on the table nearby the computer, but James didn't move or look away from the computer.

"You've got to help me," Tom said. James ignored him. Tom groaned, "hello!?"

"I asked you to warn me, I haven't got a knife yet," he said, still staring at the screen.

Tom pulled a face, "eew, yeah right. Like you'd be my first choice."

"What do you want? I can't punish every women on the ship for kicking or punching you, cos they're allowed to defend themselves after constant harassment," James questioned.

Tom rolled his eyes, "no. You should learn not to take those kind of ramblings seriously. It's just guy talk, you know like *I am going to kick his ass.*"

"That's guy talk? I say similar stuff all the time and I usually mean it," James said. He finally glanced at him, "the fight talk, not the women one."

"I got that fine on my own," Tom muttered, staring blankly. He sat down on the chair opposite after dumping a packet of crisps on the desk. "I don't need your help in a Security matter anyway."

James shrugged, "fine, I've been opening a lot of jars lately so..."

A smirk appeared on Tom's face, "really? Now that's a cool job."

"No that was a joke, you didn't let me finish. The end of it was something like *so I think I can open up that packet of crisps*, or something," James said. Tom's eyes narrowed. "What do you want?"

Tom groaned, he picked up the crisp packet. "I really, really like somebody and I want your help. I want to get her to like me."

James looked confused, "when did I become a genie?"

Tom looked like he was going to cry, "would you please be serious?"

"All right, but I'm still confused," James replied with a shrug.

"I need advice," Tom said.

James tried to hide a smirk with his hand, "from me? Tom is asking me advice on how to get a girl to like him."

"If you tell anyone I'll..." Tom grumbled. James interrupted him by laughing. "I'll scowl at you?"

"Better get Sickbay on standby then," James sniggered.

"Please, this is important. It'll ruin my reputation if you tell everyone," Tom said.

"You mean the reputation of being a girl magnet, but not in the good way," James questioned, trying not to snigger. "Ok seriously, why come to me?"

Tom shrugged, "well Harry would laugh at me."

"What have I been doing for the last minute?" James asked.

"Yes but he's worse off than I am. At the very least you've got girls that are friends. And judging by Jessie and Zare's bitch fight the other week, Zare obviously had a crush on you and same with Jessie," Tom replied.

"What bitch fight?" James asked. "What are you talking about?"

"Oh, that vampire planet. There was a lot of meows and scratching going on between them. Obviously something went on behind the scenes," Tom replied.

"Well I don't think... oh whatever. Who are you trying to ask out?" James asked. He tried not to laugh again, "is it B'Elanna?"

Tom turned a little red, "um yeah, another reason why I came to you."

"I've never asked out B'Elanna," James muttered.

"No, she's like Jessie in a way. She's mean when she rejects, bad tempered. You get the point," Tom said. "You've obviously had experience."

"I haven't," James groaned.

"Fine, Jessie likes you, tell me why?" Tom asked.

"Look Tom, I don't know," James muttered, looking uncomfortable. "You want advice?"

"Yep, as long as it isn't sarcastic or anything," Tom replied.

"If you actually truly like B'Elanna, why can't you be friends with her instead of being a creep," James said.

Tom nodded, "yeah I can do that. How long should I wait before trying again?"

James groaned into one of his hands, "what? You don't, that's not what I meant at all."

"It's so obvious. Be friendly, which I can do, and wait for her to notice me. What if it never happens?" Tom asked.

"Don't worry, I'm sure you'll become obsessed with someone different next season," James groaned again in response.

Meanwhile, on a mystery ship:

A group of people stood in a dark room, of course all you could see was their shadows.

"I don't know why I never thought of it before. It's genius," bad guy one said.

"It is? How will it help us?" bad guy two asked.

Bad guy one groaned, "of course it's genius! Your small mind cannot comprehend it after all. Then again, the plan could be absolute pants and you'd still not understand it."

"Exactly, the plan is probably pants. You have no proof that it's genius," bad guy three said.

"I do, I came up with it and that's final," bad guy one snapped.

"I thought that we just had a finale," the only girl there said.

"I said final, gah why do I even bother? Next season I'm ditching you people!" bad guy one snapped.

"Like that would ever happen," the girl said sweetly.

The next day

James/Jessie's Quarters:

James walked out of his bedroom, he headed over to the bathroom. Jessie rushed over, she pushed him out of the way on the way in. He just stared at the door.

"Jess, are you all right?" he asked.

Thirty odd seconds later Jessie's voice come through the door, "yes uh. I just really needed to go." The door opened. She stepped out looking really pale. "It's all yours, sorry."

"You don't look fine. You've been like this for a while, maybe you should see the doc," James said.

"No I'm fine, no need," Jessie stuttered. She put a hand over her mouth, she rushed back into the bathroom.

James frowned before following her inside. He found her kneeling on the ground, covering her face with her hands.

"Ugh, ok you got me," she muttered. She pulled herself back up.

James headed over to her. "Maybe you should stop eating Neelix's food."

"I've already decided to do that," Jessie sighed. "I'll be ok in a few hours."

James put one arm around her, "maybe you shouldn't go to work." He kissed her on the forehead. "I'll tell Janeway on the way to work."

"No, I always go. I'm fine," Jessie said. She headed back out of the room. James followed her out.

"Maybe you should lie down for ten minutes," he said.

"No, I am just sick every day. Afterwards I'm good," Jessie said. She stopped in the middle of the room.

"How long's this been going on?" James asked as he slipped his arms around her.

She turned around, "not long, I wouldn't worry."

"I've got something that'll make you feel better," James said. He headed back towards his bedroom. Jessie watched him go in with a confused look on her face. He stepped back out, holding a small box. "Here, think of it as a get well present."

"You didn't have to," Jessie said.

"No it's fine. It was going to be a birthday present, but I want you to have it now," James said. He handed the box to her.

Jessie raised her eyebrow, "my birthday's in four months."

"I know, you really should have it now. I'll probably get something else," James said.

Jessie sighed as she opened the box, "you really shouldn't have." Inside the box was a silver necklace, she gasped as she looked inside, "oh my god." She looked back up at him, "this is the one I was saving up for. How did you know?"

"That doesn't matter, as long as you like it," James replied.

"Like it? I love it, but it'll take me ages to pay you back," Jessie said.

James frowned, "it's a present, you don't have to pay anything."

Jessie pouted, "but, how did you, why did you..."

James smiled, he leaned in to kiss her. "You're welcome."

"Uh, you do realise that I just threw up twice?" Jessie muttered nervously.

James shrugged, "yes and doesn't matter. Don't worry about the necklace, you deserve it."

Jessie continued to pout, "no I... I should get something for you, this is too much."

"No you don't, after the Za... well Z word incident and everything," James muttered. "Now I really have to go, excuse me." He headed over to the bathroom.

Jessie sighed as she stared at the box.

Later, the Mess Hall:

"I'm a horrible, horrible person," Jessie said, she placed a hand across her face.

Kes shook her head, "no you're not Jess."

"Yes I am," Jessie said. She pulled the necklace out from under her uniform jacket, "look what James got me, as a get well present."

"Hmm, it's nice," Kes said.

"It's the one I was saving for, but had to stop because Neelix's food was causing hazards to my health. You know why I stopped really, cos of the you know... the baby. I wouldn't have cared otherwise," Jessie muttered. "I haven't had the guts to tell him yet, and to him I'm just sick. He then gets me the expensive necklace as a get well present, but I'm not even sick."

Kes sighed, "can I interrupt here? What's so bad?"

"It's awful. I should have told him by now, and I'm sure he only got me it because he feels guilty about the Zare thing," Jessie replied.

"Then just tell him. He has every right to know," Kes said. She shrugged, "what's the worst that can happen?"

Jessie stared blankly at her, "that's easy for you to say. If you ever have a kid, your guy would know about it before it's even created. You'll never have to worry about it."

"I guess so," Kes muttered.

Jessie sighed, "I'm sorry. I really should tell him. I think I'll just get it over with."

"What, now?" Kes asked.

"No, when I see him next I will," Jessie replied. She looked really nervous, "he's really going to freak. Then he'd probably demand the necklace back because I'm horrible."

"You're not horrible. James is sometimes unpredictable, and I'd be worried too," Kes said. "I bet everyone would be worried about telling him something really important, he could be fine with it or could freak out."

"Yeah, it's just that I'm nearly two months pregnant now. He's going to wonder why it took me so long," Jessie said.

Meanwhile, the Security Office:

Kathryn paced backwards and forwards in front of the desk. James watched her with a bored look on his face.

"Right I'm ok," Kathryn sighed. She stopped to face the desk. "I need to talk to you about something."

"Look can I just clear something up? I'm the guy who tells the teams where to go, read security reports and crap. I am not the counsellor," James muttered.

"What do you mean?" Kathryn asked.

"You're the fourth person who wanted to talk to me, this week," James replied.

"I'll make it quick, I promise," Kathryn said.

James rolled his eyes, "fine, go ahead."

Kathryn smiled, she calmed down a little. "So... uh, um, do you like frappuchinos?"

Meanwhile in Engineering:

Tom strolled over to where Ian was working. "Ian, can I talk to you?"

"Um ok," Ian replied.

"Right. I need some ad... oh wait, girls always cheat on you, I don't want your advice," Tom muttered. He walked away, shaking his head.

Ian pouted, "not always."

The Security Office:

"I think the best kind is the coffee and lime kind. So gorgeous," Kathryn said. She started pacing again, "you mix the separate frappuchino's together into one big one."

"Good god," James groaned as he fiddled with a pen knife.

Kathryn leaned on the desk while she stared out the window. "So um, what's your favourite kind?" She glanced at him, he was a little too busy scratching the desk with the knife to reply. "Well?"

"I dunno, chocolate. Now will you please leave me alone or something," James groaned.

"Ok, I wanted to talk to you about something really important," Kathryn sighed. She sat down opposite him. "That's a nice pen knife," she said finally.

The Bridge:

"This is fun," Jessie commented.

Danny nodded, "yep." She waved her hand in front of Chakotay's face. "Maybe he walked in on Janeway in the shower."

Jessie pulled a face, "how can you do that by accident?"

Tom sniggered, "the question is how can you do that on purpose."

"Lets see how far gone he is," Jessie said, she slapped Chakotay across the back of the head. He didn't even flinch.

Danny knelt down in front of Chakotay, "let's poke him in the eye."

"Crewmen, please go back to your stations," Tuvok said from Tactical.

"Men, how sexist," Danny grumbled. "Crewwomen, jeez." She and Jessie headed back towards their stations.

Tom walked over to where Chakotay was sitting. "Hey look I need some advice, I know we're not best of friends but..." He pulled a face, "wait, you're with Janeway. If I wanted Janeway I'd bribe her with coffee. It won't work for anyone else."

Jessie's eyes lit up, "what about coffee?"

Tom smiled deviously, "um, I was asking if anyone wanted a..." He shook his head, and smacked his head with his hand. "No Tom, bad." He headed back to his station.

"Um what do you want advice about Tom? Maybe I can help with it," Harry questioned.

Tom burst out laughing, "you can't be serious right? If I want to know how to come onto guys while sleep walking, I'll give you a call."

Harry didn't look too happy, "has James been spreading that crap again? I never tried to kiss him ok." Everyone stared at him, he blushed madly. "I said I never did ok, he's just making it up."

"Well why not, everyone else does," Jessie grumbled while fiddling with a strand of hair. Everyone turned their attention to her instead. "Not that I ever did or care. Um, where's Janeway anyway?"

Danny smirked, "oh you're not getting away from that one that easily."

The Security Office:

"It's not so much a beverage, it's more of a..." Kathryn said. She grabbed the cup James had on the desk, "oooh oh!" She drank some of it. "Ok, what was I saying?"

"I don't care," James moaned behind his hand. He moved it away, "you've talked about frappuchino, boy scouts or something similar that has pen knives, and I lost interest when you started talking about scarves."

Kathryn sighed, "no that wasn't it." She glanced back at the cup. Her eyes widened as she slammed her fist on the desk, startling him. "Damn it James, you're Security. People keep stealing the rest of my coffee!"

"Actually that was mine," James muttered.

Kathryn ignored him as she knelt down in front of the desk, and folded her arms on it, getting tears in her eyes. "It's those pixies, I'm sure of it." She buried her head in her arms, all that he could hear was sobbing.

James groaned, "there there."

Kathryn looked up at him with her usual icy stare, "are you going to do something about it, young man! Go slay them or something, god. What do I have to do to be respected around here!"

"Maybe if you avoided words like pixie, and stopped acting like you're stoned or drunk after two cups of coffee," James said.

Kathryn giggled, "oh I'm not drunk, and I have no stones." She started sniffing again, "oh it's not fair." She slammed her fist on the table again, "I still don't see you doing anything about it. Get me a latte or something at least."

James rolled his eyes, "no. I'm not a Costa Coffee worker, a Pixie Slayer, or a counsellor. I'm also not everyone's personal body guard, a crisp packet opener, the best one to ask for girl advice, or a bloody therapist which is what you obviously need."

Kathryn gasped, "I can't believe how mean you are, I'm not telling you my secret now."

"Should I be disappointed? Maybe you should tell Chuckles. Speaking of which, he hasn't killed himself yet has he?" James questioned.

The Bridge:

"So you see my problem," Tom said.

Tuvok raised his eyebrow, "yes I do."

"Well somebody suggested being her friend, do you think that would work?" Tom asked.

"Mr Paris, Miss Torres has often shown her distaste of you. Pursuing her would be futile," Tuvok replied. "Now please, go to your lunch break."

Kathryn stumbled onto the bridge, still crying her eyes out. "I've never been so insulted."

Tom stared at her, then back at Tuvok. "I take it you've been making your way around the senior staff then."

"No, the replicator said I was fat," Kathryn cried.

"Are you sure it didn't just say, warning this food content has too much fat in it?" Harry asked.

Kathryn frowned, "that would make more sense."

"Well that's that then, nothing to be upset about, unlike me," Tom grumbled as he made his way to the helm.

"I'm probably easily upset after my little chat with James. He's surprisingly mean when he wants to be," Kathryn sniffed.

Chakotay finally came back to life, "did he not take it well?"

"No, didn't tell him and shush!" Kathryn snapped. "He just said I needed therapy and other things."

Tom folded his arms in a huff, "some people are just too honest, it makes me sick."

Harry tried not to laugh, "serves you right."

Kathryn leaned on the banister, "so, what's been going on then?"

"Nothing, which is weird. We're half way through the episode," Harry replied.

Meanwhile, the Security Office:

Jessie walked through the door with her arms folded, "it's not fair."

James looked up from the computer, "what isn't?"

Jessie turned to him with a pout on her face, "somebody else is cooking today, and this is the day I decided to replicate food."

"Oh my god..." James stuttered with his eyes wide. He quickly stood up, "I didn't realise it was lunch time, sorry."

"It's ok, we didn't make plans today. I still can't believe my luck," Jessie grumbled.

James shrugged, "why don't you just save your money for one meal."

"Well I would if I hadn't of already ate," Jessie muttered.

"It might not just be a one off though, or they might be a crappy cook too," James said.

Jessie sighed, "yeah." Her eyes lit up and she smiled, "so what you doing?"

"Ok, I wasn't expecting you to cheer up that quickly," James said.

"It wasn't a big deal, so..." Jessie said.

"Um, reading some complaints," James replied.

Jessie pulled a face, "that's boring. Don't you have any games on that thing?"

"Yeah there's plenty," James replied. He turned back to the computer. "What do you..."

Jessie sat down on the chair, she started crying into her hands. "Oh god, I can't do this."

"Uh Jess, are you all right?" James asked uncomfortably.

"Yes I'm fine. Not sick or miserable, it's just that time of day," Jessie replied, still crying.

James looked confused, "time of day? Surely I've been around you this time of day before, and you've never..."

"No no, it's just a recent thing. Kes told me I'd get it, and it would calm down," Jessie said. She sighed, "damn, I liked the hyper one better."

"Jess, what's going on?" James asked.

"Ok, ok. I can do this," Jessie muttered to herself. "I'm uh..." She reached over to take a hold of one of his hands. "Hi."

"Uh hi," he said with a smirk. "What is it, you can tell me right?"

"Yeah, um. Did I ever tell you, you have nice hair," Jessie questioned, smiling nervously.

"No, because I don't really," James replied.

"All right, I'll do it," Jessie muttered. "Um you're um, I'm... I am, well rather we. Oh god, this shouldn't be so hard. Right, I'm pregnant." She grinned nervously.

James just stared at her, "uh huh. That's great."

Jessie sighed in relief, "it is? Did you hear me right?"

"I hope I did, this is great news," James replied. He smiled at her, "why wouldn't I be happy about it?"

Jessie grinned again, "oh that's great. You're the best." She got back up, and walked around the table.

"Yeah, um for how long?" James asked.

"Well just a few days," Jessie blurted out.

James nodded his head, "yeah that's great."

"It's better than great," Jessie said. She wrapped her arms around him, she gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. "I'd better be off now, I'm already late." She headed over to the door. She glanced back at him with a big smile on her face, "see you later then." He smiled back at her, she then stepped out. As soon as she did, his face fell.

The Bridge:

"Better?" Chakotay questioned as he leaned on the side of his chair.

Kathryn groaned from her own chair. "No, remind me never to have milk in coffee again. It somehow sobers me up."

Chakotay smirked, "actually it was probably the new half decaf coffee Neelix ordered."

"Half decaf, that is... what is the galaxy coming to?" Kathryn stuttered.

Jessie stepped out of the turbolift, she smiled cheerfully, "hi everyone."

"Someone's had coffee again," Danny commented.

Kathryn burst out crying again, Chakotay just groaned. "Ok, somebody get another one of those half decafs. She still has a way to go."

"Uh commander, a ship has just dropped out of warp and is approaching us," Harry said. "It's about to fire um... something."

"Something?" Chakotay muttered. "What is a something?"

"Put them on screen," Kathryn ordered as she wiped the tears from her eyes.

The viewscreen changed to show another ship, it fired a white beam at them. The light blinded the whole bridge crew. After it died down the ship had disappeared, and everyone was unconscious.

Kathryn was the first to wake up. She looked around the room looking confused, "what the?" A few people at the back of the bridge got up, they started walking around looking just as confused.

"Woah, that hurt," Tom groaned from the helm, as he lifted his head up. "God what a headache."

A scream from the back of the bridge woke everyone else up, and startled the rest. Jessie jumped to her feet, her eyes wide in panic. A guy nearby her closed the gap a little. "Hey are you ok?"

Jessie backed off, she looked around the bridge as everyone else stared at her. "What is this?" she stuttered quietly.

"Ok this isn't funny. Who are you freaks and what is this place?" Danny asked as she got onto her feet.

"Yeah ditto. Am I getting paid for this, god I hope I am," Tom said.

Chakotay frowned, "it's not just you, does anyone remember anything about this place or anyone?"

Tuvok tried not to laugh, "as if I'd know losers like you lot."

Kathryn stood up and put her hands on her hips, "ok, I think some order is in um..."

"Order?" Chakotay questioned.

"Yes exactly. This looks like a bridge, we're in the centre of it so that must mean I'm in charge," Kathryn replied.

Tom looked around the room, "it doesn't look like a bridge, lady."

"A ship's bridge, ie command centre," Kathryn snapped.

"And why would you be in charge of it. I'm in the centre too, so it could be me," Chakotay asked as he stood up.

"Right, humans can't even be trusted with looking after a hypospray, let alone a starship," Tuvok sneered.

Chakotay groaned, "I have to be the one in charge."

"Why, because you're a man, is that it," Kathryn grumbled.

Tom pointed at Chakotay's forehead, "look, he has a mark on his head. He must be the boss."

"Nonsense, that just shows he likes tattoos," Kathryn grumbled, folding her arms.

"Um, shouldn't we figure out who's who, instead of who does what?" Danny questioned. She glanced at Harry. "Ok, what do you remember?"

Harry burst out crying, "I dunno."

"God, what a wuss," Tuvok groaned.

Tom pulled a face, "ok, what's his problem?"

"My problem is that I seem to be on a bridge with a couple of weirdos," Tuvok replied. He glanced in the opps direction, "for example there's the sissy screaming girl, the sissy crybaby." He moved his attention further to his right, "a blonde bimbo, a tattoo boy, an ugly women with big hair, some annoying twat and lots of other tossers."

"Hey, aren't you Vulcan. Aren't you supposed to be all logical?" a nearby crewmember asked.

"I am logical, that's why I don't get why I'm here with you people," Tuvok replied. He glanced down at himself, "ah ha." He took out his tricorder.

"Good idea, that might help us find out what's going on," Chakotay said.

Tuvok looked confused, "what? No, I just wanted to do this." He smacked the crewmember over the head with the tricorder.

"So we do remember some things. Someone knows what a Vulcan is, we know how to talk and walk," Kathryn said. "Obviously the same with a tricorder. Doesn't anybody remember anything about their lives though?" Everyone but Tuvok looked around nervously. "No, neither do I."

"I'm still thinking that this is some screwy reality TV show," Tom said. The lights dimmed, the red lights started flashing and the intruder alarm started going off.

"Aaah, we're all going to die!" Harry screamed. He ran into the nearest turbolift.

Tom covered one of his ears, "what on earth is that?"

"I dunno, but if it is a reality TV show then I'm getting out," Danny muttered. She followed Harry. Jessie did the same.

"Well at least the sissy's have gone," Tuvok said. "Now just have to put up with the other crapbags."

Chakotay marched over to him, "I don't think I like your attitude. There will be no more from you."

"I don't think I like your hair, your tattoo, your face, or for that matter all of you," Tuvok said.

"That's it!" Chakotay exclaimed as he started rolling up his sleeves. Tuvok just watched, looking amused. "You're all talk, let's see how long you last in a fight, come on."

Meanwhile in the turbolift, Harry was fidgeting like he needed the toilet. Danny groaned, "great, a claustrophobic."

"No I'm not, I don't think this works," Harry stuttered.

Jessie glanced at Danny, "it's probably a cupboard."

"No it's a lift, I just have to figure this thing," Harry said as he spotted the panel. He started to play around with it.

Back on the bridge, Chakotay had rolled up his sleeves and had his fists in the air. Tuvok continued to just watch him, same with everyone else.

"See, you're not so tough," Chakotay said as he lowered his fists. "He wouldn't even fight me, what a loser." Tuvok hit him over the head with the tricorder.

Tom glanced at Kathryn, "I'm out of here." He rushed around to the other turbolift, but went the long way to avoid passing Tuvok. Everyone else but Kathryn did the same.

Kathryn groaned, "I dunno why but I've got a craving for something." She followed Tom's path, just twice as slow as him.

Somewhere on Deck Four:

Sid, Thompson and Foster stepped out of the turbolift. Sid stopped abruptly, Thompson and Foster almost crashed into him. Sid turned around, "oh boy, this is fun. Do you think the enemy will shoot us or stab us?"

"Neither thanks," Foster pouted.

Thompson shrugged, "I was more hoping that we'd skive and avoid ever running into them."

"Too late," a familiar voice said.

The team raised their rifles, Sid with a big grin on his face of course. A few metres ahead of them stood Damien and his *friends*.

"Woah, we're on your side remember," Damien said.

Sid moaned, "oh, but that's no fun."

"Ok but if you're on our side, what are you doing here, triggering our alarms for?" Thompson asked.

"We didn't do that, we came here second," Gareth said.

Sid's eyes lit up, "oh, so there's still going to be fighting?"

"God, let's hope so," another familiar voice said from behind Damien and company. Justin and Gareth got pushed out of the way as James made his way over to the Security team. He turned to face Damien and his team. "So, what did set off the alarms?"

"Some old friends of ours. They don't take kindly to losing," Damien replied. "They still want to convert us, they're on a roll right now."

James groaned, "great, Apple again?"

Gareth frowned, "and you'd know about them, how?"

"People like Tom talk, a lot," James replied.

Damien snorted as he glared at some of his people, "tell me about it."

Johnny Junior tapped his arm, "there's something else."

"Oh yes. They used a device to erase the memories of everyone on the bridge, they figured it would be easier to take over the ship if the bridge crew was populated by clueless idiotic people," Damien said.

"We should get to the bridge then," Thompson said.

"Why? The bridge would be full of clueless idiots if you guys and the FDA go," James muttered. Everyone stared at him, some of them with a pout on their face. "Just being honest."

"I take it that included you too," Damien grumbled. "I'm the only smart one here so listen to me. We know how to cure the crew, they did this to us just last week."

"Again I say, why?" James asked.

Myleene shook her head, "to take over our bridge, Damien just explained."

"I know and I said that you lot are clueless idiots, so it would be a waste of time to erase your memories," James said. "And of course you really proved me wrong."

"We need to be on your bridge to do this," Johnny Junior said.

"Can't you just tell us what to do? We don't usually invite ex villains to our bridge," James questioned.

Damien sniggered, "as if you'd understand the genius of it."

"If you say so, let's get this over with," James groaned as he walked off. "So much for violence."

Sid quickly followed him, "oh oh. I have a great program."

The Bridge:

"Now as this dump is mine, I think it should be named after me," Tuvok said as he paced the back of the bridge. He raised an eyebrow, "I don't know what it is though. I'll just call it the USS Dump or something."

"Or annoying Vulcan guy," Chakotay grumbled as he leaned on the banister. He rubbed his sore head, "man those things hurt."

The turbolift doors next to Tuvok's station opened, the FDA and the Security Team stepped out of it.

"Aah, identify yourselves!" Tuvok screeched, he smacked Justin over the head with the tricorder. He raised it again. Justin collapsed, with a nasty bloody wound on his stupidly baldish head.

James tried not to laugh, "can we keep him like this and revert the others?"

"I'll try but no promises," Damien replied, sneering at Justin.

Thompson and Foster tried to hold back Sid, who looked over excited again. "That looks so cool!"

Tuvok was getting more insane looking by the second, he did a little karate preparation moves with his arms. "I said identify yourselves!"

James beckoned his head towards the pretty useless stations at the back of the bridge. "You can use those."

Damien groaned, "fine, you know I don't trust you either just so you know." He turned towards one of the stations and began working on it.

Tuvok did a karate chop with the hand with the tricorder. Gareth was in his way, he quickly hid behind James. Justin got up just at that moment and got it instead, again he was on the ground.

"What did I say about the body guard crap?" James muttered.

Gareth quickly stepped back out, "I dunno, it's crap?"

"Hi, ya!" Tuvok squealed as he knocked out Gareth with the chop.

"Um, shouldn't we do something?" Thompson asked. "You know besides hold back Sid."

James sighed as he glanced down at Justin and Gareth, and then Johnny nearby. "Can I just have one more?" Johnny backed off a few steps. "Fine," he groaned as he stepped a little closer to Tuvok. "Ok karate man, one more time."

Tuvok growled, he did more of his karate preparations complete with the noises. While doing so James just punched him in the face, knocking him to the ground. Chakotay's eyes lit up, "oh finally."

"Yeah I was thinking that," James said. "Ok, where is everyone else?"

"You mean the bridge people? They all scarpered, that mad man knocked me out," Chakotay replied.

"Ok, Foster, Thompson, you should take him to Sickbay. Just in case Damien's cure doesn't work," James said.

"It will work, my plans always work," Damien grumbled, pulling faces.

"Hang on, I'm in charge. I give the orders you blonde ponce," Chakotay snapped.

James just smiled as he headed over to him. "You know I still haven't paid you back for the time you hit me."

"So I hit you once, good. That'll teach you," Chakotay muttered. He raised his fists again, this just amused him. "Bring it..."

James held out one of his hands, "tricorder."

Johnny Junior shrugged, he picked up Tuvok's tricorder and handed it to him. Chakotay looked worried, he got ready to duck. Instead James kicked him in the leg, he stumbled and then he got hit over the head with the tricorder.

"Get him to Sickbay, he's our back up," James ordered.

Johnny Junior elbowed his dad, "you do it."

"No, Foster you do it," James muttered.

Foster glanced back at Sid looking worried, "um ok." He slowly stepped away. As he did so Sid pushed passed Thompson easily. He started jumping up and down like a hyper kid.

"Please do that to me, please!" he squealed.

"Oh fine," James groaned. He hit him with the tricorder.

"Cool!" Sid yelled as he fell to the ground.

"Ok, somebody should really scan for the others," Thompson said.

James nodded, "I'll do that, Thompson you can inform the rest of the senior staff."

"You mean named cast members right?" Thompson questioned.

In: "Sickbay to Bridge. What happened to Chakotay?"

"He has a memory problem and got on my nerves. The rest of the bridge crew have the same problem," James replied.

In: "Oh, that's original. I'll get working on it. It would help if I had one more, just in case he escapes."

"Oh believe me, he won't be getting up for a while," James said. "As long as you don't treat his leg. Bridge out." He tapped his commbadge twice. "Bridge to Torres, um... O'Tani and Lewis."

Meanwhile, the Mess Hall:

In: "Yep, so keep an eye for them and beam them to Sickbay when you find them. Thompson out."

Neelix tapped his commbadge, "like I'm not a busy man as it is."

"Aaah, what are you doing!" somebody yelled.

Neelix rushed out of his kitchen. Kathryn threw a coffee cup over her shoulders, she grabbed someone else's and downed it. She giggled insanely before rushing to the next table, she threw that cup over her shoulder as she drank from another one.

"Why did I have to get the hard one?" Neelix moaned.

The Bridge:

Claire, Faye and B'Elanna stepped out of the turbolift, they eyed Justin and Gareth funny as they did.

"What's the emergency?" Claire asked.

"Just guard Damien and co, make sure they don't do anything villainy," James replied. "And keep an eye out for other villains."

Faye looked around the room, "like?"

"Those Apple guys. I don't know, I never met them remember," James muttered, shaking his head. He headed over to opps where Thompson was. "Well?"

"I've alerted the rest of the cast, they're all doing a patrol of the ship, none of the missing people kept their commbadges," Thompson replied.

"Good, we'd better go and help," James said. He headed for the turbolift next to opps. Thompson and Foster quickly followed him.

"Isn't it a good idea for you to stay here, just in case Tuvok wakes up or Damien tries something," Foster said.

James looked worried, "wait, nobody beamed Tuvok to Sickbay?"

"You didn't tell us to," Foster stuttered. They glanced towards where Tuvok was lying before, only Justin and Gareth were still lying on the ground but Tuvok was gone.

"Computer, locate Tuvok," James said.

The computer responded, "Tuvok is on Deck Three, section two."

"Great, let's go," James said. He and the others continued towards the turbolift. They stopped at the doorway.

"Ah, I got it!" Harry yelled out. He then spotted the team, "oh god, we're going to die." He quickly hid behind the girls.

"No it's ok, we're on your side," Thompson said.

"How can we believe you? We don't know anybody," Danny muttered.

"It's a trick," Harry stuttered.

Thompson and James stepped a little closer, while Foster stayed where he was. "Ok, what's the last thing you all remember?" James asked.

Harry started bubbling again, "that Vulcan guy being all scary."

"Before that?" James muttered.

"Oh, um. I dunno," Harry replied.

Danny shrugged, "don't tell him, he's probably one of the people that did this."

James glanced in Jessie's direction, "Jess, what about you?"

Her eyes widened, she quickly hid behind Danny. She frowned, "ok that's enough of that. Tell us how to work this or else I'll start kicking." Harry made a small wailing noise. "Not you, idiot!"

Thompson backed off a mile, "not little Tommy."

"Ok this is ridiculous, we're friends. You honestly don't remember me at all?" James muttered.

"Which one?" Danny muttered, folding her arms.

"Both actually," James said.

Danny stepped forward, "two seconds till kicking starts. Back off."

James groaned, "fine." He stepped out of the way. Danny dragged Jessie out of the turbolift as fast as she could. Harry followed them but just got smacked by James.

"Get him to Sickbay," he said as he rushed after the girls. They just went inside the Ready Room. "How much memory do they take from the victims Damien?"

Damien glanced back briefly, "all. They still remember stuff they learned."

"Great, guys I can handle fine but girls, big problem," James muttered as he got to the Ready Room doors. "Just stand by transporters, just in case."

Meanwhile Danny was playing with Kathryn's computer, while Jessie stood nearby. "Damn it, it should be in here somewhere."

"What if they were on our side?" Jessie asked quietly.

"No way, we can't trust anyone until we get our memories back," Danny said. "Ah ha, transporter command. Stand closer, we're leaving."

James walked in. This made Jessie panic, she rushed towards the replicator nearby the window.

"What did I just..." Danny muttered as she beamed away.

"Crap," James muttered. He tapped his commbadge. "Taylor to Bridge, Danny got away."

In: "Acknowledged, we'll inform the teams."

"Danny?" Jessie stuttered.

"Yeah, that was the girl you were with," James said as he slowly headed for her.

"Ok, who am I then?" Jessie asked. Her eyes widened again, "don't come closer."

"Let me guess, you're afraid of guys?" James questioned.

Jessie shook her head, "no no, why would I be?"

"Well it's obvious. You lose your memories of your life, so you forget how you got over it. For one thing, you don't even remember me," James replied.

"Ok whatever, I am. Happy now?" Jessie muttered. "Now, who are you?"

"You're not going to believe me if I tell you," James replied. "Let's just say we're friends, and we're close."

"Close with a guy? Right," Jessie muttered.

"See, you didn't even believe that part," James said. "Look, you've got no reason to trust me but I'm on your side. Damien said the only thing you remember is what you learned, and somewhere in your head you must know that I wouldn't hurt you."

"If you're good, why are you chasing us?" Jessie asked.

"Because we need to find a cure for this. We've got one guy working on it on the bridge, and one in Sickbay," James replied.

"Ok prove it and I'll believe you," Jessie said.

"Well I could take you to Sickbay or something, but I doubt you'd want to do that," James said.

"No, prove that I know you," Jessie muttered.

"All right, there must be something's I can show you," James said as he made his way over to Kathryn's computer.

Meanwhile:

"Are you sure this'll work?" Craig asked as he fiddled with the replicator.

Neelix smiled, "I'm sure of it."

Kathryn meanwhile danced on top of one of the tables, swinging her jacket above her head. "La la la, you're so fine," she sang at the top of her voice.

"She must have drank about fifteen cups," Craig muttered. "What if she kills us to get it?"

"You think too much, or is it worry?" Neelix said. "You're a young man so you should be able to out run her."

Craig stepped away from the replicator holding a coffee jar. "Ok but you owe me a lot of rations." Neelix snatched it off him, he attached it to a hook on a bit of nylon string. He handed the whole thing to Craig. He sighed as he opened the jar.

"Captain, I've got some new coffee," Neelix called over.

Kathryn stopped abruptly, she smelled the air. "Coffee?" She jumped down from the table and headed over to them.

"Now," Neelix ordered.

Craig groaned, he held the string up in the air. The coffee jar managed to hang there just fine. "Come and get it." Kathryn picked up speed, Craig turned around and literally ran for his life. Kathryn got really mad and she picked up speed again. She just got out of the mess hall when a crewman hiding against the wall injected her with a hypospray.

"You meanie," she stuttered before collapsing.

Craig came back over to the scene sighing, "Sickbay, we've got Janeway."

The Ready Room:

Jessie was standing nearby the coffee table, watching James working on the computer. "There, I've got into my account. I've got some pictures. I'll move away so you can look." He walked over to the door as she walked over to the desk.

"Ok, this better not be a trick," she muttered. She glanced at the computer screen. She pressed a few of the buttons as she stared at it.

"Well?" James questioned as he made his way back over slowly.

"We seem, cosy. How close are we talking about?" Jessie muttered.

"We're um, how can I put it? Together," James replied. "But you don't have to believe me about that." He held out his hand, "the doc will get a cure for this, he always does."

Jessie sighed as she took a hold of it, she stepped a little closer. "I don't, don't take it too personally. I just didn't think I'd ever..."

James smiled, "oh believe me, I know. I wouldn't believe it either. Come on." He guided her towards the door.

"But, this feels familiar," Jessie muttered.

"I'm so glad it does, we've been doing this since we were about eight or something," James said as they re-entered the bridge.

"We've been together since then?" Jessie questioned. Everyone glanced over at them.

"No, no. Friends do this too, and you're going to regret that later," James said quietly.

"Oh it's a secret, sorry," Jessie said sheepishly. They headed over to the nearest turbolift.

"No stealing my territory," Thompson said with a snigger.

"You know I'm still in a violent mood," James muttered.

Thompson backed away a little, "sorry."

James and Jessie stepped into the turbolift. "Not towards you, don't worry," he said.

"Yeah I know," Jessie said.

Meanwhile again:

Ian and Lee were busy running down a corridor. They stopped at the cross roads. "Ok, you wait here," Ian said, pointing at one of the walls. Lee nodded, he leaned against the wall. Ian did the same to the parallel one.

A little while later Danny sneaked out of one of the doors they ran passed. She headed their way, as soon as she got to the cross roads they quickly grabbed a hold of her arms. "Hey, what are you doing!" she screamed.

"Sorry Dan, please don't hate me when you get your memories back," Ian said.

Lee quickly got a hypospray out of his pocket, he injected Danny with it. "Just in case."

Ian frowned, "great, it probably wouldn't have been necessary."

"It was, she supposedly threatened groin kicking," Lee said. Ian's eyes widened a little.

Sickbay:

Sid and Damien walked in, they headed over to the Doctor.

"Your environmental systems suck," Damien said.

"That's nice, why are you here?" the Doctor asked.

"Your computer won't allow me access properly. It says the cure is too volatile or something crap," Damien replied.

The Doctor sighed, "if the computer thinks that then only command codes and my code can by pass it. I've only got Tuvok and Tom to get here now, it won't be necessary anyway."

Damien rolled his eyes, "now you tell me. I slaved over that computer for nothing, and I hate you people."

"If you do, why help us?" Kes asked.

"Because, uh... oh crap. Um, because I'm just like that," Damien replied nervously. He quickly pulled out a hypospray like thing, "that's the cure, knock yourself out. See you later." He rushed out of the room. Sid quickly followed him.

"What's he up to?" Kes muttered.

The Doctor did a quick scan of the spray. "Well what do you know, this will actually work. This is really curious. I'll get to work."

Meanwhile one more:

Lisa wandered down the corridor where there's a window on one side. Tom was coming at her in the opposite direction. He stopped in front of her. "Hey sexy girl, do you want to go to the diner, wherever that is. I'm really good at replicating food, I think..."

Lisa tried to keep a straight face, "does that ever work?"

"I have no idea," Tom muttered.

"Ok, let's make this fast," Lisa said sweetly. She kneed him in a certain place, he fell onto the floor, crying like a baby. She tapped her commbadge, "Lillis to Sickbay, I've got Tom."

In: "Good work, get someone to help you drag him here."

"No need," Lisa said. She knelt down and took a hold of his arm, "just transport me."

Sickbay:

"Now all we need is Tuvok, and fast. I'm running out of floor space," the Doctor grumbled as he looked around Sickbay.

Kes scanned one guy lying nearby his feet, "another one, looks like he got hit in the head with something hard."

"Probably a tricorder or something," James said.

Jessie looked around the room, "good god, am I the only one who came willingly?"

The Doctor stepped over all of his patients on his way over.

"A tricorder? Good weapon," Kes said. "He should have stuck with the neck pinch."

"Now, you're one of the last to do," the Doctor said cheerfully.

Jessie's eyes widened, she quickly hid behind James. The Doctor frowned. "Sorry doc, she doesn't trust guys while she's like this." The Doctor's frown got bigger. "Except me."

"I see," he said. He handed him the hypospray. "Just give her this and she'll be fine. And please capture Mr Tuvok. As you can see, he's causing me a lot of bother."

"Ok, this won't hurt a bit," James said as he used the hypospray on Jessie. She rubbed her arm afterwards. "Did it?"

"No, it felt weird," she replied.

"Right, I'd better go. One smack and he's down again, no problem. I just have to find him," James said. He headed back out.

"How long will it take?" Jessie asked quietly.

"A few minutes, I wouldn't worry," the Doctor replied.

A little while later:

James turned one of the corners not looking very happy. "Come on Tuvok, where are you?" He tripped over a crewmember's unconscious body. "Oh, Sickbay?"

In: "Yes?"

"I've found another patient," James replied.

In: "Ugh, beam him or her here."

James groaned as he fiddled with the wall panel. The crewmember dematerialised. He turned back around and found Tuvok standing a few metres away. "Finally."

"You again. I don't like people who interrupt me," Tuvok growled.

"You get used to it," James said.

Tuvok placed his palms together, he stared at him with wide angry eyes. All this happened in slow motion like in those westerns. James rolled his eyes, also in slow motion, he meanwhile drummed his left fingers against his own leg impatiently.

Tuvok lowered his hands. He took in a deep breath before screaming madly, "aaaaaaagggghh!" He started running towards him, but he didn't move.

"Oh, good god," James muttered. At the last second he took one step to the left, Tuvok had just then leaped forward and instead he fell onto the ground.

"Owie," he said in a child like voice.

"Well that was fun, let's not do it again," James said as he knelt down. He pushed the hypospray into Tuvok's arm, then tapped his own commbadge. "Sickbay, I got him."

Sickbay:

"Well that was sure strange," Jessie muttered as she glanced at her biobed mate, Danny.

"Yeah," she said. She glanced at James, who was standing nearby. "Sorry for threatening you with a groin kick."

"So you should be," James said.

Danny smiled sweetly, she slipped an arm around Jessie's shoulders. "I wouldn't do that to my Jess. I'll never do it again." Jessie just rolled her eyes, she glanced back at James smirking a little.

Ian walked over to the group, "sorry about that Dan."

"No, it's fine, you did what you had to," Danny said sweetly. "Just treat me to a free meal and we're even."

On the neighbouring biobed Kathryn woke up, she sat up with a groan. "Oh my god, what a headache. How much?"

Chakotay sighed as he moved closer to the biobed, "I don't want to know, Neelix will tell you."

Tuvok walked over, "Captain, Commander. I really should apologise for my behaviour. I advice that you relive me of duty immediately."

"Skiver," Danny commented.

"It's all right Tuvok. We all did things we didn't mean," Chakotay said. He glanced at James with a stony look on his face, then back at Kathryn.

"What did you do?" Danny asked.

"I just hit him," James replied.

"What happened to Damien and his crew, did they just leave?" Ian asked as Kes made her way over.

"He got nervous when I asked why they were helping us, and left. Obviously he's up to something, we'll find out what no doubt," Kes said.

Jessie sighed, "actually I've got a better question." Everyone turned to her. "If this was the Apple's doing, how come we haven't seen any of them?"

Meanwhile, the FDA ship:

Damien sat down in his chair, "the plan is in motion. I can't believe how gullible they are. I told you it was genius."

"Not really, a villain already did something like this in another show so it wasn't your idea," Gareth pointed out.

"Don't be stupid. I'm Damien, Original and Genius are my middle names," Damien muttered.

"What's your last name?" Justin asked.

"What's my last name?" Damien laughed. "What a stupid question. Why, my last name is..." He turned pale, "I don't know. The writers didn't give me one, the bitches!"

Justin smiled, "what a great name you have sir. Damien Original Genius I Don't Know."

Damien rolled his eyes, "no I don't actually know it, that's not. Oh forget it. Lets move onto Part Two of the plan, listen carefully. I'll only explain three times." Myleene used her fingers to count. "That's one time, second time, three times Myleene." She smiled. "Ok, what we do is..."

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