

Compiled by: Jackie

[illegible]

Heinrich Kruze/ Oliver Bader-Pagitt-1042)

(Toronto - Canada - Pinewood Studios - Dressing Room seven - COO LTjg Paul Sleeford / Saul Pickford 10:50)

(Toronto – Studio Car - Studio Asst/Driver Trixie Bell / CMO Lt Gabe Vespers - Josh Baskin - 1101)

(Toronto – CN Tower- Studio Asst/Driver Trixie Bell / CMO Lt Gabe Vespers - Josh Baskin - 1200)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios - Karen Hayorth (Janey Brown) / Show Runner Will Banowsky- 1230)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios – Sickbay set - Philip Moon (Ewan McDonald) - 1233)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios – Richard Evans /Ire Williams - 1233)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios –Writer’s Assistant Office - Richard Evans /Ire Williams - 1244)

(Toronto, Canada -Toronto Metro Police Precinct – Toronto PD, Detective Drake O'Toole – 1246)

(Toronto, Canada -Toronto Metro Police Precinct – 2O/CEO, Lt. Cmdr. Keira Merek – 1250)

(Toronto, Canada -Toronto Metro Police Precinct – Toronto PD, Detective Drake O'Toole – 1252)

(Toronto, Canada -Toronto Metro Police Precinct – 2O/CEO, Lt. Cmdr. Keira Merek / Anna Hegilsdottir –1258)

(Toronto, Canada - Maple Academy Of Dance, Concord - Lt Greta Smith/Donna Mills - 1302)

(Canada- Toronto-pinewood studios- dressing room- COO LTjg Paul Sleeford/ Saul Pickford 14:05)

(Toronto, Canada - St Michaels Hospital - CSO Lt Erin Cortez/Genevieve Rhodes & Doctor Lindsay Devereaux - 1421)

(Toronto, Canada - Steve's Car- CTO/3O Lieutenant commander Ravok -1432)

(Toronto, Canada - St Michaels Hospital - CTO/3O Lieutenant commander Ravok - 1439)

(Toronto, Earth - Toronto Convention Centre - Yeoman, Ensign Thea Helms/Kimberly Serizawa-15:00)

(Toronto, Canada - Meridian Hall Theatre - Ensign Rylee Page/Claire Bradbury - 1504)

(Toronto, Canada - Kyle & Genevieve's apartment - CSO Lt Erin Cortez/Genevieve Rhodes - 1517)

(Toronto, Canada - The streets- CTO/3O Lieutenant commander Ravok/Kyle Ravine -1551)

(Toronto, Canada - Kyle & Genevieve's apartment - CSO Lt Erin Cortez/Genevieve Rhodes - 1620)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios, Trailer of Tristan Steele- CO, Captain Trip Williams/Tristan Steele and FO Cmdr Ailynn Bracken/Gabrielle Knight -1700)

(Toronto, Canada - The Rex hotel Jazz and blues bar - Ensign Rayan Anra/Misha Collins - 1705)

(Toronto, Canada - 130 Carlton St - CSO Lieutenant Erin Cortez/Genevieve Rhodes- 1745)

Matthew suddenly realised he was on form of transport called a plane, but they weren't in use anymore apart from nostalgic trips and holodeck adventures. He tried to think back to what had happened, all he could remember was falling asleep in his quarters. He looked down at his hands for a moment, he squinted at them, something seemed different about them. He sighed and decided to wait for the plane to land.

After the plane landed Matthew followed everyone else into what seemed to be the staging area for those who were flying. As he was about to enter he felt someone grab his arm and a voice say.

“Martin! Welcome back. I’ve got a copy of your passport that you rang and told me you had left in the States. Once we clear customs we can head to the studio”.

Matthew turned and saw a male, who didn’t recognise, with grey hair and glasses dressed in a suit of some kind standing there with a grin on his face.

“I’m sorry” he stammered, thinking quickly. “I can’t remember your name or where you are from. I felt a bit out of it on the flight and my mind is a bit mixed up”.

“It’s me Andy, your agent. You really must be out of it not to recognise me. Come on let’s go”.

Matthew followed the man through customs to a waiting vehicle, he had seen these on old videos his parents had. An SUV he believed it was. As he got in he said to Andy. “If you don’t mind I’d like to go somewhere to freshen up and get my bearings before we head to where we are going”.

“Sure, we’ll stop for a feed and then head to the studio so you can start your latest show. The Exeter”.

Matthew started as he heard the ship mentioned, what on earth was going on?

(Reply None)

(Toronto, Canada, Parked outside Pinewood Studios – OPS Ensign JG Matthew Fuller/Martin Franklin – 1005)

Matthew sat back against the backseat of the car with a deep sigh, he had enjoyed the food that they had just eaten and they were now outside a place called Pinewood Studios where apparently he, or the person he apparently was, were meant to be.

Throughout the trip he had been constantly looking in the mirror at his reflection, the person looked like him but at the same time it was as if he wasn’t really there.

“Hey Martin, snap out of it. We’re here!” He was jolted back to the present by a voice from the front seat of the vehicle they were in. He called himself Andy and was apparently Martin’s agent getting him parts in television shows.

Matthew looked out the window at the building before him. It was huge with lots of people walking around in various clothing. Amongst the crowd he could see various colours that looked like Starfleet uniforms. He got out of the car and was starting to walk towards a couple of these when Andy grabbed his arm.

“Woah there, hold on just a moment. Don’t go wandering off just yet”. Andy guided him towards a small building where a man in a uniform of some kind stood checking what seemed to be cards on people’s clothing. The guard apparently looked up as they approached, “Good morning Mr Franklin, here’s your I.D. for while you’re here. Enjoy your stay”. He handed over a card with a photo of the Martin person.

Matthew then followed Andy to another building which had Exeter written on it. He tensed as he approached the doors, would he see the ship and other crew waiting. The door opened and his shoulders slumped, all there was, was a large hanger with the inside of a ship supposed to be the Exeter by the looks of it and no sign of any Starfleet personnel.

What was going on???

(Reply None)

(Toronto –Pinewood Toronto Studios, Lot 3 –COO Paul Sleaford / Saul Pickford 10:30)

Paul stood next to the green screen as Janice or Ava made her excuses and good byes to Amber. Waiting until she was well out of earshot he waited as Janice lead him away from the children.

“Saul?” she stated with an upward inflection to denote it as a question more than a statement and decided to again play it safe with Paul, “I think I’ve been working too hard. I woke up this morning and I have sworn I’d actually been to Risa and looked up at its two suns. Sounds crazy right?” Her gaze met his with one of concern, “You ever get that feeling? Waking up and still feeling like your in a dream?”

Nodding Paul glanced over his shoulder to where the group was examining the 'rifle'

"To be honest yes. I woke up this morning in a strange bed, in a strange house. I went to bed after a new years eve party. A party in which Commander Bracken wore a dress bordering on the scandalous and you I remember where in a tracksuit, just in from the gym, or at least thats how I seem to remember it. I may be wrong. "

(Reply Hammerfeild)

Squatting down Paul looked up at Janice, "To be honest with you I freaked a little this morning. I'm beginning to question my sanity. I'm wondering if what I remember about last night wasn't..."

Pausing Paul closed his eyes, no he could see the party, he could remember Katie's dress, along with Brackens and many others, he knew he'd asked Ire, Ravok and Stan to be his groomsmen.

"No last night happened I'm sure, why this is happening I'm not too sure about."

(Reply Hammerfield)

Looking across the parking area, Paul felt confused, "I keep hoping this is a bad dream and I'm going to wake up. That or it's a holodeck program Katie's dragged me into, either way I'm getting a little bit scared."

(Reply Hammerfield)

(Reply Hammerfield)

(Toronto –Pinewood Toronto Studios, Lot 3 – ACEO Lieutenant Janice Hammerfield / Ava Kelly – 1032)

"To be honest yes. I woke up this morning in a strange bed, in a strange house. I went to bed after a new years eve party. A party in which Commander Bracken wore a dress bordering on the scandalous and you I remember where in a tracksuit, just in from the gym, or at least thats how I seem to remember it. I may be wrong. "

Janice was partly relieved yet worried hearing Paul say that, "Thats... that's what I remember too. I did wear that – but anyone here will tell me that it was a costume."

Squatting down Paul looked up at Janice, "To be honest with you I freaked a little this morning. I'm beginning to question my sanity. I'm wondering if what I remember about last night wasn't..."

"No last night happened I'm sure, why this is happening I'm not too sure about."

Janice put her hand on his shoulder comfortingly, "I think so too – but I don't have anything to work off as to why. All I know is I have a dog at home that feels like its known me for years and a fan club of tots that look up to me. Ive been winging it since I got up but some things feel off. This is my uniform but its feels... cheap. That is my rifle... but the weight is off. I was struggling to tell if I was Janice or just someone who got to close to her work,"

Show original message

Picking Paul up onto his feet Janice gave him a quick friendly hug to try and settle him, "Relax – we will find out whats going on... Somehow."

A loud pitched 'oooooo' came from over by the set as a couple of the kids seen Janice trying to comfort Paul. Looking over she put her hands on her hips and lent forward a bit towards them, "You guys better watch out or you'll be next in line for a hug!" Quickly the scarpered back off to the food serving area behind leaving Janice with a small smirk on her face.

Janice turned back to Paul, "I don't know whats going on but we will figure it out. If this is... Ava's... my... or not's life I don't want to mess it up for them though. These kids look up to her too much – I cant disappoint them." She paused for a moment before continuing knowing that things are a bit skewwhiff, "Have – have you seen or spoken to Katie yet?"

(Reply Sleeford)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios, Makeup and wardrobe department- Amber Ravine/ Nesha Kervik-1034)

After leaving Ava and Saul, Amber walked back into the makeup department. When she arrived she saw Oliver Bader-Pagitt, who played Heinrich Kruze. Oliver was a bit of a hot head. Who had on occasion been extremely rude to her, but Amber shrugged it off. She got paid good money and her work on the show added a great notch on her resume, so if she had to deal with Oliver it was fine by her.

" Hello Oliver" Amber said, hoping to kill him with kindness.

(reply Kruze)

" When you're ready, I have to see how the new lights from Canon C900 camera lights work on your skin tones. The studio upgraded for the new season. Shouldn't take much if anything at all to balance your natural tone against the lighting." She said, trying to be as straightforward as possible. She braced herself for the stereotypical outburst he had become legendary for.

(reply Kruze.)

(replies Kruze)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios, Makeup and wardrobe department- aACMO Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze/ Oliver Bader-Pagitt-1035)

The Beast's phone rang and she picked it up. "Hello, Gillian here. What's that? WHAT!? Yes, right away." Heinrich felt the bad vibes coming from her. She had grown even angrier.

"Can I leave you here for fifteen minutes without you getting into trouble, Oliver?" Heinrich meekly nodded. "Good. I've got something else I need to take care of. Actors." She stormed off in a huff leaving Heinrich alone in wardrobe without the faintest clue of what to do. So he wandered about the costumes, marveling at how closely they resembled Starfleet uniforms, and yet were so different.

"Hello Oliver," Amber said. Heinrich was taken off guard, though he should have expected someone to approach him. Amber was a young woman, black hair and brown eyes. He was immediately smitten.

"Uh, hi. Didn't see you there."

"When you're ready, I have to see how the new lights from Canon C900 camera lights work on your skin tones. The studio upgraded for the new season. Shouldn't take much if anything at all to balance your natural tone against the lighting."

Heinrich didn't know what a Canon C900 was, or why his skin tones mattered. He didn't know what all he was brought in to do. So he figured he'd go with the flow.

"Sure, I guess. I think I'm ready?"

(Reply Amber)

(Toronto Canada-Pinewood studio lot- COO LTjg Paul Sleeford/Saul Pickford- 1035)

Paul felt himself lifted to his feet and enfolded into the arms of Janice Hammerfield

“Relax – we will find out whats going on... Somehow.”

Hearing a giggle and a prolonged ‘Oooohhh’ Paul turned his head and saw the group of children looking round the screen, smiling as Janice scooted them away.

“You guys better watch out or you’ll be next in line for a hug!”

Laughing as the kids ran off squealing and giggling back towards the food table. Turning back as Janice spoke.

“I don’t know whats going on but we will figure it out. If this is... Ava’s... my... or not’s life I don’t want to mess it up for them though. These kids look up to her too much – I cant disappoint them. , Have – have you seen or spoken to Katie yet?”

Paul lost his smile, he’d not seen Katie since he’d headed to bed the night before.

“No I woke up alone, I assume the entire crew are here some where in some guise. I don’t know I. What capacity or where. I know she’s not in the show.”

Paul paused, “ No she’s not listed as regular cast, so I’m not sure. If she’s out there, I’ll find her, if I can recognise her.”

Looking back to where the group of children where all stood, “Looks like your on again, your group are waiting. I’ll head back to my ‘dressing room’ I’ll see if anyone else is here. It’s good to know I’m not here alone”

(Reply Hammerfield)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios, Makeup and wardrobe department- Amber Ravine/
Nesha Kervik-1036)

"Sure, I guess. I think I'm ready?" Oliver asked.

Amber didn't know if he was being genuine or smartass, but decided killing him with kindness was still the best way to proceed.

"You're here, so what better time than now. " Amber motioned to a chair at a well lit station.

(reply kruze)

Once he sat down she turned the chair to face the mirror. " Your eyes look different." Amber remarked as she began matching his skin tone to the pallet of colors she had.

(reply Kruze)

" I mean they're the same color , but less intense. Usually you look so pissed off. It's nice to see you in a good mood for once." She couldn't help but laugh slightly.

She knew she had just crossed into dangerous territory, but she couldn't help but notice that the man sitting in the chair somehow seemed different.

" I'm sorry it's been a wild morning."

(Reply Kruze.)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios, Makeup and wardrobe department- aACMO Ensign SG
Heinrich Kruze/ Oliver Bader-Pagitt-1037)

"You're here, so what better time than now. " Amber motioned to a chair at a well lit station. Heinrich stared at the station in confusion, at first. But soon realized he was meant to sit there in the glare and the naked mirror.

"Oh, sure." He said as he moved over and sat down. Amber began to take out her make up. "Your eyes look different."

"What do you mean, different?"

"I mean they're the same color, but less intense. Usually you look so pissed off. It's nice to see you in a good mood for once." She said with a laugh. "I'm sorry it's been a wild morning."

"Tell me about it." Heinrich said. "I should have been here a half hour ago, or so I've been told." He waited a beat, not sure how much he should say, or could say. "I don't know if I've been myself since I got up this morning."

(Reply Amber)

"I can't explain it. I just feel strange. Like I woke up in a whole new world. So, anyway, what will this all entail? Explain it to me like I have no clue what's going on."

(Reply Amber)

(Toronto –Pinewood Toronto Studios, Lot 3 – ACEO Lieutenant Janice Hammerfield / Ava Kelly – 1038)

[Hide original message](#)

"No I woke up alone, I assume the entire crew are here some where in some guise. I don't know I. What capacity or where. I know she's not in the show."

Paul paused, " No she's not listed as regular cast, so I'm not sure. If she's out there, I'll find her, if I can recognise her."

Looking back to where the group of children where all stood, “Looks like your on again, your group are waiting. I’ll head back to my ‘dressing room’ I’ll see if anyone else is here. It’s good to know I’m not here alone”

“It looks that way,” she glanced back at the kids, “If need to talk just look me up. Im sure someone can point you to me here – im not even really sure where I am,”

She gave him a tap on the shoulder before going back to the kids, “Good luck Paul.”

(Reply None)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios, Makeup and wardrobe department- Amber Ravine/
Nesha Kervik -1038)

“Tell me about it.” Heinrich said. “I should have been here a half hour ago, or so I’ve been told.”
“I don’t know if I’ve been myself since I got up this morning.”

" Not yourself ? Like having an off day ?" This was the most Oliver had ever talked without making some pompous remark about someone or something.

“I can’t explain it. I just feel strange. Like I woke up in a whole new world. So, anyway, what will this all entail? Explain it to me like I have no clue what’s going on.”

Amber looked at him for a moment. Something about him was definitely off.

" You know the last time you were in my chair, you nearly ripped my head off for talking too much and now you want to know about what I'm doing ?"

(reply Kruze)

She stopped for a second.

" I'm sorry. It's just that I went into this interaction with my guard up and you're completely unlike what I was bracing myself for, maybe it's just me." She shrugged her shoulders.

" I feel like I'm a bit off myself. Something about this entire day just seems off...maybe it's just stress she laughed.

(reply Kruze)

She applied a small portion of makeup to his cheeks. " The theatrical makeup we use helps hide blemishes from the camera and with the help of the stage lighting enhances the natural qualities of your face, basically makes you look good on camera. " She said, stepping back and looking at his face.

" You know the best thing about you is your eyes really pop when you wear the uniform. The blue really captures the intensity of your eyes."

(reply Kruze)

" We're all done. " she said, wiping his face gently.

" I thought I'd never say this but if you need to talk about whatever it is that's bothering you or making you feel off I'm here, just dont bite my head off Mr. Bader-Pagitt " she giggled.

(reply Kruze.)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios, Makeup and wardrobe department- aACMO Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze/ Oliver Bader-Pagitt-1039)

"You know the last time you were in my chair, you nearly ripped my head off for talking too much and now you want to know about what I'm doing?"

"I was?" Heinrich noticed people were acting strangely around him. They spoke like they were walking on eggshells, or walking a tightrope, or whatever metaphor fits. So it would seem he's inhabited the life of one Oliver, who is a giant asshole. Heinrich still couldn't make sense of all that was going on, but he thought he might enjoy the freedom that comes with having a reputation.

"I'm sorry. It's just that I went into this interaction with my guard up and you're completely unlike what I was bracing myself for, maybe it's just me. I feel like I'm a bit off myself. Something about this entire day just seems off...maybe it's just stress." Amber laughed, and Heinrich nodded.

"We do have a big day coming up." Amber began applying makeup. Heinrich had never worn makeup. The sensation on his cheeks was tickling, and he did his best not to scratch.

"The theatrical makeup we use helps hide blemishes from the camera and with the help of the stage lighting enhances the natural qualities of your face, basically makes you look good on camera." She took a step back, "You know the best thing about you is your eyes really pop when you wear the uniform. The blue really captures the intensity of your eyes."

Heinrich blushed. "Well, uh, thanks."

"We're all done. I thought I'd never say this but if you need to talk about whatever it is that's bothering you or making you feel off I'm here, just don't bite my head off Mr. Bader-Pagitt." She said with a giggle.

Heinrich did not know quite what to say. When Amber stood back he suddenly noticed the brilliance of her eyes, and started acting foolish. "I figure I'm going to be in town a few days yet. Want to get drinks? When the day's over? I think I could use one and I bet you could too."

(Reply Amber)

"Great! Where about?"

(Reply Amber)

"Sounds good to me, what time?"

(Reply Amber)

“Alright, I’ll see you then. Looking forward to it.” Heinrich said as he got up. “So, uh, what am I supposed to do next?”

(Reply Amber, any)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios, Makeup and wardrobe department- Amber Ravine/
Nesha Kervik-1041)

“I figure I’m going to be in town a few days yet. Want to get drinks? When the day’s over? I think I could use one and I bet you could too.” Oliver suggested,
~ What is he trying to pull? Could be fun.~

She smiled. " Yeah that sounds like a good idea." Amber was genuinely excited.

“Great! Where about?”

" Well there's this fun place on college street called Bangarang, it's really laid back, they even have cornhole and some interesting tabletop games and some of the best whiskey in town." Amber mentioned.

“Sounds good to me, what time?" Oliver asked.

" Well the crowds don't start rolling in until about 930. So we can get there at 9 and feel the place out a bit. Kinda claim our space." Amber laughed and touched his shoulder.

“Alright, I’ll see you then. Looking forward to it.” Heinrich said as he got up. “So, uh, what am I supposed to do next?”

She shook her head and laughed.

" I don't know, you could explore the set. My brother Kyle said that you get your own office set this season, no more redecorating Ravok's office to make it look like yours, it seems like you're moving up in the Exeter world."

(reply Kruze)

" OH ! wait ." Amber said suddenly.

" Here's my number." she said, handing him a small piece of paper.

" Call me if you have any trouble finding the place, but the address is 552 College Street."

(reply Kruze)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios, Makeup and wardrobe department- aACMO Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze/ Oliver Bader-Pagitt-1042)

"I don't know, you could explore the set. My brother Kyle said that you get your own office set this season, no more redecorating Ravok's office to make it look like yours, it seems like you're moving up in the Exeter world.”

Heinrich grinned from ear to ear, he’d never had his own office before. Even if it was a fake one. “Wow, my very own office.”

"OH ! wait ." Amber said suddenly. "Here's my number.” She handed Heinrich a piece of paper with eight numbers on it. Heinrich figured it was some sort of code he could put in his phone and it would get ahold of her. A lot more primitive than the more intuitive combadge. He folded it up and put it in his pocket, hoping he wouldn’t forget it.

"Call me if you have any trouble finding the place, but the address is 552 College Street.”

“5 5 2 College street. Alright. Thanks! I’ll see you then!” He said, waving goodbye, wandering off without a care in the world.

(Reply none)

(Toronto - Canada - Pinewood Studios - Dressing Room seven - COO LTjg Paul Sleaford / Saul Pickford 10:50)

Wandering back from seeing Janice, Paul was deep in thought, arriving at his dressing room door he paused, somewhere out in the city of Toronto and its surrounding areas where three hundred and fifty plus people who were lost and probably scared. He didn't believe for one second that only the command staff and department heads were here.

Sitting at his small desk, Paul picked up the folder containing the script, reading the list of 'crew' he noticed that some characters were listed as recurring. As he read on at the bottom of the page was a string of letters and characters. Closing his eyes to drag out the memories of ancient history classes he remembered they were called a web link or something similar. Grabbing his communications device he stared at it for several seconds and then tapped the browser icon. While he waited for what seemed like years for it to open.

Slowly and carefully entering the characters he waited while the screen changed, showing a picture of the Exeter in orbit of a planet with an over stylized starfield behind it. Reading the information Paul bit his lip to stop laughing. Whoever wrote this had no idea. Finding the crew list he read the names, grabbing his script he pulled open drawers looking for a pencil or a pen. Sitting there he placed a small mark by the names on the script against those on the screen. It appeared that all the command staff and departmental heads and assistant heads were listed, that left over three hundred people unaccounted for.

(Replies None)

(Toronto – Studio Car - Studio Asst/Driver Trixie Bell / CMO Lt Gabe Vespers - Josh Baskin - 1101)

Trixie sighed. "The leftfield geography homework I get? The unusual drive to work I get on like...my first day?" She sipped her tea, and sighed. "I'm sorry, that was catty. I apologise. I live here because I was born here, I got my first job after graduating from the college down the road from where I was born. The shops are nice, and the bars are fun. People are friendly." She sipped her tea again. "I'm not really sure I know what it is you want from me?"

"I want you to talk, I want you to tell me things I don't know" ~not things you think I know~

"Look, I'm supposed to take you to the studio, but is there anywhere else you want to go? Into the centre maybe, or just a tour? I'm kind of at a loss as to where your head's at." Trixie's tone was gentle, questioning yet helpful. She had no idea what was wrong with Josh, and though she wasn't his PA, she figured that it was part of her job as a Studio Assistant to make sure that all the cast, actors and the like were in a place where they were happy, which it seemed, Josh was not.

Gabe sighed, he looked at the woman's reflection, none of this made sense. He woke up in a place he didn't know, but seemed to be known, he's been given a new name, but yet this person acts out his life. Suddenly this world wanted him to be happy and more than anything Gabe was confused and needed space..he had been placed with a woman that was insistent on telling him things he already knew, but she said it was just pretend. He watched, she didn't flinch, was this real to her?

"You say this is your first day?"

"First real full day yeah. Couple of training days, familiarisation, that kind of thing." She took a sip of the tea, and put it in the cup holder to her right.

"Well we all have first days, I'm sorry yours has been such a downer with me." Gabe looked out the window at the adverts, they didn't move, it was odd and disturbing, like someone had paused the world.

"Okay, so lets assume you don't want to hit Pinewood just yet, you have me at your disposal, I can...help you, but just coming out with a list of facts verbatim is kinda tricky where I don't have any place to start. You know the day and date, what next? Help me help you." She smiled gently, hopefully showing that there were no hard feelings or lingering upset about events up 'till now."

"Lunch, early lunch" he finally said

"Okay, good start.One second." she picked up her phone and tapped briefly at the keyboard.

"Just sent a message that we're delayed and you've asked me to take you elsewhere. Otherwise this will be my last day too." she smiled. "So food...bunch of bars, restaurants and stuff not all that far away." She turned the key and started the engine, "You have a preference or do you

prefer a surprise? There's a nice little food shack down by the lake. Does a nice little selection of stuff. Really good burger, and a day like this the yachts are out on the water. It's nice."

"Burgers?" Gabe kept the word as a question, to him it was because he didn't know what one was outside of a replicator, hopefully to her it was a prompt.

"Yeah...I know, sounds a bit mainstream, but bear with me. They get the beef, if that's your thing off a farmer's market just a few miles away, cooked to order, toppings of your choice. If you're a veggie, then they do an amazing Halloumi, it's kind of like a rubbery cheese that you pan fry or griddle. Nicer than it sounds. Fries are made from real potatoes too, rather than just factory made crap. Sound good?"

"Let's go"

Trixie put the car into reverse, and backed out the space, before pulling out of the car park and across the two lanes of traffic, headed towards Lake Ontario. As she drove she pointed out buildings, one in particular. "That's the CN tower. Tallest free-standing structure in the Western hemisphere. You can go up it and there's a revolving restaurant on one of the decks up there. The views are rad, beautiful at night if you like that kind of thing."

Gabe looked at this things as they were printed out. He sighed inside trying constantly to figure out what was going on. "Stop!"

"Okay...I can't just stop, I'm in the middle of the road, but carry on talking. Something about the CN Tower interest you?"

"Go there, let's go there I can see the city from there and try to clear my head"

"Sure." Trixie said with a smile, indicating to pull across the traffic. " should be pretty quiet. Not very touristy on a Monday morning.

(Reply None)

(Toronto – CN Tower- Studio Asst/Driver Trixie Bell / CMO Lt Gabe Vespers - Josh Baskin - 1200)

A while later, having managed to park the car, Trixie and Josh entered the foyer of the tower, Trixie went up to the counter and payed for the two of them asking for a receipt that she slipped into her purse that was slung over her shoulder. She then motioned toward the lift. "We're good. Let's go." She said with a smile.

Entering the lift Gabe allowed Trixie in first, admiring her standing there he had positioned himself Infront of the the lift controls, not that he knew what they were for.

"Restaurant" he called looking at Trixie.

"Why aren't we moving? Restaurant" Gabe called again as people started to look at him.

"Oh right yeh, need to activate the voice" he looked around and grabbed the rail attempting to twist it he instructed the lift to the restaurant again. As it failed to move he gestured annoyed "what am I doing wrong!"

Trixie looked at him, puzzled, and pointed at the controls, reached around him and pushed the one marked R.

“Button controls. No voice elevators yet. Voice tech is too unreliable.” She smiled at him.

Gabe watched and felt his face going red "yeh of course, method acting" Gabe squirmed and screwed his face up trying to get out of a very awkward moment.

The lift started off and accelerated up the tower, eventually reaching the top. “Restaurant and Observation lounge. Obs deck first?”

"Obs?" ~gabe you're not on a space station it won't be what you think it is. "Let's just go for dinner, my treat" Gabe tapped his back pocket where the money was sat still.

“You sure? Since you’re offering I’ll not say no, but entertaining the stars is on expenses anyway, genuinely up to you.” She smiled at him.

"Ive been an asshole, yes, my treat." Gabe looked around and took the room in. It was larger than he had expected, they were seated in a booth looking over the city. For the first time Gabe was stunned at how beautiful the city was.

"It's absolutely beautiful, no wonder you like living here"

“I really do. It has the right mix of big city, but also small town too, you get to know your neighbours. Like I said before, the lake is amazing, I love it down there, but this is cool too.”

Looking round Gabe took note of how people were acting, he picked up the menu and looked it over "any suggestions?"

“I’ve only been here once, the tenderloin was good, comes with veg fresh off the market.

"I'll have the Hearts of Romaine Salad, the Quebec Pork Tenderloin and the...Cabernet Franc ~shame there isnt a Château Picard~ "so, where's the Repl...waiter?"

Trixie caught the eye of a waiter, and reeled off Josh’s order, “and I’ll have the roasted beets, and then the tarragon brined supreme of chicken.”

"Easier done than home, oh some water too please" Gabe smiled feeling he needed to add something.

The waiter nodded and left the table.

"So, chicken, that good" ~you don't need to make small talk idiot, she's a driver not a date"

Trixie smiled, “when I came last time, the guy on the next table had it, and it looked nice.” The waiter came back with a small pitcher of water, clear ice cubes and a slice of lemon chilled, and slightly flavoured the water. “Thank you.” she said, the waiter looking down his nose at her slightly.

Gabe watched as the man looked Trixie up and down. "Excuse me, is there a problem with our water?

“No Sir...Fresh as it gets. Would you like a different one Sir?”

"Because I assume there is given the length of time you're looking at the table. Because, I can't think of anyother reason for you to be lingering and staring at us. I don't want a new water, but I suggest you arrange for a new waiter from now on, clearly you're too preoccupied with the condition of the water than actually serving us. Dismissed." Gabe winked at Trixie

Trixie blushed. “You didn’t need to do that, I mean it was nice that you did.” She smiled. “My hair matches my shoe colour, some people, like posh waiters think they’re better than others.”

Gabe watched as the man rushes off. "Ok, I didn't do it for you, I did it for me...needed a laugh. I'm known on the crew as being the asshole but sometimes I play it up with the new guys...it's just a bit of fun. And I think your shoes are a nice colour.

"Thank you. She blushed again. "I always see Gabe as less gruff than he makes out to be."

~he?~ "I'm exactly as i appear, I care but at the end of the day I'll rip your head off if needs be" Gabe laughed unsure if she would now revert to talking in the third person, this world or whatever it is was confusing.

"I can see that, but your softer, gentler side is cute. You should let that out more."

"Would you like some dirty, prejudged water?" Gabe picked up the jug

Nodding, she moved her glass toward him. "Thank you."

"You're welcome" Gabe smiled and poured the water. "So, tell me what do people really think of me?"

Trixie sighed. "That's tricky, because people don't always separate the real you away from the 'Gabe Vespers' character you. Anyone that says you're an ass is just talking about Gabe being his snippy exterior, but they forget how he is with Ronnie; and with Ailynn too."

"Oh?"

"I'm saying they don't know the real you. The one deep down, the one that poured the water just, held the door, that kind of thing." She shrugged gently, a gentle smile on her face.

"People don't get to see the real me, it's all a facade, a mask. It's a big job, juggling so many people. Only a few people get in, my sister, my partner."

"If you don't mind me asking, say if you do, what's it like working with your sister? I mean...I have a friend, who says that she'd hate to be around her, 'Ailynn's like...far too intense and neurotic...' Her words, not mine."

"Finding my sister was the hardest and best thing that's happened. I'm so glad she's in my life, it was bumpy to start with but we've just found a way of making it work. She's intense but have you met me?" Gabe laughed

Trixie laughed. "Aww. You're okay. I love that you guys are close."

"So, any family?"

"Just an older sister." Trixie shrugged. "I wish I could say the same nice things about my family as you did about yours. "We lost our parents when I was about five. My sister was fifteen, and we were fostered." once more she shrugged, and sipped her water. "She's a hotshot lawyer now, and still treats me like I'm five. If you think that waiter judged me then you ain't seen nothing. So...pretty much me myself and I."

"That's how I spent my youth, I get that. It's a shame when you just want to live" Gabe watched as she spoke and sipped his water

"Just my boyfriend, and that's going nowhere...he wants us to get married because his surname is Pepper, then we can hyphenate, and be Mr and Mrs Bell-Pepper. He's a..." she remembered where she was, and pushed away the thought.

"A what? Hes a what?" Gabe looked her in the eyes, showing he was sincere.

The appetizers arrived, and she nodded a thanks. "So..." she thought. "You know those guys in high school, the ones that you perhaps thought were cool, but looking back they were just being a dick? He's like that, at 27."

"Not really, but then I wasn't into guys"

"Fair point, but you take my meaning. There was still a cool clique, and like I said. He's still at high school in his head."

"I get your point, he's not grown up."

She shook her head. "It's fine though" smiling warmly. "I'm having fun now. New job, nice lunch first day, and good company."

"I appreciate the first day, believe me this definitely feels like first day. Good company is important." Gabe looked over and for the first time since arriving here, he felt safe.

"How's the starter?" Trixie asked, pushing the negativity away.

"Bland, too much salad" Gabe laughed taking a sip of the wine that had been poured for them, not exactly the best wine for salad but none the less it was wine.

"So, how long have you two been together? You ask me about my life, it's only fair to return the favour"

"Dating, about a year." She said eating a mouthful of the beets and roasted carrots. "I knew him at high school though. I'm not saying it's not good, it's just not what I want, he wants to still goof around, and I want to become more than I am, and settle. I'm not saying not have fun, more...become an adult you know?"

"Yeh I know. If you're feeling that maybe it's time to move on. Let the water go under the bridge. You have a new job, a new life, why don't you find a new person" Gabe laughed and drank his wine again, he wasn't used to real alcohol so it was slowly going to his head.

"Also, what do we do after dinner?"

"I don't mind...Filming doesn't start until tomorrow, make up know what they're doing with you, and you don't need screen tests or pre-reads. Afternoon is your own unless you have a massive hankering to see what's going on down at the studio."

"you mean go down to a studio where I've been before and know...nah" Gabe had held onto the intention he wasn't going there, he needed to see the people he needed to see but that could wait. Infront of him was a person who saw into his soul and someone that saw past the gruff harsh exterior he wanted time in that new him.

"Can I ask something? More correctly make a tiny observation?"

"Ask or say away" Gabe said taking another drink and motioning to the new waiter for another bottle.

"Tell me to mind my own business, but you seem lost, confused by normal things. Tiny stuff like the lift back there."

Gabe sat he swelled the wine around his mouth "method acting, clearly I'm getting into it too much. Which is why I need a break from that place and a chance to spend the time with someone not on the crew. Although, I did tell you to treat me like someone from the future"

“Fair enough, you did.” Trixie shrugged and smiled.

Mains arrived and Gabe looked down at the food placed Infront of him. He looked up at the woman opposite "should have got burgers"

Trixie smiled and started her own dish. “Different kind of dining. Try it, flavours are really good.” She shook her head gently at the waiter and covered her wineglass as he offered wine. “Water’s fine. Too early for me and I’m driving.”

"Better than the crap at the Exeter I guess"

They ate and Gabe kept watching the people in the room taking in notes of what was happening, he looked up as Trixie was eating and noted the way the light had streamed in the window and onto her, for a moment he had forgotten where he was.

“View changes slowly, the restaurant rotates, takes about an hour to go round I’m told. Pretty rad. So...after lunch, ideas? There’s a couple of museums if that’s your thing?”

Gabe sat for a moment and thought. In the space of a few hours he had become free of the stresses and strains of every day life. There was a pull, but suddenly not having to worry about a crew, a department made him feel free. In front of him was someone offering a different way, that or he was drunk.

"Call the Exter people, tell them I'm not coming in and I'm not sure about tomorrow. Show me your world" the phrase had a double meaning, to anyone looking in it meant Bells life, to Gabe it meant this new world.

The meal drew to a close, and Trixie motioned to a waiter for the check. As the waiter drew it up she made a call to her boss, or rather, as it turned out, her bosses boss, to who she related the message from Josh.

=^=Well, he has today, but tomorrow is a different story, he bails and there’s a conversation with production.=^=

“And he’s after me showing him around like he’s from the future...”

The shouting began immediately and Trixie held the phone at arms length and could still hear the reaming that she was getting.

=/\=...one hour, or you're out on your ass with no reference before the end of the afternoon.=/\=The line went dead.

“Well...that...could have gone better. Look. I like my job, and I want a second day. You have an hour, and I can take you wherever, but if I'm not back...”

Gabe sighed and pinched his nose, things had taken a slightly different turn to how he had thought. This world seemed to want him back at the studio, the same feelings of flee as in the car came over him again. The feeling of happiness he had moments ago left him and he looked at Bell and downed the wine in his glass, he was intent on getting the happiness back. He stood and pulled the money from his back pocket as she spoke.

Looking at Bell Gabe was trying to formulate a plan "He said that to you, not me. I wanted a fun afternoon, a time of not thinking about stupid people and stupid things. Away from life and away from worries. I guess, like everyone, you can't give me that."

“There's a pretty cool market down the road, all kinds of things, it's good for a walk though, people-watch, that kind of thing.”

Gabe placed the handful of cash on the table "I hope that covers it, I'm not going to the studio and if you knew what was good for you, for your life, your worries neither would you. A day in the job and you've been faced with an asshole, you want that for a living? You wanna take me back in an hour, you need to keep up" Gabe turned on his heels and started walking briskly to the lift he tapped the button and turned to face Bell.

Shouting across the room whilst holding the lift doors open "clocks ticking on happiness, let's see if the bell tolls shall we?" He smiled as the doors closed. His foot hovering if she started to walk to him he would thrust it to hold the doors, if she hesitated he would let them close.

Trixie looked at the bill and the pile of notes and the bill, and shook her head slightly. She could see the waiter scoping out the money. Trixie counted out the right amount, and looking at the waiter, left the table, passing him. "Never look down your nose at the girl who's minding the talent."

She reached the lift and gave him the unneeded money back. "My flat is a short way away we have time. Let's go loverboy." She pushed him into the lift.

"We have all the time in the universe" Gabe pushed the woman to the wall as the doors closed.

(Reply None)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios - Karen Hayorth (Janey Brown) / Show Runner Will Banowsky- 1230)

The dressing room door flung open and Karen burst out followed swiftly by a studio assistant.

"But Miss Hayorth hes busy"

Karen sped up and created an air of drama as her dressing gown flapped behind her. Karen had worked in TV for over thirty years, mostly minor roles but she had a run of success in the 80s on T-junction a show about a motel, she had appeared in its spinoff early 2000s. Following it's demise she had mostly starred in direct to video and streaming series, but she knew deep down she was and always had been a star.

"Darling, he is not busy, he can't be busy for his star!" Karen said pulling another set of doors open and raising her voice as she went through to create an entry.

~yeh you're not the star~ "I'm sure he said he's not to be disturbed" the assistant tried to call after her.

"I will not be treated this way, over thirty years in the industry and noone is too busy for me!" Karen yelled pulling open the next set of doors as she now stood at the top of the steps leading down to the sound stage, every step she took she got louder and louder to make it clear she was in a bad mood.

"This bunch of amateurs have absolutely no patch on me and my skills now find me that man!" Lurching onto the sound stage Karen strode past the various actors on the floor, some of which she worked with.

As she approached the set of offices and in particular one door she stopped and took a deep breath, she flung the door open

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios - Show Runner Office - Karen Hayorth (Janey Brown) / Show Runner Will Banowsky- 1230)

"Janey Brown does not get less lines!" She threw the script across the room.

Will the showrunner just looked at her. "I'm not taking lines away from my regulars for a recurring character who is in maybe three or four episodes of the season. I can't just give Janey lines that are better given from say Ravok or Bracken."

"My darrrrling, my poor deluded darling, Janey does not get less lines....increase the lines or I walk! Imagine a show without the lovable, soft, funny and more importantly relatable Janey Brown! Now sweetie what are you going to do about it?"

Karen stood there her eyes motioned to the chair waiting for anyone to pull it out for her to sit down.

"Ok, then walk. Sure why might have to move some of your character's arc to other characters but that's easily done. You have a contract, your contract is that of a recurring guest character, sometimes we have great things. Sometimes we don't. So if you want to walk, walk, but let me know soon so we can write you out of the first episode."

"Oh Mr Will is playing hard to get is he? Might I remind you I was acting before you even saw the inside of a diaper, I have a following a following that getting rid of me would cause internet arguments for years!"

Karen walked around the table, since he wasn't go on my to offer a seat she had to find her own.

"My dear, dear Will, remember in season one where Janey had to record that message for her long dead lover? It got the best reviews, my darling I did that for you." She giggled "I've given everything for this show, everything to this show. I'm not going to walk just because you say so, I'm going to give more and more and more. All I ask is a few more lines. Just to showcase Janey's ability, imagine gaining an older audience because you have an" Karen shuddered "older actress on screen more"

She pulled the chair out beside him and sat as seductively as her almost 50 year old body could, make up covering the cracks in her skin.

“Karen...politely, please leave. You are a recurring guest star, thats what we hired you for. There is only 50 minutes of screen time per episode and I have a list of regulars to make sure their characters are being developed. Regulars I currently have breaking up crimes apparently, another in the hospital, and another causing who knows what chaos with LARPers. So if you’ll excuse me, I don’t have the time. There is a right way and a wrong way to go about this. Sad to say you chose the wrong way. So I advise you to please, if you have concerns about your lines, have your agent call me. We unfortunately had to replace our previous Chief of the Boat character due to family tragedy. Please don’t make me regret having “Janey” take that character’s place.”

Karen listened, ultimately she heard what she wanted, spinning the words in her head she made the last speech work for her.

"I won't let you down, I'm not going to let this show spin out of control without the centerpin that is Janey. I've been silly, forgive my temper, I will be the best Janey for you, just you. And when Carter phones you I'm sure you two will have that conversation and I'm Unisure I'll be happy."

“Karen...” he said cutting her off. “You do good work, but you are replaceable. The show needs people who will put others first and theirselves second. I appreciate you doing good work. But I make no promises on whether you get a bigger part or not. But please, check your ego at the door.”

Karen smiled, she wasn't used to be spoken to like this but smiled regardless.

"Oh someone's a Mr Grumpy, I'll tell you what, how about I go and learn some lines and let Carter deal with this, why else would I pay the man. Now I'll leave and I'll be nice to the crew. I'm so glad we could have this talk."

Karen grazed his cheek with her hand as she stood to leave. "I'll go find Ava and run that scene. Don't let me down now" she blew a kiss as she left.

“Karen.....first its Mr. Banowsky, second, hands to yourself. And third, don't have Carter call me, I'll call him.”

"Talk later Darrling" she left to find anyone willing to listen to her gripes.

(Posted by Mat and Will)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios – Sickbay set - Philip Moon (Ewan McDonald) - 1233)

Philip looked over the parts of the script that he was in scanning the script he was holding in his hand. He had a few speaking parts which was nice but was in the background of most of the sickbay scenes. He knew the stage security and they would let him in early before filming so that he could run through his moved. He knew that he was not the only one who did that and had bumped into a few of them now and again over the last season. He looked at directions and where he would be standing. He stepped through the positions as he moved across the floor and smiled to himself.

“Okay so crewman A will be on biobed one.”

He over to the biobed as he placed the script onto it. He flicked through the pages again until he found the part he was looking for.

“The doctor is going to do his bit and then I reply with yes Doctor.”

He grinned to himself.

“No Oscar for me this season.....okay so I scan crewman A and tell the Doctor that...he has a pneumothorax on the right side. His lung has collapsed, and his oxygen saturation is dropping. As well as internal bleeding from his liver and spleen.”

He skimmed over the next part.

“And we then do some techy stuff and he’s cured. That just seems a bit to easy.”

He picked up his phone and dialled the number he scrolled down to. He heard the click and the ringing tone.

=^=Hallo=^=

“Hay bro how are you doing?”

=^=Hay Philip. How are you doing in TV land=^=

“I have a question for you. If you have a moment?”

=^=Sure give me a moment=^=

He heard comments in the background and hoped that it was not too late wherever he was.

=^=I have been told to ask you if you could get a signed photo of the cast. My friend is a massive Exeter geek and she has been watching all the first season. We have a small projector and have been downloading each episode as the internet connection is pretty rubbish=^=

“I will see what I can do but I have a work question?”

=^=Of course you do. You never just phone for a chat=^=

He could hear the smiled in his brother's voice.

“I have a crewman who has what is called a tension pneumothorax on the right side and his oxygen level are dropping due to his lung being collapsed. As well as spleen and liver damage.”

=^=Okay. I am putting you on speaker phone as the others want to get in on this=^=

There was a pause.

=^=Does it say how the patient was injured=^=

He scanned the script.

“Plasma conduit behind a bulkhead exploded.”

He heard muffled voices at the other end as the treatment was discussed.

=^=Okay with those types of injuries. You would need to reinflate the lung so a chest drain would be inserted=^=

He nodded to himself.

“Okay.”

=^=For the spleen and liver damage. You would have to go in and see what the damage was. Surgery would be the option especially if there was active bleeding inside=^=

“Okay that makes sense.”

=^=What dose it say in the script=^=

“It says that we wave some magic instrument over it and he is cured.”

He heard a soft chuckle over the phone.

“How are things going out there?”

=^=Things are going okay here. The dry season is starting so the temperature is reaching the high 30 degree and low 40s. So we are now sleeping out side out tents as they are ovens during the day. Work is good not too busy but...=^=

He heard as shout from the other side of the phone.

“You okay?”

=^=Sorry Philip we have a crash C section. I will call you soon=^=

“Take care bro see hope everything goes okay.”

=^=You to. Hope filming goes okay=^=

He smiled as he heard the phone line clicked closed and he began gathering up the script and walked off the set.

(Reply none)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios – Richard Evans /Ire Williams - 1233)

Ire walked up the forecourt of Pinewood studios. He had followed the phones directions and he had kept a steady walking pace. He tried not to go too slow which might show that he was lost. He had nodded to the studio security guard as he walked in who returned his nod. He had looked at a site map as he had walked past and had gotten a rough idea about the layout. There were numerous stages along with offices and a few other buildings. He decided to head toward what was called the water's edge promenade as it would take him across most of the studio which would give him the best opportunity to scout the area and work out where he was supposed to go.

He was crossing the road between two studios when there was a screech of tires behind him.

“Hay Richards get out the way you crazy Brit.”

Richard leaped to towards the wall, and he saw a blur of movement as someone came screaming past on a two wheeled contraption.

“By the prophets was that?” he muttered to himself as he picked him self up.

“Richard are you okay?”

He was an offered hand appeared in front of him and took it as he stood up. He looked into the female face of some one that looked familiar. He was not sure where he had seen her, but he suspected that it might have been on the Exeter.

“Thank you.”

“Are you okay Richard?”

He gave a smile.

“Yes, thank you. I had a heavy night last night and I am suffering for it.”

He saw her smile at him.

“Yes, I am sure that you are. I saw Jennifer’s episode last night. I am sure that she is happy being Ire’s new love.”

~But Greta~

Ire tried not to show his emotions at the moment, but the woman smiled.

“You are thinking about Ire and Greta aren’t you?”

He nodded. Not wanting to say anything.

“Come on. I will get you a cup of tea and we can have a chat. I have some of that Lady Grey that you like.”

She turned and headed towards a building that from what the map had said was offices. He hurried after her as she entered the building.

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios –Writer’s Assistant Office - Richard Evans /Ire Williams - 1244)

Ire sat on a chair in a small office holding a cup of tea. He looked across the desk to the woman sitting there drinking what smelt like coffee. The desk was covered in notes and scraps of paper which all looked like they were referring to upcoming Exeter scripts.

She leaned back at him over the rim of her cup.

“So how did you like the last episode?”

“It was good. I am looking forward to see how it evolves going forward.”

“I bet you do. You know that adding Souliz into the mix was my idea.”

~Why~

“Really?”

“Ow yes. Having Ire settle down with Greta was just a bit to boring. The writers wanted to spice things up and especially after incident on the holodeck. So I suggested that he meets Souliz. So what do you think about it?”

~What do you mean what do I think about it. You are saying you ruined my relationship with Greta because you thought it was boring. How dare you~

Ire kept a though full expression on his face and swallowed a scalding gulp of tea as she fought to keep his emotions in check.

He spied a name on one of the sheets of paper which read TO: Writer’s Assistant Ilsa Ferguson.

~So this is Ilsa the woman that Anna was talking about. The person who was sleeping with one of the writers. Probably one of the high up ones to have that much influence~

“It’s definitely going to make things interesting between Ire and Greta.”

“Yes, we need something to spice up the relationship. We are doing a TV show not some reality sitcom. So, we are planning on have Souliz get a position on the Exeter and have some dramatic scenes for you, Jennifer and Donna.”

~I so need to talk to Greta and tell her that I love her, and this is all wrong~

“That definitely would work.”

She nodded.

“But that is not the reason why I asked you here.”

He paused for a moment as his mind raced to catch up with what she was saying as he fought to keep his emotions under control.

“No?”

“No. How much do you know about Ire’s family?”

“Um I..his parents died in the collapse of the subspace river?”

She nodded.

“But did you know he had as an Aunty?”

He frowned and nodded.

“Yes the one that he lived with after his parents died?”

She shook her head.

“No not the crazy AI the other one.”

“The other one?”

“Yes Richard. You see Ire’s father had a sister and we have plans for her?”

Ire leant back in his chair and sipped his tea as he tried to remember if he had heard about her. He tried to think back if his father had mentioned that he had a sister. There was a flicker of a memory but nothing solid.

“You have plans for her?”

“Ow yes. We have plans its going to be so great. She is.....”

The door opened and a man stuck his head in.

“Ilsa you are needed.”

He paused for a moment and then looked at Ire.

“Ow sorry Mr Evans I did not see you there.”

Ire smiled.

“It’s not a problem.”

He saw Ilsa get up from behind her desk.”

“I am sorry Richard I have to go but come by the office any time.”

He nodded at her as he got up from the chair.

“Thank you for the tea.”

He turned and headed out of the office.

(Reply none)

(Toronto, Canada -Toronto Metro Police Precinct – Toronto PD, Detective Drake O'Toole – 1246)

"Ah, Miss Hegilsdottir," Detective O'Toole said as he entered the lobby area. "Please follow me." He said as he motioned to Anna/.Keira to follow him into his office.

(Reply Merek)

"Seems you caused quite the excitement earlier today. We were fortunate you were there to stop the robbery. It could have gotten violent." Detective O'Toole paused. "Well more violent that is."

(reply Merek)

"You really did a number on that poor chap. Anyways, Where was I, oh yes. Your statement. Now before I begin, there is a Keurig machine, some bottles of water, and some donuts over

there if you feel like you need a pick me up," O'Toole then pointed to the table against the wall near the door. "I know, cops and donuts, but hey what can you do."

(Reply Merek)

"Now than Miss Hegilsdottir, in your own words can you tell me your recollection of the events in question."

(reply Merek)

(Toronto, Canada -Toronto Metro Police Precinct – 2O/CEO, Lt. Cmdr. Keira Merek – 1250)

Keira looked around the small metropolitan constable's offices. Several offices ringed a large arrangement of desks on the other side of a large counter top. Her survey of the surroundings was interrupted.

"Ah, Miss Hegilsdottir," Detective O'Toole said as he entered the lobby area. "Please follow me." He said as he motioned to follow him into his office.

Keira looked over to Sarah who nodded approvingly. Still holding hands they walked through the back of the lobby and through the bullpen. All eyes were on the pair through the entire journey. Keira expected an ambush, all her muscles were tense. It caused her to stand ramrod straight for her quest through the alpha-male quagmire of disorganized desks, haphazardly arranged around. The smell of half eaten snacks packed full of preservatives and stale coffee permeated the air.

"Seems you caused quite the excitement earlier today," he said as he closed the door behind the pair. "We were fortunate you were there to stop the robbery. It could have gotten violent." Detective O'Toole paused. "Well more violent that is."

"That was tense for a bit." Keira admitted as the pair sat down.

"You really did a number on that poor chap. Anyways, Where was I, oh yes. Your statement. Now before I begin, there is a Keurig machine, some bottles of water, and some donuts over

there if you feel like you need a pick me up," O'Toole then pointed to the table against the wall near the door. "I know, cops and donuts, but hey what can you do."

Keira looked over at the offered refreshments. The offered confectionaries introduced an almost too sweet scent into the air. Sweet for sweetness sake. "Do you want something, babe?" Sarah asked. "No thank you." Keira answered. Sarah grabbed a water bottle but did not open it, instead setting it down on the floor near her feet.

"Now than Miss Hegilsdottir, in your own words can you tell me your recollection of the events in question."

"Well," Keira paused. "we realized we were out of booze and wanted to get some for later tonight as it's my last night before we begin filming."

"Sarah said that she knew a place with more affordable prices..." Keira rambled.

(reply O'Toole, IYW)

"Right, sorry." Keira said. "We went in and we were looking through the selection. I had suggested something that Sarah rejected calling it rotgut. While she was looking for a more suitable choice I noticed someone approach from the front."

(Reply O'Toole)

"Tallish, taller than us anyway. Pale complexion." Keira started.

(Reply O'Toole)

"Definitely Caucasian. He wore dark clothes and he was carrying a green gym bag over his right shoulder," she elaborated. "Before he entered he pulled a balaclava over his face, presumably to not easily be identified. The first thing he did was pull a gun out and shot the camera, then he cycled the next round into his weapon. I pulled Sarah between the aisles to keep her and me from being seen."

(Reply O'Toole)

"He threw his bag at the cashier and told her to fill it, spouting some colorful metaphors. She did as he asked then he said to open the safe. When she told him she couldn't that she didn't know

the combination, he called her a liar and shot the Juul display above the counter. Then he said something about using the key around her neck that the safe had a mechanical back up.”

(Reply O’Toole)

“Yes, it was then that I moved toward the counter. Sarah tried to stop me.” Keira said.

“Well, babe. That was crazy. How was I supposed to know you were like a freaking superhero?” Sarah said sheepishly.

(Reply O’Toole)

“The stunt work.” Keira began. ~Elaborate, you read up this morning, use it.~ “With the last season we didn’t know exactly who was going to face the cult leader, the writers hadn’t written it until later in the season. So they prepared for most of the main cast, certainly most of the department heads to be able to do it. Well, all but Trip. He was the heavy favorite early on because of Tristan’s background in professional wrestling, so he didn’t need to do any prep beyond what he was already doing. Ire’s actor got to use that training in the season finale, I hadn’t until today.”

(Reply O’Toole)

“I advanced then because I remember the first shot he had to cycle the weapon before he could fire the next shot, he hadn’t done that yet because he was distracted by the cashier when she employed a ruse to save her job.”

(Reply O’Toole)

“Exactly.” Keira confirmed. “I charged forward and smashed him into the counter to knock the wind out of him, and catch him off guard, you don’t feel like moving when you get the wind knocked out of you. Then I pulled on his arm to try and cause enough pain to get him to drop the weapon and it worked. Then I used what was going to be a flashy finisher for the cult leader. I think it was a judo or aikido move.... I’m not sure.” ~True enough, the move is Star Fleet hand to hand training which was derived from Judo, Aikido, Jiu Jitsu...~

(Reply O’Toole)

“I picked up the gun and cycled it myself. I didn’t plan on shooting him, but I figured the threat of it would keep him from causing any more trouble.” Keira answered.

(Reply O'Toole)

(Toronto, Canada -Toronto Metro Police Precinct – Toronto PD, Detective Drake O'Toole – 1252)

“Well,” Keira paused. “we realized we were out of booze and wanted to get some for later tonight as it’s my last night before we begin filming.”

“Sarah said that she knew a place with more affordable prices...” Keira rambled.

Drake just listened and nodded. ~Celebs and their booze.~

“Right, sorry.” Keira said. “We went in and we were looking through the selection. I had suggested something that Sarah rejected calling it rotgut. While she was looking for a more suitable choice I noticed someone approaching from the front.”

"What did he look like?" Drake asked looking at the picture of the suspect he had in a drawer out of sight of Keira.

“Tallish, taller than us anyway. Pale complexion.” Keira started.

"Would you say he was caucasian?"

“Definitely Caucasian. He wore dark clothes and he was carrying a green gym bag over his right shoulder,” she elaborated. “Before he entered he pulled a balaclava over his face, presumably to not easily be identified. The first thing he did was pull a gun out and shot the camera, then he cycled the next round into his weapon. I pulled Sarah between the aisles to keep her and me from being seen.”

"Then what happened." Drake said taking notes.

“He threw his bag at the cashier and told her to fill it, spouting some colorful metaphors. She did as he asked then he said to open the safe. When she told him she couldn’t that she didn’t know the combination, he called her a liar and shot the Juul display above the counter. Then he said something about using the key around her neck that the safe had a mechanical back up.”

"Was that when you intervened."

“Yes, it was then that I moved toward the counter. Sarah tried to stop me.” Keira said.

“Well, babe. That was crazy. How was I supposed to know you were like a freaking superhero?” Sarah said sheepishly.

Drake just nodded.

“The stunt work.” Keira began. ~Elaborate, you read up this morning, use it.~ “With the last season we didn’t know exactly who was going to face the cult leader, the writers hadn’t written it until later in the season. So they prepared for most of the main cast, certainly most of the department heads to be able to do it. Well, all but Trip. He was the heavy favorite early on because of Tristan’s background in professional wrestling, so he didn’t need to do any prep beyond what he was already doing. Ire’s actor got to use that training in the season finale, I hadn’t until today.”

"I see." he replied.

“I advanced then because I remember the first shot he had to cycle the weapon before he could fire the next shot, he hadn’t done that yet because he was distracted by the cashier when she employed a ruse to save her job.”

"And then you took him out."

“Exactly.” Keira confirmed. “I charged forward and smashed him into the counter to knock the wind out of him, and catch him off guard, you don’t feel like moving when you get the wind knocked out of you. Then I pulled on his arm to try and cause enough pain to get him to drop the weapon and it worked. Then I used what was going to be a flashy finisher for the cult leader. I think it was a judo or aikido move.... I’m not sure.” ~True enough, the move is Star Fleet hand to hand training which was derived from Judo, Aikido, Jiu Jitsu...~

"So you used 'stunt work' to take him down. Then what?"

“I picked up the gun and cycled it myself. I didn’t plan on shooting him, but I figured the threat of it would keep him from causing any more trouble.” Keira answered.

"Alright, thank you." Drake said as he finished writing down his notes.

(reply Keira)

"There is one more matter we need to discuss."

(reply Keira)

"As you know the standard at trial is proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. I'll spare you the boring details of what that means, but it means that anything the defense could introduce that might cause doubt that the events are what they are. Within the realm of logic and reason."

(reply Keira iyw)

"Now your little friend and his attorney are claiming that he was a plant, paid by you, to be there, to fake rob the store. That you'd stop him, but he'd get away in time, so he wouldn't get caught, then you were supposed to stay for pictures and convince the owners not to press charges. But instead you bolted. So the next question is, is there any truth to what he is saying? Did you pay him to rob the store just to get publicity? Not saying what he is saying is true, but we do need a sworn statement."

(reply Keira)

(Toronto, Canada -Toronto Metro Police Precinct – 2O/CEO, Lt. Cmdr. Keira Merek / Anna Hegilsdottir –1258)

"I picked up the gun and cycled it myself. I didn't plan on shooting him, but I figured the threat of it would keep him from causing any more trouble." Keira answered.

"Alright, thank you." Drake said as he finished writing down his notes.

"Are we free to go then?" Keira asked. Sarah squeezed her hand.

"There is one more matter we need to discuss." The officer said.

"What else do we need to discuss?" Keira asked.

"As you know the standard at trial is proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. I'll spare you the boring details of what that means, but it means that anything the defense could introduce that might cause doubt that the events are what they are. Within the realm of logic and reason."

Keira tried to follow where the constabulary could be leading. She didn't know what he was referring to. "Where is this going?" She inquired.

"Now your little friend and his attorney are claiming that he was a plant, paid by you, to be there, to fake rob the store. That you'd stop him, but he'd get away in time, so he wouldn't get caught, then you were supposed to stay for pictures and convince the owners not to press charges. But instead you bolted. So the next question is, is there any truth to what he is saying? Did you pay him to rob the store just to get publicity? Not saying what he is saying is true, but we do need a sworn statement."

"He said what?" Keira said, anger burning in her voice, "I've never met him before!"

"Anna calm down." Sarah said concern in her voice. "At this point this is a he said / she situation, isn't that right, detective?"

(Reply O'Toole)

"What I mean is, they'd have to have some kind of proof to make a claim like that stick." Sarah elaborated. "There are no texts from him, or any other communications that would be evident if they were in a collaboration."

(Reply O'Toole)

“I’d be happy to give a statement.” Keira said. “I have not before that incident ever interacted with that person before he attempted to rob the store.”

(Reply O’Toole)

“Was that it, or did you need anything more specific?” Sarah asked.

(Reply O’Toole)

(Toronto, Canada - Maple Academy Of Dance, Concord - Lt Greta Smith/Donna Mills - 1302)

Standing in the studio, Donna smiled at the young kids as they walked in the door, waving their hellos. She had been a dance teacher here for a long time and loved it. Even after getting the odd role on tv shows that had been filmed in and around the area, she made time to make sure that her kids would always have a teacher.

Most of them were always excited to hear stories from the various sets that she had been on. Almost always it had only been for one episode up until she had landed the recurring guest spot on USS Exeter. Even then, every Friday evening when some of the crew went out, she came back to the studio to teach. The teenagers that she taught were always asking about what it was like to make out on camera with Richard Evans who played Ire.

Smiling, she simply replied with a question of, “What do you think?” and winked. The younger kids, many of them who were there with her at that moment, always wanted to know how they filmed the space battles and the fight scenes. Looking at the class as they began the warm up that they all knew well, Donna’s heart was full.

Whether she continued as Lieutenant Greta Smith for the next season or not, she knew that she had a job here and people that depended on her. A lot of these kids didn't have much and looked forward to the class every week.

"Okay people. Shall we begin? Big show next week." As the assembled group cheered, Donna smiled widely and pressed play on the music that was their routine and stepped back to let the kids show her what they had remembered.

(Reply None)

(Canada- Toronto-pinewood studios- dressing room- COO LTjg Paul Sleeford/ Saul Pickford 14:05)

Sitting at the desk Paul picked up the pen and began writing, opening the browser on the device he took the first name and searched the actors name. Reading the information on something called Wikipedia he shook his head at what he read.

After what seemed like days of writing Paul placed his pen on the table, sitting back he read what he'd written, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath he started again, against Tristan Steele was the words, arrogance, bull headed and a- hole. Smiling those words suited the actor playing the captain but not the captain himself. Reading the rest of the list he resisted the urge to laugh, the actors playing the crew were polar opposites of the people he knew and worked with.

Sitting there staring at the face reflected back at him, he knew that the people who were cast as the crew of the Exeter would last 30 seconds in a real conflict, egos would take over and the situation would deteriorate into chaos very quickly, at this stage he was half expecting Q to

appear in a flash and laugh like it was all a big joke. It wouldn't have surprised him if it happened.

Folding the sheet of paper Paul owned a drawer placed it inside, there was no sense in people finding it 'accidentally', having no way to get back to where he woke up this morning Paul closed the door to his room and lay down on the couch. He knew he should look for the others but where to start was the problem. Toronto and surrounding area he'd discovered on Wikipedia was large with a population of nearly ten million people, trying to find over three hundred was going to be a nightmare.

(reply none)

(Toronto, Canada - St Michaels Hospital - CSO Lt Erin Cortez/Genevieve Rhodes & Doctor Lindsay Devereaux - 1421)

Erin sat on the bed, tapping her knee. She was nervous but something in her had changed. She knew what she needed to do and was feeling stronger about it as every moment passed.

Holding her phone, she had checked that the phone call had been made and discovered it hadn't. The phone had been switched off. Closing her eyes, she sighed as she waited for the doctor.

~Curious, she didn't look that sick.~ Lindsay thought as she looked over the lab results. ~WBC count that high and she would have to have a systemic infection or something like a burst appendix.~

Lindsay knocked on the exam room door. "Ms. Rhoades... it's me, Dr. Devereaux."

"Come in."

"Your lab results came back," the redhead began.

"Oh? Is it bad?"

Lindsay put on her best "terrible news" face. "News, but it's not good news. Your labs seem to indicate you're fighting a massive infection."

"But... I feel fine.. oh no." She closed her eyes again, knowing that something wasn't right. Something wasn't right at all.

"I'm going to take your temperature if that's alright?" Lindsay said.

"Sure." Erin watched her carefully. She knew her guard was up but something about this woman was saying that she could trust her.

She took out a device that had a curved handle, rounded squarish on top. It almost looked like a particle weapon. Lindsay pointed it at her patient and activated it via a button with her thumb. In an instant the device beeped.

"Thirty-seven point one. Definitely not a fever," she announced, and placed the thermometer back into her lab coat pocket.

"I told you I feel fine. I fainted is all. "

"Any history of immunocompromising illnesses?" Lindsay began running through possibilities of what could make what she saw before her make sense. ~She's not tachypneic, no tachycardia, no hypotension, all her vital signs were normal.~

"No."

"Auto-immune?"

"No."

"Malignant hyper or hypothermia?"

"Is this really all necessary?"

"You've been patient with me, I know. I'm grateful for that. Your labs don't make sense, given your current condition and admitted history." Lindsay explained.

"I... "

"I would like to redraw your labs to see if there was an error," the doctor said cautiously. ~I hate having patients be poked unnecessarily.~

Erin went silent. She was beginning to understand what had happened.

"I have to rule out any errors," the Doctor began, "the chances the labs are inaccurate..."

"If you need to, you can draw blood but.."

Honestly, Lindsay had expected a fight, a verbal discussion. She didn't expect her to acquiesce so quickly. "Oh, well, that's good," the surprise crept into her voice.

"Doctor Devereaux, I don't know the procedure here for things like this but I'm a little concerned. "

"Concerned about the venipuncture? Perfectly common and safe procedure..." she began.

"No, not that. About staying here, alone."

~She's not concerned about the medicine, something else is happening.~ Suspicious, now,
"What's going on?"

"Nurse Turkelton, I asked him to call Kyle, he took my phone, turned it off and never called him. He keeps asking me questions, talking about his headshots and, he...."

"Is he harassing you?" Lindsay asked cautiously.

"He keeps saying he's my number one fan and he'll look after me. He shouted at me just before... I just, I need to get out."

"New plan." Lindsay said. "I draw the blood. Only this time you don't wait for the results. The moment I'm done you sign out via the AMA form, Against Medical Advice. Turn on your phone, call Kyle and make your way to the police station. File a grievance with one of the Officers there I trust a Detective O'Toole. Tell them you will only speak with him. With you safe, and with your statement on a police report I can go after that nurse and have him relieved."

"Okay. Sounds like a plan." Erin said, calmly. For once she felt strong and able. The doctor had believed her and that spoke volumes. Holding out her arm, she nodded.

Luckily for her patient Lindsay had paid part of her way through medical school as a phlebotomist. It didn't take her long to gather the equipment needed. She donned gloves and then applied the constricting band, wiped the site with an alcohol pad. It took mere seconds for the wetness to dry. "Ready?" Lindsay asked rhetorically. "One, two, three, poke."

Wincing a little as the needle went in, Erin turned her head away. "I feel sorry for him."

~Good, talking will distract you.~ The first tube with a serum separator had already filled most of the way. Her skilled hands switched tubes to one with the lithium heparin additive. "How so? My father always said: He made his bed, now he has to lay in it."

"I mean, I'm not perfect. Genevieve is not perfect. Sorry that sounded odd but I mean that what must be going on his life that he fixated on me."

"Psychology is not my forte." Lindsay admitted. "Could be any number of disorders, maybe he doesn't realize it's wrong." She switched out to the final tube containing EDTA. "Maybe his aims are financial? Sell signatures or he thinks you are his way into the biz."

"Either way, he could just ask rather than trying to keep me here, shouting at me and saying I upset him."

"Again," Lindsay finished, removed the needle, switching it out with a sterile gauze pad. "Hold here." She instructed. "I don't think he's entirely in his right mind." She took the needle and threw it in a nearby sharps container. "I got it." She said regaining control of the venipuncture site. She then wrapped her patient's arm with a small length of bright green self-adherent wrap.

"To be honest, I just want to get put of here and go home. That and kick Kyle's ass for leaving me." She replied with a smile.

"About that." Lindsay said, she gathered all the wrappers for her equipment and threw all the unneeded rubbish away. Only then did she remove her gloves and squirt a bit of foul smelling antiseptic gel into her hands. "I have your AMA paperwork here."

"Okay." Erin replied, flexing her arm a little to ease the sting of where the blood had been taken.

The doctor handed over a clipboard with a small stack of three papers. Everything had been filled out with the name: Rhodes, Genevieve. "First page is your current tentative diagnosis, psychosomatic syncope, means you passed out due to an emotional shock. It's just off of our

patient care library. It has some hints to help your recovery, manage your symptoms, things to avoid etc. That's yours to keep."

"Thanks." She replied, taking the paper and putting it in her bag.

"Your AMA form is actually two pages single sided. The first one explains all the bad things that could happen to you as a result of leaving against medical advice. Our legal team makes these include some worst case scenario so we don't get sued, so bear with me. Including but not limited to: Recurrence of the same problem, which can be a detriment to activities after the fact. Sudden loss of consciousness could secondarily cause other injuries and illness, including but not limited to: Coma, mechanical falls causing further injuries, concussion, contusions, lacerations or fractures, and other serious injuries not listed here, upto and including death. Initial here."

Nodding, she listened. Part of her wanting to tell the Doctor to hurry up so she could leave.

"Second page, summarized says: You will not hold St. Michael's Hospital, it's Emergency Room or any of the employee's liable for performing their job to the standards set for by hospital policy, and all applicable Canadian laws. Standard good Samaritan law verbiage. Sign here."

Erin paused for a brief moment, pen in hand. ~sign Genevieve not Erin!~ she thought to herself as she looked at the paper and signed.

"Do you want a copy of this?" She asked.

"No thanks. If you can't trust a doctor, who can you trust?" She replied with a smile.

Lindsay reached into her shirt pocket, "And here's my card. If you need anything, let me know."

"Am I free now, Doctor?"

She chuckled, "Yeah, you're free to go. Remember I won't have the proof I need to reprimand the nurse without your police report."

"I'll head straight to the police station. Thankyou for being so understanding."

"Not a problem." Lindsay said with a smile. She clutched the clipboard to her chest as her patient left the room. She steeled herself. She was not looking forward to the confrontation that was going to happen in the coming week.

(Reply none)

(Toronto, Canada - Steve's Car- CTO/30 Lieutenant commander Ravok -1432)

After searching the convention center Ravok couldn't find Erin. Steve and Ravok were now stuck on the side of the road awaiting a tow truck, Steve's car had broken down.

Ravok sat on the hood of the car as Steve scrolled through his phone.

" I think I have something."

Ravok looked at Steve. " What?"

" My friend just posted a link. Gen is in the hospital, apparently she passed out at the convention center. " Steve informed him.

" We have to go now." Ravok said sternly as he stood up.

" I can't. I'm waiting for a tow." Steve responded.

" In your communication with the vehicle transport service center. They said you didn't need to wait with the vehicle. You know where they are taking it. We can head back there later." Ravok said, urging Steve to come with him.

" She's your fiance not mine. " Steve snapped.

Ravok grabbed Steve by the chest of his uniform.

" Listen to me and listen to me right now.

I have told you already. I'm not Kyle Ravine, I'm Ravok. She isn't Genevieve Rhodes, she's Erin Cortez. We are stranded here in this alternate reality. You're just another part of the game aren't you ?"

" No , please let me go." Steve begged

" Really? It's pretty f/(%!&\$ convenient that every time I try to step forward I get knocked two steps back. I'm tired of this s#!+. I'm getting Erin and finding the others. " Ravok said as he let him go and started walking.

" Do you even know where you're going ?" Steve yelled.

" A big building with medical symbols, maybe even the word hospital etched across the front of it. " Ravok said sarcastically without looking back

~ I am so sick and tired of this~

Steve ran up to him.

" Wait. Don't go any further. "

Ravok stopped and turned to him.

" And why not? Have you listened to a single word I have said ?"

" Because..." Steve pointed to his left.

Ravok looked at the large building across the major road on the other side of the parking lot.

" The hospital is right there! " Steve exclaimed.

Ravok shook his head.

" Oh that's rich, totally just so super convenient. "

Steve put his hand on his shoulder.

" Come on ky...Commander."

Ravok followed him to the hospital.

(Toronto, Canada - St Michaels Hospital - CTO/30 Lieutenant commander Ravok - 1439)

When they entered the hospital Steve told Ravok to hang tight while he talked to the front desk.

Ravok stood off to the side.

Thinking it was odd that Steve insisted he talked to the woman at the front desk.

Ravok noticed she was wearing a security uniform and that both of them kept giving him quick glances.

Steve walked back over as the woman picked up the phone with a serious and urgent look on her face.

" Hey let's wait over here. " Steve said as his voice cracked with nervousness.

Ravok glanced over Steve's shoulder to see two security officers walking towards them. Ravok stepped away from Steve.

" SIR! It's all good just come with us. "

Ravok looked at Steve who was just hanging his head.

" You F@(&!/# traitor. " Ravok said to Steve as he quickly figured out what was going on. Steve had brought him here not to get Erin, but to have him committed.

Ravok backed away from them and towards the door.

" LOCK EM ! " Yelled the security guard.

Ravok looked around. Seeing the doors lock.

~ Come on thinkI got it.~

" What seems to be the problem?" Ravok asked, Steve looked at him with utter disbelief.

" Your accent ...it's..um Australian " Steve Remarked.

Ravok laughed. " Um Yeah of course it is . You a few stubbies short of a six pack there mate?"

After watching a few videos of Kyle talk, Ravok leaned on his skills acquired in Xeno linguistics at the academy to mimic the slight accent that Kyle had. It also helped that Trevi from the flight

wing was a Australian native. Quickly combining the accent with Trevi's aussie insult Ravok stunned Steve.

" I umm."

" This man told the guard at the desk that you were in need of medical attention."

Ravok tilted his head.

" Don't be a drongo mate. I'm here to see my fiance. Genevieve Rhodes, this man followed me in here after asking for an autograph."

The security guard looked at Steve.

" No way, this guy thinks he's a Romulan named Commander Ravok. We were chased earlier by Craig and his klingon buddies. My car broke down and now we are here."

Ravok laughed and looked at the two security guards. " My name is Kyle Ravine, I play a character on startrek Exeter named Ravok. This man is clearly an obsessed fan. "

Steve went to speak, but the security guard held his hand up and stopped him.

" Your father is John Ravine?" The guard asked.

" Uh Yeah that's him." Ravok responded.

" Man I loved him as Hugh Moxley " The guard said, mentioning a role Kyle's dad played on a tv cop drama called 'The Beat'

" I hear that all the time. " Ravok replied.

" So what do you have to say for yourself?" The guard asked Steve.

" He thinks he's a Romulan I tell ya !" Steve said loudly.

Ravok looked back at the security guards and laughed.

" This coming from the man dressed like a spaceman with elf ears."

The guards laughed with him.

" Sir the desk is over there. We are going to remove this man from the premises. "

Nodding his head Ravok shot a look at Steve and walked over to desk.

" Hello ma'am, I'm here to see my fiance ." Ravok said.

The woman looked at him.

" Her name ?"

" Genevieve Rhodes "

The woman typed away and looked at her terminal.

" Looks like you just missed her, she just checked out about 20 minutes ago."

Ravok clinched his fist and turned around seeing that Steve was gone.

He turned back to the woman.

" Thank you. " he said as he walked out the door.

(reply any)

(Toronto, Earth - Toronto Convention Centre - Yeoman, Ensign Thea Helms/Kimberly Serizawa-15:00)

Her cast members were weird, but that was to be expected with differing personalities and backgrounds. At least that was what Kimberly kept reminding herself. This was the second show she had worked on with an at least recurring role. She had done guest shots here or there, but in her experience she had only worked on two shows with some regularity. The most recent was the role as Thea Helms, the captain's yeoman. The other, and the reason why she was at Galaxy of

Heroes, was her role as Tina Tozawa, the pink Power Ranger on Power Rangers Astro Force. She had a small booth signing autographs. Next to her was Daisy, the dog who played Layla on the show. Layla's owners had to give her up at the end of season one due to a family tragedy and Kimberly, who loved that dog so much she was able to purchase her and now she was hers. It was funny though, because on the show, the dog Layla was supposed to make the life of her character miserable., but in real life, they were the sweetest pair.

Kimberly was happy. She had a good life, fans who loved her, and a career that was on the rise. It was great. She missed her power rangers cast mates. They were all young actors, starting off, no ego in the bunch. But here on the Exeter, with a larger profile, well, some of her castmates were....special. Just today one fainted at the con, and social media was a flame with dueling hashtags of #prayforjen and #publicitystunt. Then there was whatever Kyle had gotten up to. Tristan used public pressure to get a deal with a better schedule to do other projects, and apparently Anna was going all warrior woman. She missed the days of New Zealand, with a bunch of young happy actors kicking butt. Still, she was blessed. She was recognized, and she had a best friend, a dog who loved her, and unlike on the show, did not make her life miserable.

Kim turned to Daisy and smiled, "Our cast mates may be silly Daisy girl, but its nice to be part of the dance." She then reached into her bag and handed Daisy a treat. "Don't worry, will be done in an hour, then you and I can go to the dog park and see if we can't meet anybody cute."

~I sure do love this dog.~

(reply any)

(Toronto, Canada - Meridian Hall Theatre - Ensign Rylee Page/Claire Bradbury - 1504)

Sitting in the dressing room, Claire knew she was early but also knew that that night was press night. Press night's were always the most nerve wracking especially as the press loved nothing more than to tear into a performer who had been on television and was now in a serious play.

This had always been a move that she had wanted to make, even before getting the job on the new hot show, USS Exeter. Performing in front of an audience was the high and the place she felt the happiest. If you had asked her, Claire would not deny that she enjoyed playing Rylee. Especially since the writers had given her the love story with Zot. But a part of her always yearned for the stage.

So, whilst the show had been on hiatus, she had jumped at the chance to perform on stage. A completely different kind of role from Rylee. A chance to stretch her acting muscles and to show that she wasn't a one trick pony or just a pretty face. That was the thing that really worried her but she also knew that this part and this performance would certainly change some opinions.

She knew from some of the fan groups on the internet, that people were surprised with the casting of her in this play and that made her more driven to prove them wrong and to kill it every night. Even though she knew her lines back to front, Claire pulled the script from her bag and began to read outloud,

“Spoke or silent, a promise is surely made. And she may dote on it now---I am sure she does—and thinks to kill me, then to take my place. It is her dearest hope, John, I know it. There be a thousand names, why does she call mine? There be a certain danger in calling such a name---I am no Goody Good that sleeps in ditches, nor Osburn drunk and half-witted. She's dare not call out such a farmer's wife but there be monstrous profit in it. She thinks to take my place, John. John, have you ever shown her somewhat of contempt? She cannot pass you in the church but you will blush...and I think she sees another meaning in that blush. I think you be somewhat ashamed, for I am there, and she so close. Go and tell her she's a whore. Whatever promise she may sense break it John!! Break it!!!!!”

(Reply None)

(Toronto, Canada - Kyle & Genevieve's apartment - CSO Lt Erin Cortez/Genevieve Rhodes - 1517)

After leaving the hospital, Erin had found her way back to the apartment where they had started the day. The day that had changed a lot for her. Waking up naked next to the man she thought of as a brother, realising that they were both stuck in a world where neither of them were who they thought they were and that the world they knew was fiction.

As she leant back on the couch, a photo of the two of them on the mantelpiece caught her eyes. They looked so happy and comfortable with each other. ~it makes me wonder if, should we ever get back, if I will ever have anyone that will be as happy and comfortable with me as...~ then she stopped. Realising something that took her breath away.

Even though she had only been in this life less than a day, something about it had changed her. Here, she was liked, respected. No-one thought she was a bit crazy, they valued her opinion here and no-one second guessed her decisions. Here, she felt strong.

Picking up the phone that she had next to her, she found the number that was stored in it under Kyle and pressed the call button. As it rang and then went to a prerecorded message, she sighed. As instructed by the voice, she waited for the beep and then began to speak,

"Hey, it's me. I'm back where we found ourselves in this crazy world. I Ravok, you left. You left me there. Nix.... Well the guy who played him in this freaking weird place showed up and I... it didn't go well. I freaked. Seeing him again after believing him dead... I panicked. Well, I passed out and ended up at the hospital.

I'm okay before you worry but,.... you went to get the car and just left. I've been poked and prodded and I just don't know what's what anymore. Being at that place, that convention.... Singing in front of everyone, having them listen to me talk, not think I am crazy like I know some people do... I won't lie to you.

It felt good. No, it felt amazing. I am wanted here. I feel better here. This woman, this person that I am... I like her. I... it's like she is me but me without all the pain, the anguish, the self doubt. She's the me I should have been."

Pausing for a second, Erin sighed, "Look, I don't know If you will ever figure out how to listen to this. You go find the others. I'm safe. You know where I am." And she hung up the call.

(Reply none)

(Toronto, Canada - The streets- CTO/30 Lieutenant commander Ravok/Kyle Ravine -1551)

After nearly an hour of walking Ravok was lost with no idea where to go. So many of the buildings looked the same. He sat down on a street side bench. The confusion of the day ran through his mind. He looked around at the vehicles driving by, he felt hopeless.

" I can't find the convention center or the studio. " He said to himself.

"To make matters worse , I lost Erin."

He looked across the street and saw a colorful sign in the window and it caught his attention.

" Repair huh?"

He stood up and walked across the street , avoiding oncoming traffic. He entered the store front , it was a cellular repair shop.

(Toronto, Canada - Cell phone repair shop- CTO/3O Lieutenant commander Ravok/Kyle Ravine -1553)

One of the employees behind the counter who weren't currently assisting someone called out to him.

" How can I help you Sir?"

Ravok looked over at her and began walking to the counter. He pulled the broken pieces of his phone out of his pocket and sat them on the counter.

" My personal communications device suffered severe structural damage upon impact with a concrete floor."

The woman laughed. " Well ok then."

" Can you make the adequate repairs needed to return functionality to the device ?" He asked.

She looked at the pieces. " Well your phone dropped at just the right angle it seems. It will take a few hours to fix it."

" Are you able to replicate another device ?"

" Replicate? No, If you'd like You could contact your service provider and take this to a corporate store and use your phone's warranty to plan to receive another one."

Ravok shook his head. " No, I'm here and I need to reestablish communication capabilities as soon as possible."

She giggled.

" Well we could sell you one and you could just insert the sim chip and memory card into it, then get another one when it is best for you."

" I would like to make the purchase of a comparable device. " He remarked.

She stepped away from the counter and came back with a blue and white box.

" It's the same model." She said picking up a weird phaser like instrument and aimed it at the black stripes on the box , a beeping sound occurred.

" 959.99, I suppose you're using a card."

He reached in his pocket and grabbed Kyle's wallet. " Yes "

She looked at the electronic console in front of him " insert chip whenever you're ready."

" It's a card." He remarked.

" Yeah I know, insert the side with the chip into the chip reader at the bottom." She said pointing at it with her finger.

He did exactly as she instructed.

The display prompted him to input the card's pin number.

~ Oh great, what would Kyle use as a numerical code?~

The numbers 4718 popped into his head.

He entered those numbers and the transaction went through.

" Alright ,here's your receipt, do you want me to help set your device up?" She asked.

He nodded his head. " That would be great."

She opened the box and started the process of setting it up. " This will take only a few minutes" she said as she inserted two small chips into it and powered it on.

He looked around the store ,he noticed that behind the counter was a small viewing device on the screen was a familiar face. It was Trip.

" That man , do you know where I can find him?"

She turned and looked at the screen.

" The man on the television ? Tristian Steele?"

" Sure , where can I find him?" He asked urgently.

She laughed. " Hopefully he is on his way to my house , waiting for me to get off work ." She joked.

Ravok glared at her. " So you know him ?"

" No , not like that, he's on that show star trek elixir or something like that."

" Exeter, the name of our..I mean the ship is Exeter. " Ravok corrected her.

" HOLY S#!+ !" The other customer standing next to him said loudly.

Ravok flinched at the explosive sound of this man's voice.

" You're Kyle Ravine."

" Actually I'm.."

" No way dude. You're him , bro I watched 'the upside side of being down ' all the time as a kid. I used to get made fun of at school for pretending to be you on the show. "

The woman looked at him. " So you're famous or something?"

Ravok looked at her not knowing what to say.

" He played Tommy Vale in the movie 'too hot to handle, too cold to hold.'" The guy said.

" I've seen that, the movie is a cult classic. I knew you looked familiar." She remarked.

" Umm yeah that's me." Ravok said.

" Bro is your car out front?"

The continued use of the word bro reminded him of Trip and his heavy use of this particular term of endearment.

" No it's not, my car is not with me." Ravok responded.

" Dude, that would have been sick to see that car from the Miami expo in person. " The young man mentioned

" Alright all set, you just need to access your cloud and download all your contacts and media." The woman helping him said as she handed him the device, that had nearly a full charge.

Ravok took the phone and almost as if he was in autopilot mode in a Valkyrie 5 attack fighter , started accessing his information for download to the device.

~ How the hell am I doing this?~

Suddenly all these notifications started going off on the device, text messages, emails, missed calls , voice mails.

Ravok opened a text message from Anna.

It was written in Romulan, a very jumbled approximation using english lettering.

It was enough though for him to know what she was saying. He quickly and frantically started typing a message back. It read

-- It's me...e'lev, I'm here.--

After typing the message Ravok hit the send button....

(reply Keira)

(Toronto, Canada - Kyle & Genevieve's apartment - CSO Lt Erin Cortez/Genevieve Rhodes - 1620)

After speaking with the detective the doctor at the hospital had recommended, Erin walked around the flat for a few minutes. Not knowing what to do, she wandered into the bathroom and stood at the sink.

Sighing heavily, she turned on the faucet and leant forward, splashing water on her face. ~I still don't know what this place is. How are we here? I... part of me likes the way I feel here. Respected, liked and no-one questions me. People look up to me. Back home, I'm a wreck.~ she thought to herself as she grabbed a towel and wiped her face dry.

Looking in the mirror, she saw her face and shook her head. "What are you thinking?"

~you know exactly what you are thinking but you just don't want to admit it. You like it here and, quite frankly, who could blame you?~ The voice in her mind posed.

Looking at herself, the face in the mirror smiled. "Gen.... But how?"

"Well, I'm part of you. Always have been and always will be. I'm the side of you that is carefree. So, no surprise you got my life here, is it?"

Stepping back a step, Erin closed her eyes. "It's finally happened. I've lost it."

"No you haven't lost it. Although, with the amount of shit you've been through, it wouldn't be surprising if you did. No, this isn't you. You have my life so, of course I'm gonna check in. Look, I play you on the show. I know you. You want this life more than you are admitting even to yourself. This is your dream. "

Erin shook her head. "You don't know me.." she started and then stopped. This voice, this woman, did know her and she was right. She did want this life. She had felt for a long time, that she wasn't respected, not really. She knew what some of the crew thought about her. But, she loved the Exeter and her crew.

"See, I knew it. You want to stay and who could blame you."

Knowing that she was almost talking to herself in a sense, Erin took a breath, "I... love my job but here..."

"Here, you are liked, respected... no-one thinks you're crazy. That girl, Jamie. You felt it then. The feeling of respect. I get it. After playing you for a season, I can understand why this life here would be alluring."

"That's one word for it. No-one second guesses you here. No-one looks at you and thinks there's the girl that is so damaged she can't be with anyone."

"Oh hunny, don't think like that. You have friends."

"Friends. I do but they have their own problems. They don't need mine too."

"I can understand why you would think that. If you want this life, that's your choice. It's always been your choice. I'm always here. Always been a part of you. You just need to own it."

Erin closed her eyes, took in a deep breath and said, "I want it."

(Reply none)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios, Trailer of Tristan Steele- CO, Captain Trip Williams/Tristan Steele and FO Cmdr Ailynn Bracken/Gabrielle Knight -1700)

The day had been long, and disturbing to the maximum level. Waking up in someone else's room, someone else's life lay heavily on Ailynn, and though discovering who, and where she was, and how to basically function in everyday life had been fun, a joy almost; it was getting wearing.

Her emotions were also in tatters. The visit to the hospital should have piqued her interest, however it had ended with Ailynn's heart being torn from her chest by the realisation that even given 25th century technology she wouldn't have been able to increase her chances of Jenna's survival. That truth had been a hard one for Ailynn's ego to swallow. After that, returning to Pinewood should have been a moment to calm, and recentre; however meeting Caity, or rather Sam, it was abundantly clear that her girlfriend wasn't the person that Ailynn had grown to know and fall in love with. Her ex too, Ailynn still held Sienna in a great deal of affection, and always would, however the person that had told her that she was Sienna's actress was about as far from the loving girl as was possible to be. Slowly, but surely Ailynn felt anything resembling happy being filtered out of her and thrown to the dogs.

She knocked on the trailer door that she saw labelled as 'Tristian Steele' having walked over from her own similar one a short ways away.

“ ‘T’, are you in here? We...have a meeting it seems?”

“Come on in Gabs” Tristan said as he began tidying up his trailer a bit after the “mess” he made when Faith came by to see him. He waited for the door to open and smiled. “You ready to discuss our characters for season 2?”

Ailynn felt her heart sink, and the remaining atoms of optimism leave her as Trip called her 'Gabs.' Whatever situation she was in, and however she had got there, it seemed that for the moment she was alone, perhaps some of the others were still themselves, she however couldn't risk what little remained of her sanity.

"Yeah...I suppose." She sighed as she sat down, watching Trip tidy. "Call this a long shot but I don't suppose you're yanking my chain are you?"

"What, that they cast an American to play Captain Britain in an MCU Disney+ series? No it's true. I mean if Batman, Superman, two spidermen, and Dr. Strange can be played by a Brit, why not me as captain Britain?" Tristan said in a rather accurate posh British accent.

"Ah Frak. You too."

"You ok there Gabs?"

"Honestly? I'm not sure. Just had the weirdest day. The make a wish thing was harrowing. Then I met Cait..Sam...and it seems that my...on screen girlfriend hates my guts."

"Well, I mean, look, it's not her fault." Tristan smiled, "I mean think about it, like she went to college for this, to be an actress, and all she can book is a recurring role on sci-fi show. Meanwhile a rather successful model and an Elite in ring performer, aka pro wrestler, are able to book the leads of said show without any issue. So she has to make a choice, either realise that she isn't really that great of an actress and she should hang it up, or say that all they care about is look not skill, that she's getting screwed over and be bitter about it. She made her choice, so just you know, don't sweat the small stuff."

"Just cuts deep when someone you thought you got on okay with isn't who you thought they were. So...Err... going to sound crazy...this ever feel like more than a show? I mean, you ever actually feel like Trip?"

"Feel like Trip, I mean sometimes, but only because I get into character easily. I mean I've played myself dialed up to an 11 on WWE Programming for like a decade now. So I guess I take that approach to Trip. Though, I mean, when I was with Gail, there were times, I thought it was kinda surreal that we played lovers on a show and were lovers in the night, but that obviously didn't end well. Other than the whole I'm having a kid thing. Stoked about that. It's a boy."

~Gail...Ashlyn~ she remembered the cast list. "Congratulations." ~Not together...~ she looked around the room, seeing a picture, but couldn't see details from here. "Is your current girl...understanding about all that?"

“Faith, yeah, she’s excited. I mean we’re still seeing how umm, serious we’re gonna be, you know if this is a long haul thing. I think so. I mean we’ve talked about it. Her only concern is being viewed as the wicked stepmother. But since the baby is a boy, I think her fear is, if she and I work out, the poor kid grows up with a crush on his hot stepmom.”

Despite her crashing mood Ailynn laughed. "Eww...gross." She scowled, but smiled. "Well, however...he'll grow up not short of love."

“Yeah, probably super rowdy too.”

She smiled and nodded "if he's like his dad's family yeah probably."

“Anyways, thanks for stopping by. Lets get to it.”

"So...characters...tell me...and you can be honest I'll not be upset. So do you like Ailynn? Does she...work do you think? As a pers...character?"

“Oh yeah, she’s great. I mean she’s smart, kick ass, three dimensional. She's a great character, and you do a great job. I do think the character is a bit uptight, but I think they’re gonna try and mellow her out this season.”

"I hope so, let's hope that Sam is a good enough actress, I can't see what other options Ailynn has for getting more mellow."

“It’s a shame they killed off Ryelle. You and Ryan had such great natural chemistry, which is of course why you started dating. I think he’d have been perfect for Ailynn. But the writers know more than me. And I wasn’t about to tweet out #teamryelynn. Folks on twitter already hate me for well getting Gail pregnant.” Tristan laughed.

"I don't understand twitter at all." Ailynn replied honestly, but hearing Trip...no...Tristan talk about Ryelle, about Ailynn's deepest feelings and emotions toward him was disconcerting.

"It is a shame, I get why they did it, but yeah...I think she still loves him because of all that, poor girl. Let's hope season two gives her something more long term fulfilling." Ailynn said in reply.

"Well that all depends on how many people Sam ticks off behind the scenes. If you thinks she's too much, I'm sure if they ask they'll replace her. But maybe she just needs to be reminded that she's lucky to even be working."

"Bit harsh maybe...she'll settle. Maybe I just caught an off moment. All a bit stressed." ~what is going on here? Trip would never be this overcritical of someone.~

"Yeah folks have been acting weird all day. Maybe that's it, jitters. And you're right. She'll settle."

"So about Trip....Haven't seen all the scripts yet, what's for him?" She got up and looked at the picture that had been bugging her. ~Addison?~

"Well, at some point this season his son is born. I think they'll have it coincide with Gail. But I think the comes into his own. I'm trying to get more fight scenes, but looks like you get all the best ones. Then of course the rumors that they might be writing out Camilla St. James as Ronnie, so I don't know how that's gonna go. Rumor has it, she'll be deaged. But I don't know. Those scripts haven't been written yet."

"Of course. Ronnie, and The Empress. How could I forget." Ailynn sighed. Her whole life reduced to words on a sheaf of red pages. Her oldest friend, seemingly unaware of anything outside this...whatever the hell this was.

A random thought crossed her mind, and she looked at her left palm to see the sliver of a jagged scar. " Tri...stan, do you know what this is?" She held it out for him to see.

"It's a scar. A nasty one. I remember when you got it. Messing around with a prop bathleth. Didn't end well for you." Tristan took her hand, with the hand that would have contained the

identical scar Trip had. But like all the other physical scars that Trip Williams had, Tristan Steele had none. Except those scars from Medical surgeries due to ligament tears suffered in the ring.

"Weird, I thought...never mind." Ailynn said, the remains of her sanity beginning to evaporate. In the back of her mind she hoped that she could call the others, Erin, Ravok, Kiera, and maybe one of them was still themselves. However what if they weren't, what if it really was just her. She couldn't take that risk.

Gabrielle clenched her eyes and shook her head, trying to clear the fog, but failed. "So we're on the first shoots tomorrow for episode 1, we're leaving dock in Risa and...going where sorry?" Ailynn picked up her script and scanned the pages.

"Home." He said almost as if he was programmed to say that. "To Mars. I think. Characters showing how they've grown and past demons. It's gonna be a real mind %\$@\$\$. They're bringing back Lana Korikova who played Alexandra Petrova in the pilot to mess with Trip. I think they may be bringing in Li Monroe who played Rae in flashbacks in the pilot to further complicate things. For Ailynn, well she gets a sit down with that mom of hers."

"That'll be a fun one. I'm pretty sure that she hates me. Next you'll say that Ernesto is on Mars too. Seriously, who writes this nonsense."

"Why would Ailynn's mom hate you? Do you mean the actress? She's the nicest woman in the world and loves the crap out of you."

"Just me being daft, everyone else seems to round here." Ailynn shrugged. Nothing was as it seemed, so much was going round her head and she was losing all sense of security that she had. "Be nice to see Mars again. See what they've done to my hospital."

"Your hospital?"

"You know...the one that Ailynn was...rebuilding in the pilots. New sets I suppose. That was all."

"Oh yeah, I guess. Will be fun to see."

"See what they've made of things." Ailynn said noncommittal. Trip wasn't Trip, and it was getting to her. Her oldest friend was a complete stranger.

"So what do you hope Ailynn gets to do this season."

"Honestly? That she has the confidence to be the person everyone sees her as, but she's utterly unable to see in herself." She shrugged, she could feel the emotion rising again. "And Trip? Baby notwithstanding."

"I'm content. I'm happy. As soon as we wrap up here, I'll go on the road for a few months, help make some new stars, in wrestling that is, then its off to the UK to film Captain Britain, so I'm happy with whatever. I just want one epic fight scene where I get to use my signature move. Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson guest starred in one episode of Voyage and got to do his signature move, I'm the star of the show, I just want to do it at least once." Tristan said laughing. "I'm simple."

Ailynn smiled but really didn't recognise the stranger next to her. "I can't wait." She said. "We got much more?"

"You that ready to go?" Tristan laugh, "I didn't realize I was that boring."

Ailynn forced a smile. "Sorry; no not at all. Just been a trying day. Dinner, glass of red, and I might let Ryan give me a shoulder massage." She smiled, actually realising she wasn't just feeding a line. As she considered that, another thought crossed her mind. That at the moment she was the actor.

~Wait...I'm an actor playing an actor who's pretending to be me~ "You and Addi...Faith doing anything?"

"Yeah, dinner tonight." He smiled.

"Sounds good. I might cook something from home."

“Hey Gabs, remember, you have a great life, you are loved by your folks, and you have a wonderful dude waiting for you at home. Don’t take that for granted. Ryan is special. Guys like that are one in a million.”

"I know, and you're right." She smiled. " had a moment this morning, and Ryan was so sweet. He'd gone out to get coffee."

“He really is a sweet guy. Always trying his best.”

"I mean it was the sweetest most sickly thing in the universe, but the thought was lovely, double death by chocolate donut too. He is lovely. Really does remind me of Ryelle, the way we connect I mean."

“Yeah, again, shame Ryelle had to die. I mean he saved your character’s life twice, once in the pilot, and then in the Bajor arc. You could say without Ryan, you wouldn’t have a job.”

She nodded. "Yeah. I do love him." Smiling gently, she sighed. "Early starts again."

“Yup. Want to go get a beer?”

"Nah, thanks really, but I'm headed home, my apartment is literally like a mile away on the lakefront. I need some alone time to get my head back on straight. Had a weird day like I said."

“Rain check then.”

Ailynn nodded, and replied gently. “tomorrow maybe.” She smiled, hoping that Tristan hadn’t taken offence, it wasn’t that his company was bad, it just wasn’t what she needed right now. She needed love and familiarity. “

Tristan then smiled as the woman he knew as Gabrielle walked out the door.

The door closing behind her, Ailynn sighed, deeply. Another door in her life had been slammed shut, perhaps the final door that her sanity would allow. Trip had been a constant in her life for as long as she could remember. Ailynn stood there for a moment, trying to pull her thoughts

together, but realised that she couldn't do it here, not at the moment. She was holding back the tears, and wanted desperately to be in a private, safe place. Sighing deeply, swallowing her fears, loneliness, angst and increasing all encompassing fear, she walked toward her car, desperate to get out of here.

(Reply none)

(Toronto, Canada - The Rex hotel Jazz and blues bar - Ensign Rayan Anra/Misha Collins - 1705)

As the office workers strolled into the bar and ordered their drinks and food, some but not all of them paid attention to the tall man on the stage with the trumpet in his hand. Many of them would recognise him but not know why and that was okay with him. Some would be there to just listen to the music, some to meet friends and wind down after a long day at work. Others were there because they had become Jazz fans and fans of the band that he played in.

Smiling to himself as he stepped forward to the microphone, he looked at the other members of the band and nodded, "Good evening ladies and gentlemen. We are pleased to welcome those of you that have not been here before and welcome back those that have been here before and those that we see every Friday. Yes, I'm looking at you, Hal." He smiled and waved at the wizened old man sitting off the edge of the bar.

"For those of you that don't know us, the fine lady over there on the double bass is Hannah Williams. The guy on drums is Mike Wazowski. On piano is the beast, Mr James Sullivan. I'm Misha Collins and we are here to provide you with some good old fashioned jazz and blues. Enjoy the music, the company and maybe by our music. We are Fallen Flame."

As he lifted his trumpet to his lips and drew breath, he felt a sense of calm. Calm and happiness. Playing music was what gave him life but it was not an easy life. So, he knew that, at some point, he would be forced to reprise his role on USS Exeter but, for now, he was happy and life was good.

(Reply None)

(Toronto, Canada - 130 Carlton St - CSO Lieutenant Erin Cortez/Genevieve Rhodes- 1745)

After sending out a tweet assuring all of her followers that she was fine and thanking the medical staff at the hospital, Gen had text Exeter's showrunner to let him know she was out of hospital, at home and ready and eager for tomorrow's filming.

What she hadn't said to anyone was she had no clue where Kyle currently was. Last thing she had heard was that he had been seen running to a car being followed by some crazy cosplaying guys and speeding away from the convention centre.

Sighing, she fired off a quick text. "Hey babe, I'm fine. Back at home and missing you. Let me know you're okay. Love you."

Laying back on the sofa, she looked around the room. Photos of them both together, happy and in love were dotted around. Reminders of their romance and their life together. She smiled and said out loud, "Oh Kyle, You better get home tonight. We need to celebrate properly. Just us."

Grabbing her cup from the table in front of her, Gen switched on the TV and flicked through the channels, finally settling on an old movie. "At least I have some time to myself. Before the chaos of filming starts. Mind you, will be good to see everyone again. Season 2... who would have thought it."

(Reply none)

(Toronto, Canada - Knight/Christopher apartment- FO Cmdr Ailynn Bracken/Gabrielle Knight and Ryan Christopher -1800)

Ryan stood patiently at the stove top as he could here the sizzle of the onions on the pan. He hadn't originally planned on making dinner, but after how weird she was acting earlier in the morning, he figured he'd surprise Gabby with a home cooked meal. One of his specialties. He slowly added the cream and some blue cheese crumbles to the frying pan to mix in with the onions to make a blue cheese cream sauce. The deep fryer next to the stove top was going and after he was satisfied with the way the sauce was forming he turned to the fryer and began slowly and carefully dropping some freshly cut potatoes into the oil. They still had the peel on them and were cut into the shape of french fries. Then as the cream sauce seemed done, he placed the frying pan onto the side and took a long rectangular piece of cast iron metal, and placed it over two of the burners. It was a stove top grill. He then placed two beautifully seasoned sirloin steaks onto the stove top grill and smelled the perfection.

"Perfect," he said. "She'll love this." He smiled as he saw the freshly baked sourdough bread on the counter. It would be the perfect steak sandwich with home made fries with cajun seasoning.

Ailynn's mood was about as low as she could remember it. Tears openly ran down her eyes as she entered her apartment. In all honesty she had no real recollection of the last 40 minutes, given that she only lives 10 minutes away.

Upon entering she could smell food cooking, something that she had actually wanted to do this evening, for therapy's sake, but it smelt amazing, so she swallowed her pride and stepped through the doorway and into the kitchen. The door closing behind her signified that it was okay to be worried, and scared, it was fine to let go of all the trauma that her tired, tired mind had absorbed.

"Hi..." She managed before the tears took over.

"Hey silly goose." He said with a smile. He was wearing khaki shorts, a black polo with a toronto blue jays logo on it and a White Blue Jays cap. "I thought I'd make us up some dinner and we can sit and watch the Blue Jays play. Just cuddle you know. You were having a rough morning, thought maybe something easy would cheer you up." He said flipping the steaks over.

He then saw her crying. “Hey, hey.” He reached out, grabbed her hand and pulled her into a hug. “It’ll be ok.”

His arms enveloped her, she could feel the subtle strength in the muscle surrounding her, invoking deepset memory. “I’m sorry...I’ve had such a day...the hospital...”

“It’s ok, I know how hard those can be. But even if its just for a little, even if there is nothing you can do for that girl, you gave her joy, and thats a gift worth giving.”

She rested her head on his shoulder, “I know...but...” She wanted to explain, wanted to tell him, but she didn’t. “She had the most beautiful eyes I’ve ever seen, and hair...like...like Darcy’s. You know, Trinity? The most beautiful auburn? Chemo of course...” she looked at him. “Can I change? Do I have time?” she motioned to the griddle.

“Yeah, you’ve got, by my count. 5 minutes or so, but I’ll wait because I love you.” He said with a smile.

Ailynn found herself smiling, her tears waning. His arms had felt safe, and comforting. It reminded her, of course of the way that he’d held her as she’d died, intent on sacrifice, but this time there was warmth, not sadness. “Be right back” she said.

He smiled as he then took the steaks of the stove top grill and then began slicing them into strips for the sandwich.

Sighing gently she walked through to the bedroom and after a few moments poking about, pulled on a fresh set of nightwear out of the drawer. A few moments had passed, and Ailynn checked all the doors and drawers that she could see. ~no bunny rabbit bathrobe? Psychopath...~ she thought, as she pulled on a black satin robe that covered mid thigh before stepping back into the open kitchen living area.

“Smells amazing. My turn tomorrow. Tuscan wild sausage ravioli.”

Ryan smiled as he placed the opened baguette styled sourdough roll on the plates, then placed the steak, and smothered it with the cream sauce. He then placed a healthy dose of fries on each plate

and brought them to the kitchen table. “You, cook? Now I know something’s off.” he said with a laugh. “I’m sure it will be delicious. I can’t wait.”

Ailynn smiled, but reeled her mind in, ~think...stupid girl.~ “Saw something on Youtube... suggested feed?” she remembered from earlier. “Some bloke called Ramsay? I dunno, made it look easy.”

“Well I’m sure you’re gonna crush it.”

Ailynn looked at the plate in front of her as she sat at the table. “This looks amazing.” She took a bit of the ensemble in front of her. “Mmmf.” It reminded her deeply of Caitys steak sandwiches back in the Nine and Dine. There was something about the taste, the lingering aromatic spice on her palate. “French Mustard...Dijon?” she asked.

“Just a little bit, on one side of the bread. Pairs well with the blue cheese, cream, and onions. It’s what I made you on our first date. Thought this could be a nice reminder and pick me up.”

“Its amazing.” She smiled, genuinely meaning it, she was losing herself to the moment. “And you’re right. I needed it. Everyone I’ve met today has been...”

“Been what gummy bear?”

“So the Make-a-Wish aside, I saw Cait...Sam...and she hates me, that cut me deep. After that I saw Farfallina, and...well, she’s...well, lets say that Ailynn wouldn’t recognise her and love her as Sienna; and then Tristan was just...ugh...full on.”

“Full on? I’m sure he was fine. He’s just got a lot going on. They all do. But they mean well. In their own way. I think.”

Ailynn took a few more bites of the admittedly beautifully cooked steak. “Cheat day?” she asked pensively. She wondered if all of Gabrielle's meals were like this, somehow she doubted it.

“Treat day. Somedays you just, need to treat yourself. Ya know what I mean?”

She smiled, and ate more, “This is amazing.” she stood up from the chair, and half remembering a bottle of red that she’d seen earlier, she pulled it out of the cupboard, and poured an aromatic glug into two large glasses. “This should pair well.” she said gently smiling toward him.

“Red wine, red meat.” he said with a laugh.

Ailynn smiled, she could talk about oak and blackcurrant aromas, but her heart was elsewhere. “Yeah, pretty much.”

“Hey so talk to me gummy bear. What is really going on?”

Cleaning her plate she smiled as she sipped at the wine. Wanting to lie, and cover it, she failed. “Just...woke up not feeling me, and so much got to me. Can we not talk about this hun? I'm kind of just calming down and feeling happier. ”

“I will always respect what you want to do babe. But don’t bottle this forever ok. I’m here for you always.”

She motioned to the sofa and sat in the corner, her legs resting over his lap. “I know...Its just.” she welled up again. “I have everything,” she waved around her. “She’s a poor kid who is just coming into herself, just becoming the amazing woman that she could be, and she’s dying.”

“I know, but the thing is, the very true and sad reality my love, is that life isn’t fair. So we have to enjoy the little moments we have while we have them. Sometimes good people die and shitty people live, and we just...there is nothing we can do about it.”

Ailynn sighed. “I spoke to Andrea earlier...you know her year one set books are going to cost her \$500? I hate that knowledge has a price.”

“Yeah, well maybe we could help her out with that. Like a birthday present or something.”

“Yeah...” She sighed leaning into him as he flicked on the large screen opposite them. She saw a few frames of the game and Ailynn’s mind wandered almost instantly.

“You know we could watch something else if you like, or just sit and talk.”

“I dunno” she smiled. “I’m happy. Please just hold me?”

“Of course.” he said as he wrapped her up into his arms and smiled. “I’ll never let go.”

“You smell nice, like you did when you held me back when I...Ailynn died.”

“It’s the cologne you got me for my birthday.” He said with a smile. “You know it’s a shame they cut that one scene from the episode before Ryelle died. Would have made his death mean more.”

“More...I remember.” Ailynn smiled gently, a warmth settling in her body.

“Yeah, it was right after he got put on the away mission, and he confided in Nurse Drake that he was in love with Ailynn, but it would never be returned. But that’s ok. As long as she was happy, he knew eventually he’d find another fish in space. But they cut it for time. Would have made him dying for her more...powerful. He knew she’d never love him, but his love led him to die for her, to save her, so she could live and find her true love.”

“Those moments made me...” she recovered, “and I’m sure her so happy.” She twisted and and rested her head laterally to his chest.

“Can I ask you something?”

“Always.”

“Does she love him?”

“What do you mean?”

“Ailynn...I mean, the writers totally have her and Caity, I get it, Ailynn’s bi. Fine, but does she love Ryelle? I...I actually think that she really does. You?”

“Well, I mean I never thought about it. I mean, Ailynn is just such an interesting character. I think she’s still trying to figure out what romantic love is. Like she's had opportunities, but in a

way its still foreign to her. The concept of romantic love and what that means. So I guess I mean a part of her might. I mean she will always love what he did for her. But romantically I dont know. Why do you think she loves him?"

There wasn't a thought. "She remembers the way he held her as she was dying, the strong arms the whole thing. After that, I dunno, tiny things."

"Like what?"

Ailynn sighed, and stopped fishing, her mind was tired, and her body weary. "I dunno, looks, glances, memories that she has, regrets she may carry; just me being silly. " She enjoyed his arms around her. "Can we go out on the deck?"

"Sure," he said. As he stood up he cradled her in his arms and carried her outside. "You know I still remember the lines from that scene."

Ailynn nodded. "Ry...let me down, please just...hold me?"

Ryan did as he was asked and held her tight to his chest. "Like this?"

Ailynn sighed as she looked across the water, the sun setting, and the light from the city slipping into the view, "Yeah," she snuggled into his embrace.

"Gabby?" he asked softly. "I love you dearly."

Ailynn turned toward him, and nuzzled into his chest. "I love you." she answered honestly.

"I was gonna wait until, well until after you got the first episode filmed, but I guess now's as good a time as any."

Ailynn's emotions where all centred on him, smiling gently, she wa confused as to how this had taken a sudden turn.

"What is it?" she asked gently

“Wait, just wait right here ok.” he smiled as he went and ran into the house towards the small room he used as an office.

Ailynn stood there in the cool evening air, in her nightwear, the cool evening air whipping the delicate satin against her torso.

Returning he smiled. “Feel free to say no, and that is not time, but its been on my mind for awhile.”

She looked toward him and smiled gently her body glowing.

Ryan than got on one knee and smiled, then pulling out two tickets he said, “I know, I know you aren’t the biggest sports fans, but I was able to get two tickets behind home plate for the Blue Jays next month, and I was wondering, if you’d be willing to take our relationship to the next level. Going to sporting events with me, even though you hate them.” he paused. “I’ll buy you ballpark food.” He smiled like a silly goose.

“Chilli dog or I sleep with the second spare backstop.” The words coming to her from a half remembered something years ago.

“You mean the shortstop?” he said with a laugh.

“Him too.” She said gently, taking in his stance. “I’d really like that. Is there something you want to ask me Ryan?”

“Yeah, if you wanted to go to the game. What did you think I was gonna ask you to marry me?” he said with a wink.

Tears welled up, she knee that she shouldn't feel like this, it made no sense why she'd become so emotionally attached, but in retrospect, she realised that she'd carried a torch for him for a while, the dreams had made sure of that. “I’d like you to...” She felt herself drawn closer and closer to him. “If that was the question, I mean...baseball is okay...but “

Ryan got up and put his hand in his pocket. "You know there are who knows how many women on this ship, and I happened to fall in love with the one who is unavailable. I mean she'll never notice me. Her brilliant mind is too focused. Not to mention there is always someone in the way. But since the day I met her in Med school, I just knew she was special. That Ailynn Bracken. She just doesn't realize it yet. She's more than just brains and tenacity. She's got a gentle soul when she feels like it. She's....I love her, but I don't think its meant to be. That's ok though. My main concern is her happiness. I would die for her if I could. It's the crush that just wont die. So that's why nurse drake, I've requested a transfer. I just don't know if I could handle loving her and not being able to have her love me back. But it's ok. Because her happiness is all I care about."

She watched him go through something that he'd clearly got set in his mind. She held his hand. "Don't stop." she said.

Ryan smiled, "That was from the scene they cut. I kinda get what he's saying though. Your happiness is all I care about to. Which is why, I used the tickets to guage your interest, so I can see if it was the right time to pull out this." He took a ring from his pocket and knelt down again.

"Gabby," he said with a smile. "Will you marry me?"

Ailynn smiled deeply, and her body had exploded with happiness. "Yes..." she said, tears of joy running down her cheeks. "Yes I will" She pulled him up and held out her hand, allowing him to slip the ring on.

He smiled. "Well I'm officially the luckiest guy alive."

She looked at him, part of her still seeing Ryelle, but in her mind the hidden feelings she had had been transposed over. "I love you..." she said gently.

"And I you."

Ailynn bit her bottom lip as she regarded Ryan, then gently led him back into the apartment, and picked up the glasses and bottle, carrying it towards the bedroom, where she placed it on the bedside table.

Smiling happily she shed the robe, and nudged her head beckoning him.

Ryan smiled and followed. There was something about her, something special, and it filled him with joy.

She slipped into the large bed on her left hand side, and was pulled gently, a little spoon; his arms wrapped around her waist gently, but she could feel the strength in them surround her. She gently guided a hand toward her breast as she turned and kissed him. "Please..."

"Well since you ask so nicely," he said as he began to kiss her neck.

Sighing happily at the embrace, she felt comforted, protected, and happy to the core. Feelings stirring with her she half turned and caught him in a gentle kiss, then another deeper slow gentle deep kiss, turning her head over her shoulder.

He kissed her passionately. "I'll let you keep the last name, you know since you're more famous than me." He then held her close.

Ailynn looked to Ryan, and returned the kiss, "Ssh..." she said gently as she pulled him closer toward her.

Ryan smiled, looked his fiance in the eyes, and spoke softly, "If this is what you want my dear, I will happily oblige." With a near sprint, he turned off the lights and returned to his lovers arms in their shared bed.

"I love you..." Ailynn managed, gently.

(Reply none)

(Toronto, Earth - Apartment of Camilla St. James - ACFO, Lt. JG Ronnie Winters/Camilla St. James -18:00)

It was a bittersweet moment for Camilla as she sat reading the script for the first episode of season 2 of Star Trek Exeter. It would be her last episode. She was leaving the series at the end of this episode. That was the bittersweet thing about it. But it was something she needed to do.

The young actress was going back home to care for her parents. Her dad had gotten sick, and she wanted to take some time off to be close to his parents and help her mother out at home. It would be an odd transition, going from acting and modeling to moving back home to Tampa, Florida to be with her parents, but they were the most important part of her world. Her relationship with her parents was the most important thing to her. She almost lost them when she was six. She was being babysat by her grandparents while her parents were on a date. As they were driving home they were hit by a drunk driver and were in critical condition. They both pulled through and ever since then, she never took them for granted. She was going to do whatever it took to be present for her parents during this trying time.

As for work, she didn't know what she was gonna do, but she would think of something. She had saved enough money from the shows she had done as well as from modelling, enough to help out for a year. Though there were some nibblers for a couple guest spots on shows here or there if she needed it, though nothing that would take her away from for that long. Her family was her life. Her parent's needed her, here little brother was finishing college at the University of South Florida and shouldn't have to shoulder the burden alone. So the 23 year old actress was gonna press pause on her young career and be there for the most important thing in her life, her family and parents.

As she finished the script, she began to cry. She was being replaced, but in an odd way. An accident was gonna deage Ronnie back to the age of four and her memories were going to be altered so that she didn't remember the original timeline. It was a beautiful end for her time as the character, as Ronnie was going to get her greatest wish. It just meant here time as Ronnie was going to come to an end. Still, the last year was fun, and it was a character she enjoyed playing.

As she wiped the tears from her eyes, she smiled and took out her phone. "Hey mom, its me Cammy, talked to the landlord, the penalty for breaking the lease isn't too high. Anyways, yeah, I booked my ticket home. I'll see you in ten days. Give dad my best, I love you both so very much and I can't wait to just be with you guys for awhile."

(reply none)

(Toronto, Canada - Pinewood Studios - Exeter Showrunner William G. Banowsky, Esq.- 20.00)

"I swear Judy," Will said to his assistant as he walked back into his office after grabbing a bottle of coke zero. "This cast is gonna be the death of me this season. So much chaos sowed in one day."

"Well, it will settle. Once we start filming they won't have the time to be crazy." Judy smiled.

"I hope you're right." Will said with a laugh. "Why don't you go ahead and go home. I'll go ahead and send out a schedule for the cast."

Judy smiled and gathered her things while Will sat down at his computer.

Humming to himself the theme song from Mighty Morphin Power Rangers for no other reason than the fact it was stuck in his head.

"Let's see." He said to himself as he opened up his email. He then began composing an email to the cast, informing them when catering services would begin, and when they should report to the studio, including make up and costume fitting times. When he finished the email he hit send. Then stood up and prepared to go home. "Gosh I hope tomorrow is more normal."

(reply none)

(Toronto, Canada - Bangarang- aACMO Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze/ Oliver Bader-Pagitt, Amber Ravine/ Nesha Kervik -2057)

The driver opened the door, beckoning Heinrich out. The streets of Toronto's Little Italy were bustling with college students from the nearby campus. The driver asked for a tip, but Heinrich ignored him not knowing what a tip is. The driver walked off in a huff muttering something about actors. Heinrich stayed on the sidewalk waiting for signs of Amber.

Amber parked her car down the block and stepped out of it and onto the sidewalk. She felt like she was running late. She had taken a few extra minutes to do her makeup and spent about an hour trying to find the right outfit. She decided on blue jeans, knee black boots and a black 'Misfits' band t-shirt. That she got at a show in New York state, and a black jacket over top of that. She didn't want to be too girly, it wasn't her style anyways.

She spotted Oliver on the sidewalk.

" Hey there you are. Looks like you had no trouble finding the place ."

"No. I forgot the address, but my driver knew where to go." Heinrich said with a smile. "Uh, what's a misfit?"

She tilted her head " I'm sorry what?"

"On your shirt. It says 'Misfits'."

" Oh " she laughed.

" You've never heard of the Misfits?"

"No, who are they?"

" They are a horror punk band, I got this shirt at a show in New York about 8 years ago. " Amber replied, truly astonished that Oliver had never heard of them.

Heinrich nodded, even though he didn't understand a word Amber said.

" I know people assume that people who wear band shirts don't know the band's music and simply wear them as a fashion statement, but I know all their stuff. " Amber added.

"That's cool."

" Let's go inside. " She suggested.

"Oh, yeah." Heinrich opened the door and beckoned Amber in.

" Thank you. " She said, walking in the door. The place wasn't packed yet which was a good thing. They could get a spot at the bar and order their drinks.

" Let's go grab a seat at the bar." Amber said motioning towards the bar.

“Sounds good.” Finally Heinrich found something he could recognize. Through all the centuries a simple bar has never changed.

Reaching the bar Amber sat down and spun a stool towards Oliver.

" Take a seat Ollie" She laughed.

“Thanks.” He said as he sat down.

The bartender came over to them.

" Hi Amber"

" Hey Brooke."

" Who is your friend?" The bartender asked, looking too Oliver.

“I’m, uh, Oliver.” Heinrich Swiss, glad Amber reminded him of his name in this reality.

" Nice to meet you Oliver. I'm Brooke, what can I get you started with tonight?"

“I don’t know.” While bars hadn’t changed, their contents surely had.

" You like whiskey ?" Amber asked Oliver.

“Oh, I love whiskey.” Heinrich said. “Two whiskeys?”

Brooke looked at the two of them

“Two whiskeys! On the rocks, how about you Amber?”

" Two for you ? " Amber laughed.

" I want a Whiskey Mule" She said. It was her drink of choice here. A mix of Bourbon, lime, mint, sugar and ginger beer.

The bartender started making their drinks.

“This is a neat place.”

" Yeah. It's a good place it started going under about two years ago. My brother knew the owner's brother through a car club and helped them do some updates to the place and loaned them money to get the place back on its feet."

“Well that was nice of him. When you suggested this place I didn’t realize you had such a connection.”

" I Didn't even know about the loan he gave them. They told me well after I first started coming here. It's just a really enjoyable place."

“What do you like about it?”

She took her drink and sipped through the straw.

" Honestly? The people who come here aren't depressed or looking to drink sorrows away. The people who come here are ambitious and seem to have life by the horns. Everyone who walks in that door is here to have a good time. The kind of energy just rubs off on people, it's contagious."

Heinrich nodded. “That’s the right sort to surround yourself with.”

" I couldn't agree anymore" Amber smirked

“So what all have you been up to? Pretend I haven’t been paying attention because, so I’ve been told, I haven’t been.”

Her eyes got big and she took a deep exaggerated breath. " Well...ever since my character was killed off. I went right back to the makeup department full time, Tristan Steele apparently has been having his way with several female crew members, my brother got engaged to a gold

digging b!+(#. Anna Hegilsdottir is in a cute relationship with a lawyer that she flaunts all over social media any chance she can get, Gabrielle Knight is still the queen of the land, walks around like she's completely perfect. " Amber took another sip of her drink.

“Wow, that's a lot to take in.”

" I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that stuff, any of it. Except the part about my brother getting engaged to that money moocher Genevieve Rhodes."

“Who is that?”

" Genevieve? She plays Erin Cortez. You guys haven't filmed much together. She's engaged to my brother Kyle who plays Ravok. But let's talk about you."

~Erin Cortez? The science officer?~ Heinrich thought to himself. ~So if I'm Oliver, she's Geneviere. I wonder if she'll recognize me.~

“Talk about me?” He asked.

Amber laughed. " Yeah you! You said earlier that you feel like you woke up in a whole new world, I couldn't get that out of my head all day. What did you mean by that ?" Amber asked

Heinrich didn't know what was going on, but either way he could not reveal who he was. He'd have to play along. But that was growing more difficult the way the night was going. “Oh, I mean, I guess I've had a change of heart.”

" A change of heart? " She asked very intrigued.

“Yeah, I woke up and just felt... different. I can't really explain it. You ever look at something and it's like you saw it for the first time? That's happened to me. It's like I'm seeing everything for the first time. Including you.”

Amber looked at her drink.

" Including me huh? There was a moment today and it was only a moment. I looked in the mirror when I woke up this morning and everything seemed wrong. I was terrified. Everything felt wrong today until you walked in." Amber said blushing.

" I will say however I had the best sleep of my life last night. It was like I was asleep for an entire month. " She laughed .

“You certainly brightened my day.” Heinrich hardly knew what he was saying, but he was certain it was true. “I don’t think any of this is wrong. Just strange.”

Amber genuinely didn't know what to say. Oliver had been a loose cannon since the day she met him, yet now it was like talking to a completely different person. The coldness behind Oliver's eyes was gone and in it's place was a warmth she had never seen. To her it was like he was the only thing that made any sense to her, like the only person who felt real.

" Well Ollie I have to tell you that I am glad that you came in today. You were the last person I expected to make my day better. "

“I take it I haven’t been the best person?”

Amber rested her chin on her hand and stirred her drink and smiled at him. " No, but maybe it's because no one took the time to see you for you, maybe we all just need one strange day to set everything straight."

Heinrich laughed, “Yeah, maybe.”

Amber looked over to the cornhole setup and nodded her head towards the play area.

" Wanna play some cornhole?"

“Uh, I don’t know what that is.” Heinrich confessed.

" I'll teach you ." She said, standing up she took his hand.

He blushed. “Alright.”

>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>><<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<

Mission: Lights, Cameras.... Action

Day: 2

Stardate: 2446:01:02/2025:07:01

Begin Compile

Ailynn slowly drifted awake, always an early riser. Ryan's arm wrapped around her, his hand resting delicately on her chest. Smiling and sighing happily, she turned, and regarded her lover still slumbering happily away. Carefully she slipped out of the bed, and moved toward the bathroom, to perform her morning routine, enjoying a warm, luxuriant shower.

Ryan yawned as he lumbered into the room, he had thrown on some gym shorts to walk into the kitchen. He was groggy and half asleep. “Since when are you an early riser?” he asked as he poured himself a glass of water. “Come back to bed, I miss you already.” He said with a smile.

Ailynn smiled playfully. “Awake. Busy. Work. Makeup. Hungry. Cooked.” her face lit up in delight as she plated up the eggs benedict for both of them. “No hollandaise, so I used mayo. Coffee is on the way...if I don’t just throw the mother...I got it.” she smiled and kissed him. “I’m....happy.”

“Well good thing I set the coffee maker timer last night. But I thought I’d be the only one up.” He said with a smile. “Need to hit the gym to maintain this chiseled physique.”

“You look fine. It’s what’s in your heart that’s important.” She poured two coffees, her own strong, and dark. “Table outside. I know we can’t always do this.” She sighed, happily once more, though her deeper mind was shouting at her.

“What do you mean? You just agreed to do this with me for the rest of our lives.”

She sighed as she picked up the plates and carried them out. “I meant a gentle leisurely breakfast every morning, we won’t always have time. Would you like a croissant?”

“Sorry. Sun isn’t out yet, so brain still....slow. I didn’t mean to sound ungrateful my dear. And yes I’d love one. Thank you.”

Ailynn motioned to the deck, and placed the plates on the table at the corner. “Be right back.” moving back into the kitchen area, she pulled out a croissant out from the pack and after plating it carried it out on a small tray with their coffees

“Thanks babe.”

Smiling, Ailynn took a bite of her breakfast and sipped at the strong, rich coffee. “Mmm.” smiling gently Ailynn basked in the rising sun, the warmth on her arms matching the warmth in her soul “thoughts?”

“You tell me. You were...ummm...pretty uh...well you know, in rare form last night.”

“A lady never reveals...” Ailynn said playfully, A happy smile on her face. “You make me happy, nothing more to be said” she smiled as she sipped her coffee once more.

“Well I’m glad, since you agreed to marry me.” He said with a smile. “You gonna wear your ring to the studio?”

Ailynn shook her head. “I’d like to, and know that I am not ashamed and I’ll put it on....what was it...? Twitter right now. I don’t want to damage or lose this when I have to take it off...and on...and off...”

Ryan nodded. “Funny, I figured you’d where to make people jealous.” He paused. “Please don’t take this the wrong way sweetie. But you seem different.”

“Good different or bad different.” Ailynn hedged, buying time in her mind.

“Different, you carry yourself different, you mannerisms, the way you walk, move....its different.”

“Settling. Growing up maybe. Realising that the...numbers in my bank don’t make me richer?”

“Maybe, but, its, look Gabs, I know you better than anyone in the world, but you just....its like....maybe its just you getting in character, but the way you’ve been talking, moving, ummm...loving....it’s like you’re trying to play Ailynn at home and the studio.”

Ailynn felt the dig to her heart, even though it was delivered to Gabrielle’s.

“I made love to you wrongly?”

He cut her off. “Oh heavens no! Last night was perfect. What I mean is....you just...maybe the pressure of the show is getting to you, and you feel like you need to be perfect, ya know. But just know at home, you can be free. You can take the pressure off, or I can help you carry it. We’re a team, now more than ever. It’s ok to leave work and work, and just be plain old Gabby, normal unfamous Gabby, when you’re with me.”

“I know, and I appreciate that.” Ailynn was sinking, she knew that, and Ryan, Ryelle, was her anchor.

“As for last night, babe, there was nothing wrong about that, and if you want to bring Ailynn back into bed, well, I don’t mind.” He said with a wink.

Her heart sank, it was on her left, but she felt it her body over, he wasn’t making love to her, he was...to Gabrielle.

“I know. I just had a moment.” she pulled her emotional dams right back up, her body reverting to traumas past. “Eat up, going cold.” she smiled

He smiled a warm loving smile. “Oh, I forgot to tell you about the fun phone call I had yesterday.” he said eating. “Gail called. She and I are doing a Hallmark channel movie together. She’s playing my sister, who tells me to follow my heart or something. Filming locally so shouldn’t be too time consuming. Work is work. Anyways, she said that Tristan said the craziest thing yesterday.”

~Gail...Ash? Does she remember? Ash is the sensible one I can....~ but she knew that she couldn’t. She was still alone. “Oh? What did she say?”

“Apparently he swore to her that he was actually Trip Williams from the Exeter. I guess you’re not the only one going method.”

Ailynn sighed, other feelings hanging over her once more like a raincloud. Smiling gently she ate more of her breakfast. “I’m not going method I promise, just getting into it I suppose. I’m okay, like I said to you, just been waking up not feeling quite me.”

“Then who do you feel like?” He asked with a smile. “I mean yesterday you kept asking questions about how Ailynn felt. You gonna be the next one to say, ‘oh I’m Actually Ailynn.’” He said with a laugh.

Ailynn smiled, looking out over the lake as she sipped her coffee. Laughing gently, she shook her head. “Sorry to disappoint.” Turning to look at him she shrugged. “Maybe she has been getting in my head a bit of late. I’m keyed up is all, nothing to worry about. I walk differently?”

"Yeah" he said as he stood up. "So you're walking like how you walk as Ailynn on screen." Ryan then loosened his body smiled and mimicked Ailynn's walk

"Okay...so I see that, it's purposeful, places to go..." Ailynn said

"Then you're normal walk is like this." Ryan then mimicked Gabby's walk.

"Wait...my hips actually move like that? That's much more sensual."

"So there you go. And yeah I'm a good actor."

"I'm kind of blown away to be honest. I don't see the back of myself walk..." Ailynn made a mental note to look at youtube later and try and figure out this walking thing.

"How was breakfast?" Ailynn sat back, and sipped her coffee again.

"Hit the spot."

"I need to leave at about half six." She remembered the message that she'd seen the day before.

"Do you need a lift or are you taking own car?"

"I'll drive in, its the first day of shooting, so there's bound to be someone hanging around at the gates who wants pictures." She said, trying to force herself into how she thought Gabbie may react.

"All the more reason to take my car. It's lame and not exciting."

"You're probably right. You good to drop me off on your way?" Ailynn asked, finishing her coffee.

"Yup." He said smiling.

She reached out and held his hand, smiling gently, then stood up, and sat on his knees, leaning on Ryan's head. "You okay?" she asked gently.

"Peachy keen Avril Lavigne."

"I could sit here all day, but need to move, you still headed to the gym?"

"Yeah, but I can drop you off first "

"I'm going to grab another coffee and read through the scripts again. Haven't seen today's shooting schedule."

"On your desk. I highlighted it for you."

"Thank you honey. I missed that. You want another?" She raised her cup. "Or some juice?"

"How bout some sugar?"

Ailynn smiled, and put the cup down on the table. Then turned back around, moving one leg so she was sat astride him on his knees, her arms over his shoulders. Then leaning forward kissed him deeply.

He smiled. "Well breakfast is over, I've gotten some sugar. Guess I need to get dressed for the gym."

Ailynn nodded, and stood up, picking up the plates and cups. She then kissed him again, and then turned, walking away, making sure that her legs moved the way that Ryan had imitated, and how Ailynn now remembered see Gabrielle walk in the fashion show video she'd seen yesterday. As she reached the door, she turned and winked gently.

"Love you Ailynn." He said with a playful smile. "Be out in a bit."

Ailynn's heart soared, and she felt herself slide more and more into the security of the moment. "Love you babe." She replied gently.

(Reply none)

(Toronto Canada-Pinewood Studio-Dressing room- COO LTjg Paul Sleeford/ Saul Pickford
06:00)

Paul woke from a fitful sleep, with dreams of green swirling smoke surrounding him, choking his breath from him lungs. Sitting up he looked round his location, running his hand over his face he stood and stretched, twisting left and right to ease the muscles in his back. The small couch wasn't the worst place he'd slept, but it was a close thing.

Walking into the smallest bathroom he'd ever seen Paul turned on the shower and hoped for hot water, finding a small cupboard he opened it to find a range of tiny bathroom products, taking the towel folded there he laughed, he'd used bigger flannels on the farm growing up, after a few seconds he placed his hand under the flow and grunted, it was warm at best.

After showering and drying Paul sat on the couch, the message he'd received last night said he had to be at makeup trailer A at 7:30, wherever that was. Turning to get a bottle of juice out of the fridge Paul banged left knee on the corner of the desk.

Standing swearing at his stupidity Paul finished dressing and made himself semi presentable, limping out of the room he made his way across the studio lot looking for makeup, rounding a corner he spied a row of trailers, making his way towards them looking for A.

As he approached Paul spotted another man standing outside, something about the stance made him slow up. Stopping briefly to ease his knee , he started forward again limping his way to the trailer. As he neared the man, a face flashed before him, paleish skin, pointy ears and a gruff expression, frowning Paul cocked his head to the side.

“Ravok?”

(Reply Ravok)

[illegible]