The Enemy Within

by WorldsUnreal

Summary

Where Bones is very observant, Spock is trying not to have a crisis, and Rand gets a little caught up in things despite her efforts.

(A fanfictionization of the episode The Enemy Within)
Chapter 1

It’s a slow day today, the Captain has spent most of it on the surface of planet Alpha 177 on a specimen-gathering mission. As his yeoman, that leaves most of my day free, since he’d be too busy beaming up and down to ask me for anything. I thought to use the free time productively and decided to finally check those manifests I’ve been putting off.

I’m sitting in the Captain’s quarters, sorting the file cards so they would be in alphabetical order. I didn’t hear the door slide open or the Captain enter, but when I look up he is idly standing by the door.

“Ship’s manifests, sir.” I say as I hand him the cards, “I think they’re in order now.”

“Thank you, yeoman.” He says, without looking up, and for a second I thought he sounded more tired than he usually is.

“I checked-”

“That’s all.” He cuts me off. Well what do you know, the Captain is even more aloof when he is tired.

“Yes, sir.”

I take my leave, I could do with some rest myself.

Being the Captain’s yeoman isn’t all that great as my colleagues make it out to be. He can be rather difficult and it often feels like a thankless job. All he cares for sometimes is the Enterprise and his crew, which is a great thing for a Captain, but unfortunately it is his yeoman’s job to make sure he eats his meals, otherwise I’d have Doctor McCoy to deal with.

I’ve just returned to my own quarters, and I’m looking forward to a hot shower and maybe followed by a few hours’ sleep. I begin the long process of removing all the pins out of my hair. Or maybe I’d just get a coffee and take a shower later-

“Oh. Captain.” Captain Kirk? But I was sure he was in his quarters when I left. And I didn’t see anybody on my way here. “You startled me.”

And… Brandy? How in the world did he manage to find that so quickly?

“And there something that you-”

The Captain took a long, languid swig and proceeded to eyeball me. This is decidedly very, very strange. Even for the likes of a yeoman aboard the USS Enterprise.

I don’t like the way he is looking at me. I can’t begin to guess what’s gotten into him, the only other time I’ve ever seen him like this was- never actually. He usually never even spares a glance at me, always so caught up with being the Captain.

“Can I help you? Captain?”

“Jim will do here, Janice.” He even smiles at the end of that.
“Oh.” He’s frightening me, but I can’t as well tell him to leave, he’s the Captain.

“You’re too beautiful to ignore. Too much woman.”

I’m frozen to the spot, hoping that he will for some reason snap back and make this all out to be a bad joke of some kind. He’s standing very close to me now-

“We’ve both been pretending too long.” He roughly pulls me towards him. I let out an involuntary squeal, but it doesn’t seem to bother him, “Stop pretending.”

I can smell the alcohol on his breath as I push against him. He does not budge one bit- I push harder, but his hold on me just tightens. The comm is on the other side of the room, but with the captain’s firm hold, calling for help is currently out of the question.

“Let’s stop pretending. Come here, Janice. Don’t fight me.” His voice is soft- sickeningly so. A mockery of the few times I’ve seen him speak to a wounded or upset crewmember. The Captain is usually such a comforting figure. Steady and level-headed.

“Don’t fight me, Janice.” I can barely breathe, he’s holding onto me so tightly-

His mouth is brutal and painful on mine. I fight back, but the Captain is so much stronger than I am. Adrenaline is rushing through me and everything happens so quickly. It’s all just a flurry of flailing limbs and the Captain’s cruel voice, until-

Fisher!

“Call Mr. Spock!” I scream, “Call Mr. Spock!”

“Captain Kirk?” Doctor McCoy is passing a medical scanner over me, “Are you absolutely certain it was him?”

“Yes.” I say, almost choking on my words as I try to force back my tears. I’m not really paying attention to the Doctor’s ministrations, I can’t really focus on anything at the moment.

“Just a few bruises, yeoman.” The Doctor smiles as he presses a dermal regenerator against my skin, but it’s not hard to miss the way he’s frowning, “When I’m done with you, you’ll be running around the ship again.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re good to go,” A gentle hand helped me into a sitting position, “Yeoman, you know as well as I do that the Captain is not a violent man.”

“That’s what I thought, but-”

“But?” The Doctor’s frown deepened.

“There was something different about him. He had a bottle of brandy with him.”

“I can testify to that bottle.”

“But he wasn’t drunk enough to- I mean, at least I don’t think so.”
“Then how was he different?” The Doctor has his unblinking blue gaze fixed on me.

“He still spoke like himself, just-” I search for the right words, “as if he lost the ability to control himself. As if he just became a wild animal.”

Doctor McCoy’s eyes widened, “I see.” He then mumbles something to himself and walks off. When he returns he hands me a handkerchief. I hadn’t realised I’ve started crying, so I accept the handkerchief gratefully and dry my face.

“Yeoman, Mr. Spock has found the Captain in his quarters. They are on their way down here to see how you’re doing, do you think you’re up for that?”

“The Captain?”

The Doctor nods, then sighs, “Mr. Spock told me he was calm when he found him, and in his own quarters. The Captain apparently has no idea what had just happened.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Neither do I, Yeoman. But I suppose Spock and the Captain are just as eager to make sense of this.”

“I don’t mind.” I say unsurely.

“You sure?” The Doctor’s concerned eyes snapped me back to my sense of duty.

“Yes.”

“You can go now, Yeoman.” Spock says without looking at me. The Captain is blinking at him in puzzlement, and Mr. Spock seems almost… concerned. I dismiss my thoughts, and hastily leave the two alone. From experience I’ve learned that the Captain prefers me not to interrupt when he’s speaking to his senior officers, and especially not when he’s speaking to his First.

It beats me how there are no scratches on the Captain’s face, I was sure I’ve hurt him. Now he seems like a different person altogether! Only that, he isn’t. It’s just that, he sounded so… tired. Lifeless almost. And mere moments ago he was-

I sigh and shake the thoughts from my head. I don’t know what to think, he did not even seem angry at the accusations or even afraid. It’s as if somebody has just taken all his emotions away from him. I’m just about to fetch my things from the other side of sickbay-

"Yeoman Rand?” Doctor McCoy entered the room, “It wasn’t Captain Kirk. Trust me when I tell you this.”

“You think I’m lying?”

“Not at all. Would you care to sit down? I think I might just have something that can help you calm down.”

I sit down, and the doctor places a small glass in front of me.

“Drink it. It’ll do you good.”
“I know what I saw.”

“I don’t doubt it.” The Doctor settles in the seat opposite me, “It’s hard to mistake our captain for anybody else.”

I take a sip of the drink. Doctor McCoy just continues,

“The Captain would never do that, Yeoman. Not to you or anybody else. You see, despite all his bravado, he’s nothing but a big softie inside.”

Admittedly I’ve never looked at the Captain in any other way except professionally, “You seem to have known Captain Kirk for quite a while, Doctor.”

The Doctor scoffed, “I’m not claiming I’m an expert on personalities. I’m a doctor not a psychologist, for god sakes! But there’s one thing I can be sure of,” for once the ever-present frown on the Doctor’s face disappears, “He’s a good man.”

“Then what, or who do you think-?”

“Damned if I knew. With the amount of things that go wrong around here I wouldn’t dare to hazard a guess. Besides, if I’m reading the Captain correctly these past few weeks—” Doctor McCoy paused then scowled, “actually, forget that last bit.”

“Doctor?”

“You should get some rest, Yeoman. Doctor’s orders.” He smiles as he escorts me out of sickbay, “And don’t tell the Captain or Spock that I’ve said any of this.”

Sometimes I think Doctor McCoy is the biggest ‘softie’ around here.
The news has spread through the ship: there is an impostor aboard and he has been captured by the captain himself.

A transporter malfunction, they say, although I’ve never even heard mention a transporter can create a look-alike with a different personality. I’m not one for all the technical details, but I can tell just fine when something sounds wrong.

In any case, I have resumed my duty as the Captain’s yeoman.

“Captain, status report from Mr. Scott,” The Captain is in sickbay, sitting in a chair beside a bed where the impostor lay. It’s a bizarre sight. A very bizarre sight.

The captain slowly takes the files from me, looking at them as if he has never seen a file card in his life.

“Those are the reports Mr. Scott has written up on the repair progress of the transporter.” I tell him helpfully.

His eyes look up at me, but there’s scarcely anything there. Just mild confusion. I try again. “Mr. Scott has-”

“Captain,” Mr. Spock steps to the Captain’s side, “I believe Mr. Scott is requesting new orders on how to proceed given the circumstances documented in those file cards.”

The Captain looks up at Mr. Spock like a… I’m loathe to draw the comparison, but he looks up at his First Officer like a lost puppy.

“Of course. Yes…” The Captain shuffles the cards and puts one of them into a computer port. Spock moves closer to the captain, blocking my view of him and the computer monitor. I take a few steps back to give the two men their space.

A few moments pass, then I hear the Captain write something in a PADD.

“Perhaps it would be profitable if we allocate more personnel on the repair of the damaged circuits.” Mr. Spock says quietly. “Temperatures on the planet surface are rapidly dropping and the landing party is ill-equipped for such climates.” And there is a gentleness there I’ve never seen in the First Officer. I can’t see either of their faces from where I’m standing, but something about Mr. Spock is profoundly… different.

“Good call.” The Captain corrects whatever he’s written in the PADD, then hands it to me. “Thank you, yeoman.”

“Yes, sir.”

I walk out of sickbay, but not before I steal one last glance at the Captain and his First. Mr. Spock had just said something that I missed, and in response all the Captain does is nod detachedly. Just before the door slides shut, I see, just for a fraction of a heartbeat, the tormented look on Mr. Spock’s face.
It isn’t faring very well for the crew members on the planet surface, temperatures are below freezing and the transporter is still malfunctioning. To add to the madness, now I’ve heard talk that the impostor is actually the Captain’s ‘evil side’ and that it has left the captain without those qualities in him. I realize now just how absolutely ridiculous it sounds when taken out of context. Never mind, it sounds just as ridiculous in context.

“Janice, hello.” The Captain stops me in front of the turbolift, and he seems to be in a much better spirit than when I saw him in sickbay.

“Captain, I-”

“Yeoman, I owe you an explanation.”

“No.” Because talking to the Captain about this is really the last think I want at the moment.

“Yes, I do. The transporter malfunctioned, divided me, created a duplicate. The animal part of me came to your cabin. He even scratched me to make us look more alike.”

This is odd. Why is the Captain telling me this? He knows that I already know-

Oh. I’m reminded of how uncharacteristically sluggish the Captain has become, and how protective Mr. Spock is. I think I know what’s happening.

“I’d like the chance to explain it to you.” The Captain in front of me continues, and if I haven’t figured it out already, the open flirtation in his tone would have given him away, “You don’t mind if I come to your cabin later?”

“No, sir.” I say, and this pleases him. The Captain steps into the turbolift and goes up to the bridge, undoubtedly to charade as the real Captain and assume command.

I half-run to the nearest comm and immediately call down to sickbay.

“Sickbay, this is Yeoman Rand. I think I’ve just seen the Captain’s impostor enter the turbolift.”

“McCoy here. I can confirm that, the Captain has been attacked.”

“He’s gone up to the bridge.”

“We’re on our way. McCoy out.”

I enter the bridge a few moments after Captain Kirk and the Doctor have gone up. The impostor is standing in the middle of the bridge, flushed and sweating.

“Mister Spock, you know who I am.” He says, eyes darting from the real Captain to Mr. Spock, “You know what that is.”

“Mister Spock, which one? What do we do?” Someone asks.

It only took Mr. Spock one good look at the impostor and he’s striding towards the real Captain in slow, heavy steps.
The impostor stares at his First with a look of the purest hurt. They share a look, and without breaking it Mr. Spock says:

“We’ll let the captain handle this.”

Pain now turns into fury.

“I’m the captain, isn’t that obvious?” The impostor spats at Mr. Spock, sweat beginning to bead on his forehead, “Look at his face, remember the scratches? Look at how he’s tried to hide them. He wants you to think he’s Captain Kirk.” The impostor is pleading at Mr. Spock now, “You know who I am.”

Mr. Spock quietly stares back at the impostor from the Captain’s side, his eyes impassive but hard.

“Yes,” Captain Kirk, the real one, speaks up. There is still that same lethargic air about him, but at least he has found in him some determination now, “I know.”

The impostor’s control over his fear is slipping quickly, just as his control over most of his emotions go. “It’s my ship! I’m the Captain!” He screams, and drags poor Mr. Farell off of his seat.

“This is my ship! My ship! It's mine!”, he pants as the Captain tiredly walks towards him, “I’ll kill you!”.

The crew is watching with wide eyes and open mouths. Only Mr. Spock isn’t looking, his eyes were on the ground and it almost looks as if he desperately wants to avoid eye contact with any of the Captains.

“Can half a man live?” The Captain says to his evil double.

The Impostor breathes, not understanding what the Captain has just said. “Take another step, you’ll die.” The impostor pulls his phasor out and holds it in a shaking hand.

“Then we’ll both die.”

And something about that caused a change in the impostor, it was as if he finally understands his situation.

“Please, I don’t want to,” he begs, “Don’t make me.”

I can’t help but feel bad for the poor thing. Don’t make him do what? What exactly is it that he is so afraid of?

The Impostor is shaking, eyes darting around wildly. First his gaze rests on the Captain’s chair, then on the Captain, then on Mr. Spock who averts his eyes immediately. “Don’t make me!” He now wails, eyes fixed on his First. His face a mixture of despair and longing.

In his distraction, the Captain takes his phasor and flings it away.

“I don’t want to go back!” The impostor begs the Captain, tears beading in his eyes. “Please! I want to live!”

“You will.” The Captain says, almost sighing, as if he just wants to get this over with. “Both of us.”

“I want to live!” The impostor cries again, throwing himself into his double’s arms and sobs.

The crew watches in a mix of alarm and dismay as the impostor’s sobs fill the bridge. It is over, we
think. But as I watch the impostor wailing, I can’t help but wonder what nightmares haunt the Captain that make it so horrible to be part of him.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Please feel free to drop by any comments or thoughts about this fic. It was a bit experimental, so any input is very very welcome.
Chapter 3

“Get well soon, Mr. Sulu,” I tell the pale helmsman as I bring him the thermal blankets Nurse Chapel has given me.

“T- thank you, Yeoman. I could d- do with some warm rice wine.”

“Not on my watch.” The good Doctor storms into the room, holding an array of medical equipment and frowning so deep it’s hard to believe they aren’t permanently imprinted into his forehead. “No alcohol until I’ve properly treated your frostbite sores.”

“B- but.”

“Am I a doctor or a bartender?” He says as he gives Mr. Sulu a pill, “Eat this, it’ll make you sleep like a baby.”

“Thank you, Doctor.”

And, as promised, Mr. Sulu is fast asleep mere minutes later. A sigh of relief fell over sickbay like a welcome breeze.

“Yeoman Rand, would you care to join me for a drink?” The Doctor is at his desk, pulling a bottle from a shelf beside it. “Now that Mr. Sulu’s fast asleep he won’t be complaining he didn’t get to join in on the fun. Besides, I think I need a drink quite urgently.”

I accept the Doctor’s invitation, and we find ourselves seated in his office.

“How where do you think I should begin when Star Fleet asks for a report on this entire escapade?” He mutters as he pours us a drink.

“I’d say from the reports Mr. Scott will bring in on the transporter malfunction.”

He snorts, “And what exactly am I supposed to write in my medical report? The transporter duplicated the Captain’s evil side, leaving only his good side. They’ll think the whole ship’s had one too much of those shore leaves Mr. Scott plans.”

“But isn’t that what has happened? I thought Mr. Spock has said-”

“Spock had it wrong, for once he has eschewed his precious logic for what he wants to see,” And I can swear there was a hint of a smile in the Doctor’s tone, “Of all the times his impeccably logical mind proved itself superior over us emotional humans, this is all it took for him to slip.”

I am about to ask the Doctor to elaborate, but before I can he continues.

“Where’s the logic in having the transporter know what is good and evil in a man? They’re nothing but arbitrary qualities to a machine! You can’t mathematically quantify them, and Spock knows this better than anyone.”

“Then what will you write in your report?”

The Doctor smiles. I have to admit, a smile suits him better than his perpetual scowl does.

“What the transporter did to the Captain was make a duplicate of the Captain- and I’m just speaking medically here- with a part of his cerebral cortex missing and another duplicate with his limbic
system missing.”

The words sound familiar, but I can’t place them.

“What do those parts do?”

“And this is exactly why Mr. Spock didn’t want to see it. Essentially, the cerebral cortex is responsible for our higher, rational thought and the limbic system for our emotions.”

It takes me two heartbeats to realise what the Doctor is saying.

“He has said himself that logic should be used to discipline emotions. Mr. Spock is loath to admit that logic is useless without emotions.”

I nod, because quite frankly I don’t have any other response to the Doctor’s sudden openness. I’ve never given Mr. Spock’s personal life this much thought.

“And judging from what I saw in the ‘impostor’, I think it’s obvious what the Captain’s ‘emotional’ priorities really are. Although,” The Doctor paused and looked up at me, “keep that last bit to yourself.”

“Doctor, I do appreciate you telling me this, but… why-?”

I was going to ask what I wanted to ask the impostor, but I stopped myself.

“Because if I haven’t gone senile with old age then I’d be right to think this will save you from a potentially awkward situation concerning the Captain and our Science Officer.” Then there was a twinkle in the Doctor’s blue eyes, “Don’t worry about being the Captain’s yeoman, he isn’t that sort of man.”

“Oh?” What sort?

“Anyway, here’s my report done.”

“You’ve already written it? But…?”

“Never let it be said I slack off on paperwork.”

The Captain is himself again and on his way to the bridge. And despite the Doctor’s assurance, I feel a bit self-conscious. But surprisingly, a larger part of it is due to Mr. Spock rather than anything the Captain’s done. A few times now, I’ve caught him scrutinising me as I walk across the bridge to hand officers their reports.

I was just about to hand Mr. Spock some documents he needs to sign when the turbolift opens to reveal the Captain, back to his usual, dignified self. His eyes immediately find his First.

“All sections report ready, sir.” Mr. Spock straightened himself, but looks at the floor.

“Good,” The Captain pauses, then smiles. The crew politely turns away and busy themselves with their respective stations, but I was standing two feet or less from the two and it was hard not to watch them.

“Thank you, Mr. Spock,” The Captain continues, and he obviously means it, “from both of us.”
Mr. Spock looks up at the Captain, “Shall I pass that on to the crew, sir?”

“The impostor's back where he belongs. Let's forget him.” He smiles again, and from where I’m standing it’s too obvious that Spock is lost for words. Of all things. The usual impassiveness in Mr. Spock’s face make it even easier to see what little emotions he does sometimes express.

And of all things, that statement the Captain said made him… shy?

The Captain then turns and sees me standing where I am. Mr. Spock’s gaze follows the Captain walking towards me, until it rests on both of us.

“Captain?” I say rather breathlessly, “The impostor told me what happened, who he really was, and I'd just like to say that.”

It was actually Doctor McCoy who told me and I don’t really know what to make of it, “Well, sir, what I'd like is— to confirm it with you?”

“Thank you, Yeoman.” The Captain interrupts my confused rambling, although not unkindly or insensitively. I know a dismissal when I hear it, and I especially know a ‘let’s all forget what’s happened’.

I guess the Captain’s back to his usual aloof self.

I look up and see Mr. Spock still watching us. It’s best I get these documents out of the way and get myself off the bridge, this tension will be death of me.

Mr. Spock takes the PADD and I try to avoid making eye-contact.

“The, er, impostor,” I hear him start, “had some interesting qualities, wouldn't you say, Yeoman?”

I stare at him, shocked. What does that even mean. What has gotten into him. Mr. Spock just looks at me as if I’m a little child.

Really. ‘Awkward situation’, Doctor McCoy called it. I make myself a mental note to pay more attention to the good Doctor’s advice in the future.

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