

An

Act of

Jealousy

by

Rose Marie Badgett

Starring

Commander John Koenig.....
Martin Landau

Dr. Helena Russell

Barbara Bain

Alan Carter.....Nick Tate

Tony Verdeschi.....Tony Anholt

Maya.....Catherine Schell

Sandra Benes.....Zienia Merton

Dr. Bob Mathias...Anton Phillips

Dr. Ben Vincent..Jeffrey Kissoon

Bill Fraser.....John Hug

Yasko Nugami.....Yasuko Nagazumi

Guest Artists

Jim Cole.....Leigh Lawson

Thomas Kimbrew...Roddy McDowell

All was quiet in Command Center when Tony came strolling in. Alan Carter was leaning over Maya's desk, talking quietly with her. Yasko sat at her console watching the approach of a returning Eagle on the big screen. Alan glanced up and grinned at Tony. "Finally decided to report for work, eh?"

"Now, you know I worked late last night," laughed Tony. "Good morning, Maya? Anything to report?"

"No, all's quiet. You could have stayed away longer, if you'd wanted," Maya teased.

"Next time I will!"

Meanwhile, on Eagle Two, Pilot Jim Cole reached for the thermos of coffee, only to find it empty. The door behind him slid open, and Dr. Helena Russell entered. "Anymore coffee left, Jim?"

He looked at her guiltily. "No, I'm afraid I finished it. Didn't mean to!"

She smiled. "That's okay, we'll be back on Alpha in time for lunch."

"I checked in and asked Maya to give the Commander your message."

"Thanks. Ever since we lost Greg Sanderson, he worries more about the surface teams than I do! I'll get back and sit with Sandra." She turned away and didn't see the sudden expression of pain on his face. Helena returned to her seat beside Sandra Benes. "No coffee left."

Sandra laughed. "I told you."

"Yes, you did."

Sandra reached out her hand to squeeze Helena's arm. "Thanks for letting me come along with you."

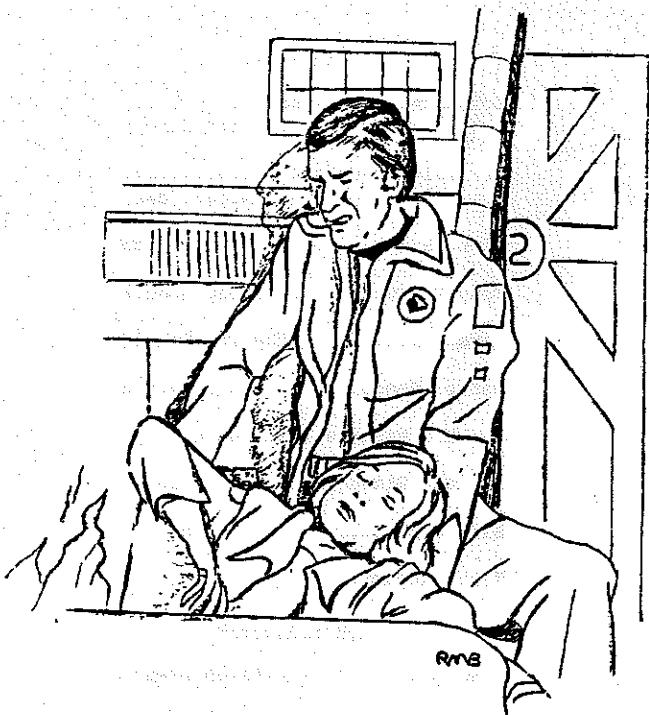
Helena patted her hand. "Anytime, Sahn. I'm glad you trust me enough to tell me when you have problems." Suddenly, the Eagle tilted violently sideways. Sandra had already buckled her seat belt and she tightened her grip on Helena to keep her from being thrown out of her seat. Then, just as suddenly, the Eagle straightened, but continued an erratic pattern. "Stay in your seat, Sahn, there must be something wrong with Jim," shouted Helena.

Down in Command Center, Yasko cried out, "Tony! Look at Eagle Two!"

Alan bolted to his console. "Command Center to Eagle Two, what's wrong?"

"Who's piloting?" asked Tony.

"Jim Cole. His passengers are Helena and Sandra."



"Call the Commander, Maya,"

Once again, Alan called.
"Eagle Two, come in! What's wrong Jim?"

"Commander Koenig report to Command Center at once," called Maya, looking up in horror at the fast approaching Eagle.

"Jim, try to answer if you can!" called Alan. Behind them, John Koenig bounded into the room.

Inside Eagle Two, Helena was still struggling to reach the pilot section. "Be careful, Helena!" cried Sandra in a frightened voice.

She reached the door, it slid open and she tumbled through, deftly managing to catch her balance with the back of Jim's seat. He was doubled over in pain.

"Jim ..." Again the Eagle jerked violently sideways, throwing Helena hard against the wall. She heard Sandra's terrified

scream before she slid to the floor unconscious. Jim made one last desperate attempt to reach the controls in front of him.

He couldn't see clearly as he hit a button and prayed it was the right one, as blackness engulfed him.

"They're headed straight for Launch Pad 3!" cried Maya. "Crash Unit to Launch Pad 3," she called automatically hitting the Red Alert button.

John turned toward the door. "Come on, Tony, Alan, Maya -- we may need you!"

"Wait, John!" called Alan. "Jim's put her on automatic. I can bring her in."

They all crowded around Alan, but eyes were on the screen as the thrashing Eagle steadied under Alan's careful guidance. John turned and ran out the door with Tony and Maya on his heel. The Eagle was just about 15 feet from the ground. Alan cut the engines and then an explosion caused it to reel, sending the nose crashing down on the pad.

Yasko hit a button. "Medical Team to Launch Pad 3!"

Alan hesitated only a few seconds before he bolted out the door, leaving a terrified Yasko and Bill Fraser staring at the scene.

The Red Alert was still flashing when John, Maya and Tony arrived and stood anxiously waiting for the boarding tube to snake out to the Eagle. The Crash and Medical Teams arrived, followed by a breathless Alan Carter. John gave him a puzzled look.

"An explosion ... caused her to crash ... nose first on the pad," he panted.

Behind them, the door opened and all rushed inside to find smoke everywhere. Coughing sounds brought them to Sandra's side. "Helena! Helena!" John called but there was only silence.

"Fire in the pilot section!" cried Alan, as he moved for that entrance.

Maya was pulling Sandra to her feet. "Get her out of here, Maya," John said. "Tony and I will search..."

"Commander ... in here!" shouted Alan.

They joined Alan, and he pointed to the co-pilot seat. There, lying on the floor was Helena. "Tony, help Alan with Jim!" John bent down and reached for her. "Helena?" He breathed a prayer of thanks to find her still alive. Carefully, he jacked her into the seat where he scooped her up into his arms, and followed Alan, and Tony carrying Jim Cole.

In the corridor, Maya waited with Dr. Ben Vincent. John carefully placed Helena on a stretcher. "Is she all right?" asked a worried Maya.

"She's alive, but ... Ben?" John stepped back to give him room.

Slowly, Ben turned Helena's head and for the first time, John saw the large lump on the right side of her head. Ben looked up at him. "A concussion, maybe some internal injuries. I'll know more after some tests and X-rays."

They all stood watching the two stretchers disappear down the corridor. John was the last to turn back and meet the Crash Unity coming out of Eagle Two.

"Fire's out, Commander."

"Good. Let's have a look."

A few hours later in Medical Center, Ben worried over the still unconscious Dr. Russell. A low moan reached his ears and he grasped her lightly by the shoulder. "Helena, can you hear me?"

Slowly, she opened her eyes, suddenly wide and frightened eyes as she stared up at him. "It's all right, Helena." She turned her head, wincing in pain and sank back into unconsciousness. Ben reached for his commlock. "Dr. Mathias."

Bob Mathias appeared on the tiny screen and didn't like the look on Ben's face. "What's wrong?"

"Can you come and have a look at Helena?"

The worry in his voice prompted a quick answer. "Be right there." When Bob arrived, he quickly asked, "What happened?"

"She came round just for a few seconds, but was very frightened. She looked so strangely at me ..."

He stopped, not wanting to speculate.

Bob smiled reassurance. "Probably some disorientation."

The door slid open, and John Koenig walked in, going immediately to Helena's side. He could not refrain from touching her blonde hair before turning to face the two doctors. "How is she?"

"Mild shock, a few bruises and a concussion," said Ben. "I asked Bob to look at her."

"She'll be all right, Commander ..." Bob decided to change the subject. "The autopsy on Jim Cole should be ready soon."

"Good ... I'll be in Command Center. Alan is bringing me the damage reports. Call me at once when she ..."

Ben spoke quickly. "She'll probably call you herself."

They walked away to give John a minute alone with her. He hated to see Helena lying so still. He held her hand, then bent to give her a kiss on the cheek. "I'll be back," he whispered, and he turned to leave.

A short time later, Bob stood beside Helena. He took her hand, and spoke to her. "Helena." Slowly, her fingers moved. "Helena," he called urgently. "Wake up now ... come on, open your beautiful eyes."

Finally, she was looking up at him, giving him a weak smile and a puzzled look. "Where have I been, what happened?"

He smiled back at her. "You're fine, not to worry."

"Have I been ill ... like the others?" she asked.





His smile vanished. "What others?"

"Well, Eric Sparkman, to name one," she said with a hint of annoyance.

There was a short silence. "No, not like the others. You were in an Eagle that crashed. Don't you remember?"

"No," she answered with a hint of worry.

Bob decided to question her further. "Nothing to worry about. Tell me, what year is this?"

She smiled. "That I do know. It's 1999!"

Ben was glad he was out of her line of vision. He didn't feel as calm as Bob seemed to look.

"Very good," praised Bob. "Looks like there's hope for you after all. Now, one more question, do you remember meeting Commander Koenig?"

She frowned, saying, "Yes ... and he doesn't believe my theory about radiation ... oh, my head."

"Okay, that's enough. You're going to need plenty of rest. I'm giving you something to make you sleep straight through til morning." She watched him silently as he gave her an injection.

"Wish I could remember the accident," she mumbled sleepily.

He touched her shoulder. "It'll all come back. Goodnight."

She was soon fast asleep. "Watch her carefully, Ben."

"The Commander must be told."

"I'll tell him when I take him the autopsy reports."

John stared at Alan in disbelief. "Are you telling me that explosion was deliberate?"

Maya and Tony sat quietly, trying to take in all that Alan had said. His voice was choked with anger. "Yes, sir, it was rigged so that when the engines were cut for landing, it would explode."

John's comlock buzzed, and he picked it up. "Yes?" The guard posted outside to insure privacy at the Command Center meeting announced Dr. Mathias' arrival. John opened the door. "Come in, Bob." The look on his face made everyone forget the problem of the Eagle. "What's wrong, Bob?" asked John.

"The autopsy on Jim Cole shows he was already dead when the Eagle crashed. He was poisoned," said Bob, knowing they were still to learn the worst of it.

"What the hell is going on?" shouted Tony.

"Helena?" asked John.

"And Sandra?" Alan spoke up.

"No, they're both fine ... except ..." he hesitated.

"Except what?" asked Maya.

"Sandra's fine and can be questioned anytime," he searched for the words. "But Helena, well, there is a problem."

"What sort of problem?" demanded John.

"She doesn't remember the accident ... she ..."

"She woke up? Why didn't you call me?" John asked, not hiding the anger in his voice.

"Take it easy, John," soothed Alan. "He obviously has a reason. Bob?"

"Thanks, Alan. Yes, John, I know how anxious you have been, we all were, John, but she doesn't remember anything ... she thinks it's 1999."

Sandra sat up, straining to see Helena on the other side of the room. "She'll be all right, Sahn." She turned to face Ben, and gave him a small smile. "Feel like having a visitor?"

Peering over Ben's shoulder, she saw Thomas Kimbrew. "Leave it to Tom to be the first to seek me out," thought Sandra as she smiled at him.

His boyish face and wide grin didn't mask the worry in his serious brown eyes. "Ben says you need cheering up. I just got off duty, or I'd been here sooner. Are you all right?"

"Yes, Tom, I'm fine."

He turned to Ben for confirmation. "She's fine ... a slight case of smoke inhalation."

"Well, I'm relieved. When are you releasing her, Dr. Vincnet?"

Ben thought for a moment. "Well, I was going to keep her overnight, but if she promises to be a good girl, I'll let her sleep in her own bed tonight."

Sandra smiled. "Thanks, Ben," as she sat up and slid off the bed.

Tom put his arm around her. "Come along, I'll escort you and then I'll get us some dinner, okay?"

"Okay."

"To bed early, Sandra, understand," warned Ben.

"I promise, Ben," she called, hesitating and turning to look once more at Helena.

She didn't have to ask as Ben offered a promise. "You can see her as soon as possible."

"Thanks, Ben."

"Stop worrying about Dr. Russell. I'm sure she'll be just fine," Tom was saying as they went out the door.

John Koenig sat still as stone, listening to Bob's story of his conversation with Helena. Maya was holding Tony's hand tightly while Alan silently tried to connect Jim's poisoning with the rigged Eagle. He only heard half of what Bob was saying.

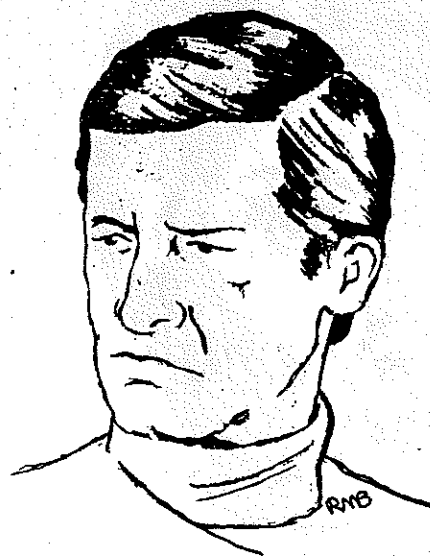
"I gave her a sedative that will let her sleep til morning. She may remember all by then, but I don't want to make any promises, John. We'll have to wait and see."

"All right," said John and the calmness of his voice surprised even himself. "We must play the game ... as long as Helena remains a patient in Medical, we must not let her know the truth ... Bob?"

He nodded. "For the time being ... later, if we have to, she must be told."

"Now," added John, in a cold, angry voice, "Tell us about Jim Cole."

"Like I said, he was poisoned ... my guess is that is why the Eagle went out of control, and knowing Helena, she tried to help him."





"Where is Sandra?" asked Maya.

"Still in Medical Center."

John stood and walked over to Maya. "I want you to go and see her. Explain what has happened and see if she can offer any information."

"She'll be upset about Helena," offered Bob. "So tell it gently."

"Yes, I know how she'll feel," and she turned and walked out slowly.

In Sandra's quarters, Tom was doing his best to cheer her up. Then he asked a question that he could hold back no longer.

"Sandra, why were you up in the Eagle? Wasn't this your day off?"

Sandra nodded. "Yes, but I wanted to talk to Helena, so I asked if I could go along."

"I see ..."

They were interrupted by Sandra's comlock as Maya's face appeared. "May I come in, Sandra?"

"Of couses," Sandra replied, not seeing the annoyed look on Tom's face.

Maya stepped in. "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt."

"That's quite all right," Tom said curtly. "It's late and I must be going. Goodnight to you both."

"Goodnight, Tom ... and thank you," Sandra called as he disappeared out the door.

Maya waited until the door was closed. "I'm sorry ... but I must talk to you. Ben told me you were here."

"It's okay, Maya ... I'm glad you came."

Maya smiled, glancing at the door. "Oh, I see. Well, I've come to ask you about what happened on the Eagle. It's important."

Sandra told Maya all that had happened. Then asked, "There's something wrong, isn't there?"

"Yes, Sahn."

Sandra listened as Maya filled her in on what they had discovered. With tears rolling down her cheeks, she asked, "Who would want to kill Jim ... or Helena?"

John slammed his fist down on his desk. "Damn, who would want to kill Jim Cole?"

"And how?" asked Alan.

"I wondered that myself, so I went to have a look around in the pilot section. I found an empty thermos, and I'm having tests run on it now. But, I'm sure that's how it was done."

There was a long silence. "It's not only who would do such a thing, but was Jim the intended victim?" asked Tony. John turned pale and sank heavily into his chair. Tony continued. "We have to consider it, John ... Helena may need protection."

"And Sandra," reminded Maya.

"No, not Sahn," announced Alan. She wasn't supposed to be there. She asked to go as they were leaving because she wanted to talk to Helena."

"She should be protected just the same. We have a murderer among us," commented John.

"Or you," reminded Maya.

"Oh no, I wasn't supposed to be there."

"So Alan told us, but you must be careful."

"This amnesia ... is it permanent?" Sandra asked in a small whisper.

"I don't know ..." and finally Maya gave into tears she had fought hard to control.

Letting the night crew take over in Command Center, Alan, Tony and John were finishing their meeting in John's quarters. "Tony, I want you to check our files and list anyone with knowledge of explosives or poisons, or both."

"Right, John, I'll get started right away," Tony answered as he made for the door.

"Alan, are those Eagle reports ready?"

"They should be ... I'll check on it," said Alan as he joined Tony at the door. Both turned back. "John?" asked Alan.

"Yes?"

"Try not to worry about Helena."

"And get some sleep," suggested Tony.

He smiled at them. "Thanks, I will. I'll see you in the morning at Medical Center." When they were gone, he reached for his comlock. "Maya."

"Yes, Commander?"

"Are you still with Sandra?"

"Yes, in her quarters."

"I think you'd better stay the night with her."

"Yes, we already decided on that."

He nodded approval. "Good ... and Maya, we're meeting outside Medical Center at 0:900."

"We'll be there. Goodnight."

Early next morning, Helena woke with a start. Half sitting up, she spied Dr. Mathias across the room. "Bob?"

He walked over to her. "Good morning. How do you feel?"

She gave him a puzzled look. "Fine, except for some very strange dreams."

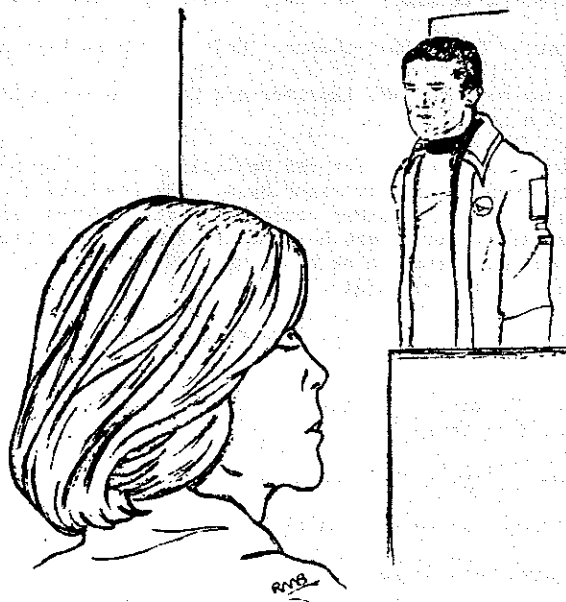
"Like what?"

She laughed. "I'm too embarrassed to even try to explain them."

"How about some breakfast?"

"That sounds great."

"I'll bring it in ... oh, the Commander will be coming later to see how you are."



She raised an eyebrow at him. "Oh, that is kind of him. I don't think he likes me very much."

Bob shook his head. "Give him a chance. He's only been here a short time."

"You're right." As he left, she lay back and tried to sort out that dream in which Commander Koenig had played such a large part.

A short time later, John Koenig entered Medical Center. Bob had informed him Helena's condition was the same, and suggested seeing him might help. She was eating and didn't notice him. It gave him an opportunity to look at her and gather courage to face a Helena who would not greet him in the manner he was accustomed to. He walked toward her and she looked up at him, but not really seeing him. Was it his imagination that she seemed to be blushing? "Good morning," he greeted her with a gentle smile. "It's nice to see you up and about again."

She returned his smile. "Thank you, Commander." There was a short silence and Helena wondered why he seemed so nervous.

John had an idea. "I want to apologize ... your radiation theory was correct. It was magnetic radiation at the waste dump sites."

She looked worried. "Isn't that dangerous?"

"It's been dealt with and we shouldn't have any more problems."

"I'm glad ... I wish we'd found out sooner."

"Well, I'd best be going. Dr. Mathias warned me not to tire you."

"Thank you for your concern, Commander."

Wanting desperately to take her in his arms and hold her tight, John forced himself to turn, but paused at the doorway. "No going back to work until Dr. Mathias says it's all right."

"Yes, sir."

He nodded and went out into the corridor where he leaned against the wall, eyes closed. He stood there for some time when a hand touched his arm and he looked to see Sandra standing beside him. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, it was tougher than I thought." He noticed Maya standing on his other side. "Where are Tony and Alan?"

"They want to meet you in your quarters, I think they're on to something," answered Maya.

"Let's go then ... Sandra?"

"I'll join you as soon as I ask Yasko to take over for me in Command Center." She turned and hurried down the corridor.

As Sandra hurried toward Command Center, she turned a corner and ran into Thomas Kimbrew. "Heh, where are you going in such a hurry?"

"I'm on my way to ask Yasko to cover for me. I have to meet Maya." She tried to move on, but he caught her arm.

"Can you spare me a minute?"

"Not now, Tom. I'm in a hurry."

"Enough time to meet Maya or go off to talk to Dr. Russell, but none for me!" he said angrily.

"Tom, I promise ... I'll see you later." She freed herself and hurried away, leaving him standing there boiling with anger. Reaching Command Center, out of breath, Sandra hurried over to Yasko. "Can you cover for me a bit? I have to meet Maya."

"Of course," the girl smiled at her.

"Did Tom Kimbrew find you?" asked Bill Fraser.

"Yes, I just ran into him ... he has to wait."

"He was annoyed ... like the night Jim Cole asked you to dance, remember?" Yasko said, shaking her head.

Sandra nodded. "I remember. He's so jealous, and he must realize I'm not his ..." She stopped, a

sudden look of horror on her face.
"Oh no ..." She turned and bolted out the door.

Back in Medical Center, Bob had allowed Helena to get up and dressed, so, as she put it, she could feel almost human again. Stretched out once again, Helena was taking the nap she promised Bob she would. When Tom Kimbrew entered, he found no one around. Before he could decide what to do, Sandra burst inside. Not wanting to disturb Helena, she lowered her voice as she reached him. "Tom, I need to talk to you, now, please."

He glared at her with a hatred she had not expected of him. "So, now you want to talk! Too late, Sandra." He moved toward Helena's bed.

She attempted to block his way. "No, Tom, leave Helena alone. She didn't do anything!" He tried to shove her away but she struggled with all her strength. His hands moved to her throat. She screamed before those cruel hands tightened, cutting off her breath.

Sandra's scream tugged at Helena's memory. She opened her eyes and seeing Sandra in trouble, jumped up and ran over to help her. "Stop it! Let go of her!"

Tom turned and pushed Helena away, for her weakened condition was no match for his strength. She tumbled backwards, but managed to stay on her feet despite the dizziness that overcame her.

"What the devil is going on!" Bob's voice demanded from behind them.

Sandra stumbled to Helena's side as Tom pulled his gun, set on stun. They watched helplessly as a blast sent Bob crumpling to the floor.

In John's quarters, Tony was reporting on Computer's findings. "...that's it, John. I've done quite a bit of investigating on these 15 men. Only 3, Stephens, Albers and Kimbrew know about poisons and how to use them effectively."

Maya couldn't concentrate on what Tony was saying, and she turned to Alan. "I wonder what's keeping Sandra?"

Alan picked up his comlock and his worried face appeared on Yasko's communications screen. "Yasko, is Sandra still there?"

Yasko looked surprised. "No, Alan, she left a short time ago in an awful hurry for Medical. Alan?"

"Yeah?"

"She got upset when I reminded her about Tom Kimbrew ..."

He didn't give her a chance to finish. "Thanks, Yasko."

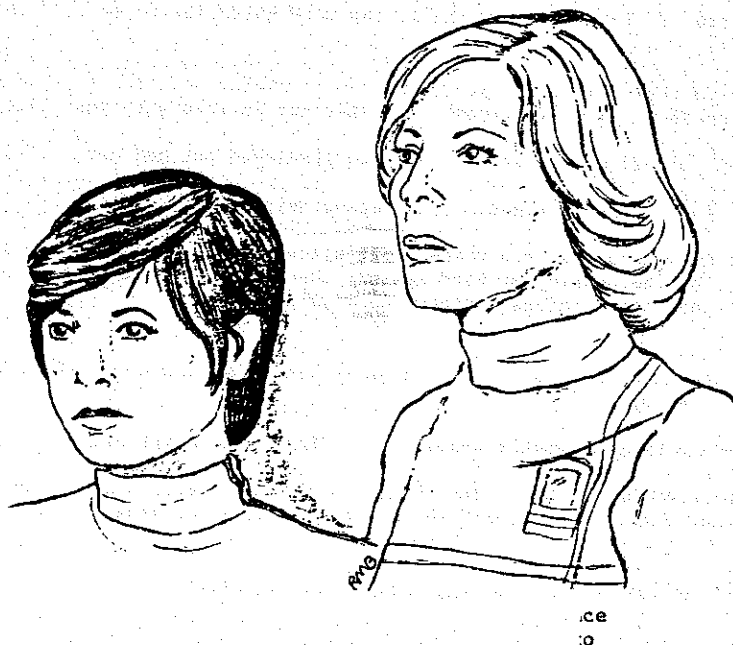
Alan turned to Maya, Tony and John. "We better get down to Medical right now!"

Tom stood staring at Bob's unconscious form as if in a trance. Slowly, he turned to face Helena and Sandra. They both jumped at the sound of his gun as he clicked it to kill. Helena broke the silence. "Tom ... let me help you. Tell me what's bothering you."

"It's all her fault!" he spat, aiming the gun at Sandra.

Slowly, Helena took a step toward him. "What did she do?"

"I loved her, and she wouldn't give me the time of day! I thought it was because of Cole, so



I got rid of him ... I thought now she'll pay more attention to me ..." His voice shook and tears filled his eyes.

Sandra found her voice. "Tom, I like you, I really do. You were wrong to be jealous of Jim ... he was a friend as you are my friend. I'm just not in love with you. Tom, I'm so sorry," she sobbed.

Helena inched her way toward him and now stretched out her hand. "Please give me the gun, Tom."

"Please, Tom," Sandra begged. "Let Helena help you."

"No," he said in a low, sad voice. "It's too late." He turned the gun on himself as Helena lunged for it, but he pushed her hard against the wall, and once again Sandra's terrified scream was the last thing she heard before losing consciousness.

Helena struggled back to consciousness as Sandra's scream echoed in her ears. "Sandra!" she cried out, sitting up.

A strong arm wrapped gently around her. "Easy, she's all right. See for yourself."

Helena blinked hard, saw Sandra crying in the shelter of Alan Carter's arms, then turned to see John's concerned face. "Oh, John!" she cried, wrapping her arms around him and burying her face in his shoulder.

"Helena," he whispered, and hugged her even tighter.

Later, Sandra stood beside Helena as John filled her in on what happened after she'd lost consciousness. Tom Kimbrew had succeeded in killing himself. "You gave us quite a fright when we arrived and found everyone but Sandra on the floor."

"It's all my fault!" cried Sandra.

"No, Sahn," said Helena calmly. "You mustn't blame yourself. He was sick, and when he fully realized what he had done, he just couldn't face it."

Sandra said sadly, "If only ..."

"No ifs, Sahn ... what if you hadn't come along to talk to me about Tom's possessiveness ... I might be dead of poisoning also ... if I'd sat up in the pilot section with Jim instead of you ..."

"Helena's right, Sahn, you can't take responsibility for him... none of us can," said Alan.

"If you can, blame it on this crazy situation we're in," offered John. "All of us have had to make our own adjustments. It's just harder for some." The look he gave Helena made her realize that he meant it for her as well as Sandra.

"All, right, time for these two ladies to have some rest and no arguments!" warned Ben.

"Yes, Doctor," agreed Helena and Sandra.

"I'll let all of you," Ben glanced over at Bob lying in a bed across the room, "return to your own quarters late this afternoon."

That evening, Helena sat at her desk with her recorder in front of her. "Moonbase Alpha status report, two thousand, six hundred and three days after leaving Earth's orbit. Dr. Helena Russell recording.

"We who are trapped here on Alpha are still learning to cope with this strange situation. We have faced many dangers, and survived because of a growing respect and trust for each other. Not all our troubles have been alien, and those have been the hardest to overcome."

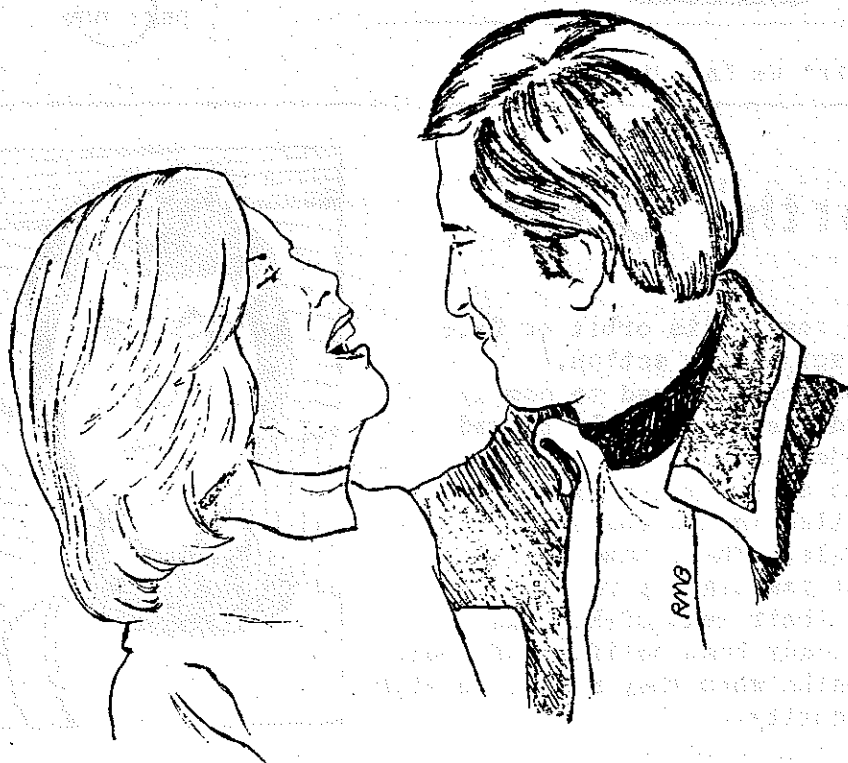
Her comlock buzzed, and John's face appeared. "Helena, may I come in?"

"Of course," she answered, pushing her tape recorder aside and going to the door to meet him. Before the door had closed behind him, she slipped her arms around his neck and kissed him.

When she leaned back against the circle of his arms, he laughed down at her. "I was going to ask how you're feeling ... but."

"I'm fine ... really," she said, turning to walk over to her desk.

He caught her hand. "Helena, I know you, you're brooding over what you could have done to prevent what happened." She went with him as he sat on the couch, drawing her down to his knees.



He stroked her cheek with his hand, and caught her chin, forcing her to look in his eyes. "Am I right?"

She opened her mouth to protest. "Sometimes, John Koenig, I wish you didn't know me so well!" she said, and rested her head on his shoulder.

"This morning ... I was afraid you would never know me again."

The tremble in his voice made her sit up and look directly into his eyes. "I'm so sorry, I wish I'd known."

Their easy laughter filled the room, and Moonbase Alpha seemed once again a peaceful place to be after all.
