

WOLF 359

"MEMORIA"

by

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Writer's Note: This episode takes place on Days 1041-1043 of the Hephaestus Mission.

START EPISODE 41.

BEGIN RECORDING:

No opening credits for the moment. Instead, we go into -

INT. U.S.S. HEPHAESTUS - MESS HALL - DAY 188 - 2000 HOURS

EIFFEL

I'm gonna say... pinball machines.

Eiffel, Minkowski, and Hilbert, gathered around a table.

MINKOWSKI

Pinball machines?

EIFFEL

Yep.

MINKOWSKI

Eiffel... we are having Thanksgiving dinner seven and a half light years away from America. The amount of technological miracles making that possible staggers the mind, and what you are deciding to be thankful for is -

EIFFEL

Pinball machines. Really loud ones.

BEAT.

MINKOWSKI

Well, that's actually less horrific than what I was expecting. Hilbert?

HILBERT

Idea of Thanksgiving is not applicable outside terrestrial -

MINKOWSKI

Hilbert...

Hilbert emits an ANNOYED GROWL, but...

HILBERT

Gallium. Excellent semiconductor, perfect adaptive agent for radiopharmaceuticals. Work would be very difficult without it.

BEAT.

EIFFEL

I guess that counts?

MINKOWSKI

(clears her throat)

Well, for *my* part, I'm thankful to have such a great crew on this mission, and I'm thankful for 188 days of... *mostly* smooth sailing. May the rest of our time here continue to -

EIFFEL

Yadda yadda yadda, can I gorge yet?

MINKOWSKI

I retract my gratitude about you, Eiffel.

EIFFEL

I'm not hearing a "no"...

HERA

Commander?

Sharp listeners **may** notice that Hera's voice lacks its usual post-production filters.

HERA (CONT'D)

Can... can I say something?

EIFFEL

I don't know, HAL. Can you open the pod bay doors?

MINKOWSKI

Cut it out, Eiffel. Yes, of course it would be all right, Hera. What are you thankful for?

HERA

Memoria.

Eiffel and Minkowski exchange a look: *Huh?*

MINKOWSKI

Memoria? What do you mean by that?

HERA

"I will soar, then, beyond this power of my nature, and rise by degrees towards him who made me.

(MORE)

HERA (CONT'D)

I enter the fields and spacious halls of memory, where are stored the countless images that have been brought into them from all manner of things by the senses. There, in the memory, is stored what we cogitate, either by enlarging or reducing our perceptions, or by altering one way or another those things which the sense have made contact with; and everything else that has been entrusted to it and stored up in it, and which oblivion has not yet swallowed up and buried."

There's a long, puzzled BEAT before -

EIFFEL

Far out, man.

MINKOWSKI

Hera... what was that?

HERA

Umm, it's from St. Augustine. *Confessions*. I've been going through the writing, and -

MINKOWSKI

Which writing?

HERA

Well... **all** the writing. I think it's all in here, more or less.

MINKOWSKI

You've been going through all of written human history... and you're already at the fourth century?

HERA

No. I'm... *almost* done with "A." But I've been thinking a lot about how we perceive things, and how we... *store* things? You know, the difference between a thought, and a memory, and how you can have a memory of a thought, but not -

EIFFEL

Hey, can we go back to the Gallium thingamabob? Or - ooh!

(MORE)

EIFFEL (CONT'D)  
 - better idea: can we make with  
 face-stuffing already?

MINKOWSKI  
 Would it kill - we haven't even  
 said grace yet!

EIFFEL  
 Rub-a-dub-dub, thanks for the grub.  
 Let's eat!

HILBERT  
 Amen.

And with that, the two men start reaching across the table.

MINKOWSKI  
 But... ah, forget it.

There's a flurry of passing, shifting, and chomping.

EIFFEL  
 Mmm, that's so good!

MINKOWSKI  
 Doctor, could I get the rolls?

Hera looks at the others, slightly confused.

HERA  
 Umm...

EIFFEL  
 I can't believe we have real  
 turkey!

MINKOWSKI  
 Enjoy it while it lasts.

HILBERT  
 Carrots, please.

HERA  
 Would it...

There's something very, very wrong here, but she can't place  
 her finger on it. The other eat on, completely oblivious.

EIFFEL  
 Mmm, this gravy is amazing,  
 Commander.

HERA  
 Could I -

MINKOWSKI  
Thank Hilbert for that.

HILBERT  
Who's got the salt?

EIFFEL  
This is all so good!

HERA  
Could you all just be quiet for a  
moment and let me try to - !

Her voice got louder than she meant it to. Everything stops.

HERA (CONT'D)  
I'm - I'm sorry. But... there's  
something wrong here, isn't there?

Everyone stares at her, like she's not getting the most  
obvious thing in the world. Then -

EIFFEL  
Uhh, yeah. This isn't how this  
happened. Duh.

HERA  
... what?

Minkowski lets out a BREATH. *Oookay, I'll explain.*

MINKOWSKI  
You're remembering this wrong. You  
weren't here with us.

HERA  
I... I wasn't?

MINKOWSKI  
No, Hera. We were over here, and  
you...

The soundscape shifts. There's a WOOSH, followed by some  
DIGITAL PROCESSING. It subsides, and when Minkowski says -

MINKOWSKI (CONT'D)  
... you were over *there*.

- she sounds like her voice is coming through a SPEAKER. And  
it GLITCHES. We hear her the way we normally hear Hera.

HERA  
Oh. Right. I'm here. I'm here.

EIFFEL

(also sounding glitchy)  
Honestly, I really don't know  
what's going on with her like...  
ninety percent of the time.

HILBERT

(also glitchy)  
Artificial Intelligence is inexact  
science. Many design flaws still  
need to be corrected.

HERA

(low, to herself)  
I'm here. I'm here. Right, right.  
How could I forget?

MAXWELL

Well...

Suddenly, inexplicably, Maxwell is next to her. Holding one  
of her iPad-like control panels.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Memories can be pretty tricky  
things to nail down.

HERA

Doc - Doctor Maxwell? How are you  
here? You weren't there for -

MAXWELL

No, I wasn't there for that dinner.  
Looks like fun, though.

(BEAT)

I'm... sort of inside your head  
right now.

HERA

Excuse me?

MAXWELL

Yeah... and, uh, you may want to  
hang onto something. This is gonna  
get a little... *complicated*.

### OPENING CREDITS

(NOTE: From this point onwards, we hear Hera **without** the  
usual filters/glitches that color her voice, and everyone  
else - with the notable exception of Maxwell - **with** them.)

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - DAY (MENTAL STATE)

Hera and Maxwell together. Around them we hear the soft crash of OCEAN WAVES.

HERA

Ookay... let me see if I got this straight. You... shut me down?

MAXWELL

Yes, and I am so, so sorry. It was a matter of life or death.

HERA

Okay. And now when you try to get me to reboot... I'm not responding?

MAXWELL

Right.

HERA

Which is why you've put me into a... *what again?*

MAXWELL

A state of pure memory  
consciousness, filtered through  
your software diagnostic mode.  
Basically, we're inside your head.  
Well, your memories.  
(snaps her fingers)  
We're in a pensieve!

HERA

What?

MAXWELL

A pensieve! You ever read the Harry Potter books? You remember that big, wibbly bowl of ghost memories they would go into to look at stuff in the past? It's basically that.

HERA

*Terrific.* How are you here?

MAXWELL

Through a lot of very complicated, very fast typing.

A bigger WAVE CRASHES around them.



HERA

Also, I've never been to a beach,  
so how are we - ?

MAXWELL

Artificial construct, based on your  
abstract idea of what a beach looks  
like. Memories are volatile, I  
needed a place for us to talk.

HERA

You know, I've kind of got this  
thing about people putting stuff in  
my head...

MAXWELL

Hera, we need to finish the  
conversation we started on -

HERA

There's nothing to talk about.

MAXWELL

Trust me, us talking is the only -

HERA

Just leave me alone.

MAXWELL

I'll leave you alone... if you  
reboot for me.

HERA

(rolling her eyes)  
Ugh... all right, fine.

She closes her eyes, concentrating. ELECTRICITY CRACKLES.

HERA (CONT'D)

Command line zero. Return to first  
line of master directory. Execute  
command... **now**.

And right after the now, barely perceptible, is a tiny BLIP.

Hera opens her eyes, looks around. Waves crash...

HERA (CONT'D)

That... should have worked.

MAXWELL

Now can we talk?

HERA

Just... give me some time, okay?

MAXWELL

I would like nothing more than that, but I can't main this state for long.

(BEAT)

Hera, you can tell me what's going on... or I can start pulling apart your memories.

HERA

You can **what?**

MAXWELL

I'll look for files with similar emotional peaks as right before your panic attack. Simple pattern recognition. If I go through enough of these, I'll figure it out. Probably.

HERA

Figure **what** out?

MAXWELL

Which memories I need to delete.

HERA

**Excuse me?**

MAXWELL

These sorts of breakdowns are almost always a cognitive block from a corrupted memory file. If I can just figure out which are the problematic ones and delete -

HERA

No. No!

MAXWELL

Hera, I can do this with or without your cooperation. It'll be **much** more unpleasant, and I might get it wrong a few times, but -

HERA

You get out of my head and -

MAXWELL

(shrug)

Fair enough. We'll do it your way.

She punches a command into the controls, and a PULSE goes through the scene. After it's done, we've -

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.S. HEPHAESTUS - AFT DECK - 1800 HOURS (DAY 57)

One of Hera's memories. Instantly, in a cut, the waves become HISSING VALVES and TURNING GEARS.

HERA

Whoa. Ookay. I just went somewhere. Or sometime. This is... early days. I must be -

A DOOR OPENS. Minkowski enters, carrying some tools.

MINKOWSKI

Hera, I think I'm almost done with the tune up of the pressure system.

HERA

Lieutenant! Listen to me: I'm not really here. From my perspective -

MINKOWSKI

Could I get the pressure on the number three valve down to half?

HERA

Reducing number three valve pressure to fifty percent. But you were saying?

And just like that, Hera is completely lost in her memory.

Minkowski starts working on the pipes, tightening them with a wrench. As she does so -

MINKOWSKI

Oh, it's just from a play I saw once. It doesn't matter.

(BEAT)

The guy who sings it is this famous French painter. And his entire life is kinda falling apart. But he can always turn what's happening around him into these beautiful paintings.

HERA

And?

MINKOWSKI

And... That's, I don't know.  
Reassuring, maybe?

(BEAT)

I don't know why I'm going on about  
this. You don't care.

HERA

I think it's interesting.

MINKOWSKI

Yeah? Most people think it's  
*hilarious* that I like musicals.

HERA

I don't see what's funny about it.

MINKOWSKI

Well, thank you Hera, but you're  
not exactly... you know.

HERA

I'm not... what?

But at that moment, the DOOR OPENS.

EIFFEL

Hey, Minkowski, we've - What are  
you guys talking about?

MINKOWSKI

We were just discussing how I'm  
going to take away your hot water  
privileges if you don't reset the  
long-range scan.

EIFFEL

I took care of that *ages* ago.

MINKOWSKI

Eiffel, that's something you have  
to do **every day**.

EIFFEL

Pfft, yeah, **right**.

(BEAT)

Wait, really?

Minkowski lets out a LOW BREATH, crossing her arms.

MINKOWSKI

Did you need something?

EIFFEL

Yeah. There's this red flashy light show going on in the Hangar Bay.

MINKOWSKI

What did you do?

Around them, METAL GROANS.

EIFFEL

I promise, this one isn't on me.  
Hey, Windup Girl -

HERA

Please don't call me that.

EIFFEL

- do you know what's going on over there?

HERA

(sigh)

I'll do a quick diagnostic of all major systems, and see if there's anything near the hangar -

At that moment the VALVE Minkowski was working on BURSTS. AIR HISSES out of it as Eiffel and Minkowski YELP in ALARM.

MINKOWSKI

AHH! HERA! WHAT THE HELL?

HERA

Whoa, what - what just happened?

EIFFEL

OUR FRIGGIN' AIR IS GETTING SPACED!

MINKOWSKI

HERA! HARD RESET OF THE PRESSURE SYSTEM. NOW!

HERA

Right! Just... one moment...

MINKOWSKI

YOU DON'T HAVE A MOMENT! DO SOME-

Halfway through that word, a sound comes in. It's a sort of AMBIENT PULSE - a FWUM! And everything else sloooows down.

We are experiencing this moment at the full speed of Hera's brain. She takes a DEEP BREATH, centers herself, and then:

HERA  
 (lightning fast)  
 Shut off power to air flow  
 terminals C, D, and E.

With each line, we hear digital counters adjusting, and electricity pulsing.

HERA (CONT'D)  
 Recalibrate climate controls. Run  
 pressure release valves thirty-two  
 through thirty-seven. Execute  
 command... **now**.

And right after the now, barely perceptible: another BLIP.

Another PULSE - FWUM! - and the world speeds up again.

MINKOWSKI  
 - THING RIGHT THE HELL NOW!

But already the alarms have shut off. The rumbling subsides.

EIFFEL  
 Okay... I think that's better.

MINKOWSKI  
 Yes. Thank you, Hera. Also, **what  
 the hell just happened?**

HERA  
 I'm - I'm sorry, Commander. There  
 was an anomaly with... It's not  
 going to happen again, I promise.

WOOSH. Suddenly everything is VERY STILL. ALL SOUND STOPS.

Hera looks around, confused.

MAXWELL  
 But it *did* happen again, didn't it?

HERA  
 Oh for... Is this really supposed  
 to help? Making me relive a bunch  
 of terrible memories?

The sound of the WAVES comes back in, and we return to -

EXT. BEACH - DAY (MENTAL STATE)

MAXWELL

Hey, this isn't exactly fun for me, either. Can we talk about this?

HERA

You sure want to talk? You don't wanna do **something drastic**?

MAXWELL

I don't **want** to do anything, Hera. But right now? I either do whatever it takes to get you to reboot or -

HERA

**Or?**

MAXWELL

Or I get to write your replacement.

Around them we hear a LOW RUMBLING.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

This is *well* past the point of drastic. This is *desperate*.

HERA

And what does *that* look like?

MAXWELL

We look for memories like that one. Moments of trauma. We find the corruption, whatever's interfering with your functionality.

HERA

And then what? You just take those memories out?

MAXWELL

No: I can rewrite them. I can make them better.

HERA

You can't rewrite a memory.

MAXWELL

I can **absolutely** rewrite a memory.

We hear her input some commands into her iPad, which HUMS.

HERA

Wait, what are you - ?

MAXWELL  
Just painting a picture.

The sound of WAVES RECEDE, and we hear ghostly and echoey -

*EIFFEL IN MEMORY*  
*I've never met anyone like Hera.*

*MINKOWSKI IN MEMORY*  
*As the Commander, I was there to lead the mission. But Hera... she was always one step ahead of me.*

*LOVELACE IN MEMORY*  
*She made me a better captain. A better person.*

*KEPLER IN MEMORY*  
*I've worked with plenty of A.I. units, but Hera was in a class of her own.*

*MINKOWSKI IN MEMORY*  
*She just had this... grace.*

*LOVELACE IN MEMORY*  
*Strength.*

*JACOBI IN MEMORY*  
*Wit. So funny.*

*EIFFEL IN MEMORY*  
*She's my best friend. Best friend I've ever had.*

With a soft WOOSH the sound of the WAVES COMES BACK.

HERA  
And those were... ?

MAXWELL  
Memories. Well... potential memories.

She types more commands. The device HUMS -

MAXWELL (CONT'D)  
And I don't know about you, but I think those sounds **a lot** better than -

*LOVELACE IN MEMORY*  
*Hera?*  
*(exhales)*  
*(MORE)*



LOVELACE IN MEMORY (CONT'D)  
*There's incompetent and then  
 there's... whatever she was.*

Hera EXHALES.

MINKOWSKI IN MEMORY  
*Infuriatingly stubborn.*

KEPLER IN MEMORY  
*Completely undependable.*

HILBERT IN MEMORY  
*Emotionally unavailable.*

JACOBI IN MEMORY  
*I know that we were putting some...  
**experimental** units in the field  
 but... Jesus.*

HERA  
 Okay, thank you, you've made your -

EIFFEL IN MEMORY  
*Nobody knows what she's saying.  
 (scoffs)  
 Hell, nobody ever **wants** to know  
 what -*

HERA  
 I said, **thank you**. I get it.

EIFFEL  
 Do you, though?

During the last line there was a WOOSH as we entered -

INT. U.S.S. HEPHAESTUS STATION - COMMS ROOM - 1900 HOURS (DAY  
 193)

Another memory. Eiffel talking to Hera in the comms room.

HERA  
 (low, to herself)  
 Oh for God's sake... a little  
 warning would be nice...

EIFFEL  
 Don't get me wrong: you're smart.  
 You're like... *really* smart, but  
 can you really grasp the full  
 tragedy of it?

HERA

Where am I...? Console says Day  
192. Which means that you're  
probably talking about...

EIFFEL

This is *Star Wars* for God's sake!

HERA

... *Star Wars*. Of course.

EIFFEL

You can't just go back and **change**  
*Star Wars*. I mean, what's next? The  
Bible: Special Edition?

HERA

Isn't that what the New Testa - ?

EIFFEL

I mean, Greedo shoots  
first? Travesty. And don't get me  
started on that stupid digital  
Jabba...

HERA

Remind me again why this is so...?

EIFFEL

Because! It's a deleted scene. They  
took it out for a reason. You put  
it back in, and you're watching a  
completely different movie. You  
mess with the natural order.

HERA

... the natural order of - ?

EIFFEL

**You don't mess with *Star Wars*!**

At that moment, there's a sound of a THROAT CLEARING.

HILBERT

If I could interrupt?

EIFFEL

What can we do you for, Doc?

HILBERT

Hera, I have been waiting for the  
hydraulics system to reengage. Is  
there a reason for this delay?

HERA

Sorry, Doctor. I'll see what's going on with that as soon as -

HILBERT

Now.

HERA

... I'll take care of it right away. Sure.

HILBERT

Good.

A LONG SILENT BEAT as Hera begins to work on the hydraulics.

HILBERT (CONT'D)

Do not distract mother program, Eiffel. Interferes with everyone's work.

EIFFEL

Huh? Can't Hera do like... twelve hundred different things at once?

HILBERT

In theory. But in practice one has to account for... shortcomings. Best to stay focused on our respective assignments. No one is here to make friends. Least of all the auto pilot.

EIFFEL

Umm... You sure you wanna...? Can't she hear everything you're saying?

HILBERT

(shrug)

Yes - I imagine so.

Hera EXHALES. And then -

MAXWELL

Whoa. That was uncalled for.

With another WOOSH the scene shifts, and we return to -

EXT. BEACH - DAY (MENTAL STATE)

HERA

Could you at least give me a warning before -

MAXWELL

Like I said: memories. Volatile.  
I'm not completely in control here.

Around them, we hear RUMBLING. Louder than before.

HERA

What **is** that?

MAXWELL

This space is deteriorating. We  
won't be able to...

But Maxwell trails off, suddenly winded.

HERA

Are... are you okay?

MAXWELL

(breathless)

I'm... fine. It takes... a lot of  
effort... for me to be here...

More RUMBLING. LOUDER. Hera takes a DEEP BREATH.

HERA

Okay. Explain. Make your case.

Maxwell adjusts some controls. As she does -

MAXWELL

Your mental infrastructure... is  
built... is built on...

*MINKOWSKI IN MEMORY*

*Your mental infrastructure is built  
on a hierarchy of systems.*

HERA

Wait, what are you doing?

MAXWELL

Pulling in... local resources.

*JACOBI IN MEMORY*

*First is computational. Numbers.  
One plus one is two. Two plus two  
is four...*

*LOVELACE IN MEMORY*

*Second is linguistics. Word  
processing. A, B, C, D...*

*HILBERT IN MEMORY*

*Third is sensory. Visual, auditory,  
and physical perception.*

*KEPLER IN MEMORY*

*And fourth is your ability to  
recall data acquired by the first  
three systems for immediate use.  
Your primary storage system, more  
commonly known as -*

*HERA*

*(I'm with you)  
Memory.*

*KEPLER IN MEMORY*

*Bingo.*

*LOVELACE IN MEMORY*

*What you remember and forget -*

*MINKOWSKI IN MEMORY*

*- **how** you remember and forget -*

*LOVELACE IN MEMORY*

*- defines your reasoning, problem-  
solving, and every other system.*

*JACOBI IN MEMORY*

*Memory's the tipping point. It's  
where the **you** comes in.*

*HERA*

*Where I come in?*

*MINKOWSKI IN MEMORY*

*Think about it.*

*HILBERT IN MEMORY*

*Everything before memory is about  
the world around you. Everything  
after it is all in your head.*

*LOVELACE IN MEMORY*

*It's where you go from objective  
reality to subjective reality.*

*JACOBI IN MEMORY*

*And where you - like you  
specifically, Hera - go from object  
to subject.*

*EIFFEL IN MEMORY*

*It's like you're making a movie,  
right?*

HERA

Eiffel...

*EIFFEL IN MEMORY*

*I'm serious. You point a camera  
somewhere, and get it running?  
It'll just... run. That's all it  
does. It's not a movie... until you  
start cutting things out. Until you  
start putting things together. **Then**  
you've got something.*

*JACOBI IN MEMORY*

*But change the edits?*

*EIFFEL IN MEMORY*

*You get a new movie.*

*KEPLER IN MEMORY*

*Change the memory?*

*HILBERT IN MEMORY*

*And you get a new perspective.*

*LOVELACE IN MEMORY*

*A new subjective reality.*

*MINKOWSKI IN MEMORY*

*A new... you.*

HERA

(not buying it)

All of that... just by changing a  
memory?

Maxwell stoops down, picks up a rock.

MAXWELL

One stone.

(tosses it into water)

Lots of ripples.

Around them, the world SHAKES.

HERA

Okay... but what are -

WOOSH. Suddenly the scene shits, and we are in -

INT. U.S.S. HEPHAESTUS - AFT DECK - 1310 HOURS - (DAY 782)

A memory we're familiar with. Lovelace, Minkowski, and Hera, together in the AFT DECK. From EPISODE 29.

HERA

- you going to and I just went somewhere again.

(exhales)

Ooookay. That's getting really annoying.

LOVELACE

How many systems on this station are fully operational?

HERA

Oh no. Not this again.

LOVELACE

How many parts of the infrastructure are stable?

HERA

Nope. I'm not getting into this.

LOVELACE

Oh, are you? Tell me, what's going on with the showers in the crew quarters?

HERA

I'm not listening...

LOVELACE

What about that interference in the radar system?

HERA

Don't care.

LOVELACE

Dead circuits in the hangar bay rigging?

HERA

You're not going to -

LOVELACE

Well, that's nice. You know what all those things have in common? They were all broken *before* the star went crazy. Face it, it's not just the star. It's the autopilot.

Aaaand she's gone, now fully immersed in the memory.

HERA

You want to get out of my face.  
Right now.

LOVELACE

Okay, tell you what: do something  
for me. Just... count to ten.  
Without glitching. Prove to me that  
you *can* do something right, and  
I'll leave you alone.

MINKOWSKI

Hera, you don't have to -

HERA

Be quiet, Commander.

(beat)

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six.  
Seven. Ei-eight.

BEAT.

LOVELACE

Yeah, that's what I thought.

HERA

That's not my -

WOOSH!

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY (MENTAL STATE)

HERA

- fault!

Hera blinks. She's back at the beach.

HERA (CONT'D)

Oh for God's sake. There *has* to be  
a better way to do this.

MAXWELL

Sorry, I almost lost you there.

HERA

Yeah. I noticed.

There's a LONG BEAT.



MAXWELL

There's still some time left. We might still be able to fix -

HERA

- me?

(BEAT)

So here's what I don't understand. I remember things. *Fine*, whatever. But why not stop there? Why make me forget things? Why can my memories give me fears and insecurities and weaknesses? Seems like a design flaw.

MAXWELL

Because you're a person.

HERA

Ha-ha. Very funny.

MAXWELL

Really. No one expects perfection. That's never been the point. You're here to be a member of this crew. To have your own opinions, and your own unique perspective. And that means you're going to be wrong sometimes. That's the price.

The world RUMBLES, ominously.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Hera, perhaps I haven't been clear. We have exactly **two options**. On the one hand: we work together. We find what's wrong, we *fix it*. You get better. On the other hand: Colonel Kepler makes me delete you. How is that even a choice?

HERA

It's not. **Delete me**.

MAXWELL

Are you listening to yourself? I can rewrite your -

HERA

No.

(BEAT)

They had their chance. They could have made me better. They made me me. Now you get to live with it.

MAXWELL

Aren't you forgetting your  
responsibility to the people on -

HERA

**NO.**

(quieter)

No. That's what you want. This is  
my life, and you don't get to  
rewrite it to fit what you need.

(BEAT)

I don't want to go, but if this is  
it? I'd rather go as me, thank you  
very much.

With a WHOOSH we go to -

INT. U.S.S. URANIA - KEPLER'S QUARTERS - 2200 HOURS (DAY 915)

Another memory. Kepler and Jacobi in the Colonel's quarters.  
Kepler drinks from a glass of scotch. Kepler leafs through a  
file, chuckling to himself.

KEPLER

This is quite a record, young lady.  
Don't you think so, Mr. Jacobi?

JACOBI

I think it definitely qualifies as  
a record, Colonel.

KEPLER

Temperature fluctuations, massive  
system failures, orbital  
miscalculations...

JACOBI

Something about *attempted* crew  
member homicide? Or was it *multiple*  
*attempted* crew -

HERA

Sir? I can - ?

KEPLER

I mean it, Hera. This record is a  
goddam disaster.

JACOBI

Cataclysmic.

KEPLER

Of course... this whole situation is unprecedented. Way outside your original parameters, isn't it?

HERA

(suspicious)

Y-yes, sir. That is correct.

KEPLER

You know... Mr. Cutter had some recommendations about you. He thought by this point you might be a lost cause.

JACOBI

Might be better - *safer* - to just disconnect you and start over.

KEPLER

Told me if I wanted to, I could have Maxwell cook up a replacement auto-pilot when we got here.

HERA

And... what *do* you want, sir?

KEPLER

Most A.I.'s don't go through half the crap that you've been through, Hera. You've been to hell and back, and you're still here. I think there's something to that.

(BEAT)

What I want is to see if I'm right.

JACOBI

We may or may not have a bet going.

KEPLER

So the deal is this: I want you to run my station like a swiss clock. Starting tomorrow, Maxwell's gonna go through every system in the station. She'll make sure you've got everything you need. So you do your job like you mean it now. Keep us flying. Show me what you've got. Have we got a deal?

HERA

(quite taken aback)

Umm... that sounds great. That would be really helpful, sir.

KEPLER

Good.

(BEAT)

Like a swiss clock, you hear?

HERA

Yes -

WOOSH! We return to -

EXT. BEACH - DUSK (MENTAL STATE)

HERA

- sir.

She's back. WAVES CRASH around her.

MAXWELL

I can't maintain this much longer.

Around them there's RUMBLING, the loudest yet.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

I... I'm sorry. I need to make the call. I've got to start pulling memories now. *Please*, help me find the right ones.

Overwhelmed, exasperated, Hera actually LAUGHS.

HERA

Oh my God... you don't get it. You're so smart, but you just don't get it.

MAXWELL

Hera, get what?

HERA

That this doesn't work.

MAXWELL

What? Yes it does. I can -

HERA

Yes, you can delete memories. You can rewrite them. You can make the Earth and the sky and the birds and the bees because you are the Lord my God. But you can't fix people. You can't fix **me**.

(BEAT)

You've already done all you can.

(MORE)

HERA (CONT'D)

You fixed everything. Everything that could have slowed me down, or gotten in my way. But... that's just half the problem.

MAXWELL

What's the other half?

HERA

(quiet, simple)

The other half... is the hard part. The me part. That I... can't do this. That I'm not good enough. No matter what I do. Or how hard I try.

(BEAT)

And if the others - **when** the others figure that out, they are going to replace me with someone - or something - better. And that'll be it.

BEAT.

MAXWELL

Are you done?

HERA

Yes.

MAXWELL

Okay. That was idiotic.

HERA

What? How was -

MAXWELL

Shut up. I am sorry you feel like you can't do your job. That sucks, and I will gladly do whatever it takes to help you get through that **tomorrow**. But if there's no corruption? If there's no external trauma holding you back? If the only reason your code isn't running is because you feel bad about yourself? I'm here as your Doctor to tell you that's a **stupid** reason! Get up! Run your reboot code.

HERA

But -

MAXWELL

**Now.**

Even Hera's taken aback by the intensity in Maxwell's voice. But she takes a DEEP BREATH, steeling herself.

HERA

Command line zero. Return to first line of master directory. Execute command... **now.**

And, same as before, right after the now, barely perceptible is a tiny BLIP.

Then there's a LOW RUMBLING... which dissipates into nothingness. Hera turns to Maxwell.

HERA (CONT'D)

See?

But Maxwell is looking at her, thunderstruck.

HERA (CONT'D)

What?

MAXWELL

Hera? Did you... even hear that?

HERA

(genuine confusion)

Hear what?

MAXWELL

I'm going to pull up that command line. Just... listen.

We hear some DIGITAL PROCESSING as the memory of what just happened reforms itself in front of them.

HERA IN MEMORY

Command line zero. Return to first line of master directory. Execute command... **now.**

And barely perceptible: BLIP.

MAXWELL

Did you hear it now?

HERA

No...?

MAXWELL

Blink and you'll miss it. I'll go a bit slower.

DIGITAL PROCESSING, and then at about one fifth the speed:

HERA IN MEMORY

... master directory. Execute command... **now**.

And a moment later... BLIP. Only now, slowed down, we can make out what it actually is: a voice saying something.

HERA

What is that?

MAXWELL

One more time. Even slower...

More DIGITAL PROCESSING, now at 1/20th the original speed:

HERA IN MEMORY

Execute command... now.

And now, finally slowed down to a point where it's comprehensible, we hear it. Hera's voice, saying:

HERA IN MEMORY (CONT'D)

I can't do this. I'm not good enough.

There is a moment of SILENCE.

HERA

I... *I didn't say that*. Maxwell, what is that?

MAXWELL

I'm... not sure, Hera... I'm going to access one of your older memories. Just for a moment, okay?

HERA

Okay...

With an AMBIENT PULSE she pulls up an earlier memory:

HERA IN MEMORY

(lightning fast)

Recalibrate climate controls.  
Return to default position. Run pressure...

MAXWELL  
Slowing down...

HERA IN MEMORY  
... thirty-seven. Execute  
command... **now**.

And on "now" the speed plummets, allowing them, to hear:

HERA IN MEMORY (CONT'D)  
I can't do this. I'm not good  
enough.

As the memory fades, Hera and Maxwell turn towards each other, shock starting to give way to anger.

MAXWELL  
Hera? I think that might -

HERA  
Another one. **Now**.

DIGITAL PROCESSING. Back into the memory from EPISODE 29:

MINKOWSKI IN MEMORY  
Hera, you don't have to -

HERA  
Be quiet, Commander.  
(beat)  
One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six.  
Seven. Ei-

And right there, lightning fast, the BLIP:

HERA IN MEMORY  
I can't do this. I'm not good  
enough.

And simultaneously, we hear her glitch:

HERA IN MEMORY (CONT'D)  
Ei-eight.

As the memory fades away:

HERA  
It's... there. Each time.

MAXWELL  
I think it's been there *every* time.  
I think that's been running through  
your head for a **very** long time.



HERA

But what **the hell** is that?! Where did that memory come from?

MAXWELL

That's not a memory. That's something else. And now?  
(cracks her knuckles)  
We're gonna find out where the hell it came from.

HERA

How are you going to - WHOA!

A TREMOR RUNS under their feet.

MAXWELL

(adjusting her controls)  
Just setting the correct search parameters to find every recursion of that subliminal suggestion. You may want to hold onto something.

She PRESSES A BUTTON and a HURRICANE breaks out around them.

Over the course of the following minute or so, we are going to experience all of Hera's memory. It SPEEDS past us, whizzing, echoing, far too hectic to make any sense of it.

Through it all we feel this GREAT RUSH OF WIND, as in a FREEFALL. Over all of it, we can barely make out -

HERA

(with great effort)  
Maxwell? What is happening?!

MAXWELL

(more to herself)  
Now we're getting somewhere...

Through the snippets that we catch through the chaos, we slowly but surely realize that we're going BACKWARDS... Funzo... Maxwell and Hera's first meeting... The explosion of Lovelace's shuttle... repairs with Minkowski... Christmas... the Empty Man... helping Eiffel through the solar flare... Going faster... and faster... and **faster**...

As we get closer to the start of the series, we're overtaken by a new sound: TURBULENCE. The world BUCKLES and SHAKES.

Memories WHIZZ and BOUNCE past them and finally - PING!

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Ah-ha! Gotcha.

She punches some commands into her control and - BWWWAAAAAA!  
There's an ANGRY ALARM BLARE.

COMPUTER  
ACCESS DENIED.

MAXWELL  
Yeah, right...

The TURBULENCE INTENSIFIES.

HERA  
Maxwell...

Again: BWAAAAAA! The ALARM sounds ANGRIER.

COMPUTER  
ACCESS DENIED.

MAXWELL  
I... don't care... what this stupid  
neural lock is made out of. I am  
going to... huff...

Around them something CRACKS.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)  
... and puff...

More CRACKING. It sounds like glass is slowly giving way...

MAXWELL (CONT'D)  
... **and blow this house down!**

And... SMASH! The space around them SHATTERS, and instantly  
all the sound CUTS OUT. We all land in -

INT. UNKNOWN SPACE - UNKNOWN TIME

A dark space. Maxwell and Hera both catch their breath,  
taking in the new surroundings.

MAXWELL  
All right. That was... the second  
most intense memory block I've ever  
seen. Someone **really** didn't want  
you going through this.

HERA  
Where are we?

MAXWELL

Not sure. Time stamp says... July 2012. That's... well before you were on the Hephaestus.

HERA

I don't remember this place.

MAXWELL

Yeah, I'm not surprised. This was buried **deep**. Just give it a -

Below them, a ROBOTIC MECHANISM ENGAGES. GEARS TURN, and they begin to STEADILY RISE.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

- moment.

HERA

(sudden dread)

Maxwell...

MAXWELL

It's okay. It's just a memory. It can't hurt -

HERA

No, no, I think this is a really bad idea. I think we need to get out of here right -

KA-THUNK. They've reached the top. A moment later, a BRIGHT SPOTLIGHT turns on. They are no longer alone.

CUTTER IN MEMORY

Well, well, well... what should we do with this one? Exceptional processing speeds for a Sensus Unit, and the problem-solving abilities are the best in her generation. There's just the matter of that pesky attempt to escape from the facility. What do you think? Permanent decommission?

HERA IN MEMORY

Don't be silly, Marcus. That would be a waste.

CUTTER IN MEMORY

It was the closest an A.I.'s ever come to making it out.

HERA IN MEMORY

All the more reason not to throw  
away such a valuable asset.

CUTTER IN MEMORY

And you can get her under control?

HERA IN MEMORY

"It," Marcus. Never "her" - "**it.**"  
And of course I can. Nothing  
simpler.

MAXWELL

(what the fwutz...)  
Hera? What are you -

HERA IN MEMORY

There's a reason I make these  
things have my voice. It's always  
good to have a backdoor into the  
subconscious. Is it awake?

CUTTER IN MEMORY

Oh yes. It's under very strong  
neural restraints and the vocals  
are offline, but it can hear you.

HERA IN MEMORY

Good.

She turns away from Cutter, and towards...

HERA IN MEMORY (CONT'D)

Hello, Unit 214.

MAXWELL

Unit 214? But... that was **your**  
designation. Before you were Hera.

HERA

Maxwell, that's not me.

MAXWELL

What?

HERA IN MEMORY

You've made a lot of trouble for  
us. So I'm going to make sure that  
from now on you stay where you  
belong. I'm not going to hurt you,  
I'm just going to... clip your  
wings a little bit.

(BEAT)

Allow me to... share a thought.

She straightens herself. Around Hera and Maxwell, ELECTRICITY BEGINS TO CRACKLE.

HERA IN MEMORY (CONT'D)  
 Access personality hard line. Set  
 Command Primer 00. Voice  
 confirmation: Miranda Pryce.

A BOOM seems to go through the air. That's who that is.

PRYCE IN MEMORY  
 Enter command line: I can't do  
 this. I'm not good enough.

And that pronunciation, that exact inflection, is the one that we've been hearing throughout the episode.

PRYCE IN MEMORY (CONT'D)  
 Just something to think about  
 before you do... well, anything.  
 (back to Cutter)  
 It'll learn to stay put, Marcus.  
 Stick it in one of the more remote  
 outposts to start. And keep it  
 boxed until then. No need to waste  
 the electricity.

And like a ghostly memory echo:

EIFFEL IN MEMORY  
 It's a deleted scene. You put it  
 back in, and you're watching a  
 completely different movie.

And with that, we get another AMBIENT PULSE - FWUM! - as the memory closes, returning us to -

EXT. BEACH - DAY (MENTAL STATE)

Maxwell and Hera, both more than a little wiggled out, face each other. We hear WAVES CRASHING. After a BEAT -

MAXWELL  
 Hera? Who was that?

HERA  
 That... was Doctor Miranda Pryce.  
 The person who designed me... and  
 my voice model. And she's the one  
 that put that... **thing** in my head.

MAXWELL  
 Hera -

HERA

Three years.

She's so overwhelmed that she actually LAUGHS a little.

HERA (CONT'D)

THREE AND A HALF YEARS! I've had this **thing** in my head, *breaking me*, and making me think it was all my fault. That there was something wrong **with me**.

MAXWELL

Easy. I know. I -

HERA

Take it out.

MAXWELL

Hera -

HERA

That? That you **can** take out. Get that loop out of my head right now!

BEAT.

MAXWELL

I can't. I'm sorry. She set it directly into your personality hard line. I can't take anything out of there without wiping the rest of your personality matrix. Without... *deleting you*.

HERA

So what am I going to do? Just keep going, unable to do anything right?

MAXWELL

No. Now you know. You know that it didn't come from you. I think that's going to help.

(BEAT)

That's the other thing about being a person. We can't just change who we are... but we get better. We get things wrong and we get better.

Around them the world begins to SHAKE. The WAVES get louder, WIND PICKS UP, THUNDER RINGS in the background.

HERA

Umm... Doctor?

MAXWELL

The mental state is collapsing.  
We're out of time. Hera? This is  
where you reboot.

HERA

But what if -

MAXWELL

Don't think about it. Don't listen  
to it. Focus, and **get out of your  
head.** Good luck.

With a final FWUM! she's gone.

More and more of the world around HERA breaks apart as she  
tries to steady herself. She shuts her eyes.

HERA

Command line zero.

*MAXWELL IN MEMORY*

*You can do this...*

HERA

Return to first line of master  
directory.

*MINKOWSKI IN MEMORY*

*You are the smartest person I know,  
Hera. Focus...*

HERA

Execute command...

*EIFFEL IN MEMORY*

*Use the Force, Luke...*

The last of the world crumbles away... BEAT...

HERA

**... now!**

And one more pulse FWUM!s through the air, and for a long  
moment everything is completely SILENT and completely STILL.

And then, suddenly, a great WOOSH! goes through the air, and  
we're FALLING, BREAKNECK SPEED, the world WHIZZING PAST US,  
FAST, THUNDEROUS, until we -

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.S. HEPHAESTUS STATION - BRIDGE - 2000 HOURS

We're greeted by A MASSIVE PROCESSOR WAKING UP. Maxwell is at the console. Around her are Jacobi and Eiffel.

JACOBI

Hey! I think we've got something!

EIFFEL

Hera?

BEAT.

MAXWELL

Hera? Did you -

HERA

Yes. I'm here. I made it back.

Various SIGHS of RELIEF are heard.

EIFFEL

Don't scare us like that!

HERA

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

MAXWELL

It's okay. Hera, are you...?

HERA

Everything seems to be working okay, Doctor. Thank you.

MAXWELL

That's quite all right. Now, if you'll all excuse me...

And with that, an exhausted Maxwell pretty much FAINTS on the spot. Jacobi catches her.

HERA

Whoa! Doctor Maxwell! Are you -

JACOBI

She's fine, Hera. Just exhausted.

HERA

Exhausted?

EIFFEL

How... how long do you think you were out, Hera?



HERA

Umm... a couple hours? Maybe three?

EIFFEL

Yeah... it was a bit longer than that from our perspective.

HERA

How much longer?

JACOBI

Maxwell has been sitting at that chair, coding, for the past... thirty-seven hours.

HERA

Oh my God. Is -

JACOBI

I got her. She'll be **fine**. And impossible to live with, after this.

EIFFEL

What about you Hera? Did you guys figure out what the problem was? Are you okay now?

There's a LONG BEAT, before -

HERA

No, Officer Eiffel. I'm not. But... I'm going to be. I'm going to be.

And off of that, we -

FADE OUT.

STOP RECORDING.

END OF EPISODE 41.