

WOLF 359

"TIME TO KILL"

by

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Writer's Note: This episode takes place on Day 1068 of the Hephaestus Mission.

START EPISODE 42.

BEGIN RECORDING:

INT. SPACE POD - 2320 HOURS

We hear the CRACKLE of STATIC. Lovelace and Maxwell are making adjustments to the sensors, while Eiffel works on the comms panel. After a moment we hear a device POWERING UP.

EIFFEL

Aaaand we're back, baby!
(bad Schwarzenegger)
I told you I'd be back.

LOVELACE

Yes, *thank you*. Hephaestus, do you copy over there?

HERA

(through static)
Yes, Module, we copy. But we only have a few minutes before the interference blacks out communications. Colonel Kepler is asking me to remind you that for the duration of the storm everything should be "by the book."

LOVELACE

Of course.

HERA

He is being very... insistent. Some things about... not going through all the trouble of jury-rigging a habitable pod on the other side of the star to get no data out of... et cetera, et cetera.

EIFFEL

Greatest hits, huh?

HERA

It's going to be *long* weekend.

MAXWELL

Tell him that everything is under control. Jacobi's making final adjustments on the exterior sensors now. We should pick up some good readings from our position.

EIFFEL

(sotto, to Lovelace)

Which, remind me again why we have to go to infinity and beyond for this particular electro-typhoon?

LOVELACE

(sigh)

For the seventeenth time: this storm is the last bit of predicted stellar meteorology before the contact event in two weeks.

MAXWELL

We might be able to approximate what that'll look like based on the radiation readings from this storm.

LOVELACE

And two receptors are better than one. Hence: Kepler, Minkowksi, and Hilbert taking readings from the Hephaestus, while the four of us run back up on this module. Got it?

EIFFEL

Uh... mostly?

LOVELACE

We're bootlegging the opening band to figure out what kind of anvil the headliner is going to drop on our heads.

EIFFEL

Oh! Why didn't you just say *that*?

LOVELACE

Give me strength...

HERA

Um, if I could interrupt? Before we lose communications? You can expect radio contact in about seventy hours. The Hephaestus will rendezvous with you in ninety-six, once stellar activity has completely died down.

MAXWELL

Great. Setting internal timer in three... two... one...

We hear a DING as Maxwell STARTS A TIMER.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
Hera, my projections put the start
of major flare activity in twenty-
eight minutes. Is that what you
have?

HERA
(starting to break up)
Affirmative. We're starting to get
some - hope it goes - good luck.

LOVELACE
Yeah. You too.

The line to the COLLAPSES into STATIC. Eiffel SHUTS it off.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)
Well, kids, looks like we're on our
own for the next four days.

EIFFEL
Paaaaaarty!

Lovelace SMACKS him on the back of the head.

EIFFEL (CONT'D)
(same intonation)
Responsible scientific survey!

LOVELACE
Better.

JACOBI
(over comm)
Maxwell, can you flash the EMR
sensor for me?

Maxwell FLIPS a SWITCH.

MAXWELL
You see it?

JACOBI
Got it. Just a few minor tweaks and
we'll be good to go, guys.

We hear what sounds like a THUNDERCLAP. The POD RUMBLES.

MAXWELL
Jacobi...

JACOBI
Yeah, I saw.

MAXWELL

That was a low-level emission from the star.

JACOBI

Yes, **I noticed**. Thank you...

MAXWELL

That's your official call to stop tinkering and get back inside the -

JACOBI

Yes, I know, I know! Headed back towards the airlock now.

MAXWELL

Thank you. Captain?

LOVELACE

I'm on it.

We hear the THUMP, THUMP, THUMP, of Jacobi making his way across the pod's hull towards the airlock. As he does so, Lovelace primes the airlock from the inside. There's a series of CRANKS, CLICKS, and PNEUMATIC THUNKS.

There's various CRANKS as Jacobi secures the exterior door. After a moment, we hear three KNOCKS from Jacobi on the airlock door.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

Whooooooooo is it?

JACOBI

Hilarious, Captain. You wanna let me in? Preferably *before* the chop gets any worse?

LOVELACE

Oh, I suppose. Permission to come aboard granted.

Lovelace HAULS the door open, and after a brief RUSH of equalizing pressure, Jacobi enters.

Jacobi's HELMET and GEAR CLATTER as he removes them. He EXHALES.

JACOBI

How long do we have until this thing *really* gets going?

MAXWELL

About twenty-six minutes.

EIFFEL

And we're sure our little lifeboat
can survive the three hour tour?

MAXWELL

The module is made from the same
adaptive nano-tube casing as the
Urania. We'll get kinetic pressure,
but the heliosphere's particle -

JACOBI

Yeah, yeah, yeah. It's nerd-tested,
Maxwell-approved. We'll be **fine**.

At that moment, a TREMOR runs through the pod.

LOVELACE

All right, you heard the Colonel:
by the book. Officer Eiffel?

EIFFEL

One Radioactive Storm Chaser
Checklist coming right up. Airlock?

JACOBI

Secure.

EIFFEL

Comms?

LOVELACE

Dead.

EIFFEL

Complicated scientific equipment?

MAXWELL

Up, running, and set to automatic.

BEAT.

LOVELACE

Thus ends the book. Officer Eiffel?

EIFFEL

Oh yeah. Ninety-Six Hours Of Time
To Kill Checklist is a-go. Drinks?

We hear the FFF-SHHH of a a FREEZER sliding open.

MAXWELL

Set to manual.

EIFFEL

Pringles?

There's the POP of a can being opened.

JACOBI

Popped.

EIFFEL

Deck of cards?

A DECK OF CARDS is shuffled.

LOVELACE

Shuffled. The name of the game is Texas Hold 'Em. One low-level chore to buy in. Ante up lady and gents.

Lovelace deals out two cards for each player.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

Play's to you, Mr. Jacobi.

JACOBI

Oh, but how can I put a value on this incredibly incredible hand?

MAXWELL

You know, statistically, with four players, the odds of you -

JACOBI

(don't spoil my fun)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

He holds up a CUE CARD, on which is written a chore. This is their version of betting chips, and we'll hear them passing them around over the following:

JACOBI (CONT'D)

Aft deck vacuuming. Maxwell?

MAXWELL

Call. Changing the water filters.

EIFFEL

Call. Laundry.

LOVELACE

I'll raise. Dishes *and* handrails.

We hear HMMMS from Eiffel and Maxwell.

JACOBI

Well, I'm glad you're so eager to do all my chores, Captain.

LOVELACE

Hey, right now I'm just happy to get some time away from the Hephaestus.

Various SOUNDS OF AGREEMENT from Jacobi and Maxwell.

EIFFEL

Amen. Kepler's got that white whale thing going on, Hilbert's been speaking radiationese for the past week, and Minkowski...

LOVELACE

She's still being weird?

EIFFEL

That's one way of putting it. One *very understated* way.

MAXWELL

She needs to get over that already. Jacobi and I didn't throw a fit when you told us.

EIFFEL

Thanks, Doc, but that's not exactly reassuring. Aren't you both, like... vaguely horrific people?

JACOBI

(with chips in his mouth)
What's your point? Call, toilets.

LOVELACE

You okay, though?

EIFFEL

Yeah... Look, she can choose her own adventure on this one. "Never speak to Eiffel ever again" is a totally valid answer on the final. It's just nice to get a break from... all the not talking to me.

JACOBI

Hey, are we here to have deep, meaningful conversations that'll enrich our lives or to *play poker*? Maxwell, you're up.

MAXWELL

Mmmm, fun as this is, I'm out.

Another wave of TURBULENCE ROLLS over the pod, and we hear the same CREAKING as we have before. After a moment -

EIFFEL

So, do we *really* think this camp out's gonna tell us anything new about Wolf 359's Technicolor Dream-Coat?

MAXWELL

No promises. But, after we compile the data from this storm, Hera and I will have plenty to go through.

JACOBI

And that's not, you know, gonna cause more problems with the autopilot?

MAXWELL

I've told you. Hera's fine.

LOVELACE

Not what the man asked, Maxwell.

Maxwell SIGHS, rolling her eyes.

MAXWELL

She's dealing with it. I, you know, did my small part. With my completely badass software formatting skills that totally saved the day, thank you very much.

JACOBI

(under his breath)
Here we go again...

The pod CREAKS. BEAT. Then, back to what we were saying:

MAXWELL

If she needs more help, she'll ask.

LOVELACE

Hasn't been Hera's strong suit, historically.

EIFFEL

It might help if we knew more about what happened. Whatever you did when you were in her memory -

MAXWELL
- is her business, Eiffel. She'll
tell you when she's ready.

LOVELACE
Play's to you, Eiffel.

EIFFEL
Eh, fold. And then there were dos.

LOVELACE
Suit yourself.

Lovelace starts FLIPPING cards.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)
Let's see what we've got here. Two,
seven, and hey, *another* seven. Well
that's a pretty pair.

JACOBI
Uh-huh.

LOVELACE
Your bet, Jacobi. What're you
thinking?

JACOBI
I think you're trying to psych me
out.

LOVELACE
And? Is it working?

JACOBI
Ha. Ha. Ha. Captain, you're gonna
have to do more than that to get
under my -

KNOCK. KNOCK.

It came from the wall. From above them. From outside.

BEAT. Everyone stares at the spot, most of them silently
having a heart attack.

CREEEAK.

MAXWELL
Did... Anybody else -

EIFFEL
Nope.

MAXWELL

I didn't even say what -

EIFFEL

Nobody else heard that. That was just you, Maxwell, and you didn't hear anything because there's nothing to fear. I mean hear! Nothing to hear.

LOVELACE

Good talk, Eiffel.

But then again - KNOCK. KNOCK. Slightly lower, to the side.

JACOBI

(shrug)

That's nothing.

LOVELACE

Uh, I definitely think it's -

JACOBI

Nothing to *worry about*. It's just the metal. The pod's hull must be cooling down or something.

LOVELACE

How long until the storm hits?

MAXWELL

Not for another twenty-one minutes. Whatever this is -

LOVELACE

It's not that. Great.

KNOCK. KNOCK. Louder.

MAXWELL

It sounds like -

EIFFEL

Nope!

MAXWELL

It sounds like -

EIFFEL

Don't say it!

MAXWELL

- like someone's out there!

LOVELACE

We're in outer space. The nearest people are on the Hephaestus, *on the other side of the star.*

MAXWELL

Who said anything about people?

KNOCK. KNOCK. Further along. Everyone follows it.

EIFFEL

Umm... Is it me, or... ?

LOVELACE

It's moving. Going along the hull.

JACOBI

Oh, *please.* It's just the metal.

MAXWELL

That's not what that sounds like!

JACOBI

We're floating in an experimental module, on the edge of a solar storm from a radioactively unpredictable star. How do you know that this isn't *exactly* what that sounds like?

We hear the same rolling CRANK of the exterior airlock door.

MAXWELL

... because that sounds like the exterior airlock door?

SLAM! The exterior airlock door CLOSES.

EIFFEL

Just out of good ol'... cowardice: on a scale of, say, one to Fort Knox, how impregnable is the airlock?

KNOCK. KNOCK. Now on the AIRLOCK DOOR itself. Louder than any of the previous ones.

Jacobi approaches it.

LOVELACE

Door's solid steel. Hydraulics reinforced.

EIFFEL

But does that make it Xenomorph-proof?!?

JACOBI

Eiffel, relax. It's gonna sound like we're getting flak until we're through the initial flares, but this door is completely secure.

He holds up a fist and, appreciatively, knocks on the metal door three times. TAP. TAP. TAP.

JACOBI (CONT'D)

See?

And then: KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. From outside.

BEAT.

EIFFEL

How about now? Can I freak out now?

MAXWELL

It... It answered.

JACOBI

(frowning)

No, that was just -

MAXWELL

It copied you. Three knocks. Same as you.

LOVELACE

All right, everyone, calm down -

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. Louder. Perhaps even angrier.

EIFFEL

Captain... Now might be the time for some heroics.

LOVELACE

What do you want me to do, Eiffel?

EIFFEL

Are there hatches? Which could, you know, be battened the hell down?!?

MAXWELL

No. But... Let me check out the main control panel.

Maxwell goes over to the panel and starts TYPING.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
Maybe I can -
(low BUZZER)
Dammit.

JACOBI
What happened to the badass
software formatting skills?

MAXWELL
Shut up. Maybe I can map the
radiographic signatures along our
perimeter to at least -

But at that moment, again: KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

And on the last knock, THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

LOVELACE
Oh great...

EIFFEL
That... Did the Predator just cut
our power?!

MAXWELL
No. That's the storm. It's starting
to mess with our systems. We should
get the lights back soon.

EIFFEL
Is that before or after we all get
John Carpenter-ed!?

Lovelace OPENS a container. She CLICKS on a FLASHLIGHT.

LOVELACE
Eiffel. Here.

She TOSSES him another FLASHLIGHT. He CLICKS IT ON.

EIFFEL
Thanks. And now that we've got a
nice... Event Horizon kinda vibe
going on, could we maybe do
something?!

LOVELACE
Fine. I will check the door system.
On off chance there is something -

JACOBI
Guys, there's *nothing* out there.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! And underneath it - BUZZ!

EIFFEL
Are you nuts? How Nightmare at
Seven and a Half Light Years do you
need things to get before you wake
up and smell the gremlin?

MAXWELL
Um, guys?

What? JACOBI What? EIFFEL

MAXWELL
Look! The comms panel.

They look down at the panel.

EIFFEL
Oh, God... That's an incoming hail.

JACOBI
I thought we were in a
communications blackout.

EIFFEL
We *are*.

MAXWELL
Well... Someone's on the line.

BEAT as everyone turns to look at Eiffel.

EIFFEL
Uh-uh. No way. That is *not* my job.

LOVELACE
Answering a comms hail is not your
job, *Communications* Officer Eiffel?

BUZZ. BUZZ.

EIFFEL
Nope. I am making the executive
decision, as this mission's
communication specialist, to **ignore**
that.

MAXWELL

Umm, is that - ? I mean, this might be the kind of phenomenon that -

EIFFEL

Then you answer it! You pick up the phone and see what episode of the Twilight Zone we end up in!

LOVELACE

Oh, for God's sake!

Then, CLICK, she opens the comms channel.

EIFFEL

Captain!

LOVELACE

This is Captain Isabel Lovelace of the U.S.S. Hephaestus. Who is this?

The line CRACKLES for a moment. Then -

VOICE

(over comms)

Hilarious, Captain. You wanna let me in?

And the thing about the Voice? It sounds like Daniel Jacobi.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Preferably *before* the chop gets any worse?

LOVELACE

Uhh... Repeat your last?

VOICE

C'mon, seriously. The storm's brewing out here.

Maxwell and Eiffel turn to look at Jacobi.

LOVELACE

Acknowledged. We're having... some... um, hold on for a second.

She turns to Jacobi.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

Okay. *Please* tell me that this is some kind of... Awful, horribly ill-conceived joke.

Jacobi STRUGGLES to respond. But he doesn't have the words for how weird and scary and *totally not his doing* this is.

JACOBI

Uh - ummm -

LOVELACE

How are you in here *and* out there?

VOICE

Uh, wait, what?

MAXWELL

Daniel, *this isn't funny.*

JACOBI

It's not! Guys, I swear, I have *nothing* to do with this!

VOICE

Um, what the - what was - what is going on here?!

BEAT.

EIFFEL

I told you. I told *all* of you. I said: Nothing. Good.

LOVELACE

Eiffel...

EIFFEL

But nooo, why listen to the guy the Khryptonians have been bugging with drive time requests for over year?

JACOBI

I don't - look, I know what it sounds like, but that isn't -

EIFFEL

Oh, believe me, I've been there.

MAXWELL

It - it sounds *exactly* like you.

EIFFEL

Sounds like him, talks like him, hell: I bet The Thing in Mood Indigo out there's got strong opinions on dynamite like him.

LOVELACE

Eiffel!

(angry whisper)
You're not helping.

The ship CREAAAAKS.

EIFFEL

Sorry. Sorry, Jacobi.

JACOBI

It's... Don't worry about it.

VOICE

(over comms)
Ummm... What.... **The hell...** Is
going on in there?

EIFFEL

Well, lets maybe worry a little
bit.

VOICE

Is that... Did you guys record me
earlier or... or, **what is this?!**

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

VOICE (CONT'D)

And why aren't you letting me in?!

LOVELACE

It's... The issue we're having...
It's not -

JACOBI

Look, I don't know who the hell
this is, but it stops right now!

There's a LONG SILENT BEAT. Then -

VOICE

(forced steadiness)
Guys... I'm... *Really* not sure what
is going on. But... In the interest
of not being unclear: It's **me**. And
it is starting to get *real hairy*
out here. If you leave me outside
when the storm hits, I am going to
get RADIOACTIVELY TORN APART! So:
if you wouldn't mind tabling this
terrifying experience for a sec?
LET. ME. IN!

At that moment, an ALARM GOING OFF.

EIFFEL

Oh, great.

VOICE

What the hell is that?

JACOBI

What the hell is that?

Maxwell FLICKS A SWITCH, which turns the alarm off.

MAXWELL

I set a timer. Twelve minutes
before the storm hits. To make sure
we were all back inside in time.

BEAT. Well, now that's awkward.

EIFFEL

Uhhh, guys? Do you think we
should... you know, just in case?

JACOBI

No. No way.

MAXWELL

Jacobi... think about it.

JACOBI

I *am*, and whatever that *thing* is -

VOICE

Right back at you, pal!

MAXWELL

The reason we were sent up here in
the first place -

JACOBI

- was to **not** make a stupid decision
that would get everyone killed!

MAXWELL

Aren't you the *least* bit -

JACOBI

It is *not* something we let inside
the pod!

LOVELACE

Settle down...

VOICE

You do *so* let me inside because I
AM ME! Maxwell! You **know** it's me.

All heads turn to look at Maxwell.

MAXWELL

I... uh...

JACOBI

Maxwell? Don't you dare to even -

But at that moment, the pod is ROCKED by a blast from the star. There's an ominous THUD against the hull.

VOICE

Ah, God... Damn it!

EIFFEL

Jacobi?

MAXWELL

Are you okay?

JACOBI

It's not a "you!"

VOICE

I'm... everything beyond the outer hatch is really getting choppy. My O2 levels are closing in on the red, and *have I mentioned* how I can't just hang out on the porch much longer?!

EIFFEL

Uh, guys? When the aliens jacked my voice, they didn't sound...

LOVELACE

Terrified. Yeah.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

VOICE

PLEASE! LET. ME. IN!

JACOBI

That's it. I'm shutting it off.

EIFFEL

Hey!

MAXWELL

Jacobi, wait!

JACOBI
It's trying to turn you against me!
I'm not gonna hear any more of it!

Jacobi goes for the comms and -

LOVELACE
Oh, no you don't.

- Lovelace TWISTS HIS ARM away. As they struggle:

JACOBI
Ack! *LET. ME. GO!*

VOICE
What the hell is going on in there?

LOVELACE
Jacobi! **Calm down.**
(BEAT, to Jacobi)
You okay?

Jacobi EXHALES.

JACOBI
Yeah.

Lovelace lets his arm go and he GROANS in relief.

LOVELACE
Listen up. We are going to come to a *safe, fair* solution here. But the only way we can do that is to not panic and deal with the situation like rational adults. All right?

VOICE
Su-sure.

MAXWELL
All right.

Everyone looks to Lovelace, who TAKES A DEEP BREATH.

LOVELACE
So. Suggestions?

EIFFEL
I mean... it's safe to say it's the aliens, right?

VOICE
I am not an alien!

MAXWELL

We shouldn't make any assumptions.

JACOBI

Oh, there's a couple things I'm *definitely* ready to assume.

VOICE

Yeah? Like what, you -

MAXWELL

For one thing... we have no way of knowing if a human-sounding voice corresponds to a human physiognomy.

EIFFEL

So... if we open the airlock whatever we find might be less Danny Boy and more Cthulhu?

VOICE

I am not Cthulhu!

JACOBI

And we're **not opening the airlock!**

LOVELACE

QUIET!

(beat)

What's your point, Maxwell?

MAXWELL

It's not a point. It's... just a possibility.

LOVELACE

Any *other* possibilities?

EIFFEL

It could finally be the Empty Man.

(off confused looks:)

Oh goddamnit, none of you were here for The Empty Man.

LOVELACE

Ookay. *Other* other possibilities? Maxwell, Jacobi, Command knew you might have an encounter when they sent you up here. You're telling me they didn't give you any guidance? Run you through any scenarios?

MAXWELL

They did, but... nothing so...

LOVELACE
I'm taking ballpark explanations.

A BEAT as Maxwell thinks. She takes a DEEP BREATH.

MAXWELL
(slow, hesitant)
Well... just going off of the available data... If it is whatever entity you've made contact with, maybe it uses the flares as some sort of... intelligence-gathering tool. They're able to manifest based on the information they receive.

EIFFEL
So, what? They can Xerox themselves a Jacobi?

MAXWELL
Or... present themselves in his form during periods of activity. When they spoke as you, Eiffel, it was during an astrophysical anomaly. They haven't done that since.

VOICE
Or hey! Captain! I've got one! How about the possibility where *I'm me?*! And whatever weak-ass carbon copy -

JACOBI
Hey!

VOICE
- the star made just beat me to the airlock and wants to LEAVE ME OUT HERE TO DIE?

JACOBI
Maxwell! You cannot possibly believe that crap.

BEAT.

MAXWELL
(low, steady)
Like I said. We can't make any assumptions.

BEAT.

LOVELACE

Sooo... just to recap: Either we have the original Jacobi with us, and whatever's out there is just really good at imitating him, or...

MAXWELL

Or the one outside is the **real** Jacobi. And the alien's already in here with us.

Everyone seems to inch away from Jacobi. A LONG BEAT.

EIFFEL

(snapping)

Oh for God - Maxwell! Do something!

MAXWELL

What do you want **me** to do?

EIFFEL

I don't know! *Talk* to him, at least!

MAXWELL

Our mission prep didn't exactly include alien doppelgänger passwords, Eiffel!

EIFFEL

Well, clearly we need to get on that! But I - You've worked together for what?! Years?! There **has** to be something about you that only the Real McCobi would know! Something personal! Something private! Something secret that would let us know which Slim Shady is the living, breathing, *human* version of your friend!

There's a LONG BEAT as Eiffel's outburst echoes. Finally:

LOVELACE

That's actually a really, really good idea.

EIFFEL

Thank you!

LOVELACE

Maxwell? Think of three questions. Things *only* Jacobi would know.

EIFFEL
Preferably things you haven't
talked about at all since you got
to Wolf 359.

Maxwell SIGHS, thinks for a BEAT.

 MAXWELL
Okay. Okay, I've got them.

 LOVELACE
 (at the radio)
Jacobi? For this to work, I'm going
to need to turn the radio off. Just
for a minute. I promise we'll be
back.

 VOICE
I wanna hear it from Maxwell. And
Eiffel, too. Promise you'll be
back.

BEAT.

 EIFFEL
We promise, Jacobi.

 MAXWELL
We promise.

CLICK. Lovelace shuts off the radio. They turn to Jacobi.

 MAXWELL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, but -

 JACOBI
Ask your damn questions.

BEAT.

 MAXWELL
When did I start wearing contacts?

 JACOBI
Never. You've got better eyesight
than me or Kepler.

BEAT. The ship CREEAAKS.

 MAXWELL
When we were smuggling tech out of
China, how did I get us through the
checkpoint?

JACOBI

The Bible. You let the guard think he'd found some missionaries and he didn't even bother to search our stuff.

BEAT.

MAXWELL

While you were in Sydney, I was repairing another Sensus unit. What was he called?

JACOBI

Unit 178. And you weren't repairing him, you were experimenting, trying to expand his capacity or something. You told me that if it worked you wanted to give him the designation Perseus. But it didn't take.

Maxwell turns to Lovelace and Eiffel.

MAXWELL

He passed.

JACOBI

Of course I passed.

Another ALARM GOES OFF. Maxwell glances at it.

MAXWELL

Six minutes.

LOVELACE

Okay. Okay. Let's see about the other guy.

CLICK. She opens the comms line back up.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

Ready, Jacobi?

VOICE

(over comms)

Yeah, just *hurry*, okay?

MAXWELL

When did I start wearing contacts?

VOICE

You don't wear contacts at all.

MAXWELL
How'd I get us out China?

BEAT. Is he thinking or - ?

VOICE
By making it seem like we were
missionaries.

BEAT.

MAXWELL
When you were in Sydney, what was
the name of Sensus Unit I was
repairing?

BEAT.

LOVELACE
Jacobi?

BEAT.

MAXWELL
Jacobi, what was the name of that
unit?

BEAT. Everyone holds their breath.

VOICE
Unit 178. You wanted to name it
Perseus but it wasn't accepted for
service. Too unstable.

Everyone exchanges nervous looks.

MAXWELL
He got them right. You both did.

JACOBI
You can't be thinking about this.

VOICE
Okay, seriously, now. I passed. I
know I passed. Please let me in!

As added emphasis, another ALARM goes off.

MAXWELL
Four minutes.
(gulp)
We have to make a call.

Another wave hits the pod. METAL GROANS. There's a CRUNCH.

EIFFEL

Okay. I'm sorry, but if there's any chance that it's the real Jacobi - hell, if there's any chance it's a real Jacobi - I don't think we can just leave him out there. Let's -

That's when a GUN COCKS.

JACOBI

Step away from the door, Eiffel.

EIFFEL

Uh, Jacobi? What the hell are -?!

JACOBI

Step. Away.

LOVELACE

Jacobi.

JACOBI

Don't try me, Captain!

LOVELACE

(calmly stating facts)

Calm. Down. If you wave that thing around, you're going to hurt someone.

JACOBI

And you're going to get us all killed! Everyone get away from that door right now!

LOVELACE

Okay. Okay. We're moving. *Right*, Eiffel?

EIFFEL

Yeah. Totally.

Eiffel and Lovelace back off. Another wave ROCKS the ship.

VOICE

Guys! Seriously. I cannot be out here much longer!

JACOBI

Maxwell? You too. Everyone stay the hell back.

MAXWELL
(quiet)
No.

JACOBI
What?

MAXWELL
I said *no*, Daniel.

BEAT.

JACOBI
You... You can't think that -

MAXWELL
I think there's only one way to be certain. And I *know* we didn't come out here just to close the door on something because it's scary.

JACOBI
I - that's not what this is about!

MAXWELL
It's what *everything's* about.

Another ALARM.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
Two minutes...

LOVELACE
Hand me the gun, Jacobi. It's okay.
I promise it's going to be okay.

A BEAT.

Finally -

JACOBI
Here.

He lowers the gun, and then *PASSES* it Lovelace, who *REMOVES* the magazine. Maxwell breathes a big *SIGH* of relief.

MAXWELL
Thank you.

JACOBI
Just do it before I change my mind.

EIFFEL
Standby, Jacobi.

VOICE

Thank - thank you. Whatever's going on, we'll figure it out. Just **please hurry.**

EIFFEL

Never fear, my friend. As we say amongst my people: just chill them brothas out and wait for the cavalry, which should be coming -

Eiffel goes to open the door - CRANK, CRANK. Buuuut...

EIFFEL (CONT'D)

Uh... as I was saying: wait for the cavalry, which should be -

CRANK, CRANK. Nope.

EIFFEL (CONT'D)

Uh... Houston? This door's not opening.

MAXWELL

What?

WHAT?!

VOICE

Maxwell joins Eiffel.

MAXWELL

Why - there's no reason for - why's it jammed?!

EIFFEL

(gritted teeth)

Man, it's really - it's like

LOVELACE

Like someone removed the motion sensor for the door.

Everything stops. All heads turn to look at Lovelace.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

Thanks for teaching me that trick, Eiffel. Catch.

She takes the sensor out of her pocket, throws it at Eiffel.

EIFFEL

But -

LOVELACE

"By the book." Well, the book gives the master-at-arms jurisdiction over station security. And opening the door in the middle of a stellar flare is about as far from "safe" as I can imagine.

MAXWELL

Captain!

LOVELACE

I'm sorry. But this isn't a democracy. It was **never** going to be a choice.

EIFFEL

You just let us - if you'd taken out the sensor, then why didn't you just say so?! *What the hell?!*

LOVELACE

We had time to kill. As long as no one did anything *stupid* like *pulling out a firearm* then we could just run down the clock. Agonizing over a decision. We'd talk ourselves right through the storm, and no one would get hurt.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

MAXWELL

(can't believe this)

No. You can't do this. You just can't let this happen.

LOVELACE

Maxwell, this happened twenty minutes ago.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

MAXWELL

Jacobi!

JACOBI

No. I'm - I'm with the Captain.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

VOICE

No! No, no, no, no, no. You **can't** do that! Captain!

(MORE)

VOICE (CONT'D)

You're going to kill me! You can't
just leave me out here to die! What
are you going to tell the others?
That you just -

But, at that moment there's a LOUD BLAST. The module is
ROCKED. The storm's here.

For a good minute of air time, we hear the pitching metal of
the ship's hull. And interspersed with it, coming in and out,
we hear unintelligible sounds coming from the Voice.

JACOBI

Shut it off.

EIFFEL

No. You did this, now we're going
to listen to it.

LOVELACE

It won't last too much longer.

JACOBI

Turn it off.

EIFFEL

No.

JACOBI

TURN IT OFF!

A BEAT.

And then CLICK. Lovelace switches off the radio receiver.

For a LONG BEAT there's silence other than the turbulence.

At long last, the flare from the star dies, the ship
stabilizes, and we start to hear the BEEPS and CHIRPS of
instruments picking up readings.

EIFFEL

I... I think we're through it.

LOVELACE

Yeah.

At that moment, we hear the LIGHTS COME BACK ON.

MAXWELL

Lights are back... and all the
other systems are stabilizing.
We're through the major flare.

(MORE)

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
It'll... just be electromagnetic
activity from here on out.

EIFFEL
Super...

Maxwell goes to adjust the comms.

JACOBI
What are you doing?

MAXWELL
At the very least we need to see if
he's still there.
(beat)
Jacobi? Jacobi, do you read me?
(beat)
Jacobi, do you read me?
(beat)
Jacobi?! Are you still there?!

There's nothing. Lovelace FLICKS the comms back off.

JACOBI
Alana... I didn't go anywhere.

At this moment of deep disturbance, and profound unease at
what they've all just lived through, a CHIME goes off.

EIFFEL
Well... Just ninety-five hours
left. Just the four of us. All on
our own.
(beat)
Hooray.

That's the spirit? We -

FADE OUT.

STOP RECORDING.

END EPISODE 42.