

WOLF 359

"INTO THE DEPTHS"

by

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Writer's Note: This episode takes place on Day 1083 of the Hephaestus Mission.

START EPISODE 47.

BEGIN RECORDING:

No opening credits at the top of the show. Instead, we -

FADE IN:

On HERA. Talking directly to us.

HERA
So here's a story.

Where are we? What is -

HERA (CONT'D)
Pay attention, this will be important. I heard this story a - well, I didn't so much *hear it* as *have it crammed into my head with absolutely no consideration on whether I wanted it there or not* - a long time ago. It's a thought experiment:

Suppose there's this person. Could be anyone really. For the sake of convenience lets call him... *you*. One day, you're walking through a swamp -

There's a DISTANT RUMBLING...

HERA (CONT'D)
- when suddenly you're struck by lightning.

BA-BOOM! A *deafening* THUNDERCLAP rings out next to Hera.

HERA (CONT'D)
You fall, into the swamp -

SPLASH!

HERA (CONT'D)
- and you sink...

BUBBLES rise to the surface of the swamp water...

HERA (CONT'D)
... and sink...

More BUBBLES. Softer.

HERA (CONT'D)
... and sink...

The last few BUBBLES. Barely perceptible.

HERA (CONT'D)
... into the depths.

A SOFT THUD as something settles at the bottom of the swamp.

HERA (CONT'D)
And then you're just... gone.
(BEAT)
But that's not the end of the
story. Because, right at that
moment, another thunderbolt -

CRACK-BOOM! Another THUNDERCLAP, even LOUDER!

HERA (CONT'D)
- hits the swamp water. And by some
miraculous alchemy, it rearranges
the swamp molecules -

From the DEPTHS: BUBBLING...

HERA (CONT'D)
- starting a chain reaction, that
culminates with the formation of -

There's a SPLASH and a RAGGED, GASPING BREATH -

HERA (CONT'D)
... you. Of a new you. Exactly like
you at the moment of your death.

And now is when things get
interesting. Because you - *new you* -
they've got a brain *exactly* like
yours, down to the neuron. They
think like you, talk like you, make
poor decisions about their personal
diet like you. They will walk out
of the swamp believing they *are*
you. They'll go back to your life,
and show up at your job, and love
who you love, and live your life,
and die your death. And the world
will go on.

But... are they *really* you?

(MORE)

HERA (CONT'D)

And if they're not, what makes this person that has your body, and your memories, and believes with every fiber of their being they are you... not you? What is it that makes you... you?

There's a HUM, and the sound of a machine...

COMPUTER

System primed. Standby for reboot of central computer processor.

HERA

All right. Ready or not... Here. We. Go.

And as all around her GEARS TURN and DIGITAL PROCESSORS HUM and ELECTRICAL CURRENTS RUN, we go into our -

OPENING CREDITS

FADE INTO:

INT. U.S.S. HEPHAESTUS STATION - HANGAR BAY - 1540 HOURS

We rejoin the action in the Hangar Bay. Eiffel, Minkowski, Jacobi, and Kepler (the last two still handcuffed) gathered around Captain Lovelace, still unconscious, still periodically convulsing. MINUTES after the end of **Boléro**.

We hear the familiar sound of Hera's PROCESSOR REBOOTING.

HERA

(robotic)

System reboot complete.
Reinitializing personality matrix.

There's an ELECTRICAL CRACKLE, and then -

HERA (CONT'D)

(normal voice)

Ahh - *there*. Sorry about that, everyone. Power should return to -

EIFFEL

What the friggin' **hell** do you mean that's not Captain Lovelace?

KEPLER

Like I said -

EIFFEL
STOP SAYING THAT!

MINKOWSKI
Eiffel, you're freaking -

EIFFEL
YES! I AM! I INVITE YOU TO FREAK
OUT WITH ME!

Minkowski SLAPS HIM.

MINKOWSKI
Would you get it together?

EIFFEL
NO!

Minkowski SLAPS HIM AGAIN.

HERA
Wait, what is -

At that moment, LOVELACE COUGHS. RAGGED. HORRIBLE.

HERA (CONT'D)
How is she - *ughhh*.

Halfway through Hera's previous line, the station is
VIOLENTLY ROCKED. The WALLS SHAKE, LIGHTS FLICKER.

MINKOWSKI
Hera, what is going on out there?

HERA
There's a class-eleven stellar
flare that I'm *trying* to pilot
through even though I just woke up
and haven't had my coffee, so
turbulence. What the hell is going
on in here?

KEPLER
Something very few people have
seen, Hera... but which I think *you*
will understand. Think of it as a
physical reboot, full regenera -

JACOBI
And you *knew*? You *knew* this would
happen?

KEPLER
Not exactly.

MINKOWSKI
Jacobi, you *didn't* know about -

JACOBI
OF COURSE I didn't! How is this
even supposed to - ?

HERA
BRACE.

BOOM-CRANK-CRASH-BOOM-BANG-THUMP! Everyone GROANS as the
station is ROCKED AGAIN.

MINKOWSKI
Hera, can we stabilize -

HERA
WORKING ON IT, but everything went
offline at the start of the flare.
This is gonna take some time.

KEPLER
Well, we've got time. This should
still take a few minutes.

EIFFEL
WHAT SHOULD TAKE A COUPLE OF
MINUTES?! Would you just explain
what is happening?

Kepler looks at him, smiles. Knows he's got them.

KEPLER
Well, Officer Eiffel, it's just a
simple matter of -

LOVELACE
Medulla!

She's suddenly bolted upright, startlingly awake. She looks
around, TWITCH, SHAKY.

EIFFEL
C-Captain? Are you -

LOVELACE
That's what I need. Yes.

MINKOWSKI
M-Medulla?

LOVELACE

Yes. Oblongata if you have it, but
if you don't I'll settle for the
hypoglossal nucleus. No, wait,
that's not right...

Her mind is going a hundred miles a second and deeply dazed.
She scrutinizing faces like she's trying to place a memory.

EIFFEL

It's... it's okay, Captain.

LOVELACE

Is it, Lambert? No, wait, not
Lambert. You're the other one, the
funny one, well, not the funny one,
the one that *thinks* he's funny -
(snaps her fingers)
- yes, you're my *friend*:

EIFFEL

That's right. It's me -

LOVELACE

- Conan the Destroyer.
(no wait:)
Conan the Talk Show Host.
(no, no, wait:)
Conan the Mid-Level Wall Street
Broker! Oh, that's not right, is
it? Well, it's not not right. Well,
it's not not not right, and that's
what counts.

MINKOWSKI

Kepler, what is - ?

HERA

(gets it)
Her mind is rebooting, Commander.
She's reintegrating every memory
she has.

MINKOWSKI

Does this happen to *you* when you
reboot?

HERA

Every. Single. Time.

LOVELACE

Clippy! You're still here! You
know, I worried for a moment. Or
maybe it was an eon.

(MORE)

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

Probably somewhere between a moment
and an eon.

JACOBI

What is she even - ?

LOVELACE

Oh, Huey! You're here too!

(re: Minkowski)

And Dewey! And of course who could
forget the last member of the trio -

(at Kepler)

Chernabog from Bald Mountain.

KEPLER

Good to see you, Captain.

LOVELACE

Good to see you, too, good to see
you, and also... also a little bit
not. Yes, no, no, no, no, well
maybe, but also no, you did a
thing, a bad thing, a rude thing!
You were rude!

MINKOWSKI

Yes, let's maybe... get away from
the rude man.

LOVELACE

N-No, stop! I need to - to find the
right wavelength, this is all very
Caveat Emptor -

MINKOWSKI

Of... of course it is.

LOVELACE

No, that's not a good thing! We
have to get back!

(suddenly breathless)

To the... place, with all of the...
bendy, and figure out who invented
the... the swirling and the...
vasomotor sensor...

And with one last SHAKY BREATH, LOVELACE PASSES OUT.

EIFFEL

Whoa!

MINKOWSKI

Easy, Eiffel. I got her.

EIFFEL

Is she - ?

MINKOWSKI

Out, but fine. At least I *think* she's fine.

KEPLER

Getting there. We need to talk.

MINKOWSKI

No, we need to get her to a bed, make sure she's stable. *Then* I'll deal with you. Eiffel, help me.

And as Eiffel rushes forward to help Minkowski, we -

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.S. HEPHAESTUS STATION - COMMON ROOM - 20 MINUTES LATER

Jacobi and Kepler, with Eiffel standing guard over them. A DOOR OPENS and CLOSES as Minkowski enters, SIGHING.

EIFFEL

Commander, how's she doing?

MINKOWSKI

She's... asleep, I think. Muttering to herself, but she's settling. Hera? Give me some good news.

HERA

I... *think* I've managed to get us on a course that'll compensate for the turbulence. At least for now.

MINKOWSKI

Good job, thank you.
(at Kepler)
You. Explain.

Kepler TAKES A DEEP BREATH.

KEPLER

I think by now you've all realized that the person you've known as Captain Isabel Lovelace isn't really that person. Or human.

JACOBI

Which... you've always known.

KEPLER

Which I've always known. She is a very convincing duplicate of Isabel Lovelace, sent here by the presence you established contact with.

EIFFEL

This is... so you've been lying to us, and *she's* been lying to us?

KEPLER

Possible, but unlikely. When I say a "duplicate" Eiffel, all evidence suggests that includes mental infrastructure. I don't think she knows. I think she's under the impression that she is the real Isabel Lovelace.

EIFFEL

How in the name of God could you *possibly* - ?

MINKOWSKI

Because this isn't the first time you've seen this happen, is it?

Kepler grins: *top of the class.*

KEPLER

No. Not me personally, but Goddard has. Long time ago. But right now, we've got other problems.

EIFFEL

Like what?

KEPLER

Like look out the window, Officer Eiffel. Hera?

HERA

As much as I hate to say it... he's right. The stellar flares, the storm, it's all *intensifying*.

KEPLER

How're those psi wave emissions doing?

HERA

On the rise. Steadily.

KEPLER

Yeah. That back there wasn't the contact event. That was the *warm up act*, and if you want to get through it, you're gonna take these handcuffs off right now.

MINKOWSKI

You're hilarious.

KEPLER

I'm *right*. Look: the plan was for all of you never to find out about this aspect of the mission -

EIFFEL

The plan was for us to be dead.

KEPLER

That's kinda what I mean.

EIFFEL

What about Jacobi?

JACOBI

Yeah, was I supposed to find - ?

KEPLER

The point is: you're here now. Welcome to the big leagues, where everything is really, really scary. But - good news! - it's still possible for everyone in this room to make it through in one piece. *If* you start listening to me - the only person with even the barest notion of what is happening - **right the hell now**.

The STATION RUMBLES OMINOUSLY.

HERA

What about Captain Lovelace?

KEPLER

That's not imp -

HERA

I'll be the judge of that. What are you going to do to her?

KEPLER

You wouldn't under -

HERA

I am the smartest four year old in the universe and I'm very cranky because of all the people who are dead because of you. Answer the question.

BEAT.

KEPLER

You have to understand: that's not Captain Lovelace.

EIFFEL

Who your bosses also k-

KEPLER

That's a weapon. Designed to appeal to your sense of humanity. A weapon you'll like, because it likes you. And it's about to go off. I'm going to disarm it before it does.

JACOBI

She's a highly trained military ass-kicker *who can put herself back together*. How are you going to - ?

KEPLER

(shut up)

I'm going to get very creative, that's how. This isn't going to be pleasant, but you need to understand that it has to be done.

A BEAT as Eiffel and Minkowski absorb that. But then -

HERA

Colonel... I understand perfectly.

MINKOWSKI

Hera -

HERA

Let me finish, Commander. I understand what you're saying, and now I want you to understand me:
(slowly, emphatically)
You are never touching that woman ever again.

KEPLER

What?

HERA

Oh, you heard. I know where this train goes, I've been on it before. "She'll hurt someone. She can't be trusted. It's okay - *she isn't even human.*" No.

This registers with Eiffel and Minkowski.

HERA (CONT'D)

I'll be damned if I let that happen to someone else. And if that's the price of survival, then, speaking as the ship, we're going down.

KEPLER

Well, that's *very nice*, but you're not going to stop this by your -

MINKOWSKI

She's not by herself. If you want to get Captain Lovelace -

EIFFEL

- you'll do it over our dead bodies. Agreed, Commander.

They stand together, resolute. Come at them, bro.

KEPLER

Is this a joke? You don't know what you're doing, and you have no idea what she is.

MINKOWSKI

We know exactly **who** she is. She's one of us.

KEPLER

You're not listening to -

MINKOWSKI

We have listened to you. And now: **Sit. The Hell. Down.** And shut up.

There's a LONG BEAT in which he stares at them and then -

He EXHALES. Angry. Unbelieving. But defeated.

MINKOWSKI (CONT'D)

Good choice.

HERA

Thank you. Both of you.

MINKOWSKI

No, thank you, Hera. Again.

EIFFEL

Not that that wasn't a great moment, but are we moving in the direction of a plan? One that isn't whatever Colonel Stryker was about to pull out of his Weapon X Files?

MINKOWSKI

Yeah, it's called, "Get clear and hope for the best." Hera, work on getting the engines to full blast. I know we just took a beating, but do what you can.

HERA

Yes, sir.

MINKOWSKI

I'm gonna see if I can find us a vector that'll minimize damage. Jacobi, I need a second pair of expert eyes.

JACOBI

What could possibly motivate me t-
(a GUN is COCKED)
Oh.

MINKOWSKI

Consider yourself motivated.

EIFFEL

What about the comms department?

MINKOWSKI

Comms department is on trash duty.
(re: Kepler)
Get this piece of crap out of my sight.

EIFFEL

Aye-aye, sir.

And as everyone begins to move off, we -

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.S. HEPHAESTUS STATION - BRIDGE - 15 MINUTES LATER
Minkowski looks into a screen, fiddling with the controls.

MINKOWSKI

Okay, Hera, what are we looking at?

HERA

Well, the first red part is the... rapidly expanding area of deadly gravitational forces.

MINKOWSKI

Right...

HERA

While the... dark orange part, is the area that's about to get bombarded with radiation I can't guarantee we're shielded against.

MINKOWSKI

Okay...

HERA

But... the blue part is, I think, viable territory.

BEAT.

MINKOWSKI

Hera... what blue part?

HERA

Oh. Zoom in.

Minkowski HITS A BUTTON. The image gets bigger.

HERA (CONT'D)

Again.

(button)

Again.

(button)

Again.

MINKOWSKI

I... see. Well, that's...

(BEAT)

Jacobi? Any thoughts?

No answer. She turns around to look at Jacobi.

MINKOWSKI (CONT'D)

I said...

(spots him)

Jacobi? Your hands are shaking.

JACOBI

Yeah. Look at them go.

MINKOWSKI

You okay?

JACOBI

Nah. I... One of my friends just died. And I killed someone. And discovered that the man who has been running my life for years, has been lying to me. And the only thing I feel right now?

(BEAT)

Relief.

MINKOWSKI

Re - what?

JACOBI

Yeah. Pretty screwed up, huh?

(BEAT)

You weren't there. You didn't hear him. Outside. Begging. So sure that... And ever since then there's just been this voice in my head whispering, "How can you be sure? Maybe you're just a really good clone that thinks it's Daniel Jacobi."

MINKOWSKI

But now...

JACOBI

We're getting showered by psi waves, and I'm not having a fit. Figured it would have started by now. If it was going to. So I guess I'm... I'm...

He takes a DEEP BREATH, trying to collect himself.

JACOBI (CONT'D)

Oh, I was *scared*. I hadn't even realized how scared I was. Every single second since it happened. I was scared. That's new.

He LAUGHS. It's thin, hollow. Minkowski watches, conflicted.

JACOBI (CONT'D)

All right, I'm... I'm fine. Fine.

MINKOWSKI

Good.

JACOBI

Sorry about -

MINKOWSKI

It's fine.

JACOBI

Don't think this means I don't, you know, hate you all.

MINKOWSKI

Wouldn't have it any other way.

JACOBI

All right, lets take a look at those star charts.

Minkowski PRESSES A BUTTON. There's a BEAT as he studies them, taking in what's on the screen.

JACOBI (CONT'D)

Wow. We are so dead.

MINKOWSKI

I know.

JACOBI

Right... Let's see what I can do.

And as he starts to PRESS BUTTONS, we -

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.S. HEPHAESTUS STATION - CORRIDORS - MEANWHILE

A DOOR OPENS. Eiffel steps through, leading a grumpy Kepler.

EIFFEL

C'mon. Move.

KEPLER

You're making a mistake.

EIFFEL

That's nice.

KEPLER

You know -

At that moment, the STATION SHAKES. BADLY. Eiffel and Kepler both pause, look around them, alarmed, as LIGHTS FLICKER.

KEPLER (CONT'D)

- it's not too late to change your mind. Gotta start thinking about -

EIFFEL

If you start talking about "The Big Picture" I will kill you. I have a gun.

KEPLER

Someone's gotta think about it. Someone's gotta think about the people who aren't on this station.

EIFFEL

I'll take that under advisement.
Let's go.

KEPLER

You know, Eiffel, you don't know what working at Goddard Futuristics is *really* like.

EIFFEL

(deadpan)

You have a cool dental plan.
Hooray.

KEPLER

Nah, it's not about that. It's about going to new places, meeting interesting people...

Eiffel is doing his best to ignore Kepler.

KEPLER (CONT'D)

You know... world leaders, big scientists... little kids...

Eiffel stops. Blinks.

EIFFEL

Wait. What?

KEPLER

Hell, just before I came up here, Mr. Cutter introduced me to the *cutest* little girl. Now what was her name? Allison? Angela?

(snaps his fingers)

Anne.

(MORE)

KEPLER (CONT'D)

That's what it was, I remember now.
Anne.

(smiles)

See, this is what I'm talking about. It'd be a real *shame* if something made that little girl sad, no? Or if something happened to that little -

KA-POW! Eiffel's just socked Kepler on the jaw.

EIFFEL

(vicious)

Shut up!

And as the second blow lands, we -

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.S. HEPHAESTUS STATION - LOVELACE'S QUARTERS -
MEANWHILE

Lovelace, in her bed. Tossing and turning. Restless. Mumbling to herself, unintelligibly, in her sleep.

HERA

Captain? Captain, can you hear me?

For another BEAT, Lovelace mutters in her sleep.

HERA (CONT'D)

All right, it... it sounds like you still need a moment.

(BEAT)

Listen. I know we haven't... we're not close. But... I think I get what you're going through. The others... haven't had a hole in their head. I know how painful this is. How disorienting.

(BEAT)

I so want to tell you to take your time. To know that if you're not all right you're not all right, and *that's fine*.

(BEAT)

But that's not how this works. Because right now, the people we care about are in over their heads. So you are going to come help us save the day. Again. Get. Up.

Was that a sound? Before we can hear properly, we -

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.S. HEPHAESTUS STATION - BRIDGE - 10 MINUTES LATER

Minkowski and Jacobi, still at the controls.

JACOBI

Okay, you see what I'm going for?

MINKOWSKI

That might work, but -

BOOM! The DOOR JUST FLEW OPEN, startling both of them.

KEPLER

Easy. Nobody do anything stupid.

Eiffel and Kepler. The latter still handcuffed... but now pointing Eiffel's gun to Eiffel's head.

EIFFEL

Commander -

MINKOWSKI

(drawing)

Oh for - how did - ?

KEPLER

No sudden moves, Lieutenant. Or I'm blowing Eiffel's head off.

EIFFEL

Just shoot him, Minkowski! This is my own damn fault.

KEPLER

Quiet, Eiffel.

MINKOWSKI

What do you want?

KEPLER

Start with getting these handcuffs off. Throw the keys to Eiffel.

Minkowski GROWLS, frustrated. But...

MINKOWSKI

Eiffel. Catch.

She throws, Eiffel snatches them out of the air.

KEPLER
 Good arm. Eiffel, get these
 handcuffs off me. *Gently.*

Eiffel does as he's told. A CLICK as the handcuffs unlock.

KEPLER (CONT'D)
 Better.

EIFFEL
 Commander, I'm so sorry -

HERA
 Don't worry, Eiffel. Everything's
 gonna be okay.

KEPLER
 All right, next! Lieutenant, you'll
 be putting that gun away now. Time
 to stand down.

MINKOWSKI
 Not gonna happen.

KEPLER
 Really? How many more stupid
 decisions you gotta make? Because
 right now, you're -

He blinks. It's suddenly become clear that no one is looking
 at him anymore. They're all staring *past him*.

KEPLER (CONT'D)
 Umm? Hello? Are you listening?

MINKOWSKI
 (so distracted)
 Uh, yeah. Sure.

KEPLER
 What are you staring at? Is there
 something behind -

He finally glances over his shoulder.

LOVELACE
 Hi honey. I'm home.

WHAM! Category Five PUNCH, straight to the jaw. Kepler CRIES
 OUT, GOES DOWN, releasing Eiffel. The communications officer
 quickly scurries away.

KEPLER
 Why you -

LOVELACE

Oh no you don't.

SMACK! WHAM! CRACK! She lets loose on him, vicious. In a flash she's got his gun.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

I'll be taking this. I think you're done playing with guns. You okay, Eiffel?

EIFFEL

Y-yeah. Thanks.

LOVELACE

Good. I think it's time the Colonel and I have a little chat.

He looks up at her. Expectant. Maybe even a little fearful?

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

So... how have you been since the last time we hung out? I've been *great*. I went to this really... kinda nothing place, then hallucinated a whole bunch, and now I get up to find everything falling apart. Did you miss me?

EIFFEL

Uh... Captain? Y-you do... realize that - ?

LOVELACE

Yeah, Eiffel. Somewhere in the vision quest I figured it out. And, in case you were wondering, *I didn't know about any of this before, RIGHT?*

She's twisting Kepler's wrist. He WINCES in pain.

KEPLER

R-right.

LOVELACE

Good boy.

She smiles, releases his wrist. He GASPS, relieved.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

What you did to me was *monstrous*.

She CLICKS the hammer on the gun.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

I could kill you. Maybe I *should* kill you. Hell, I've been thinking about very little *other* than killing you for the last hundred days.

She smiles at him, wolfish. ... then she HOLSTERS the gun.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

But I'm not going to. Upside of the whole... violent-death-identity-disassociation thing? There's time to think.

(BEAT)

Two days ago? Click, click, boom. But... I realized something. The whole epic rampage of revenge thing? Isabel Lovelace wouldn't do that. The terrible wretch that you people made Isabel Lovelace into? Oh, she'd do that. But... I'm not going to be that person anymore.

(BEAT)

I'm going to be Isabel Lovelace again. Even if I never have before. Although...

She KICKS Kepler, who WINCES in pain. Lovelace LAUGHS.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

Okay, *now* I'm going to be Isabel Lovelace.

MINKOWSKI

Good to have you back, Captain.

LOVELACE

Good to be back. Let's get these two back to their cells before -

KA-BOOM! The station is ROCKED VIOLENTLY. ALARMS GO OFF as the TURBULENCE INCREASES.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

Oh for God's - *can't we ever get a break?!*

EIFFEL

Not on this station...

JACOBI

Hera! Propulsion!

HERA
IT'S ALREADY ONLINE!

MINKOWSKI
Divert all power to the engine.

LOVELACE
What do we know about this event?

MINKOWSKI
Next to nothing. It's causing
fluctuations in the gravity fields,
and massive radiation outputs.

There's a SLIGHT HUM in the background...

LOVELACE
Fine, get me the readouts for -
(off their looks:)
... what? Why are you all looking
at me like that?

EIFFEL
Uh... Captain?

MINKOWSKI
Your... your hands are glowing.

Lovelace looks down, puzzled.

LOVELACE
(oh, that's not good)
Huh. So they are.

The HUMMING is getting LOUDER -

JACOBI
Umm, your eyes are starting to -

LOVELACE
What is - ?

The HUM REACHES its PEAK as LOVELACE BEGINS TO GLOW - so
BRIGHT all the other characters have to shield their eyes.

And then suddenly - everything STOPS. The HUM, the
TURBULENCE, everything. It is... tranquil.

HERA
Cap - captain? Is that you?

Well, it is and it isn't. It's definitely still Lovelace, but
she looks like never before. Her SKIN GLOWS, sapphire blue.
She hangs in mid-air, her expression blank.

And her eyes - her eyes BURN, as if they were on of fire.

Around her we hear a bizarre - yet oddly comforting - soundscape. Hints of wind... fire... ghostly voices...

EIFFEL

Ho - holy...

LOVELACE

NOW... WE ARE GOING TO SPEAK.

It's her voice, but AMPLIFIED. It BOOMS, it ECHOES, it sounds like half a dozen of her all speaking simultaneously.

EIFFEL

S-speak?

Kepler steps forward.

KEPLER

Yes, Eiffel. Welcome to the Contact Event.

Well then. Holy crap.

HERA

But - how is - what is - ?

MINKOWSKI

What - what Hera said.

KEPLER

I take it that I now speak not to Isabel Lovelace, but *through* her?

LOVELACE

THAT IS CORRECTAMUNDO.

Kepler blinks: *okay...*

KEPLER

Very good. My name is Colonel -

LOVELACE

WE KNOW.

KEPLER

How do you - ?

LOVELACE

WE CAUGHT THE RERUNS.

Kepler turns to Minkowski.

KEPLER
Why is she speaking like -

MINKOWSKI
Because they learned English from
Professor Magoo over there.

KEPLER
(back to Lovelace)
We have been waiting for this
moment. I am here to negotiate the -

LOVELACE
NO.

KEPLER
(chuckles)
Listen to me. I am -

LOVELACE
UNIMPORTANT.

KEPLER
Let me finish. I am the commanding
officer of this station. You *will*
talk to me.

Lovelace's eyes seem to FOCUS on Kepler.

LOVELACE
NO. YOU ARE A VIOLENT TROLL, AND WE
HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR WAMAJAMA.
WE HAVE NOTHING TO SAY TO YOU.

KEPLER
I am the only one qualified to -

LOVELACE
WE ARE DONE WITH YOU.

KEPLER
But I am not done with you! You
will deal with me or -

LOVELACE
ENOUGH.

Oh boy. That's the first emotion displayed since the
presence's entrance, and she - they - sound angry. Lovelace's
voice BOOMS at a LOWER PITCH.

She raises a hand in his direction, SNAPS HER FINGERS.
Immediately, KEPLER TENSES. Immobile.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)
**YOU THINK THAT VIOLENCE GIVES YOU
 AUTHORITY?**

KEPLER
 (breathless)
 I - I - *can't move* -

LOVELACE
**THAT YOU CAN TAKE UP AIR TIME JUST
 BECAUSE YOU HAVE MADE YOURSELF A
 WEAPON?**

MINKOWSKI
 What is - ?

LOVELACE
**WE ARE NOT LIKE YOU. WE ARE
 ONGOING, WORK IN PROGRESS. YOU ARE
 UNABLE HURT US. YOU WILL BE UNABLE
 TO HURT ANYONE.**

Lovelace's eyes fall on Kepler's right hand.

KEPLER
Wait - what are you doing?

LOVELACE
DISARMING YOU.

Her FINGERS SNAP. FLAMES ERRUPT. KEPLER SCREAMS.

And then - the flames stop. The screams stop, replaced by
 KEPLER HYPERVENTILATING. Everyone stares, in shocked horror.

MINKOWSKI
 Oh my God, his... hand. It's...
 it's gone.

LOVELACE
THERE. NOW WE ARE DONE WITH YOU.

She SNAPS HER FINGERS AGAIN, and Kepler FLIES ACROSS THE
 ROOM. He COLLIDES AGAINST the WALL with a GRUNT.

HERA
 What - what do you want? How can -

LOVELACE
 WHERE IS THE ONE WE KNOW? THE
 SPEAKER. WHERE IS DOUGLAS?

There's a BEAT as everyone looks around. Errr...

JACOBI

I, uh, think he's hiding underneath
that console.

LOVELACE

THANK YOU.

Lovelace SNAPS HER FINGERS. There's a HORRIBLE METALLIC
CRUNCHING SOUND as the console is torn apart.

EIFFEL

Ahhh! I mean - uh -

LOVELACE

THERE YOU ARE.

EIFFEL

Yes! And, uh -

LOVELACE

CLOSER.

EIFFEL

Actually I'm fine right -

LOVELACE

CLOSER.

She SNAPS HER FINGERS. HE FLIES TOWARDS HER, STOPPING ABOUT A
FOOT IN FRONT OF HER FACE.

EIFFEL

AAAahh. Okay, sure. Closer is good.

LOVELACE

WE HAVE BEEN WAITING.

EIFFEL

Ummm? Sorry? Waiting for - ?

LOVELACE

YOU. FOR YOU TO COMMUNICATE. FOR
YOU TO GET TOGETHER AND FEEL ALL
RIGHT.

EIFFEL

Sure! Any chance we could clarify
what that might -

LOVELACE

YOU HAVE STARTED, YOU ARE ONGOING.
YOU CANNOT SQUELCH OFF NOW.

MINKOWSKI
You *really* couldn't have - ?

EIFFEL
(hissed whisper)
NOT THE TIME!

LOVELACE
GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER. FINISH THE
PROCESS. QUICKLY.

EIFFEL
Uh, process? Like the due sort -

LOVELACE
WORK IT OUT, BRAINIAC. AND SOON.
THE DOOR WON'T STAY OPEN FOREVER.
WE ARE WAITING.

And with that: WOOSH! Everything SETTLES BACK TO NORMAL. All the spooky, alien environmentals go away in a SUDDEN BURST OF AIR. There's a FLASH, and Lovelace looks normal again.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)
Okay. That was... weird.

In a corner, Kepler WHIMPERS in pain.

HERA
In, umm, less terrifying news...
the stellar flare seems to have
completely subsided. It... it looks
like it's finally over.

And off of that, we -

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.S. HEPHAESTUS STATION - LOVELACE'S QUARTERS - 4
HOURS LATER

Lovelace, alone in her quarters.

LOVELACE
You gonna knock? Or just stand
outside awkwardly?

The DOOR SWINGS OPEN and Minkowski enters.

MINKOWSKI
I was kinda leaning in the awkward
standing direction.

LOVELACE

What can I do for you, Commander?

MINKOWSKI

Wanted to update you. Kepler and Jacobi are back in their cell. Kepler is... shook up, but stable.

LOVELACE

That's good, I suppose. What else?

(BEAT)

C'mon, you've got your face on.

MINKOWSKI

What face?

LOVELACE

Your, "I don't want to have this tricky conversation but someone has to be the grown-up for Chrissake," face. Is this where you suggest that maybe I should also be in lockdown? Just until we're sure the aliens aren't about to make possession a regular thing?

MINKOWSKI

Not exactly.

(DEEP BREATH)

I want you to take over the Hephaestus.

LOVELACE

Excuse me? How is that a good idea? With the whole... alienness thing?

MINKOWSKI

I trust you. And after... what I did, I don't trust myself. I shouldn't be in charge right now.

LOVELACE

Minkowski, I was the person pushing for the whole indiscriminate murder thing, remember?

MINKOWSKI

Yes, but...I disagreed with you, but you were in control. I... I did what I did because I lost control. And until I get it back, I don't my hands are the best ones for this crew to be in.

LOVELACE
I think that's bull.

MINKOWSKI
It's not. I'm dealing with it,
but... I shouldn't be doing that
and in charge.

There's a BEAT as Lovelace looks at her. Then she GROANS.

LOVELACE
On the very clear understanding
that this is a temporary situation,
and that you are going to sort
yourself out and kick me out of
your chair ASAP... Fine. You're on.

They shake hands.

MINKOWSKI
Thank you, Captain.

LOVELACE
Yeah. You're welcome.

And off of that, we -

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.S. HEPHAESTUS STATION - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - 30
MINUTES LATER

Eiffel at the console, staring out the window. He SIGHS
DEEPLY. Behind him, a DOOR OPENS as Minkowski enters.

EIFFEL
Hey Commander.

MINKOWSKI
Lieutenant, Eiffel. Just
Lieutenant. Lovelace has just
assumed control of the station.

HERA
Are you okay, Lieutenant?

MINKOWSKI
No, not really. You, Hera?

HERA
Mm-mm. Nope.

Minkowski smiles softly. *What a day.*

MINKOWSKI

What about you, Eiffel?

EIFFEL

You mean, "Are you wiggling out over your *really* close encounter of the third kind?" I'm *fine*, Comman - do I have to call you "Lieutenant?"

MINKOWSKI

Not if you don't want.

EIFFEL

Okay - *good*.

HERA

Any idea what the... the aliens' message was about?

EIFFEL

No. I may have given Marvin and the Martian Chronicles the words, but that mojo was one Roswell Conspiracy above my grokking level.

MINKOWSKI

(pointed whisper)

This is why we get into trouble.

EIFFEL

Commander, we have to get back to Earth.

MINKOWSKI

Eiffel, we don't know that what Kepler said is true.

HERA

Why wouldn't it be?

EIFFEL

Now that we're ground zero for the new and improved Invasion of the Body Snatchers? You bet they're gonna be looking for leverage.

MINKOWSKI

One thing at a time, okay? We'll see how much damage we just took on, and then... we'll see what we can do.

They sit in silence for a BEAT. Then -

EIFFEL

Well, I suppose at least things
can't get any w -

MINKOWSKI

DON'T SAY IT!

HERA

DON'T SAY IT!

Eiffel covers his mouth.

EIFFEL

Ack! Sorry! Maybe nobody heard?

Off of that, we -

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE - MEANWHILE

Four people gathered around a large piece of paper. One of
them DRAWS ON IT with FURIOUS CONCENTRATION.

KLEIN

A, uh... melon.

BIRKHOFF

Self-worth? Togetherness?

KLEIN

Like a... really, really big melon.

BIRKHOFF

Unity? Fusion? Um, century?

KLEIN

Just like an... enormous melon?

BERNOULI

Aaaaaand... Time.

Officer Jordan puts down her pencil. Fuming.

JORDAN

Really, Klein? A melon? **A MELON**?

KLEIN

What was it?

JORDAN

No, hang on, there's still other
combinations of, "melon," and,
"bigness," you haven't tried. What
if it's a gigantic melon?

BIRKHOFF
 Captain?

BERNOULI
 The word was flotsam. Flotsam.

KLEIN
What.

BIRKHOFF
 Oh, come on. Jordan...

JORDAN
 Nooo, do not blame the artist. The
 artist is without blame.

BIRKHOFF
 Jordan, can you even define the
 word, "flotsam?"

JORDAN
 OF COURSE I CAN DEFINE FLOTSAM!
 (BEAT, lower:)
 No, I can't. Help please.

There's a BEEP from a computer. There's a GROAN from
 everyone, immediately followed by a SCRAMBLE.

BERNOULI
 Klein, you were last.

KLEIN
 No, I -

BERNOULI
 Officer Klein, are you about to
 dispute my official ruling in the
sacred tradition of, "Nose Goes?"?

KLEIN
 No, Captain Bernouli.

BERNOULI
 Good boy. Get.

As Klein moves off -

BIRKHOFF
 All right, lets see. That brings
 Officer Jordan's score up to...
 Oooh, tricky math here: nothing,
 and nothing, divided by nothing...

JORDAN

It's not my fault you people can't appreciate a true *artiste*.

BERNOULI

You do have a rather... dadaist approach to Pictionary, Jordan.

KLEIN

Uh... Captain? I need you to come look at this, sir. And actually, you too, Doctor Birkhoff.

Frowning, Bernouli and Birkhoff join Klein at the console.

BERNOULI

Whoa.

BIRKHOFF

That's... different.

They start looking at different screens.

BERNOULI

What are we looking at here? Psi wave radiation, flare... that's what, a class nine?

BIRKHOFF

At those wavelengths? No way. Class *thirteen*.

BERNOULI

Klein, what's the origin point?

KLEIN

Triangulating, but it looks like... Wolf 359. It's gotta be.

BERNOULI

That's Minkowski's crew. What the hell are they playing at?

BIRKHOFF

Sir? Are we doing this?

Bernouli thinks for a moment, then -

BERNOULI

Do it. Full read out. Jordan?

JORDAN

On it, sir. One moment.

Jordan FIRES UP the Pulse Beacon Relay. The machine HUMS as she punches in a few commands. After a moment - DING! She HITS A SWITCH - there's a BURST OF STATIC as the TRANSMITTER ENGAGES - and -

JORDAN (CONT'D)

All right, here we go: This is Communications Officer Jordan, on board the U.S.S. Hermes, transmitting to Canaveral. Come in, Canaveral. Authentication code -

And suddenly there's a LOUD WHIZZING SOUND, and we are in -

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - GODDARD FUTURISTIC HEADQUARTERS, CAPE CANAVERAL - 1300 HOURS

There's a sound of a PRINTER running off a document. After a moment, it's placed on a desk.

RACHEL

When did this come in? How many people have seen this?

(INDISTINCT REPLY)

Good. Expunge the records. No one sees this, it goes in the black.

She rises from her desk, and we follow her FOOTSTEPS all the way to a DOOR. KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK and we go into -

INT. MR. CUTTER'S OFFICE - GODDARD FUTURISTIC HEADQUARTERS, CAPE CANAVERAL - CONTINUOUS

Cutter looks up from his computer.

MR. CUTTER

Rachel, this is a very busy -

RACHEL

I know.

MR. CUTTER

I don't have time for any -

She places the document on his desk. His eyes scan it. BEAT.

RACHEL

Mmm-hmm. "Thank you, Rachel. You're welcome, Mr. Cutter." It's already off the record. A.P.O.

MR. CUTTER
Good. Clear the rest of my day.

RACHEL
Of course. Say, "Hi," for me.

We hear a BUTTON being pressed, the sound of an ELEVATOR DESCENDING, and finally the DING! of it arriving at -

INT. BLACK ARCHIVES - CONTINUOUS

The ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN, and Cutter strides out.

MR. CUTTER
Knock, knock.

PRYCE
Marcus. What are you doing down here? I -

Cutter holds up the document in front of her face.

PRYCE (CONT'D)
What is this?

MR. CUTTER
Read.

Pryce begins to scan the top page.

PRYCE
(intrigued)
Oh.
(gets it)
Oh.

MR. CUTTER
Mm-hmm. It's started. We're *finally* in business.

Pryce looks up from the document. Locks eyes with Cutter.

PRYCE
Well then... it looks like we have some traveling to do.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE 47.

STOP RECORDING.