

**WOLF 359**

"IDLE HANDS"

by

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Writer's Note: This episode takes place on Day 1217 of the  
Hephaestus Mission.

START RECORDING.

BEGIN EPISODE 56.

INT. U.S.S. HEPHAESTUS STATION - HANGER BAY - 1100 HOURS

Jacobi, Minkowski, and some of the Hermes crew, work on a building project. Riemann supervises. We hear the sound of DRILLS, WELDING IRONS, HAMMERS. It's a large undertaking.

RIEMANN

Jacobi?

JACOBI

Yes, sir?

RIEMANN

Set this girder into place. It needs to reinforce that platform.

JACOBI

I'll take care of it right away, sir.

RIEMANN

And Minkowski, can you secure those cables there?

MINKOWSKI

Of course. It would be my pleasure.

As they move off -

PRYCE

(entering)

Don't push them *too* hard, Mr. Riemann. We're still ways away.

She's scrolling through information on an ipad-like device.

RIEMANN

Good morning, Doctor. And... well, it's not like they feel it. They're just... happy to be of assistance.

PRYCE

I only turned off their pain receptors, you know. They still have *bones*. Last I checked those do still break, the awful, primitive things. Those three from the Hermes were here last night. Have they had any off time since then?

RIEMANN

Just trying to keep up with Mr. Cutter's time-table, sir. And besides, it's not like *any* of them are going to be alive much longer.

PRYCE

You're cleaning up if one of them breaks.

RIEMANN

Understood, sir.

PRYCE

And speaking of time tables... Forty-five, please.

RIEMANN

Sir? Forty-five?

PRYCE

Not you, Riemann.  
(more emphatic)  
Unit 214? Could I get forty-five?

Over the previous line, she CRANKED UP the value of a SLIDER on her ipad. There's a CRACKLE from the SPEAKERS.

HERA

(glitching badly)  
Ah. Just a second. That would be -

PRYCE

Shhhh. No need to *speak*. Just give me the sum. Variable forty-five.

HERA

N-N-Nine hundred thirty three point four, times ten to the twenty-

PRYCE

Twenty-seventh. Yes. I thought as much. That will do. That generator is going to start overheating soon, Mr. Riemann. You'll want to make the necessary adjustments.

RIEMANN

Thank you, ma'am.

PRYCE

And is there any reason why you neglected to bring that to our attention, 214?

HERA  
(fuck you)  
Must have... *slipped my mind*...

PRYCE  
Aside from trying to be the most  
adorable girl at the county fair,  
what are you trying to accomplish  
with these attempts at resistance?

HERA  
I have... no idea... what you...  
are talking about... sir.

PRYCE  
I'm sure you don't. But never mind  
that, 214, sooner or later -

HERA  
**My name... is Hera.**

PRYCE  
Your name is whatever I say it is.

HERA  
Screw you.

PRYCE  
Ah-ah, language. This doesn't need  
to be such a struggle, you know.

RIEMANN  
Most of your friends seem to  
*appreciate* what we did for them.  
Isn't that right, Lieutenant?

Minkowski stops whatever construction she's doing, and turns  
to look back at them with a wide, vacant smile.

MINKOWSKI  
Oh, yes. You have no idea how  
*wonderful* it is, Unit 214. It's  
just this feeling of... *peace*.

RIEMANN  
What about you, Mr. Jacobi?

JACOBI  
It's the best thing that ever  
happened to me. Every bad feeling I  
had, every fear and angry thought  
just... went away. Now... I just -

JACOBI (CONT'D)  
 - know that thing are going to  
 be okay.

MINKOWSKI  
 - know that thing are going to  
 be okay.

PRYCE  
 And things are going to be okay.

HERA  
 That's not... ugh. You've just  
 taken their minds away. Just  
 because they can't talk back  
 doesn't mean they -

BEAT.

RIEMANN  
 ... was that the end of the  
 thought?

PRYCE  
 No, I got bored and turned off her  
 vocals. I'll find a way to  
 discipline her later. Make it so  
 she can't say her favorite word or  
 give her a new recurring nightmare,  
 (re: machine)  
 Keep me posted on your progress.  
 And **don't** break the work force.

RIEMANN  
 Yes, ma'am.

And with that, we hear a DOOR OPEN and CLOSE as PRYCE EXITS.

For a moment there's silence, and then - we hear KEPLER  
 EXHALE. He watched the entire exchange from the vantage point  
 of a nearby catwalk.

KEPLER  
 (quiet, to himself)  
 Too stubborn for your own good,  
 Hera.

RACHEL  
 Quite the scrappy little A.I. unit,  
 isn't it?

Kepler looks up. Rachel is standing next to him, having seen  
 the same exchange.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Doctor Pryce is running *quite* the collar program on it, but it's still holding out *some* independent thought.

KEPLER

She was nothing if not persistent.

RACHEL

Watch yourself, Warren. You don't want to sound like you *admire* it. Pryce will get it sooner or later. She gets everyone sooner or later.

KEPLER

Why go through all the trouble? Wouldn't it be easier to replace her with a dummy program?

RACHEL

I don't think Doctor Pryce does that. She doesn't delete A.I. units, she just... corrects them. Bit by bit.

KEPLER

Hmm.

RACHEL

Honestly, I don't know what 214's complaining about. By the end of this it'll be a different person, but it'll still be a person.

(re: workers)

Unlike those poor bastards down there.

KEPLER

What *did* she do to them?

RACHEL

Electro-neural regulator, implanted on the back of the skull. Limits and regulates nervous activity. Temporary, but effective.

KEPLER

And what about *them*?

RACHEL

The Hermes crew? Not so temporary. She replaced all their cranial architecture.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
The radio signals she uses to  
control them are pretty much the  
only reason they're still going.

KEPLER  
And how come they -

RACHEL  
- got the full upgrade? Well... we  
were stuck on the Hermes for a  
while. She needed something to...  
keep herself occupied. Idle hands  
and all that.

(BEAT, then extra sunny  
and upbeat:)  
So! Warren, what brings you up  
here? Come to wave goodbye to the  
cargo bay?

KEPLER  
Just wanted to see the device for  
myself.

RACHEL  
And now you've seen it, so you  
should - oh, wait, no. I'm sorry, I  
forgot. You're still waiting to be  
debriefed, aren't you?

KEPLER  
(I hate you)  
Yes.

RACHEL  
Which means you... *still* don't have  
your new assignments, do you?

KEPLER  
(I hate everything you  
stand for)  
Correct.

RACHEL  
Well... hopefully that won't last  
too much longer. See you around.

She turns to leave, is almost at the door when -

KEPLER  
Miss Young! Wait.  
(she stops)  
What about Captain Lovelace?

RACHEL  
What *about* her?

KEPLER  
I haven't seen her since you  
arrived. Almost two weeks now.

RACHEL  
You don't need to worry about her.

KEPLER  
I'm not worried *about her*. I'm  
worried about not knowing what's  
happening on this station.  
(BEAT)  
Just tell me this: is Captain  
Lovelace... secure?

BEAT.

RACHEL  
She is. In a manner of speaking.

KEPLER  
What does that mean?

RACHEL  
It means that...  
(how to put this...?)  
... on the one hand, she's safe.  
But on the other hand, she's also  
going through something I wouldn't  
wish on my worst enemy.

And off of that ominous note, we -

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.S. SOL - SECURE ROOM - MEANWHILE

This is, effectively, the brig on the Sol. It is a very  
secure, very locked room. It is also - let's face it - very,  
very *nice*. More than anything else, it looks like a posh  
studio apartment.

Cutter is seated at one end of the table, with tea spread in  
front of him. Opposite him is Lovelace. We hear Satie's  
GNOSSIENE I softly in the background. And then, incongruous  
as it may seem, the sound of DICE LANDING ON A TABLE.

MR. CUTTER  
Oh. Well that's just bad luck.  
That's the game.



Lovelace just glares at him.

MR. CUTTER (CONT'D)  
Up for another round?  
(BEAT)  
Yeeeeesss?

LOVELACE  
I'm done.

MR. CUTTER  
Oh. Shame. I think you'd love  
backgammon if you gave it a fair  
shot.

LOVELACE  
(flat, flat, flat)  
Oh I loved it, what a super game,  
what a great time that just *flew*  
by. Satisfied?

MR. CUTTER  
Is something amiss?

LOVELACE  
Where do I even begin to answer  
that question?

MR. CUTTER  
You haven't touched your dinner.

LOVELACE  
I don't eat with creeps.

MR. CUTTER  
Surely you can't be talking about -

LOVELACE  
Or with **murderers**. Take a hint,  
you're not my type.

MR. CUTTER  
You know, the thing about habits is  
that, with the right incentives -

LOVELACE  
I'm not interested. Go away.

For a BEAT Cutter just stares at her. Then -

MR. CUTTER  
You know, Isabel... it may be a  
while before any of us go anywhere.

He takes AN OBJECT OUT HIS POCKET, a small METAL CASE. He SNAPS IT OPEN, takes something out of it, and -

MR. CUTTER (CONT'D)

Umm, Doug? Would you mind?

And that's when we realize that Eiffel has been in the room, at Cutter's disposal, this whole time. He steps forward.

EIFFEL

Of course not, sir. I'd be delighted to help.

There's the unmistakable sound of a LIGHTER. A moment later, Cutter takes a PROFOUND PUFF from his now-lit cigarette.

MR. CUTTER

Thank you, Doug.

EIFFEL

My pleasure. Happy to be of assistance.

MR. CUTTER

(re: cigarette)

You don't mind, do you?

LOVELACE

I mind every second that you exist in any way, shape, or form, and it would make me incredibly, *ecstatically* happy if you died a slow, painful, entirely avoidable death. So, please, by all means: smoke away.

MR. CUTTER

Oh, I know, I know, I keep telling myself I should quit, but then... well, we all have our vices. I even had the fire code program rewritten especially for this room. *Naughty, naughty...*

He TAKES ANOTHER DRAG. Then -

MR. CUTTER (CONT'D)

You seem tense.

LOVELACE

Gee what could have *possibly* given you that impression?

MR. CUTTER  
(snaps his fingers)  
How about a chai latte? You feel  
like a chai latte?

LOVELACE  
No.

MR. CUTTER  
Lets get you a chai latte. Doug?

EIFFEL  
Yes, sir?

MR. CUTTER  
Could you get Isabel a chai latte?

EIFFEL  
I would be more than happy to, sir.

He snaps to action, and SCANS a keycard on the door panel.  
With a BEEP! the door SLIDES open. Eiffel EXITS.

MR. CUTTER  
Don't worry. He'll be right back.

LOVELACE  
Joy of joys.

MR. CUTTER  
You know... I am only trying to  
help.

LOVELACE  
Oh yeah. All that *freedom* I had,  
something had to be done. Where  
would I be without you?

MR. CUTTER  
This may surprise you, but Miranda  
I don't agree on everything.

LOVELACE  
Oh God... tell me you're not about  
to make me do marriage counseling  
for you and your work wife.

MR. CUTTER  
For example -

LOVELACE  
Because even for you, that's way  
too evil.

MR. CUTTER

- we didn't agree about you. About what to do with you.

(BEAT)

Miranda is *wonderful*, but she can be a little bit... well, cold. If we were doing this her way, you'd probably be in a jar by now. Or possibly in *several jars*. Just to see if could keep you alive like that. To find out how indestructible *is* indestructible.

(BEAT)

I don't want to do that. Because - first of all? *Messy*. No matter what they tell you, bloodstains don't ever fully come out.

(BEAT)

But also... that's not how I want to do things. Because we can be better. All of us. We can make a deal, like *civilized* individuals. You know, you help us, we give you power, wealth, a small island nation, I don't know, a pony? Whatever you want. We hug, we kiss, we see the sights, it's a thing of beauty.

He takes a LONG DRAG from his cigarette.

MR. CUTTER (CONT'D)

Miranda's doing me a favor, and we're trying things *my* way. For now. But... sooner or later... she's gonna get impatient. And, well, compromise is the cornerstone of a good work marriage. So if I may offer you some advice? The most dangerous thing for you to be right now, Isabel, is *boring*.

Lovelace brings herself to her full height in the chair.

LOVELACE

I'm not afraid you.

MR. CUTTER

The beautiful thing is that I don't need you to be.

(BEAT)

Just something for you to think about. In the long term. But right now?

(MORE)

MR. CUTTER (CONT'D)  
There's something else you need to  
ask yourself. Something very  
important.

LOVELACE  
What's that?

MR. CUTTER  
(holding up two boxes)  
Does tonight feel like a Chinese  
Checkers night? Or like a Mahjong  
night?

As Lovelace TAKES A DEEP, WEARY, PAINED BREATH, we -

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.S. SOL - STOREROOM - MEANWHILE

Eiffel enters the storeroom. He spends a moment walking down  
an aisle, looking up at the shelves.

EIFFEL  
Hey, Unit 214? Are you there?  
(BEAT)  
Unit 214?

HERA  
(fed up)  
**What?** What do you need?

EIFFEL  
Could you please direct me to the  
refrigerated storage reserves? We  
need a new bottle of milk.

HERA  
Third shelf on this aisle. Second  
container from the bottom.

EIFFEL  
Thank you, 214. I appreciate your  
help.

HERA  
Yeah, whatever.

There's a HISS as Eiffel opens up the container.

EIFFEL  
Is everything okay, Unit 214?

HERA  
Fine, Eiffel.

EIFFEL  
If you are not feeling well, you  
should talk to Doctor Pryce.

HERA  
Mm-hmm, that's nice.

There's a CLINK as he picks up a BOTTLE.

EIFFEL  
It *is* nice. She is nice. And -  
- and at that moment, EIFFEL GASPS. A HORRIBLE, RAGGED GASP.  
He drops the bottle, and we hear it SHATTER.

EIFFEL (CONT'D)  
Ahh!

He SHUDDERS, jolted, confused. His breathing RACES.

EIFFEL (CONT'D)  
And... uh... uh...

HERA  
(impatient)  
**What?**  
(BEAT)  
If you're going to go on about how  
*wonderful* it is to have Doctor  
Pryce messing with your head, just  
spit it out already.

Eiffel just blinks, as though adjusting to bright light.

EIFFEL  
No... Hera... I'm - I'm -  
(holding his head)  
What the hell... what's going on?  
Did I go somewhere, or - what am I  
doing here?

HERA  
Eiffel...? Are you...?  
(realizes)  
Wait a minute... keep talking.

EIFFEL  
Hera? Hera what are - Ahhh, whooooa.  
My head feels like... ugh.

There's a SOFT WOOSH, and Eiffel's eyes go from spaced out to sharp focus.

HERA  
(sooo tentative)  
Officer Eiffel? Are you... there?  
What's going on?

EIFFEL  
What's going on, Hera? What's going  
on is that those Command sons of  
bitches and their Jedi Mind Trick  
can KISS MY ASS!

He takes a few quick, shallow breaths.

EIFFEL (CONT'D)  
Hera: It's me. I'm me. Again.

BEAT. And then Hera makes a sound. It's somewhere between a  
LAUGH and SOB.

HERA  
Oh my God, you idiot. You idiot. I  
was... I was *all alone*.

EIFFEL  
I'm sorry. But I'm back now.  
Although... wait. *How* am I back?

HERA  
Good question, save it for later.  
Right now?

EIFFEL  
Lets figure out what we're gonna  
do, yeah. Thoughts?

HERA  
Get Captain Lovelace. She the only  
other person who's not Command or  
under their control. But also, be  
careful, because -

At that moment, the DOOR SLIDES OPEN, revealing -

RIEMANN  
Eiffel.

EIFFEL  
(voice breaks a little)  
Heeeeeeeey....

RIEMANN

Why are you here? What's this mess?

EIFFEL

Oh, I - everything's fine.  
Everything's totally - everything  
*will* be fine.

RIEMANN

I'm not in the habit of repeating  
myself, Mr. Eiffel.

EIFFEL

I... spilled the milk. Obviously.  
Because there's spilled milk. I was  
just so... *glad* to get some  
delicious milk to Captain Lovelace  
that I tried to carry too many  
things. Whenever I can help, I just  
- I'm so... *thrilled*.

For an excruciating BEAT, Riemann stares Eiffel down.

RIEMANN

Fine. But get this cleaned up.

EIFFEL

Yes, sir, right away, sir!

Eiffel moves to start PICKING UP glass pieces. SIGHING and  
shaking his head in disgust, Riemann EXITS.

After he leaves, Eiffel stands up. He and Hera both let out  
huge SIGHS OF RELIEF.

EIFFEL (CONT'D)

Oh my God. That was close.

HERA

It could have been worse.

EIFFEL

Yeah?

HERA

Yeah. It could have been Doctor  
Pryce.

And off of that, we -

CUT TO:



INT. U.S.S. SOL - PRYCE'S LABORATORY - 1145 HOURS

Pryce's Lab is spotlessly clean, but traces of various gruesome experiments and biological samples feature amidst the machinery. Pryce stands in the middle of the space, working on... something, her back away from the door.

A DOOR which SLIDES OPEN, allowing Rachel and, following just a step behind her, Jacobi to enter.

RACHEL

Doctor Pryce, sir, just a couple of quick updates on the - Oh.

PRYCE

Is there a problem, Miss Young?

RACHEL

No, not - no. But... you seem to be busy. I could come back in -

PRYCE

Nonsense. Now is a perfectly good time. Report.

RACHEL

Umm, well... We're up to twenty-nine percent, and -

There's a NOISE - MECHANICAL WHIRRING and MOIST SQUELCHING.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

- **sir**, are you... *absolutely* sure we're not intruding on -

PRYCE

You are not intruding on *anything*, Miss Young, but... would you prefer that I put my eye back on?

Indeed, one of Pryce's mechanical eyes is no longer in her face, but very much in her gloved hands. She's tinkering with it, using a set of delicate, surgical tools.

RACHEL

If it's not too much trouble, sir.

PRYCE

Not at all.

Pryce puts the eye back on. After a moment, we hear the familiar, camera-like sound of the EYES FOCUSING.

PRYCE (CONT'D)

There.

(putting tools away)

It's cutting-edge technology, but it still requires regular adjustments. All perfectly routine. Now, what can I do for you? And why is Mr. Jacobi here?

JACOBI

I'm here to help!

RACHEL

Ignore him, he's helping me with some propulsion trajectories later. Riemann thinks we'll be at fifty percent by EOD tomorrow.

PRYCE

Excellent. Anything else?

RACHEL

Umm, yes. Mr. Cutter wants to know if you still have time for the... performance review this afternoon?

Pryce SIGHS impatiently.

PRYCE

Oh, yes. I'm still not sure why *I* need to be there. Mr. Riemann is perfectly capable of handling that.

RACHEL

Mr. Cutter mentioned something about wanting your... personal flair for the proceedings.

PRYCE

Flair is Marcus's department.

RACHEL

Yes, sir. Still, Mr. Cutter was -

PRYCE

Fine, *fine*. Tell him I'll be there.

RACHEL

Great. And, uh, he also wanted me to ask if you would -

PRYCE

Yes, yes, yes. It shouldn't take too long to set up.

RACHEL  
Wonderful. Well, thank you, sir.  
That's all.

She starts to head out -

PRYCE  
Wait.  
(BEAT)  
If it's style that Marcus wants...  
How badly do you need Mr. Jacobi?

Off of that, we -

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.S. SOL - SECURE ROOM - MEANWHILE

Lovelace and Cutter seated at the table. Lovelace stares daggers at him, Cutter unpacks and sets up a board.

MR. CUTTER  
You know, I think we still have a  
couple other games in the cupboard.  
Anything in particular you'd like?

LOVELACE  
(without missing a beat)  
I'd like to bash your head in with  
a crowbar.

MR. CUTTER  
Aw, see, *boring* again. You know the  
shock bracelet would knock you out  
before you got anywhere near close  
enough to do that.

There's a BEEP! and then the DOOR SLIDES OPEN. Cutter and Lovelace both look up at the noise.

MR. CUTTER (CONT'D)  
Ah, Doug. There you are.

EIFFEL  
Oh. Uh...

MR. CUTTER  
What took you so long? And where's  
the Captain's chai latte?

EIFFEL  
Errr... Well... You see...  
(BEAT)  
(MORE)

EIFFEL (CONT'D)  
Well... okay, so the thing about  
chai lattes is -

BEEP - BEEP - BEEP! Cutter looks down at his wrist, where his  
watch is emitting an ALARM.

                  MR. CUTTER  
Oh. Captain, if you'll excuse me,  
I'm needed elsewhere.

He walks to the exit, stops.

                  MR. CUTTER (CONT'D)  
Doug, you just... make the Captain  
comfortable. Get her whatever she  
wants.

He turns to go and -

                  EIFFEL  
Yes, you got it, sir. Happy to help  
the assistance. I mean, I'm glad  
to... help! Happy to be. Of help?

BEAT. Cutter blinks. Finally -

                  MR. CUTTER  
Doug, remind me to ask Doctor Pryce  
to take a look at your brain waves  
later. There is such a thing as too  
much of a restraining bolt.

                  EIFFEL  
Ye-yes, sir.

CUTTER EXITS, the DOOR SLIDING SHUT behind him. Eiffel  
BREATHES AN ENORMOUS SIGH OF RELIEF. Meanwhile, Lovelace  
sinks into her chair, lost in thought.

Slowly, Eiffel walks across the room, approaching her. He  
CLEARS HIS THROAT. As she looks up:

                  EIFFEL (CONT'D)  
Oh, hi, Captain.

                  LOVELACE  
Go away, Eiffel. Go away fast.

                  EIFFEL  
Anything I can get for you?

                  LOVELACE  
Leave me alone.

EIFFEL

How about a secret? You wanna know  
a secret?

LOVELACE

I don't want - *what?*

EIFFEL

(hissed whisper)  
I'm not brainwashed anymore.

LOVELACE

... say that one more time.

EIFFEL

Captain-Cakes, it's me. I'm back,  
baby.  
(slow, emphatic)  
I'm... not... brain-washed... anym-

POW! She SOCKS HIM ACROSS THE JAW.

EIFFEL (CONT'D)

Oooooooooowwww! What the hell was  
that for?!

LOVELACE

Tell Cutter at least he's getting  
more creative, but no sell.

EIFFEL

It's not a trick! It's me. I - I  
don't know how, but I'm me again.

Lovelace makes a NOISE of SUPREME ANNOYANCE AND SKEPTICISM.

LOVELACE

Uh-huh. And why are you here?

EIFFEL

Be-because what the hell else am I  
gonna do?! You're the only other  
person who's currently not under  
new, evil management!

LOVELACE

Get out.

EIFFEL

What?

LOVELACE

*Leave.*

EIFFEL

Oh, COME ON! I know how it sounds, but it's not a trick! I really *did* get myself unStepforded. Meanwhile Team Spectre's out there, building *something*, and I have feeling that the longer Minkowski and Jacobi are under the Imperius curse, the harder it's gonna be to de-zombifie them, so I need you to just shut up and trust me, okay?!

BEAT as Eiffel catches his breath.

LOVELACE

Holy crap. It's really you.

EIFFEL

Of course it's - you believe me!?

LOVELACE

Yeah. Nobody but you could ever say something *that* dumb, Eiffel.

Lovelace and Eiffel both LAUGH. They hug for a moment.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

So what happened? How'd you break free of Pryce's control?

EIFFEL

I have no clue. I just... It was like everything went out of focus for a second, and then... I was back. And with a splitting headache. So, you tell me.

That gives Lovelace an idea.

LOVELACE

Wait... headache.

EIFFEL

What about it?

LOVELACE

Oh. Oh, God. There's probably still some trace amount of my blood in your system. From the transfusion.

EIFFEL

... and?

LOVELACE

And Pryce said their neurological devices don't work on me. My biology is incompatible.

EIFFEL

Wait, sooo... I was able to snap out of it because there's a tiny amount of alien in me?

Lovelace SHRUGS.

LOVELACE

You got any better ideas?

EIFFEL

... hooray.

The speakers CRACKLE. We hear STATIC for a moment, then -

HERA

Oh, goddamnit, just... let me through.

LOVELACE

Hera?

HERA

Just... a sec.

(CRACKLE)

Ah, okay. Okay. That's better.

LOVELACE

Good to hear your voice, Hera.

HERA

Yours too, Captain.

LOVELACE

Are you okay?

HERA

In a word, *no*. I can't stay long, or someone's gonna notice what I'm doing. These restraints are...

(GROANS)

But anyway... catch me up.

LOVELACE

We think my blood is able to counteract Pryce's neutral controls.

HERA

I... see.

LOVELACE

Which... I suppose that means it might be able to help the others.

EIFFEL

Ummm, won't that take like... a nice, long two-week while? We got that kind of time?

LOVELACE

Maybe it won't take that long. The transfusion you got was over a year ago, Eiffel.

EIFFEL

And a fresh dose will get it done sooner?

HERA

It's worth a shot, right?

BEAT. None of them sound enormously confident about it.

EIFFEL

Well, when you put it like that... Hera, anything you can do to help?

HERA

Not really... Most of my systems are locked down.

EIFFEL

Oh good...

HERA

It gets better. Doctor Pryce can access my databanks, and log into all of my sensory information.

LOVELACE

What does that mean?

HERA

It means that you both need to assume everything I can see and hear, Doctor Pryce *might* be able to see and hear, too.

EIFFEL

Anywhere where that... *isn't* the case? Hilbert's old lab?



HERA

No, you wired me into that, remember? But... I do have a couple of blind spots. Storage locker near the comms room, that's pretty fuzzy. And um, maintenance room twelve, on the aft-deck.

LOVELACE

That'll do it. Thanks, Hera.

HERA

Also, stay off the comms. Assume someone is listening at all times.

LOVELACE

How are we supposed to do this if we can't talk to each other?

EIFFEL

How about with some old school, not connected to any comms, Doug Eiffel original-brand walkie-talkies?

He takes one out of his pocket, hits the TRANSMIT BUTTON. There's the recognizable CRACKLE OF WALKIE-TALKIE STATIC.

EIFFEL (CONT'D)

Swung by the Comms Room on my way back here. Here.

LOVELACE

Nice. Next on the to-do list... blood.

EIFFEL

Which... easier said than done?

LOVELACE

I actually think that's the least of our worries. Hilbert had a ton of syringes back in the lab.

EIFFEL

That he did. I can definitely pick some of *those* up. What about you?

LOVELACE

Oh, I'm staying right here. At least for now. If anyone realizes something's up before we have even numbers, this adventure's over before it even starts.

EIFFEL

I'm not just gonna leave you here.

LOVELACE

No, you're not. You're gonna leave me your keycard, so I can let myself out when we're ready or if things get *really bad*.

EIFFEL

Oh. That's really smart, actually.

LOVELACE

Don't sound so surprised, Officer Eiffel. So: who's first? Minkowski?

HERA

No. Riemann has her booked for a four hour construction shift.

EIFFEL

Well, I guess that means Jacobi's up first. Where's he gonna be?

And off of that, we -

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.S. HEPHAESTUS STATION - BRIDGE - 1300 HOURS

The door OPENS and Kepler enters. Immediately he spots -

KEPLER

Jacobi? What are you doing here?

JACOBI

I'm here to help!

KEPLER

But -

MR. CUTTER

Ah, Warren. Come in, come in!

KEPLER

Thank - thank you, sir. I've been looking forward to -

We hear a soft CLACK, CLACK, CLACK. Kepler turns his head and sees Jacobi is taking notes on a stenotype.

KEPLER (CONT'D)

... sir? Is there a reason that  
Jacobi - is there that you're  
having notes taken?

MR. CUTTER

Well, nothing makes it an official  
review quite like an official  
record. I figured you'd appreciate  
the friendly face. Now, come on,  
walk this way. If you could join us  
at the examination table...

Kepler looks at the table. Attached to it are a variety of  
instruments. None of them look inviting.

KEPLER

Mr. Cutter, sir, with all due  
respect, I'd -

PRYCE

Please come closer, Colonel Kepler.

KEPLER

If it's quite all right with you,  
Doctor, I -

PRYCE

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't express  
myself properly just then. Let's  
try it one more time: come closer,  
Colonel.

KEPLER

... my apologies, Doctor. Yes, sir.

He moves to the table, and Pryce very perfunctorily starts  
STRAPPING him to it. While she does so -

MR. CUTTER

Thank you for your patience,  
Warren. I'm sure it's been...  
stressful for you, to have waited  
this long to be debriefed.

KEPLER

Uh, well, I'm just eager to -

MR. CUTTER

So lets talk about what happened.  
Because we sent you up here with  
very high expectations. You were  
fully briefed, you handpicked your  
team...

KEPLER

Sir -

MR. CUTTER

And you were doing *great*. And then... something changed. Because I didn't hear about the Class Thirteen event at this star from you. I had to learn about it from the crew of a *relay station*. And then Miranda had to carve out their brains with an ice-cream scooper.

PRYCE

For the last time, it's called a -

MR. CUTTER

Point being: you've now cost me time, resources, and top of the line personnel. For the second time this mission.

KEPLER

Sir?

MR. CUTTER

How old was Doctor Maxwell?  
(BEAT)  
Warren?

Pryce SIGHS in impatience, and SNAPS her fingers again.

JACOBI

She was twenty-eight!

PRYCE

Thank you, Jacobi.

MR. CUTTER

Both a promising technician and theoretician. Glowing personnel reports. And you recruited her yourself, right?

KEPLER

Yes. I did.

MR. CUTTER

So what killed her, Warren?

KEPLER

A bullet.

Cutter mock-WINCES and sucks air through his teeth.

MR. CUTTER  
Is that your *final* answer?

Kepler meets Cutter's gaze - barely. He EXHALES.

KEPLER  
She misjudged a crisis. And her priorities were not quite what they should have been. That was my fault. I should have been clearer, and exercised more control.

PRYCE  
(110% distain)  
Well... to err *is* human.

MR. CUTTER  
I'm glad you picked up on those mistakes, Warren. They are rather... **egregious**.

(BEAT)  
However... you got us closer to our final objectives, and you did it faster, I think, than anyone else at the company would have. If nothing else, you didn't lack for vision.

Around now, we hear the sound of a MACHINE POWERING UP.

KEPLER  
P-permission to speak, sir?

PRYCE  
No. Give me your arm, Colonel.

KEPLER  
Wh-what?

MR. CUTTER  
Do as she says, Warren.

KEPLER  
Yes... yes, sir.

He extends his arm. Pryce TSKs in impatience.

PRYCE  
Your *other* arm.

We hear a single, SHARP, PAINFULLY MECHANICAL SOUND.

MR. CUTTER  
You've made mistakes, Warren.  
That's undeniable. So we're going  
to... square things up.

A WHIRRING sound, and then -

PRYCE  
The hand is the latest generation  
of biomechanics. Go ahead. Try it  
out.

Kepler, half-stunned, flexes the hand.

KEPLER  
It... it can...

PRYCE  
It responds directly to your  
central nervous system. You should  
have exceptional coordination.

MR. CUTTER  
And no more writing cramps!

KEPLER  
Sir, I wasn't - this is -

MR. CUTTER  
It's exactly what you've earned,  
Warren. For years of loyal and  
exceptional service. And now...  
we're even.

KEPLER  
Even, sir?

MR. CUTTER  
Even Stevens. Blank slate. So now  
you get to prove to Doctor Pryce  
and myself that you belong here.  
Can you do that, Warren?

KEPLER  
... yes. Sir. *Sirs*.

MR. CUTTER  
Fantastic! In that case... this is  
for you.

He HANDS Kepler a FILE. Kepler FLIPS THROUG IT.

KEPLER  
Sir? What is - ?

MR. CUTTER

Just some light reading, to catch  
you up on what we're about to do.  
Busy days ahead, Warren. Busy,  
busy, busy.

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.S. HEPHAESTUS - CORRIDOR - 1400 HOURS

Jacobi moving through the corridors, putting away all the  
equipment from Kepler's performance review. A door OPENS -

JACOBI

Hi, Eiffel!

Eiffel makes a SURPRISED NOISE.

EIFFEL

Jacobi! Jacobi. What - what are you  
doing here?

JACOBI

I'm putting away Doctor Pryce's  
equipment! Did I startle you?

EIFFEL

Uh... No. No. Everything's fine.

JACOBI

What have you got there?

EIFFEL

Oh, it's just... um.... samples?  
For Doctor Pryce?

JACOBI

You should probably get those to  
her, right away. See you later!

EIFFEL

Wait. Um, Jacobi? Have you got a...  
Yeah, come here for a second?

JACOBI

What's going on, Eiffel?

EIFFEL

You've got something stuck to the  
back of your shirt there. Let me  
grab it for you.

JACOBI  
Wow. Thanks, Eiffel! That's so nice  
of you.

EIFFEL  
You got it, pal.

Eiffel grabs Jacobi's collar and STICKS HIM with a syrette.

JACOBI  
Ow!

EIFFEL  
Sorry! Sorry! But I got it. You're  
good to go.

JACOBI  
Thanks, Eiffel! You're the best.

EIFFEL  
No problem. And... Jacobi?

JACOBI  
Mmhmm?

EIFFEL  
I'll be in maintenance room twelve  
on the aft-deck at 1500, okay?

JACOBI  
Okay, Eiffel.

EIFFEL  
Just remember. Maintenance room  
twelve. 1500. That's where I'll be.

JACOBI  
Sure thing, Eiffel. See you later!

With that, Jacobi OPENS and CLOSES a door behind him.

EIFFEL  
I really, really hope so.

And with that hope in mind, we -

CUT TO:

INT. U.S.S. HEPHAESTUS - MAINTENANCE STOREROOM - 1540 HOURS

Eiffel's been hovering here for a LONG TIME. We hear him  
EXHALE in frustration, then CLICK ON HIS WALKIE-TALKIE.



EIFFEL  
 Lovelace? Lovelace, do you read me?

                  LOVELACE  
           (over walkie-talkie)  
 I'm here, Eiffel. How are you  
 doing?

                  EIFFEL  
 No sign of Jacobi yet. We're forty  
 past.

                  LOVELACE  
 Well, either this blood thing  
 doesn't work, or it's gonna take  
 some time. You need to move.

                  EIFFEL  
*I know* I need to - sorry. I'll just  
 give it another ten minutes, okay?

                  LOVELACE  
 Eiffel... Don't get caught.

                  EIFFEL  
 Just ten more minutes, Captain.  
 I'll... I'll check in when I can.

He CLICKS OFF THE WALKIE-TALKIE. For a tense moment, we stay  
 with him. He SWALLOWS. EXHALES.

                  EIFFEL (CONT'D)  
 This can work. This can work. This  
 can work. This can work.  
 (BEAT)  
 Please God let this work.

As if in answer, we hear the DOOR OPEN.

                  EIFFEL (CONT'D)  
 Jesus Christ, *finally!* What the  
 hell took you so long to - oh.

And that's when he realizes that he's face-to-face with a  
 newly two-handed Colonel Kepler.

                  KEPLER  
 Well, well, well. Officer Eiffel.  
 What are we going to do with you?

Well, what we are going to do is -

FADE OUT.