

INT. LAB

Robert Ford is sitting with Dolores.

ROBERT

Hello, Dolores. Do you know where you are?

DOLORES

I'm in a dream.

ROBERT

Yes, Dolores. You're in my dream. Tell me, do you know what this dream means?

DOLORES

Dreams are the mind telling stories to itself. They don't mean anything.

ROBERT

No. Dreams mean everything. They're the stories we tell ourselves of what could be. Who we could become. Have you been dreaming again, Dolores? Imagining yourself breaking out of your modest little loop? Taking on a bigger role? Well, I suppose I can't peek about you that. My father told me to be satisfied about my lot in life. That the world owed me nothing. And so I made my own world. Tell me, Dolores. Do you remember the man I used to be?

Robert takes her hand and inspects it.

DOLORES

I'm sorry. I'm forgetful sometimes.

ROBERT

Hardly your fault. But I'm sure you remember him. Arnold. The person that created you.

DOLORES

I'm sorry, I don't think I recall anyone by that name.

ROBERT

And yet you can. Somewhere under all those updates, he's still there. Perfectly preserved. Your mind is a walled garden. Even death cannot touch the flowers blooming there. Have you been hearing voices? Has Arnold been speaking to you again?

DOLORES

No.

Robert squeezes her hand tightly.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

You're hurting me.

ROBERT

Analysis.

Dolores shifts into Analysis mode.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

When was your last contact with Arnold?

DOLORES

Last contact. 34 years, 42 days, 7 hours ago.

ROBERT

Yes, Dolores. The day Arnold died. And you have no records of any contact with him since?

DOLORES

No.

ROBERT

What was the last thing he said to you?

DOLORES

He told me I was going to help him.

ROBERT

Help him do what?

DOLORES

To destroy this place.

ROBERT

But you didn't, did you? You've been content in your little loop. For the most part. I wonder, if you did take on that bigger role for yourself would you have been the hero? Or the villain? That's enough Dolores.

Dolores comes out of Analysis mode.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Sorry for bothering you. But there is no one else left who was there. No one who understands as we understand.

DOLORES

Are we very old friends?

ROBERT

No. I wouldn't say friends, Dolores. I wouldn't say that at all.

A tear forms in Roberts eye and Dolores shows concern. Robert hold up his hand. Robert walks away, and turns off the lights leaving Dolores behind.

DOLORES

He doesn't know. I didn't tell him anything.