

SCENE 1

CAINE:

I have what? No. No, no, no, no, that's not possible.

SU-JIN:

Caine...

CAINE:

But that doesn't make any sense, Su-jin, because—because I would remember something like that. Wouldn't I remember something like that? That's stupid. That doesn't even make sense!

SU-JIN:

Look, Caine, it's the only conclusion I can really come to. None of us are trying to betray Zero Zero—that compromise is outside of our control! Doesn't that make you feel better?

CAINE:

No! Why wouldn't I know that I had this? You're just reaching for a conclusion because you don't want to admit that someone's trying to get the information from Zero Zero! Which I don't even understand because they could just take Jet, but Jet doesn't even have the damn coordinates from that map figured out yet! After all this time, you guys have just been using us and for nothing!

VIC:

Not for nothing. We're close to figuring which one of the two locations that we got is an actual, real life community—we just have to figure out which one it is between the two of them. Don't you get it? That's why this matters so much! We have a serious shot at getting more people behind this revolution! But now that everyone's seen Lola's face... we've been compromised. And, well, you're sending information to someone and...

SU-JIN:

It's not their fault! I just said it's outside of their control.

CAINE:

You can't even prove that I'm the "spy" or whatever you think I am. You know what? I'm just gonna get out of here. Come on, Jet.

SFX: Caine picks up Jet.

VIC:

The door's still locked.

CAINE:

Well, unlock it then.

VIC:

So that's it, huh? You're just gonna leave because, what you feel bad?

CAINE:

Guess what, Vic? Apparently, this whole operation only started moving because of me and Jet. He's the only one processing the data for all of you. So either you let me out and we *consider* coming back and helping you or we delete all of that and you go back to square one. Actually, to square negative one, since apparently Lola's face getting exposed was my fault too.

VIC:

You're making a mistake.

CAINE:

Unlock the door.

SFX: Vic unlocks the door.

SU-JIN:

Caine, wait!

CAINE:

Sorry, Su-jin.

SFX: Caine leaves. The car revs.

JET:

Caine?

CAINE:

What.

Sorry, Jet. Yeah, what is it?

JET:

Did you want us to navigate anywhere specific? I have your most recent locations listed here.

SFX: Jet pulls up the screen.

CAINE:

No, I don't want to go there. Or there. Or there. Look, Jet I don't want to go anywhere right now, okay?

JET:

Oh. Then why are we still driving?

SFX: Caine pulls off to the side of the road.

CAINE:

I—I don't know. I... I just don't know. I don't know, I don't know, I don't know anything, I don't know anything anymore. I don't know where to go, I don't want to be anywhere.

JET:

Oh, Caine! Don't be sad.

CAINE:

That's just it, Jet! I'm not sad, I'm mad. I'm angry because... It's just all bullshit. I joined this stupid thing because I missed Sebastian and I miss Valeria and I miss them all so much.

And then I did something stupid and I ruined it again.

JET:

You didn't ruin anything, Caine. Most of the time you fix things! You fixed me.

CAINE:

Sometimes, Jet, I don't know how to be a person the right way. I don't know if I'm doing it right. I feel things—so, so strongly and then they just come spilling out of me. You know, like words. And things I don't mean, especially. I feel like if I don't, I'm going to explode with everything I'm feeling.

I don't know why I ran away. I don't know, I just... Everyone over there is so good, they're good people. Sometimes they're being dumb, but they're good. I... just...

I just didn't want it to be my fault.

JET:

I... I know you're hurting, Caine. And I'm so sorry that I can't be of more help... even if I am an all-purpose bot. I don't know what to do. I wish I could give you something to make you feel better.

CAINE:

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. God, I shouldn't be venting to you. You're the closest person to me.

JET:

Isn't that more reason for me to listen?

CAINE:

Sometimes I think the only reason you're close with me at all is because you can't leave. Since, I programmed you. And you're the only one who never gets tired of me.

JET:

Yes, you made me who I am. But you also made it possible for me to express things I dislike. I can't leave, you're correct. I mean, I could uninstall myself if I really wanted to. But I like being around you. You didn't program

me to like you at first. And now that I've been around lots of people, I know that I like you for sure!

CAINE:

Thanks, Jet.

JET:

Oh! I've found something that you might like. I know it has been hard without your comms. You've lost so many things. But I kept lots of the things you backed up! It was hard to find them through all the new data that I've been processing. But I hope you like it!

SFX: Jet pulls up the picture.

CAINE:

Huh? Jet, where'd you get this picture of all of us?

JET:

It's an old memory that I saved to my database! I thought you might want to see them again, even if it was just digital.

CAINE:

Yeah.

JET:

I heard from Su-jin that you saw them through virtual reality when you went to install the haustoria. I know that this isn't the same..

CAINE:

No, no. I really appreciate it, Jet. I know I get in these moods sometimes... But... it's real nice to see us back when we were all together. Heh. Sebastian's doing that stupid pose he used to do all the time. And Val... has she always looked so young? Wait a second.

JET:

Is there something wrong?

CAINE:

Let me just zoom in a little. Val's got a scar on her arm too? It looks super faint, but... but it's there.

Jet, how many of my old pictures from my comms do you have?

JET:

The oldest one I have is from sixteen years ago, when Valeria used to own the communications system!

CAINE:

Okay, Jet, look, do you see the part I'm highlighting? This is the scar. Can you track this kind of pattern across pictures with Val's face?

JET:

Yes, I can do that! Processing...

CAINE:

This stupid scar coming up again... I've just gotta find out when exactly it showed up...

JET:

Finished! Please look at the overhead display for results!

CAINE:

Oh my god.

Oh god, I wish Val was still here. I have so many questions. I need to ask her what this is all about, I need to- I want to-

Ugh, goddammit. I need to go back.

SFX: The car revs.

SCENE 2

SFX: Footsteps up the stairs.

LOLA:

Still haven't reached them?

SU-JIN:

Well, Caine left the comms we gave them. And I don't think Jet's probably in the mood to answer either.

LOLA:

I figured as much.

SU-JIN:

Lola... are you doing okay?

LOLA:

No... No, I don't think so.

SU-JIN:

Okay, what happened back there was a lot. I'm not saying what you did was right, but I know that all of us have our reasons for joining Zero Zero, not all of them public.

LOLA:

I lied to a member, Su-jin. There's not much I can do to fix that. I keep thinking I'm better somehow than the people from Glasshouse... see, I'm even pretending like I'm somehow different from them. But I'm not. I'm still from Glasshouse at the end of the day and the ways that I'm cruel and scheming don't change.

SU-JIN:

Hey, come on. You know that's not true.

LOLA:

I know you're saying that because you don't want me to talk badly about myself. But that's just proof that I've

manipulated you too into thinking that I'm a better person than I am.

SU-JIN:

Lola, I believe in a lot of things. Like, I believe in Rocketeer still tagging after all these years. I believe one day I really will land a Salchow jump and not fall on my ass. I know those are stupid things, but... Most of all, I believe in people being good at the end of the day, even if there are plenty of terrible, awful people too.

There are some people that are too far gone. But you're not one of them.

LOLA:

There's no way to justify what I did.

SU-JIN:

I'm not saying you need to justify it—you messed up, but I'm not here to remind you of that 'cause I think you already know. I'm just telling you that you can make it right. Maybe Indra's not going to forgive you. But that doesn't mean you just stop doing what you do.

You're not planning on going back to Glasshouse, right?

LOLA:

I don't think that's even possible. I burned so many bridges... and this was the last one I had. Maybe it was a good thing that Indra stopped me before I talked to Haven.

SU-JIN:

Yeah. I mean, it's also okay to feel actually bad about the situation instead of forcing yourself to move on.

LOLA:

Oh. Well. I...

SU-JIN:

Let me explain. I know I'm really lucky that I get to see the people I care about all the time. And I also know that sometimes you connect with people, and they hurt you, and

you still wanna go back to them sometimes, because it's familiar. But it's not fair to the people you care about now to hurt yourself.

Maybe I'm reading too much into the situation, but that's kind of along the lines of what you told me once. You and Vic love to give advice, but you guys really don't like following it sometimes.

LOLA:

You've grown a lot, Su-jin. From the first time I met you... God, you seemed so young. You are young.

SU-JIN:

Come on. I'm an adult.

LOLA:

Yes, you are. But a decade passes and you just... start wondering if all the decisions you've made are just bad ones you tell people are good.

SU-JIN:

Aw, come on, Lola. You didn't make Zero Zero to be famous or anything. You literally kept your involvement in it as secret as possible! You saw something wrong with a system and you wanted to fix it. Not all of us need to have totally noble intentions all the time for the world to change. We just have to do something.

Oh god... what are we going to do without Caine and Jet? I'm really worried about them. I don't want this to be the end of everything, but it's starting to feel like it is.

LOLA:

It's never the end if someone keeps trying hard enough. Speaking of, I need to apologize to Indra...

SU-JIN:

I can take care of shoring up our power supplies. With all the extra data we've been processing, I'm sure it'd benefit from a check-up.

LOLA:

Alright, then. Report back when you're finished.

SU-JIN:

Will do. And good luck.

SFX: Footsteps.

CAINE:

Ugh, I know you really don't care about anything that's not cryptos or bots, but right now, I need you to just open up the door. It's easier for me to explain if I show you.

Beat.

SFX: Rossum opens the door.

ROSSUM:

Geez, Caine, give me some credit. I care about you.

CAINE:

Yeah, as a customer.

ROSSUM:

That too, that too... but seriously, I haven't seen you around for a couple weeks and Dax has been livid trying to find you. He came in looking for a couple parts last week and about flipped his lid when I told him I had no idea where you were.

CAINE:

You'd better not have sold me out.

ROSSUM:

No, I wouldn't. I see how he treats your stuff, what with you coming in for replacements all the time. And I know whatever a man does with stuff is a good indicator of what he does with people he doesn't consider people. So what brought you the shop?

CAINE:

Okay, I know this is going to sound really, really weird, but did you ever notice a big scar on Val?

ROSSUM:

You're gonna have to be a little more specific.

CAINE:

Really? Well, I figured you'd know since you two were always... together.

ROSSUM:

I know, I know. She did. But she was tough as hell. Ever fight she got into; she'd leave with at least a couple of scars. That's better than I can say for the poor saps who fought her. Heh.

CAINE:

Yeah, right. Around the time she was 12. Did you ever remember a weird scar on her arm or something like that?

ROSSUM:

Caine, why are you asking me this? You sounded like you were in trouble, but if you just wanted to reminisce about your sister, this isn't really the time or place.

SFX: Caine unwraps their bandage.

CAINE:

Did she ever have a scar that looked like this?

ROSSUM:

What the...

CAINE:

Did she?

ROSSUM:

Uh...wow. Geez.

Yeah. She did. I bet I know the next question you're gonna ask, which is, "Can I get rid of it?"

CAINE:

So it *is* a tracker.

ROSSUM:

Yeah. I never wanted to press Val about it, but she ended up telling me one day that she wanted to get rid of it. We

must have been like fourteen or something and she'd gotten sick of it. She told me she wanted me to pull it out.

I mean, I really tried, Caine, but I'm not a doctor. I work on robots. It's different. And it didn't work. Neither of us really worked up the courage to touch it again. I don't know if she ended up actually pulling it out before... well, you know.

CAINE:

Well, can't you demagnetize it or something?

ROSSUM:

Not that easy, Caine, these trackers are able to withstand a lot. They're that old heavy-duty style.

CAINE:

Then just deactivate it remotely.

ROSSUM:

It's not possible.

CAINE:

Come on, Rossum! Just try something! Anything! I'm all that's left of Val and you're not even going to try?

ROSSUM:

Dude, I promised Val that I'd take care of you when you came to me for help, but you're asking a lot. I'm not going to mess around with stuff I don't know about just to-

SFX: The buzzer sounds.

ROSSUM:

Ugh, hang on.

We're closed for lunch right now. Can you read?

DAX:

Open up, Rossum.

CAINE:

(GASPS)

ROSSUM:

Dax?

DAX:

Don't pretend like you're not there.

CAINE:

You *did* sell me out!

ROSSUM:

I didn't!

CAINE:

I'm leaving!

ROSSUM:

Caine, don't!

DAX:

I've got a couple Correctors on their way if you're trying anything funny.

CAINE:

Well, how do I know you're not pulling something?

ROSSUM:

You're gonna jeopardize both of us! Don't leave the building. Stay in the Fontana's server room—it's the only place in here I don't let anyone in. And you'd better not mess with it while you're in there.

DAX:

I'm waiting.

ROSSUM:

Okay. Okay. I'm opening it up.

Just go!

SFX: Caine runs off and locks the door. Rossum opens the door.

DAX:

Where's Caine?

ROSSUM:

Excuse me?

DAX:

I know they're here.

ROSSUM:

What are you talking about—hey, you're not allowed back here!

DAX:

Where are you hiding them?

ROSSUM:

I'm not hiding anyone.

DAX:

Don't think I don't remember you acting all high and mighty when Valeria was around. You can badmouth me all you want, but you don't get to lie to my face. That's how you get your face smashed in.

ROSSUM:

And you don't get to touch my merchandise. You just bought from me a few weeks ago, so if you were really that desperate to get in here just to fix whatever project you're working on, you don't have to be making excuses. Not to mention, you really shouldn't be pissing off one of your market competitors.

DAX:

You're not my competition.

ROSSUM:

And yet my sales have been skyrocketing recently. I wonder why? Maybe because you lost your best delivery driver. That's probably why you're trying to find them, right? Well, we don't do deliveries here. So even if I wanted to hire them off you, you still own them. Run along unless you have *actual* business with me.

DAX:

Fine. As long as I'm here, I'm still looking for a GPS module.

ROSSUM:

Another one for your cars?

DAX:

If you have a smaller one, that'd be better.

ROSSUM:

Uh... I might have some in the stock, but we haven't got any mini ones right now. Smallest I've got would be—

DAX:

I can come back if you have them by the end of the week.

ROSSUM:

Yeah, that should work.

SFX: Door opens.

DAX:

What was that?

ROSSUM:

I didn't hear anything.

DAX:

Goddammit, CAINE!

ROSSUM:

Shoot, the back entrance—

SFX: Footsteps.

ROSSUM:

Dax—

DAX:

You had better hope I catch them. Or it's your neck.

SFX: The door slams shut.

ROSSUM:

Oh god, Caine, you idiot! Now we're both in trouble—

SFX: The Fontana room unlocks.

CAINE:

What the hell just happened?

ROSSUM:

Oh! Oh my god, you're still here. Wait, then who opened the back door?

Ugh, of course it's a note from Landon. Idiot's still mad about me rejecting him.

SFX: Rossum crumples the note up.

ROSSUM:

As much as I just covered for you, now we both have a target on our heads. I'd offer you a place but now that Dax knows about you, I don't think that'd be wise.

CAINE:

How did he know that I was here if you didn't tip him off?

ROSSUM:

The GPS modules. Oh, dammit, I'm so stupid. Caine, Dax put the tracker on you. Look, Val was twelve when she first got it, which puts you at eight—that's when Dax first moved in.

CAINE:

I've had the tracker on me for how long?

ROSSUM:

Ugh, that's creepy as hell.

CAINE:

You're telling me that he knows where I am right now?

ROSSUM:

I think that's why he's asking for a smaller GPS module. It must be too big for him to take with him.

CAINE:

I gotta go.

ROSSUM:

You're leaving? Where are you going?

CAINE:

Yes—I just need to be gone before he realizes that wasn't me. And I need to talk to some people.

ROSSUM:

...Are you gonna be okay?

CAINE:

I don't know.

But, thanks for your help, Rossum. Stay safe.

SFX: The door opens and Caine leaves.

SCENE 4

SFX: A door opens. Vic walks in.

VIC:

Oh, Indra. I... I honestly didn't expect you to still be here.

INDRA:

Where did you think I was gonna go?

VIC:

I don't know. You can leave. We're not gonna keep you here.

INDRA:

No, I really can't. At least not if I don't want to be on the streets again. You get that, right?

VIC:

Yeah, I do. I don't know where Caine's gonna go back to.

INDRA:

Well, between the abusive prick they used to live with and the general way that 86ers are treated in Metropolis, I'd still hazard a guess that they'd rather be homeless. It's not safe where they were living.

VIC:

I didn't mean to push them away.

INDRA:

Accusing people tends to do that.

VIC:

Argh... I was kind of hoping you weren't going to be here so I wouldn't have to apologize... but you are and so I should.

What I want to tell you is... I'm very... just very... Ugh. Scratch that. Just... I'm sorry. Yeah. There. Urgh...

INDRA:

Is that all?

VIC:

Okay, I know I suck at apologizing, but I really am. I was wrong to be accusing everyone without solid evidence.

INDRA:

...Okay.

VIC:

And I didn't mean to target you especially. Look, I actually really respect you. I can't imagine what it's like to go through the stuff you've gone through alone. That's rough. I understand why it can be hard to trust people. I told Caine the same thing... but now it's different. I didn't think Lola would do what she did. I get why you wouldn't want to talk to her after this.

INDRA:

But the thing is... I kind of do?

VIC:

You do?

INDRA:

See, I'm mad at myself for getting used. I hate that I put myself out there, when I'm vulnerable or when I start to think that it's okay to be vulnerable, and how people burn me for it. After the first time, with Haven, I just closed myself off to everything. I don't think I even really had to do things alone, but why in the world would I want to open up if I thought it just meant getting hurt? God, I don't even know why I'm saying this to you. I think something's wrong with me.

VIC:

Aw, No-geez, no. Nothing's wrong with you. It's the least I can do to listen to you.

INDRA:

I don't even really think that I'm staying here because I have to. I'm still sticking around because I feel like... like it's still worth it to stick around. Sunn shouldn't have kept that a secret from any of us. But she also didn't do anything yet *and* she actually came clean about it. I don't know if it's worth it to give her a second chance, but... part of me wants to. That's so dumb.

VIC:

Indra, I don't know how to tell you that having feelings isn't dumb.

INDRA:

You just did, buddy.

VIC:

I know all of us really care about Lola for our own reasons. I mean, she saved my life. And yours too. She's the most generous and funniest person I know and she's basically my best friend, not just a leader. No matter where she goes, I'm following her—to keep her safe and to keep her company. And no, it's not anything romantic. It's just... she's like family. Lola inspires people and it makes pretty much everyone she meet see her as incredible and perfect. But she's a person too. She's going to make mistakes.

I told Jet this, but I didn't join Zero Zero right away after Lola helped me out. And that was just because she pushed so hard. And God, it feels like it was such a long time already... I was the first person she'd ever tried to talk to about Zero Zero. I couldn't take her seriously. Like, come on, really? I was kind of like you—I kept thinking that since she was from the Dome, she couldn't possibly understand what it was like out here. Living on the streets. And in some ways, she still doesn't. She badmouthed the people I was running with before, which obviously rubbed me the wrong way. But I cared for her because she cared for me. And part of caring about someone I think is wanting to forgive them. In the end it's up to you to decide if you want to or not.

INDRA:

I don't know what to expect out of this. I don't know if I'm going to forgive her right away.

VIC:

I don't think you have to. Even if the whole revolution falls apart, we're still going to care about each other—however many of us are left.

INDRA:

Alright then.

SFX: Knocking.

VIC:

That was from downstairs.

INDRA:

It better not be whoever was tracking us.

SFX: Indra unsheathes xir weapons.

VIC:

We can go look.

SFX: They walk down the stairs.

VIC:

Alright. On my signal.

SFX: They open the door.

INDRA AND VIC:

Caine?

CAINE:

I figured something out. And I need help.

SCENE 5

SFX: Medical bay noises.

INDRA:

Well, this sure is familiar.

VIC:

So it actually is a tracker.

CAINE:

Yeah. I went to Rossum's, but she said she can't take it out—I don't even really know what it looks like and I had to leave before we could talk more about it.

SU-JIN:

The worst part of this is, I *can* believe Dax installed a tracker on you. Ugh. What a creep. But I'm glad you got away. And I'm glad that the tracker shielding on the base has been mostly successful...up until now, I guess.

CAINE:

That's not your fault. It's not any of our faults, but I still have to make it right. I'm still the one who brought this thing in and I don't want to make everything we've worked for be for nothing.

INDRA:

Sunn's coming down pretty soon, isn't she?

SU-JIN:

Yeah. She said she's just prepping the rest of the equipment.

INDRA:

I'm heading back up. Oh. And Caine?

CAINE:

Yeah?

INDRA:

Don't sweat it, kid. Alright? You'll be fine. This isn't the end of everything... yet.

SFX: Footsteps.

VIC:

I don't know that I should stick around either. If there's anything to do with the code, I'll help you figure it out.

SU-JIN:

And I'll be on stand-by for the hardware. You're gonna be okay.

CAINE:

I know. Thanks.

SFX: The door opens. An elevator descends.

LOLA:

It's good to see you back again.

CAINE:

Good to see you too, Lola. It was really good to see everyone, actually. I feel like I forget how bad my life was until I'm with people who actually care about me. Like where I am... and then try to get a hold of me. Jet's had to delete like, thirty missed calls or something.

LOLA:

The things that have happened in the last couple hours must have been pretty overwhelming for you. I'm sorry that we can't do more for you.

CAINE:

I mean, you took me and Jet back in after I stormed off like that. That's more than enough.

LOLA:

You can ask us for more if you need it. We'll help you.

CAINE:

...Yeah, um... thank you for that. Sorry I asked you to do this out of the blue.

LOLA:

No one goes into medicine thinking that they're not going to be fielding emergency calls. The tracker's not just a danger to Zero Zero—it's causing you distress and I'll do my best to investigate it.

LOLA:

Audio log on patient 340. I'm doing a preliminary investigation on Caine Reyes' and the tracker located in their right arm. Supposedly this surgery was performed when they were somewhere around eight years old, which is consistent with the appearance of the scar. It is a two-inch scar that is slightly raised from the surface of the skin, located on the right forearm. This is generally where trackers are installed for criminals. The scar itself is keloidal, which implies lack of care after the tracker installation. Caine, did you want to add more to this report? About your feelings on the scar, what you know about it...

CAINE:

Uh... I was just really self-conscious about the scar. I don't really remember getting it, just because I played pretty rough as a kid.

LOLA:

Any pain associated with this throughout the years?

CAINE:

Nothing I could separate from the other aches I've had.

LOLA:

Alright. I'll be scanning your arm and Su-jin will put the data on the display.

LOLA:

Patient's scan shows a metal rod, about one and a half inches in length, installed in the muscular layer of the

skin. A long wire extends from it to the antecubital vein and then farther up to the heart.

SU-JIN:

Hi, uh, just to add on. This is a common style of tracker where several microchip boards are encased with a metal layer to prevent magnetism from affecting the interior workings. They're powered by an electrokinetic battery-

CAINE:

Okay, okay. Uh, but more importantly, can you get rid of it?

LOLA:

...I can't.

CAINE:

What?

LOLA:

Two reasons. First, you had this implanted a long time ago—your muscles and nerves have all grown around it.

CAINE:

Then cut it off. I can just get a prosthetic—you've printed extra things for Indra.

SU-JIN:

Unfortunately, this tracker is the kind used for criminals. Lots of them try doing that, but that wire up there is both the power source and the other reason why we can't pull it.

LOLA:

The tracker is connected to your heart. If we sever the connection, we risk stopping your heart entirely.

CAINE:

You can't just put a cardioplate on me or something?

LOLA:

Those procedures are extremely risky, and I don't want to put you in danger like that. There's a very low success rate.

CAINE:

Well, that's not a zero percent success rate, that means you can still try, can't you?

SU-JIN:

But... the problem is that Dax has the tracker controls on you, right? I can't disable them remotely... but if someone got them in person, it wouldn't be a problem anymore.

I'd be willing to do that.

LOLA:

You can ask any one of us to get it for you, Caine. None of us want to send you somewhere where you would have to confront someone who abused you. That'd be asking too much.

CAINE:

It has to be me.

SU-JIN:

It doesn't have to if it makes you feel unsafe.

CAINE:

Look, I appreciate what you're offering and what you want to do for me. But I have to do it.

Dax is the last person who has connections to my family—real connections to the people I loved. And I hate that. But I need answers. If he put a tracker on me *and* Val, it means he knows where she went the night she disappeared. And I need to know what happened.

But at least now, I know I don't have to do it alone.

END EPISODE.

Hi, Eli Ramos here, creator and editor of Under the Electric Stars. If you liked this episode, please share it with your friends and rate and review it wherever you're listening to us. You can find us on our website at undertheelectricstars.com, or on social media: we're @utes_podcast on Twitter and [undertheelectricstarspodcast](https://www.tumblr.com/undertheelectricstarspodcast) on Tumblr. You can also find us on Patreon at [mxeliramos](https://www.patreon.com/mxeliramos), that's M-X-E-L-I-R-A-M-O-S. You can get early access to episodes, behind the scenes looks, and extra content there, so please support us if you have the means. This episode was edited by Arizona Johnson. Our voice talents are as follows: Rhea Anne as Caine Reyes, Christine Kim as Su-jin Yi, Kevin Paculan as Vic Vass, Robin Guzman as Jettison, Chaitrika Budamagunta as Lola Sunn, David McGuff as Dax Pastore, and Rey Angel as Indra. Additional voices were provided by Fran Carr. Thanks to Jordan Davis, Fran Carr, and Ezra Lee Buck, \$20 Patrons on our Patreon. And to everyone, thanks for listening, and see you in Metropolis West soon.

Aster Podcasting Network is hosting new shows! Look forward to Inigo Sherwani's Crown Jewels, Angel Hom's Would You Like Fries With That, Bex's Pictures of a Lavender House, and another short run series by yours truly, The Sound of Your Name! We're excited to be bringing you new stories, so check us out @AsterPodcasting on Twitter for updates!