

SCENE 1

CAINE:

(NARRATING)

When you're an Epsilon, all you own are the clothes on your back and your memories. If you're lucky, you've got a name and not just a code. Hell, if you're luckier, you've got a place to hide when the Correctors come knocking.

A week ago when I showed up at the Zero Zero base, I hadn't thought through anything—whether they would let me in or if what little luck I had finally ran out. I was half-starved and ready to pass out from exhaustion. It seems weird when I say it now, but when Vic and Lola took me in without any hesitation, I... I almost ran away again. I know, it sounds stupid, but I guess when you're afraid of losing what little you have, you get scared of the things people give you too. I mean, at least that's what I noticed with Indra. Xe's still a mystery to me. Xe doesn't seem to hold a grudge even if I was the one that almost killed xir...but then again, I could totally be wrong. And that's one more wrong move away from getting killed myself.

SFX: Footsteps.

INDRA:

Caine.

CAINE:

Indra.

INDRA:

I'm sitting here now.

CAINE:

...Fine by me.

SFX: Caine's comms glitches.

CAINE:

Ugh! Stupid comms system... I lost access to my IDs and my cryptos. And it's just so laggy. Come on... stupid... garbage!

SFX: Caine starts it again and it dies.

INDRA:

Ah, you must have gotten the older model. Vass and Yi just fitted me with a newer type after you ripped through my last one.

CAINE:

Haha. Oh. Yeah. Right.

INDRA:

Haha. You really got me there.

CAINE:

Look, you know, I just really was panicking back in the Numitron and I figured, well, how am I supposed to stop things from getting worse and it's like, my way of thinking, like it's either xir or me and not just that but you were coming for Su-jin so I just was working on instinct at that point which is really the worst thing I can do... so...

INDRA:

Okay.

CAINE:

Uh...

INDRA:

Are you done?

CAINE:

I... guess so?

INDRA:

Alright. Well, I got nothing to talk about.

CAINE:

Okay then. I'm gonna-

SFX: Door opens.

SU-JIN:

Caine are you busy-oh! Hi there, Indra.

INDRA:

Hello, Yi.

SU-JIN:

So, I'm here on some Zero Zero business and apparently, it's pretty pressing, so if you wanna come down to the lab with me, we can-

INDRA:

Oh, I'll come along. Might be interesting. Try to keep up.

SFX: Footsteps. The door closes.

CAINE:

Hey, Su-jin? You ever get the feeling that-

SU-JIN:

That Indra doesn't like me? Yes. Constantly. Come on, let's go.

SFX: Lab ambience.

LOLA:

Good to see you all. We have a problem.

INDRA:

And don't we just love hearing that.

LOLA:

Su-jin, it concerns the prototypes that you borrowed from Panel district.

SU-JIN:

You mean the haustoria prototypes? I thought we didn't have to return those until we'd gotten through a few cycles of data.

LOLA:

Things have changed. Our informants are getting upgraded from Deltas to Gammas *tonight* and this is going to be our last chance to return the prototypes to them without suspicion. They're moving into Glasshouse permanently after this and I'm worried that they'll leak information about us

if we don't comply. There's a real danger of our cover getting blown and all this tech we've built getting compromised.

CAINE:

Hang on, the Panel District? Where's that?

INDRA:

You and I would call it as Windowpane.

SU-JIN:

Why's it called that?

INDRA:

It's right next to Glasshouse. Everyone there's obsessed with climbing up the ranks even if it only happens once every few years. And they pretend Panel district is just an offshoot of Glasshouse.

LOLA:

Yes, the class upgrade ceremony. What a load of bull.

INDRA:

I know, they make such a big deal about it, but it's all just flash and finery. I had to attend one earlier on while I was with... Um. Never mind. I just had to go to one. Whatever.

SU-JIN:

Then you probably got better intel than any of us on how they go. None of us have been, and—

INDRA:

What, you expect me to just have the solution to your problems?

SU-JIN:

Uh, no, I just—

INDRA:

If you didn't notice I'm not a big fan of those Domers.

VIC:

I've got some information, but I don't think it's a good idea for me to be out in the field. The haustoria's first information cycle is coming in and you need someone to keep track of everyone out there.

CAINE:

Wait, Lola's coming with us? That's way too dangerous. Indra already recognized you and having more people close to Glasshouse see your face? There's no way you wouldn't get compromised.

LOLA:

Caine, I've already made my decision. I know the area well and I know our informants—I've been out before, I can handle this.

SU-JIN:

Caine, you'll be with Lola and I'll be on my own.

CAINE:

Well, I still don't think Lola should be out there. Let me do it. I could just take Jet and it'll be fine. We're better out on our own anyways.

VIC:

She's already made up her mind, Caine.

SU-JIN:

I know it seems like a big responsibility, but you had my back. You'll definitely have hers.

LOLA:

Su-jin's right. I want you out there in the field with me. If there's anyone who can handle themselves and protect others, it's you.

CAINE:

That's not the point, Lola, the responsibility isn't my problem.

INDRA:

Um, hey. What about me?

VIC:

What about you?

SU-JIN:

You just said you hated Domers.

INDRA:

That doesn't mean I'm not going. Look, you're right, I've obviously been out there, and I know the place pretty well. If Sunn just needs an escort, that's easy, I'll take her. Caine and Yi, you two pair up. That's four of us in the field. That work for everyone?

LOLA:

I would be honored if you'd escort me.

VIC:

If that works for you, Lola, it works for me.

CAINE:

Okay fine. I'm still taking Jet with us.

LOLA:

Great idea. Jet?

JET:

Already on it, USER: Lola! I'll start my navsys!

SFX: Jet teleports away.

SCENE 2

SFX: Car ambience.

VIC:

Okay, Caine, you're our driver. You, Jet, and Su-jin will be in the North neighborhood to pass off Prototype A to our first informant—it's closer to the District Hall so it'd be too dangerous to have Lola there. Lola, Indra, you'll be in the East with Prototype B. The upgrade ceremony starts at 1700h so make sure the prototypes are delivered by then. Your rendezvous is at the fountain at the edge of the East neighborhood.

JET:

We're approaching East quickly! We'll arrive in four minutes.

LOLA:

Everyone ready?

SU-JIN:

Yeah. I mean, this'll go pretty quick, I hope—they know we're coming after all.

SFX: Distant yelling and lasers.

CAINE:

What the hell—Jet?

JET:

Yes, calculating... detour advised! It appears to be a firefight! Rerouting...

SFX: Jet beeps.

INDRA:

What the—in the Windowpane? Thought Correctors basically eliminated the gangs up here.

VIC:

Uh oh. Those aren't gangs, that's brand-new tech—looks like the neighborhood watch are trying to flag down anyone who looks suspicious. Got your ray gun, Su-jin?

SU-JIN:

I mean...yeah, but I'm not super keen on using it.

SFX: Jet beeps.

JET:

Rerouting complete! Please see overhead display for your new route.

CAINE:

Thanks, Jet. Don't worry, Su-jin, as long as we can stay out of sight, we should be fine.

SFX: The laser fire grows closer.

CAINE:

Goddammit. Hold on to something, everyone!

SFX: Caine revs the car.

INDRA:

Where the hell are we gonna go? They spotted us already!

JET:

The detour should work out! Caine and I usually get out of these situations okay!

LOLA:

How many times have you gotten chased by-

CAINE:

Don't ask him that, just hold on!

SFX: Mechanical whirring.

SU-JIN:

Uh, pretty sure those are tire spikes?

INDRA:

We are *not* going to be able to brake in time!

CAINE:

Everyone shut up, I got this!

SFX: Caine slams on the brakes and the car screeches to a halt.

EVERYONE:

(YELLING)

CAINE:

See, told you! We're fine!

SFX: Knocking on window.

GUARD:

Hey, out of the car.

SFX: Caine revs the car.

INDRA:

Caine! Hit the gas!

CAINE:

I'm working on it!

GUARD:

I said, out of the car!

SFX: Caine drives out.

JET:

Escape routes are quickly closing! Please follow the advised one on your display!

SFX: Explosion.

INDRA:

They're using bombs!

SFX: Closer explosion.

LOLA:

Indra, cover Caine!

JET:

We're almost through the route!

CAINE:

Come on, come on!

SFX: An explosion. Shattering glass.

CAINE:

Agh!

INDRA:

Caine!

SFX: Ringing noise.

INDRA:

I got you! Hey, you two, *move!*

SCENE 3

SFX: Footsteps and explosions.

SU-JIN:

We should be safe down this alley. (COUGHING) Oh god, it's so smoky out there, I can't see a thing. Are you okay, Caine?

LOLA:

(COUGHING) Huh? Su-jin?

SU-JIN:

Huh-Lola?!

LOLA:

Where's Indra and Caine?

SU-JIN:

No clue, but I hope they grabbed their prototype. Do you have the other one?

LOLA:

We're empty handed. I couldn't find ours.

SU-JIN:

Dammit. Shouldn't we go look for them? If they have the car, they might still have it.

LOLA:

No—we can't waste time going after two separate things. It's better to find one or the other.

SU-JIN:

We could always split up—I'll find the prototype and you—

LOLA:

No. No splitting up. I might get caught, and Caine wasn't wrong. If I'm spotted alone, I'll be in big trouble. That smoke hasn't cleared yet and it sounds like those squads are still moving. We'd better start moving too to avoid any issues.

SU-JIN:

Hang on, let's listen in and figure out where they're going so we don't run into them.

CORRECTOR 1:

Breaker, breaker, all squads. Team D reported an unknown machine in their perimeter. Do not engage. Backup bomb squad is approaching.

LOLA:

Team D...

SU-JIN:

Odds are that's our prototype. So we better get there before they do, right?

LOLA:

Right. We're fairly close by anyways. We just have to beat the bomb squad there.

SU-JIN:

Come on.

SFX: Footsteps. Su-jin and Lola sneak past Correctors.

SU-JIN:

Duck out of sight.

SFX: Footsteps pass.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 1:

We've arrived. Requesting location for Team D.

SU-JIN:

Oh, great, they're already here?

LOLA:

We can't get to the prototype if there's two squads there.

SU-JIN:

If they're knocked out we can.

LOLA:

I'll take left, you take right.

SU-JIN:

You take the ray gun. Just in case.

SFX: Su-jin tosses it over.

LOLA:

Okay. Go.

SFX: The two of them run over.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 2:

What the-breaker, breaker, Team D, there's-oof!

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 1:

Hey!

SFX: Lasers.

SU-JIN:

Close one!

SFX: Su-jin disarms them and the gun clatters to the ground.

LOLA:

One more to your left!

SU-JIN:

Whoa!

LOLA:

Su-jin, jump high!

SU-JIN:

Okay!

LOLA:

(ONE MORE GRUNT SORRY WE HAVE A COUPLE ACTION SCENES AND THIS IS ALWAYS WEIRD, SHE'S LEG SWEEPING THE OTHER GUY)

SFX: The other guy goes down.

SU-JIN:

Nice leg sweep.

LOLA:

Thank you.

SFX: The radio powers on.

TEAM D MEMBER:

Breaker, breaker, bomb squad. We heard your first message.
What's going on?

SU-JIN:

What do I say?

LOLA:

We... saw another suspicious person.

TEAM D MEMBER:

Okay. We'll split—you two! Finish perimeter investigation
and watch for anyone. You, come with me. We're backing up
bomb squad.

SU-JIN:

They're coming here? Now?

LOLA:

Thank you. Over and out.

Yes. We should run—

SU-JIN:

No—we're not gonna get past that perimeter patrol. How fast
can you put on a bomb suit?

SFX: Footsteps.

TEAM D MEMBER:

Bomb squad.

LOLA:

Team D.

SU-JIN:

Our other member is still knocked out. You'd better take
them to medical.

TEAM D MEMBER:

Right. Too much is going on around here. You, take them to the med bay. Any chance you can speed this up? And pass on the backup if we're taking your teammate?

SU-JIN:

What's happening?

TEAM D MEMBER:

District Hall's called us over. Looks like they're bringing people over early to avoid having their security split up. God, I hate it when they tell us this stuff so late. I guess giving some advance notice is too hard for them.

LOLA:

(THOUGHTFULLY)

Hm. Yes. We can handle this.

SU-JIN:

We can? I mean—we can.

TEAM D MEMBER:

Thank god. I'll see you two at DH.

SFX: Footsteps.

SU-JIN:

Er—you might wanna check down that alley. At some point. When we're gone.

TEAM D:

What?

SU-JIN:

Why don't we just take this and we'll disarm it later?

SFX: Su-jin picks up the prototype.

TEAM D:

Whoa—isn't that super dangerous? Come on, dude—

SU-JIN:

Yeah, we'll just—don't mind us... Run!

SFX: Running.

TEAM D:

Hey, what the... ugh. I can't be bothered to deal with this.

SCENE 4

SFX: Driving.

INDRA:

Hey, are you alive?

CAINE:

Ugh...

INDRA:

You better not have a concussion or something.

CAINE:

Indra?

INDRA:

Yeah, it's me. Still weird hearing people call me that.

CAINE:

Were you just...driving my car? Wait! Where's Jet? And Su-jin-and Lola?

INDRA:

Yeah, I drove your car. You passed out, so I figured I would get us out of danger. Dunno where the other two are, but I muted your bot 'cause the guy got really annoying. You're welcome for saving your life by the way.

SFX: Click.

JET:

-not fair that you can turn me on mute and-Caine! Oh, I can talk again! Cool. Are you okay?

CAINE:

I guess I'm alive. Where are we?

JET:

USER: Indra used my navsys to get us out of the line of fire but muted me after and didn't look at the display!

INDRA:

Snitch.

JET:

I believe due to the flow of traffic, which was rather heavy in the central neighborhood, that we're very near the District Hall! Unfortunately, if we venture back out there we will experience a 30 minute delay, possibly more.

INDRA:

Yeah, yeah, whatever. You got a plan for how we're supposed to get this prototype to the other guy in time? You were out for a long time.

CAINE:

What?! What time is it?

JET:

Current time is 16h30.

CAINE:

Aw no. Jet, call Vic.

JET:

Calling USER: Vic!

SFX: Ringing.

VIC:

Took you long enough. I've been calling for, like, thirty minutes, what's going on?

CAINE:

Indra! Why didn't you answer?

INDRA:

I was driving.

CAINE:

Oh, goddammit.

VIC:

Look, forget it—I'm assuming neither of you dropped off the prototype?

INDRA:

Don't you think that would've been the first thing we told you? No.

VIC:

Yeah, neither did Lola and Su-jin. Sounds like the plans changed and our informants got moved to the ceremony early.

INDRA:

So we just sneak in there and find them. Easy. Problem solved.

VIC:

Easy—God, I wish I was there... You do realize how high the security is going to be there, right? From what I heard they're pulling basically every squad to the Hall.

INDRA:

I *know*, but half the people—hell, everyone in Windowpane wants to attend this ceremony. I've been in there before. More security just means more bodies, and it gets packed like crufters in there, even without them.

CAINE:

Yeah, but we're Epsilons. We're gonna have to pretend to be Deltas at *least*.

INDRA:

Yeah. You're gonna do it.

CAINE:

No way! That's even stupider than having Lola come with us.

INDRA:

Okay, then we won't deliver the prototype. You happy?

CAINE:

No, I'm gonna screw this up, I know it! What am I even gonna say! I won't be able to—

INDRA:

You gotta be kidding me! God, you're an Epsilon like me and you still just—Caine, you need to stop believing in Glasshouse bull! There's nothing to fake! The only thing

that Deltas have in common with other Deltas is the amount of cryptos they have! They're just as desperate as we are. They're like us but all they do is pretend to be superior when their pockets fill up with cryptos. So stop talking, suck it up, and don't get us killed. Okay?

CAINE:

Indra...that was...

INDRA:

You were so competent when I saw you before. I thought you weren't gonna crack under pressure.

CAINE:

That was just protecting someone.

INDRA:

Well, come protect me this time. It's the least you can do. And don't say yes because you feel guilty. Say yes because you know you won't screw it up. You won't.

CAINE:

Okay.

VIC:

I'm uploading a map of the building for you. Jet, hop on Caine's comms—they're pretty old, but you should be able to screen jump to them. Lola and Su-jin have already snuck in the building—use the map to rendezvous with them.

SFX: Vic hangs up. Jet screen jumps.

CAINE:

Okay, are you all ready?

JET:

As ready as I can be!

INDRA:

Have been. Let's get rid of this prototype and get out of here.

SFX: Crowd.

INDRA:

See? Nothing to worry about.

CAINE:

Right, right, right. Nothing to worry about at all. Except, you know, literally *everything*.

INDRA:

Hey, knock it off. Don't make me give you another pep talk.

DOORMAN:

IDs please. ID, if I could see your ID.

CAINE:

Hi.

DOORMAN:

Identification?

CAINE:

Uh, what? Yes. Um. Oh. Uh. Right. Uh, well, this is the Epsilon accompanying me. No ID.

DOORMAN:

Ah. Didn't see your 86er there. Continue.

CAINE:

Well, here's...mine.

SFX: Caine boots up the old comms.

DOORMAN:

Pretty old communication system for a Delta.

CAINE:

I...uh, broke my usual one recently. Yep.

DOORMAN:

Seems to be happening a lot lately. That's why you should update your comms every year. You know, POTEN Co.'s got a new model coming out soon!

CAINE:

Is that so?

DOORMAN:

Yeah. But, uh, you didn't hear that from me. Just some rumors going through the grapevine.

SFX: We hear Jet's start up noise/

DOORMAN:

Huh. You got a pretty sweet program on here. Looks like an all-purpose interface. Nice. Well, go on ahead.

CAINE:

Thanks. Bye.

SFX: Door closes. Footsteps.

INDRA:

Nicely done, Caine.

CAINE:

Thanks... I'm trying.

INDRA:

Keep this up and we'll be just fine.

SFX: Jet pings.

JET:

Our friends should be around the corner. Keep an eye out!

CAINE:

Alright, Jet. Will do. But not so loud. Anyone here could be listening in.

JET:

Got it. Lowering volume...

INDRA:

Ugh. Just like I remember it. Way too crowded. You can practically taste the fakeness in the air.

CAINE:

Gah, I know. Or that's whatever snobby perfume everyone's doused in.

I can't see at all in here—I keep trying to catch sight of either of them, but... yeah, I think they're definitely in disguise. I'm pretty sure we're in the right place...

INDRA:

Check it out. Straight ahead of you's a person with robotic limbs. POTEN Co. brand, kind of old. That looks like it might be Sunn.

CAINE:

Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah, I think you're right, that's gotta be her. Everyone else who's wearing prosthetics here have newer models or are just hiding them.

INDRA:

Come on, let's head that way.

SFX: Footsteps.

CORRECTOR:

Excuse me, friends and companions. You've been selected for a random search.

CAINE:

I—! Uh...um...

INDRA:

Oh, what, because I'm an 86er? Typical.

CORRECTOR:

Follow me to security.

INDRA:

Oh great, our cover's been blown.

CAINE:

I noticed, thank you! I'm trying very hard not to freak out right now!

SFX: They enter another room.

JET:

This is not security.

CORRECTOR:

No, it's not.

SFX: Hiss as helmet comes off.

LOLA:

This is the only place they can't hear us.

CAINE:

Lola! You're okay! I bet Su-jin's in that bomb suit, right?

SU-JIN:

Yep. Look pretty good, don't I? Only problem's the dumb Corrector's patch on it.

CAINE:

Yeah, you look good. Totally. Yeah.

LOLA:

I'm terribly sorry to scare you like that. The other Correctors were catching on. I thought I could gain their trust and divert suspicion from you by investigating you myself.

CAINE:

No, cool plan. Uh, maybe next time though... we could use, I don't know, a heads up?

INDRA:

Enough small talk. How are we getting these prototypes to their people?

LOLA:

Yes, let's talk about that. We have these uniforms, but none of the officers we took them from have clearance to enter the green room.

INDRA:

I'm not gonna need a disguise. I'm practically invisible now that I'm in here. Give me thirty minutes and sneak in there and we'll get out of here easy.

SU-JIN:

Uh, problem is, we've basically got twenty minutes to pull this thing off. The ceremony starts at 17h00 and they're gonna be on deck to enter the stage...right now basically. Dammit. We need a plan fast.

CAINE:

Okay, uh... who has clearance to get on the stage?

LOLA:

Here. Each officer has a list of permissions for everyone.

SFX: Beep.

INDRA:

Hey—that's the woman we saw earlier.

SU-JIN:

This one?

CAINE:

No, um... Her. The one in the hood—for a second, we thought she was Lola but... I mean, she's got prosthetics kind of like yours.

INDRA:

Not *like*, they're exactly the same. I know why I didn't recognize yours before. They're high class—Beta prosthetics, but they're old. No wonder you don't hide yours.

LOLA:

That's not—never mind. Who is she?

SU-JIN:

She's the Upgrader. Ceremonially, of course. She's the one who reprograms their comms.

CAINE:

Which means she'll be on stage with tjhe targets.

INDRA:

Good. What time is she scheduled to be on?

SU-JIN:

In... thirty minutes.

INDRA:

Then I've got it handled. We saw her wandering around on her own—looks like the ditzy type who thinks she's too good for a guard. I'm heading out.

SFX: Indra cloak swishes away.

CAINE:

Hey. You're not seriously gonna go on stage by yourself.

LOLA:

No, I won't be alone. You're coming with me.

Su-jin, you're the lookout. Since you're in that bomb squad uniform, you'll be posted near the back. Caine, you'll be switching uniforms with me. Scan your code and get on stage.

SFX: Microphone whine. Applause.

SU-JIN:

The first part's starting.

LOLA:

I'll wait for Indra here. Caine, go. Make sure you're up in time to be one of the guards once the Upgrader enters.

CAINE:

On it.

ANNOUNCER:

(OVERLAY)

Hello my beautiful Deltas! You are all looking so radiant. I'd say you look like a million cryptos! It's a pleasure to be here among good, common people who keep their part of the Metropolis clean. Why, if I didn't know any better, I'd say that all of you were Gammas yourselves! You can get there, through hard work and determination. And who knows? Some people out there in this crowd might even become Alphas! Well, tonight, we're honoring two people who are climbing their way to the top as we speak. Deltas just like

you who have earned enough cryptos to be upgraded to Gammas. While the Panel District here is just absolutely gorgeous, these Gammas will be also making their final goodbyes to you as they move to the glamorous Glasshouse! Sure some things will be just like home, but the more luxurious life for them could be yours too if you just work hard enough. Please welcome Noman Gresley and Winslow Taylor to the stage! When these two are promoted, consider it a symbol—of how even a regular old Delta can become a star if they truly use their power. Remember—the Power of Technology Enlightens the Nation! POTEN Co., everyone!

SFX: Indra cloak swishes over.

UPGRADER:

Oh—!

INDRA:

Make another move and I'll knock you out. You and I are gonna take a little walk over there and then you're gonna give your fancy Upgrading cloak to my friend. And then you're gonna wait there nice and patient. Deal?

UPGRADER:

Okay. Please don't hurt me.

INDRA:

(HEARING SOME OF THE SPEECH GOING ON) Ugh. Stupid.

CORRECTOR:

Scan your code.

SFX: Beep.

CORRECTOR:

You're on Upgrader detail.

CAINE:

Understood.

CORRECTOR:

Hey, what happened to that Delta you pulled out of the crowd?

CAINE:

The um...The Delta and the Epsilon seemed to pose a threat.
Just not sure what to do with them.

CORRECTOR:

Ugh, someone brought an Epsilon in here? Just leave them
outside, right?

CAINE:

Alright...well, I'm just gonna get to my post.

SFX: Caine steps on stage.

ANNOUNCER:

And now, introducing tonight's Upgrader, Joan Meyer! She's
a Beta, who, despite her disabilities, climbed the ranks
thanks to her work on Celadon Carbonate's software. She
will be changing Gresley and Taylor's classes for us. The
two of you, please hold forth your comms.

You may now approach, Meyer.

LOLA:

Caine?

CAINE:

Yes, I'm here.

LOLA:

Good. We're almost done.

SFX: Footsteps.

LOLA:

Your prototype.

GRESLEY:

Thank you. Take my comms, quick.

LOLA:

And your prototype.

SFX: The sound effects go into slow motion.

CAINE:

(NARRATING)

The roar of the crowd only grew as Lola approached the other side of the stage. Here, with cameras following her, I could almost see the life she had lived before—the glamor, the fame... and the constant eyes on your every move. Her stride never faltered as she walked across, the cloak that hid her face billowing behind her.

She turned, hiding the prototype as she reached to exchange it with the comms.

And then it all happened so fast.

TAYLOR:

I have a right to know who my machine went to.

CAINE:

(NARRATING)

He grabbed Lola's cape, but as he did..

SFX: Metal thunk.

CAINE:

(NARRATING)

The prototype dropped to the ground.

AUDIENCE MEMBER:

Oh my god! It's a bomb!

SFX: The crowd panics.

SU-JIN:

Caine, there's another member of bomb squad looking to take out someone on stage. They think it's not active right now so taking out the person who dropped it will stop the situation. Cover Lola! I'm gonna try to stop them!

CAINE:

(NARRATING)

Lola had already taken a couple steps back, clutching her cloak away from him. He was bewildered, his eyes darting from Lola to the prototype to the audience. Though he was magnified on the camera screens, he looked so small as I

ran towards Lola. But she had other plans. Her eyes were pointed skyward.

SFX: Laser noise.

CAINE:

(NARRATING)

Then I saw it—the laser sight of a sniper jittering high on the ceiling. Su-jin was wrestling with them, the point dancing back and forth before diving down towards the audience.

SFX: The laser warms up.

CAINE:

(NARRATING)

Lola was closer to the edge of the stage than I was. She took two steps back and then... she jumped. No—she flew. And I followed.

SFX: Lola lands.

LOLA:

Watch out!

SFX: Shove. A laser fires.

CAINE:

(NARRATING)

As she pushed a Delta out of the line of fire, she stumbled among the terrified crowd, falling. I ran forward to catch her—and even though I did, her cloak slipped. And the cameras were still trained on her.

Her face suddenly filled every screen of District Hall. And the crowd finally went dead still and completely silent.

TAYLOR:

(BREAKING THE SILENCE)

Lola Sunn?

SFX: Glitch noise. The power goes out. The crowd panics again.

INDRA:

There you are. Yi's blocking the cameras, but I'm clearing the way for you two. We're getting out of here.

Now move it, Deltas. Or I'll cut you down.

SFX: The car revs.

SCENE 8

CAINE:

(NARRATING)

Even though it felt like a mad dash, we'd escaped with a pretty wide margin. People were still processing seeing Lola's face—hell, we were still figuring out what to do with that situation. But Lola told us to save it until we got back to base.

SFX: Door opens.

SU-JIN:

Hey, Vic? You didn't answer any of our calls. ...Vic?

SFX: Footsteps.

INDRA:

You gonna talk or what.

LOLA:

What is it, Vic?

VIC:

It's bad... It's really, really bad. I kept wondering why it was taking so long to get the first cycle in—I thought there was just a lot of noise in the data or something. But look. There's two streams of data in here. There's one that gets sent to us... and then there's one that gets sent out. That means someone is giving away our location.

That means someone in here is a spy.

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 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. 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, Rey Angel as Indra, Christine Kim as Su-jin Yi, Chaitrika Budamagunta as Lola Sunn, and Robin Guzman as Jet. Additional voices were provided by yours truly, Glory from Ibbly, Chris Francis, Brad from Haunted Hell House of Horror, Sector 0, and Novitero, Inigo Sherwani, and Ju Spicer from Five Years. 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.