

SCENE 1

SFX: Hospital ambience.

DOCTOR:

Ah, hm, yes. So, you are Indra, correct? And you use...  
xe/xir?

INDRA:

Yep. That's me.

DOCTOR:

Nice to meet you. I'm Doctor Pera. Let's see...

Right, consent forms. Those always slip my mind. (THEY  
LAUGH)

INDRA:

That's not funny.

DOCTOR:

(THEY CLEAR THEIR THROAT) Um. Ahem. Right. Here are the  
forms, and I'll verbally explain them as well.

Gibson Clinic, hereafter referred to as "the clinic", is a  
facility designed for memory, emotional, and physical  
extraction processes via a number of procedures.

I, the patient—that's where you'll scan your ID—hereby give  
my consent for Dr. Pera to perform an Emotional Extraction  
Procedure, also called an EEP, at the clinic.

I understand the procedure can be described as follows: A  
neural link and digital visualizer will be used to excise  
the selected emotional responses, in your case, pain.

Aha, that's a common one.

INDRA:

Aren't you going to read risks section?

DOCTOR:

Well, I'm sure you know them since you came today, but yes,  
I'll read them all the same. Potential risks include memory  
loss, numbness of the brain or area associated with the  
emotional or physical response, increased physical or

emotional response lasting anywhere from a week to a month following the procedure, short or long-term disability, and death.

INDRA:  
(SARCASTIC)

Right. That sounds good.

DOCTOR:

It's very rare that people die from an EEP. Much more dangerous and costly to do PEPs.

INDRA:

And what about payment? I mean, how many cryptos am I getting out of this?

DOCTOR:

Pain experiences are fairly common ones that we pull out of people, so unless it's particularly bad, we won't be paying that much. What are you experiencing, pray tell?

INDRA:

Lung disease.

DOCTOR:

That one's getting more and more common in the Metropolis these days, isn't it? I always say it's something in the radcure, but we've all got to take it regardless. Not too often we see people come in here for extracting pain on them, usually too much of a toll for their bodies.

INDRA:

How. Much. Am. I. Getting. Paid?

DOCTOR:

1900 cryptos. I hope that won't take you over the limit for Epsilons. Your ID looks like temporary one.

INDRA:

Wouldn't be here if it wasn't one. I should be fine.

DOCTOR:

Renewal every three weeks? That's unusually often.

Are you going to be alright? Most people aren't able to spend such a sum-

INDRA:

Just let me scan for the consent forms.

DOCTOR:

Thank you. Alright, give me just one moment while I pull this out...

INDRA:

Eugh.

DOCTOR:

Now, don't be alarmed, this big spindly looking device is for the visualizer to track things about your neural state, so this one's for me. Go ahead and lay back. And this headset is for you. Procedure all in all is only about twenty minutes. Go ahead and relax and just... focus on the pain for a second so I can find it.

SFX: The hospital sounds fade. A door opens to the city.

NYX:

How'd it go in there?

INDRA:

Not the worst thing I've done for money. Honestly, I'm surprised they let Epsilons in.

NYX:

Yeah, only place this side of the city that's both good and actually lets us in through the door.

INDRA:

It feels a little funny though. Sort of like someone scooped something out of you.

NYX:

You know, people keep saying that, but I guess I got used to it. I barely even notice my arm starting to hurt anymore. Probably a bad thing, but I'm not complaining.

INDRA:

Hmph. Well, here's your cut of my cryptos.

Now where am I supposed to go for that appointment?

NYX:

Hold it, you can't just cut and run. I have to take you there.

INDRA:

Why can't you just give me directions?

NYX:

Can't have you blabbing about someone who switches temp IDs to permanents now can I? That would just cause chaos for everyone and put my gal in deep, deep danger. Besides, she can be...a little difficult to get to. Changes locations every week.

INDRA:

Hmph. Fair enough.

SFX: Fade to bus sounds.

ANNOUNCER:

Now approaching Powers St.

INDRA:

So how exactly did you choose me? If it's such a huge deal to keep secret.

NYX:

Not at liberty to say.

INDRA:

You could have picked any person off the street to get their ID flipped. So why me?

NYX:

Why not you?

INDRA:

Stop being so damn mysterious.

NYX:

Look, in all honesty, she really only gives it to people she thinks are actually gonna use it. Not people who want to be Deltas or Gammas, or God forbid, think they'll get any higher than that.

INDRA:

Ah. So, my apathy/enmity towards the system is a good thing in this case.

NYX:

Something like that.

INDRA:

Huh.

SFX: Stomach growling.

NYX:

You wanna burn a few of these cryptos and get something to eat first?

INDRA:

Isn't this kind of something that can't wait?

NYX:

When I say appointment, it's pretty fast and loose.

INDRA:

I'm supposed to be saving these cryptos. You know. For my surgery?

NYX:

I'll pay. Look, I don't wanna make you wait outside while I get a meal.

You look like you could use one.

INDRA:

Rrgh, fine.

ANNOUNCER:

Now approaching Lowell St.

INDRA:

Haven't been on this side since a bunch of Gammas hired me for construction.

NYX:

Well, the clinic's pretty far out from the neighborhoods I've been haunting. Subiro's where I used to be.

INDRA:

Too many wannabe Alphas there. And Tollbooth's got too many thieves. Places like the Mizio here, that's what I like.

NYX:

Alphas keep moving in here too. And Correctors.

INDRA:

I should be able to avoid them. I'm pretty smart.

ANNOUNCER:

Now approaching Lowell St.

NYX:

Let's get off here. I know a good place and it's near where we need to be.

SFX: They disembark.

NYX:

Not allowed in a couple places around here, by the way.

INDRA:

(LAUGHS) Me neither.

NYX:

Hope they didn't decide to put a No Epsilons sign. Let's see... Yep. We should be good.

SFX: Bell rings. Door opens to a restaurant.

SERVER:

Comms please?

NYX:

We have temps.

SERVER:

Ah. Lemme scan those.

SFX: Blip. Blip.

SERVER:

Guess you'll be wanting drinks? Cheapest thing we have is synthanol.

NYX:

I'll take one.

INDRA:

I'd better not.

SFX: The server pours a drink.

NYX:

Don't wanna have fun?

INDRA:

Health conditions. Not trying to get more pain in me just yet.

NYX:

Fine by me.

INDRA:

Solo quiero una buena comida.

SERVER:

Por supuesto.

NYX:

I'll have whatever xe's having.

SERVER:

Take a seat at that table, I'll be back in a bit.

SFX: The server walks off. Indra and Nyx sit.

INDRA:

So how does this whole... permanent ID thing even work? I'm not trying to get on anyone's bad side.

NYX:

Guess she found a zero-day exploit in the rollover for new temporary ID restrictions. Meaning they've always had the ability to turn temporaries into permanents, but they just decided not to.

INDRA:

Well, that confirms my suspicions.

NYX:

Right?

SFX: Server returns and sets down their plates.

SERVER:

Here you are. Enjoy.

INDRA:

Thanks.

SFX: Indra and Nyx eat. In the background, the restaurant door opens and closes.

INDRA:

Too bad your pal doesn't think it's worth it to make everyone's IDs permanent.

NYX:

A girl's gotta make a living, I guess. If everyone's IDs are permanent, good for them, but then she's out of a slightly shady job.

INDRA:

Yeah. Can't blame her.

SFX: The server returns.

SERVER:

(HURRIEDLY)

Excuse me, miss?

NYX:

Hm?

SERVER:

I think you should probably leave.

INDRA:

Whoa, buddy, we just sat down.

SERVER:

Uh, you don't need to leave, but word to the wise, a couple customers have been looking at her funny.

INDRA:

The hell?

NYX:

That's not good.

INDRA:

What's the big deal? Prejudiced idiots.

NYX:

A little more personal than that.

Looks like they're Correctors. They're pretty sore that a different department gave me a deal while I was still on their radar. I didn't think they'd be here.

SERVER:

I'm not trying to have any trouble in here. I don't want to have to call my manager, or this will become another no Epsilons establishment-

SFX: Footsteps.

CORRECTOR 1:

Well, you don't need to call them. We can handle our business.

SERVER:

I... I, uh... excuse me.

SFX: The server runs.

INDRA:

Typical. Turn tail and run when the Correctors get involved.

NYX:

Look, fellas, I just got paid—scan my ID and call it even?

CORRECTOR 1:

Not this time, Nyx. Cobalt Fangs might be gone, but your kind need to be eradicated from the Metropolis entirely.

NYX:

And then who'll do your dirty work? Can't pretend your hands are clean when there's no one to push the blame onto.

CORRECTOR 2:

Hey, who's your friend here?

INDRA:

Don't even *think* about touching me.

CORRECTOR 2:

(DISDAINFUL)

I hope you don't ever think I'd lay a hand on someone like *you*.

SFX: Indra eats.

CORRECTOR 1:

Not gonna say anything?

CORRECTOR 2:

I think that's what I'd call disrespectful behavior.

CORRECTOR 1:

What do you think, Nyx?

SFX: We hear Nyx get out of her chair.

NYX:

Let's just get out of here.

CORRECTOR 1:

Not gonna answer my question, huh?

SFX: The Corrector points their blaster.

CORRECTOR 1:

See, I'd call what you're doing resisting arrest. Get her.

SFX: The Corrector lunges and then falls.

CORRECTOR 2:

Oof!

INDRA:

Oh sorry, did you trip over my leg? Didn't mean to put it there.

CORRECTOR 2:

(GRUNTS AS THEY PULL INDRA DOWN)

INDRA:

What did I say about not touching me!

SFX: Indra punches the Corrector.

CORRECTOR 2:

Ow! I'll have you charged with resisting arrest too!

INDRA:

In your dreams.

SFX: Indra hits them again. Meanwhile...

CORRECTOR 1:

Got you in a corner. Nowhere to hide!

NYX:

I SWEAR TO GOD I WILL THROW THIS CHAIR AT YOU, DO NOT TEST ME.

CORRECTOR 1:

Don't be stupid!

SFX: Nyx throws a chair.

MANAGER:

What is going on in here! Get out of my restaurant!

NYX:

This officer-

SFX: The corrector handcuffs Nyx.

CORRECTOR 1:

-Is performing an arrest to keep your establishment safe.

MANAGER:

I don't care! Get out of here, all of you!

CORRECTOR 1:

We'll be out of your way, then.

CORRECTOR 2:

But-

CORRECTOR 1:

Don't push it. Come on.

SFX: They walk past out the door. Indra follows.

INDRA:

Wait, what the hell? What about my ID?!

NYX:

Don't worry about it.

INDRA:

What the hell does that mean?! I'm worrying about it! Nyx!

CORRECTOR 1:

Quit following us, Epsilon.

SFX: The corrector shoves Indra and he starts coughing.

INDRA:

Agh! Dammit! Stupid lung...

SFX: The server exits the restaurant.

SERVER:

Excuse me, Mx...Indra?

SERVER:

Are you doing okay?

INDRA:

(STILL COUGHING) This always happens with my lung. Just give me a sec to catch my breath.

SERVER:

You're not too sick, are you?

INDRA:

Nothing a surgery can't fix. Least my heart's still going strong.

What did you need?

SERVER:

You left your ID on the table. I wouldn't want you to lose it.

INDRA:

Give it here. I'll put it in... my... pocket.

SERVER:

Everything good?

INDRA:

Yeah. Great, actually. See ya.

SFX: Indra walks. Then, they uncrumple a piece of paper in their pocket.

INDRA:

Nyx must have slipped this in my pocket. "East, to the weeping woman." What?

I have no idea what that means. Couldn't she have been a little less cryptic?! Though I guess with something like this, you really don't know if you're being followed...

SCENE 2

SFX: Heels click as the lights flicker.

HAVEN:

Vitals look good for clients 833 and 901... need to start the treatment for client 452...

SERVER:

Miss Haven?

HAVEN:

Please, it's *Doctor* Haven. And what is it? Is your HavenHealth arm prosthetic malfunctioning again?

SERVER:

Ah, you asked me to take over for Te—for Client 516 today? Since he's sick.

HAVEN:

Ah, right. So, did you get anyone to sign up for a program? Or did you...ahem, *convince* anyone?

SERVER:

Neither of those things.

HAVEN:

Then, elucidate why exactly you came to me while I'm clearly busy.

SERVER:

Well, you've been telling us to be on the lookout for a candidate who's healthy enough to join our "recruitment" forces.

HAVEN:

So, where are they?

SERVER:

Here's the other thing—you've also been telling us to keep a lookout for a potential heart donor. I took a picture of xir temporary ID. I saw xir in the Mizio district.

HAVEN:

Give that here. Let's see... how tall was xe?

SERVER:

About 6'0.

HAVEN:

Approximate weight?

SERVER:

Somewhere around 145 pounds?

HAVEN:

And did you get any other medical information?

SERVER:

Yes. Xe has a lung condition, but xe seemed able to recover fairly well from a small bout of coughing. And xe can fight. Seems like with the frustration, it might have gotten worse lately though.

HAVEN:

Wonderful. That's a great candidate.

SERVER:

That's good news. So, does that mean... Teo and I can go?

HAVEN:

Depends. When is our new recruit coming by?

SERVER:

Um. Well. I didn't exactly convince them either way.

HAVEN:

Mm-hm. So, you just let my perfect donor walk away from you. Why did you even tell me about it if you were going to break my already fragile heart?

SERVER:

I thought maybe someone else could take on the job for me...?

HAVEN:

Ah. See, this is the problem with people like you. You get a handout from a generous person like me, and then suddenly, you think you can just take, take, take. It's bad manners. I'll tell you what. Find this person for me. Either bring them here or give me their exact location. And *then* you and your friend Client 516 can leave.

If he gets better.

SERVER:

If?

HAVEN:

I guess it all depends on how fast you find this person for me. I wouldn't want "Teo" to suffer, don't you agree?

SERVER:

I understand.

HAVEN:

Good. Now be a good little bag of bolts and find me my candidate. Okay?

SERVER:

I'll be going now. Doctor.

HAVEN:

Thank you.

Now let's see... better pay that visit to 452.

SCENE 3

SFX: City ambience.

INDRA:

East to the weeping woman... east to the weeping woman... come on. That could be anything! She couldn't have just given me coordinates?

SFX: A thunder rumble. Then rain starts to fall.

INDRA:

Ugh. Just my luck.

Guess this is gonna have to wait a bit. See if there's anywhere I can duck under...

MIRIAM:

Hey! Indra! Is that you?

INDRA:

(SURPRISED)

Miriam?

MIRIAM:

Come on, get under here. Rain's only gonna get heavier.

INDRA:

Yeah, I'm coming, I'm coming.

MIRIAM:

Fancy running into you here.

INDRA:

I should be saying that to you. Where'd you go after the Correctors split up the camp at 43<sup>rd</sup>? We all lost track of you.

MIRIAM:

Here and there, but mostly here. I just came from a job with a couple techs—got a bunch of goodies I'll probably sell to scrappers. Good work here, but bad living spaces. They say I'm bad luck at camps. Last two places I settled down got broken up too.

INDRA:

Bad luck?

MIRIAM:

Yeah, it's all superstition. Doesn't stop me from having a tough time picking a spot for the night. How about yourself?

INDRA:

I've mostly been in Herbejo but I've been camping in West Aldono since a while back.

MIRIAM:

Hey, nice! I used to live there, you know.

INDRA:

Only heard you say it a million times.

MIRIAM:

I know, I know. Even after five years, I still kind of think of it as my home.

INDRA:

Yeah. I get that.

MIRIAM:

But hey, West Aldono and Mizio are kind of far apart. What brings you here, business?

INDRA:

Sort of. I'm having this meeting..

MIRIAM:

Bad weather for it.

INDRA:

No kidding. But my guide got... lost.

MIRIAM:

Ah. "Lost."

INDRA:

Yeah. And she left me a note, but it's not helpful, so that's where I'm at.

MIRIAM:

Mind if I take a look?

INDRA:

You gotta promise not to spill about this.

MIRIAM:

I don't even know what your meeting's about.

INDRA:

Yeah, well, promise anyways.

MIRIAM:

Okay, geez. I promise.

INDRA:

Go back on this and-

MIRIAM:

And I'm dead, yeah, yeah, I know.

SFX: Unfolding paper.

MIRIAM:

Huh. You weren't kidding. This is extremely sparse.

INDRA:

(SARCASTICALLY)

Well, thanks a lot for the help.

MIRIAM:

Okay, hang on, hang on. East of... where did you come from?

INDRA:

That way.

MIRIAM:

Ah. That's good.

'Cause "Weeping Lady" could mean a lot of things, but the most famous spot, east of where you came, here in the Mizio is... drum roll please!

INDRA:

No.

MIRIAM:

Oh my god, such a buzzkill. (MAKES A DRUMROLL SOUND, THEN A FANFARE SOUND) The bank I pass by every day! That place makes me wanna climb up to the top and throw myself off, it's so pretentious. But they've got this statue of some lady all sadlike on it.

INDRA:

That's great! Well, where is it?

MIRIAM:

Literally just one block this way and two blocks down. You didn't notice the spires?

INDRA:

Eh, I don't come here as often as I should.

SFX: They walk.

MIRIAM:

Should?

INDRA:

I don't know. Not a lot of Spanish speakers around in other places of the Metropolis.

MIRIAM:

Well, not a lot of Tamil speakers either.

INDRA:

I guess. Not like I got the chance to learn much of that either.

MIRIAM:

Mhm. I get that. But this place is full of bankers and techies now. There's barely a culture here anymore and any

solidarity between you and other Latine people here is squandered by the cryptos they hoard.

INDRA:

Yeah... yeah.

MIRIAM:

Hey, speaking of cryptos, here we are! See how the whole thing still looks like a cathedral? All bells and towers, but at the end of the day, it's just another bank.

INDRA:

Yeah. First the mausoleum turns into a server farm and now old churches turn into banks.

Still, I don't think this is the right place.

MIRIAM:

Oh, your super shady appointment isn't happening in a building filled with Gammas?

INDRA:

(SARCASTIC) Funny.

I'm trying to figure out where we're supposed to go from here. Geez, I think I need to sit down.

MIRIAM:

No can do. Not here at least. The anti-homeless architecture and the security are both not great with people "loitering" on their steps.

INDRA:

Ugh, so much for the spirit of the old place.

MIRIAM:

Here, let's just cross the street, I think I see some steps you could sit on. Yep. Okay. Here we go.

INDRA:

Ugh.

MIRIAM:

Let me put my jacket down, the steps are still kind of wet.

INDRA:

Thanks.

MIRIAM:

No problem. Sorry the hunt for your meeting place stopped so short. Even Our Lady's crying for you.

INDRA:

Wait. Take a look up there.

MIRIAM:

Huh? Oh, that's right, when you're a little lower, you can see something hung up there in the alcove.

INDRA:

Can't quite make it out.

MIRIAM:

Well, we could just go inside?

INDRA:

What? No. We're Epsilons.

MIRIAM:

So?

INDRA:

So they're gonna kick us out. We need to sneak in.

MIRIAM:

They don't need to know we're even Epsilons. Come on, people can't even tell if they're not scanning an ID! We're all the same at the end of the day.

INDRA:

I don't know...

MIRIAM:

Look, how about I grab it for you? Or take a picture or *something*.

INDRA:

Maybe this isn't worth it.

MIRIAM:

Come on, Indra. I'm sure this thing is important. You're getting those wrinkles between your eyebrows and—

INDRA:

Agh, get off me.

MIRIAM:

Look, I'll pop in, pop out, it'll be like nothing ever happened! Consider it a small favor. I'll be back in just a second. Just be my lookout.

INDRA:

Fine.

SFX: Miriam heads over. We hear the big cathedral doors open and then close. Moments pass.

SECURITY:

Excuse me.

INDRA:

What do you want?

SECURITY:

I did notice it was raining, but you've been here for quite a while without doing anything.

INDRA:

I'm waiting here for someone. Scram.

SECURITY:

Just doing my rounds, Mx. I don't want to have to ask you to leave.

INDRA:

Then stop asking.

SECURITY:

I—

SFX: Suddenly, we hear an alarm.

INDRA:

Oh—dammit, Miri.

SECURITY:

What? (TO RADIO) What's going on?

SFX: The radio mumbles unintelligibly.

SECURITY:

I'm coming back inside.

SFX: The doors open.

INDRA:

Miriam...

MIRIAM:

Yes?

INDRA:

Ah! You scared me!

MIRIAM:

Sorry.

INDRA:

Should we be running? The alarm tells me we should be running.

MIRIAM:

No way. Innocent people don't run. We walk.

INDRA:

What did you do?

MIRIAM:

Tripped a fire alarm on the way out just to keep people busy.

INDRA:

Ah, geez.

MIRIAM:

Anyways, you curious to see what that thing said? I took a picture—it was too high up for me to reach it.

SFX: Miriam pulls something up on her comms.

INDRA:

“In the gilded alley, under the rocket blast?” Come on.

MIRIAM:

Weird and not helpful, still. You sure know how to pick who you hang with.

INDRA:

I’m hanging out with you, so, yeah, figures.

MIRIAM:

Hold on, is that a compliment?

INDRA:

Interpret it how you want.

MIRIAM:

See, weeping woman, I knew, but gilded alley is a little bit different.

INDRA:

You know, the bus I took here passed by an alleyway a couple blocks from here. Lots of tags and street art there—I bet that’s what this means by gilded.

MIRIAM:

Well, mind if I *tag* along?

I know, that was bad.

INDRA:

Yeah. It was. But yeah, if you’re not doing anything, I don’t mind the company.

MIRIAM:

Well, now you get to lead the way!

INDRA:

Come on.

SFX: Indra starts to jog off.

MIRIAM:

Hey, don't leave me behind!

SCENE 4

HAVEN:

There you are. Go ahead and take a couple deep breaths for me?

PATIENT:

(TAKES A FEW BREATHS)

HAVEN:

Yes. Uh-huh. Hm. Sounds good.

PATIENT:

I appreciate the help, Dr. Haven. You're the only one who really knows how to do a heart surgery right.

HAVEN:

Well, no trouble at all Mr. Spellman. You've always been a good client to me. I'm happy to still have your patronage.

PATIENT:

Glasshouse doctors started rejecting my treatment after the fourth one.

HAVEN:

Your increased payment of cryptos this time was much appreciated.

PATIENT:

I figured you'd need a little spending money since you're out here. I don't suppose business is very good.

HAVEN:

Not among conventional patients, no. I suppose not. I make do.

PATIENT:

Now, Dr. Haven, I've seen you a couple times and I hope this isn't too forward of me, but why exactly did you move your business out here? I don't suppose all that happened with Dr. Sunn years ago boded well for reputation, but that sort of thing passes, doesn't it?

HAVEN:

You should understand, it's still a bit of a sore topic for me.

PATIENT:

Dr. Haven? I don't mean to pry.

HAVEN:

I'll allow it.

Dr. Sunn was... my mentor as well as my colleague. All that stuff with unions and sympathizing too much with Epsilons... she was intelligent, but she didn't always understand how ruthless people can get. She wasn't always as tough as she needed to be. I'm sure you understand, when she abandoned Glasshouse, I tried to stop her. I turned over as much information as I could, about her research, her family, her other little hobbies. I wanted to make sure I was safe—that no one thought I was sympathizing with the mistakes she'd made. Just the person I knew she was, though she was often so gullible.

I really did want her to come back.

But of course, you can want something, and it just doesn't happen. The work that she had somehow incriminated me too and I was forced out of Glasshouse through no fault of my own. I don't resent her though. I still wonder about her, if she ended up making it out here. But I fear she was a little too soft for a world like this. Not that I necessarily fared any better at first, but you get tougher. And you earn up enough cryptos, anyone can get back into Glasshouse. You just have to be smart about it. It's for that reason that I'm so thankful for your business. Not many Betas want to leave the Dome. Much less get treatment from people.

PATIENT:

I try to be open-minded. How exactly does the rest of your business run?

HAVEN:

Aren't you nosy today?

PATIENT:

I can make it worth your while.

HAVEN:

Are you a journalist or something?

PATIENT:

Better. I'm something of a celebrity on the meshnet. Plenty of investors follow my recommendation on different businesses and yours has been something of an anomaly. It's fascinating.

HAVEN:

Ah. A boost in reputation. Tempting.

PATIENT:

All I ask is that you be as honest as possible.

HAVEN:

Certainly. While I may have condemned Dr. Sunn for her naivety around giving healthcare to anyone, not realizing how they might take advantage of her, I try to be generous myself. The Metropolis can be a dangerous place and there are plenty of good people who get hurt. I offer this facility and my personal care, as well as my top-of-the-line research I did while I was in Glasshouse. While Dr. Sunn specialized in mechanical prosthetic care, my own work was focused on organic matter and eliminating organ rejection and sepsis for those who could afford to keep everything biological. Here, we offer medical resources, but we also keep our medications under careful watch in order to mitigate the terrible drug epidemic, especially around Eprinjections. The life of many people throughout the Metropolis is in the hands of people who really have the compassion to go out and save them, and we get many people coming through our doors, but when they go back out, rest assured they've been helped to the utmost degree that I can provide.

PATIENT:

Uh-huh. That's good, that's good stuff for a post. And do you have a slogan?

HAVEN:

Not really. Should we?

PATIENT:

That last thing you said was golden. Help... like, uh... what about, Haven Helps with Health? Or uh...

HAVEN:

A little Haven help goes a long way?

PATIENT:

Perfect. I'll write that down and be out of your hair in a bit, but I think a lot of people will wanna swing by and uh, make use of your services if you know what I mean. And off the record, how much are the Eprinjections?

HAVEN:

How much are you willing to pay?

SCENE 5

SFX: Music from a radio (Pink Cadillac by tubebackr) and spray painting.

MIRIAM:

Gosh, you're really hustling. Whew. I almost lost you around that last corner.

INDRA:

Keep up. We're here.

MIRIAM:

Wow! Alright, this was worth me tripping a couple blocks back, this stuff is gorgeous. My gosh, look at the colors!

INDRA:

A couple kids I met a few camps back really liked making this kind of stuff. Mostly did it with charcoal though.

MIRIAM:

Gosh. Well, there's a whole lotta art here, are we just supposed to look for some... rocket?

INDRA:

Something like that? I know as much as you do.

MIRIAM:

Well, let's take a little gallery walk, shall we? Take it a little bit slower this time?

INDRA:

Alright. Painting of a kaiju, painting of a crow, a bunch of tags, painting of a moon...

MIRIAM:

You are going way too fast!

INDRA:

Rrgh.

MIRIAM:

I mean look at this painting of a fish. What does it make you feel?

INDRA:

This isn't therapy.

MIRIAM:

*Really* feel it, Indra.

INDRA:

It's a fish, Miriam. What do you want me to say?

MIRIAM:

What do you see?

INDRA:

It's a red fish in a green pond. Look, we're not gonna do this for every single piece here.

MIRIAM:

But it's fun!

INDRA:

Entertain yourself some other time—I was supposed to be at my meeting like hours ago.

MIRIAM:

Fine. But after your little meeting, you have to look through some of these with me.

INDRA:

Deal.

SFX: Sirens in the distance.

INDRA:

Do those seem like they're getting closer, don't they?

MIRIAM:

There's plenty of sirens here.

INDRA:

Miriam.

MIRIAM:

What?

MUSIC: Neo-Noir by <e s c p>.

INDRA:

Swear to me right now that you didn't get followed out of that bank.

MIRIAM:

Hey, I didn't technically do anything wrong.

INDRA:

You think the six cares about that? They only care about technicalities if they're trying to catch you on it.

CORRECTOR:

Hey! You!

INDRA:

Shit. Run, now.

CORRECTOR:

Get back here!

SFX: They start running.

MIRIAM:

It's just one long alleyway, they're gonna catch us!

INDRA:

That's where you're wrong. Up here!

SFX: Indra grabs onto a ladder and starts climbing.

MIRIAM:

I don't think it's super safe on the scaffolding!

INDRA:

I don't think it's super safe to get caught by Correctors!  
Start climbing!

MIRIAM:

Okay, okay.

SFX: Miriam climbs up too.

CORRECTOR:

After them!

MIRIAM:

They're still coming!

CORRECTOR:

Split up and chase them down!

INDRA:

Where to go, where to go...

MIRIAM:

It's all scaffolding up here! There's no path that's finished.

CORRECTOR:

You two, freeze!

MIRIAM:

I think it's the end of the line.

INDRA:

Not for me!

MIRIAM:

Don't you even think of jumping—(INDRA JUMPS) Indra!

SFX: Indra leaps across and lands on the other side.

INDRA:

(GRUNTS AS XE LANDS) Alright, you come too, Miri!

MIRIAM:

I'm not gonna be able to make that jump!

INDRA:

You have to, now do it!

MIRIAM:

Okay, running start... come on... three two one GO!

SFX: Miriam jumps and lands, a little more roughly.

MIRIAM:

Owww...

INDRA:

Let me help you up.

MIRIAM:

I don't think we're out of trouble just yet.

INDRA:

Agreed. Keep running.

SFX: The two scramble down another ladder and keep running.

MIRIAM:

I think we're in the clear now? We might have lost them.

CORRECTOR:

Suspects spotted, still running!

MIRIAM:

Oh, don't give me that look!

INDRA:

You just had to say something.

MIRIAM:

Here, up the fence!

INDRA:

...Okay.

MIRIAM:

Come on, you can go faster, right? You managed that jump earlier!

INDRA:

(WHEEZING)

There's only so many acrobatics my lung can handle!

CORRECTOR:

Requesting backup!

SFX: Indra finally makes it down the fence.

MIRIAM:

Uh, okay, let's see, we could double back around and head up to the roofs again... um...

INDRA:

Nope. Nope, nope, nope. I can't keep running. I'm gonna burst my good lung.

CORRECTOR:

Found an alternate entrance!

MIRIAM:

Shoot. Uh...

INDRA:

Okay. Even I know when it's over.

MIRIAM:

No-no, hold on, I found something!

SFX: A metal groan.

MIRIAM:

You hide in this grate.

INDRA:

There's barely enough room in there for both of us.

MIRIAM:

Yeah, I said *you*, not me. I'll distract them.

CORRECTOR:

Got it open! Closing in now!

INDRA:

Don't do something stupid.

MIRIAM:

When have I ever?

INDRA:

Well, there's that time you-

MIRIAM:

No arguing, get in the grate now!

SFX: Miriam closes the grate.

CORRECTOR:

Don't move.

MIRIAM:

I'm not going to.

CORRECTOR:

Turn around.

MIRIAM:

Hi, officer.

CORRECTOR:

Wait a second, you're not one of our suspects.

MIRIAM:

Looking for someone?

CORRECTOR:

Did you see a few kids with spray paint cans?

MIRIAM:

Well, lots of them in this alley, I suspect.

CORRECTOR:

Yeah, the place is rampant with felons.

MIRIAM:

(DOES NOT AGREE)

Yeah, I 100% agree.

CORRECTOR:

And I have to reach a certain quota by the end of the month... it's tough. You understand.

MIRIAM:

Totally...

CORRECTOR:

Well, I'm sorry to bother you. Have a good rest of your day, miss.

MIRIAM:

I sure will. Hope you hit your quota.

CORRECTOR:

Oh, wow. Thank you.

MIRIAM:

(GRITTING HER TEETH)

Good luck.

SFX: Indra opens the grate.

INDRA:

Laying it on a little thick there at the end.

MIRIAM:

I saved your ass back there.

INDRA:

Yeah, yeah, I know.

MIRIAM:

And I'm about to save your ass *again*. Hey, Indra. What does this big tag from some guy named Rocketeer over this door make you feel?

INDRA:

Oh my god. You actually found it.

MIRIAM:

Well, I didn't find it. I just... noticed it while I was talking to that Corrector.

INDRA:

Thank you.

MIRIAM:

Hey, no problem. You're an old pal.

INDRA:

I honestly couldn't have done this without you.

MIRIAM:

Whoa, did you hit your head coming out of the grate or something?

INDRA:

Oh, shut up.

MIRIAM:

Well, go on. You shouldn't be late.

INDRA:

Right.

SFX: Indra walks up to the door and knocks. A slot slides open.

RINA:

ID.

INDRA:

Here.

SFX: Blip.

RINA:

Indra? Where's Nyx? You two were supposed to be here a while ago.

And who's that?

INDRA:

A friend. Nyx got arrested, so Miriam's been helping me. We nearly got arrested too, so let's just get this over with before Correctors come back here.

RINA:

Fine. Come in.

INDRA:

Let's go, Miriam.

RINA:

Ah, ah, ah. Not her.

INDRA:

She helped me find you. She deserves to come in here.

RINA:

She doesn't technically deserve anything. I don't even know if she can pay up.

INDRA:

Ugh, fine. Give me a second.

RINA:

Don't take too long. You already came late, and I don't have all day.

SFX: Indra walks close to Miriam.

INDRA:

Miri, did you get a spare drive from your job?

MIRIAM:

What? I mean yes. It's an extractor drive.

INDRA:

Even better. Give it to me. And give me your ID too.

MIRIAM:

Why?

INDRA:

I know what I'm doing.

MIRIAM:

Fine. Here.

INDRA:

I won't be long.

SFX: Indra walks back over.

INDRA:

Ready.

RINA:

Come in.

SFX: Door opens. Rina and Indra walk on a metal grate.

RINA:

Hope you understand why I have to be pretty cautious about this sort of thing. It doesn't come cheap. Name's Rina, by the way.

INDRA:

You already know me.

RINA:

More than you could know, haha.

INDRA:

What's that supposed to mean? And what are you going to do with my ID anyways?

RINA:

Trade secret! If I tell you, I'm out of a job. And the whole gig worker thing does not work out for me. Trust me, I tried.

INDRA:

How do I know this works? And how do I know you're not just gonna take my cryptos from my account. Or install some software to take a cut every time I earn some?

RINA:

'Cause that sort of stuff draws attention and I don't want attention. If you're smart with your money then you'll notice when it disappears. Hard lesson to teach out here

apparently. Oh, and I know it works cause I've done it on my own ID. But y'know, do it at your own risk.

INDRA:

Hm. Is this your computer setup?

RINA:

Yep, pride of my life.

INDRA:

Yeah. I can tell. Looks expensive. How many people have you done this for to afford this kind of thing?

RINA:

Oh, quite a few. I've got a spreadsheet. You wanna take a look? Might find someone you know. Someone you worked for. 'Course, looking costs you too.

INDRA:

I'm just gonna stand back here.

RINA:

Suit yourself. Let's get to business, shall we? Hand me your ID and I'll slot it in here.

INDRA:

How much for you to do two?

RINA:

Uh, sorry? You do understand that I vet the people I flip IDs for. They need to be people that the system's not gonna notice flipped, people who save enough cryptos and have a good track record with some Betas and Gammas.

INDRA:

Miriam and I have both worked jobs in Windowpane. For some of the same clients.

RINA:

Look, I can tell you're a nice person and you're understandably curious. Here. I'll show you why I can't do hers.

SFX: Rina pulls up a screen.

RINA:

Miriam... uh-huh, uh-huh... yes, lived in West Aldono until...  
aha, see? She spent all her cryptos. That's when she became  
an Epsilon.

INDRA:

So?

RINA:

Do you not understand this? Do you even know why she spent  
all her cryptos?

INDRA:

Is it any of your business?

RINA:

See, but you're like... a *good* Epsilon, right? Born an  
Epsilon, left on the streets with just a name. And not even  
a last one, so you can't even track down your family.  
Somehow got contracted work which is how you got a  
temporary... you're the perfect success story once I give you  
a permanent ID. And I mean, it's usually impossible, but  
pull a couple strings and you could probably be a Delta  
someday.

INDRA:

Ah, you're insufferable.

RINA:

Your friend on the other hand... mmm, not so much. I don't  
really wanna have someone like that on my track record.  
Reputation matters too.

INDRA:

So, you wouldn't do it.

RINA:

Nope, not even for more cryptos.

INDRA:

Yeah, thought you'd say that.

SFX: Indra grabs Rina and pins her to the wall.

MUSIC: Alone in the Unknown by FSM Team.

RINA:

Hey!

INDRA:

Not so nice now, am I?

RINA:

Whoa, whoa, whoa, what are you planning?

INDRA:

Nothing... yet. If you change Miriam's ID, then I won't do anything.

RINA:

Come on, you don't have any leverage.

INDRA:

Yeah? Then what's this?

RINA:

An extractor drive? Oh dammit. I knew I should have checked your pockets. I just wanted this day to be over with.

INDRA:

Yeah, a copy of all of your data's on this drive.

Now, I'm not a snitch. But it's very easy to copy these files and all of the work you did on this exploit and send it to other people. You could've spent a little more time securing your hardware rather than just putting up a bunch of firewalls.

RINA:

I've got friends! Programmer friends. They'll snatch up those copies you distribute faster than you can put them out.

INDRA:

Oh, you and I both know that's not practical. And I'm not excited about the prospect of physically hurting you, but I also know that violence often gets you what you want. I'm not even asking for much—just flip mine and Miriam's IDs. I won't jeopardize your business. I get that you have to eat. But if you don't do it, I can just find someone to figure out how to do it myself. I'm pretty clever.

RINA:

Alright, alright. Go ahead and grab her ID, I'll be waiting.

INDRA:

Got it right here. Didn't want you running away.

RINA:

You planned this?

INDRA:

Sure. Just do it.

SFX: Fade. The doors open.

RINA:

Don't come back.

INDRA:

Oh, I don't think I'll need to.

SFX: Door slam.

MIRIAM:

Yeesh, what happened in there? She didn't sound too happy.

INDRA:

She wasn't. Here's your ID.

MIRIAM:

Uh, no, it's not. This is a permanent ID. Hang on, did you do a rollback? Actually, did you forge it?

INDRA:

Nope. It's real.

MIRIAM:

What?! No. No way.

INDRA:

I'm not a liar.

MIRIAM:

I'm not calling you one—but Indra, this is incredible. Oh my god. I can finally start saving my cryptos again.

INDRA:

Thank me later.

MIRIAM:

Well, I don't know when I'm gonna run into you again.

INDRA:

Nah, I just mean let's catch a bus now. Come with me to West Aldono. It's been safe there.

MIRIAM:

Oh, no, I couldn't possibly do that—

INDRA:

Just come with me. You helped me a lot today. Let me get you somewhere warmer to stay. Call it a small favor.

SCENE 6

SFX: Traffic sounds from underneath a bridge.

MIRIAM:

A place to settle down for the night that's not just a bench. And food. Thank god.

INDRA:

Yeah. I scrapped together a pretty decent space heater if you don't mind sharing a tent. Not more than a couple pots I soldered together on top of a burner, but it works.

MIRIAM:

Indra, I could kiss you. I have not been properly warm for way too long.

INDRA:

Need any help setting stuff up?

MIRIAM:

Nah, I should be good; I've done this a few times.

Hey, are *you* good?

INDRA:

Hm?

MIRIAM:

You're scowling. More than usual, I mean.

INDRA:

Oh, shut up.

MIRIAM:

No, seriously though, are you okay? I can tell there's something on your mind.

INDRA:

It's... ugh... I don't know.

Rina, that woman I had my meeting with, she said some stuff that rubbed me the wrong way. About my life.

MIRIAM:

I hear you. If you don't mind sharing, what did she say?

INDRA:

She did a background check on me and... yeah, it just brought up some weird stuff. Y'know, my dad gave me a name and that was all I had of him. And my mom tried to raise me, but just gave me the same health problems she had. So, in the end, neither of them stuck around. One of them could have at least stayed long enough to help me fit in some place or another. But all the broken parts of how they couldn't quite raise me, fragments of my namesake and bits of Spanish... none of it amounts to enough to keep me grounded anywhere. Then I lost most of it to learn English anyways, just to pick up jobs that only last a few months at most. I don't know anything but living like this and yet I still feel like it's not where I'm supposed to be.

Rina called me a success story. I don't feel successful.

MIRIAM:

I don't think anyone really feels successful. Even the best people probably have off days, not that I feel bad for them. But like... I dunno, let me... let me put it like this. Being an Epsilon after being a Delta for most of my life sort of means I'm the opposite of a success story, right? So if your life path is opposite of mine, then you're probably doing a good job.

INDRA:

Aw, come on, don't say that.

MIRIAM:

I mean look at me, I'm coming back here after five years, and everything's changed. Different stores and restaurants, different ads up on the billboard. The bus stop that used to be by my house is now a bus stop for a shopping center. The whole world spins too fast to keep balance. It spins on and on, and then if you had a place, it's already miles away from you.

INDRA:

That's kind of depressing.

SFX: Miriam snacks on her fries.

MIRIAM:

Want some fries?

INDRA:

Yeah, why not.

SFX: Indra eats some fries.

MIRIAM:

But I mean, also, that's why people just carve out new spaces for themselves. Look at us. Take a city, find the cracks, bust them open and turn them into shelter.

INDRA:

Those go away too.

MIRIAM:

Then you just have to build them again.

INDRA:

I guess.

MIRIAM:

Your tent's pretty roomy.

INDRA:

I lucked out. Would have been better if I had a car.

MIRIAM:

Ah, it's fine. We can stay in one place for a night, right?

INDRA:

Yeah. Tomorrow I have another gig I'm starting. Then I'll only be 800 cryptos away from affording my lung surgery.

MIRIAM:

Hey, congrats! You can earn that in the next few weeks I bet.

SFX: Guitar music, farther away.

MIRIAM:

Oh, you have a couple buskers around.

INDRA:

Yeah. Not bad, right?

MUSIC: Jo Jo Achytunada on guitar.

MIRIAM:

No, it's not bad at all.

What does it make you feel?

INDRA:

Ugh, save it for tomorrow.

MIRIAM:

(SHE LAUGHS) Fine, fine. Night, Indra.

INDRA:

G'night.

SFX: The guitar fades out and suddenly, we hear police chatter.

INDRA:

(GASPS) Miriam.

MIRIAM:

I heard.

INDRA:

We need to get out of here.

MIRIAM:

I know I said it was all superstition-

INDRA:

This is not your fault.

MIRIAM:

But-

INDRA:

We're gonna step out of here and head up the hill, okay?  
Quickly and quietly.

MIRIAM:

What about your tent?

INDRA:

I can get another. Let's move.

MIRIAM:

I'll... buy you a new one.

SFX: The two of them walk. A crowd is forming.

INDRA:

Some of the Correctors are looking this way.

MIRIAM:

Just keep walking. And stop looking at them, you're the one who said to go quickly and quietly.

INDRA:

Rrgh.

SFX: They walk.

CORRECTOR:

Excuse me. Please stay inside the perimeter.

MIRIAM:

The... what?

CORRECTOR:

A violent fugitive was at the homeless camp there and we're not letting anyone leave the area until we catch them.

INDRA:

I have a job I'm supposed to be getting to.

CORRECTOR:

You can call and let them know that you're not going to make it.

INDRA:

Yeah, I would if I had a comms.

CORRECTOR:

I can't help you there.

PERSON 1:

Hey, I have a job too! You can't just keep us here!

PERSON 2:

You're clearly using some fugitive as an excuse to investigate all of us!

CORRECTOR:

Ma'am, I'm gonna ask you to stand back.

SFX: The crowd is growing more unruly.

MUSIC: Thunder by MAITTRE.

PERSON 3:

She's right, it's discrimination.

PERSON 2:

Get out of here!

PERSON 4:

You pigs can't even do your jobs.

PERSON 1:

Yeah, get out!

CORRECTOR:

I said stand back.

SFX: He shoves the person down and handcuffs them.

PERSON 2:

Get off!

CORRECTOR:

You're under arrest—

PERSON 2:

I said get off of me!

PERSON 3:

You can't do that! I'm gonna report you!

PERSON 4:

Why are you arresting her? She didn't do anything! You guys are so incompetent, wow, get off of her!

MIRIAM:

She didn't do anything; you can't just arrest people—

INDRA:

Miri, stop—this is getting dangerous. We need to try leaving from some other direction.

SFX: Sirens.

MIRIAM:

Think that's the backup. But you're right, we should get out of here.

CORRECTOR:

No leaving the perimeter!

SFX: They start running.

CORRECTOR:

Freeze or I shoot!

SFX: Laser fire.

INDRA:

That didn't sound like a stun bolt.

MIRIAM:

I don't think it was.

SFX: Miriam gets hit.

MIRIAM:

Agh!

INDRA:

Oh shit, you're bleeding. A lot.

MIRIAM:

Just keep going.

INDRA:

What? No!

MIRIAM:

I'm serious, get out of here, that Corrector's putting on a gas mask which means—

SFX: We hear a canister clatter. The crowd starts screaming.

MIRIAM:

It's tear gas.

Your lung...

INDRA:

(COUGHING)

Miri—

MIRIAM:

Go before you die.

INDRA:

(COUGHING)

Dammit. Dammit!

SFX: Indra runs. We hear Miriam getting arrested. Indra grows exhausted and falls. We hear his heart beating.

INDRA:

Help. Someone help.

SFX: Heels.

INDRA:

Don't... Don't arrest me...

HAVEN:

I'm not a Corrector. Pardon the gas mask.

SFX: She slips a mask onto Indra.

HAVEN:

Don't worry. This is an oxygen mask. Just breathe. Come on. That's it. Once you're not coughing up that lung, come with me and I'll treat you.

SCENE 7

SFX: Hospital sounds. We hear heels.

HAVEN:

Aha. You're cognizant again. I was a little worried your lung issue might have caused some sort of issue with your heart. Or your brain.

INDRA:

Ugh. Yeah. I'm alive.

Who are you?

HAVEN:

I'm Dr. Elizabeth Haven, but please, just call me Dr. Haven.

INDRA:

Right. I'm—

HAVEN:

Oh, I don't need an introduction. I have your ID right here and I also know you people outside the Dome are so testy with saying your full names. Not that you have one, according to this ID.

INDRA:

Yeah...

HAVEN:

Well, I did an assessment of your general health profile while you were recovering from that tear gassing, and I have some good news and bad news. Bad news, your lung is going to need operation in the next 8 hours if you want to go anywhere without being attached to an oxygen tank. Good news is I can operate on it here in my facility.

INDRA:

For a price.

HAVEN:

Took the words out of my mouth. And really, doesn't everything come with a price?

INDRA:

Look, unless you're willing to extend a payment plan or a loan to an Epsilon, you can just toss me out and I'll at least die with dignity, not on some Domer's cot.

HAVEN:

My, my. Hate the upper class that much? Are you jealous?

INDRA:

Answer the question so I can go.

HAVEN:

What do you think I am, heartless? (SHE LAUGHS TO HERSELF)

INDRA:

What's so funny?

HAVEN:

Nothing.

INDRA:

Then quit laughing.

HAVEN:

Oh, fine. But listen. You're my 912<sup>th</sup> client for my practice here. I've seen all sorts of terrible things—severed spines, lost limbs, things on the outside that should be on the inside. None are so bad as the issues of internal organ failure. I should know. I've gone through it. That's part of why I became interested in the medical field—and it's my own work on internal medicine that made me survive long enough to get my doctorate on the matter. Almost every organ in my body has failed at least once. I know what it's like to not be able to get enough air to breathe—to feel that burn inside of you as you struggle to do the thing that everyone else finds perfectly natural. I understand the pain you're in. But I also know this: you haven't got the slightest clue about the pain a faulty heart gives you.

INDRA:

What are you even getting at?

HAVEN:

You've been fortunate enough that your lung issue didn't develop into a more severe issue with your heart. It's still going strong, pumping blood through your system without stopping, without so much as a murmur. Very healthy. So, here's where the deal comes in. I've already looked at your ID. And even though you managed to get a permanent one, the cryptos you have here aren't quite going to cut it.

INDRA:

Didn't think it would.

HAVEN:

My heart is slowing down significantly. And I think a wonderful to pay the expenses off for me rescuing you personally, your stay here, the prosthetics... yes, I think you could just give me your heart.

INDRA:

My actual... heart?

HAVEN:

Didn't I make that clear? You have quite a heart in that chest of yours.

INDRA:

Why not put a prosthetic in *your* chest? Be a lot easier than needing a donor.

HAVEN:

To be honest, the rest of my organs probably couldn't handle it. My body tends to reject prosthetics—I need the real thing. But, back to the matter at hand... your heart plus the cryptos you have in your account should cover the lung surgery.

INDRA:

Yeah, well what am I gonna do if I don't have any cryptos left in my account?

HAVEN:

I'm sure you can ask for assistance.

INDRA:

That used to be an ID with a three-week turnover. With what I just did to it... there's no help for me if you take everything I have. I'd rather be dead. You can take whatever organs you want out of me then.

HAVEN:

Oh no. I wouldn't do that. You see, I'm charitable. I think I could do with some work from you. That way, you could pay off any debts. Maybe pay bail for some of your friends, if you have any. You'd have a place to stay here and work for a fair rate. I think you'd be quite useful.

INDRA:

Uh, what would I even be doing here?

HAVEN:

You'd be helping other people like you. Finding people who might need treatment. All things considered; my services are much cheaper than they should be for a doctor of my caliber. I am from Glasshouse after all.

INDRA:

Yeah, I could tell. (SARCASTIC) Vacationing here?

HAVEN:

You could say that. From time to time, I might take you as security with me to events. I can tell you're a fighter. But it's a fairly simple job. Find people and bring them to me.

I can see you want to take your time to think this over. Just remember you only have 8 hours.

INDRA:

I'll do it.

HAVEN:

Ah. Quick decision maker.

INDRA:

Well, point is—I'd rather die than live a painful life. But if I can get treatment and the price is just working for you, it's not that different than before. I know that life. And I can handle it.

HAVEN:

Thank you. You're not only doing me a service, but all the people that you and I are going to help together... they'd thank you too. If they weren't just a hypothetical right now. I'll get the operating theatre ready. I'll just keep this ID with me.

INDRA:

Shouldn't I be able to hold on to that?

HAVEN:

Well, it's not yours anymore, is it? I'll issue you a new one.

Get yourself comfortable, Client 912. I'll see you on the other side.

SFX: Heels click away and the door closes.

END EPISODE.

OUTRO:

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](http://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. You get access to behind the scenes looks, annotated scripts, and early access to episodes—not just for Under the Electric Stars, but for all shows on Aster Podcasting Network. The money you give directly goes to supporting our editors, writers, and actors who make these shows possible. Our voice talents are as follows: Rey Ángel Yoáli Olachea Martínez as Indra, Devin Nissan as Nyx, Stephanie Arata as Haven, and Glory

Duda as Miriam. Additional voices were provided by yours truly, Inigo Sherwani, Mildred Ramos, Nicholas Alair, Bryan Green, Juno, Josh Hazeghazam, Audrey Pham, Lemonaeden, Tal Minear, Jenny Pan and Kai Ramos.

A special thanks to Fran Carr and Ezra Lee Buck, \$20 Patrons on our Patreon and thank you to all of our Patreon supporters. And to everyone, thanks for listening, and see you in Metropolis West soon.