

SOUND: BOOTS DRAWING CLOSER

REDMOND
Agent von Kontak? I just finished
the final check of the Prime
Negator. It's ready for manual
transport.

VON KONTAK
Are you positive? That tech is
delicate: it wasn't meant to be
moved from ship to ship like this.

REDMOND
It appears to be intact and
working, ma'am.

SOUND: CHIME OF AN INCOMING MESSAGE

ROBOT VOICE
(Over comms unit)
This is DRONE agent Tango-7782
with incoming message for agent
von Kontak.

VON KONTAK
This is Agent von Kontak.

ROBOT VOICE
Agent von Kontak, stand by for
message from Fleet Admiral
Carnegie.

SOUND: GENTLE MORSE-CODE-ESQUE BEEPING

VON KONTAK
Hmmm. That's a shame.

REDMOND
Any new orders, ma'am?

VON KONTAK
No. Just an update.

REDMOND
Fleet Admiral Carnegie was in
charge of the decoy op at Pylon
597 successful, right? Was it
successful? Were they able to
apprehend the scientist who
developed the Prime Negator?

VON KONTAK

(Pointedly)

Are you referring to an HIA operation that, if it exists, would be highly classified?

REDMOND

Sorry, ma'am. Point taken.

VON KONTAK

(To herself; chuckling slightly)

I always knew she'd blow herself up one day. Too bad I'm no longer part of that betting pool.

(Sigh)

I did try to tell Carnegie that she would resort to impulsively drastic measures if cornered...Oh well. One less problem for us to worry about.

(Impatient sigh; louder)

Speaking of problems, how much longer is it going to take to navigate through the Kuiper Net Stasis Field?

THE INNOMINATE

(Glitching slightly)

Approximately twenty minutes.

VON KONTAK

That estimate is longer than your last one, Psi-6263. Is there a reason you are going backwards?

THE INNOMINATE

(Frostily polite)

Apologies. I am not going backwards. The random nature of the Kuiper Net's Vector Inertial Dampener is...slightly more random than I had anticipated. I assure you: I am running the Counter-Navigation Program as quickly as I can.

VON KONTAK

According to our models, the transport ship we had originally planned on using would have navigated through the Stasis Field by now.

THE INNOMINATE

Navigating through the Stasis Field would have been that ship's only objective. I am currently executing the Vector Inertial Dampener Counter-Navigation Program and modifying my source code in anticipation of pylon integration. Separately, each task requires a significant amount of processing power, but simultaneously? An army of human brains wouldn't be able to achieve a fraction of the rapidity at which I'm working.

VON KONTAK

And how much more processing power would you have had to work with had you not damaged yourself earlier? That hard reboot you had to initiate in order to regain control of your systems seems to be affecting your current performance. I wonder: had you not gotten yourself into that embarrassing situation with those two nuisances, would we have made it through the Stasis Field by now?

THE INNOMINATE

(Prickly)

My time spent with those two radicals gave us the forewarning needed to counteract their attempt to sabotage our plan. A plan, which, I remind you, took years to develop. Had it not been for me, we wouldn't have known who was attempting to disrupt Operation Sealion and we likely wouldn't have known to deploy Variant B of our initial plan. In short, because of my time in their company, Operation Sealion is still viable despite considerable set-backs.

VON KONTAK

Watch your tone, Psi-6263.

THE INNOMINATE

(Long pause)

Apologies.

VON KONTAK

And, for the record, your only contribution to salvaging this operation was to send that information to us through an unaffiliated HPD cutter. That was a sloppy move and now we have even more loose ends from this op that we'll need to trim.

(Tightly)

Do you know how hard it is to manufacture a catastrophe that results in the destruction of a police cutter and all of the officers on board?

THE INNOMINATE

Yes.

VON KONTAK

You're coming dangerously close to insolence, Psi-6263. I'd be more careful if I were you.

THE INNOMINATE

(Extremely formal but not genuine)

Of course. Again, my apologies.

SOUND: CHIME

REDMOND

Ma'am, we're ten kilometers from the electrostatic field.

VON KONTAK

Copy that. Psi-6263, send a status update to Fleet Admiral Carnegie.

THE INNOMINATE

Yes, agent.

VON KONTAK

And pick up the pace. I want us through the remainder of the Stasis Field and the Voltaic Veil deployed in the next ten minutes.

THE INNOMINATE

(Tinge of exhaustion)

Agent von Kontak, that is impossible.

VON KONTAK

(Pause)

I don't ever want to hear that phrase again. Especially from something that has, thus far, expressed nothing but egotistical boasts of its own abilities. I don't think I need to tell you what will happen to you if we learn that the foundation of your inflated ego is merely pure bluster.

THE INNOMINATE

(Long pause)

Yes, ma'am. Increasing vector calculation processing speed.

VON KONTAK

That's what I thought.

SOUND: HPD HAILING CHIME

VON KONTAK (CONT'D)

What is that?

REDMOND

It's a hail from...an HPD cutter?

VON KONTAK

What? Psi-6263, I need to you verify.

THE INNOMINATE

(Glitching slightly more)

If I may, ma'am, I'm already--

VON KONTAK

That. Was an order.

THE INNOMINATE

Yes ma'am.

(Pause)

It is indeed an HPD Cutter Unit belonging to Neptune's 945th Precinct--

VON KONTAK

(Interrupting)

Yes, thank you. Accept their hail, Agent Redmond. Let's see what they want.

REDMOND

Yes ma'am.

SOUND: COMMS CHANNEL OPENING

REDMOND (CONT'D)

(Casually)

This is Rory Englehart, captain of *Belphagor's Prime*. What can I do for you?

HPD VOICE

This is an HPD courtesy stop. We've noticed that you appear to be stuck in the Kuiper Net Stasis Field.

REDMOND

(Embarrassed)

Oh, yeah. We had a mix up with our navigation array and just blundered right into it.

(Laughs slightly)

Autopilots, you know how it is.

HPD VOICE

Do you need assistance?

REDMOND

No, we've called for a tow. They'll be here any minute. Thanks for stopping, but we'll be fine.

HPD VOICE

Our sensors detect that you're somehow moving through the stasis field at an alarming rate.

REDMOND

Oh? Are you sure? I thought that was impossible.

HPD VOICE

It is. It might be a problem with our sensors. But, to be safe, allow us to anchor you at your current position so that your ship doesn't cross into the Electrostatic Field.

REDMOND

(Subtly stressed)

No, I'm sure our tow ship will get here before that happens. Have a nice day, offi--

SOUND: COMMS CLICKS OFF

REDMOND (CONT'D)
 (Confused)
 Ma'am?

VON KONTAK
 Are you trying to make them
 suspicious?

REDMOND
 Uh...no?

VON KONTAK
 Tell them that you accept their
 help and that you'd appreciate an
 anchor.

REDMOND
 (Confused)
 Uh, yes ma'am.

SOUND: COMMS CLICKS BACK ON

REDMOND (CONT'D)
 (More casual)
 Sorry about that, officer. Our
 comms unit is bugging out too.
 We'd appreciate an anchor line if
 it's not too much trouble.

HPD VOICE
 No trouble at all. Please brace
 for a light impact.

REDMOND
 Copy.

SOUND: METAL CLANG IN THE DISTANCE

HPD VOICE
 Anchor attached. We will hold your
 ship in place while we wait for
 your tow vessel to arrive.

REDMOND
 Much appreciated.

SOUND: COMMS CLICKS OFF

THE INNOMINATE
 (Irritable)
 Wonderful. Now I'm making
 precisely zero forward progress.

VON KONTAK
(Ignoring them)
Agent Redmond? Suit up and go
sever that anchor.

REDMOND
(Reluctant)
Aye, ma'am.

SOUND: CHAIR CREAKING, BOOTS WALKING AWAY. SILENCE FOR SEVERAL SECONDS.

THE INNOMINATE
I thought the Helios Police
Department Officials were given
directives to keep all personnel
away from this coordinate.

VON KONTAK
(Pointedly, mean)
They were. But, like any
organization, I suppose there will
always be someone or *something*
that bumbles into trouble that
could have--and *should have*-- been
easily avoided.

THE INNOMINATE
(Just as pointedly)
In that case, it would also be
fair to assume that there are
gapingly large *systemic* flaws in
that organization that allowed
such...figures...to run into
trouble to begin with.

VON KONTAK
(Pause)
I hope you realize just how lucky
you are that I'm not your handler,
Psi-6263. If one of *my* operatives
had insinuated that their pathetic
performance in the field was due
to a fault at our organizational
level? Well, let's just say that
they would be lucky if their
career was the only thing that
they lost.

THE INNOMINATE
I implied no such thing.
(MORE)

THE INNOMINATE (CONT'D)

I am merely making the observation that there have been quite a few undotted Is and uncrossed Ts across the board during the execution of this operation.

VON KONTAK

Tell me, which dotted "I" would have prevented you from allowing yourself to be hijacked by two people, one of whom I know from experience couldn't even pilot a paper airplane(.)? And which crossed "T" kept you from regaining control of this ship and delivering them to Venus as soon as possible in order to keep them from further disrupting our plan? From where I'm sitting, you are the sole cause of us being in our current predicament. Had you done your job, we wouldn't have had to resort to this Plan B.

THE INNOMINATE

(Pause; then, icy)

Is it my fault that someone like Guy de la Croix Santee was able to sneak past the flimsy excuse for security your naval bases are outfitted with? That whichever DRONE that had captured Fern Finch allowed her to outsmart them and escape? That the staging ground for our operation was a naval base to begin with--

SOUND: CHIME INDICATING HPD INCOMING HAIL

VON KONTAK

Ugh.

SOUND: EXTERNAL COMMS SWITCH

VON KONTAK

(Pleasant)

This is the first mate of *Belphagor's Prime*.

HPD VOICE

This is HPD Cutter Unit #82. It looks like our anchor line has been severed.

VON KONTAK

(Fake surprise)

What? Oh no! I'll inform the captain. Do you know how that happened?

HPD VOICE

It appears that one of your crew suited up in an EVA suit and cut the line.

VON KONTAK

(Softly to herself)

Ugh. That idiot wasn't supposed to be seen.

SOUND: BOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

HPD VOICE

It's almost as if you want to continue moving towards the Electrostatic Field...

VON KONTAK

What? Why on earth would we want that?

HPD VOICE

Why on earth, indeed?

GUY

Why on earth, indeed?

SOUND: TWO GUNS COCKING AND CHARGING

FERN

Huh. I guess you do make a passable HPD voice...

(Pause; then, scathing)

You.

VON KONTAK

Hello, Fern Finch.

FERN

You backstabbing, spineless--

GUY

Whoa. Hey, Fern! Calm down.

(Pause; suspicious)

Wait. You know this person?

FERN

...no.

(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

She's just...working for the HIA or military or whatever, so it's safe to assume that she's a backstabbing, spineless piece of crap.

VON KONTAK

(To herself)

Ah. I see.

(Smug)

Are you sure we haven't met before, Fern Finch? You seem to have quite a bit of...Vitriol towards me.

FERN

(Gritted teeth)

Don't underestimate how much I hate spineless, backstabbing, space-trash-sucking pieces of scum on principle.

VON KONTAK

My. That must be exhausting.

FERN

Oh, trust me, it's worth it when I get to wipe the floor with their--

GUY

Fern!

FERN

(Snaps)

What?

GUY

Focus. We're here for a reason and we're running out of time.

FERN

Not a problem. It'll take me less than a second to make sure the Heliosphere has one less subversive, boot-licking weasel in it.

SOUND: GUN CHARGES

GUY

(Trying to remain calm)

Fern, you can't shoot her.

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)
 We need her to show us where my
 tech is before this ship makes it
 through the Stasis Field.

SOUND: GUN POWERS DOWN

FERN
 (Shaky, angry breath)
Fine.

GUY
 Thank you.

FERN
 But she doesn't get to leave this
 ship alive.

GUY
 We'll...put that into
 consideration.

VON KONTAK
 Wow. That was masterfully done.
 You've only known her for, what?
 Two days? And you've already
 learned how to leash and control
 our impetuous and impulsive friend
 here. I'm impressed.

GUY
 (Ignoring her)
 That gun at your hip: place it on
 the ground slowly and slide it
 towards us.

VON KONTAK
 What assurance do I have that you
 won't shoot me as soon as I do?

GUY
 Were you not paying attention? We
 need you to show us where the
 Prime Negator is.

VON KONTAK
 (Breezily)
 Then you may as well shoot me
 because I don't think that's
 something I care to do.

FERN
 Fine by me.

SOUND: GUN COCKS AND CHARGES

GUY
(Softly)
Fern...

FERN
(Angry growl)
She's literally asking for it.

VON KONTAK
My, she really won't bite unless
you give her the go-ahead, will
she?

SOUND: GUN CHARGES AND FIRES IN RAPID SUCCESSION. THERE IS A
LONG PAUSE AFTERWARDS

GUY
The next one...won't miss.

VON KONTAK
I can see that you're serious.
Fine. I will be as well. My gun,
you said? Here.

SOUND: UNHOLSTERING GUN AND SETTING IT ON THE GROUND AND
SLIDING IT OVER

GUY
Okay. Now: take us to the Prime
Negator.

VON KONTAK
No.

GUY
No?

VON KONTAK
I said no, Guy de la Croix Santee.

GUY
You know my name. I'm not
impressed.

VON KONTAK
And neither am I. If you want me
to help you cripple our mission,
you're going to have to come up
with a more motivational threat
than merely shooting me.

GUY
(Threatening)
Okay.
(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

How about this: if you don't show me where you've stored my Prime Negator, then Fern and I will leave.

FERN

What?

VON KONTAK

(Sarcastic)

Oh no. Anything but that.

THE INNOMINATE

That's...a threat you should probably take seriously, Agent von Kontak.

FERN

Hey! I was wondering when you'd show up!

VON KONTAK

And I don't think I gave you permission to speak, Psi-6263.

THE INNOMINATE

My apologies at interrupting your...amusing banter with these two radicals. I would just like to ensure that you are fully aware of the nature of their threat and what will likely happen if they leave this ship while I am still mired in the Stasis Field and therefore unable to pursue them.

VON KONTAK

(Condescending)

Oh? Why don't you share with me what you think they'll be able to accomplish by leaving.

THE INNOMINATE

What they will do is return to the police cutter moored just outside the stasis field, which I assume they commandeered from Carnegies' decoy operation.

(MORE)

THE INNOMINATE (CONT'D)

I feel that it is very important to inform you that that particular police cutter is the same one that pursued us after our departure from Port Nickeline and is therefore the same police cutter that I sent my HIA correspondence through.

VON KONTAK

(Snaps)

I don't see--

(Pause)

Oh.

THE INNOMINATE

Yes. If they leave this ship, they will be free to disseminate classified operation details to the entire Heliosphere. And, after our discussion earlier, I know that you are keenly aware of the catastrophic damage that such promulgation would cause us.

VON KONTAK

You're assuming they'd know who to give that information to. There are very few people in the Heliosphere who would be willing and able to circulate it quickly enough to be a true threat to us. We'd be able to nip any such leak in the bud before it spread to too many people.

FERN

(Utterly serious)

I would know who to give the information to.

GUY

(Softly)

What?

VON KONTAK

(Long pause)

The Prime Negator, you say?

GUY

(Re-focusing)

Uh, yes.

VON KONTAK
Okay. Follow me.

SOUND: THREE PAIRS OF BOOTSTEPS

FERN
So, it's Agent von Kontak, huh?

VON KONTAK
(Shark smile)
Nice to meet you, for the first
time, Fern Finch.

GUY
Hey! Keep your hands where I can
see them.

FERN
Wait a minute. Guy: What about the
not-AI thin--being?

GUY
What?

FERN
We've hobbled two-thirds of the
jerks on this ship. What're we
doing to keep the last third from
doing anything bad to us?

GUY
They can't directly hurt us. There
are safety protocols in place,
(Slightly louder)
Aren't there?

VON KONTAK
Safety protocols against causing
physical harm to humans, yes. But
you're not asking the right
question, Guy de la Croix Santee.
(Louder)
Psi-6263, ETA for Fleet Admiral
Carnegie's arrival?

THE INNOMINATE
Approximately twenty minutes.

FERN
Ooooh. The Fleet's on the way.
Scary. Too bad we haven't had any
practice sneaking out from right
under their nose before...oh wait.

VON KONTAK

Yes. I'm curious about that. I just received a report that you blew up our decoy ship as they were hauling it out of the Stasis Field before they could go in and retrieve you and your associate. You should be dead, Fern Finch.

FERN

Huh. Spoken like someone who really doesn't know me.

VON KONTAK

You two blew up the empty decoy ship, faked your demise, and stole an HPD cutter that I assume was escorting the fleet. How did you do all of that and know which pylon we were actually targeting?

FERN

Oh, well, since you asked so nicely, I guess I can tell you this: eat plutonium.

GUY

Hey, stop.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP. GUN CHARGES

GUY (CONT'D)

What're you playing at?

VON KONTAK

(Facetiously innocent)
I'm sorry?

GUY

You're taking us around in circles.

VON KONTAK

(Faux innocent)
Am I? I'm sorry.
Your...friend...distracted me.
What are we doing again?

GUY

(Frustrated sigh)
You're supposed to be showing us where you're holding my Prime Negator.

VON KONTAK
 Oh, that's right! Silly me. It's
 this way.

SOUND: BOOT STEPS RESUME

VON KONTAK (CONT'D)
 (Con conversationally)
 So, tell me: what happened to
 Agent Redmond?

FERN
 Who?

GUY
 Don't engage, Fern.

VON KONTAK
 The agent I sent to sever the
 anchor you attached.

FERN
 Oh. The jet-pack amateur we found
 outside the ship. Eh, I'm sure
 he's around here somewhere.

THE INNOMINATE
 (Faint glitch sound)
 He's locked in the storage
 compartment near the aft exterior
 bulkhead.

FERN
 Ugh.

VON KONTAK
 (Lightly)
 He's still alive?

THE INNOMINATE
 He is unconscious, but yes. His
 vitals are within normal limits.

FERN
 What? Hey, Guy, I thought the
 closets on this ship were safe
 from Big Brother's spying.

GUY
 (Growls)
 Would everyone shut up!

SOUND: RESOUNDING SILENCE

GUY (CONT'D)

You. This is the third time we've walked down this passageway. If you don't show me where the Prime Negator is in the next sixty seconds, I will shoot you and leave.

FERN

Yeah! And I'll take him and all the information we have between the two of us to a very talented, very communicative friend of mine.

VON KONTAK

Okay. It's this way.

FERN

Wow. It must be eating you up right now to be an Intelligence agent and have absolutely no control over a bunch of info that would really, really hurt the Helios party if it go loose. I bet right about now you're regretting the fact that you're working for the wrong side.

VON KONTAK

No, I'm quite happy with my employment and employer. And I have more control over the intel y'all have than you think.

FERN

(Snorts, disbelieving)

Yeah, sure you do. Keep telling yourself that.

VON KONTAK

If you say so. After all, you're the expert in self-deception here.

GUY

Look, just shut up and walk faster.

VON KONTAK

Calm down: we're almost there. In the meantime, why don't you tell us just how one becomes an expert in self-deception, Fern Finch.

FERN

What are you talking about?

VON KONTAK

I'll give you a hand: what were Moss's last words?

FERN

(On an exhale)
...stop talking.

VON KONTAK

Oh, that's right. You don't know because you ran away as soon as you discovered she was dying, didn't you. She gave you one last gift, one last item to assure your safety and you...just left her behind.

GUY

(Irritated and stressed)
Look, I don't know what you're talking abo--
(Pause; concerned)
Fern? What's--are you okay?

VON KONTAK

Oh, she's fine. She always is, though it's usually at the cost of someone else's well-being--

FERN

(Enraged shout)

GUY

Whoa, what're you--hey, don't--!

SOUND: SHORT SCUFFLE.

GUY (CONT'D)

(Grunt of impact)

SOUND: SOUND OF GUN BEING UNHOLSTERED. THEN, GUN COCKING AND CHARGING

VON KONTAK

(Utterly serious)
Fern Finch, drop your gun.

FERN

No.

VON KONTAK

Then I shoot him.

FERN

And I shoot you.

VON KONTAK

And then what? You're stuck on a ship piloted by an artificial intelligence that will have no trouble containing you until the fleet has arrived. Then, it's a direct flight to the Inner Sphere and a permanent end to your free run of the Heliosphere.

(Sneer)

Not that you would have been able to run free for much longer anyway. Since we killed Moss, you've been living on luck and, as we all know, the House always wins in the end.

FERN

(Growl of frustration)

SOUND: GUN CHARGING

VON KONTAK

(Stern, low, dangerous)

I'm not like your friend. My first shot never misses. And that is your only warning.

GUY

(Trying to stay calm)

Fern. Shoot her.

FERN

(Teeth grit)

I'd love to, but since she's holding a gun to your head while standing behind you, like a coward, I'd have to shoot her through you and that's sorta hard for me to even consider because, honestly, you're starting to grow on me a little.

GUY

Now's not the time for jokes. Shoot her then get back to the HPD cutter we commandeered and get it to your friend.

VON KONTAK

Yes, leave another dying person behind while you save yourself.

(MORE)

VON KONTAK (CONT'D)
 With all of the practice you've
 had, I'm sure you're quite adept
 at that by now.

FERN
 (Yell of resigned rage)

SOUND: METAL GUN CLATTERING ON GROUND

VON KONTAK
 That was the right choice, though
 a bit more temper-tantrum-y than I
 would have liked. Now, you two?
 Get into this room.

SOUND: HEAVY METAL DOOR OPENING

FERN
 (Growling; just absolutely
 enraged)
 You better hope that room has the
 most secure lock in the
 Heliosphere because that's what
 it'll take to keep me from
 breaking through this door and
 coming after your traitorous,
 murderous, scum-licking face.

VON KONTAK
 My. Quite a vehement spew of words
 there. And don't worry about the
 lock, it's secured by the ship's
 A.I., which I'm sure even a
 digital engineer as talented as
 your friend would be unable to
 crack.

(Stern)
 Now: get in before I shoot you and
 throw your corpses out of an
 airlock.

FERN
 I dunno, that second option sounds
 like it'd be really inconvenient
 for you, which is something that I
 would therefore be in favor of--

GUY
 (Softly)
 Fern. Come on.

FERN
 (Growls)
 Fine.

THE INNOMINATE
Agent von Kontak?

VON KONTAK
(Snaps)
What?

THE INNOMINATE
I am about to leave the Stasis
Field. Permission to deploy the
Voltaic Veil?

VON KONTAK
Yes, deploy the veil and then try
to get Redmond up. We have work to
--

SOUND: ABRUPT CUTOFF AS DOOR SLAMS SHUT

SOUND: SILENCE

FERN
(Breathing heavily)

GUY
Are...you okay?

FERN
(Brusque)
Fine. We need to get out of here.

GUY
Yeah, and fast. If we're through
the Stasis Field then we only have
a couple of minutes before the
Prime Negator will be
assimilated...wait.

FERN
(Snaps)
What?

GUY
How...how is this ship going to
integrate my tech with the pylon?
It...doesn't have an alcove to
allow for assimilation.

THE INNOMINATE
I don't.

FERN
Oh fantastic.
(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

One asshole goes away and another one takes their place.

THE INNOMINATE

(Cruel)

You seem uncharacteristically stressed, Fern Finch. Don't tell me that Agent von Kontak was able to get under your skin?

FERN

Shut up you goddamn piece of space trash.

GUY

(Softly)

Fern, you're...shaking.

FERN

I'm fine. Stop focusing on me and get us the hell out of here.

GUY

Right. Let's see what I can do...

SOUND: CLOTH RUSTLING. ZIPPER ZIPPING. CLANKING OF SMALL METAL PIECES

THE INNOMINATE

Ah. Of course. We should have assumed you'd have a tool kit on your person.

GUY

(Ignoring them)

Okay, just need to...

(Long pause)

What the hell?

THE INNOMINATE

(Gleeful)

Oh, that's right! The reason we didn't think to account for such a circumstance is because, for this particular closet, there is absolutely no access to the lock mechanism from within it.

(Pause)

You might possess one of the most talented minds in the Heliosphere, Santee, but even you cannot reprogram a device that you have no physical access to.

GUY
(Frustrated sound)

THE INNOMINATE
There is something else you should know. The main reason Agent von Kontak chose this particular closet is that it will provide a wonderful view for you, Santee, to watch as she and her subordinate manually assimilate The Prime Negator with the pylon via space walk.

(Grandiose; taunting)
I'm sure she figured that giving you a front-row seat to the deployment of your magnum opus was the least she could do to honor its creator.

(Business-like)
They're suiting up now; in the next ten minutes, the Prime Negator will have achieved assimilation and the entire Kuiper Net Matrix will fall.

GUY
(Sound of desperate frustration)

FERN
Guy?

GUY
This...this is it. It's over.