

JACK:

Hi everyone, Jack here. Before the episode starts, I just want to take a moment to thank some of our patrons for making all of this possible. Thank you to Nikola James, Em Moesen, Samantha Schey, Jonathan Houmard, Alti, Morghann Patterson, Theo Hendry, Jace Pastras, Ollie Sciance, Juno, Jana Loney, Delene Beauchamp, Aaron Szabo, Iris Newlin, Connor Fox, and Adrian Frisbee. Your support means a lot to us. And now on with the episode!

[Mnemosyne theme by Sleauxn.]

[A low-toned glitch noise. Cafeteria ambiance fills the background.]

VIC:

Then, I mean, they arrested me. Obviously. And, uh... I've been in the system for a while now. And that's... everything.

[Beat.]

JULES:

[Sharply] So you lied to me.

VIC:

Yeah. I did. I'm sorry. And I know that won't make it go away and I understand if that makes you feel like you don't wanna be around me anymore—

JULES:

Why?

VIC:

Why wh—

JULES:

Why did you have to tell me?

VIC:

I don't know. I guess because I feel like I owed it to you. The truth, I mean.

JULES:

I— I don't know what you want me to do with this, Vic. You pull me aside, say you need to tell me something, then dump all that on me—

VIC:

I don't expect you to know what to do with that.

[Beat.]

JULES:

Then what do you want me to do?

VIC:

I— I don't know.

JULES:

I'll— I'll need time.

VIC:

Time for... what?

JULES:

[Snapping] Just— *time*. God. I— I don't want to hate you. I don't want to go back to being at your throat all the time. But... But I need time to myself.

VIC:

[Quietly stammering] Oh. Oh— okay.

[JULES and VIC fall silent as footsteps approach. HUGO puts their cafeteria tray on the table.]

HUGO:

Well, don't you look just downright jovial? It's a good thing I came when I did, it seems like this interaction needed a breath of fresh air.

[Silence.]

HUGO, CONT.:

So here I am. Breathing.

[More silence.]

HUGO, CONT.:

What? No jeering? No goodhearted japes?

VIC:

Hi, Hugo—

JULES:

[At same time as VIC] Hey, Hugo—

HUGO:

Ah, I see. I've missed something that doesn't involve me. Well, don't let me interrupt.

[Beat.]

VIC:

I should, uh... I should go.

[VIC picks up their tray and walks away. Awkward silence hangs over the room.]

HUGO:

Hm. Well, that seemed a bit tense.

JULES:

I *don't* want to talk about it.

HUGO:

I wasn't going to ask. However—

JULES:

[Interrupting] Hugo, I'm serious. I don't want to talk about it. At all.

HUGO:

Alright. Fine. I'll let you be. Your rich inner life is your own.

JULES:

Thank you.

HUGO:

Though I do find it *fascinating* what you get up to. I walk away for five minutes and a whole little... *soap opera* has taken place in the time it's taken for me to make my morning coffee.

JULES:

[Huffs.] I wouldn't call this dramatic. I'm not overreacting, or trying to start anything. This is just how people respond when... nevermind.

HUGO:

That's because you're on the inside of it, dear. When life is full of drama, people tend to let it become the norm because it's easier.

JULES:

Well it's still not... that bad.

HUGO:

Well, there is nothing *un*-dramatic about engaging in a mutiny with the most uptight man in earth's orbit for a coma patient, now is there?

[JULES stammers for a bit.]

HUGO, CONT.:

Exactly. However, speaking of mutiny, have you considered our little conversation from the other day a bit more?

JULES:

I have no idea what you're talking about.

HUGO:

Oh, you most certainly do. I gave you some ideas for.. "*mindfulness techniques*."

JULES:

[Quietly confused] ...Mindfulness? *[Realizing]* Oh, you mean the conversation from—

HUGO:

Shh! Yes, yes! Now don't speak so loud. Walls have ears, you know.

JULES:

I wasn't just going to say out loud *[Whispering]* "Look, Hugo's planning on committing a prison break! Just letting everyone know!" I'm not Vincent.

HUGO:

But still, someone *could* overhear. Maybe even put the pieces together. And then comes the blackmail, or the solitary, or even someone demanding a piece of the pie.

JULES:

I haven't even told you *I* want a "piece of your pie" yet. *[To self]* Damn, that sounded gross...

HUGO:

And yet there you sit. Content in my company. Hanging on every word.

JULES:

I can't avoid you, Hugo. I would if I could.

HUGO:

We both know that if you *really* wanted to, you could try a little harder.

JULES:

Fine. Let's say I have thought about it. Mindfulness. If it helps you sleep at night.

HUGO:

Great, let's say you have considered this incredible opportunity. What do you think of the script?

JULES:

I think that it's stupid. It's stupid and it's gonna leave us all as a bunch of ice sculptures in the desolate void of space, preserved in our stupidity and hubris for the rest of eternity.

[Beat.]

HUGO:

You really did spend far too much time with Huxley.

JULES:

Excuse me?

HUGO:

[Moving on] Jules, dear, you know my production design is nothing short of flawless work. I didn't succeed in the business for nearly fifty years for no reason. I *always* have a nose for these things.

JULES:

Yeah, well, now you're in space prison, so how'd that work out for you?

HUGO:

I let myself get caught. I needed some variety.

JULES:

Everything I learn about you is against my will.

HUGO:

You're being combative to avoid the subject at hand, Jules.

JULES:

What about the others? Are we just leaving them out?

HUGO:

Of course not! I would never. I'm counting all of your involvement in this plan and I know that, if you endorsed it, Vic would listen to you. And then we would all be one happy little family, frolicking away into the night. What's not to love about that?

JULES:

It's going to get people killed.

[Beat.]

JULES, CONT.:

It's a good idea— a really good one, and I want to get behind it— but it's a stupid idea, too. We're in *space*. That's just inevitable. And when it's man versus space, man is always going to lose. That's why they put us up here in the first place.

HUGO:

I hate to infer, but, is this really about the vast, all-encompassing nature of space? Or is there something more taking place here that, perhaps, warrants a discussion?

JULES:

What?

HUGO:

Perhaps you simply believe we are destined to fail, not because of doubt in the plan, but because you believe that *you* will fail.

JULES:

What does that even *mean*?

HUGO:

It means that it's been an extremely difficult past few months for you, Jules, and it's not exactly like your arrival was any easier. I remember you spent at least your first month here trying to escape, not to mention the fact you aren't one to roll over and take it. And I know you're upset about the whole... *Lucy* saga. Thus, I'm poised to believe it's not for lack of *want*, but rather, because you place the blame of potential failure, and therefore any potential fatalities, upon yourself. Instead of

recognizing that it is a risk that everyone will have *chosen* to take.

JULES:

Wow.

HUGO:

Do you concur?

[Beat.]

JULES:

I told you not to do that.

HUGO:

Do what?

JULES:

Play therapist. It drives me insane when you do that. And that's *not* what's going on. I just... I think it's a bad idea, alright?

HUGO:

Alright. Why don't you think on it for a few more days, huh? Get back to me. And then, if you truly want to shut down this whole operation, so be it. I'll drop the whole ordeal. Find someone else. Me and Vincent can run off into the stars together.

JULES:

[Dryly] That's very generous of you.

HUGO:

I am serious. While I believe I am more than capable of, uh... performing another one-man show, so to speak, I don't believe there is any point in doing it alone. No man is an island, Jules. Or woman. Or master thief.

[HUGO picks their tray up off the table, scoots their chair back, and walks away. JULES' head thuds against the table, and she lets out a long groan.]

[A low-toned glitch noise. Machinery grinds and clicks and electricity arcs as ROGER attempts to fix it, muttering to himself the whole time. The door opens and closes. The machinery noises stop as ROGER turns to face VIC.]

ROGER:

[Sarcastically] Take a picture, it'll last longer.

VIC:

What are you— What are you doing with that thing?

ROGER:

Well, to use the technical term, I believe I'm doing what's called "fixing a thing that's broken." And goddamn, is it broken. Your guy, Wayne?

VIC:

Warren.

ROGER:

...Sure. He might as well have put a bear trap in this thing. You know, this'll be a lot easier to fix without you standing over my shoulder.

VIC:

[Taken aback] Alright. Got it.

[ROGER inhales sharply, then resumes fixing the machine.]

VIC, CONT.:

...Y'know, it kinda looks like that circuit in the back we used to—

ROGER:

[Groans.] Jesus Christ, why are you still here?

VIC:

I just noticed there was, uh, a thing with the, uh... with that circuit in the back that you weren't really messing with? Uh, with the transistors.

ROGER:

...Huh. Yeah, I see that. Can you just... let me work? Without you?

VIC:

Yeah, right. Sorry.

[ROGER digs through his toolbox, then resumes fixing the machine.]

VIC, CONT.:

It's just that, the guts kinda reminds me of a car radio, so—

ROGER:

Oh my god.

VIC:

I'm just saying that it looks like the transistors on that circuit have been made to loop back on each other and create some kinda feedback—

ROGER:

This isn't a *car*. This is a complex machine, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, that was constructed by someone with a *job* worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and some of the worst handwriting I've ever seen. Which is saying a lot, since I work in engineering. This isn't a Chevy pick-up.

VIC:

And how much have you gotten done in the *hundreds of thousands of dollars'* worth of time you've sunken into it?

[Beat.]

ROGER:

[Heavy sigh.] ...This is a waste of time.

VIC:

It's not like it's gonna blow up—

ROGER:

Fine, I'm trying it.

[ROGER solders some wires into place.]

ROGER, CONT.:

There. Nothing happened. Now we can stop talking.

[The machine begins quietly whirring.]

VIC:

Well. It did something.

ROGER:

[Pleasantly surprised] Yeah. It did. Which is... better than nothing.

VIC:

Typically considered better, yeah.

ROGER:

What... do you get out of this, anyway?

VIC:

Whaddya mean?

ROGER:

I mean that if I were you, I wouldn't be telling me how to fix the machine that killed someone. That almost killed me, from what I've heard.

VIC:

Your boss is gonna strap me in again either way, isn't she? And I like fixing things. I might as well make sure my brain doesn't get deep fried.

[Beat.]

VIC, CONT.:

I— I can read Warren's handwriting. I have terrible handwriting, so I've gotten pretty good at reading other people's bad handwriting too, so... I can try to help decipher his notes and fix the damage.

ROGER:

What's. In it. For. *You*?

VIC:

You teach me the engineering basics. Hell, I'll give up my rec time to do it.

ROGER:

Why would you want that?

VIC:

Like I said, I like fixing stuff. I always wanted to learn more about modern tech and machine engineering, stuff beyond fixing cars. Never really got the chance. So I might as well make the most of what I got.

[ROGER lets out a heavy sigh.]

ROGER:

...Don't know why I'm agreeing to this, but fine. You got a deal. But if Lucy kills me for this, it's *your* head.

VIC:

Got it.

ROGER:

And the first time you're late, it's over.

VIC:

Understood.

ROGER:

Good. Now can you move? You're blocking my light.

VIC:

Yeah.

ROGER:

And shut *up* until Lucy gets here. No more backseat engineering until you've had a couple lessons.

[A low-toned glitch noise. A ball thumps against the wall repeatedly, then stops.]

JULES:

Can I ask you, like... a weird hypothetical?

VINCENT:

Like in what way? Like in a "what if aliens came to earth" way or in a "so I know this guy" sort of way?

JULES:

The second one.

VINCENT:

[Disappointed sigh.] Yeah, fine. Nobody ever wants to hear about my alien contingency plan anyway. They always just shut me down after the first step.

JULES:

What's the first step?

VINCENT:

First you need a lot of hazmat suits.

JULES:

That doesn't seem that weird—

VINCENT:

Then we get together and decide which person on the ship would be the best parental figure for a young, impressionable alien—

JULES:

[Interrupting] Yeah, okay, I get why people shut you down. Anyway, the point is... I know someone who's been asked to pick between two really hard choices about joining this... project. And they thought it was an easy choice, like, no-brainer, but now that they've been thinking about it for a few days, it doesn't really seem like there's a right answer, and... they kinda think it's rigged.

VINCENT:

You never said what this "person's" choices are.

JULES:

[Very quickly] I mean, they can either join the project and take a really big risk by getting everyone together to work on this thing and it completely blows up in their faces and it's her— I mean *their* fault for telling everyone else it was safe to take the risk. Or they play it safe, don't get involved at all, and spend the rest of their life miserable. I mean... they might be miserable either way, but this one's a guarantee. But the group would be safer.

[Beat. JULES sighs.]

VINCENT:

Okay, well, since all I have to go on here are cryptic hypotheticals, I'm not really sure what to do with that information—

JULES:

Just tell me what you would do.

VINCENT:

[Sighs.] I don't— I don't know. It seems like your friend already kinda knows the answer. Personally? I like to keep under the radar. Work up to making a big swing when no one's looking.

JULES:

This was... *deeply* unhelpful.

VINCENT:

I know. Don't really know what you expected, since apparently we're all talking in code now, but that's what I got.

JULES:

[Dejected.] Thanks.

VINCENT:

Anytime.

[VINCENT begins walking out of the room.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

But seriously though, I think you already know the answer.

JULES:

[Shouting after VINCENT] Never said it was me!

VINCENT:

You didn't have to!

[JULES sighs. A door opens and closes as VINCENT leaves, then again as VIC walks into the room.]

JULES:

What do you want now?

VIC:

[Stammering] Oh shit, sorry. I didn't realize you were, uh— your face was kinda in your hands so I couldn't really tell— I can just go, I—I— can just—

JULES:

[Sighing] No, stay.

VIC:

Are you sure? Because I know you're, uh, you're taking some time for yourself and all that—

JULES:

Yes, I'm sure. Please just sit down.

VIC:

Right, yep, I'm sitting down.

[VIC pulls up a chair. JULES sighs heavily. The two sit in awkward silence.]

JULES:

I'm gonna ask you a *really* personal question.

VIC:

Oh, uh, o— okay?

JULES:

Would you do it again?

VIC:

What?

JULES:

The prison break. Evie. If you had a chance to redo everything exactly the way it was, couldn't change a thing, are allowed to remember the ending, but there was a really, *really* small chance the ending might be different... Would you do it all again?

VIC:

...Uh, yeah. Yeah I would. Wouldn't even think twice.

JULES:

[Quietly] Why?

VIC:

She deserved someone trying to do right by her for once. Someone who actually cared enough to put herself on the line for her. Maybe now, if I thought about it real hard, I could think of all the ways I could've done it better. But if I were given the chance to maybe do just one thing right? Yeah. I think I would. At least it would mean I actually did something.

JULES:

Do you think it was the right choice?

VIC:

I don't know. Like I said, probably a million other ways I could've done it better. Sometimes I lie there and I think about everything that happened in order and I kinda just... go through all the things I did wrong. Through the whole thing. I think about the shit I wish was different. The ways it could've shook out...

VIC, CONT.:

I don't know if it was the right choice, between all the possible choices you could make in the world in that specific situation. But I know, at the time, I believed it was the only right choice. I believed that enough to do it. In spite of whatever doubts I had going on. And I think that's the best you can get sometimes?

JULES:

[Inhales sharply] Yeah. I guess it is.

VIC:

Why do you ask?

JULES:

Just thinking about it.

[Beat.]

JULES, CONT.:

You know, I'm not even mad because of the security guard thing anymore.

VIC:

Hm?

JULES:

I was pissed about it, for a while, but I got over that part. Because the whole thing was too complicated for me to *stay* pissed about it, with you being where you are now and the way it ended and everything— A little bit ago I realized that's not really what pissed me off.

VIC:

What did?

JULES:

What pissed me off is that you lied to me, Vic. Every time we had these big conversations, where I'm pouring my *goddamn heart* out to you, you sat there and always said *[vaguely imitating VIC]* "Oh, I'm not an interesting guy. I don't have any secrets. I got nothing to hide" and I accepted it. Because I trust you.

JULES, CONT.:

It's less the fact you never mentioned your past and more the fact that you lied to make your life easier and then just dumped all that information on me. That— That's what got me. It's that you lied so things were less complicated for you and then told me to clear your conscience.

VIC:

Yeah, that's, uh— that's fair.

JULES:

And I know I was also weird about secret keeping, but— *[Groans]* I don't know.

VIC:

We just... can't stop hiding stuff, I guess.

JULES:

Yeah. And I'm kind of sick of it.

VIC:

Yeah, me too.

[The chair creaks as VIC leans forward.]

JULES:

What are you doing?

VIC:

What does it look like I'm doing? It's a pinky promise. To not keep secrets anymore, because clearly it's not doing anyone any good.

JULES:

[Holding back laughter] A pinky promise? Really?

VIC:

Listen, blood pacts aren't really on the table, handshakes feel weird, and contracts are stupid.

JULES:

But a *pinky promise*?

VIC:

It's either this or we can have an awkward hug again.

JULES:

[Audibly smiling] Yeah, okay, give me your stupid finger.

[The two pinky promise.]

JULES, CONT.:

There. It's official now.

VIC:

And I'm like 90% sure that's a legally binding action.

JULES:

[Laughing] Shut up.

[The two laugh.]

VIC:

Listen, I really am sorry, by the way. I know I can't take it back but, can we still be friends?

[Beat.]

JULES:

I don't think you ever stopped being my friend.

[A low-toned glitch noise. Two sets of footsteps as JULES is escorted back to her cell.]

EDMUND:

In you go.

JULES:

[Sarcastically] Wow, thanks.

[The door opens and closes. EDMUND walks away down the hall.]

HUGO:

Psst, Jules! Jules!

JULES:

[Exasperated] What, Hugo?

HUGO:

Is Vic going to be escorted in soon or have you been left by your lonesome?

JULES:

Vic is doing a thing in the lab, I think.

HUGO:

Excellent, then we have some time. Have you considered my offer? About the *production*—?

JULES:

Yes, Hugo, I thought about it.

HUGO:

And? A penny for your thoughts?

JULES:

I still think it's stupid, and reckless, and is probably a bad idea. I think it has the potential to end in more than just some broken legs and frankly, it's amazing this conversation has even gotten this far.

HUGO:

But?

JULES:

But I realized that, even if this entire "production" goes to shit, at least we tried *something*. We didn't just sit on our asses and hope something better comes along. And the risk that we end up screwed either way is astronomical. We might as well go down swinging.

HUGO:

So what I'm hearing is... that you're in.

[Beat.]

JULES:

Yeah. I'm in.

[A low-toned glitch noise.]

[Mnemosyne theme by Sleauxn.]

FORD:

Today's episode was written and directed by **Stanford Blue** and edited by **Stoker Leopold**. It featured **Leland Heed** as Victor Algernon, **Serina Johnston** as Jules Kroeber, **Fin Carter** as Roger Morris, **E.G. Tariku** as Hugo Highsmith, **Rhys Tirado** as Vincent, and **Stoker Leopold** as Edmund the guard. With music by **Sloane Van Dyke**. If you'd like to support us on social media, you can follow us @brainrot_prsnts on Twitter, Instagram, and basically anywhere else. That's brainrot_prsnts, that's "presents" with no E's. If you'd like to support us financially, you can donate to our Fundrazr or help us out on Patreon. We greatly appreciate it, however, you don't have to do either of those things; we also just appreciate a review. Thank you so much for your support, and have a great day!

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