

**STOKER:**

This episode is dedicated to every single note Ford gives me. Love you, Ford, and your annoying *fucking* notes.

**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. Spaceship ambiance can be heard in the background. A door opens and closes. HUXLEY walks into the lab.]*

**VIC:**

If you're gonna keep being late to your own lab sessions, you should really put a couple magazines in here or something.

**HUXLEY:**

Sorry. I was having a... a bit of an argument with Dr. Calvin.

**VIC:**

Or an *I Spy* book?

**HUXLEY:**

How are you feeling? Any dizziness, nausea? General unpleasantness?

**VIC:**

You mean... unpleasantness *other* than being a test subject in a prison? Uh... Wait. Is this— is this, like, another checkup? Huxley, this is like the third one in *two days*.

**HUXLEY:**

I'm being thorough. You were out for a few days but you don't seem to be experiencing muscle weakness. I'm going to shine a light in your eyes, try not to blink.

**VIC:**

*[Mumbling]* Ugh, that's bright.

**HUXLEY:**

I know. Okay, try to push against my hands.

**VIC:**

This is ridiculous.

**HUXLEY:**

Like I said, I'm being thorough.

**VIC:**

*[Under their breath]* You're being weird.

*[Beat.]*

**HUXLEY:**

Okay, looking good. Now, I'm going to check your blood pressure.

*[Velcro rips and straps tighten as HUXLEY applies the blood pressure monitor to VIC.]*

**VIC:**

Huxley, my blood pressure is fine. It was fine yesterday, too. What's gotten into you? The other scientists are gonna start making fun of you if they see you worrying about a prisoner like this.

**HUXLEY:**

The other scientists don't care. They wouldn't care even if I killed you.

**VIC:**

Would Lucy?

*[Awkward silence.]*

**VIC, CONT.:**

Yeah, that's what I thought. You need to stop fussing over me, Hux. It's a bad look. It makes both of us look suspicious, and we can't *afford* looking suspicious. Not after everything that's happened. We're in enough shit as it is.

**HUXLEY:**

*[To himself]* They could be throwing worse things that suspicion our way.

**VIC:**

Maybe. But I don't want them giving us *anything*. I'd like it if they weren't even looking at us— at you.

**HUXLEY:**

*[Deep breath]* Your blood pressure is... fine.

*[HUXLEY un-velcros the blood pressure monitor.]*

**VIC:**

Told you.

**HUXLEY:**

I'm just going to draw some blood, I need to check your hormone levels.

**VIC:**

Hux, you did that *yesterday*. Twice, in fact.

**HUXLEY:**

*[Desperately]* Well, hormone levels can change at any moment. It's best that I catch it early on before it gets worse.

**VIC:**

Fine. Do whatever you want. *[Mumbling]* It's what you've always done.

**HUXLEY:**

Vic, I—

**VIC:**

*[Interrupting]* It's fine. I'm used to it. Or I should be. I'm a subject, you're the doctor with the big needle. Bleed me dry, if you gotta.

**HUXLEY:**

What are you—

**VIC:**

*[Interrupting]* Be straight with me. Am I dying?

*[Beat.]*

**HUXLEY:**

What?

**VIC:**

It's the only reason I can think you're doing all this.

**HUXLEY:**

No, no you're not dying.

**VIC:**

Are you sure?

**HUXLEY:**

Absolutely. Vic, you are not dying. I'm just being thorough.

**VIC:**

You said that already. "Being thorough." But *why*?

**HUXLEY:**

I just... have to be sure.

**VIC:**

That I'm not *dying*?

**HUXLEY:**

No! Vic, trust me. If you were dying, we would be having a *very* different conversation.

**VIC:**

This ain't much of a conversation, is it?

[*Beat.*]

**HUXLEY:**

No, I suppose it isn't. I'm sorry.

**VIC:**

See, you say I'm not dying, but saying that you're sorry makes me feel like I really *fucking* am.

**HUXLEY:**

It's not that! Lucy... She wants you to go back under. To run more trials. She's already had Roger start repairing the equipment.

**VIC:**

*Excuse me?*

**HUXLEY:**

I know, I'm trying to stop it.

**VIC:**

Why the hell would she want that? Cain's dead because of it and I was in a coma for, like, a week.

**HUXLEY:**

It was less than a week, don't blow it out of proportion.

**VIC:**

*Out of proportion?*

**HUXLEY:**

I... I didn't mean that. Sorry. I'm trying to give her a good reason why you shouldn't be part of it. If I can show that your health has been impacted severely enough, she may not want to risk killing the only person who's ever had a successful trial. I don't like it, but I'm trying to do what I can. What needs to be done.

**VIC:**

What about Jules? Are you sure Lucy won't be willing to burn through me and start again with her?

**HUXLEY:**

There's a level of trust required between the two subjects for successful connection. And you're the only person here Jules trusts, as far as I'm aware. So if I can take you out of the running, I'd be taking her out, too. By default.

**VIC:**

Okay... *[Sighs.]* Okay. Yeah, yeah, that makes sense.

**HUXLEY:**

Are you... upset?

*[Awkward pause.]*

**VIC:**

Well, yeah. You could have just *told* me what all this was about. I could have done something to help.

**HUXLEY:**

Like what?

**VIC:**

I don't know. Break a bone? Would that work?

**HUXLEY:**

Hm, I'm afraid not. Your mind would still be functional if you could walk. The only thing that could conceivably stop you from participating is if—

**VIC:**

*[Interrupting]* If I had brain damage.

**HUXLEY:**

Or maybe a heart attack. Something fatal.

**VIC:**

*[Sarcastically]* Great. I'll get to work on that heart attack, then.

**HUXLEY:**

You don't have to. I promise, I'll find a way to stop the experiment.

**VIC:**

What if you can't?

**HUXLEY:**

That's not an option.

**VIC:**

Failure's not ever an *option*. It's just something that happens. It's out of your control. Huxley, if we have to do the experiment again—

**HUXLEY:**

We won't. I'll make sure it won't. Trust me.

**VIC:**

*[Quietly sighs.]* Okay. I trust you.

**HUXLEY:**

Thank you.

*[A low-toned glitch noise. Papers shuffle and quiet jazz music plays. LUCY hums along. The shuffling stops as she lands on something that catches her eye.]*

**LUCY:**

Hm. Interesting.

*[A door opens and closes. HUXLEY walks into the office.]*

**LUCY, CONT.:**

Ah, Dr. Huxley! Just the man I wanted to see.

**HUXLEY:**

Dr. Calvin.

**LUCY:**

Please, call me Lucy. And since we're working so closely together, may I call you Aster?

**HUXLEY:**

You may not.

**LUCY:**

Hm. Well, what can I do for you?

**HUXLEY:**

I don't think we can continue with the experiment.

**LUCY:**

Oh? And why is *that*?

**HUXLEY:**

Vic's thyroid seems to have been hit fairly hard from the previous trial. Unfortunately, this could start affecting their nervous system if we put it under any more pressure.

**LUCY:**

His nervous system? Oh dear, that's not good. Thank you for letting me know.

**HUXLEY:**

Yes.

*[HUXLEY starts to walk away, but stops.]*

**HUXLEY:**

Wait, you... said you wanted to see me?

**LUCY:**

Yes, uh, what do you think about Monday?

**HUXLEY:**

Monday for what?

**LUCY:**

To start back up with the project.

**HUXLEY:**

But we're discontinuing it. ...Aren't we?

**LUCY:**

Of course not. Whatever gave you that idea?

**HUXLEY:**

Vic can't go under again, and since he's currently the only one who—

**LUCY:**

*[Interrupting]* And *why* can't Mx. Algernon go under?

**HUXLEY:**

Because of his... hormones?

**LUCY:**

*[Giggling]* Oh! I'm sorry, it looks like we may have a bit of a misunderstanding. That's my fault, I should have been clearer.

*[LUCY shuffles through papers.]*

**LUCY, CONT.:**

You see, I've been looking through their medical reports.

**HUXLEY:**

You have?

**LUCY:**



And I *have* seen that his thyroxine levels have been fluctuating a bit, but certainly not enough to be worried about, especially when I can see what's really going on here.

**HUXLEY:**

*[Clears throat awkwardly]* You can?

**LUCY:**

Yes. As you know, Dr. Huxley, I have access to all medical files in Mnemosyne's possession. One of the perks of my shiny new position here. Part of the corporate olive branch extended to Gesia in light of, well, the whole Cain situation.

**LUCY, CONT.:**

I was able to see that you have been giving Vic *frequent* checkups during his scheduled mealtimes. Hunger, I'm sure you know, affects most of the body's processes, *including* the ones in the thyroid.

**HUXLEY:**

I see.

**LUCY:**

So the changes you're reporting are really nothing to worry about. But I appreciate your investment in the prisoners' health!

**HUXLEY:**

Well. Um. Thank you. However, it is still my professional opinion that we stop conducting trials, and move on to one of the other archived projects on board.

**LUCY:**

Why? Is there something else I should know about?

**HUXLEY:**

It's dangerous! People are getting hurt!

**LUCY:**

*[Patronizingly]* Dr. Huxley... just where do you think we are right now?

**HUXLEY:**

Mnemosyne station?

**LUCY:**

Oh, good! I was beginning to wonder if you had forgotten. Thought we might have to get you some medical attention yourself.

**LUCY, CONT.:**

*[Chuckling]* No, I understand your concern, but in all fairness, none of the experiments currently running are *safe*. That's why they're being conducted *here*. On prisoners who *agreed* to the terms of their imprisonment in exchange for a shorter sentence.

**HUXLEY:**

It's not exactly having a choice, now, is it?

**LUCY:**

*[Laughing]* Of *course* they have a choice. And so did you, when you *chose* to come up here. The only thing that could truly *stop* Mx. Algernon's participation is, I don't know, irreparable brain damage, or a heart attack.

**HUXLEY:**

*[Through his teeth]* Something fatal.

**LUCY:**

You understand me! Yes, unless it is something fatal, I cannot allow this experiment to be stopped. People are depending on this kind of data, Dr. Huxley.

**HUXLEY:**

You mean your *CEO* is depending on it.

**LUCY:**

Oh, it's bigger than that, Aster! This is life-changing research we're doing. It's going to open doors to new possibilities, new—

**HUXLEY:**

*[Recoiling at the use of his name]* New weapons? I know enough about your position to know where *that* sentence is going.

**LUCY:**

Well... Ultimately, yes!

**HUXLEY:**

It killed one man. I won't allow it to kill another.

**LUCY:**

Dr. Cain died, as I understand, from the additions *he* made to the machine backfiring. And from betraying the trust that you're so sure this process hinges on.

**HUXLEY:**

But—

**LUCY:**

If we undo the modifications he's made, and make new ones so that people without a preexisting relationship can use it, I can't imagine we'll have to keep worrying.

**HUXLEY:**

But—

**LUCY:**

But, in fact...

*[LUCY types on a keyboard, and the computer beeps.]*

**LUCY, CONT.:**

It says here that you pulled Jules out of the experiment.

**HUXLEY:**

She was having extreme side effects.

**LUCY:**

Side effects that subsided.

**HUXLEY:**

They were... psychological.

**LUCY:**

*[Mock concern]* Oh, Dr. Huxley, don't tell me you let her sit it out simply because she didn't *feel* like it!

**HUXLEY:**

That is not what I said.

**LUCY:**

Well, I hope that wasn't the case. Otherwise, your superiors would have to be notified about your undue sentiment. Remember that you have to maintain a level of *professionalism* around here. It would really mess with the status quo around here if you developed feelings for a prisoner.

**HUXLEY:**

I do *not* have feelings for Vic.

*[Beat.]*

**LUCY:**

*[Threateningly]* I wasn't talking about Vic, was I?

*[Beat.]*

**HUXLEY:**

The experiment could be fatal!

**LUCY:**

You said that already. *[Sigh.]* Look, Dr. Huxley, I value your insight a great deal. You're a brilliant scientist, and I would hate to dismiss your *expert* opinion out of hand. So I will... *think* about it. How does that sound?

**HUXLEY:**

You'll *think* about...?

**LUCY:**

*[Interrupting]* I'll look back over all the records and recordings, all the information I have, and I will determine what it would take to continue the experiment. And if you're right and it is simply too much of a risk, I'll mark the whole project as defunct and be back on Earth before you can say "Memento Mori." How does that sound?

**HUXLEY:**

Morbid.

**LUCY:**

*[Laughing.]* Oh, you're such a kidder!

**HUXLEY:**

But... thank you. That... puts me somewhat at ease.

**LUCY:**

No problem. I'll see you later. Aster.

*[A low-toned glitch noise. Spaceship ambiance can be heard in the background. Paper flaps and a machine whirrs as HUXLEY shreds papers. The door opens and closes as VIC enters.]*

**VIC:**

Hey.

*[HUXLEY stops shredding papers.]*

**HUXLEY:**

Vic. You— you're here.

**VIC:**

I heard you went to go talk to Lucy.

**HUXLEY:**

Yes, I did.

**VIC:**

And...?

**HUXLEY:**

Well...

**VIC:**

*[Dejected]* I knew it.

**HUXLEY:**

What? No. No, she promised me, she'd think about it.

**VIC:**

She said she'd... "think about it?"

**HUXLEY:**

Yes.

**VIC:**

Shit, Hux... Hux, you know what that means, right?

**HUXLEY:**

That she'll think about it.

**VIC:**

Listen, I know I'm not the best with subtext either, but I do know that when someone says they'll "think about it?" It doesn't *actually* mean they'll think about it.

**HUXLEY:**

Oh. *Oh*. But— She has to see that it's too dangerous to attempt again! It's all in the files!

**VIC:**

The files you're currently shredding?

**HUXLEY:**

They're already digitized.

*[HUXLEY kicks the wastebasket over.]*

*[Beat.]*

**VIC:**

I'm... sorry.

**HUXLEY:**

*[Scoffs]* Why are *you* sorry?

**VIC:**

I— I dunno? Just feels like you're taking this a whole lot harder than I thought.

**HUXLEY:**

...Why aren't you more upset?

**VIC:**

Probably just a delayed reaction. I'm sure it'll creep on me later, in the dark, when I'm alone with my thoughts.

**HUXLEY:**

What?

**VIC:**

Sorry. It was... a bad joke. Ignore it.

*[The door opens. LUCY walks into the lab, heels clicking on the floor.]*

**LUCY:**

Hello, Aster— Oh! Vic, is it? Glad to see you up and about. I'm not interrupting another checkup, am I? Even if I am, I'd like to speak with Dr. Huxley *alone*, if you don't mind.

**VIC:**

...Sure? Uh... *[Nervous chuckle.]* I guess I'll see you later, Hux.

*[VIC walks out of the lab. The door opens and closes.]*

**LUCY:**

Hm. "*Hux.*" Interesting.

**HUXLEY:**

He... gives everyone nicknames.

*[LUCY walks closer to HUXLEY.]*

**LUCY:**

Oh, I'm sure. Listen, I've given more thought to what you said. And to some degree, I think you're right. The experiment can't continue as is.

**HUXLEY:**

*[Relieved sigh and laughter.]* That— that's great news.

**LUCY:**

I'm afraid I'm going to be taking over as the lead scientist for this project.

**HUXLEY:**

I— I'm sorry?

**LUCY:**

You see, I realized it when you were speaking to me in my office earlier. You're *stressed*, Aster! Out of it. A little manic, even, and far too sentimental. I'm worried you're not thinking rationally enough for the amount of decision-making power you've been granted in the past.

**HUXLEY:**

*I am fine!*

**LUCY:**

Are you, though? When I arrived on the ship, I heard you had barricaded yourself in the lab with one of your subjects.

**HUXLEY:**

*[Interrupting]* We were being *held hostage*.

**LUCY:**

*[Interrupting]* That may have been true at first, but I saw your notes. Dr. Cain was sedated the majority of the time. Yet, the reports say that the guards were not able to get through the barricade for several days.

**HUXLEY:**

This isn't— That has nothing to do with my decision-making capabilities!

**LUCY:**

I'm afraid it does. But don't worry! You'll still maintain your status as a researcher as I'm *sure* you'll be able to help if there are ever issues that arise.

**HUXLEY:**

I don't understand. I was already reporting to you, anyway.

**LUCY:**

Well, yes. But with me writing the reports and overseeing every step of the process, there will be fewer opportunities for you to... make any missteps. Intentional or otherwise.

**HUXLEY:**

And I assume *Roger* will be taking care of all the engineering?

**LUCY:**

Of course! Can't do this experiment at all without an engineer on board!

**HUXLEY:**

You're making a mistake.

**LUCY:**

Hm... No, I don't believe I am. I told you I would review the information I had available, and act accordingly. This is the action I have chosen, and I believe it is the most equitable. You continue your research, Mx. Algernon continues to be monitored, and both our corporate benefactors are kept happy. It's for the best, you see?



**HUXLEY:**

And what happens if someone else dies? What happens when Vic can't find his way out of the next coma we put him in?

**LUCY:**

What do you mean, "what happens?" You'll have to start all over with a new pair of subjects.

**HUXLEY:**

*What?!*

**LUCY:**

That *is* what's written in your agreement when you came to Mnemosyne.

**HUXLEY:**

If you *think* for even a *moment* that I'm going to put more unwilling people through all of this pain just so you can turn my research into a *weapon*—

**LUCY:**

Oh dear. Aster, I think we're having another misunderstanding. Or, at the very least, you don't seem to be fully aware of the terms of your stay here.

**HUXLEY:**

What are you talking about?

**LUCY:**

After everything with— what was his name? The pianist? Oh, yes, everything with Isaac—

**HUXLEY:**

*[Sharply]* What does he have to do with this? Don't bring him into this. *You* don't get to bring him into this.

**LUCY:**

Very well, it seems like now isn't the best time. I take it back. I also ask that you reconsider your stance on my decision.

**HUXLEY:**

And why would I do that?

**LUCY:**

There are only two kinds of people that are on this ship, Aster. Subjects and scientists. Actually, I suppose the guards are here too, but you're not really qualified to be a guard, are you? You don't have the upper body strength.

**HUXLEY:**

What are you saying?

**LUCY:**

I'm saying that if you don't want to find yourself on the other side of a set of bars, you should maybe stick to what you do best.

**HUXLEY:**

I— I can't be *in* the experiment.

**LUCY:**

Why not? Vic *trusts* you, doesn't he?

**HUXLEY:**

You can't force me into an experiment that I was in charge of an hour ago. I'm not a prisoner here.

**LUCY:**

*Oh...* Do you really believe that?

*[A long, painful pause.]*

**LUCY, CONT.:**

Gosh! Look at the time, I must be going. And Aster, I think it would be best for everyone if you remember this conversation next time you want to interfere with things out of your control. You look so good in a lab coat, I'd hate to make you take it off.

*[LUCY walks out of the lab. The door opens and closes.]*

**HUXLEY:**

*[Quietly]* Fuck.

*[A low-toned glitch noise. Spaceship ambiance can be heard in the background. JULES and HUGO are playing chess.]*

**JULES:**

Where's Vic?

**HUGO:**

Hm? I don't know. He's never been gone this long.

**JULES:**

Should we... be worried?

**HUGO:**

Nah. He's a big boy. I'm sure they can handle themselves.

**JULES:**

*[Unconvinced]* If you say so.

**HUGO:**

Checkmate.

**JULES:**

Ugh! I swear you're cheating.

**HUGO:**

Hurtful! I will say that you are definitely getting better. You managed to get eight moves!

**JULES:**

Yeah, well, I'm not really paying attention.

**HUGO:**

Really? Color me impressed.

**JULES:**

Shut up. Besides, you know this isn't what I'm here for anyway.

**HUGO:**

I know, I know, but let me pretend that we're having a nice little bonding moment.

**JULES:**

Gross.

**HUGO:**

Checkmate.

**JULES:**

Gah! Can we just get to it already?

**HUGO:**

Fine. Soil-sport.

*[HUGO opens a chest and digs around.]*

**JULES:**

Still can't believe they let you have that. I'm not even allowed a *bag* in my room.

**HUGO:**

Knowing you, you'd use it to suffocate me in my sleep.

**JULES:**

No, I wouldn't!

*[Something squeaks in HUGO's chest.]*

**JULES, CONT.:**

*[To herself]* Maybe I would *think* about it... but I wouldn't actually *do* it—

**HUGO:**

Ah, here it is! Jules? Do me a favor and stand by the door. Keep an eye out in case we have and... "visitors."

*[JULES reluctantly goes to the door. HUGO opens up a large envelope and unfolds paper out on a table.]*

**JULES:**

Are those...?

*[Footsteps approach from down the hall.]*

**JULES, CONT.:**

*[Hissing]* Someone's coming! Hide it!

*[HUGO hurriedly folds the paper again and stuffs it back in the chest.]*

**HUXLEY:**

Jules...? What are you doing in Hugo's cell?

**JULES:**

*[Sharply]* What does it look like?

**HUXLEY:**

That you two are playing chess?

**JULES:**

It was a rhetorical question. Of course we were playing chess.

*[Beat.]*

**HUXLEY:**

Oh. Okay. Uh...have— have either of you seen Vic?

**HUGO:**

I'm afraid not, dear Huxley. He has been missing all day. I'd wager he's hiding under a rec room table with that guitar of his.

**JULES:**

Yeah, he does that. What do you need Vic for?

**HUXLEY:**

I... need to tell him what Dr. Calvin is planning.

**HUGO:**

That sounds ominous.

**HUXLEY:**

She intends to take over my position. Well, she's already done that. But she—

**JULES:**

*[Interrupting]* What?

**HUXLEY:**

She's under the impression that I am not mentally well—

**JULES:**

*[Interrupting]* No shit.

**HUXLEY:**

*[Exasperatedly]* I don't know how to stop her. How to stop all... *[audibly gesturing wildly around the room]* this.

[Silence.]

**HUXLEY:**

You two are quiet. I was hoping you'd have some kind of... *scheme* in mind.

**HUGO:**

Hm...

**HUXLEY:**

No schemes?

**JULES:**

Fat chance. Last time I tried to help, you got me thrown out and *then* I was stuck in solitary for so long that *Hugo* had to get me out.

**HUGO:**

Speaking of, you really shouldn't be biting guards, Jules. They may be wearing armor of sorts but they *do* hold grudges.

**JULES:**

Whatever.

**HUXLEY:**

Jules, I tried to get you out but Dr. Calvin overruled me.

**JULES:**

Yeah, that's not a good enough excuse. You barely tried. At least Hugo did... whatever they did to join me in solitary.

**HUGO:**

It's called solidarity.

**JULES:**

Don't ruin it.

**HUXLEY:**

I'm sorry. Really.

**JULES:**

*Whatever.* I'm over it.

**HUGO:**

She's lying, by the way. She's not over it.

**HUXLEY:**

I figured. But Hugo, don't you...?

**HUGO:**

I'm all schemed out, I'm afraid. Best of luck with Lucy, though. I'm sure you'll figure something out.

**HUXLEY:**

Lucy? How did you know her name?

**JULES:**

Apparently, they used to "run in the same circles" back on Earth.

**HUXLEY:**

Ah. That's an image I didn't want to have in my mind.

**HUGO:**

Not like *that*!

**HUXLEY:**

Do you have any idea how I can get her to listen to reason?

**HUGO:**

I wouldn't call her a *reasonable* person, as much as she tries to act as such. She's red tape in human form.

**HUXLEY:**

...Pardon?

**HUGO:**

Bureaucracy, dear Huxley. The type who loves to play *exactly* by the rules even when it benefits nobody. Well, somehow, it always does benefit her. Ugh. I could never stand that type.

**JULES:**

*[Sarcastically]* What a surprise. The chronic cheater hates playing by the rules.

**HUGO:**

Are you still sour about our chess game? I'm *always* up for a rematch, you know.

**JULES:**

Not a chance.

**HUXLEY:**

*[Despondent]* Very well. I... Actually, just one more thing. Hugo, may I speak to you in private?

**HUGO:**

Of course—

**JULES:**

No.

**HUGO:**

No?

**JULES:**

No. *You* don't get to keep secrets, Huxley. Secrets are the *one* privilege we get as prisoners. Whatever you have to say, you can say it in front of me.

**HUXLEY:**

Fine. I need to know... how Vic is feeling.

**HUGO:**

Haven't you tried asking him yourself? You *have* been calling him to an awful lot of checkups lately. I thought you would've asked then. Unless you two were just being... intimate?

**JULES:**

Gross...

**HUGO:**

You wanted to hear this, Jules darling.

**HUXLEY:**

No! I mean... I was just being thorough.

**JULES:**

*Ew!*

**HUXLEY:**

What?



**HUGO:**

That sounded an awful lot like a euphemism.

**HUXLEY:**

*[Groaning]* Everyone and their double meanings today! I just wanted to ask if you noticed anything worrying about him. Something that could prove they'd be in danger if we kept going with the experiment.

*[Beat.]*

**JULES:**

I haven't noticed anything.

**HUGO:**

And if I did, you are *not* the person I would tell. Vic's bodily issues are their own and it would break his trust if I ran to tattle about his health.

**HUXLEY:**

Oh. Okay. Right. But you *would* tell me if it would save him from the experiment, right?

**JULES:**

Oh, *just* him?

**HUXLEY:**

*[Frantic]* Getting him out would mean getting you out, too, Jules.

**HUGO:**

*Regardless*, I think you should have a little more faith in Vic. He's not someone who keeps secrets.

**HUXLEY:**

...You're right. Of course, I...I apologize.

**HUGO:**

However, I *would* be amenable to... checking in from time to time. In exchange for some... provisions.

**HUXLEY:**

Hugo, please, you know I'm not at liberty to give you anything.

**JULES:**

*[Snorts]* No one is. But you're standing in their cell right now and they cheat at chess, so clearly no one's following the rules.

*[HUGO rustles through his chest. Something in it squeaks again.]*

**HUGO:**

So here's what I'm thinking. I will need quite a few materials. *[To herself]* Oh, where's that shopping list. I just had it!

*[HUGO holds out a piece of paper.]*

**HUGO, CONT.:**

Here you go! I don't expect *all* of these items, but maybe one or two would suffice.

**HUXLEY:**

*[Suspicious]* What do you need these for?

**HUGO:**

Why, to make my humble abode just a little bit comfier! Once you've checked out my files, you've seen that I've been in here for a *very* long time without *any* hope to ever get out.

**HUXLEY:**

*[Sighs.]* I'll... do my best.

*[HUXLEY starts walking away, then stops.]*

**HUXLEY, CONT.:**

By the way, you aren't... blackmailing Jules, are you?

**JULES:**

Huh?

**HUXLEY:**

It's just... you're talking to each other. Casually. *Willingly*. I can't think of a logical reason for that besides blackmail.

*[JULES bursts out laughing.]*

**HUGO:**

I beg your pardon!? I'll have you know, Jules and I have become very close as of late. Why, we're practically... *besties*.

**JULES:**

Oh, I wouldn't go that far.

**HUGO:**

Fine. We're friends.

**JULES:**

...Still not the word I'd use.

**HUGO:**

Surely, we can't still be *acquaintances*. Not after everything I've done for you.

**JULES:**

[*Ignoring HUGO*] Hugo and I have...an *understanding*, is all.

**HUXLEY:**

Is that... a euphemism?

**JULES:**

[*Mock-gagging*] Ew! Gross! Oh my god, what is wrong with you?

**HUXLEY:**

I'm sorry, I'm just not—

**JULES:**

Get out already!

**HUXLEY:**

[*Embarrassed*] Right, sorry, I'm going.

[*HUXLEY walks back down the hall.*]

**JULES:**

Alright, he's gone. Now, show me whatever it is you were going to show me.

**HUGO:**

With pleasure.

[*A low-toned glitch noise.*]

*[Mnemosyne theme by Sleauxn.]*

**JACK:**

Today's episode was written by **Vincent Tirado**. It featured **Leland Heed** as Victor Algernon, **Varis Zima** as Aster Huxley, **Serina Johnston** as Jules Kroeber, **Noelle Salisbury** as Lucy Calvin, and **E.G. Tariku** as Hugo Highsmith. Our editor is **Stoker Leopold** and our music is by **Sloane Van Dyke**. If you like what we do here and want to follow us on social media or subscribe to our Patreon, all of that information will be linked in the description below. Thanks for listening!

*Sound effects this week by 13FPanska\_Prochazkova\_Lucie, Breviceps, Dariachic, GeorgeHopkins, Nox\_Sound, buzbe20, ermfilm, kyles, & previously credited artists via freesound.org.*