

Jonas: Alex?

[If you said **“Shut up”**:

Alex: Shut up, shut— [sigh] Ugh.]

[If you said **“Yeah, whatever”** or **“Stop it”**:

Alex: Stop it, just st— Ugh.]

Jonas: [sigh] You got—you know, you went... bad again?

Jonas: I couldn't get you out of it.

Jonas: We should really—we should get this done. Now.

| **I saw Michael again...**

>**Alex:** I saw... I saw Michael again. I just... [sigh] I'm sorry. When I'm there, I just get sucked into it like... nothing happened.

| **Let's go.**

>**Alex:** I'm fine, let's—we can go, let's go.

| **Oh God.**

>**Alex:** God... Great, again.

Jonas: C'mon, it's alright. I think I can hear Ren and Nona down there.

[If **Ren and Nona date + don't sacrifice Clarissa**:

Nona: Just don't say anything to them, okay?

Nona: This is... it's just like a trial period, like... buying a used car that I can already tell is
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| Say anything about what?

>**Alex:** Say anything about what? What are you guys talking about?

>**Ren:** We're dating, we're dating! Nona and I, we're gonna date!

>**Nona:** Ren! Dude, what did I just say?

>**Ren:** What?! They asked!

>Ren: Right? You asked?

>Nona: [sigh]

|| Congrats!

>>Alex: Mazel Tov on the happy couple!

>>Ren: [laughs] Thank you!

>>Nona: No. Stop.

>>Nona: It's one date. At the revival theater.

>>Nona: We're just gonna sit quietly, in the dark, and watch a documentary on Bosnian genocide.

>>Jonas: Hmm. Romantic.

>>Ren: Hey, one man's depressant is another chick's upper.

||| Sounds great.

>>>Alex: Aww, how cute. The Riviera's a great movie house.

>>>Alex: And the ushers can't tell where you're putting your hands if you sit in Row G, by the way.

>>>Nona: Please don't tell him that.

>>>Nona: Anyways, I know it's stupid to be... planning or whatever for this, but...

>>>Nona: I dunno. I just feel like maybe it's not... that insignificant... or whatever?

>>>Ren: Whatever. Truly the language of love.

>>>Nona: [chuckle] Shut up, you know what I mean.

|||| Well, I'm taking credit.

|||| Good for you.

>>>>Alex: Good. I'm glad, this is—I mean, at the very least I'll get to hear embarrassing stories, so.

|||| We got ghosts to destroy.

||| Uh, cool.

|| How can you even think about that!

|| Really, Nona? Him?

| I don't care whatever it is.

| Secrets! Tell me!

[If Ren and Nona don't date + don't sacrifice Clarissa:

Ren: No, I just always do the poster. I mean, you get the option, right?

Nona: The—there's an option to make a poster?

Ren: Oh, definitely. Whose class are you in?

Nona: Miss Underhill's.

Ren: Ohhh. If you get—no, actually, it'll still work, even with her.

Nona: [laughs] No way.

Ren: Yes way, it'll work, trust me.

Ren: It'll sound, like, ridiculous as you're saying it, but, I can attest.

| **What are you talking about?**

>**Alex:** What are you talking about?

>**Ren:** Oh, uh, end of semester finals. AP English.

>**Ren:** You can game the system and instead of writing a report, all you have to do is draw a poster of a fake book cover.

| **You guys okay?**

>**Alex:** You guys, uh, doing okay?

>**Ren:** Yeah, it's— we're fine.

>**Nona:** But Ren, wait, seriously. In AP English, all you had to do was make a fake book cover *poster* at the end of the semester?

| **The door open?**

>**Alex:** Did the Bomb Shelter open? Did it work? I hope it worked, please tell me it worked.

>**Ren:** Oh, yeah. It sprung open.

>**Nona:** But Ren, wait, seriously. In AP English, all you had to do was make a fake book cover *poster* at the end of the semester?

| **[No Response]**

>**Jonas:** Hey, everything good?

>**Ren:** Yeah, everything went fine.

>**Nona:** But Ren, wait, seriously. In AP English, all you had to do was make a fake book cover *poster* at the end of the semester?

Ren: Yeah, but the trick is you have to claim you're a kinesthetic learner.

Ren: "I have to make something with my hands, teacher, or—"

| **Who cares about that!**

>**Alex:** Who—wh— that's what you're talking about right now?! How to *cheat* in AP English?

>**Ren:** Yeah, that's what we're talking about! It's the end of the damn world and I wanna chat about something normal for our last few breaths.

>**Nona:** Okay, okay.

| **I'll do that next year.**

>**Alex:** That's... huh! That's... pretty—that's good! You got moxie! I'll have to do that next year.

>**Ren:** Well, I dunno... I kinda maybe ruined it for the rest of you since I used that excuse in like five classes already.

>**Jonas:** [laughs]

| **We have more pressing issues right now.**

>**Alex:** Yeah, I think you can worry about that after we're off the island, Ren.

>**Ren:** No, I need to worry about it now.

>**Jonas:** Why?

>**Ren:** Because I left my book on the ferry.

>**Jonas:** [laughs]

| **[No Response]**

>**Ren:** Yeah, well, I'm a real nutcase.]

[If you didn't sacrifice Clarissa (after dating conversation):

Ren: I... I wanna get this off my chest. Just... something happened to us, Alex, something... broke.

Ren: I don't know if it was the ghosts or whatever, but... you've been acting, like, not you.

Nona: *Ren.*

Ren: No, I just... I don't know.

| **Are you kidding me!**

>**Alex:** Ren, are you— this is what you wanna tell me before we go in there?

>**Ren:** I know, I'm sorry, it's-it's just been— it's just been a crappy night. I don't even know what I'm saying.

| **I tried.**

>**Alex:** Well, I tried, I mean... I don't know what else I could've done, man, this night has been... awful, non-stop. It was a lot to juggle.

>**Ren:** I know. I don't—I don't know why I'm even saying this now. I'm sorry.

| **I'm... sorry.**

>**Alex:** Well, I'm... sorry. I—I don't... [sigh] I don't know what else to say, really.

>**Ren:** I'm sorry. I don't know why I'm even saying this now.

Nona: This is stupid, but... can we, like, take a picture?

Ren: Why?

Nona: I dunno, in case things go bad, and...

Nona: Somebody finds it or something.

| **There's no time.**

>**Alex:** We're running out of time as it is, Nona. Can't we do a photo-op if we all, like, survive?

>**Jonas**: No, c'mon, let's do it. It'll just take a minute.

| **Yeah, let's.**

>**Alex**: Yeah, let's do it. We're on a beach... kind of. Let's keep a shred of normalhere.

| **Really?**

>**Alex**: Really? Now? Right before... who knows what?

>**Nona**: Yeah, before who knows what. That's— that's like why I wanna do it, I think.

>**Jonas**: C'mon, let's do it.

| **[No Response]**

>**Jonas**: C'mon, let's do it.

Jonas: Alright, let's take it.

Nona: Alex, get in here.

Ren: You're not getting out of it.

Ren: I don't care if you think your hair looks pointy.

Jonas: Alex, re—you're in this with us.

[take picture]

Alex: [sigh] Alright!]

[Hug Ren:

Alex: We'll be back.

Ren: Oh, I know.]

[Hug Nona:

Nona: Oof, okay, I— alright.]

[Hug Jonas:

Jonas: I am coming with you, you know.

Alex: Yeah, yeah.]

[If you sacrificed Clarissa:

Ren: Alex, man... I— that was like... *evil*.

Nona: Yeah. *First* you kill your own brother, and now you *bump off* Clarissa because what? She doesn't sit with you at *lunch*?!

Nona: You dye your hair because you *pretend* to be sad.

Nona: But then you act all high and mighty even though you're *worse* than anyone.

[If you try to enter the Cave Shelter:

Alex: Is the— can you, like... I just wanna do this.

Nona: No, you're gonna listen to me first.]

| **Hey, slow down.**

>**Alex:** Hey, slow—

>**Nona:** *Shut up!* Shut up when I'm talking, *I'm* talking now!

| **I'm sorry, okay!**

>**Alex:** I-I-I'm sorry, okay, I-I didn't—

>**Nona:** *Shut up!* Shut up when I'm talking, *I'm* talking now!

| **I'm not a beast woman!**

>**Alex:** Hey! I'm not a—

>**Nona:** *Shut up!* Shut up when I'm talking, *I'm* talking now!

[If you try to leave a second time:

Alex: Okay, we've blabbed enough, let's get in there.]

Nona: *Know* that you're still going into that Bomb Shelter and you are still going to use your *dumb* little radio and you are still gonna do whatever you have to do to bring Clarissa back, okay?

Nona: You might have *thought* you found some "shortcut" here.

Nona: But you *didn't*.

| **I know, I know.**

>**Alex:** I know, I-I know, I know, I didn't— I wasn't thinking clearly, I'm— I'm sorry. I'll fix this. I'll get her back.

>**Nona:** *Yeah*, I know you are.

[**skip to Ren:** "Before you, uhh, go..."]

| **I did it for you.**

>**Alex:** I did it for you, alright! Do you really think I'd throw Clarissa down to the pits of Hell if I didn't think it would save the rest of us!?

>**Ren:** Jesus...

| **We can just leave!**

>**Alex:** Guys, we can just leave, we can totally leave! That— that's what this is all about! We're saved!

>**Ren:** Jesus...

Nona: We are not leaving. None of us are leaving.

Jonas: Yeah, Alex, this is... we have to get Clarissa back.

Nona: I don't know why this has to be said!

| **If I have to.**

>**Alex:** [sigh] If— If I *have* to, if it'll make everyone get off my back.

>**Nona:** *Oh my God*, are you—

>**Jonas:** It's okay, it's fine, she agreed, we're doing it.

>**Nona:** Ugh!!

| **Okay.**

>**Alex:** Okay, we'll— [exhale] okay.

Ren: Before you, uhh, go... we should... like, just in case our families...

Nona: What are you talking about?

Ren: We should take a picture.

Jonas: Really? A picture?

Ren: I know, but... we just don't know what's gonna happen.

| **Are you kidding me with this?!**

>**Alex:** Ren, are you— *this* is what you wanna—

| **Uh, sure.**

>**Alex:** Uh, sure.

Ren: I wanna do it. Okay? We'll do it quick.

Nona: Fine. Whatever.

Jonas: Just make it quick.

Nona: Yeah.

Ren: Alex, c'mon.

Ren: I don't care if you think your hair looks pointy.

Jonas: Alex, re—you're in this with us.

[take picture]

Alex: [sigh] Alright!]

[OG:

Jonas: Once we're in there, the door won't open again, since the system's so convoluted. So, make sure you're ready to finish this before we go inside.]

[NG+:

[glitch]

Jonas: Guys? Guys!

Jonas: God, this is— we have to try the cave thing, like, now.

| **Oh my God.**

>**Alex:** Oh my God, Jonas, they're— this is wrong, it's like— they're really gonna do it.

>**Jonas:** Let's go! Let's— maybe there's still time.

| **What about the Adler notes?**

>**Alex:** [sigh] I-I know, but— but what about the Adler notes? D-Don't those— won't those help?

>**Jonas:** I don't know how they would but... if you wanna get those... we should hurry.

| **Let's hurry.**

>**Alex:** Um, maybe there's still time, let's just do this thing now.]