

[If you already sacrificed Clarissa:

Clarissa: Did you.. get lost? Or are you just extraordinarily forgetful?

Clarissa: We had a contract *burned* into this girl's spinal column, Alex.

Clarissa: You shouldn't be here for our... transition.

Clarissa: Leave for the boat before we get distressed.

| I changed my mind!

| I, uh, can't leave, actually.

>Alex: I-I *can't* leave, actually, even if I wanted to at this point. The door sealed behind us, I'm—I'm here for Clarissa!

>Clarissa: Then you have truly drowned yourself.

| My friends wouldn't take the deal!

>Alex: My friends wouldn't take the deal, so... *now* this is my problem.

>Clarissa: Get better friends.

[skip to "whatever you think you can do, you can't"]]

Jonas (didn't tune Tape Player): Clarissa!

Clarissa: You know, the truth is..? We could've left... whenever we wanted.

Clarissa: We weren't... prisoners of the cave.

Clarissa: Not in whole.

| Then just leave!

>Alex: Then just *leave* then! Why are you— *why* are you still here, why not *move on*, of all the—

>Clarissa: Because it's scary! That's why!

>Clarissa: Have you ever stared into nothing? And moved with it, and felt apart in it?!

>Clarissa: It's worse than when we were wilting into atoms!

>Clarissa: Worse than... dying... the first time.

|| Yes!

>>Alex: Yes! I have, actually.

>>Clarissa: Oh, what, sitting in your room, breaking for your brother? You're like this one!

|| I can imagine it!

>>Alex: I can imagine it. Okay? You think contemplating annihilation makes you special?

>>Clarissa: What you can imagine is a toddler's toy bag compared to facing real extinction. Don't speak to us of imagination.

|| No, but you have to!

>>Alex: No! Of course not! But *you* have to, no matter hard it is!

>>Clarissa: No, we don't "have" to. We don't have to do anything, not anymore.

| What are you talking about?

>Alex: What are you talking about? You could leave? What does that mean?

Clarissa: Us being here at all? Is a constant struggle.

Clarissa: We've had our fingers dug into the cliff's edge, waiting and trying to come back.

Clarissa: Waiting and screaming...

Clarissa: ...at anyone who'd give us so much as a glance.

|| You have to go!

>>Alex: You have to let go, you have to—why—why haven't you just let yourselves be—

>>Clarissa: Because it's scary! That's why! [etc.]

|| I'm not sorry for you.

>>Alex: I am not sorry for you. You could've just... ended, at any time, I-I don't even know why you wouldn't—

>>Clarissa: Because it's scary! That's why! [etc.]

| Then why use my friends!

>Alex: Then why use my friends? W-why are you switching with them? Why are you doing this?

>Clarissa: Because it's scary! That's why! [etc.]

| [No Response]

>Jonas (didn't tune): Clarissa! Are you— are you in there?

>Clarissa: Clarissa's... asleep, right now. Be still so as not to wake her.

Clarissa: Whatever you think you can do... you can't.

Clarissa: We're not going back— we won't... go back.

Clarissa: Child. Wait your turn.

[If you didn't tune Tape Player with Jonas's mom:

Jonas: Clarissa!

Jonas: Is that it?! Is she— is she done?!

Jonas: Are they, like, coming back now or something? [sigh]

Jonas: God, we gotta... I dunno.

| No, it can't be.

>Alex: No way, it can't be. They'd— they're still trying, they haven't done it yet, we can still *do* something.

| We're still okay, so...

>Alex: No, we haven't been, whatever, "switched," or whatever's going to happen, so there must still be a way to reverse this.

| There's still time left.

>Alex: No, there's— I think there's still time left, we can still do something.

Jonas: Okay, what's the plan, what are we gonna do, hit me with it.

Jonas: I'm getting my fifth wind.

Jonas: We can't let us be too late.

| We'll tune into the source.

>Alex: We'll— [stammers] I dunno, Maggie said something on her— whatever about... turning into the "source" of it.

>Alex: Whatever this is— whatever *we* opened has to be a part of that.

>Jonas: Okay, but the gate went blank on us, like... all of them have been doing.

>Jonas: How do we— how do we tune into something like this?

>Jonas: What are you thinking?

| Any ideas?

>Alex: [sigh] This is the wrong time to go damn, but... I kinda am. You have any ideas? Plans? Anything?

>Jonas: [sigh] Well, I mean the gate looks— it's what's been happening with all of them after we mess with it, it just goes blank.

>Jonas: To get Clarissa back, I can't see how we're not gonna have to turn this one back on...

>Jonas: But don't ask me how.

| We gotta go in and get her.

>Alex: We gotta go in. We gotta get her back.

>Jonas: "Go in?" When somebody falls into a tar pit, you don't— you don't jump in after them, you find a branch.

>Jonas: And I'm not sharing she's not worth the risk, but...

>Jonas: We don't know what's on the other side.

|| What branch?

>>Alex: What "branch?" There is no branch or rope or—or anything around that can—I'm not debating this, this is what we have to do.

|| There's no time.

>>Alex: There's no time to go back and forth on this, Jonas. They said we had until dawn, and the sun's coming up *really* soon.

>>Jonas: Okay, you're right.

|| The radio, maybe?

>>Alex: Maybe the radio's the branch, you know? We—we tune it, uh, just so and it pulls her out, somehow.

|| [No Response]

>>Jonas: I'm just saying, there might be a way to just... spring her out.

>Jonas: The “gate” looks— it’s what happens with all of them, they just... stop... or whatever.

>Jonas: We’ve never had to jump start one to “working,” so...

>Jonas: I mean, what are you thinking?

| [No Response]

>Jonas: There might be a way to, I dunno, pop her back out or something, it’s just...

>Jonas: The “gate” looks— it’s what happens with all of them, they just... stop... or whatever.

>Jonas: We’ve never had to jump start one to “working,” so...

>Jonas: I mean, what are you thinking?

Jonas: You’re the one who’s been doing thing all night.

| I have no idea.

>Alex: I have...no Earthly idea.

>Jonas: What about... non-Earthly ideas?

|| Nope.

>>Alex: Huh, none of those either.

|| Those I have a lot of.

>>Alex: Yeah, I gotta a minivan full of Martian ideas, why didn’t you ask?

|| [No Response]

>>Jonas: Nothin’? You got nothing? ..Alright.

| Just try a bunch of stuff?

>Alex: Just, eh, try a bunch of stuff until we either get body swapped with a bunch of pissed off ghosts or... save the day.

>Jonas: Aye aye.

[tune radio to 120]

Jonas: Uhhh, okay, alright, this is— this is something. Hopefully good.

| Hopefully!

>Alex: Hopefully.

| Hang on, Clarissa.

>Alex: Just... hang on, Clarissa. Please.

[tune radio to 124]

Jonas: What's— what's happening, why isn't it "connecting" or whatever it does?

Jonas: I mean, are you doing it right?

Jonas: Still?

| I don't know!

>Alex: I don't know.

| This has always worked before...

>Alex: Wait... huh? It's has always worked... before...]

[If you tuned Tape Player:

[tune radio to 120]

| Huh?

>Alex: Wait— but this has always worked... before...

| What's it doing?

>Alex: Why— why isn't this, like, connecting?]

[If you didn't tune Tape Player:

Jonas: Alex! Just— whatever happens— just—]

Alex: [huffs] Oof...

| Jonas?

>Alex: Jonas?! Jonas, are you—are you here?

| Where am I?

>Alex: Ugh, where am I? This isn't... God.

| Anybody? At all?

>Alex: Uh, is anybody—can anybody hear me? Clarissa? Maybe?

| Hello?

>Alex: Hello? Is somebody there?

| Jonas? Anybody?

>Alex: Jonas? Are you— [sigh] are you in here somewhere? Anybody? Clarissa?

| Ghosts?

>Alex: Uh... ghosts? Is—is that you?

| Guess not.

>Alex: Guess not.

| Wait, why is this here?

| What's happening?

| I'm underwater?

Clarissa: You've come to close the hole... right, girl?

Clarissa: Well, you're gonna find out it's not that simple.

Clarissa: The horses have already left the barn.

| You're damn right I have!

>Alex: Yeah, I've come to close the hole, I've come to—to do what Maggie Adler tried to do fifty years ago, alright?

>Clarissa: [laughs] Okay, well, it didn't work then, why would it work now?

>Clarissa: God, you're so spoiled, you don't even know the cost of things.

>Clarissa: [laughs] Closing the hole with your stupid toy will spare your—your friends from our bloom, sure. But it will seal *you* up in *here* with us.

>Clarissa: You'll die with us, again and again.

>Clarissa: So think long and hard about those friends.

|| It's worth it.

>>Alex: Well, it'd be an alright way to go if it meant saving some people you care about.

|| Uh, really?

>>Alex: Wait, really? Why— why is that—

>>Clarissa: Look around you, dear. You're on the wrong side of the tracks.

|| You're just trying to scare me!

>>Alex: You're just trying to scare me. That isn't— that *can't* be the only way!

| Where am I?

>Alex: Ugh, where— where am I?

>Clarissa: Home. Your home... soon, anyway.

>Clarissa: God, you're so spoiled. You don't even know the cost of things. [etc.]

| Or you can just leave?

>Alex: *Or* you could just like, leave, you know, there's— there's still time to not be complete monsters about this and do the right thing here.

>Clarissa: The "right thing," oh, I'm sure it's *very* easy for someone like *you* to dictate terms when you've never really been challenged.

>Clarissa: God, you're so spoiled. You don't even know the cost of things. [etc.]

| [No Response]

>Clarissa: God, you're so spoiled. You don't even know the cost of things. [etc.]

Radio: One. Last. Chance. You don't have. To die.

Clarissa: You can leave, you know, through the gate you opened.

Radio: And. We keep. The girl. Cla. Riss. Sa.

Radio: She'll. Be. Happier. With us.

Radio: Anyways.

Clarissa: So make your choice.

Clarissa: Quickly.

Clarissa: While we still have patience to try.

| So I'm free to go?

>Alex: So, wait— if I just wanna walk out... you'll—you'll let me?

>Alex: But you'll... you're still gonna take... Clarissa? That's it?

>Clarissa: "That's it?" Do you want more? A better bargain? That's all you'll get, that's more than we ever had.

| No way!

>Alex: What?! No way! I'm not—I'm not just gonna abandon Clarissa! Who do you think I am?

>Clarissa: Who do—who do you think we are?!

| [No Response]

>Clarissa: Do you want the show then? Is that it?

Clarissa: Do you think we wanted to be thrown away?

Clarissa: Like some faulty appliance?!

Clarissa: We won't let it end like that.

Clarissa: We can't.

[If interrupted:

Clarissa: You don't even comprehend why this is happening, do you?

Clarissa: They sent warships after us.

Clarissa: Like we were the— the fifth column!

Clarissa: It's— it wasn't supposed to be like that.]

| Why?

>Alex: Why would they do that, if—if you were...

>Clarissa: They didn't care, child. It's sometimes that clean.

| They didn't know it was you! [found all Adler Letters]

>Alex: They didn't know it was you! *Nobody* knew, barely *anybody* knew, it wasn't *just* Maggie's fault or *their* fault, it... it was a catastrophic event.

>Clarissa: "A catastrophic event." You make it sound... [sigh]

>Clarissa: Fated.

>Clarissa: Like some faulty appliance?!

>Clarissa: We won't let it end like that.

>Clarissa: We can't.

|| It was fate, Francis!

>>Alex: There's— I know there was a crew mate on the submarine named Francis, and— and to you, to *all* of you, I know it was *fate*, okay?

>>Alex: Sometimes things go bad! You— you'll never change that!

>>Clarissa: Francis...

>>Clarissa: Was our name ever...

>>Ghost: Francis? Francis. Francis.

>>Clarissa: I... almost remember.

>>Ghost: My. Name.

||| Don't hurt my friends!

>>>Alex: Please, you don't have to do this. Don't hurt my friends to come back, it won't... it won't be what you want, I don't think. Not now.

>>Clarissa: We don't know... what we want.

>>Ghost: What. I. Want.

>>Clarissa: Francis Salter.

>>>Clarissa: It's hard to remember... certain things. Our faces went a while ago, and then our names.

>>>Ghost: Names. Our names. But our anger.

>>>Clarissa: Our anger... is, we're afraid, all we have left.

>>>Clarissa: It's kind of the last stitch...

>>>Clarissa: Keeping it together.

|||| Leave it behind.

>>>>Alex: I think... you should leave it behind. I-I dunno, I-I just... don't think you need it anymore... if you ever did.

>>>>Ghost: Scrap it.

>>>>Clarissa: Keep your nature. We'll keep ours.

>>>>Clarissa: Maggie had—has—will have—this friend, and... you sort of remind us of her.

>>>>Ghost: Strange girl... odd tempered...

>>>>Clarissa: Take care... with the time you have left, child. And take notice... of what you choose to.

[end scene]

|||| That's not all you have.

>>>>Alex: That's not all you have. You *know* that's not all you have.

>>>>Ghost: Scrap it. [etc.]

|||| Then take it with you.

>>>>Alex: If... that's really all you have left, then... you can always take it with you.

>>Ghost: Scrap it. [etc.]

|||| [No Response]

>>>>Clarissa: But maybe that's not enough anymore.

>>Ghost: Scrap it. [etc.]

||| Be braver than this!

>>>Alex: C'mon, buys, be— be braver than this, this is a *cowardly* thing you're trying to do. Be *better* than that.

>>Clarissa: We.. we...

>>Ghost: I. Am. That.

>>Clarissa: Francis Salter.

||| Don't lose yourselves!

>>>Alex: You were—were... people, once. Don't lose that part of you to be... this.

>>>Clarissa: It's... it's...

>>>Ghost: My name.

>>>Clarissa: Francis Salter. [etc.]

|| I don't believe in fate.

>>Alex: I don't believe in fate. Things happen... and the people they happen to.

>>Clarissa: Yes, they do.

|| Maybe it was fate.

>>Alex: I mean, *that's* how stuff works, you said it yourself—uh, “yourselves”— that everything will happen again and again in the exact same way.

>>Clarissa: Not this time.

|| [No Response]

>>Clarissa: We can't.

>>Clarissa: Nothing... is fated.

| How can I fix it?!

>Alex: How can I fix it, then? Just—just tell me how to fix it, I'm here, I'm in the—the past for god's sake, I can't change this somehow?

>Clarissa: No. You can't change... before. You can't change anything.

Clarissa: We can feel us... binding. You have maybe just a few moments left.

Clarissa: We feel terrible, we do, but—but you have to know *why* that everyone chose to forget about us.

Clarissa: Everyone just... shuttered us away...

Clarissa: ...into a back closet of their thoughts.

[If interrupted:

Clarissa: They let us fade away, it wasn't a... a mistake to scratch our names off the ledger and pretend it never happened.

Clarissa: It was a collective repression.

Clarissa: And this— this hole will finally be our healing.]

| They built a monument!

>Alex: They built a monument for you, how could you say that everyone forgot!

>Clarissa: Oh, the monument, the memorial, the... hunk of metal. It's a balm for their injured pride. That they let one of their own fall.

| Maggie remembered! [found all Adler Letters]

>Alex: Maggie remembered. She wanted to help you, it-it was all she did was—was try and figure out what had happened!

>Clarissa: We've... watched her in every timeline, watched her try and... understand.

>Clarissa: Out of guilt, maybe...

|| Calvin, they didn't forget!

>>Alex: There's— I know there was a crewman on that submarine named Calvin, and—and to you, to all of you, they didn't forget, okay?

>>Alex: They didn't throw you away.

>>Clarissa: Calvin...

>>Clarissa: Was our name ever...

>>Ghost: Calvin? Calvin. Calvin.

>>Clarissa: I... almost remember.

>Ghost: My. Name.

||| Don't hurt my friends!

>>>Alex: Please, you don't have to do this. Don't hurt my friends to come back, it won't... it won't be what you want, I don't think. Not now.

>>Clarissa: We don't know... what we want.

>>Ghost: What. I. Want.

>>Clarissa: Calvin Gilbert.

>>Clarissa: It's hard to remember... certain things. Our faces went a while ago, and then our names. [etc.]

||| Be braver than this!

>>>Alex: C'mon, buys, be— be braver than this, this is a *cowardly* thing you're trying to do. Be *better* than that.

>>Clarissa: We.. we...

>>Ghost: I. Am. That.

>>Clarissa: Calvin Gilbert. [etc.]

||| Don't lose yourselves!

>>>Alex: You were—were... people, once. Don't lose that part of you to be... this.

>>>Clarissa: It's... it's...

>>>Ghost: My name.

>>>Clarissa: Calvin Gilbert. [etc.]

|| I don't know.

>>Alex: I don't know, I won't... presume to know, but I'd like to think she just... wanted to know you were okay.

>>Clarissa: You're a fool if you think that.

|| She cared about you.

>>Alex: All I know is... she cared. She did *care*. About you, and about the accident. And yes.. what she did.

>>Clarissa: You're a fool, if you think that.

|| [No Response]

>>Clarissa: Anything to close the book on us, we guess.

| What would your families think!

>Alex: Wait wait wait, think about— think about what your relatives would think, what your families would think. Some of them are still alive!

>Clarissa: They would think us *survivors*, if they'd think anything at all.

| A minute till what?!

>Alex: Wait, I have a minute left till what?

>Clarissa: Until we... complete. And you and your people will be here. And we will be out, with the... real again.

Clarissa: It won't hurt... we don't think... the change.

Clarissa: But we hope the trip was worth it. Seeing the... depraved tourist trap they've built upon our carcass.

Clarissa: Did you see the gift shop?

Clarissa: You can buy a little submarine foot rest if you fancy that sort of thing.

[If interrupted:

Clarissa: The island... is a sham, it's all... baubles and— and useless knick knacks to honor themselves.

Clarissa: It has nothing to do with us.

Clarissa: Nothing at all.]

| Maggie lost Anna, too! [found all Adler Letters]

>Alex: Hey, Maggie lost someone too! She lost Anna trying to help you, trying to— trying to get you out, bring you back!

>Clarissa: *Margaret* built a— a castle on a hill. You think she... you think she even *thought* about us?

>Clarissa: Looking down on her... kingdom?

|| You know it's true, Henry!

>>Alex: There's— I know there was a guy on that submarine named Henry, and just— to him, she wanted to *help* you, alright?

>>Alex: She wanted to help *all* of you.

>>Clarissa: Henry...

>>Clarissa: Was our name ever...

>>Ghost: Henry? Henry. Henry.

>>Clarissa: I... almost remember.

>Ghost: My. Name.

||| Don't hurt my friends!

>>>Alex: Please, you don't have to do this. Don't hurt my friends to come back, it won't... it won't be what you want, I don't think. Not now.

>>Clarissa: We don't know... what we want.

>>Ghost: What. I. Want.

>>Clarissa: Henry Griffin.

>>Clarissa: It's hard to remember... certain things. Our faces went a while ago, and then our names. [etc.]

||| Be braver than this!

>>>Alex: C'mon, buys, be— be braver than this, this is a *cowardly* thing you're trying to do. Be *better* than that.

>>Clarissa: We.. we...

>>Ghost: I. Am. That.

>>Clarissa: Henry Griffin. [etc.]

||| Don't lose yourselves!

>>>Alex: You were—were... people, once. Don't lose that part of you to be... this.

>>>Clarissa: It's... it's...

>>>Ghost: My name.

>>>Clarissa: Henry Griffin. [etc.]

|| She felt guilty.

>>Alex: Yeah, I mean.. she felt guilty. And she just... she couldn't get rid of it.

>>Clarissa: Neither could we.

|| She thought about you a lot.

>>Alex: She obviously did. She thought about you *a lot*, she couldn't even bring herself to leave. I mean... What more of a sign do you want?

>>Clarissa: Signs aren't what we wanted, dear.

|| [No Response]

>>Clarissa: Of course not.

| They're trying their best!

>Alex: C'mon, they're trying their best! They just wanna, like, commemorate you the only dumb ways they know how.

>Clarissa: Yes. Commemorate us through commerce. How noble.

>Clarissa: This conversation is meaningless.

| The town is for you!

>Alex: This whole little.. community is for you! They built it up around Fort Milner and for the soldiers that died, it's all about that.

>Clarissa: It's not *for* us! We've twisted our bodies, screeching two inches from your faces for you to— to see us!

>Clarissa: And you never do.

| I hate the town!

>Alex: I hate this town more than anyone! In the summer, it's crowded and loud and— and crass, and yeah, it sucks, it really does!

>Clarissa: We can assure you, you don't hate this town more than anyone.

[If you collected all Adler Letters:

Clarissa: Enjoy the scenery.

Clarissa: It gets old after a while, believe us.

Clarissa: We will not see each other again.

Clarissa: This conversation is meaningless.

| Henry, if you're there, help me!

>Alex: To the crewman of the USS Kanaloa named Henry, I-I-I'm going out on a limb here, man.

>Alex: I *know* you're in there. I know you're a person. I know you're all people, c'mon, just—please help me, help my friends. Stop this.

>Clarissa: Henry... [etc.]

| Francis, don't be a part of this!

>Alex: To the crewman of the USS Kanaloa named Francis, I-I-I'm going out on a limb here, man.

>Alex: I *know* you're in there. I know you're a person. I know you're all people, c'mon, just—please help me, help my friends. Stop this.

>Clarissa: Francis... [etc.]

| Calvin, c'mon, stop this!

>Alex: To the crewman of the USS Kanaloa named, uh, Calvin, I-I-I'm going out on a limb here, man.

>Alex: I *know* you're in there. I know you're a person. I know you're all people, c'mon, just—please help me, help my friends. Stop this.

>Clarissa: Calvin... [etc.]]

[tune radio to 100]

Clarissa: Oh! Getting started already, okay, you wanna play chicken with the void? Fine.

Clarissa: We can see how long you stay on the throttle.

Clarissa: Just don't blink.

| Shut up!

>Alex: Shut up, whatever you say doesn't matter anymore.

>Clarissa: On the contrary, it actually matters quite a deal.

| Leave peacefully and I'll stop!

>Alex: Oh, you don't want this? Then get out of everybody and I'll stop.

>Clarissa: It's everyone or nothing, girl. Understand your situation and accept it.

| I don't care what happens to me.

>Alex: I can't exactly care what happens to me, alright? If I can save everyone else, that's more important.

>Clarissa: You don't know what you speak of. At all.

[tune radio to 111]

Clarissa: Alexandra, wake up. This course of action will *only* save *those* morons, not yourself.

Clarissa: Don't you understand?

Clarissa: *This* isn't the road you wanna be on.

| I know that.

>Alex: Yeah, I'm very aware of that, thanks.

| Stop talking.

>Alex: You can't talk me out of this, alright?

[Sacrifice Alex:

[tune radio to 120]

Clarissa: Wait!

[glitch]

Radio: Alex. Alex. Alex.

[glitch]

Radio: Time. Out. Alone. We. Are. All. On the. Same. Side.

Radio: Poor. Girl.

Radio: Joined In. Always.

| I did it for Jonas.

>Alex: This is for Jonas.

| I've had enough life, honestly...

>Alex: Well, I've seen enough of the world, I'll be honest.

| I did it for my friends!

>Alex: This is for my friends.

Radio: Malison. Youth.

Radio: It. Is. The road. Of. The middled.

Radio: We all play. By. The same. Design.]

[Sacrifice Clarissa:

Clarissa: Oh. Very good. You know a good barter when you see one.

Clarissa: Stay good.

| Huh?

>Alex: Wait, what are you talking about?

>Clarissa: *Leaving* means you've raised the white flag, child. We'll let you walk, with your head and everything.

>Radio: And. Clarissa. Stays with us.

| I'm leaving.

>Alex: Yeah, I'm— I just wanna go home.

>Clarissa: Believe us when we say... we understand completely.

| [No Response]

>Clarissa: We know more than most that... home is a powerful drive, Alex. You've made the right decision.

Clarissa: You don't even comprehend why this is happening—

[glitch]

Clarissa: Goodbye, Alex. God gave us memory, the saying goes... but that is *all* He gave us.

Radio: Remember. Clarissa. As she was.

Clarissa: So remember your friends as they were, because they will *never* be that. *Ever* again.]