

Breathing Space contains mature content such as substance abuse, sexual situations, and violence. This episode contains death and gun violence.

Intro plays:

I ain't got no home to go to
I ain't got nothing to sell
But my stars will never leave me
Even when I'm sold to hell
I was born under a blue sky
And I'll die out in the black
When I'm gone don't no one mourn me
'cause my debts will drag me back

Intro fades out.

INT. PERSONAL GYM - MORNING

CAPO is running on a treadmill, getting a quick workout in before the day starts. A door opens and CUGINE walks in.

CUGINE

Sorry to bother you so early, but-

CAPO

(Talking without breaking stride.)
And yet here you are, interrupting my morning workout.

CUGINE

You know I wouldn't do it if it wasn't important!

CAPO

Yeah, yeah, I know. I'm just bustin' your balls a little. Calm down.

CAPO shuts off the machine, coasting down.

CAPO

Oh, and uh, grab me my towel.

CUGINE

Huh? Oh, yeah, sure.

CUGINE grabs the towel and hands it to CAPO.

CUGINE

Here.

CAPO

Thanks. Now, what's the problem?

CUGINE

Okay, so you know how we have the meeting later this week?

CAPO

Do I know how we...Yes, I am very much aware of what could be the most important negotiation our organization has ever had.

Sheesh. Fuckin' clown.

CUGINE

Well, you know how we've been looking for Chuck?

CAPO

Are you just going to keep asking me what I know? Or are you going to tell me what's wrong.

CUGINE

We can't find him!

CAPO

Yeah. No shit. Probably because he's off gettin' high or shackin' up with someone. Maybe someones.

(Laugh.)

Did he ever tell you about that one time on Mars? We were so drunk and we walked into an Olympus Mounds to see none other than-

CUGINE

You don't understand, this isn't like those times! He's not getting high and he's not...you know.

CAPO

Sounds an awful lot like you know where he is, then.

CUGINE

Yeah...

CAPO

And that would be?

CUGINE

He got picked up and hauled to Diatoma.

CAPO

He what now?

CUGINE

A week ago.

A long pause. Uncomfortable in its silence.

CUGINE

Are you-

CAPO

Goddamncocksuckingmotherfuckingshitpissingas
sdick! If the Boss finds out about this-

CUGINE

She knows.

CAPO

She knows?! How the fuck does she know?!

CUGINE

Because she was the one who told me and said to get you.

CAPO

Okay. Okay, we can handle this. I mean, we've had people in lockup before. We've gotten them out. Shouldn't be a big deal, right? I'll get a team together, and we'll-

CUGINE

She already picked out who she wants.

CAPO

Oh. Well okay then. Who we sending?

CUGINE
Hotshot.

CAPO
Naturally.

CUGINE
Old Hand.

CAPO
Of course.

CUGINE
Junior.

CAPO
You got a little quiet there. Want to run
that by me again?

CUGINE
...Junior.

CAPO
Oh fuuuuuck no.

CUGINE
I'm sorry! I really, really am! But she knew
you were going to say this and she told me
it's not a negotiation. We have to send
Junior.

CAPO
Fine. You know what? It's fine. It's...*fine*.
I mean, with the other two, how much trouble
could that little shit cause, right?

INT. SPACE SHIP - LATER

A high-pitched alarm is sounding on the ship's control panel.

HOTSHOT
Goddamn it, Junior! I thought we told you
not to touch it!

The alarm stops.

JUNIOR

And I thought I told you that this is *my* operation. That means you follow *my* orders, not the other way around.

HOTSHOT

Operation? What are you, some kind of idiot? It's a job. Just call it a job.

OLD HAND

Junior's right, Hotshot. The Boss said he's in charge.

But the Boss also sent us to help you out. Which means you should maybe listen to what we're saying.

HOTSHOT

Yeah, like not messing around with the impulse thrusters while we approach the goddamn prison.

A computer beeps.

JUNIOR

I wasn't messing with them.
I was just checking a few of the settings.
In case we need to get out of there quickly.

HOTSHOT

I don't know why overheating our thrusters would help with that, but sure-

OLD HAND

(Interrupting)

I appreciate the forethought, but that shouldn't be necessary. Should be pretty simple. We walk in, give them the fake transfer order, they bring us Chuck, and we take him into custody.

JUNIOR

Good. I want out of this uniform. It's really tight in the crotch.

HOTSHOT
Yeah, sure it is.

JUNIOR
You keep this shit up, I'm telling the Boss.

HOTSHOT
You mean Mommy?

Rustling noises indicating JUNIOR and HOTSHOT are in each other's faces. JUNIOR and HOTSHOT bicker back and forth, talking over each other.

JUNIOR
You're lucky I don't beat the shit out of you, you arrogant bastard.

HOTSHOT
Oh you think you're tough?

OLD HAND
(sighs) Oh.

HOTSHOT
You're a tough guy? I could bench press you, you joke.

OLD HAND
This is going to be a long day.

JUNIOR
I'm this close to slapping that smug grin off your stupid face.

[SCENE BREAK]

INT. DIATOMA MULTIJURISDICTIONAL DETENTION COMPLEX, PRISONER INTAKE AND CONTROL CENTER - LATER

The few guards are talking indistinctly in the room as the mobsters wait just outside.

GUARD 1
That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

GUARD 2

First off, no it isn't. Second of all, fuck you.

GUARD 1

Ugh, okay, it might not literally be the stupidest thing I've ever heard, but it's the stupidest thing I've heard today.

GUARD 2

Well that's not what you said.

GUARD 1

I'm sorry, I didn't realize I was talking to the fucking head of the Literalist Society.

GUARD 2

Well excuse me for being clear when I speak.

OLD HAND

(Quietly)

Okay, remember the script. Do you have your names down?

JUNIOR

Of course I do.

HOTSHOT

Yeah, I got it.

OLD HAND

If things go sideways, just let me do the talking.

HOTSHOT

Okay.

OLD HAND

Alright, let's do this.

The three mobsters enter the control room.

OLD HAND

Hey, sorry it took us so long to get in here. Had to make sure the accommodations were ready for the prisoner.

GUARD 1

Oh it's fine. Let me pull up the details you sent us.

GUARD 1 types away on a console. Beeping noises.

GUARD 1

Alright. Says here that you're picking up Charlie "Chuckles" Becchino.

JUNIOR snickers.

GUARD 1

Is something funny?

OLD HAND

No, it's-

JUNIOR

It's Chucklefuck.

HOTSHOT

Shut up.

GUARD 1

Uh, I'm not sure where you got that from. It says here-

JUNIOR

They called him Chucklefuck because he was such a clown. (Laugh). Then they shortened it to just Chuck.

GUARD 2

That's an uh... interesting tidbit there.

OLD HAND

What can I say, we did some thorough digging for this case.

GUARD 1

Right. Anyway...

(Computer beeping)

Let's see. Okay. Says you fellas are from... The VTA?

GUARD 2

The VTA? The hell's the Venusian Transit Authority want with the Lunar Mob? I mean don't you all run like, buses and shit?

JUNIOR

That's not really any of your business.

OLD HAND

It's okay. It's okay. We don't have to play the cards so close to the chest. After all, we're all on the same team: law and order.

Though I would like to point out that the VTA handles bus, monorail, and orbital shuttle flights.

HOTSHOT

Yeah. And Mr. Becchino is needed as a criminal informant in a conspiracy to defraud the people of Venus using those very services.

GUARD 1

Rat bastard.

GUARD 2

Yeah, what a piece of work.

OLD HAND

Well, maybe if he helps with our investigation, Mr. Becchino can repay a little bit of his debt to society, huh?

GUARD 1

(Laughing dryly)

Yeah, well...good luck with that.

GUARD 2

The Ranger's brought his ass here because he stopped talking. And every time they come to check up on him, he just plays dumb.

GUARD 1

Hell, we set his permissions to "solitary" to you know, soften him up, and he still hasn't cracked.

HOTSHOT

Wait wait wait. You're tell me that Chu-

That Charles Becchino...was informing for
the Rangers?

GUARD 1

Yeah. Not sure why he changed his mind.
Maybe something spooked him.

HOTSHOT

Unbelievable...

OLD HAND

Well, I'm certain that we'll have more luck
with him. No offense to the Rangers, but I
think the VTA is made of sterner stuff.

OLD HAND rummages in his pocket and pulls out the device with their
transfer authorization.

OLD HAND

Here's the transfer order.

GUARD 1

...The hell do you want me to do with this?

OLD HAND

I was hoping authenticate it. I wanted to
get back home before my son's game.

GUARD 2

Did you not get the memo? We can't do
automated transfer orders anymore.

GUARD 2 kicks a machine.

GUARD 2

This useless hunk-a-junk doesn't do shit
since Yukon Encryption Suite went down.
Nothing is synced up. We've had to go old
school.

JUNIOR

Wha - What do you mean "old school"?

GUARD 1

He means that we need to get in touch with the VTA directly. Someone with the authority to approve this over voice comms.

OLD HAND

Oh.

GUARD 1

Yeah, sorry. I know it's a pain in the ass, but you know how it goes. Now, what're your names again?

OLD HAND

Oh, it's Agent Howard.

HOTSHOT

Agent Fine.

JUNIOR

Huh? Oh...I'm...um...Agent...Howard.

GUARD 2

You're *both* Agent Howard?

OLD HAND

We're brothers. Family business, I guess.

GUARD 1

Guess we know which one of you got the good looks.

GUARD 1 and GUARD 2 laugh.

JUNIOR goes off, drawing gun.

JUNIOR

Screw this.

JUNIOR blasts both guards. Two bodies fall to the ground.

OLD HAND

Junior, what the *fuck*?!

HOTSHOT

You stupid shit. You *stupid shit*.

HOTSHOT grabs JUNIOR and slams him back into a wall.

JUNIOR

Get off me!

OLD HAND

Get off him, Hotshot.

HOTSHOT

Why the hell should I? This dumbass has pretty much just killed us.

JUNIOR

They knew too much! I had to take care of them. Like a professional.

HOTSHOT

(Derisive laughter)

A professional? You? You're just some little thumb-sucker who watched too many Mob movies with a mom that can't tell him to grow the fuck up.

OLD HAND

If you don't let go of the kid, I'm going to have to make you. And I really, really don't want to do that.

HOTSHOT hesitates, then shoves JUNIOR again and walks away.

HOTSHOT

You're lucky I would follow you to Hell and back, because I think we're there.

Might as well see what they've got on them. You check that one.

HOTSHOT begins rummaging.

HOTSHOT

Got a Hammerson Freemarche, a tablet, and a passcard. You?

OLD HAND

Hammerson Palisade, some extra flechette shells. You want it?

HOTSHOT

Nah, I prefer a pistol.

JUNIOR

Ooh, I want the shotgun.

OLD HAND

How about you keep yours, okay? Since you know how it works.

HOTSHOT taps away at the tablet. Beeping.

HOTSHOT

Okay, I found where they have Chuck.

(More beeping)

Damn. God *damn it*.

JUNIOR

What?

HOTSHOT

What they said. About Chuck? It's true. Rangers have had him here, visiting him. Says he was an informant who "violated the conditions of his agreement".

OLD HAND

Oh. So he's a rat.

HOTSHOT

Yeah.

JUNIOR

So what? All that matters is that we need him to make sure the deal goes through.

HOTSHOT

But I don't think that-

JUNIOR

No buts. The Boss wants Chuck? She's getting Chuck. So take us to where they're keeping him.

HOTSHOT

Well, I mean, it's not like this thing tells me exactly where he is. It just says what dome he's in. And that he's in solitary.

OLD HAND

That should be enough to get us going.

JUNIOR

Yeah, and how hard could it be to find him?

HOTSHOT

You have got to stop asking questions like that.

JUNIOR

Bite me.

OLD HAND

Hey! Can we can the sweet talk until after we're on the ship again?

JUNIOR

Whatever.

HOTSHOT

Fine.

OLD HAND

So where's Chuck?

HOTSHOT

Says Midvalley Dome.

OLD HAND

Well, it doesn't look like they've got ballistics recognition sensors...thank god. Otherwise we'd be up to our necks in guards right now. That means they probably are on standard check-ins, which means we have time until someone finds these two. Hotshot, go find a locker or something. Somewhere to stash'em. Once you do that, we're heading to Midvalley via the tube system and dragging Chuck out of here.

HOTSHOT

Sure. Hey, Junior, make yourself useful and help me drag this dead guy.

JUNIOR

What? Why?

OLD HAND

Seriously?

HOTSHOT

Are you for real?

JUNIOR

Ugh, fine.

[SCENE BREAK]

INT. DIATOMA MULTIJURISDICTIONAL DETENTION COMPLEX, MIDVALLEY DOME
ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

OLD HAND

Alright, From what I read up on this place, this passkey should get us through all the checkpoints pretty easy. And it'll let us escort our jailbird friend out. We need to get in and out of here quick. If we lay low and keep our hands off the trigger? We might just make it.

JUNIOR

Relax! This place's security seems like a joke. I bet we're out of here and halfway back to Luna before they-

Droning alarms blare.

OLD HAND

Sorry, my hearin' ain't what it used to be. You say something, Junior?

JUNIOR

Ah shit! They must have found those other guards.

HOTSHOT

Oh, you think?
(With a heavy sigh)

Just means we have to do this even faster now.

OLD HAND
I've got the door.

AUTOMATED VOICE
Guard - Clearance recognized. Access granted.

Mechanical door to the dome opens. The mobsters are greeted by the presence of a band of misfits. JUNIOR immediately draws his gun.

JUNIOR
Step back, asshole, or I will blow you from here to the fucking Sun!

JUDAH
Easy, friend. Now how can we help you?

HOTSHOT
Junior, can you pull your head out of your for five seconds? You're threatening a goddamn Preacher.

OLD HAND
Please forgive my uh, younger associate. He's a little jumpy. We don't want any trouble. We're just here to pick up a, uh, friend of ours. Charles Becchino. Maybe you know him? Some folks call him Chuck.

DARYA
Pff. What do you want with that antisocial, snake-tongued neftyaney?

JUNIOR
The fuck you say about Chuck?! Nobody talks about one of us like that!

HOTSHOT
Take it easy, kid.
(To DARYA)
He's one of ours. We need him back.

And what the fuck do you mean oily?! Chuck's the most laid back, easy-going dumbass I ever laid eyes on-

OLD HAND

Not really relevant, pal.

JUNIOR

Maybe we'll overlook what a disrespectful shit you've been if you take us there.

MARON

Uh. Judah?

JUDAH

What with the checkpoint y'all just breezed through, I take it you fine gentlemen musta procured yourselves a guard's passcard. Now, y'all might be the one with fingers on triggers, but by my count, there's twice as many of us as there are of you. I don't much want violence, an' we cain't get far without some method of foolin' them checkpoints into thinkin' we're bein' escorted by guards, so lemme make a proposition. We'll take you fellas to your man. And then you'll take us off this station, as I imagine you'll be goin' that way already. That seem fair to you?

JUNIOR

You're in no position to make terms here, Father.

JUDAH

It's Brother, actually. We're all siblings in-

JUNIOR

I don't give a shit if it's Uncle!

Maybe I just shoot one of your flock until you start showing some fuckin' respect.

OLD HAND

Junior, you need to shut the fuck up right now.

(Pause, then addressing Judah)
Padre, I accept your more than gracious terms. Now let's get rollin'.

[SCENE BREAK]

INT. DIATOMA MULTIJURISDICTIONAL DETENTION COMPLEX, MIDVALLEY DOME
SLEEPER SECTION

Alarms still blaring in the background, the combined group marching on toward Chuck's cell.

OLD HAND
Alright, let me make sure I got this right.
You're Judah.

JUDAH
Yeah, last I checked.

OLD HAND
Machikni- no, Machnovchik gal here is Darya.

DARYA
Correct.

OLD HAND
Okay, and uh, squirrely one is Emergency Egress?

EGRESS
It's *Rapid* Egress. What kind of name is Emergency?

OLD HAND
Apologies. Rapid Egress. You're...Maron?

MARON
Doctor Settleschild.

OLD HAND
Real doctor or uh, book doctor?

MARON
Real doctor.

OLD HAND

Good to know. The quiet one?

JUDAH

Hm? Oh, that's Crowe. Used to be a Witch.
And his only quiet if you don't speak Belter
Sign.

OLD HAND

Good to know. And that leaves...Rainie?

RAINIE is pointedly silent.

OLD HAND

Did I get that wrong?

MARON

No. She's just...not much for socializing.
Especially with new folks.

JUNIOR

Ugh, are we there yet? This is taking
forever.

DARYA

What are you, five? We will get there when
we are there.

JUNIOR

If you're smart, you'll talk to me with a
little more respect.

DARYA

Oh, I will? Why?

JUNIOR

Because I'm a made man, you fuckin' goombah.

DARYA

Goombah?

HOTSHOT

Aw, you making friends over there, Junior?

JUNIOR

What?! No!

OLD HAND

That's what it means, kid. Or what it *really* means.

All those dumb movies and still doesn't know shit.

JUNIOR

Whatever, language is all made-up bullshit anyway. The only language I need is money.

And guns.

And influence.

JUDAH

Three tongues that speak only in lies.

JUNIOR

The fuck does that mean?

JUDAH

Your friend is just up there.

OLD HAND

(sigh)

Might be a good idea to keep someone here.
Cover our exit, just in case.

HOTSHOT

I'll hang back.

DARYA

I will too.

JUNIOR

Uh, she doesn't even have a gun.

HOTSHOT hands DARYA the guard's Freemarche pistol. DARYA cocks the pistol.

HOTSHOT

Problem solved. Hey, truly great management there, kid. Top stuff.

JUNIOR

Asshole.

Come on, let's go get Chuck and get the hell out of here.

The others walk off a bit.

DARYA

Ne'celja ne'werkem.

HOTSHOT

You're tellin' me.

DARYA

So you speak Machnovchik?

HOTSHOT

Speak it? Hell no. I sound like a real *nuh'celjah nuh'wur kim*. But I understand it.

DARYA

It's not the worst I've heard. But far from the best.

So the kid. Junior? Is he always like this?

HOTSHOT

Yep. Comes with being the pampered kid of a crime boss.

DARYA

And you are koperating marzvatsione.

HOTSHOT

Pretty much. Not that I can take much credit. Old Hand does most of the talking to that jackass. If I had to, I'd-

DARYA

Old Hand?

HOTSHOT

Yeah. That's his nickname.

DARYA

So what's his real name?

HOTSHOT

How the hell should I know?

DARYA

Because you work with him?

HOTSHOT

Yeah. But what about that means I gotta know his name?

DARYA

You are strange.

HOTSHOT

I'm not makin' this up! It's a thing. Sort of a custom in our line of work. Part of it's practical. Names just mean you have to worry about people ratting. You just go with nicknames? It gets easier.

DARYA

Except there are numerous ways to identify you.

HOTSHOT

Yeah, well...that's where the other part of it comes in. It's sort of considered bad luck. Tempting fate. I heard a story about a guy who told his crew his name while he was drunk. Next job? Crushed to death by a load-lifter.

DARYA

Those two things do not connect.

HOTSHOT

Maybe. Maybe not. Most guys I know would rather not risk it.

DARYA

What else?

HOTSHOT

Huh?

DARYA

Are there more reasons?

HOTSHOT

Well, uh, yeah. It's also sort of a...rite of passage. Early on, you're just something generic. Kid, New Guy, Asshole. But once you proved you can be useful? You get a name.

Old Hand? He's had that name since before I joined the mob. Hell, he's the one that gave me the name Hotshot.

DARYA

(Snickering)

Hotshot?

HOTSHOT

Yeah! What about it?

DARYA

It's silly.

HOTSHOT

Yeah well...

To me, it means something. That people trust me. They see me going places.

DARYA

It's still silly. But not a bad silly.

The group returns, with FELIX LEGRIS in tow.

HOTSHOT

Hey, welcome back! How'd-

(Noticing FELIX)

Um, who the fuck is that?

OLD HAND

They were out of Chuck. Grabbed the next best thing.

HOTSHOT

What the hell does that mean?

FELIX

I think your compatriot here was attempting a little glib humor. My name is Felix, and we-

JUNIOR

This idiot stole Chuck's identity, then got pinched.

FELIX

I don't know if I'd put it that way, but I did procure the services of a witch who...

Might have been a tad too thorough.

OLD HAND

We're dragging his ass back to the Boss. The job's a bust, but maybe if we do this-

HOTSHOT

We don't get our hands and feet burned off with plasma torches? Yeah. I think that's our best bet.

[SCENE BREAK]

INT. DIATOMA MULTI JURISDICTIONAL DETENTION COMPLEX, SUZUKA DOME -
LATER

The combined group makes their way into the dome, faint alarms still in the distance. The conversation picks up but fades as walking past, only to focus on FELIX.

EGRESS

Damn, I never been in Suzuka Dome before.
Their food distro always this empty?

DARYA

This dome is organized differently than ours. Run by a gang called the Deadlights.

EGRESS

They musta herded everybody back to the living quarters.

Huh, it's spooky quiet in here. You know,
except for that loud-ass alarm.

As these voices fade out, FELIX grabs Crowe.

FELIX

Fancy meeting you here, Witch. Ain't it a
small system? Wish you'd come by and seen me
sooner. I could thank you for the *good work*
you did.

CROWE signing that FELIX got what he paid for.

FELIX

Oh, don't give me that Caveat Emptor
bullshit. You screwed me over.

More CROWE signing. A tap.

FELIX

Yeah? Well I'm frankly pretty pleased that
you got caught because of me. A real feather
in my cap.

Still more CROWE signing. A double tap.

FELIX

Hey now! How about you keep those hands
still, okay? Last thing I need is those
goons finding out I'm the one who killed
their best friend.

Even more CROWE signing.

FELIX

Fine. Yes. I will be more than willing to
pay for your silence. After we get off this
miserable rock.

JUNIOR is loud enough that we hear him and fade back in to the
broader picture.

JUNIOR

Hey, are you listening to me? You know,
you'd be prettier if you smiled.

MARON

Watch yourself, son.

(To OLD HAND)

You always give him this much of a leash?

OLD HAND

I'm looking forward to my retirement from leash-holding. Kid's always straining at it like a goddamn bulldog.

(To JUNIOR)

Junior! Leave the girl alone and focus on the job, alright?

FELIX

Really seems like a lot of complex planning and forethought could have gone into this little prison break...but didn't.

OLD HAND

Hey, pal? How about we have a little chat?

OLD HAND grabs FELIX and pulls him aside.

FELIX

Hey! Watch the...aw, who am I kidding? These rags couldn't get ruined if you tried.

OLD HAND

As much as I love your witty commentary? I'm going to ask *politely* to refrain.

FELIX

And what if I were, politely, of course, to refuse?

OLD HAND

Then I would less-than-politely remind you that I'm working the worst job I've had in four decades, I just found out that a good friend of mine is not only dead but ratted for the Rangers, and I'm coming back to my Boss with nothing but your sorry ass. And that maybe, just maybe, I don't have to keep you alive for that.

FELIX

Well...what an excellent reminder for the importance of civility, then.

OLD HAND

It's what separates us from the animals, ain't it?

JUNIOR

(Distant)

Ow! Agh, what the fuck!

MARON

I said, don't touch me.

FELIX

Shouldn't you go see what that's about?

OLD HAND

Hotshot's got it.

JUNIOR

Bitch fucking broke my fingers! Aghhhgh!

HOTSHOT

Well what were you grabbing her for? Asshat.

FELIX

Yeah. Sounds like it's well in hand.

OLD HAND

Speaking of assholes with injuries, you doin' okay? I've noticed you limpin'.

FELIX

Oh, that? Well, that's just a little souvenir from an old flame of mine.

OLD HAND

What, you cheat on'em or something?

FELIX

Oh, nothing so tawdry! I simply offered them a better life. In return, they handed me over to the authorities.

(Dry chuckle)

Guess we both have a rat problem, don't we?

OLD HAND
Still doesn't explain the limp.

FELIX
I'll leave it at this: Rangers are a better
shot than I'd previous heard.

OLD HAND
Or lousy shots, depending on what they
wanted to hit.

FELIX
Hm, touché.

JUNIOR cries out from the distance.

JUNIOR
(distant)
Ow, aoughgh-

OLD HAND
Christ, what is it now?

[SCENE BREAK]

INT. DIATOMA MULTI JURISDICTIONAL DETENTION COMPLEX, SUZUKA DOME
LAUNDRY - LATER

The group marches onward toward freedom, clearly growing more tired.
The alarms continue to blare in the background.

OLD HAND
Hey - hey Doc, wait up a bit.

MARON
If it's all the same to you, I'd rather keep
going. I'm not eager to stay here and get
caught, Mister...uh...

OLD HAND
Old Hand.

MARON
Yeah, I'm not calling you that.

OLD HAND

What are you talking about? You're hanging around with someone named Rapid Egret or something, but Old Hand is too much?

MARON

It's Egress.

OLD HAND

Didn't even know they had a word for girl egrets. Learn something new every day, don't ya?

MARON

(With a weary sigh)

No, Egress. As in escape? Evacuate? Extr-

You're just joking, aren't you?

OLD HAND

Maybe a little. Figured it might lighten the mood after...

MARON

After your friend put his hands on a young woman?

OLD HAND

He ain't my friend. But...yes. Thanks for fixin' his fingers, by the way.

MARON

Can I ask you a personal question?

OLD HAND

Sure. Boxers, not briefs.

MARON

Can you take a personal question seriously?

OLD HAND

Sure. You got it.

MARON

Are you proud of what you do? Protecting people like him? Robbing people? Killing people? Do you ever feel...regret?

OLD HAND

Ooh. For a long while, I would have said that I was proud. That I did a good job. I hurt people, sure. But I also protected people. Some bad. But some good. I told myself nobody makes it out of life without hurting anybody.

And then one day you realize that the guy you just offed? He's young enough to be your son.

(Cold laugh)

But you never had a son. You were too busy living The Life. Too busy doing the next thing somebody else said would make it all worth it.

There's lull in the conversation

MARON

Look, we don't have to-

OLD HAND

It's not just what I did. That's enough of a weight on me. But it's all the things I didn't do. The things I don't have time for anymore, y'know? So am I proud? Nah. Not really. But this is my last job and then? Then I get to spend however much time I have left being who I think I should be.

Another tense pause.

OLD HAND

Shit, sorry. I didn't mean to spill my guts like that. I-

MARON

It's okay. Really. I think I understand what you mean better than most.

OLD HAND

Yeah? You'll have to tell me more about that when we get out of here.

MARON

If we get out of here.

I'll just say you're not the only one
looking to move past who they used to be.

OLD HAND

Shit, looks like another checkpoint. One
sec.

Checkpoint door swipe and blip. Door sliding open.

JUDAH

Oh, stairs. Kinda forgot stairs existed.

Stair climbing.

HOTSHOT

Hey, yo. Egress, right? You doin' okay?

EGRESS

I'm fine.

HOTSHOT

You just look like you're about to jump out
of your skin.

EGRESS

Listen, you'n Gramps? Y'all seem decent. But
that jackass? Junior? He's dangerous.

HOTSHOT

He's... just an idiot.

EGRESS

You think idiocy ain't dangerous. I've
worked with his type before. How d'ya think
I wound up in this rat maze?

HOTSHOT

I know he's useless. But we can keep him in
line. You just need to-

Hold up a second.

Hey! Preacher. Why don't you go on through first. If there's guards at Intake, thinkin' they might not shoot you.

JUDAH

(Sigh)

Yeah. Hope you're right.

Passcard swipe, door blip, immediate gun cocking sound.

GUARD 3

Prisoners, stay where you are!

JUDAH

(Sigh).

Welp.

GUARD 4

Do *not* move!

GUARD 3

What dome are you from?

JUNIOR

Okay, enough with the twenty questions.
Light'em up, boys!

EGRESS

No, wait-

Gunfire, guards falling, shouting, fading out.

[SCENE BREAK]

INT. DIATOMA MULTIJURISDICTIONAL DETENTION COMPLEX, SUZUKA DOME
CORRIDOR - LATER

The group is engaged in a firefight with the guards, having just lost Egress thanks to Junior's idiocy.

Alarm continues to blare.

EGRESS

(Muffled)

Nah, you gotta - look, I'm real good at
gettin' outta shit, it's my whole thing.

I'll find my own way. Now get goin'. Fuckin' scram!

FELIX

You heard the lady. We better scram.

Elevator sound, door bleep.

HOTSHOT

(Under his breath)

Fucking kid. Fucking stupid kid. Goddamn
No-Go was right. And look what that got her.
(Audible)
More of 'em comin'. We gotta go.

GUARD

You there! Freeze!

The group flees. HOTSHOT takes a few shots.

HOTSHOT

They're crawlin' out of the goddamn ceiling
like a bunch of possums! Where the fuck are
they coming from?

GUARD

Eat lead, asshole!

Shouts and gunshots, close and distant, as the Gang and guards
exchange fire.

DARYA

Their barracks is up there. They get sent
down a few at a time. Cowards.
(Barks a sound of pain)
Shit, these are not zapper rounds!

JUNIOR

Fuck you!

OLD HAND

We gotta get up to that checkpoint.
Gun shot.

OLD HAND

Go, run for it! We'll cover you! You! Crowe!
Take the shotgun.

OLD HAND tosses CROWE the Palisade.

JUDAH

C'mon, Rainie, with me now!

Folks moving, guns blasting. Card swipe. Door opening. More running.

FELIX

Wait! Wait! Crowe, help me! My leg! I can't
keep up!

CROWE helps FELIX into cover.

GUARD 5

(distant)

Straggler this way. Attempting to apprehend!

FELIX

Faster! Faster! We're almost there!

More hurried steps.

FELIX

I didn't think you'd come back for me.

I thought you'd be too smart.

FELIX shoves CROWE into the line of fire.

GUARD 5

Visual on armed target! Firing!

The guard shoots, hitting CROWE and instantly killing.

FELIX

Good riddance.

(Instantly adopting a more
pathetic tone)

Hey! Wait up! Don't leave me behind!

Running, a card swipe, a door opening.

OLD HAND

(Out of breath)
Everyone alright?

JUDAH
Where's Crowe?

FELIX
I'm sorry, Preacher. He went down in the
corridor.

[SCENE BREAK]

INT. DIATOMA MULTIJURISDICTIONAL DETENTION COMPLEX, HANGAR ENTRANCE -
LATER

Card swipe blip, door hisses open, echoey footsteps.

MARON
(Winded)
Is that the - the shuttle you came in on?

HOTSHOT
The very same. Now pick it up. We don't have
much time before they-

Gunshots and shouting

GUARD

There they are!

JUNIOR

Woah! Suck my dick bitch!

More gunshots.

JUNIOR

Ey, lemme show you why they call me the interior decorator.

OLD HAND
Junior! Quit dickin' around and get on the
damn shuttle!

JUNIOR

And take a slug in the back like some
coward? Fuck that.

OLD HAND

Junior, I swear to god, I do not-

OLD HAND cuts off abruptly with the next shot.

HOTSHOT

Shit! Man down!

MARON

Cover me! Junior! Cover me!

JUNIOR

I didn't...I...he...

MARON starts trying to administer first aid.

MARON

Hey. Hey, stay with me. You're going to be
okay. We just need to-

OLD HAND

(Interrupts with bloody coughing)
You gonna put a band-aid on it, Doc?

JUNIOR

Jesus Christ. This wasn't supposed to
happen.

MARON

Stop whining and help me get Old Hand onto
the-

OLD HAND

(Ragged)
Vince. Call me...Vince.

MARON

No. No, don't do that! Don't give up!

OLD HAND

(coughing)
I just figured someone should know my
name...before...

OLD HAND slowly slips away.

JUNIOR

Holy shit. Holy shit he's dead. Fuck!

FELIX approaches.

FELIX

Doc, Junior, you two get to the ship. I'll help hold them off.

(To HOTSHOT)

On your mark, sir.

HOTSHOT

Alright. Shuttle! Now!

Gun blasting as they all make their way to the ship.

DARYA

Did you get them all?

FELIX

Yeah, that was the last one.

HOTSHOT

Everybody in! Get that hatch sealed!

Switches flipping, shuttle powering up, hatch sealing. HOTSHOT getting everything ready for takeoff.

JUNIOR

Come on, man. Get us out of here. I...I want to go home.

HOTSHOT

Kid, you need to shut up. Right now.

(To the others not in the cockpit)

It's gonna take me at least another minute to get this damn thing fired up.

DARYA

We do not have another minute.

HOTSHOT

Tell me something I don't know.

Shuttle hatch opens.

HOTSHOT

What the fuck is going on back there?

JUNIOR

Come on, Hotshot. Take us home. I want to go home.

HOTSHOT

Junior, I am going to kick your dick up to your teeth if you don't shut up.

JUNIOR

It wasn't supposed to be like this. Why did my fucking Ma have to give me this fucked up operation?

HOTSHOT

Enough about your goddamn Mommy issues? Sack up and do something or sit down and be quiet.

Hatch shuts.

JUNIOR

How was I supposed to know that-

HOTSHOT

Shh. Shut up. What the hell is the Preacher fucking doing?

Card swipe beeps.

HOTSHOT

Holy shit. That clever son of a bitch.

JUNIOR

What?

HOTSHOT

Holy Roller is going to block the door. Buy us time.

Thanks, Padre.

Ship fires up.

HOTSHOT

Okay, we're all green. Hold onto something!

HOTSHOT makes a very expedient departure. The burn slowly subsides and things settle down.

HOTSHOT

God dammit. Stupid bastard.

DARYA enters.

DARYA

Maron told me. About your friend.
Semya-pakas y'cause teryad oni merk't.

HOTSHOT

Thanks. That's...that kind of you. I...
(facade starts cracking)
Shit. Shit shit shit.

DARYA

It's okay.

HOTSHOT

That man was like a father to me. More than
my old man ever was. I...*fuck*.

DARYA

I did not know him long, but he seemed like
a good man.

HOTSHOT

He was. And now he's gone and I have to go
back and tell my Boss that this whole thing
was pointless.

JUNIOR

It's gonna be okay, man. We get back to New
New Vegas? I'm going to tell her-

HOTSHOT

Shut the fuck up.

JUNIOR

No, hold on. You're right. It was fucked
from the beginning. But we'll make sure

people know what you did. What Old Hand did.
You're both-

HOTSHOT

I said shut the fuck up, you little shit.

HOTSHOT lunges and grabs JUNIOR.

JUNIOR

(Whimpering)

Ah!

HOTSHOT

I'm sorry Darya...would you excuse us for a
little bit?

DARYA

Are you sure this is-

HOTSHOT

Please? I just...I need to sort this out.

DARYA

Okay...

DARYA leaves.

JUNIOR

Hey hey hey. Listen, I know you're upset,
but we're on the same team here, man!

HOTSHOT

The same team? The *same team*. You haven't
even been playing the same *sport*, you
entitled prick!

HOTSHOT draws his gun and presses it to JUNIOR's temple.

JUNIOR

Oh god oh god oh god, please don't!

HOTSHOT

Every step of the way, you have been taking
a simple job and fucking it up. Treating
people like shit. Acting like a big man.

JUNIOR

I just wanted to be like you! Like Old Hand!

HOTSHOT

Then you're an even bigger fuck up than I thought.

HOTSHOT cocks the gun.

JUNIOR

Oh, fuck!

HOTSHOT

Because Old Hand? He was tough. Resilient. Made of fuckin' titanium. But he was also kind. Took in a shit like me when I was a useless punk. He had a heart.

I don't see a single fucking scrap of him in someone like you.

JUNIOR

(Sobbing)

You're right! You're right! I'm a piece of shit! Please don't kill me! I'm sorry.

There's a prolonged pause.

HOTSHOT

I want you to know one thing. I'm not doing this because of who your mother is. I'm doing this...because he wouldn't want me to. Because I want to be more like him.

JUNIOR

(Sniffing)

S-so you're not going to kill me?

HOTSHOT

You're not worth killing. I'm kicking you and Felix off at the next stop. You can book your own way back to Luna. Consider this my severance package.

JUNIOR

Y-yeah. Seems fair.

What are you going to do? I mean...Mom's gonna be pissed if you just bail. Even if I don't tell her about this. W-which I won't.

HOTSHOT

Hell if I know. Maybe I'll just keep heading out. I hear about folks who head to Terminal Station. Settle there, live the simple life.

FELIX

(From out of nowhere)

Ugh, don't remind me of that disgusting place.

FELIX fires two shots. One hits JUNIOR, killing him instantly. The other hits HOTSHOT, wounding him.

HOTSHOT

Ghh!

(Hissing in pain)

Fuck!

FELIX

Not so fast!

FELIX kicks the gun out of HOTSHOT's hand as he tries to get a shot from the ground.

FELIX

(To others)

Everyone! Come quick!

The others flood into the cockpit.

HOTSHOT

You shit. You fucking bastard.

DARYA

Delat esemeny't ti?! What happened?

MARON

Oh, fuck, what did you do?!

FELIX

I came in here to check on these two when I saw Hotshot shot Junior. Thank goodness I

surprised him, or else he might have done the same to me.

HOTSHOT

(Losing blood, getting weaker,
going into shock)

Liar.

FELIX

Oh, and I suppose we should just take the word of a known criminal?

RAINIE

...We're all criminals.

FELIX

While I concede the point, I think you'll agree there are different degrees. If I had to guess, I'd reckon this ne'er-do-well was just debating what to do with the rest of you. Probably...sell you into service somewhere. Harvest your organs. Who knows what? The Lunar Mafia is, frankly, too horrifying a conglomeration of monsters to even conceive.

MARON

Rainie, I need a first aid kit. Check under seats, ceiling panel, behind the cockpit, or above the rear exit hatch. Hurry.

RAINIE runs off.

FELIX

Uh, why would you be doing that, Doctor?

MARON

Because I need to treat his wound.

FELIX

(Slimy chuckle.)

With nothing but the utmost respect, uh, your services are not required here. This man? Well, he's the worst of the worst. A killer who doesn't even respect his own ilk.

DARYA

This is not right. Something does not fit.

FELIX

Well, now look, I know he's been makin' eyes at you all day, but that-

DARYA

No. If he was going to shoot Junior, why wait? None of us would miss him. Britsyaway oni konhae.

MARON

Yeah, Felix, if he planned to kill him, why even let him on the ship?

FELIX

Well, I'm sure he just wasn't thinking clearly. Having bullets flying tends to do that to a person.

HOTSHOT

(Slowly laughing)

Ha ha, holy shit.

DARYA

He's delirious.

MARON

Rainie, we really need that first aid kit!

HOTSHOT

(Slowly, slurring, almost drunkenly)

I'm so...stupid. It was you. You did it.

FELIX

What? The kid? No, that's your handiwork, you fiend.

HOTSHOT

Saw Crowe. Signing to Preacher. Didn't understand the words.

FELIX

And what did our deceased friend say that was so important, hm?

HOTSHOT

He did your docs.

DARYA

Wait, so...Crowe was Witch for you. And you ended up here.

FELIX

This is clearly a distraction from the issue at hand.

MARON

Felix, did you kill Crowe?

FELIX

No! I'm not a killer!

RAINIE

He's lying.

MARON

Thank god. Rainie, give me some antiseptic and-

FELIX

(Leveling gun at Maron)

I'd stay right there if I were you, Doc.

(Swinging to aim at Darya.)

And I'd put that gun down if I was you, you brute.

HOTSHOT

You're fuckin' it up, buddy.

FELIX

Shut up. Shut up!

MARON

Felix, just let me treat his wounds. I don't care what-

FELIX

I thought doctors were supposed to be smart. Or is that not a requirement in the Peregrination? One more step? I kill you.

DARYA

Seems mask is off.

FELIX

Yeah well, I'm something of a victim of circumstance here.

DARYA

In what way?

FELIX

Far too many, my muscle-bound friend. But there's a certain dramatic quality to killing some asshole and stealing his identity, only to end up impersonating a criminal.

MARON

Yeah, that is some bad luck.

FELIX

I tried to explain the situation to them. That I wasn't this mafia idiot. I was just using his name. But that damn hand-waver, for his many, *many* faults, was quite thorough. Every database and reference to this Chuck fella? It all pointed to me now.

DARYA

Heartbreaking.

FELIX

I *know* you mean that sarcastically, but it really and truly is.

DARYA

I'm not going to let you kill him.

FELIX

Listen, I really do abhor violence, but I hate it being used *against me* more. So stay back and keep your hands where I can see them.

RAINIE starts moving forward.

MARON

Rainie? Rainie, what are you doing!

RAINIE

Something Judah would do.

FELIX aims at RAINIE.

FELIX

If you think I will not shoot an angsty teen
between the eyes, I have news for you.

DARYA advances.

DARYA

Ti't ostvoka!

FELIX

I am serious, the next one of you that even
thinks about moving towards me is gonna-

RAINIE lunges and gets a surprise strike on FELIX, staggering him.

FELIX

Oof!

DARYA follows up, pounding his face into hamburger.

DARYA

Ne'werkem! Neftyanye! Marzvats promandetion!
Ne'celja ne'werkem! Prom'det ne'celja
ne'werkem!

MARON

Stop! Stop it! I've had enough killing for
today! We're taking him alive and I don't
have the time to triage him and Hotshot
here.

DARYA

Fine.

DARYA spits on FELIX.

DARYA

Ne'khrabroste.

MARON

Hotshot. Hotshot! Stay with me, okay? Eyes open. Come on. Stay with me.

DARYA

Hold on, okay?

HOTSHOT

(Weakly, coughing)

Nice...punch. You trying to make me jealous?

DARYA

(Laughing through fear)

You stay alive, I promise I will hit you twice as hard.

HOTSHOT

I meant punching him.

DARYA

Oh.

HOTSHOT

Yours works too.

MARON

Please. Save the joking for when I stop the bleeding.

HOTSHOT

(Coughing)

Whatever you say Doc.

[SCENE BREAK]

INT. BOARD ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

CAPO is getting things set up for the big meeting. CUGINE walks in.

CAPO

There you are! I've been getting everything set up for the big meeting. Boss is going to be here in an hour.

CUGINE

Yeah, about that. I-

CAPO
Have you heard from Old Hand?

CUGINE
No, that's-

CAPO
Because he needs to get his ass here now.
Last thing I need is for the Boss to get
here and have to explain that-

CUGINE
Old Hand is dead.

CAPO
Woah woah woah. Dead. Like Dead. Dead dead?

CUGINE
What other kind of dead is there? ...Sir.

CAPO
Chriiiiist. Shit. That's-

CUGINE
And Chuck's dead.

CAPO
Chuck.

Chuck.

Chuck, the whole linchpin of this deal,
Chuck?

CUGINE
Apparently he's been dead and the guy in
lock up was an imposter.

CAPO
What...what the...*Jesus Christ*, how could
this get any worse?!

There is a tense pause.

CAPO
No, don't. Do not.

CUGINE

Junior...didn't make it either.

CAPO

Do you have any conceivable idea how absolutely fucked we are?!

CUGINE

Yeah. Pretty fucked.

CAPO

How the hell did you even find this out?

CUGINE

Hotshot send a message.

CAPO

Hotshot's alive?!

CUGINE

Yeah. He said he was sorry to give us the bad news. And that he was quitting effective immediately.

CAPO

He just said he was quitting and you said "Oh, sure. Sounds good."?

CUGINE

Well...I didn't want to argue with him. He sounded pretty rough.

CAPO

We're so screwed.

CUGINE

Technically speaking, you didn't pick the team.

CAPO

That...that is true.

CUGINE

Right? It was the Boss' call.

CAPO

Right. Which means that the Boss can't really get mad at us that it didn't pan out, right?

CUGINE

It just wouldn't be sensible.

A tense pause.

CAPO

We should probably get out of here.

CUGINE

And find a new line of work.

CAPO

Hm. Call Hotshot back. Maybe he's got some leads.

[SCENE BREAK]

PHONE RINGING

HOTSHOT

Hello?

MOM

Wow, you sound like shit, Hotshot.

HOTSHOT

(Coughing)

That's because I feel like shit, Boss.

MOM

I'm not your Boss anymore, remember? Your friends made that pretty clear when they handed over Felix.

HOTSHOT

Yeah. Yeah, I guess that's true.

MOM

It doesn't have to be true. Come on, I know this was shit. But it's shit that you somehow, in spite of all of this, managed to salvage. You've got what it *takes*, kid.

HOTSHOT

(Long pause)

I appreciate the offer, but-

MOM

But your mind's made up. Yeah, I heard it before.

HOTSHOT

Yeah.

MOM

Fair enough. A clean break is the least I can give you after what you did for me. For Junior.

He always looked up to you, you know. You and Old Hand. Wanted to be just like you. Maybe that was why I was scared. Coddled him. Tried to...

I'm sorry. Just an old woman talkin' too much.

HOTSHOT

If anyone else called you an old woman, you'd have them shot.

MOM

That's a woman's prerogative.

HOTSHOT

(Off comm)

I'll rest when I'm done! If you want to be my nurse, you gotta at least wear one of those outfits.

MOM

(with salacious delight)

Am I interrupting something?

HOTSHOT

Oh, no! I was just talking to my associate-

MOM

It's okay. I just wanted to call. Check on you. Make sure you were going to be okay.

HOTSHOT

I'm going to be okay. Thank you.

MOM

Take care of yourself, Hotshot.

HOTSHOT

It's Dex.

MOM

Hm?

HOTSHOT

Call me Dex.

[SCENE FADES]

Thank you for joining us for this episode of Breathing Space.

This episode, This Thing of Ours, was written and directed by S.J. Ryker and edited by Sam Stark.

Hotshot is voiced by Rachel Scully.

Old Hand is voiced by Jeremy Tucker.

Junior is voiced by Adam Steven Halecki.

Max Newland as Felix LaGree.

Darya is voiced by Aubrey Akers.

Doctor Maron Rainieskin is voiced by Ari Ingalls

Rapid Egress is voiced by Hera Alexander.

Rainie is voiced by Oz Stark.

Brother Judah is voiced by Kale Brown.

Coppo was voiced by Jerry Harris.

Mom is played by Lafayette

Guard 1 is voiced by Rooney Hunt.

Guard 2 is voiced by Quill Turner.

Our theme, Blues for the Black,
was composed by Michael Freitag
with vocals by Jeremiah and lyrics
by Scott Paladin.

You can find links to learn more
about our cast and crew in the
show notes and all about our show
at our website,
breathingspace.lawofnames.com.

Breathing Space is a Law of Names
Production.

End music fades out.

INT. SINISTER WAREHOUSE.

Heels click on concrete. Whimpering.

MOM

Let's take that bag off your head. Have a
good look at you.

FELIX

(Mumbling through a gag.)

MOM

You know, I expected you to be a lot less
handsome. You look good bruised.

You're one pretty boy. Aren't you? Chuck.

Except, I know you're not Chuck. And I know
what you did to him.

FELIX

(Trying to speak through gag)

MOM

Alright, enough of that. Quit it. You're
going to give me a headache.

FELIX
(More mumbling)

MOM
I said, stop!

MOM slaps FELIX.

MOM
Look what you made me do. When I say shut
your mouth, shut your mouth!

I didn't want to do that. But you forced my
hand.

FELIX breathes heavily.

MOM
Now, I'm going to take this gag out of your
mouth, and you're not going to scream or
anything, are you?

FELIX mumbles mm-mm, no.

MOM
Because you're a smart boy.

FELIX mumbles mm-hmm, yes.

MOM
Mhmm. Good.

That a boy.

Now stay still.

MOM removes the gag.

MOM
Better?

FELIX
Yes ma'am.

MOM
Ma'am? You're gonna make me feel ancient.

FELIX

Miss?

MOM

Well not if you're going to say it like that!

FELIX

Sorry! What would you like me to call you?

MOM

Hm. How about *Mrs. Bonnavontura*?

What? Doesn't mean anything to you?

FELIX

No? Should it?

MOM

Probably not. I doubt it's a name you've ever heard of.

Names are a special thing in our line of work. You've probably never heard the name Antonio Bonnavontura before. But I bet you heard his nickname.

Junior.

FELIX

Mrs. Bonnavontura. I want you to know that-

MOM

Shut up!

FELIX

If you just let me -

MOM

I need you to shut up *right now* because if you don't, you're gonna feel what it's like to have your skin skip a couple stages of matter!

Now don't talk, not if you understand.

Good.

Now my son Tony was a lot of things. He was driven, he was passionate. But he had a short fuse. He was impulsive. He was... he was an idiot sometimes.

But he was my son.

My *only son*. And you gunned him down like an animal!

FELIX

I had. No idea -

MOM

I told you to be quiet!

FELIX

I'm sorry! I'll shut up! I'll shut up!

MOM

No, you know what, I want you to talk now! And if you don't, I'm gonna weld your mouth shut.

Now tell me. Who the hell are you?

FELIX

Felix Theodore LaGree.

MOM

Well, Mr. LaGree, I want you to know that you have a rare opportunity to make things right.

FELIX

I - I do?

MOM

Yeah. Cause you see, the man you murdered? The first one. Chuck? He was important. We needed him. It's sort of the ... what the term. The thing in movies, kicks it all off?

FELIX

Uh... Inciting incident?

MOM

That's it, that's you using your brain.

Inciting incident. And him being dead, well, it created a lot of complications.

Door opens, steps move into the warehouse.

MOM

But now that we have you here, it gives us a rare opportunity.

FELIX

What's happening? Who're they?

MOM

Chuck was going to broker a deal with us. He was a natural people-person. He made friends everywhere he went. And when we told those friends we had the man who killed him?

Well. They just had to meet you.

FELIX

No. You don't understand, this is a mistake. Your friend, Chuck? He was working for the Rangers! He was telling them all about what you do!

MOM

Oh! You know, that's a very interesting story, Mr. LaGree. Maybe we should see how everyone else feels about it. See if you just as much of a people-person as Chuck was.

FELIX

It's the truth!

MOM laughs.

FELIX

You don't understand, I was doing you a favor!

MOM

Ah, excuse me for a second. I just remembered I have to make a call.

You all play nice now!

Heels begin to click away.

FELIX

Oh no! Wait! Mrs. Bonnaventura, wait! You can't leave me here!

MOM

Remember this chair.

FELIX

You don't understand! I'm telling you the truth!

The door closes.

SCENE FADES OUT

Thank you for joining us for this episode of Breathing Space, Fading Frontier.

This episode, This Thing of Ours, was written and directed by SJ Ryker and edited by Sam Stark.

Capo is voiced by Jerry Harris
Cugine is voiced by Emma Skinner
Dr. Maron Settleschild is voiced by Ari Ingalls
Brother Judah is voiced by Kale Brown
Darya Ivanova is voiced by Aubrey Akers
Rapid Egress is voiced by Hera Alexander
Rainie is voiced by Oz Stark
Felix leGris is voiced by Max Newland
Hotshot is voiced by Rachel Scully

Old Hand is voiced by Jeremy Tucker
Junior is voiced by Adam Steven Halecki
Guard 1 is voiced by Roonie Hunt
Guard 2 is voiced by Quill Turner
Guard 3 is voiced by Kasha Mika
Guard 4 is voiced by SJ Ryker
Guard 5 is voiced by Jordan W. Anderson
Mom is voiced by Lafayette Uttarapong

Our theme, Blues for the Black,
was composed by Michael Freitag
with vocals by Jeremiah and lyrics
by Scott Paladin.

You can find links to learn more
about our cast and crew in the
show notes and more information
about our show at our website,
breathingspace.lawofnames.com.

Breathing Space, Fading Frontier
is a Law of Names Production