

ELINOR LOPEZ

Welcome back, dear listeners, to *The Pasithea Powder*. The following recordings continue the lurid little tale of Lieutenant Sophie Green and Dr. Jane Gonzalez from the plucky little planet of Cassandra, and all the sinister things they discovered after the war.

Last time, Jane called in a favor with an old friend, and learned that Agent Blanc was a Pasithea patient during the war. Sophie listened to some life-changing voicemails and learned two things: One, that Agent Cullen died on Peri, and two, that Jane Gonzalez loved her. Meanwhile, all around them, Cassandra and Medea and the PSA inched closer to fatal conflict with the Others, the first war humanity would wage on another species, the war to end all wars.

We're very close to the end of our little story, listeners. There is only one more tale to follow after this one. Will humanity take arms against the Others? Will Jane let Sophie love her? Breathe in. Breathe out.

This is Episode Thirty-Two: "Armistice."

A very special thanks to premium patrons CinCin Fang, Lacey Buchda, Alma Jones, and the Lunas, who helped make this episode possible!

Let us begin.

Transition to:

AUTOMATED VOICE

Please designate a recipient.

Beat.

JANE

...I...George Moreau. NO. Cancel that.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Please designate a recipient.

JANE

Mom. (scoffing) No. Not Lupe. Not Sophie, not George. Not Carla de Luca. Not Isabel, not Evelyn, not dad, not Josephine, not Freddy, not...who am I supposed to call?

AUTOMATED VOICE

Please designate a recipient.

JANE

I don't know who to call.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Open personal log?

JANE

No, I'm not—I've never been good at—I don't like talking to myself. I don't like talking about myself. But I need—I need to talk. To someone.

Beat.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Please designate a recipient.

Jane sighs.

The Telescope theme song plays.

ELINOR

Breaking news, listeners. Things are really heating up on the Azúline Peninsula; both Cassandra and Medea have issued statements pertaining to the apparent resurrection and return of former Captain and intergalactic darling Sophie Green, and both Director Diaz and Reina Valencia have insinuated that their governments are looking into her extraordinary claims.

How the planets react next could make the difference between war and peace in the Peninsula, and indeed with—

Click.

SOPHIE

Fucking fuck fuck fuck.

The sound of grass getting pulled up.

A sliding door opens.

MOREAU

Could you not destroy my sister's lawn, please? Thank you?

SOPHIE

It'll grow back.

MOREAU
(sarcastic)

Oh, great, well in that case.

SOPHIE

Not now, Moreau.

MOREAU

No, I see, this is clearly classified, for your eyes only. Pulling clumps of grass out of the ground is clearly very urgent business.

Jane comes out, sliding the door closed behind her.

JANE

What's happening?

MOREAU

Your girlfriend is throwing a tantrum.

JANE

That's not a tantrum.

SOPHIE

She's not my girlfriend.

Excruciatingly awkward beat.

MOREAU

Ooookay. Sophie. Do you need me to put you in time-out?

Beat

SOPHIE

No. I need Leo Diaz to call me back. I need—

MOREAU

We have been *over* this. He's not wasting time, he's working hard. Trust me.

SOPHIE

I don't have time for this!

Sophie surprises herself with her vehemence. She takes a deep breath.

Linda is circling. I mean, an Other who looks like Lieutenant Linda Steptoe and who can communicate with me and who brought me here and who is part of a very solid plan to save *multiple planets worth of lives*...is currently in orbit, waiting to hear that the plan worked. Eventually, she will leave, because the longer I spend down here, the more the plan spins out of control, the less trustworthy I will appear to her, and also I will have blown the deadline and we will have missed our shot and there was *no reason for any of this!* Fuck!

MOREAU

I need you to take a deep breath. Pheris is going to be back home any second.

SOPHIE

God.

She takes a deep breath, holds it an uncomfortable amount of time, then exhales.

MOREAU

Good. Now I'll leave the two of you to stew.

Door slides open then closed.

JANE

Sophie... Are you all right?

SOPHIE

I just need answers, Jane. Do you have an answer for me?

Silence.

SOPHIE

Okay then.

The sliding door opens and shuts.

Ring.

DAVID ALEGROS

This is David Alegros.

JANE

Hi, David, this is Jane Gonzalez.

DAVID ALEGROS

I'm hanging up.

JANE

No! Please don't.

DAVID ALEGROS

Why shouldn't I? After you accosted me on Peri all hell broke loose.

JANE

I had nothing to do with that.

DAVID ALEGROS

Really? You're smarter than that, Gonzalez. You give your pretty little speeches and then all of a sudden Rain a Valencia— *(he remembers that there's no such thing as a secure line)* Our sovereign makes the difficult but no doubt justified decision to join the PSA.

JANE

Don't be absurd. Correlation does not equal causation. Any first year could tell you that in their sleep. I don't know what Reina Valencia was thinking before we both arrived at the summit and neither do you.

DAVID

Fine. But then it's just as absurd to claim that you had nothing to do with it. How do you know?

Beat.

Why are you calling, Jane?

JANE

How are things on Cassandra?

DAVID

The currency transition has been a nightmare. They got rid of uniforms at my kids' school. Other than that, the same. Why are you calling?

JANE

I...

DAVID

Oh shit. Are you trying to defect?

JANE

No. I. This is ridiculous.

DAVID

Yes, it is. Why are you calling?

Does this have something to do with the fact that Sophie Green is back?

JANE

(almost to herself)

God.

Beat. The mood softens.

DAVID

Jane, I've known you since you were just a kid—

JANE

I was 21.

DAVID

When I was 21, I shaved off my eyebrows. I crashed my surface craft into a wall because I thought the throttle would unfreeze if I just drove it around the block a few times. My buddy Eli gave me a tattoo that says, "Blue Slush."

JANE

Where?

DAVID

In Santa Viola. Never mind where. It was a choice. I was very young. And you're not much older now.

Why are you calling?

JANE

There's no one else.

DAVID

What?

JANE

Believe me, I'm as weirded out by this turn of events as you are.

DAVID

What do you mean there's no one else? What happened to that Medean friend of yours?

JANE

They're fine. I don't want to bother them with this.

DAVID

But you'll bother me. Great.

JANE

You don't care. George...cares. I don't want to, um. If nothing comes of it, I don't want to have—

DAVID

I'm pretty sure there are objective parties you can hire for this kind of thing. I'm feeling a little out of my depth here.

JANE

Oh, a therapist? Yeah, I. We're not scheduled for a while and I don't want to bother him when it's not that serious.

DAVID

I am a person with a life, Jane. I have about five minutes before Anna is going to walk in the door demanding dinner and—

JANE

(temporarily distracted)

Your wife's there? She's...doing well?

DAVID

Yes? Of course, she's been a little jumpy since she heard Sophie Green was alive.

JANE

She's not in Mercy House.

DAVID

(angry, holding a lot in)

No. They saw fit to let her out.

JANE

That's good.

DAVID

It is. I will be working off that debt for the rest of my natural life, but it *is* good.

Gonzalez, if you don't unburden your soul in the next ten seconds, I really am going to hang up. I love my family very much and I hope you won't take this the wrong way, but you and your friend Sophie Green are poison. Everything you touch, I swear—

JANE

I shouldn't have called.

DAVID

(sighing)

Well, you did, so—

JANE

(in a rush)

Sophie's angry with me because she thinks I'm in love with her. She says I'm in love with her. She knows I'm. And I don't think it's fair to expect me to suddenly uproot my entire life, *again*, for something that's so. I just got settled, mostly settled. And before, when I was in prison, I wasn't *happy*, but I knew what tomorrow would bring, you know? I hated it but I knew what to expect. With Sophie, no two days are the same. She says she wants to be with me but I don't know what that would look like.

DAVID

You sound scared.

JANE

I'm not scared.

DAVID

You should be. Love is frightening. Remind me why you can't just talk this over with your Medean friend?

JANE

Moreau. Because I don't want to hurt their feelings.

DAVID

Why would their feelings be hurt?

JANE

I don't know, because we're friends and they saved my life and that should matter more than anything. Because I'm thinking of leaving. But I can't leave, but they don't know that. I just can't go back to Cassandra, and Sophie can't stay on Medea. She was going to come with me before the Others took her away, but she wasn't, she didn't. She can't stay, she'd hate it, and then she'd hate me for making her stay, and I can't do this for the rest of my life. Coffee shops and safehouses? I want to be at home when I tell someone I love them. But I don't know where that is. I can't go back to Cassandra.

DAVID

What's stopping you?

JANE

I. I haven't said this before.

DAVID

So say it.

JANE

I don't think I'd live very long back on Cassandra. Even if I were forgiven everything. Even if the entire planet decided I'm worthy of life. There's this man... You know him, actually. Agent Blanc? Michael?

DAVID

(carefully)

Yes. Has he... What did he do? Has he threatened you?

JANE

(with a humorless laugh)

More times than I can count. *(beat)* Never so you'd notice.

DAVID

He's never acted that way around me.

JANE

He wouldn't.

Beat.

When we were in Rowley's lab, you were very kind to me. And then later, working at Mercy House. I haven't forgotten. And since then... I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

DAVID

Thank you.

JANE

Were you the one who administered Pasithea to Blanc?

Silence.

DAVID

You know I can't tell you that.

JANE

Why did he need it?

DAVID

I can't tell you that. Why does it matter?

JANE

I can't tell you that.

They're at an impasse.

DAVID

I have to go. Please don't call me again. I'm drawing a line.

JANE

But. What should I do?

DAVID

(a little generous, a little barbed)

What you always do, Jane. Exactly what *you* think is right.

Click.

Jane is in the bathroom. Someone knocking on the door.

JANE

Occupied.

MOREAU

(through the door)

Jane.

JANE

Yeah?

MOREAU

You've been locked in the bathroom for an hour.

JANE

It's rude to time people when they're in the bathroom.

MOREAU

Wanna let me in?

JANE

No.

MOREAU

Can I come in anyway?

JANE

Do you have to?

JOSEPHINE

(also muffled) Jesus fucking—other people have to take a shit in this house, you know!

JANE

Josephine?

She opens the bathroom door with a creak. Josephine and Moreau join Jane in the bathroom.

JANE

You didn't tell me Josephine was here.

MOREAU

(with worn thin patience) Well, you've been locked in the *bathroom* for an *hour*.

JOSEPHINE

Is Green in there with you? I bet Georgie five credits you were in there getting nasty.

JANE

No. She's—on a run, or—and we don't—that's not happening.

JOSEPHINE

Then what the fuck were you doing in here?

JANE

I just. Needed somewhere quiet to think.

JOSEPHINE

And you picked the john?

JANE

It's quiet. Has there been any word from Director Diaz?

JOSEPHINE

You know I can't tell you that.

JANE

You could. You absolutely could tell me that.

MOREAU

You could also tell me what Green said to you.

JANE

George—

MOREAU

I mean, obviously it's something she said. Or something she did. You were walking around looking like someone shot your dog all morning, then did a very bad job of acting super normal in front of her, and now the bathroom thing.

JANE

Do we have to talk about this in front of your cousin?

JOSEPHINE

Oh, don't stop on my account.

JANE

Why are you even here?

JOSEPHINE

I just need to shit, so maybe you could get off the pot and have this delicate little meltdown in a different room?

MOREAU

Stop deflecting and tell me what she did.

JANE

She didn't do anything, and I—I don't want to talk about whatever she said, because it's not about what she said, it's about what I said, and—I can't believe you're literally cornering me in a toilet to talk about my feelings when right this second there is an Other circling over our heads waiting for Sophie to let it know if we pick war or peace!

JOSEPHINE

There is an Other circling over our heads? Sorry, let me rephrase: Sophie Green is aware that there's a member of a hostile alien race in an undetectable spacecraft in Medean airspace at this very fucking second, and neither one of you thought to mention this before now?

She gives an incredulous laugh.

Fuck you too, Gonzalez. Guess I'll fucking hold it.

The door bangs open and then shut as Josephine leaves.

JANE

Wait! What are you going to do?

JOSEPHINE

My fucking job.

JANE

But—

JOSEPHINE

See ya!

The door slams.

MOREAU

She's right, you know. This is her job.

JANE

George, it could ruin everything if she runs in there guns blazing and—aren't we waiting for Diaz to talk to Parliament for a reason?

MOREAU

This is her job, Jane, not her mission or her sacred duty or her passion. She's not doing anything without Leo's say so. More importantly, it's not your job. You know that, right? You can feel however you want to feel about the Others and peace and have whatever opinions you've got about what Medea should do, but other people are making the decision.

JANE

I know that!

MOREAU

Do you? Because it looks like you're doing your Jane thing, where you make a decision and then the entire galaxy just has to roll with it. And I'm not saying it wasn't the right thing to do with the Rowley Conspiracy, or the Telescope Tapes, or what the fuck ever. I'm saying this, right now, is not your fucking job.

JANE

... You're right.

MOREAU

I know I'm right.

Now—fucking seriously—are you okay?

JANE

...No.

MOREAU

Your honesty is appreciated. Can I help? With any of it?

JANE

(miserably) You are.

MOREAU

Jesus Christ. Okay.

They sigh.

Do you want me to use the power of fucking nepotism and get us into the capitol building so we can find out what happens with Josephine and the alien a little bit faster than everyone else?

JANE

What about Sophie?

MOREAU

You can leave her a message. She can meet us there.

JANE

Thank you, George.

MOREAU

I won't be able to get you into any secret meetings! They're just gonna put us in a waiting room, probably! Jesus.

A muffled thump as Jane hugs them.

JANE

Let's go?

MOREAU

Let's go.

Fade up on a government hallway. The sound of footsteps skidding.

SOPHIE

(out of breath)

Am I too late? Where's Josephine? Why are you out here?

JANE

She's in there— *No*, you can't go in, I'm serious. Sit down.

SOPHIE

I did not run all this way just to sit in the hallway.

JANE

You ran here?

SOPHIE

What was I supposed to do? Hotwire a surface craft?

JANE

You could take public transportation like a normal person.

SOPHIE

With this face? No. Back to my original point—

JANE

(forcing her down)

Sit! Down! I will hold you down if I have to.

Sophie laughs, surprised-horny.

SOPHIE

Where's Moreau.

JANE

They got called in there a second ago.

SOPHIE

Do you think this is it?

JANE

I think this is it.

Beat.

SOPHIE

I'm still mad at you.

JANE

I know.

SOPHIE

But I hate that I took a weird situation and made it even weirder and if this is it I'd really rather be talking to you.

JANE

God, same.

SOPHIE

Okay.

Beat.

SOPHIE

I'm not used to being the person sitting in the hallway.

JANE

Me neither.

SOPHIE

Yeah, you might be even less used to it than I am.

JANE

Really?

SOPHIE

I mean, yeah? I always had orders to follow. Even as hot shit Captain Sophie Green, there were orders that got spawned in a room I wasn't in. You at least...

JANE

I at least?

SOPHIE

Whatever, it's not that I think Josephine is gonna escalate anything, but, like, what if she goes flying up there? What if Linda kills her? What if she somehow kills Linda? What the fuck would we do then?

JANE

Leo wouldn't let that happen.

SOPHIE

God, I'm on permanent phone tag with the dude but Josephine busts in there no problem. I mean, she is hot shit Captain Josephine Crooks—

JANE

And a relative.

SOPHIE

—and a relative, but still.

Maybe it's for the best. I don't *want* to be in there, I just feel like I should, and for what? I'd probably fuck it up.

JANE

You don't fuck everything up.

SOPHIE

Faint praise.

JANE

I mean it. Before the Others took you, sure, you had a bad run. But now? I was going to come get you, but you rescued yourself. You're the reason they're even in there talking.

SOPHIE
(*half sad*)

I think I've changed a lot.

JANE

I think I have too.

Beat.

SOPHIE

(teasing, flirty, grateful, moved)

You were going to come get me?

JANE

I didn't have a plan or anything but—yes.

SOPHIE

Mmm.

Beat. This beat doesn't feel like silence, it feels like two friends rediscovering the pattern of their speech.

JANE

It's hard for me too. I don't want you to think it's not. Right before you got here I was crawling out of my skin. I don't know what to do if I'm not—

Her phone makes a message noise.

SOPHIE

What was that?

JANE

(surprised)

David Alegros.

SOPHIE

(almost on top of her line)

Oh God.

JANE

I'll. Look at that later.

They fall back into waiting.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Call incoming from: Region: Cassandra. Personal Designation: The Motherfucking Queen.

SOPHIE

Shit.

JANE

Don't answer that.

SOPHIE

I have to.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Call incoming from: Region: Cassandra. Personal Designation: The Motherfucking Queen.

JANE

What is it going to help?

SOPHIE

She's my *queen*. Computer, accept call.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Connecting you.

REINA VALENCIA

Hello, Lieutenant Green. Sophie.

SOPHIE

(defeated)

My Queen.

REINA VALENCIA

I'm afraid there is no time for pleasantries today; it is time for you to do your duty. I need to know exactly what's happening, and I need to know it now. What did you tell Medea? Why is there a Medean fighter plane in the Neutral Zone right now? Report.

A scuffling sound.

JANE

Give it to me.

SOPHIE

(in an undertone) What are you doing?

JANE

Give it to me.

Sophie lets Jane take the comms.

Your Majesty.

REINA VALENCIA

Put Lieutenant Green back on the line, Dr. Gonzalez.

JANE

Lieutenant Green is unavailable. And why exactly would you need to ask Lieutenant Green for basic information about what's going on in the sky over Medea right now? Since when is a single traumatized officer the queen of Cassandra's best source of intelligence about what's happening a whisper from her front door?

REINA VALENCIA

You don't know what you're doing, or what you're risking. Put Lieutenant Green back on the line.

JANE

I'm hardly the one who doesn't know what she's doing. I'm pretty sure that Director Diaz has been talking to Vivian Howe and other key figures in the PSA for hours now. I'm pretty sure they're all up to date on what's happening in the Neutral Zone. They're not telling me, because I'm not the leader of an independent planet OR a figure of critical importance in the Planetary Strategic Alliance. And thanks to your alliance, your Majesty, neither are you. Turn on the Telescope and wait for the news to air like everyone else.

REINA VALENCIA

(with barely suppressed rage)

Think about what you're doing right now, Jane. You're separating an officer of Cassandra from her duty. Really. Think.

JANE

You're not going to order Sophie to do anything stupid because you are frustrated by your own insignificance. Sophie has suffered enough for you.

SOPHIE
(barely voiced)

Jane.

JANE
We have all suffered enough for you. For Leo Diaz. For azuline and Pasithea Powder. I hope I never have to hear your voice again. Goodbye, your Majesty.

REINA VALENCIA
(a threat)
Goodbye, Jane.

Click.

JANE
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't have—I know that wasn't my, my place to—you are an officer, and it's not my choice to—I'm sorry.

SOPHIE
Jesus Christ, Jane.

You can never go back to Cassandra.

JANE
I. I'm sorry.

SOPHIE
You talked to the queen like she was nothing.

JANE
I did.

SOPHIE
Because of the war? Do you hate Leo Diaz, too?

JANE
I hate him. I blame him, I do. But I don't—

You were up there because she asked you to be. You were—you were willing to die, you were willing to—because she asked you to do it. He was up there because of her, too. My parents won't speak to me because she. She locked me up, she put Blanc in that room, she won't let me go. It doesn't feel like Leo Diaz took my life away from me. It feels like she did it.

(Horrible pause.)

SOPHIE

Fuck.

The Telescope theme music.

ELINOR LOPEZ

Welcome back to “Live from the Telescope.” Before the break, you were listening to Amelia Goretka share everything about her steamy experience on *Hot to Trot*. Now, we'll hear from one of her castmates, the dashing...

Hold on one second, listeners.

My producer has— Is this... *(off, to producer:)* Is this for real?

(back on:) Well. Listeners. I'm afraid *Hot to Trot* will have to wait, because Vice President Vivian Howe and Medean Director Leo Diaz have released the following joint statement.

She clears her throat.

“Following an unauthorized operation by a Medean military officer, we have peacefully made contact with an Other.”

Elinor gasps. She gathers herself.

“The Other is currently in protective custody in an undisclosed location, but is not considered a threat. This action has been taken in consideration of the Other's safety as we continue conversations. Preparation for any military action has been suspended for the foreseeable future.”

Silence.

Listeners, I...am speechless. And I have been handed another piece of paper... Ah. Yes. Further confirmation from a *Telescope* source within the administration that this announcement is

coming from Vice President Howe as well as Director Diaz because... (*scanning*) blah blah blah, Director Diaz notified Vice President Howe immediately, out of concern for the safety of the galaxy should the situation escalate needlessly. He also notified the Medean press (*under her breath:*) drat! (*to the audience*) Oh, and it is being strongly suggested that these “conversations” with the Other they’re alluding to are actually the precursor to developing a treaty.

This is obviously a developing story, dear listeners, but, my goodness, imagine what it must be like to be Reina Valencia right now. Formerly at the center of intrigue such as this, Cassandra has been relegated to the role of PSA member state. Another Medean victory? Or is it too soon to tell?

What conversations can they possibly be having with this Other? Who says it is an Other, and not a Medean putting on a very clever charade? And who is this “Medean military officer” and how did they get hold of the Other? That kind of dashing heroism reminds me of Captain Josephine Crooks, most recently seen skulking around the Peri summit. If I didn’t know any better, I’d think...but no. What Lieutenant Sophie Green thinks of the Medean military is well documented.

Enough speculation from me. We stick to the facts on *The Telescope*. I have so many questions, and you must too! Keep it tuned here, listeners. It’s only a matter of time before we learn more.

Bzzzt.

Transition to:

Friendly chirp.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Incoming from: Region: Cassandra.

DAVID ALEGROS

David Alegros.

ANOTHER AUTOMATED VOICE

File upload.

A whooshing sound.

Transition to:

The wind whistling on the roof.

A few beats of silence.

JANE

I had to get out of there. It's. It's quiet on the roof. You can see the whole square grid of Guadalupe from here. I think maybe the senators come up here to smoke—there's an ashtray on a heating unit. But there's no one else up here. Not tonight.

We just got word. It's not on the news yet, but...there's...there's going to be peace. With the Others. There won't be another war—not with the Others, not right now. You'd like that. You'd be happy right now. You knew before I did how bad it was going to be.

You never forgot there is no such thing as an evil person, only evil deeds.

They disconnected your stream last year. I couldn't leave you a message even if I wanted to. So I really am just a madwoman on a roof, talking to myself.

I don't know what agreement they'll come to, but—they're not choosing war. We're doing better than we did before. You were right about that, too—there's always the option to change your mind, to choose something else.

I don't know what to do, Ev. I never know what to do about her.

But I know what to do about him.

Jane steadies herself.

Connect me to Agent Blanc.

Ring.

BLANC

Janie. To what do I owe the pleasure? I'm surprised to hear from you, tonight of all nights. I thought Sophie Green would be wedged between those bountiful thighs for hours, celebrating your little victory.

JANE

No.

BLANC

No? Janie.

JANE

No, we're not doing this. I got an interesting message from a friend recently. A friend with access to medical records. And travel records. A friend who does a good job of connecting the dots.

BLANC

(indulgent) Where are you going with this?

JANE

You went to Mercy House during the war. You checked in under the name Michael White, and you received Pasithea treatment.

Beat.

I was there, but you weren't on my caseload. Maybe you saw me once or twice in the hall—do you have a little flicker of memory, from checking in or checking out, where you think you remember my face?

More silence.

I didn't treat you. I don't know if that's what's been bothering you this whole time, or if you just enjoy cruelty.

I do know the doctor who did have you as a patient. They didn't want to tell me what they took away from you. But, well. They owed me a favor.

Another beat.

BLANC

(ground out, furious) Well?

JANE

Well?

BLANC

Well, what do you want from me? I assume the...memory in question...was...extremely sensitive. I assume it is something I didn't want a single other soul to know, and now you know, so tell me what the hell it is you want from me.

JANE

I want you to tell me where Isabel Rowley is. I am not going to force you.

BLANC

That means you're about to force me. Don't play games with me. You won't win, no matter how much leverage you have.

JANE

I am not going to force you into anything, Michael. I am going to tell you something, and then you can decide to tell me where Isabel Rowley is, or you can hang up.

BLANC

(Tensely) I don't want to know what I did. I assume it was a matter of global security, and that's why I agreed to the treatment. When I find out which doctor told you, Janie, I'm going to have them skinned.

JANE

It wasn't a state secret. It wasn't something your superiors ordered you to forget. It was personal to you. You asked for Pasithea treatment for the same reason everyone asked for Pasithea treatment during the war: because you couldn't live with the memory, and Cassandra needed you alive to fight.

BLANC

You're lying.

JANE

You know I'm not.

BLANC

Then...if it isn't sensitive...I assume the memory is...*unpalatable*. Given what I do remember from the war.

JANE

It is unpalatable, yes.

BLANC

Well, I don't want the worst thing I've ever done plastered all over the newsreels either, so finish making your little threat, Jane. What will happen if I don't give you Rowley? What horrible thing will you tell the alliance I did?

JANE

I don't know what you did during the war. I don't know who you hurt. I can't forgive you for that, and I won't forgive you for what you've done to me.

BLANC

(laughing, humorless) I'm not asking anyone's forgiveness.

JANE

The memory you asked us to take away from you is not something you did. It's a memory of something that was done to you.

Beat.

It was not your fault. Whatever cruelties you remember? The people you know you've hurt? You're responsible for all of it. But not this.

What happened to you was a terrible thing.

BLANC

(shaken in spite of himself) You can't blackmail me with that. People feel bad for victims, they don't—you can't blackmail me with that.

JANE

You're right. I told you I wasn't going to force you to help me.

BLANC

What happened to me?

JANE

Are you sure you want to know?

BLANC

Yes. No.

JANE

I'll tell you if you want to know. But you have to be sure. Or there's always the Pasithea cure.

BLANC

Fuck you. Tell me.

JANE

In a moment, Michael. First: where is Isabel Rowley?

He laughs.

BLANC

You have learned a trick or two, haven't you?

JANE

If you take the Pasithea cure, it will bring the feelings back as well as the facts. It's an option, but as a doctor I'm obligated to tell you that it hurts.

BLANC

What are you going to do if you find her?

JANE

That's not your concern.

I'm going to ask again: do you want me to tell you?

A long silence. Blanc sighs, sharp.

BLANC

Yes.

JANE

Okay. I'm listening.

Transition to:

SOPHIE

Lieutenant's...

A resigned sigh. Beat. Almost bitter:

Lieutenant's log.

I've been thinking about the time I told Vivian Howe that we were making Pasithea. That Cassandra was making Pasithea Powder again. I did that. I'm the one who did that. When I was on Adamar with Mrs. Beach, I talked like the PSA was a force outside of my influence and. Maybe it is, actually. Maybe I was the one being influenced.

Get this, an undersung side effect of getting your memories back is that all the excess stuff that got trimmed to make your life make more sense, fit better, in my case seem more heroic—when the memories come back they're like a stream that runs too long. It's harder to tell what story they're telling. Someone should have edited it. Someone did. But with everything back in your head it's messy as life. Just one thing rises to the surface. You find out what a dumbass you've always been.

Anyway. I've been thinking about Vivian Howe, and that time I snitched on Cassandra, every time I try to use my missing finger which is...a lot, actually. Turns out the non-dominant hand still has a lot of responsibility. What was it that guy in that thing that got assigned for literature class said? "All the pieces matter."

Long pause.

I think I know...

I think I've done more frightening things than sit in this hallway and wait.

I think what happened is that now I know who I am. *(she laughs, kind of incredulous, kind of sad, kind of excited)* Isn't that something?

Another pause.

Log closed.

Bleep.

The sound of a door opening, metallic, a little distant. Jane inhales. The sound of footsteps on concrete.

JANE

George.

MOREAU

You must be freezing; you've been up here forever.

JANE

Is there more news?

MOREAU

This is a great view. The streetlights are so sparkly.

JANE

George.

They sigh. A little brick shifting noise.

MOREAU

Yeah. Hey, there's a whole cigarette pack under here.

JANE

You don't smoke.

MOREAU

Maybe right now I do.

JANE

Do you even have a—

The sound of a lighter flicking on.

JANE

Tell me.

MOREAU

It's unofficial, but. There was an emergency vote an hour ago. Kanbar is going to join the PSA.

JANE

What?

They exhale.

MOREAU

Kanbar is on the Outer Rim. Kanbar is apparently one of the borders they're talking to Green's little friend up there about. And Kanbar would rather be the border of a big fuckoff human empire than a tiny little backwater suddenly turned into a human-Other Neutral Zone.

JANE

But—

MOREAU

And the thing is, Kanbar primarily trades with Talac, and the PSA have very specific trade agreements with independent planets. Which means Talac and the Hadol collective will probably follow suit. Next year, if not this one.

JANE

I don't understand.

MOREAU

There's not going to be a war with the Others. There's going to be a treaty with the Others. And that treaty is going to be made with the Planetary Strategic Alliance.

Beat.

JANE

Can I have a cigarette?

MOREAU

Mm hm.

They give Jane a cigarette; they light it for her.

JANE

So next year Medea is going to be the only independent planet on this side of the galaxy?

MOREAU

In five years Medea is going to be the only independent planet in human space.

JANE

So we avoided a war, but gave Vivian Howe a coup.

MOREAU

Leo's face was pretty gray.

JANE

I'm sorry.

MOREAU

We have been over this. It's not your fault.

JANE

No, I'm not—I know it's not my fault, but I'm still—sorry.

MOREAU

Oh. Well. Thanks.

JANE

How much longer do we have?

MOREAU

Medea? We've got...ten years, maybe? Depends on who gets elected after Leo. It might get pretty cold out here on our own.

JANE

George—I think I—I've been thinking about what I want to do. Where I want to go.

MOREAU

Yeah?

Jane exhales smoke.

JANE

I don't want to leave.

MOREAU

Guadalupe?

JANE

You. I don't, um. I don't have a lot of people who, who know me. And you know me. You're my friend. I want to stay where you are.

MOREAU

Seriously?

JANE

Yeah.

(wavering)

Is that, um. Is that okay?

MOREAU

(gently) Fuck off. You know me, too.

They hug.

JANE

Can we go home now?

MOREAU

Yeah. Let's go pick up your girl.

Transition to: the sound of a surface craft engine stopping.

MOREAU

(continuing a conversation)

—so when I come up for promotion next month, I'm going to put all of this on my CV, and the committee is just going to have to figure out what to do about it.

JANE

That's more than fair.

MOREAU

Like, I'm sorry I was too busy saving the goddamn universe to format my documents.

Jane laughs. Sophie butts in.

SOPHIE

Jane, can I talk to you for a second?

MOREAU

I'll just head inside.

JANE

(overlapping)

No, stay.

MOREAU

We're sitting outside the house, you don't want to go in and get more comfortable for whatever—
[this is?]

SOPHIE

I was just wondering.

JANE

What?

SOPHIE

If you have anything to say to me?

Beat.

JANE

I haven't—

SOPHIE

I asked you a question, and I get that some other shit has come up, but shit is always going to be coming up.

I'm going to keep asking. But I'm not going to wait forever.

Silence.

MOREAU

(like they want to vanish into the wall)

I'm gonna go.

The following exchange may look like an argument on paper, but the overall tone is more conversational than we've gotten from them on this subject so far.

JANE

Wait. *(beat)* I want to tell you how I feel, but I don't always know how I feel. It's. Messy. It's easier to talk about politics, or logistics, or... the science of it all!

SOPHIE

I noticed. You think I don't feel the same?

JANE

It comes easier to you.

MOREAU

I do not need to be here for this.

They are ignored.

SOPHIE

It doesn't have to be neat and tidy. It doesn't have to be anything other than what it is.

JANE

You *like* to live in the mess, Sophie.

SOPHIE

No I don't!

JANE

Yes you do. You may not want to, but you do.

SOPHIE

I'm not the one making this harder than it needs to be. I've said it to you before: some things are allowed to be—

JANE

Easy. I know. You weren't right then. (*implied: and you aren't right now*)

Beat.

MOREAU

Welp, I'm gonna go. I've gotta—

SOPHIE

(deflated)

No, stay, I'm gonna go. For a run. I need to—

Her comms rings. She sighs.

JANE

Who is it?

SOPHIE

You know who it is.

JANE

You don't have to answer.

SOPHIE

Yes I do.

She picks up.

My queen.

REINA VALENCIA

Lieutenant Green. I was...abrupt. The last time we spoke. My apologies. I know what you've been through, how difficult all this must have been for you.

SOPHIE

What have I been through, your majesty?

REINA VALENCIA

(taken aback)

You. I. Only you know what you've been through, but—

SOPHIE

You said you knew. What I've been through. Just now.

REINA VALENCIA

Well. Yes.

Was it Captain Crooks? How did you like standing on the ground while she flew up and took action? A Medean?

Beat.

SOPHIE

I didn't like it, no, but I've had to stomach a lot of things I don't like recently. It turns out I'm a citizen of the PSA. It turns out Agent Cullen is dead.

REINA VALENCIA

Who?

SOPHIE

Agent Cullen? You know who he is! I know you know who he is.

REINA VALENCIA

Ah, yes. Was. And adjust your tone, Lieutenant Green.

SOPHIE

I'm sorry, your majesty, I... What happened?

REINA VALENCIA

What do you mean?

SOPHIE

Tell me what happened to him.

REINA VALENCIA

Just this once I will ignore the fact that you are making demands of me, your queen, because you are clearly distraught.

I don't know exactly what happened. I know that a Medean officer shot and killed him on Peri. I am assured it was an accident. It wasn't worth starting a war over. We decided to move on. If anything, it helped us, put Leo Diaz on the wrong foot for once, allowed us to appear merciful.

Sophie is silent.

Lieutenant Green, you think I should have moved against Medea, risked our standing with the Planetary Strategic Alliance over something so trivial?

SOPHIE

He was loyal to you.

REINA VALENCIA

He was a member of the Queensguard. It's in the job description, to be loyal, discreet, and replaceable. He knew that.

The officer was young. Accidents happen.

Lieutenant Green—

SOPHIE

No.

REINA VALENCIA

No? No what?

SOPHIE

We wept for weeks when Rey Aurelio died. Like he was part of our families. Don't call me Lieutenant Green any more.

REINA VALENCIA

Are you angling for a promotion? I already told you, come back to Cassandra and—

SOPHIE

I'm not coming back to Cassandra. And I'm not Lieutenant Green. I resign.

SOPHIE

Are you still there?

REINA VALENCIA

Think very carefully about what you are saying.

SOPHIE

I know how this works, and I don't want—I don't expect you to go to war for Agent Cullen, or me, or any of us. He wouldn't expect it either, I don't think.

REINA VALENCIA

So what exactly do you expect of me?

SOPHIE

I expect you to recognize his name the first time I say it.

REINA VALENCIA

He was a Queensguard.

SOPHIE

He was a person! He worked for you!

Good bye.

REINA VALENCIA

You think Leo Diaz keeps more than five people's names in his head at once? You think he'll remember who you are once you stop being important to him?

SOPHIE

Probably not.

I'm replaceable too. Everyone is. That's the good news. You won't miss me for long.

REINA VALENCIA

Sophie—

SOPHIE

Fuck you, your majesty.

Click.

A long silence.

JANE

(hoarsely) George, could you. Could you give us a moment, please?

MOREAU

You got it.

Footsteps; a door swinging shut.

Another beat.

SOPHIE

Well, I guess I've royally screwed myself now and—

She is interrupted by Jane flinging herself at her. There's a thud and an oof from Sophie, probably.

SOPHIE

(dazed, half-serious) If I'd known this was all it took to get you back into my arms, I'd—

She is interrupted again by Jane kissing her.

They break apart.

SOPHIE

Shit.

JANE

(A little wobbly) No, no—you tell the queen of Cassandra to fuck off, this is what you get. I don't know why you're acting surprised.

Jane kisses her again.

Sophie breaks the kiss.

SOPHIE

Are you serious right now? I'm into it, *fuck*, you know I am, but. Are you sure?

JANE

Are *you* serious right now? You just quit your job, you just—you can't go back to Cassandra either. Are you sure?

SOPHIE

(hurt) Don't. You keep saying you don't want to take this—you and me thing—lightly.

JANE

(honest) I could never take you lightly.

SOPHIE

This is happening very fast.

JANE

You call five years fast?

SOPHIE

That's an oddly specific number.

JANE

You're right. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have. Just don't expect me not to fling myself at you if you're going to resign your job in front of me.

SOPHIE

I'm not complaining. I just thought. I mean. You're you. I thought this conversion would involve a bulleted list. A spreadsheet?

JANE

Do you want me to make a pro-con list? Because I can make a pro-con list.

SOPHIE

(swiftly, gleefully)

That doesn't seem like it would be in my best interests so no, no, we're good.

JANE

Okay, then. Let's not.

Jane kisses her again.

(quietly, hushed) What else do you need to hear?

Loooooong pause.

SOPHIE

That was just about the hottest thing I've ever heard.

Ummm. That I'm the most attractive person on the planet? That my charisma is off the charts?

That you're not going to change your mind?

JANE

(seriously) You are very beautiful. You are very charming.

We do need to talk—about a lot of things, Sophie—but. You're not a Cassandran officer anymore. You want to try. I want to try. I'm tired, I'm so tired of not trying. I love you. I won't change my mind about that.

SOPHIE

(brightly, tearfully)

Okay! Fuck.

Theme song starts playing.

ELINOR LOPEZ

Thank you for listening to The Pasithea Powder. This was Episode Thirty-Two: “Armistice.” Tune in next time to see how it all ends.

Jackie Hedeman was the voice of Sophie Green. Molly Olguín was Jane Gonzalez. Tim Briggs was George Moreau. Colin Killick was Agent Blanc, and Sarah Rebecca Gaglio was Reina Valencia. Josephine Crooks was played by Rin Mojica, John Hedeman was the voice of David Algros, and the voice of the computer was Cade LeBron. Narration by laughing over what we thought this would be, and original music by Annie Moriondo.

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The Pasithea Powder was created by Bad Wine Productions.

Our heroines will return in our final episode, Episode Thirty-Three: “Jane and Sophie.”