

DARKEST NIGHT

SEASON 3

EPISODE 8: Origin

CHARACTERS

Katie Reed: Mid 20s. Impulsive and spontaneous. Quick learner who isn't afraid to speak her mind. Knows she's wrapped up in a larger conspiracy now, but has to keep that from Ricketts. Vivian Lobdow just told Katie that she needs her help.

Han Ziggler: Mid 40s. He is an agent for the NTK and Katie's new partner.

Eugene Roth: Mid 50s he is the co-founder of the Roth Lobdow center for Advanced Research.

Clinton Lobdow: Mid 50s he is the co-founder of the Roth Lobdow center for Advanced Research.

Reginald Darden III: 40s. He is the lead lawyer for the Roth Lobdow Center for Advanced Research.

LOCATIONS

1. NTK Nest
2. The Roth Lobdow Estate

Efx: Opening Door

Efx: Recording Device on

KATIE
Hi Agent, Ziggler. We have to talk.

HAN ZIGGLER
That we do, Katie. The time has
come.

KATIE
What are you talking about, Hans?

HAN ZIGGLER
Although, we can't answer all of
your inquiries. Our next head will
answer a lot of your questions from
yesterday.

KATIE
Agent Ziggler?

EFX: Cart Rolling

KATIE (CONT'D)
Oh my god!

HAN ZIGGLER
So are you ready to get going?

KATIE
Very ready!

Efx: Wet popping noise.

EFX: Sound of scalpel cutting flesh, beeps.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Withdrawing blood from the optic
nerve and depositing it into the
box.

Efx: Wet popping noises

HAN ZIGGLER
NTK Assignment #008

KATIE

Time stamp is registering
correctly. Initiating playback in
3...
2...
1...
Initiate.

EFX: Transition noise

EFX: CRACKLING FIRE, ICE CLINKING IN TWO LOWBALL GLASSES

REGINALD

We have to remain calm. The future
of the Center depends on this
negotiation.

CLINTON LOBLOW

Look, if I have to hear one more
story about how Eugene has found
god, I don't know if I could handle
it.

NARRATOR

Over the years, the two founders of
the Roth Lobdow Center for Advanced
Research found that working
together was no longer a tenable
option. Reginald Darden the III was
the head of legal council for the
Center and decided to call both
founders together for a meeting.
They needed to dissolve their
original partnership and settle on
a division of assets.

REGINALD

Look if he doesn't aqueous to a
stock buyout, we do have the other
option....

CLINTON LOBDOW

Ahem. Yes.

REGINALD

At least we just took care of your
will so you won't run into any of
the same issues he is.

CLINTON LOBDOW

I even aged up my voice so we won't
ever have to make one of those
again.

CLINTON LOBDOW (CONT'D)
(old man voice)
Hello children.

Efx: Both Laugh

REGINALD
Anything to fix a plot hole.

EFX Both Laugh

EFX: Door Open

Efx: Reginald and Clinton stop laughing on a dime

EUGENE ROTH
Hello, Clinton. Reginald....

NARRATOR
Eugene Roth entered alone. All the life in the room suddenly vanished. Clinton nodded and passed Eugene a glass of bourbon with a smirk on his face.

EUGENE ROTH
Smoky yet sweet. It must have aged in a sherry barrel. MacCallen 1926?

CLINTON LOBDOW
Close, Roth. This is the MacCallen M from 1986.

EUGENE ROTH
Ah. What a treat.

CLINTON LOBDOW
To commemorate a very important year!

EFX: Clink

EFX: Everyone drinks

EUGENE ROTH
Yes, the year Roth-Lobdow finally started to turn a profit. I suppose you want to get this over with, then.

CLINTON LOBDOW
I bought a summer house that year. Claire loved it. Thought it was a castle in the sand.

EUGENE ROTH
(Clears throat, seems to
be uncomfortable)
That's right. Her and Savannah
pretended they were mermaid
princesses.

CLINTON LOBDOW
How is Savannah by the way?

EUGENE ROTH
Very well and heading up her own
sect.

CLINTON LOBDOW
A bit of nepotism at play, Eugene?

EUGENE ROTH
Now I resent that. Savannah has
worked very hard, and her faith and
sacrifice for the church of Sygma
is beyond reproach.

CLINTON LOBDOW
Ughhh. Here we go again with cult.

EUGENE ROTH
We are not a cult.

CLINTON LOBDOW
You play God.

EUGENE ROTH
YOU play god! Roth-Lobdow plays
God. In the name of fucking
research?

CLINTON LOBDOW
Calm down. Drink your scotch.

EFX: Drink

EUGENE ROTH
1993. That's when I knew we had
lost our way.

CLINTON LOBDOW
The year you started your church!

EUGENE ROTH
I was asked to attend a meeting, to
sit down with a potential customer.

CLINTON LOBDOW

Yes Yes. The Brins-Hall account. I remember you taking that one. You never came back into the office after that lunch. Ever.

EUGENE ROTH

Because I saw the evidence.

CLINTON LOBDOW

You met some higher power during a sales meeting?

EUGENE ROTH

Do not mock me, Lobdow. You were not there.

Efx: ice cubes in glass

CLINTON LOBDOW

That's true. So you had an epiphany sitting with Brins-Hall and so you quit doing your job at the center?

EUGENE ROTH

You can't quit when you're an owner.

CLINTON LOBDOW

You could sell, Eugene. There's still time.

EUGENE ROTH

Never. This is evil and it must be stopped.

Beat.

CLINTON LOBLOW

Very well.

NARRATOR

Reginald pulled out a remote from his pocket and...

EFX: Chains and locks being set.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Eugene's arms and legs became restrained to his chair.

EUGENE ROTH

So it has come to this, huh?

CLINTON LOBDOW
You were happy to busy yourself
with the church and vote NO in
every board meeting.

EUGENE ROTH
It was my responsibility. The
things you try to do in the name of
research is an affront!

CLINTON LOBDOW
An affront to what?

EUGENE ROTH
Have you no understanding of your
place in the universe? How small we
all are?

Efx: Clinton sighs.

CLINTON LOBDOW
Bring out the helmet, Reginald.

EFX: Robotic sound and clasping around head.

NARRATOR
The "helmet" fastened around
Eugene's skull.

CLINTON LOBLOW
2 degrees to the left.

EUGENE ROTH
Now wait you don't have to-

Efx: Squeaking. Eugene's interruption ends on a scream.
Labored breathing.

EFX: Eugene Screams

EUGENE ROTH (CONT'D)
(in-audible)

CLINTON LOBDOW
What?

EUGENE ROTH
(In pain)
They're coming. You aren't
prepared, but we are. You'll die in
the apocalypse. You children will
die. Roth-Lobdow will die. But
we... will persevere! They will
save us?

CLINTON LOBDOW
Because you worship aliens? And
elephants? And goats?

EUGENE ROTH
(still pained)
We honor them.

Efx: Clinton snorts.

CLINTON LOBDOW
It's difficult to see such a
brilliant man laid so low by his
delusions.

EUGENE ROTH
Take this thing off of me, Clinton.

CLINTON LOBDOW
I can't!

EUGENE ROTH
But you can!

CLINTON LOBDOW
You wont vote YES on Project
Bluebell! You wont vote to raise
our lobbying funds! You wont sell
your shares and I can't dilute them
anymore than I already have!

Efx: Clinton stands and walks around, frustrated.

CLINTON LOBDOW (CONT'D)
Christ, you given me no choice,
Eugene!

EUGENE ROTH
This isn't about Roth-Lobdow! This
is about keeping our lineage alive!

CLINTON LOBDOW
Eugene, there is no fucking
apocolypse. You have gone
absolutely mad!

EUGENE ROTH
Clinton, You are mistaken.

CLINTON LOBDOW
Eugene, I even hear you are
recording videos of yourself in the
shower. How can you even defend
that?

Efx: Eugene laughs mischievously

EUGENE ROTH
Clinton, finding your true purpose
in life always looks a lot
different than what ever you
expected it to be. I wish that
someday you can have that
experience.

EFX: Glass breaks as Clinton throws his lowball against the
wall. A beat.

CLINTON LOBDOW
Mr. Darden!

EUGENE ROTH
Don't Clinton!

CLINTON LOBDOW
40 degree turn, please.

EFX: squeaking, pained grunt. Heavy breathing.

EUGENE ROTH
(In Pain)
We're friends.

CLINTON LOBDOW
We were.

EUGENE ROTH
(Very much in Pain)
They will come for you. If you do
this, they will come.

CLINTON LOBDOW
I'm not afraid of your wispy
daughter, Roth.

EUGENE ROTH
(Very much in Pain)
It's not just her. We are their
vessels. There are many of us now
and we're everywhere.

CLINTON LOBDOW
Just sign over your shares, Eugene.
I'll pay 130% of their worth!

EUGENE ROTH
Never!

CLINTON LOBDOW

Fine! 150%!

EUGENE ROTH

It's not a matter of money! It's a matter of principle!

CLINTON LOBDOW

Oh, fuck your principles! Your new, made up religion is sinking the company!

EUGENE ROTH

Good!

CLINTON LOBDOW

(incredulous)

You think I want this, Eugene?

EUGENE ROTH

No it's just that Savannah's sect....

CLINTON LOBLOW

(interrupting)

Is it even "a sect"? How come your church is registered a Corporation with the government and not a religion.

EUGENE ROTH

(in pain)

Because we don't plan to just destroy you, we want make the center's work irrelevant.

CLINTON LOBLOW

Now..Thank you for that Eugene. This admission will cause your shares to fall to Savannah after your death. Then...she will be forced to sell them because Lobdow is a clear competitor and conflict of interest to Sigma Corp. Darden! 90 degrees!

REGINALD

Are you certain?

CLINTON LOBDOW

Yes! 90!

EUGENE ROTH
You can't have control! Not over my
company!

CLINTON LOBDOW
Do it, Darden.

EUGENE ROTH
You son of a bitch!

Efx: squeaking.

Efx: A huge scream!

Efx: A pop.

CLINTON LOBDOW
Well, look at that, Eugene! The
pressure on your skull has caused
you eyeball to pop out of tou
face.. But you can still see me
with the other one, right?

EFX: Eugene Roth tries to talk, only wheezes.

CLINTON LOBDOW (CONT'D)
What's that, Eugene?

EFX: More wheezing.

MR. DARDEN
I don't believe he'll be able to
talk anymore, sir.

NARRATOR
Clinton squatted on the floor in
front of Eugene Roth and put his
mouth up to the dying man's ear.

CLINTON LOBDOW
(whispering)
I wont deny a man his last words,
Darden. So come on, Roth. Out with
it.

EUGENE ROTH
(wheezing and stuttering)
Clinton, good luck making it to see
morning!

CLINTON LOBDOW
You're not in a position to do much
of anything, Eugene!

EUGENE ROTH
Pe- ...Peek

CLINTON LOBLOW
What?

EUGENE ROTH
(wheezing)
Peek-a-boo. It sees you.

NARRATOR
Clinton rose in disgust and looked down at his former partner.

CLINTON LOBLOW
Darden! 30 degrees!

REGINALD
Yes, Mr. Lobdow.

Efx: Squeaking

Efx: Death Scream

Efx: Skull cracks

CLINTON LOBDOW
Holy shit. His brains are coming out of his eye socket! Jesus, Regginald! Where did you even get this thing?

REGINALD
I had someone build it.

CLINTON LOBDOW
Alright. Clean it up. Get the body off the estate. We have a lot to do tomorrow.

REGINALD
Very well. Good evening, Mr. Lobdow.

CLINTON LOBDOW
Oeuvre, Reginald!

Efx: climbing stairs.

NARRATOR
Clinton needed a few moments to reflect after the death of his longtime friend and colleague.
(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

He didn't like going through people, never had, especially not his friends. Clinton liked to think he had more finesse than that.

But Eugene had given him no choice. Clinton wished that he had gone to the Brins-Hall meeting instead of him. Whatever had happened in that room had triggered Eugene's illness for the rest of his life..

But now it was all resolved. Eugene was gone and business at the center would be back to normal.

Needing to process the day's events, Clinton headed outside to his balcony...

Efx: Lighter flicks.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

He lit a cigar while overlooking his garden and the groves of fruit trees that filled the landscape. Though he could see that something was looking back at him.

CLINTON LOBLOW

What in the heavens?

NARRATOR

It stood in the orchard. He would have thought it was Reggie, but he'd only just sent Reggie on an errand moments ago and this thing...well it wasn't doing anything other than watching him back. Too skinny to be a human but clearly bipedal.

Efx: Singe as Clinton's burns himself.

CLINTON LOBLOW

Fuck! Goddamn cigar.

NARRATOR

Clinton flicked the cigar over the balcony and shrugged. It was a trick of the light.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Clinton was a reasonable man and knew times like this were when your mind played tricks on you. Shaking the vision off, Clinton stepped into the shower.

EFX: Sounds of washing. Interrupted after a moment by a far off door slam. Sound of curtain being drawn back.

CLINTON LOBLOW

(yelling)

Reginald!

(beat)

Reginald, is that you?!

EFX: silence, the only noise is the shower. Then, another slams closer by.

CLINTON LOBLOW (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Oh, goddamn it, Reggie!

EFX: Water turns off. CLinton steps out.

NARRATOR

Clinton wrapped a towel around his hips and opened the door into the bedroom. Something seemed amiss.

EFX: Someone running across the floor in the floor underneath Clinton's bedroom.

CLINTON LOBLOW

What the heck is he doing?

NARRATOR

Clinton walked out of his room and started down the hall. His estate was secure, as secure as the white house. No one got in or out unless they were invited. And Reggie was the only still-living person that had been invited that night.

EFX: A slam behind him.

CLINTON LOBLOW

Jesus!

NARRATOR

Clinton whipped around to see that his bedroom door had slammed shut behind him.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
He stormed back over to the door
and ripped it open, scanning the
inside of his room.

CLINTON LOBLOW
Whoever you are, you're never
leaving this property again! That
includes you, Reginald!

NARRATOR
Clinton started throwing open doors
and closets.

EFX: Closet door opening

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Bathrooms...

EFX: Bathroom door opening

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
And even all the balcony doors.

Efx: Balcony Doors open

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
But every room was empty.

EFX: Buzzing of cell phone.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Clinton grabbed the phone and
scowled down at Reggie's name.

Efx: Answer call

CLINTON LOBLOW
You better have a damn good reason
for this little production, Reggie.

REGINALD
Sir?

CLINTON LOBLOW
Why are you in my house when I gave
you a job to do?

REGINALD
I'm not. I'm in Ossapeagua.

CLINTON LOBLOW
Well... something is in my house,
Reggie.

REGINALD
That's impossible, Mr. Clinton. The security team...

CLINTON LOBLOW
(interrupting)
It got by the security team!

REGINALD
It?

CLINTON LOBLOW
Well, I don't know what it is.
Other than being skinny as soup. I
couldn't tell anything else about
it, including its gender!

REGINALD
I'm sending additional security
over now, sir.

CLINTON LOBLOW
I should not need to tell you that
tonight is not a good night for
uninvited guests.

MR. DARDEN
I understand, Mr. Lobdow. I'm
finishing this task and I am on my
way back. Security will be there in
ten.

CLINTON LOBLOW
Just get here!

EFX: Phone hang up.

Efx: Elephant sound

CLINTON LOBDOW
What the heck?

NARRATOR
Clinton's eyes caught onto the
french balcony doors. Someone had
to be playing a trick on him.

Efx: stomping over to the window.

CLINTON LOBLOW
You're gonna get it, prick.

EFX: Door ripping open.

NARRATOR

By the time Clinton opened the door, there was no one there.

CLINTON LOBLOW

(whispering)

That is not real. It's impossible. The stress of Roth's murder is just weighing down on me. That's all it is.

NARRATOR

Nevertheless, Clinton reached for the revolver in his closet. It made him feel safer, even if he was losing his mind. He sat in an armchair near his bed and waited for the security team.

Efx: door slam downstairs

CLINTON LOBLOW

Fuck.

NARRATOR

He jumped up and dashed toward hallway.

CLINTON LOBLOW

(to self)

No one messes with Clinton Lobdow. No one.

EFX: down the stairs.

NARRATOR

As he rounded the bottom of the grand staircase he began to hear something strange but all too familiar.

EFX: Tar mixing sounds

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

He ripped the door open. The kitchen was filled with the smell of Tar.

CLINTON LOBLOW

Impossible. Impossible.

NARRATOR

Terrified, Clinton backed out of the kitchen. He ran up the grand staircase, down the hall, and back into his room where he locked the door.

CLINTON LOBLOW

Shit. Shiiiiit!

NARRATOR

He studied the broken pieces of his phone. Hadn't it been ten minutes already? Where was security? Had he hallucinated his call to Reginald, too? Clinton wanted to scream but restrained himself.

EFX: Echoed giggling

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Clinton edged down the hallway toward the grand staircase. He just needed to get down and make a run for it.

As he came closer to the stairs, he saw it. A little bipedal creature below in the atrium...staring back at him. This thing, whatever it was, wasn't of this earth.

CLINTON LOBLOW

What the fuck do you want from me?

NARRATOR

The creature froze as Clinton drew the revolver and steadied his aim.

CLINTON LOBLOW

I don't know if this will kill you but I really hope it fucking hurts!

EFX: 3 gun shots.

EFX: Alien Scream

NARRATOR

The creature jerked as the bullets penetrated its skin. All Clinton could hear was the beast trying to scurry away as it left one of its arms in the wreckage.

CLINTON LOBDOW
Don't like that?

EFX: running down stairs.

NARRATOR
No longer scared, Clinton ran down the stairs, desperate to drive a knife through the creature's heart for a fatal blow. As he bolted towards it, the beast's now useless nub was swinging from its side. He launched himself at it.

EFX: Wrestle pin

CLINTON LOBDOW
You like that! You fucking with me, you fucking with the best!

EFX: grunting, sounds of fight

NARRATOR
Could it be true? Could this be the life form from another planet that Eugene warned him about?

EFX: Slice

EFX: Clinton Screams

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Suddenly, Clinton felt a sharp pain in his side. And then another and another. He was being stabbed. Clinton flipped the beast over and tried to grab his knife back but it was nowhere to be found.

CLINTON LOBLOW
Uh oh. The tables have turned.

NARRATOR
The alien's mouth had opened to reveal long, sharp, wooden teeth. It bit Clinton over and over again, ripping his flesh. He kicked the thing across the room. The beast hit the wall, scrambled to its feet and ran off, giggling.

EFX: giggling.

CLINTON LOBLOW
Come back! I'm not done with you!

NARRATOR
Clinton pressed his hands into his
sides where the monster had pulled
his flesh apart.

EFX: groaning

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
He braced himself on the wall and
stumbled best he could down the
hallway.

CLINTON LOBLOW
To the office. My phone in the
office.

MONSTER
(creepy, echoing from down
the hall somewhere)
Do you believe now, Clinton? Will
you atone?

NARRATOR
Clinton kept running. For the first
time ever he wished his house maybe
wasn't so big. He turned a corner
into an unlit hallway.

The alien stood at the end, only a
silhouette in the shadows.

CLINTON LOBLOW
Get the fuck away from me!

Efx: giggling

NARRATOR
Clinton continued down the
corridor. Just two more turns and
he'd be there.

Efx: giggling ahead of him.

ALIEN
(from behind him)
Peek-a-boo.

NARRATOR
Clinton spun around.

CLINTON LOBLOW
Fuck you!

NARRATOR
But there was no one behind him.

EFX: footsteps tuning and building.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
As he jerked his head around, the
monster was already at his side.

EFX: Stabbing sound

Efx: Clinton Screams

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
The alien stabbed once more.

EFX: Clinton screaming, groaning in pain.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Clinton looked back up after
agonizing in pain and reached for
his gun but it had already
vanished.

ALIEN
(from left ear)
Peek-a-boo...

CLINTON LOBDOW
Whaaaaaat?

EFX: Running

NARRATOR
He turned the corner. Clinton was
almost there. The alien ran down a
hallway at the end of the corridor,
but Clinton didn't care. He was 5
steps away from his office. 3
steps. He...had...arrived.

EFX: Door open and closed

EFX: locking door

EFX: giggling from somewhere.

CLINTON LOBLOW
Fucking work! Please fucking work!

NARRATOR

He picked up the receiver and heard
a recorded voice already talking.

RECORDED VOICE

Press Six for administration. Press
Seven for Research and Development.
Press Eight for Infectious
Diseases. Press zero to return to
the main menu.

CLINTON LOBLOW

What the fuck?

EFX: Button press. Beat.

RECORDED VOICE

Welcome to the Roth-Lobdow Center
for-

EFX: Clinton slams the phone down. He picks it up again.

RECORDED VOICE (CONT'D)

-ress Two for Medical. Press Three-

EFX: Clinton slams the phone down in its cradle over and over
again in frustration. Suddenly giggling.

NARRATOR

Clinton's head jerked up. He could
hear it in the room.

ALIEN

(whispering, close by)
Do you believe, Eugene now?
There's still time for you yet.

NARRATOR

Above him, on the wall, Clinton
could see its face pressed against
the vent grate, peering down at
him.

CLINTON LOBLOW

Shit!

Efx: door slams open.

NARRATOR

He ran. He ran down the labyrinth
of hallways, no destination in
mind, just...away.

Efx: giggling .

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
But it kept following him.

Efx: hallway

ALIEN
(Whispered in Right ear)
You can not escape the inevitable!

CLINTON LOBLOW
Stay away from me you fucking
Alien!

NARRATOR
The front door was far, but the
library had a big, bay window. The
fastest way out of the house and to
his car was to just hurl a chair at
it and make a run for it.

He crept along the hallway,
silently, wondering if he'd lost
it. There was no more giggling.
Clinton quietly turned the doorknob
to the library and pushed open the
door.

Efx: door squeak open. Crackling fire.

CLINTON LOBLOW
(to self)
Phew. I think it's gone.

NARRATOR
The room was empty. The scotch sat
on the small bar where they'd left
it. The fire still snapped and
popped. The bay window was nearby,
a possible portal to safety.

Clinton took a step into the room.
Nothing moved. Nothing made a
sound. He took another. He spied a
small chair in the corner. He could
easily smash the window with it.

But as he crossed the room, he
noticed something dancing in the
firelight. The chair, Eugene's
chair, faced the open flame, away
from Clinton. But it wasn't empty.

EFX: Monster breathing

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
He pulled his revolver out of his jacket as he walked towards it. This could be his opportunity to finally kill it.

EFX: 3 gun shots

CLINTON LOBLOW
(breathing heavily.)
Fuck... you.

Efx: 1 more gunshot.

CLINTON LOBLOW (CONT'D)
I need to get a team in here. This is insane!

NARRATOR
He turned toward the house phone on the desk and picked up the receiver.

RECORDED VOICE
If this is Clinton Lobdow, please dial 9 for the morgue. You are beyond the help of Medical attention.

CLINTON LOBLOW
What the fuck?

Efx: giggling.

NARRATOR
Clinton's head shot up and he dropped the phone.

MONSTER
It's coming! The apocalypse is near. Don't want to be spared?

NARRATOR
The alien launched itself at Clinton before he could react. He tried to fight it off, knock it down, but the monster had its strange hands with endless fingers pressed tightly around his neck like a garrote. Then it pulled. Clinton was being strangled. He bucked.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
He slammed his body against the walls and furniture but nothing would dislodge the alien's tentacles. It just giggled and pulled the garrote tighter and tighter.

EFX: body falling.

MONSTER
(Whispering in left ear)
The apocalypse is coming...

EFX: clinton choking

CLINTON LOBDOW
What?

MONSTER
(Whispering in right ear)
Bow down now and relinquish the center! You will be spared!

Efx: Clinton breathes heavily

Efx: Clinton spits blood

CLINTON LOBDOW
Never!

Efx: Neck snapping

EFX: gurgling

NARRATOR
Clinton let out his last breath and fell lifelessly to the floor..

EFX: monster giggling.

EFX: Transition noise

KATIE
Oh my god!

HAN ZIGGLER
This explains so much! Brins-Hall's message must have lived on through the work of Sigma!

KATIE

Agent Ziggler, this is huge! Is there anything else you found in Morgan's mansion I should be made aware?

HAN ZIGGLER

The only other thing I know is that both Vivian and Savannah...are still alive.

KATIE

Do you think that Sigma might be behind this?

HAN ZIGGLER

All I know is that today we have to look at one more head....

EFX: Door Close

EFX: Recording turned off.