

Darkest Night 2x09

"Live Free And Die"

Written by

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DARKEST NIGHT

SEASON 2

EPISODE 9: Live Free And Die

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.

Henry - 40s. High up at Sigma Corp. A true fighter who is using Vivian's invite to this fundraiser to secure funding and support from Senator Carlisle on a new drug.

Dr. Samuel Igwe - 40s. Used to work for Roth-Lobdow before he was poached. Has been working on a new drug for Sigma.

Vivian - Adopted by Clinton Lobdow, inherited The Roth-Lobdow Center for Advanced Research. Ready to make an example of Henry and Dr. Igwe.

Sen. Jackson Carlisle - Late 40s/Early 50s, a well-known politician. Has a statesman's gift for natural charisma and charm. Harbors a dark secret; A taste for human flesh.

Miriam - 30s, Senator Carlisle's personal assistant. Plucky and unflappable. She's seen it all and reacts to very little. Prone to dry humor.

Locations:

1. Lab at The Roth Lobdow Center for Advanced Research
2. Banquet Hall - Political Fundraiser
3. Banquet Hall - Basement Room

Time of day:

Evening

INTRO BUMPER

Efx: recorder button/tone

KATIE
A second head...

Efx: Footsteps, a drawer opening. Katie pulls a book out of the drawer. The book lands with a thud on a table. Katie flips through the pages.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Maybe there's something in the handbook about protocol for a second head...?

Efx: Pages flipping.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Anything... anything? Damn it.
(beat)
It's against protocol for me to do a head on my own, but it's not like I can't do it. How do I know if this is even worth it? Ricketts gives me nothing to go on, antagonizes me most days, and now he expects me to do him a favor on blind trust.
(beat)
I wish Kinsler was here. What would he do?

Efx: Footsteps.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Let's see the head.

Efx: Sheet being thrown off a box.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Oh my god. No, not...
(beat)
Calm down. Calm down.

Efx: Katie hyperventilating.

KATIE (CONT'D)
You need to see what happened. Screw protocol.

Efx: Wet popping noise.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Withdrawing blood from the optic
nerve. Depositing into the box.
Locked and loaded. Project Cyclops.
Trial 7-zeta-8. Timestamp is
registering correctly. Initiating
playback in 3...
2...
1...

Initiate.

A POLITICAL FUNDRAISER

Efx: Dulcet sounds from a jazz trio.

DR. IGWE

(whistling)

Check this out, Henry.

HENRY

Man, Vivian sure knows how to throw
a party.

DR. IGWE

Viv wouldn't know what a party was
if someone shoved a keg up her ass.

HENRY

You better quiet down with that
talk. We're a couple of Sigmas in
Roth-Lobdow territory.

DR. IGWE

At least I used to work there.

HENRY

If you think that does anything
other than put a target on your
back, then you're a fool.

DR. IGWE

Maybe I am.

HENRY

Let's get some canapé and get what
we came for.

DR. IGWE

Canapé? I don't want that crap.
There's a S'mores bar over there.

HENRY

Look who's by the canapé.

PROF. IGWE

Senator Carlisle. In the flesh.

HENRY

Are you shocked. This whole thing is in his honor. You ready?

DR. IGWE

Let's do this.

NARRATOR

The men made their way to Senator Carlisle. The black tie fundraiser brought in a typical crowd. Women draped in jewels and gowns. Men hoping they would be draped in women. The hall overlooked the city. It was only fitting that some of the richest and most powerful people in town were rubbing elbows high above the rest of society.

HENRY

Enjoying the canapé, Senator Carlisle?

SEN. CARLISLE

It's ok, but I have very *specific* tastes. I must say, I didn't expect to see you here.

HENRY

I'm a little surprised too, but I'm not one to turn down a personal invite from Vivian Lobdow. Senator, this is my colleague, Dr. Samuel Igwe.

SEN. CARLISLE

Nice to meet you. And what do you do at Sigma?

DR. IGWE

I oversee special projects in their pharmaceutical department. I also teach at a university.

SEN. CARLISLE

A professor?

DR. IGWE

Yes. Teaching is my first love, but I've got to pay the bills. Henry offered me a flexible schedule I couldn't refuse.

HENRY

Dr. Igwe is actually working on the drug that you've taken a lot of interest.

SEN. CARLISLE

Apothegm?

DR. IGWE

Mmhmm.

SEN. CARLISLE

Very nice. Can you let me in on the progress you've made recently?

NARRATOR

Dr. Igwe gave Henry a look as if to ask if it was ok. Henry's nod gave the go ahead. They hoped their little act would draw Senator Carlisle in. It was not just Henry's and Dr. Igwe's. It was Carlisle's, too.

DR. IGWE

(sotto)

We've unlocked a one-to-one system that allows a single user to control another person. All transmitters have finished the tests unharmed and all receivers have had no memory of the incidents at all.

SEN. CARLISLE

And what's next?

DR. IGWE

We're starting to adjust the strength of the formula so that one could potentially control more than one person at a time.

SEN. CARLISLE

What a time to be alive isn't it?

HENRY

We hope we can count on your continued support.

SEN. CARLISLE

You know you can. Nice meeting you Dr. Igwe. Enjoy the night.

NARRATOR

Henry and Dr. Igwe watched Senator Carlisle walk away. He couldn't get more than 10 feet away before he was being pulled in to schmooze with some other guests.

HENRY

That was off.

DR. IGWE

What's that supposed to mean?

HENRY

When you know a guy, you know a guy. Something about that was off.

DR. IGWE

You think he's over Apothegm?

HENRY

Let's not get too hasty now, ok?

DR. IGWE

Ok. As long as Carlisle has enough money to go around.

Efx: Large doors opening.

NARRATOR

The door to the hall opened as a row of black-vested, bow-tied waiters made their way in. Each carried a tray. The bubbly glasses of champagne never threatened to spill as the waiters glided through the crowd with expert balance.

DR. IGWE

Now this is what I'm talking about.

NARRATOR

As a waiter arrived near the pair, Henry and Dr. Igwe felt a tap on their back.

MIRIAM

Henry. And... I don't think we've met.

DR. IGWE

Dr. Samuel Igwe.

MIRIAM

Pleasure. If you two wouldn't mind following me.

NARRATOR

Henry retrieved a pack of smokes and a lighter from his pocket.

HENRY

Do I have time for a quick smoke beforehand?

MIRIAM

Sadly? I'm afraid not.

(beat)

It's also an extremely poor health decision.

HENRY

(grumbling)

Does this concern the senator?

MIRIAM

It does.

HENRY

Fine.

MIRIAM

This way.

DR. IGWE

We're going to miss the toast!

HENRY

There are more important things than the toast. You know that. Come on.

NARRATOR

They followed Miriam out the doors and down a long hallway.

Efx: Their footsteps echo in the empty hall. The sounds of the party fade behind them.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

At the end of the hall there was an elevator. Miriam pressed the down button.

Efx: Ding. The doors open.

MIRIAM

After you.

NARRATOR

Henry and Dr. Igwe walked inside. Miriam followed them and pressed Level BB before backing out of the elevator.

HENRY

You're not coming with us?

MIRIAM

This is my stop. Don't worry, you'll know where to go.

Efx: The elevator doors shutting.

DR. IGWE

(sotto)

I can't believe we're missing the champagne toast for this.

HENRY

You need to shut up about that damn champagne before I make you.

DR. IGWE

Jesh, someone really needed that cigarette... I'm just saying.

HENRY

I got it. I heard you.

Efx: Ding. The elevator doors open.

NARRATOR

Henry and Dr. Igwe found themselves looking into a small room. The furnishings were spare, but luxe. Leather chairs, an ebony coffee table and matching end table. The men cautiously stepped into the room.

HENRY

Hello? Hello? Senator Carlisle?

DR. IGWE
What's going on here?

HENRY
I don't know, but let's wait it out.

DR. IGWE
(sighing)
Your call.

NARRATOR
Dr. Igwe settled into one of the leather chairs.
(Efx: Igwe sitting on the leather chair)
Henry did the same
(Efx: Henry sitting on the leather chair)

DR. IGWE
They don't even have food for us. That's pretty rude. Don't you think?

HENRY
I refuse to acknowledge your complaints anymore.

NARRATOR
They sat in silence as the time ticked by. Their agitation grew with each passing minute. Twenty minutes had passed. Had Carlisle abandoned them down here?

DR. IGWE
Ok, I'm starting to get a little crazy. What's going on?

HENRY
I told you! I. Don't. Know!

DR. IGWE
Do they expect us to wait down here forever. No food, no drink, no nothing?

HENRY
You need to calm down. This is the way these things work.

DR. IGWE
(shouting)
Hellooooo!! Is anybody coming to
meet us?!

HENRY
Shut the-- you need to quiet down
right now!

DR. IGWE
I'm joking. Jeez. And people think
professors are humorless.

NARRATOR
One, two, three more minutes passed
by.

DR. IGWE
That's it. I'm going. Give me the
Cliff Notes version.

Efx: Ding. Elevator door opens.

NARRATOR
Just then the elevator dinged
alive. As the doors opened, out
came Vivian Lobdow. In a slinky red
dress and an old Hollywood 'do, she
screamed femme fatale.

VIVIAN
Oh so sorry to keep you two
waiting.

HENRY
Vivian. You're who we're meeting?

VIVIAN
Yes. Is something wrong?

HENRY
Miriam implied this meeting had
something to do with Senator
Carlisle.

VIVIAN
I assure you it does. You're not
going to say hello, Sam? That's how
you treat your old boss?

DR. IGWE

Well, seeing as I left The Roth-Lobdow Center before you took control of the board, you were never truly *my* old boss... but, hello Vivian. You seem well as ever.

VIVIAN

Cheeky, Sam. Cheeky.

(beat)

I am well. I finally feel like I'm getting the recognition I deserve for the work I do around here. There's been a change, a real noticeable change because people are really listening to me now. I know you had some of those same concerns when you were working with us. I get it. I get why you left.

DR. IGWE

Water under the bridge.

VIVIAN

Good. Great. If only that were true. A little birdie told me about a drug you're working on called Apothegm.

NARRATOR

Henry and Dr. Igwe visibly tightened. They tried to remain calm.

DR. IGWE

Apothegm?

VIVIAN

Don't play dumb. We all know you're not dumb.

HENRY

Who told you about Apothegm?

VIVIAN

Does it matter? Why didn't you ever come to us about it?

DR. IGWE

Like you said, I'm not dumb. I float my best ideas. See who'll bite.

VIVIAN

You never even gave us a chance to counter.

DR. IGWE

What can I say? You freak me out a little. Maybe I was looking to work in a place where I wouldn't have to look over my shoulder every few minutes.

VIVIAN

Fair enough.

HENRY

We both know how this game works. Poaching is a part of that.

VIVIAN

Of course. So is healthy competition.

NARRATOR

Vivian sidled over to the ebony end table. She opened the drawer and pulled out what looked like a gun. It was plastic and silver with a syringe loaded into it. The needle was as thick as a straw. A small square floated in the murk of the syringe. Henry and Dr. Igwe instantly backed away.

HENRY

There's no need to overreact.

DR. IGWE

Whoa, calm down!

VIVIAN

Relax. This isn't for you. It's for me.

NARRATOR

Vivian lifted the gun to her forearm.

VIVIAN

Here's to my health.

NARRATOR

She pulled the trigger and the liquified goo was injected into her arm.

Efx: The quick needle propelling the contents of the syringe into Vivian's arm.

VIVIAN

Gaah! Damn it. Our guys need to work on a less painful way of intaking the transmitter.

HENRY

The what?

VIVIAN

The transmitter. Are you guys still using dissolvable tablets for Apothegm? We switched to plastic tabs. Once it's dispelled from the body, all of the affects wear off at once rather than the gradual decline you get with the dissolvable pill you guys use.

HENRY

This is low, even for you.

DR. IGWE

It really isn't. When you know someone, you know someone. This is par for the course.

HENRY

Did you dose me? Tell me!

VIVIAN

I didn't dose you. Or you.

HENRY

Then why are we here?

DR. IGWE

I'm done. I'm leaving.

VIVIAN

Do you really think that's wise? After all, you know what I'm capable of. It's probably best to keep your hands and feet inside the ride. Follow me.

NARRATOR

Vivian returned to the elevator and pressed the only button - Up. Henry and Dr. Igwe shared a look, unsure how they got into this mess.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

It was starting to look like there wasn't a way out.

Efx: Ding. The elevator door opens.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Vivian, Henry, and Dr. Igwe got inside. Nobody spoke. As Dr. Igwe stared at the floor, Henry could tell that he had already resigned himself to a fate that Henry didn't want to believe was a possibility. If they made it back upstairs and into the hall of people, then they would be able to make an escape. Henry always had a lot of fight in him. He didn't enter the upper echelons of Sigma Corp by giving up early.

VIVIAN

How's you son by the way, Sam? Effi right?

DR. IGWE

He's fine. He's... *adjusting* to his freshman year of college.

VIVIAN

I'll bet he is.

Efx: The elevator dings. The doors open.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Straight ahead.

Efx: Their footsteps echo in the hall. The sounds of the festivities get louder as they get closer. Doors open.

NARRATOR

They entered the hall. Where there should be music and chatter and laughter, there was nothing. Everyone was frozen still.

VIVIAN

Hello everyone.

NARRATOR

Slowly, everyone in the crowd turned their heads toward the trio. Vivian stepped forward and the crowd started to part, making a path for them.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Henry and Dr. Igwe followed her.
The patrons ogled them as they
pass.

VIVIAN
This way.

NARRATOR
Henry and Dr. Igwe continued behind
her. They stared at the faces
looking back at them. Were these
the same people who didn't even
notice them earlier?

HENRY
(sotto)
What is going on here?

NARRATOR
They took to the stairs at the side
of the stage. Vivian walked towards
the center of the stage. She
noticed Henry and Dr. Igwe had
paused beside her.

VIVIAN
Don't be shy.

NARRATOR
She motioned for them to stand by
her side as she settled in front of
the microphone.

VIVIAN
How are all of you lovely people
doing tonight?

NARRATOR
A sea of blank faces stared back at
them.

VIVIAN
Don't be shy.

CROWD
Never been better.

VIVIAN
(away from the mic, to
Henry and Dr. Igwe)
Did you hear that? They've never
been better. Maybe it's the canapé.

Then:

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
(into the mic)
Could we all please give a healthy
round of applause to Senator
Carlisle.

Efx: The clapping crowd.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
You can do better than that. Look
alive.

Efx: The crowd starts whooping and whistling.

NARRATOR
The crowd didn't shy from getting
loud this time. Their loud cheers
and stomping feet belonged at a
sporting event. The drummer of the
jazz trio started wailing.
(Efx: Raucous drum solo
amid the cheering)
Someone threw a glass in the air
that came down with a crash
(Efx: breaking glass)

VIVIAN
There we go. I knew you had it in
you. Now, Senator Carlisle. The man
who has a vision for this state and
it's people. We can and will be the
leaders of tomorrow. His investment
in The Roth-Lobdow Center for
Advanced Research has allowed us to
focus on scientific exploration
that is changing the way we
interact as humans. Senator
Carlisle, I would love it if you
could explain what I'm talking
about.

NARRATOR
Vivian stepped back from the
microphone as Senator Carlisle
gamely took her place.

SEN. CARLISLE
Of course. Vivian Lobdow is
speaking about a wonder drug her
company has perfected called Axiom
Zero. It has the powers of...
maximum persuasion.
(MORE)

SEN. CARLISLE (CONT'D)
I see a bright future for the drug,
so much so, that I've made
investing in it a top priority for
my preliminary budget.

DR. IGWE
(sotto, to Henry)
Did you know about that?

HENRY
(sotto)
Of course not.

DR. IGWE
(sotto)
Played us for fools.

VIVIAN
(back at the mic)
Your previous investments have
helped us reach a major
breakthrough. Tonight, you all
partook in a champagne toast that
was dosed with Axiom Zero. And I
shot a transmitter into my arm,
which is allowing me to control all
of you... with solely my thoughts!

NARRATOR
Vivian pointed in the direction of
two couples. The men from each
couple left their ladies to start
dancing with each other as the
women did the same. Vivian pointed
to a woman by the buffet table. The
woman started shoving food into her
face faster than she could chew.
Her puffed cheeks barely contained
the food as it dribbled down her
designer dress.

VIVIAN
We need new music.

Efx: The jazz trio plays a jazzy version of a popular song.

DR. IGWE
You're controlling all of them?
How?

VIVIAN
We saw what you were doing and
built upon it. Pretty neat, huh?

DR. IGWE
The amount of Apothegm--

VIVIAN
It's Axiom Zero, Sam. Keep up.

DR. IGWE
Whatever you want to call it, the amount in your system could be deadly.

VIVIAN
You wish you could be so lucky. I'm feeling good. And you're probably wishing you had brought this to us when you had the chance.

NARRATOR
Henry saw them fighting and took a chance. He ran for the edge of the stage.

VIVIAN
You're not going anywhere!

NARRATOR
Two men in the crowd sprang to action. They nabbed him before he could get too far. Henry struggled against them as they dragged him back onto the stage next to Vivian.

HENRY
Get off me. Let me go!

VIVIAN
There's still fun to be had. You can't leave yet. Who out there thinks Henry should go?

Efx: The crowd boos.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
That's what I thought. Now, I want to return the favor to Senator Carlisle without whom none of this would have been possible. Can you guys join me in giving Carlisle the thanks that he deserves.

NARRATOR
The patrons pulled out their checkbooks and pens. The waiters came around with their trays.
(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

They quickly filled with checks, watches, and expensive jewelry.

VIVIAN

We've really got a good group here, so incredibly altruistic.

HENRY

What happens in the morning when they notice they're missing a large amount of money?

VIVIAN

They won't remember why they did it, but it's not crazy to assume one would make a donation at a fundraiser. The amount might come as a shocker though.

HENRY

Why didn't you dose us too? What's the point of this.

DR. IGWE

She's humiliating us.

HENRY

All those tapes I was receiving from Katie... that girl who was working with Dr. Kinsler and then Dr. Ricketts... it was all a long con. You were allowing her to continue sharing these Project Cyclops episodes because it looked like your own trials were paltry in comparison, but... but...

VIVIAN

Go on, Henry. You're *so close*.

HENRY

You were actually using these episodes to secretly perfect your companies own version of...

VIVIAN

Axiom Zero. Correct! Gold star.

DR. IGWE

She's showing us what her drug can do when we know we're nowhere near this trial stage yet... we lost...

VIVIAN

You really do know me, don't you Sam? I'm guessing you know what's next then.

DR. IGWE

Make it quick.

HENRY

No... No. In front of all these people.

VIVIAN

They won't remember a thing.

HENRY

Vivian, this is insane.

DR. IGWE

She is insane!

Efx: The jazz trio starts playing a version of Chopin's "Death March".

NARRATOR

Everyone in the crowd set their sight on Henry and Dr. Igwe. Both men had never felt like prey before.

VIVIAN

It's been nice knowing you both. You kept me on my toes for much longer than I thought you would. I'm going to head out if you don't mind. I don't really need to see this.

NARRATOR

Vivian walked off the stage and through the crowd. They paid no mention to her as she left.

Efx: Large doors shutting.

HENRY

What do we do?

DR. IGWE

It's over. There's nothing we can do. Look at them. Now, look at the two of us.

HENRY

I'm not just going to let them have me. No way!

NARRATOR

Henry looked around them. There was only one exit. The way they came in, and they would have to go through the crowd to get back there. Henry tried not to let his fear control him. He dug through his pocket and procured his lighter. His eyes darted around, then stopped on an American Flag jutting out of a wall-stand near the back of the stage. Henry didn't falter for a second as he sprinted to the flag. He clicked on the flame and raised it to the flag.

DR. IGWE

What are you doing?

HENRY

Something! I'm not going to sit here and wait to die. Hello no.

NARRATOR

The flag wasn't catching easily.

HENRY

Try to fight them off.

DR. IGWE

With what?

HENRY

Grab the mic. Just do something!

NARRATOR

Dr. Igwe headed for the standing microphone. He grabbed it and started swinging at the people nearby.

DR. IGWE

Get back!

Efx: People getting hit with the mic.

NARRATOR

Henry worked on lighting the flag. Once it started to light, flames quickly engulfed the flag.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Henry grasped the flagpole and pulled it from the wall-stand. Sweat dripped down Henry's face. He ignored the heat and tried to keep the flames far from his face.

HENRY

Sam, this way.

NARRATOR

Henry moved to the edge of the stage. He stabbed the sharp finial on top of the pole into the patrons --

(Efx: people getting stabbed)

-- before tossing the burning flag onto the crowd.

Efx: Scream and a blazing fire.

DR. IGWE

(coughing)

This way.

NARRATOR

Dr. Igwe led them around the fire, which had left a gaping hole in the crowd. He swung the mic like a machete. The crowd grabbed at them. Henry felt the sleeve of his jacket rip as a woman clawed at him.

DR. IGWE

There are too many of them.

HENRY

Get to the band.

NARRATOR

They reached the band who was still playing Chopin's "Funeral March". Henry ripped a stick from the drummer's hand and snatched the saxophone right out of the musician's mouth. Both players remained posed, pantomiming motions as if they were still playing.

HENRY

Grab the bass. Run through them and head straight for the door.

DR. IGWE

What?

HENRY

We don't have any other options.
We've got to try. Grab the bass,
you're bigger and faster than me.
Just do it.

NARRATOR

Dr. Igwe grabbed it.

DR. IGWE

Stay close.

NARRATOR

Dr. Igwe bolted. His thunderous
legs powered him through the mass
as he mowed over people. He heard
them bouncing off of the bass drum
in front of him. Henry stayed as
close in his wake as he could.

Efx: People bouncing off a bass drum, falling to ground.

HENRY

Just a little farther.

NARRATOR

Dr. Igwe dropped the drum as they
reached the door. Henry reached for
the handle. He twisted and turned
it to no avail. It was locked.

HENRY

(coughing)

No, no, no, no.

NARRATOR

The two men used their shoulders
for leverage as they tried to break
through the doors, but they
wouldn't give.

DR. IGWE

(screaming)

Get off of me!

NARRATOR

Henry turned to see Dr. Igwe being
dragged into the mob. They
descended on him with their bare
hands, tearing at his clothes, skin
and hair, ripping him apart.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

For a moment, Henry didn't realize they were doing the same thing to him. He prayed for the unbearable pain to end. He noticed Senator Carlisle biting into Dr. Igwe's left leg, blood pooling around his mouth. Miriam, Senator Carlisle's right hand, stood devotedly by his side. Suddenly, Henry felt his own body being pulled in different directions. The crowd was stretching him. His body rose off the ground with the force of the tension.

Efx: Henry screaming.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Finally the tension snapped. Both legs and arms ripped from his torso as his body was pulled apart by the crowd.

Efx: Henry's body being torn apart.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

With both Dr. Igwe and Henry now disposed of, as brutalized and maimed corpses, the drugged crowd returned to their glazed normal state -- blood and guts adorning their elaborate, expensive ensembles. Finally, Senator Carlisle paused from munching on Dr. Igwe's leg to address --

SEN. CARLISLE

Miriam?

MIRIAM

Yes, Senator?

SEN. CARLISLE

Pack some of this up for me, will you?

MIRIAM

Will do, sir.

SEN. CARLISLE

(gleefully)

So much for leftovers tonight.

OUTRO BUMPER

Efx: Distinctive noise.

KATIE

Henry's dead. He's the head of Sigma Corp. How has this not hit the news yet?

Efx: The door opens.

NARRATOR

Vivian walked into the lab, still wearing her dress from the very recent fundraiser.

VIVIAN

Henry's not *the* head of Sigma Corp... but he made you believe he was.

KATIE

Vivian!

VIVIAN

Where's Ricketts?

KATIE

Out... sick...

VIVIAN

Don't lie to me, Katie.

KATIE

I don't know where he is. He told me to do this head alone, and then he left. That's the truth.

VIVIAN

I believe you.

KATIE

(beat)

You killed Henry.

VIVIAN

I did what I had to. And, technically, I didn't touch Henry.

KATIE

All of this over a drug?

VIVIAN
You've seen what it can do, Katie.
It's not *just* a drug.

KATIE
Guess I don't need to keep sending
him these tapes...

VIVIAN
Guess not. I'm going to need you to
come with me.

KATIE
What? Why?

VIVIAN
Because, Katie... it's time to end
this battle with Sigma Corp. Once
and for all.

Efx: record button press/tone

END OF EPISODE