

**The Elysium Project**  
**Episode 2: Aftermath**  
*Podcast Transcript*

**Prologue**

*Distant city ambiance fades slowly in, sirens begin to sound in the distance coming closer.*

Emma: Ugh...

*Heavy footsteps approach her, fabric movement as Ben crouches next to her.*

Ben: Hey? Are you awake?

Emma: What... what happened? Where am I?

Ben: Ssh... you're safe now. The police are already on their way.

Emma: Then who... who are you?

Ben: I'm just here to help you.

Emma: What... what's your name?

Ben: It's... Ben. Just Ben.

**Introduction:**

The Elysium Project  
Written and produced by Natalie Van Sistine  
Episode 2: Aftermath

## Scene 1

*Nighttime city ambiance, rooftop perspective. Slight wind.*

Evan: It's already March, you'd think it would be warmer by now...

Bastios: You're fidgeting, Evan. Is something the matter?

Evan: I don't think this is a good idea, Bastios. There's too many things that could go wrong with this plan of yours...

Bastios: This wasn't my plan, this is retaliation. A necessary measure now that almost half our test subjects are nowhere to be found... thanks to James Greyson.

Evan: So you sent one of our least stable subjects to have his daughter Emma injected with his own formula. Is that supposed to be poetic somehow?

Bastios: I am handling things how best I see fit. If James does not understand the terms under which he has chosen to fight, then he will be made to. And accepting his position on this project does not entitle you to critique my actions, Dr. Meyer. It might be better for you if you remember that.

*Faint companion effect underneath.*

Mirage: If you both need a moment, I can come back.

Evan: Mirage... how long have you been up there?

Mirage: What, did you think I was spying? Or did I see something I wasn't supposed to?

Bastios: Mirage. You took care of everything?

*Slight whoosh as Mirage leaps down to the ledge in front of them.*

Mirage: Of course. It wasn't like it was going to be hard to begin with. Though I did get the boyfriend too – sort of an accident, he jumped in front of her.

Evan: (startled) You injected both of them with the formula?

Bastios: (not remotely bothered) If it becomes necessary, we can have him removed just as easily as the daughter. Besides, Mirage will be keeping an eye on both of them while you and the others can focus on the escaped subjects.

Mirage: Yeah, you hear that, doc- wait, what?

Bastios: Mirage will be following both James' daughter and now the boy to monitor their progress as the formula takes effect. He will be there to control the situation in case anything gets out of hand.

Mirage: And that should be thrilling in the meantime.

Bastios: I can just as easily have you returned to that dungeon James arranged for you the last time you decided to get any ideas, Mirage.

Evan: I can see he's going to be reliable.

Mirage (Evan mimic): Which is why we can't possibly take any more risks that aren't my concern!

Bastios: (laughing, amused) You see, Evan? Unlike you, he at least has a sense of humor.

Evan: (growling) You miserable little-

*Companion effect, sound as Mirage catches his gun.*

Mirage: Were you going to threaten me with your little tranquilizer, Doctor? What if I shot you instead? I shot the other guards with it before, remember? They didn't die, but they did scream, so I'm sure it's going to hurt, at least a little.

Evan: (hint of nervousness) Bastios...

Mirage: Oh, save me Bastios, save me! Do you want to see if he will?

Evan: Stop it!

*Music rises, and with a stinger abruptly fades with companion effect.*

Mirage: And look at that... there's nothing at all? My my, Doctor Meyer, maybe

you're the one going crazy.

Evan: Huh?

Mirage: See? It's on your waist. Never left.

Bastios: Mirage's greatest talent is making you see what he wants you to see... and believe it's real.

Evan: Bastios, if our escaped test subjects are just like Mirage, I don't see how you expect to find them so easily. They have just as much potential as he does - anything they want, they can make it happen by wanting it, that's how the formula James created works. They could completely disappear - permanently.

Bastios: But you forget that we're still the ones that created them. We have more control over the situation than you are aware of. Besides, these subjects are something more than human now... I doubt they can stay hidden for long.

## Scene 2

*Very light restaurant ambiance fade in.*

Alex: Oh man... I don't know how much longer I can keep smelling this. We haven't had a real pizza in what, three years?

Rachel: We haven't had a lot of things in three years.

Jessica: Just don't make a pig of yourself, alright Alex? The last thing we need is someone people calling the police on us because we look like starving runaways-

Alex: Which we are, Jessica. And I'm sure it's totally normal for kids to get pizza on a friday night.

Kate: (leaning forward, pleased) We're in the middle of the city, I don't think anything phases anyone here. You're from here, right Ian? You should know.

Ian: Huh? Oh, yeah, I don't think so.

Kate: See? We could make ourselves scarce pretty easily here. Lay low for a while.

Rachel: But then what? Do you really think we can just stay here forever?

Jessica: Rachel, we just got out of their little academy yesterday. Nobody's thought this through. There is no plan.

Alex: It is our way. Ow...

Ian: Then what are we doing?

Kate: I am not going back to school, just to make that abundantly clear.

Jessica: (snide/sarcastic) So Kate, we just seamlessly integrate back into society? Yeah, that'll work. I say we get Alex to make pizzas here and maybe Rachel could open up a salon!

Rachel: Wait, I could what?

Ian: She's not being serious, Rachel... or helpful.

Jessica: But I am the only one acknowledging the elephant in the room here...

We're not exactly normal anymore. We can't just pick "life" back up where we left off.

Kate: Right now we're exhausted and starving. I don't think we're going to make any groundbreaking plans tonight, so how about we just find a place to stay, and crash, and figure a long term plan when we're not running on adrenaline.

Alex: Slight interjection of logistics here, but... we have no money.

Kate: And we have "super powers" to get what we need. (lowering her voice a bit, leaning forward) Plus, there's Ian's abilities.

Ian: Ahem. Heh heh.

Jessica: (smug) Oh look, Ian's blushing. Kate, I think he-ack!

*Abrupt companion effect stinger, underneath. Sound as Kate shifts forward at the table.*

Kate: Ian, let go of her!

Ian: (surprised, not realizing what his companion is doing) What? I... uh, no!

*Companion effect fades as Jessica is released.*

Jessica: You're such a freak, Ian.

Ian: I didn't mean it! I don't-

Jessica: Of course you did or it wouldn't have happened, remember? That's how our "super powers" work! We get to manipulate the world around us based on our emotions, which happens if we want something! So believe me, it's pretty hard trying not to want to tear you a new one!

Kate: Shut up, both of you. Just think for a second, alright? We don't get to fight this out anymore, that is exactly why we left! Ian, your abilities only activate when you want them to, so get your act together, that's not okay! And Jess, stop egging him on. You guys got that?

Jessica: Who died and put you in charge, Kate?

Kate: No one had to. I just took it. Now are we clear on that, or does anyone want to challenge me? I am seriously that pissed and that hungry to try just about anything right now.

Alex: Cat fight...

Rachel: We really don't have to fight about this-

Jessica: No, we don't... in fact I think we're good for now.

Kate: Good. Glad to hear it. And you know what? I think I'm ready for some pizza.

*Music transition out.*

### Scene 3

*Emma is unconscious in the hospital after the attack. As she begins to wake up, a memory resurfaces as well.*

*Emma is four, and her mother, Mary, is hiding her away in a closet so she is not found in a raid by Bastios in Paris, France. She has been trying to keep Emma's existence a secret from Gabriel, who try and use her for early Elysium experimentation if she was found.*

Young Emma: (terrified breathing, short and irregular as her mother tries to keep her quiet – lasting for 7-10 seconds)

Mary: (breathing heavily, also very panicked and trembling) Emma? Emma! Emma, look at me. You have to promise me you'll stay quiet, okay? Someone will come for you, but you have to stay quiet because this man can't find you. It's very, very important.

Young Emma: Mom-

Mary: No, no! You must be quiet, Emma. So very quiet. Please, stay here.

*The rest of the lines in the flashback come quick and overlap, echoing and barely able to be made out.*

Bastios: (very light accent so it's not quite so immediately distinguishable as him) Where did you hide her?

Mary: (almost crying, begging earnestly) Please, you can't tell him-

Bastios: She'll be taken care of.

*A vague sound of glass shattering in a large crash. The dream ends as Emma begins to resurface back to reality.*

*Hospital monitor beeping slowly fades in, along with medical electronic humming.*

Monica: Look, I called you and notified the department as soon as I heard.

Will: I know, but we still could have used more time.



Monica: I can give you... two minutes, maybe? James is having one of his facility doctors coming in to do a full examination on both of them and he'd turn you over in a heartbeat.

Will: Two minutes will have to be enough. Let me know if you spot anyone else.

*Door shuts, footsteps approach.*

Will: Hello, Emma. Monica said you were just waking up. How are you feeling?

Emma: I don't know... Who are you?

Will: You can just call me Will, I'm... a detective with the police. Now, I'm just going to ask you a couple questions really quick about what happened to you before the doctor gets here.

Emma: I don't... remember that much. It all happened so fast... and my head hurts.

Will: He must have hit you both pretty hard. Still, do you remember any details at all? Anything we can use to find who did this?

Emma: He said he knew my dad.

Will: Was he older than you?

Emma: No, he was my age. Like high school, maybe a little older. He had dark hair.

*The door opens with a soft knock.*

Monica: Emma? The doctor's just about here. I'll be letting him in soon.

Will: That's good. I should probably let him come look at you. But thank you for your help. If you need anything from us, Monica will know how to contact me.

Emma: Okay... Wait!

Will: (turning, hopeful) Yes?

Emma: My friend, Nick. Is-is he all right?

Will: I'm-I'm sure he's fine. There are other doctors looking after him – he had some other injuries to treat. Excuse me.

Emma: Yes, but... he was hurt-

*His footsteps fade out and the door shuts, leaving Emma by herself. The monitor continues to beep.*

Emma: Ugh, blood rush...

*Sound of Emma sliding out of bed, peeling off the IV. Footsteps as she walks over to the door.*

Emma: Okay, Monica is still out there, and this is the only door. I want to see if Nick's okay, but she'd never let me past without my Dad's permission, and there's no way he'll let me go once he gets here. But... there is the fire escape.

*Sound of her locking the door.*

Emma: If I lock the door, that'll give me a minute or two while they go find keys... and at least they left my clothes. I look like a mental patient in this gown.

*Clothes rustle, the window opens, city ambiance begins to flood in.*

Emma: Maybe I can just go one floor down and get in through whatever room is below me... hopefully I'll be seeing straight in a minute.

*Sound as she climbs out onto the fire escape. The window shuts. Ambiance abruptly switches to street side view and heavier footsteps are pacing as Ben is walking in the parking lot near the fire escape.*

Emma: (distant, from above, trying to call out but not too loudly) Hello? Excuse me?

Ben: Hm? Is there a fire?

Emma: Not... really? I'm kind of stuck. Do you think you could let the ladder down for me?

Ben: I think that would set off an alarm, so I doubt that's a good idea. But I can

help you climb down if you like.

Emma: Are you sure that's safe?

Ben: Well if the worst happens, we are right next to a hospital. Here, if you can climb over the railing and lower yourself as much as you can, I can catch you when you let go, or if you fall. It's less than ten feet, we can make it work.

Emma: If you say so...

Ben: Good, now if you can get as low as possible, you can jump from there. I'm here if you slip, but when you're ready you can jump and I'll help support you when you land, okay?

Emma: Alright, I hope you know what you're saying...

*Slight rustle as she falls, and then sound as Ben half catches her, and supports her as she hits the ground.*

Ben: There. What did I tell you?

Emma: Okay... that actually worked. Have I... seen you before?

Ben: Yes, but I'm surprised you remember – you were pretty out of it. I found you and your friend in that alley after the attack, so they had me come with the ambulance to make a statement to the doctor. He's been busy, so I came out for some air and found you scaling the walls. Not exactly what I was expecting, but I suppose it's a good thing you're well enough to do that.

Emma: Yeah, I didn't think through that plan too well. But, thank you for helping us back in the alley. Who knows how long we might have been left there.

Ben: It was no trouble. By the way, how's your friend? He looked pretty beat up.

Emma: I don't know. They wouldn't let me go out to see him, so I was trying to go find him myself. Hence the... fire escape, but then all the windows were locked. I hope he's alright...

Emma: The guy who attacked us! You didn't see him at all, did you?

Ben: Hm, I might have... but just a glimpse of him running. Nothing I could ID.

Emma: I'm having trouble remembering him exactly. He was so... strange. I can't really put a finger on it. I don't know, I guess I was hoping that if you'd seen him maybe it would feel like... less like the whole thing was a dream.

Ben: Dreams don't beat you up like that. I think it's safe to say this guy was real and hopefully he's not coming back anytime soon.

Emma: Yeah... I'm sorry, this is probably rude of me - but I don't think I caught your name.

Ben: It's Ben. And you're Emma, right?

Emma: Yeah, that's me. Uh, look – thank you again so much for everything you did, but I should probably get back inside and try and find my friend Nick before my dad's secretary or the doctors send out a search warrant. It was really good meeting you though.

Ben: My pleasure. Oh and by the way, when you get it back, I put my number in your phone while we were waiting for the ambulance. I thought that if you need more information from me about the attack, for court or the police, you can just give me a call.

Emma: Thanks...

Ben: Goodbye, Emma.

*Footsteps as she begins to walk away.*

Emma: Bye.

*Separate footsteps as she begins to walk around the building towards the front entrance. The ambiance changes a bit as she nears the entrance and with it the sound of a car pulling up quickly and stopping abruptly.*

Emma: Dad?

*Running footsteps fade in quickly.*

James: Emma? Emma! Emma, what are you doing out here?

Emma: Daddy...

James: Emma... Oh Emma, I am so sorry. This is all my fault, I'm so sorry...

*Music and ambiance fade slowly.*

#### Scene 4

*Creepy dream music/ambiance. Dialogue is disjointed and fades in and out over each other. Ian is on a roof while James stands besides him on the same roof, is observing him warily.*

James: What is your name?

Ian: Ian.

James: Ian, do you know where you are?

Ian: No, Mr. Greyson.

James: You are standing on a roof fifty stories above the ground. Do you know why you're here?

Ian: No.

James: Do you want to die, Ian?

Ian: No, I don't.

James: Then make sure you don't forget.

Ian: Wha-AAAAAH!

*The dream ends abruptly and sheets rustle as Ian sits up abruptly.*

*A door opens as Ian steps out into the living room area of the suite the fugitives have taken up at a downtown hotel. There is some light foley noise as Kate has already been awake and is fiddling with syringe pieces on the table despite it being four in the morning. There are also bags of plasma and blood piled next to it. Not creepy at all.*

Kate: Gnh...

Ian: Kate, are you-?

Kate: Ian, you scared me.

Ian: Sorry, I couldn't sleep.

Kate: You and me both. Here, if you're up, you wanna come help me here? I need some help before I can deal with all of this... mess of stuff on the table. Just got back from a supplies run... took a little bit more out of me than I thought it would.

*Ian walks over and sits down across from her at the table.*

Ian: Supplies? Kate, do I really want to know if that is real-

Kate: Blood? Yep. There's actually more plasma though. And before you ask or freak out too much, yes I robbed a blood bank, yes I feel like a terrible human being, and no I am not a vampire.

Ian: Are you sure I'm awake right now? I'm beginning to wonder.

Kate: Yes, Ian, you are awake. And Kate has an annoying little defect that makes her abilities go away without taking more of the formula, so she is working on synthesizing it herself. Anyway, I've finally made some headway on hacking James' network and from what I can tell, the formula itself is actually derived from naturally occurring substances in human blood and plasma. Most people barely have more than a drop or two of it in their entire bodies, but if you isolate the substance and treat it so that it can self generate despite the natural inhibitors – voila! Formula. I think I have about as much info on it now as I'm ever going to get, so tomorrow I'm going to start trying to reproduce it myself. I just needed... supplies. And the chem set should be here tomorrow.

Ian: So... if I'm hearing this right, you hacked James' personal files, found the recipe for the formula, robbed a blood bank, and want to begin genetic experimentation in a motel room?

Kate: Yeah, I guess that's about the gist of it. And that's why the laptop I... liberated has been joined to my hip since we left. We learned programming at the academy when they were trying to see if we could learn things more quickly with our abilities, and so using that, I was able to hack James' personal network. But the files there are encrypted and incomplete, so I'm only working with half of his

material. One step away from gibberish.

Ian: But you figured this all out by yourself?

Kate: (shrugging, brushing it off) Nah, it's pretty obvious stuff – abilities just help in a pinch and probably get my brain processing fast enough to keep up with the computer. It's kind of weird that way, at least when it comes to advanced mechanics and anything that's purely data. Our abilities are sort of telekinetic, but they're tied to the basic physical world and matter based on emotion and desire. But you can't just “want” a firewall to go away the same way you can “want” to walk through a regular wall. Like, a physical wall has mass and molecules our abilities can either manipulate or that they manipulate our bodies around, but a firewall exists on pretty much an entirely different, non-physical dimension. But either way, my arm is turning into a dead weight, and that doesn't help anyone.

Ian: I noticed. You kind of let it hang a certain way when you get... weaker, I guess?

Kate: Yeah. Well, it's just a hump of metal without my abilities. He never told me this, but reading James' notes makes me think my body produces too much of the natural inhibitor to the formula substance, so it builds up an immunity that kills the injection after the span of a month or so. That's probably they thought I wasn't even affected by it at first, until you found me out anyway. After that, I think the only nice thing James ever did was help me out with this prosthetic... probably to have another way to study me, but it's done more good than harm. Anyway, this stuff should help.

Ian: More of the formula?

Kate: Yep. And syringes are evil if you only have the better part of one arm to work with. That's why I could use your help. See there? I just need you to put those two bits together, like this. It just slides through the prosthetic fingers when I try - the grip just isn't working.

Ian: Are you sure this formula is going to work?

Kate: Sure, it came from James' lab, so-



*A clinking sound indicates that Ian has dropped the pieces.*

Kate: Careful, those could break!

Ian: I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...

Kate: When we first got the security bracelets off at the academy and you were helping the others, remember how I asked you to wait for me before we made a run for it?

Ian: You went back for more of the formula?

Kate: Yeah, I knew this was coming if we made it out. I wasn't planning on coming back - none of us were.

Ian: But maybe you could let it go this time? You could be normal – most of us would kill for that right now.

Kate: We're in hiding, Ian. Even if we could get back to normal, we know too much... there's no way James would let us go free.

Ian: But you only have two dosages left after this. You're only good for what, a month on one of these before your abilities go away again? What if you run out of what you have and don't figure out how to recreate it by yourself? Kate, I know you... I don't want to see you like that if it doesn't work.

Kate: I-I can't go back to being that freak with the missing arm and right now I can't even function as that freak with the missing arm if there is even the slightest chance that we have to run from James again. Maybe that can change someday, but right now I am not handing my fate to James, alright?

Ian: Okay, but... I don't think you need it. I bet you'd be just as capable without this stuff – like, how you were able to do all that hacking already. At least you have that choice. Anyway, here's the syringe, I think it's ready.

*He hands Kate the finished syringe.*

Kate: Thanks, Ian.

*Kate injects herself.*

Kate: Ugh... I know you're worried, but thanks for letting me do this. I don't think some of the others would.

*Very faint mechanical humming fades in and out subtly.*

Ian: We really do care about you...

Kate: And I care about you guys too. I'm only doing this so I can help us stay out of the academy for good. Then maybe someday things can go back to normal.

Ian: Yeah. Look, I'm going to head back to bed. You should sleep too.

Kate: Thanks, Ian. We'll see.

*Footsteps as he leaves the room, and the door closes. Whir as Kate examines her arm intently. Fade out.*

## Scene 5

*Light indoor ambiance, the television plays in the background with a generic news cast. Nick trudges in and opens the refrigerator door.*

Newscaster: - the near bankrupt cities facing unheard of levels of violence.

Newscaster: In local news, police would like to remind local businesses and commuters that the Midtown East area will be shut down temporarily near the United Nations building during the recently announced peace talk summit, which is set to take place in just over two weeks. Public transportation to and from the area will be stalled if not completely shut down in some areas due to increased security measures. Many are hoping that this meeting will lead to more favorable negotiations with North Korea, the latest member of the New Eastern Coalition, as they also have begun participation in the trade blockade. The president is expected to attend this summit, along with chief members of the cabinet and several prominent ambassadors to aid in negotiations. Still, as dissent continues to arise, the NYPD asks that civilians stay clear of any protests as violence appears to be inevitable.

Nick: Aaaand nothing. Fruit Loops it is.

*The refrigerator shuts as another set of footsteps trudges in.*

Greg: If you were looking for the pizza, I ate it.

Nick: Oh! Dad! Geez, I didn't hear you come home last night, when did you get back?

Greg: Way too late – I don't even know why I bothered. Your mother did need a change of clothes.

Nick: (sitting down at the table) The glamorous life of international politics, huh.

Greg: (dry) Let's just say, we're going on a very long vacation when your classes let out to try and recover from this one.

Nick: Oof, so the Eastern... something-something group aren't backing down on the

trade blockade? They do realize people people are going crazy over that right now?

Greg: Eastern Coalition. And you're prying for top secret international security information before I've had coffee. Now who taught you that trick?

Nick: Definitely mom.

Greg: Shocking. Sorry dude, you know the drill by now. It's-

Nick: It's a complicated situation, but nothing that can't be negotiated peacefully. Was that chipper enough for one of your press conferences?

Greg: I wouldn't look into acting, son.

Nick: Ouch. Seriously though, on a scale of one to ten-

Greg: Nicholas-

Nick: Okay, okay! But someday, I'm going to have a super secret job too and I won't tell you all my enormous national secrets either.

Greg: Fine. In the meantime, how are your grades?

Nick: It's an enormous national secret. They're sitting at the same pleasantly higher-ish average as always. School is boring, but I'm good enough at it. What else is new? Other than bad things in international politics. Seriously, the way the news paints these new guys is like a shadow league of super villains – it's getting pretty campy and I'm almost curious enough to do research.

Greg: That's nice. And how about the girlfriend?

Nick: Will not pick up her phone. I'm kinda worried. Especially after meeting her dad and that guy who was with him at the settlement. Emma said her dad was 'secretive', but was it just me, or were they both a little... weird?

Greg: Yeah. Your mother and I noticed that about him too. Nothing overt, but there was something off about both of them. I don't know, the entire meeting... it's difficult to remember... And you're sure you haven't notice any-

Nick: No weirdness here. I got knocked out, bruises are almost healed, I'm totally

fine.

Greg: Emma sounds like a nice girl, I hope it was nothing we have to worry about. If you do get ahold of her, I know better than trying to stop you two from going out, so just... be careful around her, and her dad.

Nick: Yeah, of course. By the way, is my bike done at the shop?

Dad: Oh... yeah. I got a call about it yesterday. They say you can pick it up today, but your mother and I want you to keep to cabs until this summit frenzy dies down, especially if the protests turn into part two of the Atlanta riots. And I definitely don't want to have another ticket on your permanent record, got that?

Nick: The speed limit is good and riots are bad. I think I got it. Have fun at work!

Dad: Yeah, Fun. Right...

Gabriel: While the news from Baltimore is extremely bleak, we're asking for the continued patience that has already been shown by many until the completion of this summit. It is our chief objective to see that many of the concerns regarding the trade crisis might be resolved by that time, and the programs that are under consideration to be cut will continue to be maintained.

News Anchor: And that was Secretary Gabriel Highmoore, live from the United Nations-

## Scene 6

*School ambiance fades in as Emma walks up the stairs to school, texting Melissa as she goes. Both their voices have a slight echo effect over them, along with the sounds of typing and alerts to indicate they are texting.*

Melissa: I'm just glad you're alright. You really freaked me out – you've never been gone that long.

Emma: I know Melissa, my dad just completely flipped out. No phone, no internet – nothing for two weeks.

Melissa: Because you got attacked? How does that even make sense?

Emma: I think he's just pissed I snuck out.

Melissa: And almost died. I wouldn't ground you.

Emma: I appreciate that, thanks. Want to adopt me?

Melissa: LOL! I keep telling you, my apartment is tiny, but you can always sleep on the couch.

Emma: Thanks, Melissa.

*Emma starts unpacking her backpack and shuts the door to her locker, there are slow footsteps as Nick tentatively approaches.*

Nick: Emma?

Emma: Nick! Uh, h-hey.

Nick: You came back.

Emma: Yeah, I didn't think my dad would let me for a while.

Nick: Wait, where have you been? What happened?

Emma: I was grounded?

Nick: I've been calling you about for the past two weeks because I didn't even

know if you were alright. Your dad said you lived when he talked with me and my parents, but I thought maybe he was just saying that because something worse happened! I'm glad you're not dead... or in a coma or something.

Emma: I'm sorry. I thought my dad would have told you... It sounds like I'm all right, but I didn't get my phone back until this morning and dad said he'd start letting me use the internet again tonight.

Nick: Okay... you're ridiculously chill about this. I don't remember if we covered this, but do you get kidnapped and attacked regularly?

Emma: No? Is it really that weird?

Nick: No, just very... unexpected.

Emma: I told you, I have absolutely no context for “normal” in my life.

Nick: Clearly. But... I guess things could be a lot worse.

Emma: I'm... I'm glad you're alright too. Dad said that whatever we were injected with was probably temporary and just a way of scaring him through me from one of his rivals or something. He said you were alive too, but I was still scared of coming back and seeing that you wouldn't be here.

Nick: No, I'm still kicking. Though if you're dad ever says any more about what happened, I'd like to know more than the cover up version myself. So, is he ever going to let you out again other than for school after this?

Emma: I doubt it.

Nick: Well then I might have to come and catch a game at your place sometime. Or a movie?

Emma: But what if we're attacked by ninjas?

Nick: Then it's a good thing I know Kung-Fu. EEYAH!

Emma: Ahaha! I'm kidding!

*Bell Rings and school sounds fade out quickly.*

**~ End of Episode 2 ~**