

Conversation Between Gl, G, and HZ  
02/25/15

[*Transcription has been edited to protect identity.*]

[*Gl starts call. G joins.*]

Gl: Hey Rachel.

G: Hey Liz. Hector.

HZ: Hey G.

Gl: How's Hawaii?

G: Warm. Quiet. It's nice when you have your own private island.

[*Laughter.*]

Gl: Um, so, I'm guessing you've heard the news by now. Tethys malfunctioned-

HZ: Tethys went tits up, in a bad way.

Gl: Yeah, Hector, would you-

HZ: She decomposed on the street. It was gross.

G: CNN really likes it.

HZ: Of course CNN likes it. 'Is it aliens?'

G: Well, what have you said?

HZ: 'It's aliens.' We've got an, uh, production assistant over there whose adamantly trying to steer them either towards actual E.T.s or some elaborate viral marketing.

Gl: I don't like it.

HZ: What, you wouldn't see that movie?

Gl: I already have enough trouble sleeping.

G: Have you contacted the family?

G1: Yep. Dad and a daughter. [REDACTED] Weird names.

HZ: Yeah, who names their kid [REDACTED]?

G: Better than 'Moon Unit.'

HZ: Who the fuck is 'Moon Unit?'

G: Frank Zappa's kid. I've been thinking of Frank Zappa a lot lately.

G1: Anyway, so, the Dad basically said, 'Fuck you, I'm going public.' That was two hours ago. There's a news conference scheduled for tomorrow morning. I tried getting people down there, cancelling it, talking to him in person - nothing. So, yeah, what do we do?

HZ: I want to emphasize how going public is going to kill us. We need at least another year at testing and this could shoot it on the water.

G: Yeah, sure. I don't think anyone will care in a year.

G1: Everyone will care in a year! No one will want to buy it if it fucking kills them.

G: Pills kill people all the time. I really don't think this is a big deal. We can just deny it and distract them somewhere else. No one's going to believe this guy.

G1: G, this is serious. Everything points back to us. She told her husband everything. She broke every non-disclosure she signed.

HZ: G, trust us. This is going to hit like a bomb.

[A pause.]

G: Do I really fucking have to do everything myself.

[Code 12 is invoked.]

G: Take my fucking money. Keep bleeding me dry. Panacea was fucking mine and you stole it. You fucking incompetents...you keep letting people die and I swear to God, I will-

*[Machine beeps on G's end. She stops.]*

G: Do what you have to do. Don't call me until you have some good fucking news.

*[G disconnects.]*

G1: That could have gone worse. She's looking bad.

HZ: She's always looked bad.

G1: Fuck off, Hector. You know...Ok. Take the money. Go to New York. Stop this asshole at any cost.

HZ: Any cost?

G1: Blank checks. Just get it done. We gotta make G proud.