

KOH//ENTRY4/G35-XX261-K

Recorded via embedded microphone. Transcribed via Class-II Interpretive Intelligence.

Participants:

- Dr. Lindsey Koh | Medical Supervisor
- Dr. Sylvia Santos de Pilar | Chief Scientist

[BEGIN LOG]

Lindsey: What, so you're just going to forget about it now?

Sylvia: Why does it matter?

Lindsey: Why does it matter? Are you serious?

(Sylvia takes a sip out of her drink.)

Sylvia: Have you read its original file?

Lindsey: Oh, that's great. So that's how we're speaking now. What's gotten into you? Why are you so jaded now?

(Sylvia waves her hand.)

Sylvia: I don't want to get into this right now.

(Lindsey leans closer to Sylvia.)

Lindsey: What about your night terrors? Are you not having those anymore?

(Sylvia closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.)

Sylvia: Lindsey. I really don't need this right now.

Lindsey: *You don't need this right now?*

Sylvia: I'm serious.

Lindsey: That's it? You're giving it up?

Sylvia: That's not what I'm saying.

Lindsey: You're beginning to sound like Goode now. Like everybody in that Site.

(Sylvia clutches her hands together and speaks softly.)

Sylvia: It's not a matter of ethics. The subject—

Lindsey: I don't care about the subject, Syl!

(Lindsey's words linger. They both remain silent and still for a moment.)

Lindsey: That thing could be burned, stabbed, maimed, or sent straight to Hell for all I care! This is about you. I regret every single thing I have done for this project because it's done nothing but further the pain *you* have to endure. I can't go back in time, Sylvia, so the best I can do is help you in the present. Do you not get that?

(Sylvia unclutches her hands and slams them both onto the table.)

Sylvia: *¡Ah chingado!* Why are you treating me like I'm some kind of child? Do you think I'm an idiot, Lindsey? Like I told you last time, I want this to be over. I want this done. And I especially don't want to talk about work when I'm not *at* work. This is the only time I can think for myself. I can't even *hear* myself think when at the Site. It's never quiet there, even when I'm alone.

Sylvia: I never needed to do a job this extreme before. And I never needed to look at them more than two sessions! I *know* this is wrong. *Nothing* deserves that kind of treatment. And I *know* it's affecting me bad.

(Lindsey stays quiet. They both lock eyes with one another.)

Sylvia: Everyone I talk to seem to only want to talk about *it*. It's all anyone cares about. I'm the chief scientist, Lindsey, but everyone seems to care more about seeing *it* do something than they do about me.

Lindsey: I care.

(Sylvia looks away for a second. She shakes her head and continues to speak, as if ignoring those last words.)

Sylvia: And I cannot resign. If I stop doing this work, Goode said...

Lindsey: What? What did he say?

(Sylvia takes a sip out of her drink, longer this time.)

Sylvia: Forget it.

Lindsey: What did he fucking say?

(They both go silent for what feels like an eternity.)

Sylvia: He said he will send me back.

(Lindsey waits before answering, internalizing Sylvia's words.)

Lindsey: No.

(She firmly takes Sylvia by the hand, to the latter's surprise.)

Lindsey: No, you listen to me now. Don't even think about that.

(She looks at her and smiles, placing emphasis into her next words.)

Lindsey: I am glad that you are here.

Sylvia: Thank you.

Lindsey: You don't have to face your thoughts alone. Make peace with your demons.

Sylvia: ...I will.

[END LOG]