

KOH//ENTRY5/J50-PX789-G

Sylvia was ousted from this project and now Goode is asking me to make sure she's fucking administered amnestics. This is ridiculous. I told her to make peace with her demons, but I didn't mean it literally!

She is a *good* soul. She doesn't deserve any of this. *We* don't deserve any of this.

Lockjaw can burn in Hell for all I care.

I need to figure something out. I'm not amnesticizing her. I can't.

Goode is a wicked, smug, bottom-feeding piece of shit. He'll get what's coming for him, one way or another. Nobody can put that much evil out into the world without it coming back around to bite them. I have to believe that. But maybe karma could use a little nudge in the right direction.

Recorded via embedded microphone. Transcribed via Class-I Reactive Intelligence.

Participants:

- Dr. Lindsey Koh | Medical Supervisor
- Rsr. Jerome Howell | Containment Specialist

[BEGIN LOG]

(Howell is sitting at his station in the Lockjaw observation room. Lindsey aggressively approaches.)

Lindsey: Jerome.

Howell: Yo.

Lindsey: I need you to help me defy an order.

(Howell widens his eyes.)

Howell: Do you always start your conversations like this?

Lindsey: Tell me the status of the SRA array.

Howell: Well, like I said this morning.

(Howell points at his monitor and traces across a graph.)

Howell: Janet's reports show that one or more of the anchors aren't correctly doing their auto-calibration routine. We can attribute that to component deterioration, is what we assume. We can't really ascertain that exactly without cracking them open and

taking a look instead. As you know, however, we can't really do that because— *ckck*.

(Howell points in the direction of the observation window.)

Lindsey: Alright. Alright, then I need you to keep this on the downlow.

Howell: What do you mean?

Lindsey: Goode shouldn't know about this.

Howell: I... wasn't really planning on telling him anyways. I'd much rather get this fixed ourselves before he knows about it.

Lindsey: Jerome.

Howell: That's my name.

Lindsey: Goode kicked Santos off the team.

Howell: Yeah, I heard about that. That sucks. She was kinda nice.

Lindsey: Goode wants me to amnesticide her.

Howell: Shit, Lindsey, that's-- Wait, what does this have to do with the SRAs? What are you asking me to do?

Lindsey: He's been hounding me about it all week.

Howell: Wait, so what do you want me to do?

Lindsey: Nothing. I need you to do nothing. Let the anchors deteriorate further. Don't submit any maintenance tickets. Don't flag anything as an issue.

Howell: You want me to— You're asking me to let the main method of keeping our friend controlled die out. That would result in— It would—

Lindsey: Are you with me, Jerome?

Howell: Do you really think I'd risk my job -- No, not just my job, my life to do this? For that matter, do you think I'd let you risk yours? This is suicide, Lindsey. You understand, if-- When this is found out, we'll be... I don't even have the words to describe how fucked we'd be.

Lindsey: Yes, because I wouldn't be asking you if I didn't.

(Howell nervously surveys the room. He glances at the button on his desk labeled "CALL SECURITY".)

Howell: How do you know that?

Lindsey: I can't make this mistake, Jerome. I *just* found her. I can't lose her now.

(Howell stares at the "CALL SECURITY" button.)

Lindsey: What would Sabrina say if she knew what we were doing now?

(Howell snaps his head towards Lindsey unblinking and remains silent for a few seconds. His face tenses.)

[END LOG]