

"I just tried to protect you, George. I really did."

"How about you try with telling the truth."

"Okay," she agreed quietly. "I want you to stand up," she requested gently.

"What? Why?"

"I need to show you something. Please, George."

George rolled his eyes, before getting up to his feet reluctantly. Sais extends her hand, and the second George takes it, Sais throws him over her head until his body smashes into the other side of the room, and lands through the pianist. He lay on the floor, nursing his head with his hand. Looking up, he noticed the pianist was completely unharmed, unbothered, and continued to play. As George stood up, he went to place his hand on the pianist's shoulder as if to ask if he was okay, when he noticed his arm going through the pianist completely. He stepped away in horror.

"What the fuck..." he whispered. He turned to Sais who was stood watching it all happen.

"I'm so sorry," she said, a clear lump in her throat, "You had to see for yourself."

George looked around the room, slowly pointing a finger at everyone else.

"Them too?"

Sais nodded slowly, a look of deep regret painted her face. George started pacing around the coffee shop, placing his hands on and through everything and everyone. He more he did it, the more angry and upset he became. He reached the barista, who gave him a wide smile.

"Good evening, sir. What can I get you?"

"Go fuck yourself," George spat between gritted teeth and tears in his eyes. He turned around and frantically tried grabbing objects, mugs, chairs, tables – but to no avail. Tears of anger ran down his face as he grunted in frustration. Finally, he managed to grab the chair he was sitting in before launching it through the window. The chair, however, flew through everyone and everything in its way, impacting absolutely nothing and no one. George dropped to his knees in tears and ran his fingers through his scruffed, brown hair. Sais looked down at him, her own eyes welling up even more. The guilt wrapped itself around her neck like a tight grip as she watched him on the floor. Suddenly, he started laughing. Slowly at first, then hysterically.

"What's so funny?" Sais asked in shock.

"I'm no more sane than the day I woke up in that fucking hospital!" he giggled, with still a look of madness in his eyes.

Sais knelt and placed a hand on his shoulder in comfort. Her head clocked some movement outside, and she soon noticed the Bowtie men getting suspicious, with their attention drawn to the coffee shop. She stands up, and extends a hand to George.

"C'mon. We're going to your past."

"Whose past? The programmer or the nut-job?"

"The coder," she replied.

"But why?"

Sais's attention got drawn to the Bowties once more.

"We need to go now, because if they find us, they're going to kill us," she whispered harshly.

"I don't even care anymore. I'm at peace with them trying to kill me. I'm so sick and tired of this nightmare," he looked down and relaxed his shoulders. Sais could tell he was serious.

"George, without you, there's no me," George noticed there was a sense of urgency in her voice, and he looked up at her.

"What? I don't..."

"I can't do any of this without you."

"Any of what? What are you talking about?"

Sais placed both hands on his arms, and looked deep into his eyes before taking a deep breath.

"Science fiction. It exists. It's all around us. You were captured for your knowledge on it, and we freed you. You are the reason that I, and so many others like me, exist." Her face relaxed. It seemed that a large weight had been lifted off her shoulders. He followed her gaze, which moved slightly behind him. He watched her smile drop. Two large Bowtie men stood right above them at the entrance and stared at them.

"Oh shit," Sais whispered. "They can see us. It's now or never, George. We need to go."

George took her hand and they both ran as fast as they could for the back door, sprinting through other customers and the pianist, who continued as usual.

They burst through the back door and pause to catch their breath. As she stood to turn around, she notices another Bowtie man blocking their path. They both held hands once more and backed away. Sais leaned in to whisper in George's ear.

"Head for the book shop. I'll meet you there."

"But what about you?"

"I said I'll meet you there!"