

Fernanda: RADIO: Outcast is a wily, gunslinging podcast for mature audiences. Content warning: this episode contains depictions of violence, guns, and gunshots throughout the episode as well as character death at the beginning and kidnapping in the middle of the episode that may be upsetting for some listeners. We encourage our listeners to prioritize their safety before venturing ahead. Thank you.

(Safe Travels (main theme) plays)

(Wind)

(A bird squawking in the distance)

(An owl hoots)

(Thump, thump! A heartbeat. Thump, thump!)

(A page is flipped and then pen writing on paper)

(Echoing guitar strings playing)

(Pen writing on paper)

(Still we hear: Thump, thump! A heartbeat. Thump, thump!)

JESSE (NARRATION): *(irritated)* Been a week since Lone Flats. A week since I came back from the dead, hitched my *fate* to a goddess, and lost my shot at gettin' a *lead* on the men that killed my dad. Now I find myself in the center of a good ol' Mexican Standoff. [Short beat.] There's a dead body on the ground in front of me. Fresh blood *stinkin' up* the air and soakin' black into the desert rock. [Short beat.] We've all got our guns drawn. [Short beat.] One of the men points his barrel *square* at my forehead. [Short beat.] From the bloody look to his eyes, the bastard wants my *brains* across the sands.

(Thump, thump! A heartbeat. Thump, thump!)

(A fly buzzes about)

BURR PAXTON: You *fucker*! You killed my brother!

HELIX: Keep shooting!

CHARLES: No! *No*. Don't keep shooting.

(A gun's revolver spins quickly, slowly, clicks into place)

(Thump, thump! A heartbeat. Thump, thump!)

JESSE (NARRATION): *(seething)* My heart's poundin'. All I wanna do is kill *these motherfuckers*.

(RADIO: Outcast's Dark Theme plays : deep and alarming synths pulse a rhythm, slow guitar, sinister strings)

JESSE (NARRATION): After all this time. They're *right in front of me*. Got my aims on his head. I can *kill* each of 'em with one quick pull. [Short beat.] And they can't kill me. *(frenzied)* Not with this *power thing* I got from that *tower*. It's *everything* I wanted, here, [short beat.] *right now*.

(RADIO: Outcast's Dark Theme plays: the music becomes more and more eerie as echoing hums join)

JESSE (NARRATION): Won't ignore *this* chance. [Short beat.] It's like God put them right before me, here in this hot stinkin' desert, to be *executed*. [Short beat.] Squint my eye, [beat.] pull back on the trigger and ...

(Pen writing on paper)

(RADIO: Outcast's Dark Theme ends on a sturdy drumbeat)

(Pen writing on paper)

JESSE (NARRATION): *(calmer)* Well. I guess I should start a little earlier. It was a *long* day that came before.

(Echoing guitar strings playing)

(Pen writing on paper)

JESSE (NARRATION): Helix was talkin' nonstop, like she *always does*. And that rat, *Charles Osgood*, was, of course, suckin' up. He *wants something*. *(he sighs)* Don't know what it is. But that man is a wantin' man.

(Record scratch)

(War drums, whistling; static and distant electronic beep; war drums)

(Record scratch)

(Footsteps on desert sand)

HELIX: Okay, my turn! Never have I ever *(beat, she considers this very seriously)*--

(Charles clears his throat)

HELIX: Never have I ever been shot more than once.

CHARLES: *Ohh*, good one, madame. I, myself, received my first bullet not long ago. Left not even a scratch. *(laughs)* But that's quite a long story. *You know*, the Sonny Machine,

(Charles taps the Sonny Machine: Clack! Clack!)

CHARLES: - too, has already -

(Charles taps the Sonny Machine: Clack!)

CHARLES: - been pinged numerous times!

(Helix sighs, clicks her tongue)

HELIX: *Jesse*.

JESSE: Mm?

HELIX *(Slowly)*: You need to *put a finger down*.

JESSE *(Apathetic)*: Hmm.

HELIX: *(she scoffs)* *First*, raise your hands again. Uh, put down a finger for those *three last ones* and put down another.

JESSE: Told you I ain't in the mood for your weird god games.

HELIX: It's a *human game*. I learned it at this killer NYU sorority party where if you lost the game you had to drink — wait, New York University is a thing now, right? Well, *anyways*, the game is from the future. Soo, *(she sighs)* I *guess* you wouldn't know it. *(quicker)* Also 'cause you're boring.

(Coda flutters about and tweets in annoyed agreement)

JESSE: Tell your *blue bird* to mind its business.

HELIX: *They're* a mockingbird. *(Upset)* Leave Coda alone.

(Coda flutters about and tweets gratefully)

HELIX: Try to be a team player for once. Okay? You don't like Never Have I Ever, *fine*. I've got other games. 20 Questions. I think of a random person or thing and *you* have to guess whatever I'm thinking. You get twenty questions to try and figure it out. Ready? I've already got a thing in mind. Do you want to start?

JESSE: No.

(Charles coughs)

CHARLES: *Indulge her, Mr. Rogers*. I'm sure a solitary man such as *yourself* could do with a fun bout of gaming. You might not guess it, but I consider myself *quite* the gamesman. The best Faro player in all of the West, some have said. Just before I emptied their pockets. *(laughs boisterously)*

(Metal jingling)

CHARLES: But that's another story. This uhhh 20 Questions sounds *quite fun*.

HELIX: *See*, Charles likes my games.

JESSE: *(he mocks what she said)* Yeah, big surprise.

HELIX: *(she scoffs)* I'm sure you're at least *a little curious* about me, right? It's not every day a mortal meets a *god*. How about Truth or Lie? I say a truth and a lie and you gotta guess which one's *the lie*.

JESSE: *(he sighs)* How 'bout just *talkin'*? What's the point of a game?

HELIX: *(she sighs, losing her patience)* Look. We should be getting to know each other better if we're gonna be stuck together. And it *should be fun*. Otherwise we're just grunting across the desert until we find the next tower.

JESSE: Nah, I've walked hundreds of miles in complete silence. *I* don't need to talk. *You* need to talk. All I *need* is to finish this detour. Got bigger things to worry about than *some game*.

CHARLES: *Come now*. Miss Helix and I have been perfectly accommodating. You'd do well to follow suit, *yes*? Have I not lent the Sonny Machine to our cause, thus providing clues toward *our* great mystery? And did I not provide us all with *accommodations*, from my own purse, in the few *destitute watering holes* we've crossed thus far?

HELIX: *Yes*. You've been a *biig* help.

CHARLES: (*proud*) Oh, thank you.

JESSE: He'd've been more help if he got us horses instead of *feather pillows* for the night.

CHARLES: Hmm.

HELIX: (*She groans, annoyed*) You *need* to *chill*. Honestly, I —

(*GUNSHOT! It booms and echoes in the distance*)

(*Footsteps on desert sand go silent*)

(*A beat.*)

HELIX: What was that?

(*Silence*)

(*Record scratch*)

(*War drums, whistling; static and distant electronic beep; war drums*)

(*Record scratch*)

(*Fantastical synth whistle*)

HELIX (NARRATION): Soooooo, *Mom*. How is everyone? (*beat*) No? (*she clears her throat*) Well, you can't blame a girl for trying. So, there was this random gunshot in no-man's-land. This place is straight out of a Wile E. Coyote cartoon — just *endless hot orange desert*. Sooo you'd think we would've seen what was happening around us for miles. But I couldn't tell where the gunshot came from. It sounded really close. And since Jesse and Charles were *boring* me to death, obviously I had to go check it out.

(*Flies buzzing*)

(*Wind*)

CHARLES: That sounded like it came from just below this hill.

HELIX: You think?

(Footsteps on desert sand)

JESSE: Whoa, hold up. Where you goin'? Your shoulder's still healin' and you're ready to run back into another gun fight? [short beat.] Did you *forget who's immortal* here?

HELIX: Oh, *(makes a sound of disbelief)* you don't have to *pretend to care*, Jesse. I'm just curious. Plus, I'll be sneaky.

(Fantastical synth whistle)

HELIX (NARRATION): Jesse's a *complete* killjoy. I managed to slip away from him and crawl over to the edge of the hill. [beat] A band of men. [beat.] It looks like three of them, standing around a wagon. [beat.] Two of them are dressed in some sort of *brown leather uniform*. They're beside each other on their horses like a team. The guy next to the wagon is dressed in dirty stained clothes.

(Wind)

(Bird hooting in the distance)

CHARLES: *(uncomfortable)* Well, at least no one's dead.

JESSE: *Yet*. [beat] Those three are rangers.

(Footsteps on desert sand)

RUTHLESS (A high-pitched cajun voice, annoyed and afar): I *told you*, these ain't no fuckin' *stolen goods*.

(Fantastical synth whistle)

HELIX (NARRATION): We got down to the ground and listened in. It seemed these , or whoever, were accusing this guy with the wagon.

(Wind)

RUTHLESS (Afar): Now, you keep talkin' 'bout *a train robbery*. Now, I don't know nothin' about —

JESSE (whispering): That voice seems [beat] familiar.

CHARLES (whispering): Hmm. A-An old friend? (*chuckles*)

HELIX (whispering): Shhh.

(*Fantastical synth whistle*)

HELIX (NARRATION): One of the rangers moved forward on his horse, raised his gun into the air, and shot a warning shot.

(*GUNSHOT!*)

(*Fantastical synth whistle*)

HELIX (NARRATION): And then — this — this was crazy. So the ranger gets all *intimidating*, approaching the guy in dirty clothes, and then the other ranger behind him — [beat.] *The other ranger* pulls out his gun. And —

(*GUNSHOT!*)

(*Man groans in pain*)

(*Thud*)

(*A horse kicks up and neighs in fright*)

(*Fantastical synth whistle*)

HELIX (NARRATION): — he shoots his own teammate in the back of the head. It was heinous!

(*Wind*)

RUTHLESS: Mmm. *Clean shot*, Paxton. *I* expected *nuttin'* less.

PAXTON (A gravelly and grizzled voice, tired): Let's go, Ruthless. I'm ready to *get out* of this *goddamn* uniform.

(*Fantastical synth whistle*)

HELIX (NARRATION): Jesse looked like a stone. [short beat.] *Totally hardened*, his eyes wide open and frozen. I - I mean, *yeah*, it was an intense situation. But *Jesse*? I thought he'd seen things like this all the time.

(Wind)

(Shifting on desert sand)

HELIX (whispering): What's wrong with Jesse?

CHARLES (whispering): Sorry, what was that?

(Charles coughs)

(Rocks tumble)

(Helix gasps)

(Horse whinnies)

(Fantastical synth whistle)

HELIX (NARRATION): And *that's* when it all *went wrong*. Charles knocked over a few rocks when he turned to look at me. They tumbled down the hill. *Right in front* of the two murderers.

(Wind)

HELIX (whispering): Fuck!

PAXTON: Y'all stay put! Or you'll be joinin' the rangers on *the other side* soon!

(Whip cracks in distance)

(Horse neighs)

(Horses trot toward them)

(Men cry out in excitement: Yeeeeee-haw!)

(Horse neighs)

(Fantastical synth whistle)

HELIX (NARRATION): The thief and the fake ranger quickly cornered us on their horses. We were scattered apart.

HELIX (NARRATION): The fake ranger circled his horse around me and Jesse, pointing his gun between both of us. *(unamused laugh)* Obviously he had [short beat.] no problem blowing someone's brains out, so we complied.

(Horses trotting)

(Men laughing evilly)

(Whip cracks)

(Horse neighs)

HELIX (NARRATION): We got down on the ground as their horses kicked up a layer of thick desert dust. The other guy was focused on Charles, sizing him up, looking at his fancy clothes.

(Horses trotting: louder, closer)

(Whip cracks)

RUTHLESS: Got 'im!

(Dirt falling)

(Helix coughing)

RUTHLESS: Let's move.

(Charles coughing)

(Helix coughing and panting)

(Horses trot and huff away)

(Fantastical synth whistle)

HELIX (NARRATION): They took Charles. When the dust settled, *all* that remained was his Walkman in the dirt. His so-called Sonny Machine.

(Record scratch)

(War drums kick up, whistling; a sinister note howls -- static -- the note continues; war drums kick up; static; and distant electron; the war drums continue beating)

(Record scratch)

(Charles coughs, groans)

(Echoing, ethereal piano)

CHARLES (NAARRATION): It seems a fool's errand to impart today's events to my *diary*, given all that has transpired under my Mistress's *meticulous* watch. Suppose I were a common man, with a common family, a common education, [short beat.] and a common [short beat.] dedication. Were I that sort of man, I might engage in the nightly rituals that so many others claim to enjoy. I would sit at a table, have a plate of pork [short beat.] and *beans* [short beat.] alongside my family, *(he sighs)* give prayer, sit in silence by the fire while *(he considers this)* I wished I knew how to read, *or something along those lines, I'm sure--* then my mind to bed. *Over and over* until my death. *So* in a sense, *perhaps* these daily entries *(he sighs)* are my *pork and beans*. *(To himself)* Ugh, god. *(To the Sonny Machine)* Today's variety came in the form of *an abduction* to my total embarrassment. Had I not suffered enough by enduring the cowboy's and Helix's incessant disputes? *(he laughs sarcastically)* It seemed not. *No*, I must also [short beat.] be carried away like some *damsel* by *rogues* in the *desert* to their *secret compound*.

(Horses trotting)

(Wagon clanking)

(Horse neighs softly)

(Buuu-doop! The ring of a walkie-talkie)

PAXTON: *(To someone on the walkie-talkie)* It's Paxton. We're roundin' in right now. Over.

(Mountain View (episode 2 theme) plays: bright, open chords on string and electric organ, like looking into an orange sunset)

(Walkie-talkie: Doot-doot.)

(Static buzzes)

AARON RUBIO (A voice of a man with a Mexican accent, tinny over walkie-talkie): This is Rubio. Copy.

(Static buzzes)

PAXTON: *(To Ruthless)* Looks like he's gone and got the fire ready.

(Horse kicks up, neighs loudly)

(Mountain View (episode 2 theme) ends)

PAXTON: *(To his horse)* Whoa! Here.

(Fabric shuffling)

(Feet thudding onto the ground)

PAXTON: *(To Ruthless)* I'll go let her know we've got 'im. Start unloadin'.

(Echoing, ethereal piano)

CHARLES (NARRATION): These miscreants had tied my hands and *gagged me* with rope. And *now* the dirty-clothed bandit grabbed me from the horse and tossed me to the earth. [beat.] Dirt in my mouth, he yanked me to my feet and led me to some canvas tent. Soon, as they freed me from my binds, the rope and the cloth gag cut free from my flesh, the tent opened [short beat.] and their *leader* emerged. [beat.] A *most* familiar presence.

(Footsteps on desert sand)

(Wind)

(Tent unzips)

PAXTON: Here he is.

(Sinister (villain theme) plays: low, threatening chords, they stack on each other in an echoing warning)

(Footsteps on desert sand)

EMI: *Aw*, look. You *managed* to get the right one.

CHARLES: *(Chuckling nervously)* Mi-Mistress!

(Sinister (villain theme) ends.)

(Record scratch--scr-scratch)

(Eerie peal, snare dru-dru-dru-dru-drumming; a low alarm-like note hums; snare dru-drumming dru-dru-dru-dru-dru-drumming)

(Record scratch, pause, scr-scratching)

(Wind)

JESSE: You alright?

HELIX: *Alright?* Uh-Some dudes just stole Charles! Is that *normal for you?*

JESSE: *(Frustrated)* I don't know the guy. Maybe they had a *reason*. It's *fine*. *(Calmer)* Look, he left that machine o' his.

(Jesse taps the Sonny Machine: Clack! Clack!)

JESSE: *(Kindly)* See? We can still get to the tower.

(Echoing guitar strings playing)

(Pen writing on paper)

JESSE (NARRATION): She took the machine from my hands and started messin' with it.

(Click, click, click)

SONNY MACHINE: *(Female, almost Siri-like, voice)* Eighty meters distant...Anomaly four thousand three hundred eighty meters distant.

HELIX: *(she sighs)* Okay, which way?

SONNY MACHINE: *(Female, almost Siri-like, voice)* Anomaly 4 thousand -

(Click, click, click)

SONNY MACHINE: Three hundred ei-ei-eighty me-me-me-- [Radio Static, changes as if a station is being tuned] *(a man speak unintelligibly)* -- *(Static buzzes as a cheerful and cinematic tune plays)* -- *(The tune fades into RADIO: Outcast's main theme song)*

(Click. Click, click)

SONNY MACHINE: *(Continues playing RADIO: Outcast's main theme)*

(Helix hits the Sonny Machine: Clunk!)

HELIX: Fuck! It won't work.

SONNY MACHINE: *(Continues playing RADIO: Outcast's main theme)*

JESSE: That ain't helpin'. Just *shut the thing up* for now.

(click)

SONNY MACHINE: *(Continues playing RADIO: Outcast's main theme)*

(Click, click)

(The music turns off)

HELIX: *(angry)* No. You know what "*ain't helpin'*" is you!

JESSE: *(laughs, incredulous)* You're gonna turn this around *on me*?

HELIX: *Charles* is a *fucking* mapmaker. You're supposed to be the muscle on this team!

JESSE: *(offended)* The *fuck's* that supposed to mean?

HELIX: Aren't you supposed to be some kind of badass cowboy? [beat.] I've seen you *shoot*, Jesse. When you're not *closing your eyes* you've got perfect aim! [short beat.] I *know* you could've stopped them.

JESSE: I ain't shootin' a *soul* while I'm stuck like this! [short beat.] Difference between me and those fools is I've got honor. [beat.] A code. [beat.] And I'll *always* do the clean thing.

HELIX: Oh cry me a *fucking* river! *(mockingly)* "Boo-hoo! I'm immortal."

JESSE: It ain't just *that*. [beat] If I wanted a code that made 'ya happy, I'd run for office.

(Footsteps on desert sand)

JESSE: (*stressing his point*) I don't hurt kids. I *don't* leave a job *unfinished*. And I *don't* get in unfair fights.

HELIX: (*talking over him, one breath*) How about instead of *whining all the time* about how much taking *my power* ruined *your life*, next time you don't let some fucking criminals kidnap the *only guy* who can lead us to the things that'll put us back to how we're supposed to be.

(*Wind*)

(*Bird hooting in the distance*)

(*A page is flipped*)

(*Pen writing on paper*)

JESSE (NARRATION): (*somber*) The girl might be right. [beat.] I should've. Normally, *I would've*. But those *men*, [short beat.] the fake ranger especially, the one who roped Charles up. I *knew those voices*. I *knew those eyes*.

(*Echoing guitar strings playing*)

JESSE (NARRATION): (*voice quaking subtly*) Those were the same faces that told me not to worry, that I'd see my dad soon as he finished takin' *3,000 heads* down to Lone Flats. It was them. [beat] Sam Vogel's boys. [beat] (*ashamed*) I let 'em go free.

(*Wind*)

(*Bird hooting in the distance*)

JESSE: (*furious*) We didn't need that *dandy* to find the first tower, sure as hell don't need 'im to spot the second. *C'mon!* We're close enough.

(*Footsteps on desert sand*)

(*Record scratch*)

(*Boom! A distant, warning hum. Boom! Big bass drums boom while war drums dr-dr-drum in the background. Boom! A horn blows.*)

(*Record scratch*)

(Silence)

(Record scratch)

(Footsteps on desert sand)

Fantastical synth whistle)

HELIX (NARRATION): Jesse didn't know what the hell he was doing. [beat.] He huffed off in a random direction. Meanwhile, I'm on my seventh day straight in the mortal realm, with a *burning* hole in my shoulder. Each step across this *endless, flat, orange desert* makes it sting (*humorless laugh*) *more and more*, and, (*humorless laugh*) *man*. Without buildings or trees, or anything, the sun is the *worst*. Literally, the bane of my new mortal existence. Even though [short beat.] I'd gotten used to drinking water and eating, it was *nonstop*. My mouth (*she makes a parched noise*) was dry as hell. My *head* was pounding. [short beat.] My *feet* were the worst part. I severely underestimated how much I'd want *shoes* in the desert. Each step was like taking twenty at a time. They were *burning*, but *wet*. I was sure they had to be bleeding but I was too scared to lift my skirt and check.

(Footsteps on desert sand)

(Coda flutters about)

(Helix sighs)

(Coda tweets in concern)

HELIX: *(clearly tired)* I'm fine.

JESSE: Huh?

HELIX: *I said*: "Are you done being an ass yet?"

JESSE: Whatever.

(Fantastical synth whistle)

HELIX (NARRATION): Funnily enough, I was more invested in finding *Charles* than the tower. But Jesse was all focused on that tower. I dunno? I guess I felt responsible for Charles getting captured. For one, I hadn't thought he was good company at the start of this whole mess but he was *definitely* starting to become my favorite the more *Jesse* kept getting on my nerves.

(Footsteps on desert sand)

JESSE: Nah, nah, I remember we were headed *this way*. We were supposed to go *north*, slightly west. This *can't be--!* It should be here.

(Helix sighs wearily)

(The Goddess (Helix's theme) plays: 80s-style upbeat synth, dynamic drum beat, ticking clock)

HELIX (NARRATION): It was obvious. We can't do this without him. We *need* Charles.

(The Goddess (Helix's theme) plays)

(Music ends)

FERNANDA: RADIO: Outcast was created by María Fernanda Vidaurrazaga and JT Lachausse, and produced by Ann Hughes. Starring Ivory Amor D'Francisca as Jesse Rogers and Aaron Rubio; Griffin Otto Deniger as Burr Paxton; Jade Duong as Helix; Daniel A. Stevens as Charles Osgood; JT Lachausse as Remy “Ruthless” Morrell; Ann Hughes as the voice of the Sonny Machine and Emi; and Daniel Sotelo as Coda. This episode was written by Fernanda and JT, directed by Fernanda, with dialogue editing by Ann, sound design by JT, and music by Samuel Kinsella.

RADIO: Outcast has been nominated for this year's Audio Verse Awards! If you've been enjoying the show and would like to show us your support by voting for us in one or more of many categories, the link will be in the show notes in the description of this episode. Visiting the link is also a good way to find a new show to listen to between our bi-weekly uploads. So I highly, highly recommend it.

As always though, you can find us online at radiooutcast.com or follow us on Instagram at [radioutcastpod](https://www.instagram.com/radioutcastpod) and Twitter at [radio_outcast](https://twitter.com/radio_outcast). If you like what you hear let us know by leaving us a review on Apple podcasts, Podchaser, or Goodpods it helps us reach more listeners and gives us a chance to see what you all think of the show. If you'd like to help us grow, consider becoming a Patron at [patreon.com/radio_outcast](https://www.patreon.com/radio_outcast). Our Patrons get access to behind the scenes material, original scripts, and bonus content including newspaper clips of an assassination attempt on President Cleveland and text messages between the gods. If you become a Patron at the Coda tier, for as little as one dollar a month you too could get a special shout-out at the end of our episodes *liiiiike*...

FERNANDA: Kyrie O who tragically lost a pair of earrings to the Sam Vogel Gang while waiting for a carriage.

Stefani C the train conductor who had a nasty surprise when a band of desperados suddenly appeared on her vessel.

Gnome H who claims to have run into thee Sam Vogel himself at a petting zoo of all places. She says he was chatting near the goats intently about some sort of sinister escape plan.

I believe it was thee Patrick C, of coffee making notoriety in the town of Lone Flats, who once bested the man named "Ruthless" at a good ol' staring contest on Christmas Day.

I also heard tale Alan L is the dreaded Sam Vogel Gang's gun supplier

Daniel W is still searching for the young brown mare the Vogel boys stole from him. In a cruel twist of fate, that horse of his would one day meet a Goddess and live his lifelong dream.

Melissa L was too wise to be tricked by Vogel when he tried to sell her a rebranded calf in his youth, *however* that clever and serious Burr Paxton sure drove a harder bargain when he did the same to her five years later.

Sarah F once sold a portrait to Aaron Rubio. He is still rather fond of the painting.

Rax W bumped into Burr Paxton on their way to a chili eating contest and that sly devil stole their entree fee.

Then of course there was the time that 30 head of cattle were stolen right under Marcos L's nose while he napped.

Patricia D is said to know where the Sam Vogel Gang is hiding but when pressed on the matter very politely replied, "It's not my business to tell."

Cosuelo U, oh yes dear listener, even my dear old Mom was hit by these cunning criminals. The story goes, ol' Rubio promised her "oro, jollas, y el mar entero" for her prized stallion. There may have been no tussle, *no blood*, but there sure was a broken heart after their encounter.

Val V, oh dear, that poor, poor, soul. Val was on her first train ride out of her hometown when the Sam Vogel Gang did what they do best, rob a bunch of good folk.

FERNANDA: Juan Aurelio P, I've heard tale that this is the man who trained ol' Rubio and continues to buy the horses, cattle, and yes--yes, dear listener--even the goats that the Sam Vogel Gang smuggles out of US lines into Mexico.

Andy S. such a sweet man, but unfortunately for him the Vogel Gang is crueler. Sure, he won't say what they did but I know it wasn't kind.

Aron B. was trusted by the state to transport some very important bonds across the nation via the Pacific West and became yet another victim to the Sam Vogel Gang.

Susan D. I gotta say there is no one cleverer than she who apparently single handedly beat not *just* Ruthless Morrell, *nor just* Aaron Rubio, not even just *Burr Paxton at a 10-hour game of Faro* but has apparently beaten *none other* than Sam Vogel himself too.

Lina, they are truly too clever for their own good. Rumor has it they stole three horses from the Vogel Boys right after they had stolen 10 heads of cattle. The poor suckers had to walk their way across the border.

And, last but not least, Chelsea S. who once read Sam Vogel's palm and promised him great fortune would come enter his life. However, she did not realize it would be her fortune he would be taking as his own.

(Giggle)

To all of our patrons, thanks again. We really appreciate you. And to everyone listening, safe travels.

(Safe Travels (main theme) plays)