

RADIO: Outcast - Ep 3B, "Inheritors" - **TEMPORARY TRANSCRIPT**

(This temporary transcript is the recording script for 3B, as it was provided to the actors. Please note there may be slight variations between the script and the audio of the episode. Thank you for your patience as we work to supply official transcripts for all episodes)

Timestamp: 0:00

JT: RADIO: Outcast is an outlandish, gunslinging podcast for mature audiences. Content warning: this episode contains depictions of emotional abuse, implied homophobia, and violence which may be upsetting for some listeners. We encourage our listeners to prioritize their safety before venturing ahead. Thank you.

(Eerie mystical ambience)

Emi: Y'know, I didn't send Helix back to 1887 just like, randomly. It's all part of the design. *(She laughs)* Because, okay, that music thing with the funnel - the pho- the uhh - the grammerphone? That thing. That was trademarked in 1887 - it's like a huge timestamp in our relationship, right? Because recorded music is like *our* thing. So yeah, humans can thank *us* for that. *(She laughs)* Gods, Helix was obsessed with those things. Phonographs, records, she got so wrapped up in our new creation that *(sighs)* she started spending more and more time on earth - totally neglecting her duties at home. But I *tried*. Oh I - I put this gorgeous grammar - gramophone? I put one of those things in the meeting hall of the heavens. I - it - I mean it was - it was amazing. It was like gold and like didn't have to be wound up - it would never rust. I mean it was like - a pretty great gift, if I'm being honest but *(sighs)* when I showed it to her, Helix just said "It's *not the same*." Hm. Salt Lake City was supposed to give Helix and Charles a chance to bond, because, y'know, Charles also abandoned his home. But, as usual, Helix left all the work to other people, and went off to do her own thing, which this time was to go see some tacky little show. Well, she wanted a show, and a show she's about to get. And, Charles, I hope you rolled an extra cigar, you're gonna need it.

(Safe Travels (main theme) plays)

1. BUSTLING CROWD CHATTER.

Sonny Machine

Third tower located. Anomaly ... 258 meters distant.

Jesse (to himself)

Barefoot, the hell did you wander to.

Charles

"Barefoot?" A choice endearment. Not long ago it seemed you'd be her executioner. Now it seems I've the honor of your enmity.

Charles (narration)

Ah, poor Jesse. I shouldn't have pressed further. The young man cannot help but be utterly himself. An honest man. A *straight shooter*, as he likely self-describes in his nocturnal writings. But I could hardly forget his earlier bludgeoning of doubt. Better to solve things *then*, than to let sleeping weeds wake.

Jesse

That was different. That was about temperament. This is trust.

Charles

Oh! You don't trust me, dear Rogers? How sad. What shall I do?

Jesse

You didn't answer my question earlier. About the name Osgood.

Sonny Machine

Third tower located. Anomaly ... 194 meters distant.

Charles

I didn't? Curious. I seem to remember a perfectly answer-able answer.

Sonny Machine

Third tower located. Anomaly ... 194 meters distant.

Jesse

That woman, the war she was talkin' about. She said a war.

Charles

And your imagination brings it all back to yourself, I presume?

Jesse

I do. That's how I've got this far.

Charles

Ah, yes. The narratives we create for ourselves. Do go on about your travels. Or shall I read it in print?

Jesse

(unphased) And that machine there. You found it? On a *bench*. A *bench*.

Charles (narration)

So it all came forth. Perhaps I would've begun those pressing questions earlier. But Jesse had his distractions. It mattered not. I reached beneath my dust coat and took out the revolver.

Charles

You wish to trust me, Rogers? Then take this. Make use of it.

Jesse

A gun? Don't need it. Got my own.

Charles

You catch me in a lie, Jesse Rogers, and I urge you. Shoot me.

Jesse

Shoot you? Hold on. *Catch* you? So you're bein' plain about it.

Charles

Plain as Kansas. Your little code, surely it can arrange this? You consider me such a crook. Very well. I confess to

RADIO: Outcast - Ep 3B, "Inheritors" - **TEMPORARY TRANSCRIPT**

crookedness. It's not as though I could prove otherwise to you. You and your precious narratives. (beat) Yes, I'm being plain as *Kansas*.

Sonny Machine

Third tower located. Anomaly ... 150 meters distant.

(Scene Transition)

2. METAL SLAP OF A REVOLVER.

Jesse (narration)

Man gives you a gun. Says shoot him dead if you catch him lyin'. Now what was I supposed to think? This was some friendship test? I had nothin' but a sick suspicion. I sure took that fuckin' gun, though. Ain't never seen him shoot. But you can tell a man's experience by the way he chases gunfire. Back in Lone Flats and Arizona, Osgood kept looking for the bullet holes rather than the gunner himself. First sign of an amateur. Chasing the bullet before the barrel.

3. CLICK OF METAL CYLINDER.

Jesse

Only one bullet.

Charles

Yes, well. The Board is charitable in the *performative* sense.

Jesse (narration)

Seemed to me the whole town was performing. Filling up a role. Board of Trade. Purple coats. Talkin' codes. Splittin' my mind. As me and Osgood walked around town with that talkin' machine, things started twistin' my gut. Us in those damn fake uniforms. Who else was wearing a costume? I saw railroad workers marchin' around the sidewalks. But were they really workin' for someone else? Watching us?

Sonny Machine

Third tower located. Anomaly ... 86 meters distant.

Jesse

Charles.

Charles

Rogers?

Jesse (narration)

With the new game Charles was playin', the whole *shoot-me-lyin'*. Figured it was the right time to ask. Put the pressure on him.

Jesse

Gotta question for you. When the Vogels got you. Brought you down to their encampment. Did you hear anything? 'Bout anything?

Jesse (narration)

Don't think I didn't notice his eyes twitch. Flash of a second.

Charles

I heard a few things. As you know, bandits love to speak loudly where everyone can eavesdrop. Seems an occupational flaw. But one of them told a bawdy little joke. Would you like to hear it?

Jesse

No, Osgood. I don't.

Charles

What hangs from a gentleman's waist, and wishes to poke the hole it's so regularly poked over and over and over again?

Jesse

Osgood, I oughta smack the -

Charles

A *key!*

Jesse (narration)

Right then, a hand gripped me from behind. Squeezed my shoulder. Last time someone came at me by surprise, [I] had him down on the ground before he could speak. [It] was just an old alfalfa desperado lookin' for loose change. But can't be too careful. This time was no different. Took half a second for both my guns to come out, turn 'round, aimed both barrels toward her forehead. (beat, disappointed) *Shit.*

4. NEARBY CROWD GASPS.

Sonny Machine

Third tower located. Anomaly ... located.

Helix

Jesse. By the Gods. Put those things down.

Jesse (narration)

Strange city. Strange folks. Had my reflexes on edge. Once my heart settled, I tucked both guns back into my railroad pants.

Charles

See, Rogers? I knew you'd find use for that little revolver.

(Scene Transition)

5. CROWD CHATTER.

Helix (narration)

I spent half an hour looking for Jesse and Charles in the city, before finding them dressed up in one of those local railroad uniforms. Honestly, it was kind of hilarious seeing them dressed the same. Jesse and Charles, looking like they'd just rolled around in an oil spill.

Helix

Okay. Well, I do have to ask why you're both dressed like that. But first, um, Charles? Do you happen to know anything about underground Salt Lake City? Or something about *the underground*?

Helix (narration)

I watched the blood drain from his face. He instantly went pale.

(beat) Well, paler than Charles normally is.

6. CODA SUSPICIOUS TWEET-TWEET.

Helix

Look, I think the third tower is somewhere beneath this city. I just accidentally walked into a - well, not *accidentally*. But I ended up in some Mormon (short beat) theatre (short beat) thing. There was a singing robot and people taking notes and, uh. *Deseret* is still a thing? Anyways, they said something about a monolith. (short beat) Underground?

Helix (narration)

Charles stared forward into nothing. Just totally blank-faced. Me and Jesse stood there, waiting. What the hell was happening? Eventually Charles lifted his hands up and pulled the railroad hat off his head, dropping it onto the sidewalk.

7. CHARLES CLEARS HIS THROAT.

Charles

The uniforms will be useless now. Please, follow.

Helix (narration)

It's like Charles turned into some sort of automaton himself. Turning around, walking in the opposite direction. And me and Jesse looked at each other like, *Did this dude finally snap?* Charles led us down Salt Lake's Main Street, through the flocks of city-goers, around corners, past the theatre with the protesters still marching around in circles.

8. CHANTING CROWD FADES IN, FADES OUT.

Helix (narration)

As we got farther away from Main Street, more of the conservative-dressed people began to stare at us. Some of them scowled at Charles.

9. HORSES TROT BY. CROWDS MURMUR.

Jesse

We goin' to that cathedral?

Helix (narration)

Humans build all sorts of pretty tall things in service to God. Or the Gods. Sometimes they build pyres. And sometimes, temples. This cathedral looked nearly finished. It's like the white

spires of this building were being built into the clouds. Groups of men hauled stone from the road on wagons. But as we got closer to the temple doors, the men stopped. And they stared.

Helix (whispering)

What is this? (beat) I mean, I know it's a big ass church, but -

Charles

No, you're right. It's more than just a temple. (beat) It's a headquarters.

(Scene Transition)

10. WIND WHISTLING.

Charles (narration)

(reciting text) Why should you care about what's whispered here? Come, follow me, and let these people talk. *(speaking)* The temple workers reminded me. Under their breaths, they whispered *apostate*, as we crossed the courtyard. *(reciting text)* Stand like a sturdy tower that does not shake.

Jesse

Don't think we're welcome here. Folks lookin' at us like we shot the dog.

Charles

We are certainly not welcomed. But this is where we will go. For our next tower.

Helix

Ironic. They build these things to welcome the Gods. And yet here I am. Totally not welcomed.

Charles (narration)

At the temple's entrance we were greeted by a young girl wearing a white bow. She gave curtsy. I gave bow. Perhaps she was too young to know me, my face, my name. If she did, perhaps she would've run for the hills. But she knew precisely where to guide me, and in that, the young girl knew plenty.

11. ECHOING STEPS AGAINST STONE.

Helix (echoing)

This place is *massive*.

Charles (narration)

They began construction when I was a boy. Many, many years ago. Back when *I* played the role of temple guide. As we followed the girl through the cathedral's belly, down innumerable stone corridors into even darker and smaller corridors, I recalled my own childhood. Guiding men and women across the temple's lot. I know this place intimately. I have walked it hundreds of times.

Jesse (echoing)

Hope their God likes to walk.

12. A DOOR PEELS OPEN.

Charles (narration)

Yes. I knew that place well. And then suddenly I did not. The young girl guided us down stone steps, grabbing an oil lamp from the wall. We had suddenly become medieval. Plunged into a cold dark. And while I knew the destination, this route perplexed me.

13. STEPS AGAINST STONE.

14. CHARLES COUGHS.

15. AN ELEVATOR DINGS.

Charles (narration)

At the end of the long corridor, a strange dinging sound. Two metallic doors pulled apart and revealed a small brightly lit room. No larger than a broom closet. Our young guide continued forth and we followed into the contraption, stood shoulder to shoulder. The doors slid shut. And the machine began to descend.

16. THE HUM OF AN ELEVATOR.

(Scene Transition)

17. AN ELEVATOR DINGS.

Jesse (narration)

Felt like crossin' into some other world. Those doors opened up and put us at the mouth of some mine shaft. Could only see a few yards ahead, a cavity of stone braced up with wood.

18. CHARLES COUGHS.

Charles

Thank you for the guidance. I will take us from here.

Jesse (narration)

Little girl waved. Stepped behind those doors and disappeared.

19. AN ELEVATOR DINGS.

Helix (echoing)

(sigh) I want to act surprised by the elevator. I really do.

Jesse (narration)

Charles went on. We followed him through the slippery cave, steadying ourselves on the walls. Folks with pickaxes twisted their heads. Pointed their lanterns at us. When they recognized ol' coughin' man, they started up again, callin' him apostate.

Jesse (echoing)

Y'all keep runnin' your mouths, gonna catch the black lung.

Charles (echoing)

(neutral) Leave them be.

Jesse (narration)

Suppose it wasn't my cross. So I kept my mouth shut, eyes wide open. After walkin' for a while, we approached a huge wooden door at the end of the mine shaft. Two guards. Both had pistols

on their hips. Said we couldn't bring weapons inside to meet some man named *Mr. Cannon*.

Charles (echoing)

Ah, of course. We've only the one single gun. Isn't that right, Jesse?

Jesse (narration)

[I] Wasn't sure if Charles forgot about the extra revolver. [It] Was strapped to my right thigh beneath the uniform. Yeah, I'd been in enough quick situations. So as I went to hand the guards my primary gun, [I] was able to shimmy that extra revolver down through my pant leg. Slipped it right into my boot. (beat) Just in case.

20. DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

Jesse (narration)

Through the door, a small room with a desk. And a man sat there. Bright white beard, big nose. Looked a lil' familiar. He finished up writing a letter. Then leaned back. He was expecting us. Took off his spectacles and set them down on the table.

George Q. Cannon

I will speak to the woman, and she will speak on behalf of him.

I expect respectable behavior and nothing less. Now, proceed.

Jesse (narration)

Bearded man pointed at Helix. Didn't look at Charles. But I did.

Looked back and forth between Charles and that *Cannon* man. Ain't no doubt. Same bright white hair. Same nose. Ain't no doubt.

Helix

I'm not a secretary. I don't speak on anyone's behalf. *Thanks.*

Jesse (narration)

On his desk, a golden nameplate that said *George Q. Cannon*. He stood up and straightened his coat. Still wouldn't look at Charles. Just turns to face the wall and talks toward it.

21. CHAIR SLIDES BACK.

George Q. Cannon

You come here. To this city. Do you know what has transpired?

Why I hide here in the underground? Do you know where the war stands? (beat) Of course, you do not. You play double agent.

RADIO: Outcast - Ep 3B, "Inheritors" - **TEMPORARY TRANSCRIPT**

Fickle boy. Bringing further ruin to this city. Did you not think I would know? We've seen you entering the Den of the Trade. We've seen you with your puerile disguises. And your friend here, inviting herself *wherever* she wishes.

Helix

Oh. *Of course*. I guess I should've known the magic show was gonna be a secret gathering for a *literal* underground resistance. *My bad*.

Jesse (narration)

Cannon seemed like he didn't get argued with much. Turned red as a tomato.

Helix

Look, we're just here for the monolith. A big black tower? Seen anything like that?

George Q. Cannon

Yes, no doubt. We cannot be graced with such a blessing without receiving some reminder of man's arrogance. (sigh, a beat) You. Whatever name you choose for today. I permit you this lone visit. Because the divine monolith is not ours to possess. We

RADIO: Outcast - Ep 3B, "Inheritors" - **TEMPORARY TRANSCRIPT**

cannot ordain the Earth upon ourselves. But I will repeat my original request. From years ago. Do you remember it, boy?

Charles

I'm not one to forget.

George Q. Cannon

Ah. Just hearing your voice again. (a beat) It repels me.

Jesse

That's *enough*.

George Q. Cannon

Is it? So be it then. The door behind me leads through a final passage. You will come upon the monolith. Do not disturb the worshippers visiting the site. This is a holy place. (a beat) Remember. You will remain unwelcome in this city until you prove yourself welcoming. One day you must pick a side, my son. And then you must cleanse yourself of your (beat) inclinations.

Jesse (narration)

Charles nodded. The man sat back down and continued writing on another letter. Thing is, Charles didn't seem phased at all.

RADIO: Outcast - Ep 3B, "Inheritors" - **TEMPORARY TRANSCRIPT**

Like he'd been through this before. Or maybe he just didn't care. We followed Charles around the desk and through the door.

(Scene Transition)

22. DOOR SLAMS.

Helix (narration)

Outside that piece of shit's office, I could already feel the tower's energy. My blood started buzzing.

Helix

Charles. We'll get out of here as soon as possible. That was -

Charles

Please, I need no consolation. That man moved me not at all.

Helix (narration)

Of course, he was lying. I knew it. And by the way Jesse looked over at me, he knew it, too.

Jesse

Think we're here.

23. DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

Helix (echoing)

Holy shit.

Charles (echoing)

Indeed. This is new for even me.

Helix (narration)

We stepped into a massive cavern. The ceiling disappeared into the darkness high above, but a hole in the earth shed a column of light down on the third tower. It glistened in the sunlight.

Jesse (echoing)

Got some folks praying. Might wanna keep it down.

Helix (narration)

We tip-toed carefully around worshippers on the ground. They prayed on their knees, or curled themselves up into human balls. They seemed to completely ignore us as we approached the tower.

Charles (echoing)

(sincere) I do hope it's a worthwhile reward.

Helix (narration)

I gave Charles a smile. Not that long ago, I was shunned by everyone I knew. In that courtroom of the Heavens. I remember what it felt like, to have absolutely no one at your side. Whatever Charles did, surely he didn't deserve that treatment. He gave a smile back.

Helix (echoing)

Charles, can I um, borrow the pin on your jacket real quick?

Charles (echoing)

Fashion emergency in a cavern? (beat) I do understand.

Helix (narration)

It's been a little over a month now as a mortal, and I'll tell you, Mom, the little pains are the ones that suck the most. Like, the literal pains. I knew I had to get blood on my hands for the tower. So I poked my palm with the tip of Charles's pin.

Helix (echoing)

Fuck. (beat) It's fine. I'm fine.

Charles (echoing)

Yes, well, last time I believe you pinched a two-inch gun wound for the blood.

Helix (narration)

I put my hand against the tower's surface. My fingers started to tickle, like putting your hand against a static-y TV screen.

Jesse (echoing)

Well? What've we got?

Helix (narration)

I started to hear them. At first they were quiet, like rain far off in the distance. So I focused on them. Confessions. I heard dozens of confessions from the worshippers surrounding us. A woman confessing to a dire illness. A boy confessing to stealing money from his grandfather. And then a man confessing to some crime. It's one of the Gods' more nuanced powers. Detecting truths isn't the same as reading thoughts. They each require their own unique fields of focus. I remember asking you, Mom, why I even needed this. If humans wanted me to know something then they'd tell me, right? But you said confession is a sacred thing for people. And so is secrecy. You told me to use it sparingly, and I will. I promise. Just let me get my bearings.

RADIO: Outcast - Ep 3B, "Inheritors" - **TEMPORARY TRANSCRIPT**

The sick woman, she confessed: *I am afraid. I am sick and dying. But I fear telling my husband. I'm supposed to care for him but soon I won't be able to. Will he leave me?* And the young boy, he confessed: *I stole from my grandfather. I stole money from his drawers. My grandfather's store is already running out of money. But I stole anyway.* And then the man. He kneeled at the tower, sliding his hands up the surface. He confessed to a crime. What would've happened if I hadn't been listening? The man confessed: *He is a traitor. He betrayed the Board. He must be removed.*

(beat) What did he mean? Who must be removed? I listened closer for his confession. But I didn't need to. The man lifted his head from prayer and turned directly to Charles. The skylight from above shone down on the man. His eyes were vacant. Cold. I've seen these sort of eyes before. The way a human loses himself, his spirit, moments before a kill. How the Mayor in Lone Flats shot at Jesse. And how Jesse shot at one of the men who killed his father.

Helix (echoing)

Jesse! Over there!

Helix (narration)

The man launched from the ground with a knife in his hand. He rushed toward Charles, one hand reaching for Charles's throat, the other pointing the knife.

Jesse (echoing)

Charles, get down!

Helix (narration)

Jesse slammed his foot against the ground. His gun flung out from the boot, soaring through the air. He caught it. Jesse aimed it at the man's heart.

24. BULLET SOARS.

25. WORSHIPPERS SCREAM.

26. METAL CLATTERING.

Helix (narration)

The knife fell to the ground. A black bullet marking in the middle of the blade. The man clutched his wrist in pain, totally confused but mostly scared shitless. He looked at Jesse, looked

at the bent knife across the cavern floor, and then I heard the man's next confession: *Shit on this. It's not worth the pay.*

27. FEET RUNNING ON STONE.

Helix (echoing)

Yeah! Keep on running, jackass!

Charles (echoing)

Helix. How - how did you know?

Helix (echoing)

Good timing? Maybe the word is *providence*. I got my power of judgement back. It helps me read the truth of things.

Jesse (echoing)

Better use that thing on ol' Charles here.

Charles (echoing)

Moments from my near-death and you're - nevermind it. Helix, the man, what was his so-called "truth"?

Helix (echoing)

He said he was getting revenge for *The Board*. That you failed them.

Charles (echoing)

The Board? (beat) Are you sure it was not – perhaps you misheard?

Helix (echoing)

What? No. I don't do that.

Charles (echoing)

(*deep in thought*) I see. (long beat) But are you positive?

Jesse (echoing)

Just be grateful, Osgood.

Helix (narration)

Charles just stood there, staring at the ground. What I want is to use the power of judgement to peek into his brain. Figure out what's really going on in there. Like who is that *Cannon* man to Charles? Like, *actually*? The guy said *my son*, but religious humans use that stuff all the time, right? So many questions. What did Charles do in Salt Lake City, long ago? What does he

RADIO: Outcast - Ep 3B, "Inheritors" - **TEMPORARY TRANSCRIPT**

have to do to be *welcomed* back again? All the questions. And now I had the power for it.

Jesse (echoing)

C'mon. I'm sick of this town.

Charles (echoing)

(distant) Indeed.

Helix (narration)

But I didn't use the power. Not yet. I need to trust these guys. Until they give me a clear reason to doubt them, I'll hold back on the power of judgement. For now. We walked down the long stone corridors. Jesse got his gun back. And after we emerged from the giant temple, Charles flicked on the Walkman for our next destination.

Sonny Machine

Stand by. Fourth tower (beat) located.

End Credits