

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

(This temporary transcript is the recording script for 3A, 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

Fernanda: RADIO: Outcast is a mystifying, gunslinging podcast for mature audiences. Content warning: this episode contains depictions of guns halfway through the episode, which may be upsetting for some listeners. We encourage our listeners to prioritize their safety before venturing ahead. Thank you.

(Safe Travels (main theme) plays)

1. TWO HORSES TROTTING ALONG.

HELIX (narration, a prayer, low whisper)

Mom, remember when Salvandar was formed? I don't remember the exact God-union that made him, but I remember Amoa, God of Healing, announcing her intention to form a "God of Medicine," because she was tired of watching humans attempt to use magic. Or what they *called* magic. So Amoa unioned-up with some disease God, I think the demi-God of plagues, and together they made that shaggy-haired stoner, Salvandar. That must've been, what, five thousand years ago? He invented herbal remedies, then theriac, and then penicillin, which *everyone* praised him for. He taught humans to heal themselves, which meant us Gods could relax more. After he made antipsychotics, Salvandar was promoted from lesser God to a mid-tier God, and Amoa was so proud. It was the talk of the Heavens for *decades*. I remember you saying, "I

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hope to be as proud a Grand-God someday," and side-glanced at me. Always guiltting me, Mom. You know Emi used that against me, right? She brought it up every time I hesitated to make a union with her. *(mock Emi voice)* "Oh, but wouldn't the All-Mother of Communication be *so, so* ecstatic to finally have a Grand-Godling?" Whatever. It's been weeks since I arrived in this sweltering place. And you haven't responded to a single prayer. Not a peep. But you know what? I think whatever God made air conditioning, *that's* who we should be promoting. Ever since I became humanly corporeal, I've been sweating my whole ass off. How am I supposed to tell a bunch of people in the 1880s, *Hello! Hurry the hell up and invent air conditioning!*

2. HORSES TROTTING ALONG.

3. FINGERS SNAPPING: SNAP SNAP SNAP.

JESSE

You goin' dim on me?

HELIX

Huh? Dim? No. I was just ... thinking.

JESSE

Thought the heat might be gettin' to you.

HELIX (narration)

Back in the valley, me and Jesse weren't on the best of terms. It felt like we might've strangled each other at any second. Not like Jesse can even die, since he stole my immortality. *Unintentionally*, I know, I know. But can't a girl complain? I had my immortality for three hundred and seventy million years. (sigh) Anyways, things have sort of improved with Jesse. Probably because he's all damaged about Charles now. The whole horse ride from the valley he's been glaring at him.

4. HORSES TROTTING ALONG.

JESSE (muttered)

He's been real quiet. You notice?

HELIX

We should probably be grateful.

HELIX (narration)

On our way out the valley, Charles did his typical rambling about his great deeds or whatever. (*imitating Charles*) I've gambled against Isabella Bird herself. I sat in the opera box for the opening night of *Excelsior*. Oh, how you wouldn't believe! (*stop imitating*) You're right. I won't believe. That went on and on for hours. But as the Walkman led us closer to the city, he stopped talking.

(*Scene Transition*)

5. BUTTON PRESSED. TAPE RECORDING.

CHARLES (narration, sullen)

Home. A malignancy. No matter how I wish it from my world, Salt Lake City thrust itself back upon me. And I decry. I decry that putrid town with every groove of my soul. But not aloud. I do this in silence. I could never publicly denounce such a place. For it beat me to the punch.

6. HORSES TROTTING ALONG.

7. BUSTLING CROWD CHATTER.

HELIX

Is that a cigar shop? Oh, look! A shoe ... "emporium"? And a theatre! I haven't been to the theatre in ages. And a hat boutique! Hey, don't they barter these days? Let me see what I've got. *(mumbling)* A rock from Enchanted Mesa. Some pocket lint. There's my lightning bolt earrings but I'm never selling those. Wait, where's my hair scrunchie? Did I leave it back in the Heavens? No, wait, don't they barter these days? Let me see what I've got.

CHARLES (narration, sullen)

It seemed our friend Helix hadn't seen proper civilization in years. She acted as if starved for kinetic energy. Oh, how I wish we were in Philadelphia, or perhaps Baltimore, so that I might've shared such euphoria. But no. As we trotted down Main Street, I shadowed my face. I kept myself small. Just as I used to as a boy.

JESSE

Well, don't see a tower nowhere. Tallest building is out over there, but that looks like some sorta cathedral.

HELIX

Uhm, that's more like a castle. What the *hell* is that? I thought kings and queens weren't a thing in America.

CHARLES (mumbled)

Not in the traditional sense.

8. INHALE ON CIGAR. EXHALE.

CHARLES (narration)

The Gods continue to test me. As we strode northwest from the Arizona valleys, a voice within me wondered. Could it be? Those crooked canyons, all too familiar, and the burning red rock. But, no! Surely we were not being sallied forth to this Hell that once defined me. To summon such a coincidence. So I strode on, following the Sonny Machine's pulsing direction. Northwest, and farther northwest still. Oh, those Utah dunes. How they stretch forth like an endless grained duvet. We trekked the orange abdomen of America, sand beneath our toenails. Eighty miles out from Salt Lake City, Sonny pointed straight toward her, and I submitted to fate's eternal humor.

JESSE

Charles, check that machine. Let's see if we passed the tower.

CHARLES (mumbled)

Later. We must run an errand first.

JESSE

You sure it's we? Or is it you? 'Cause I've got no errands.

CHARLES (narration)

The revenant cowboy knows to suspect me of concealing something. No doubt, he is a survivor through wit and reflex. I have not told him what I stole from those valley bandits. The map of Abilene, Texas, where Jesse's villainous rustler gang go to *prends une merde*. But he knows to suspect something of me. I perceive this in his glare.

9. HORSES STOP.

CHARLES

Here we are. You might rope the horses to the lamp post.

HELIX

An alley? All this bustling city, and we're stopping ... in an alleyway.

CHARLES (mumbled)

You shall see the elephant in time. But for now, we need protection.

(Scene Transition)

10. PAGE FLIP. PEN TO PAPER.

JESSE (narration)

Only a few sorts of man, I figure. The first kind of man, you know him right there. He's a simple man. Nothin' about it. He works to eat, he eats to work. Maybe call him virtuous. I say simple. Second kind of man, he's riddled. Some sorta void inside him, I figure, he's tryin' to fill. Could be ambitious. Maybe he's a railroad man, or gone panning for gold. Or maybe he's lyin', cheatin', stealin'. Whatever the case, the void don't fill. So you've got simple men, then you've got riddled men. Now, the third kind of man, I just call him finished. A finished man walks with the grave at his heels. He does nothin' with hope. He could have opportunity at his door, and he'd turn the lock. A finished man has no family. No love. Nothin' to even die for. Simple, riddled, and finished. That's it. And the problem is, dependin' on the hour, Charles changes the kinda man he is.

11. CHARLES COUGHS.

12. KNOCKING ON DOOR IN A PATTERN.

JESSE (narration)

Coughin' man brought us to a back alley door. No door knob or handle. Just a wooden slab in the middle of a brick wall. Nothin' right and good ever came from a hidden door.

JESSE

I got enough trouble, Charles. What's this we're gettin' into?

CHARLES

If you wish it, you can wait out here. I'll only be a moment.

13. KNOCKING ON DOOR IN SAME PATTERN.

14. DOOR OPENS.

JESSE (narration)

Strange character came out the door. Nothin' like most folks in Salt Lake City. It's a Mormon town. Folks keep conservative, don't dress for the eye. Gray skirts. Gray suits. Gray faces. And if they ain't Mormon, then it's the new railroad brought

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some workers over from China and Japan. Out on the street, that's what you'll see: half the folks in conservative wear, half of 'em in cinder-marked railroad fits. But this strange man at the door, I had nothin'. Big ol' beard. Had a mulberry coat on with a gold pocket square. Tall black hat. Long black gloves.

MULBERRY MAN (natural British accent)

Well, don't allow me to get dizzy in age. What's the burden?

CHARLES (natural British accent)

Oh, mind the grease, doorman. You've a duty now rise to it.

MULBERRY MAN (British accent)

Very, very well, then.

JESSE (narration)

The way Osgood and that purple frocked man were talkin', all that la-di-dah-seemed bigger than your usual conversation. Like they had some code atween them. Each word had double meaning. But this seemed bigger than conversation. Seemed they were operating on some code. I dunno. I kept a close eye.

MULBERRY MAN (British accent)

Three cards. A King, a Queen, and a Joker. Joker is the key.

JESSE (narration)

Mulberry man had three cards, started shufflin' them around. Didn't know what the hell was goin' on. But then he stopped shufflin', held the three cards out, and waited for Charles.

CHARLES (British accent)

Young man, I am no amateur, but do go gentle on my friends.

JESSE (narration)

Didn't even choose from the three cards held out. Charles went into his own pocket, pulled out a Joker card just waitin'. Had my mind splittin'. How long was he holdin' onto that? Before Salt Lake, I figured Charles was just some pigeon-livered Bunko artist. Nothin' much to it. I've met every turn of trickster across the West. But Osgood just showin' up with that talkin' machine, and the way he started actin' after Arizona, and then, shit, that secret door with that hidden card. It got me to thinkin'. But before I got a word out, Charles went on inside past the Mulberry man.

15. SNOOTY LAUGHTER.

MULBERRY MAN (British accent)

Go *gentle*? The Board does not *go gentle*. Now, find the Joker.
Joker is key.

(Scene Transition)

16. RECORD SCRATCH.

HELIX (narration)

I don't mean to shit-talk the entire global human population of 1887, but ... I really miss *normal* people. Really, I shouldn't have found myself in some weird alley watching a fake British dude do card tricks to let me and my friends inside some shady bar, or whatever. [beat] Actually ... y'know, now that I think about it, 1987 New York City wasn't all that different.

17. FEW CARDS SHUFFLING.

JESSE

Just saw you swap cards. You hid the Joker in your left sleeve.

MULBERRY MAN (British accent)

Ah. And so you succeed with the sharp-eyed route. You may enter.

HELIX (narration)

Jesse gave me a parting glance before going off into the bar. Then I was face-to-face with the bushy-bearded fake British dude. Was he some sort of actor out of work? Who knows. He showed me the cards and shuffled them. Then he held them up.

HELIX

Um, yeah. Just like he said. You put it in your left sleeve.

MULBERRY MAN (British accent)

Oh, I must tisk-tisk! I would *never* repeat a stratagem so soon.

HELIX (narration)

He pulled his sleeve up and, sure enough, no card. Then he reached into his hat and pulled out the Joker. For fuck's sake.

MULBERRY MAN (British accent)

Perhaps wait here for your coterie? Do keep entertained, dear.

18. DOOR SHUT.

HELIX (narration)

Yeah, there was zero chance I was gonna stand around in some creepy alley waiting for them. So I did what I would've done in 1987. Followed the noise. Wherever the noise is, the action is.

19. BUSTLING CROWD CHATTER.

HELIX (narration)

Well, it wasn't New York City. Nothing else could come close. But it had *life*. Laughter, chatter, arguing, humming, door bells chiming. A huge portion of God-ness is literally just people-watching, and I hadn't played spectator in so long. I walked out the alley onto Main Street and stood there, spinning around, learning about Salt Lake City through all its sounds. Some man buying feathers for his pillows. A mother and daughter planning a painting session near the lake. A group of immigrant rail workers strolled by, and thanks to the all-languages power I picked up at the Arizona tower, I heard them talking about some sort of demonstration. Right down the road, apparently. Exactly what I needed. *Group. Energy.* I made my way down the sidewalk, unbothered by all the looks I got because, well, I'm barefoot and in tattered clothes.

20. DOOR BELL CHIMING.

21. HEELS CLICKING.

HELIX (narration)

It was hard not comparing Salt Lake to New York. I'd hear a door chime and turn around expecting to see some fresh-to-death fashionista strutting out. Instead it was another lady in a gray dress. Another dude in a round black hat. Here, everyone wanted to *blend in*. The only thing I want blended is my make-up. (sigh) All I wanted was to run up to some random Mormon lady, grab her hand and say, follow me, let's go shopping! You're having a fashion emergency. But I can heal you. C'mon! I'd wind her up in a rose-colored dress to bring out the color in her cheeks, put on some major drama shoulder pads, a mega bright lime belt with the matching hat and she'd look like a fresh tomato, y'know? I'd walk her out from the store and say, break the sidewalk! Stomp it! And – and – (grunt) I was so out of my element. But at least it was a city.

22. BUSTLING CROWD CHATTER.

HELIX (narration)

In front of the theatre I saw earlier, there was a crowd of twenty-something people, walking around in circles and chanting.

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They had signs painted with shit like, "No Satan in Our City" and "Magic Possesses Our Babies!" Seems like human protestors really never update. Anyways, I looked around to find out what the issue was supposed to be, and above me, stencilled onto a wooden marquee, it read, in bright green lettering: "Salt Lake City Premiers, the Fabulous Amgine and Her Singing Automaton!" If there's anything that can steal this God-girl's heart, it's singing, and it's humans thinking they can do magic. So when the protestors circled around to march in the opposite direction, I slipped behind their backs and walked into the theatre's foyer.

(Scene Transition)

23. LOUNGE CHATTER.

24. GLASSES CLINKING.

CHARLES (narration)

City of salvation. City of obedience. Forty-some years ago, a bushy-bearded prophet led his people out from Illinois. Well, in truth, they were driven out. When they eventually trekked into the Salt Lake Valley, they said, "Ah, *this* is the right place." Of course, in those times, Utah was beyond United States

territory. So these Latter-days imagined an independent haven. Something to call their own. But what do *I* know of America?

25. LOUNGE LAUGHTER.

CHARLES (narration)

America. (beat) Where the church bells never seem to stop ringing.

Vice-President (British accent)

Come in, come in. Take a seat where you like. And your title?

CHARLES (British accent)

Osgood. Thank you. I've only just dusted in from Arizona, and -

Vice-President (British accent)

Not *you*. I'm *well* aware of your lineage, Mr. *Osgood*. I mean to introduce your nervy friend here to the Den of the Trade.

CHARLES (narration)

Now, though I expected the cowboy could pass the doorman's crude test, I hadn't believed he'd have any interest in trailing me. Surprising, it was, to discover Jesse at my side. He examined the tea-and-cigar lounge with trepidation. A lifted eyebrow. It

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seemed every facet of the lounge gave him offense. The immaculate floorboards, glossed to a mirror's sheen. How the entire establishment smelled of an eye-watering jasmine. And how Jesse glared at the poor tea steward passing by in his gold-tasseled cap. Oh, the Den of Trade never had a chance with the fellow.

JESSE

Rogers.

Vice-President (British accent)

Rogers and *Osgood*. Very well. It has a ring to it, you agree? Perhaps legal practitioners? Rogers and *Osgood*, cattle salesmen? No matter. The Board of Trade invests in *many* local ventures.

CHARLES (British accent)

Madame Treasurer, I must - Do you remain the Board's Treasurer?

Vice-President (British accent)

Precisely the inquiry! Yes, now I'm one of *six* Vice-Presidents.

CHARLES (British accent)

Six? What makes use of -

26. CHARLES COUGHS.

CHARLES (British accent)

Well, no matter. Mr. Rogers and I, unfortunately, we are not present for any business prospects.

CHARLES (narration)

The young tea steward delivered a cup to the Vice-President. She assessed the beverage with a swirl, peering into its steam.

Vice-President (British accent)

Then the conditions remain as before. You require a visitor's protection, we require you remain disloyal to your ... *lineage*. The war for Salt Lake City has impressed since you last came. So do *not* impede.

CHARLES (narration)

At that instant, the young tea steward returned with two pairs of worn railroad worker uniforms. He laid them on the lounge table before us. And then, atop the uniforms, a revolver.

27. METAL THUNK ON TABLE.

Vice-President (dropping accent, whispering)

If you are not already privy to this, Osgood, then I shall tell you now. Last Thursday Cleveland and Congress dealt quite a blow to those here. (beat) Well, not *us*, of course. The Board of Trade will fair quite well from the decision. But do you not feel the striker reaching toward the tinderbox?

Charles (dropping accent)

I haven't the faintest idea. Cleveland? I shared a cigar with the man not — it was a dream, rather. A dream of Cleveland. Go on. What of this tinderbox?

Vice-President

On the surface it regards polygamy. What good American would argue for it? (laugh) But of course, we shall have the judges, too. Those that commit polygamy will be prosecuted. And, of course, the Board is all-too willing to cooperate. You see?

Charles (narration)

How the woman preached such ethical responsibility, and yet carried a most sinister grin. (beat) I told you of America, Mistress. America is within this woman's face.

Charles

Yes, I imagine the Board's business prospects will only boom from this decision.

Vice-President

Last we spoke, Osgood, when you asked for safe passage out from the city, we were speaking of a *Mormon* Utah. Now? It shall be a state in no time. If the financial seeds are planted firm, here and now, then —

Jesse

Osgood. [I] Think it's time we leave.

Charles (narration)

Naturally. The cherubic Jesse Rogers with a grimace for the times. It seemed these literal back-alley dealings set a turn to his stomach.

Charles (back to British)

Indeed. Madame Vice-President, it has been [long beat] a pleasure.

Vice-President (back to British)

Yes-yes, and you, too. Perhaps time will polish your endearing hesitations. [laugh] Take care.

(Scene Transition)

28. DOOR SHUT.

JESSE (narration)

A snake in plain sight. That's what I thought of Charles Osgood. I figured the man had somethin' crooked in him. But that back alley visit dotted the *i* in *wicked*. Put the flame in my blood.

JESSE

The hell was that? And don't dare run your mouth. Tell it true.

CHARLES (still in British accent)

What, you don't appreciate the gift of the *gab*, Mr. Rogers?

JESSE (narration)

Man had the audacity to mock me while I was suited up in some railroad worker costume, outfitted like a damn fool. Had my mind racin'. How did Charles get that talkin' machine? How did he

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find his way to Lone Flats? At times, my mind gets to thinkin' he's working alongside Sam Vogel himself.

JESSE

That woman there said *Osgood*. Made a damn point of it. *Osgood*.

CHARLES (in American English)

Mm-hmm. Well, simply because your survival looks different than mine, *Rogers*, it does not make it less legitimate. Understand this, that your survival requires a sharp eye. And mine requires a nimble tongue. Now, if you are finished with the character audit, I do believe we're missing one-third of our little syndicate.

JESSE (narration)

That moment, I felt I should've let the Vogel boys keep ol' coughin' man. Let Charles, or whatever his name truly is, talk himself to the choppin' block. But Helix ran off. Yeah, figure she can take care of herself. But that *Board of Trade* put a bit in the barrel. Did they take her? Did Charles arrange with the Vogel gang for her capture? Nothin' to do but play along in a town where it seemed Charles had the connections, and I'd all the questions but no answers.

(Scene Transition)

29. STRING INSTRUMENTS WARMING UP.

30. CODA EXCITED TWEET-TWEET.

Helix (whispered)

You feel it, too, Coda? Gods, my blood is buzzing already.

Helix (narration)

It'd been too long since I heard humans produce something sonically pleasant. All those tens of millions of years ago, after you decided to form me, you taught me: *When humans speak, when they sing, even when they weep, it's all in worship to you.* But let's be real, Mom. Ninety-five percent of human noise is disgusting. Off-pitch. Shrieking. Redundant. And when they were still in ape-form, before they started organizing music? Gods, I kept my Heavens-door shut for a couple million years. But it's that *five* percent. Those rare times when humans come close to magic. When their drums or voices reach everyone up in the lounge halls of the Heavens, and the sound is just so *alive*.

31. STRING INSTRUMENTS SOFTEN.

32. HEELS WALK ONTO THE STAGE, ALONGSIDE SOUEEKY WHEELS
ROLLING.

FABULOUS AMGINE (from the stage)

Amgine showcases the *riveting* automaton! No gimmicks! Echoing reality, a *mechanical* opera! Now, grant us song!

33. AUDIENCE CLAPPING.

Coda

[Confused tweet-tweet.]

Helix (whispered)

They all talk like that. Makes it more mystical, or whatever.

34. CRANKING METAL LEVER.

FABULOUS AMGINE (from the stage)

Divine energy! Surreal energy! Robotic energy! Energies together, together one! Bring energies unsung! Sing energies divine!

35. CRANKING METAL STOPS.

Helix (narration)

The audience started taking out pens and sheets of paper, and I figured, whatever. Humans have the weirdest rituals. And that's the byproduct of way too many Gods, in my opinion. When grandma gets healed does Little Josephine worship the God of Healing or the God of Medicine? Or both? Or does she worship the God of Diseases for relaxing a bit? Or the God of Death for not signing grandma's name to his scary long scroll? See, this is why Earth has made so many freakin' religions with contradicting God models and yeah – I could go on about this forever, because well, it has literally gone ON for forever. But as you say, Mom: *It's all part of the natural process.* We're working out the knots. Billions of years later. (sigh) Still working out the knots. (beat) Well, at least you've got one less God up there to worry about.

36. STRING INSTRUMENTS PLAY.

37. WORBLY MECHANICAL SINGING. SOME OTHER LANGUAGE.

38. CODA CONCERNED TWEET-TWEET.

Helix (whispered)

Coda, no one goes to an opera to think about the words.

39. CODA CONCERNED TWEET-TWEET.

Helix (narration)

As Coda freaked about whatever, I noticed how no one in the audience watched the stage. There were about twenty others in the audience, all of them hunched over their papers. Scribbling. It looked like a late-century university lecture hall right before the final exam.

Helix (whispered)

Is this some old world shit I don't know about? Do people just write their memoirs during the opera? Or is everyone writing a review?

40. CODA ANNOYED TWEET-TWEET.

Helix (narration)

My recent power. Universal translation. Gods, all I wanted was to *not* work. To relax with some *damn* music. But Coda was freaking around and interrupting the show. So I listened closer to the singing machine's lyrics. I started picking up something weird. A language that, in all my God years, I'd almost forgotten. It was only used for a few decades. [beat] Deseret.

Helix (whispered)

Stop flapping around! Yes, I'm listening now. Chill! [sigh, a beat] ... *"THIS CITY TO RETURN TO US, AS WE ARE THE TRUE CHILDREN"* ... Okay, sounds like a Biblical song. ... *"THE MONEY MEN CORRUPT OUR CITY. THEY OWN THE RAILROADS, THEY POSSESS OUR STREETS"* ... Do they even have railroads in the human's Bible? ... *"NOW IN OUR OWN BLESSED HOME, WE MUST DISGUISE. A DISGRACE WE MUST PERFORM, FALSE PROTESTORS TO CONCEAL"* ... wait. False protestors? So this is ... *"BUT A SIGN HAS COME. A MONOLITH FROM GOD. UNDERGROUND, WHERE THE LATTER-DAYS MIGHT ONCE AGAIN"* ... Shiit.

Helix (narration)

Deseret. Invented by the Mormons. I thought their secret language was dead by this time. But I was wrong. At that point, I knew I was an interloper. When I stood up, no one bothered looking. They just kept writing. Translating. Probably preparing to pass messages along to friends and families. Something was about to happen. I didn't know what. But you don't wheel out a code-singing automaton just for kicks. I needed to find the guys. [beat] Something about the monolith ... underground.

End Credits