

*(This temporary transcript is the recording script for 2B, 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 a wicked, gun-slinging podcast for mature audiences. Content warning: this episode contains depictions of violence, guns, character death, and blood throughout the episode, that may be upsetting for some listeners. We encourage our listeners to prioritize their safety before venturing ahead. Thank you.

*(Eerie mystical ambience)*

Emi: *(she groans)* I mean, has there *ever* been a competent human? Or, did I just end up with like, the *worst* one? I mean, how unlikeable do you have to be, for *Helix* to not like you? I mean that she manages to like any human is super beyond me, but we're talking about the goddess who would drag me down to earth to watch every talentless, *sad* little musician over the centuries - *and* she cheered them on, no matter how grody they were, eh. But, if Charles doesn't like, shape up, *even Helix* will catch on that he's a total fraud, and listen more and more to that stuck up man-child, *Jesse Rogers*. *(sigh)* It's okay, Emi, it's okay. For now, Helix is mega annoyed with that *vaquero*, and as for my little bumbling weirdo, Charles - I had some guys kidnap him, so we can have a little - ya know, *chat*. *(she laughs)*

*(Safe Travels (main theme) plays)*

1. CRACKLING FIRE.

**Charles**

Mistress? You've chosen to corral with - outlaws?

**Emi**

[chuckle] So you had no clue? Not even a little itty bitty clue?

2. CHARLES COUGHING.

**Charles**

No. I--How would I--Should I have--?

**Emi**

*(Sighs, annoyed)* You are completely clueless, Charles. Like, uggghh. [sighs] Start paying attention. To everything, 'kay? 'Cause I've got a big problem now. And if I've got a big problem, then, like, you've got a big problem. Remember that bullet? [chuckle] So there's a grody wrench thrown into the works, or whatever. That Jesse guy? Yeah, not a part of the plan. I don't know who he is or where he came from, but I need you to get rid of him. Or befriend him. Something. Do I care? No. I need him out of the way. But it's clear to me, listening to your recordings, that he mad-major-mega-totally despises you. Or at least doesn't trust you. Aren't you supposed to be some, like, master con artist?

**Charles**

My apologies, Emi. You are absolutely correct. I should--

**Emi**

Uh-uh-uh. No. I said *pay attention*. Don't talk. Listen, 'kay? Now let's motor.

**Charles (narration)**

She took me inside her tent and instructed me to sit at a wooden table. Shortly after one of the ruffians came in with her supper. A rough-eyed bandit serving supper to a lady? No doubt, this was power. Power I do not quite understand. Not its source nor the Mistress's grand plans.

**Emi**

The key is to make them *love* you. I've looked into your past. I know what you're capable of, Charles. Of course, Helix can be so mega difficult to love. That's why I'm doing all of this, y'know? Like these guys outside my tent? The ones who smell and look like shit? Do you think I really want to be hanging around with them? Like, *barf*. It's all part of the larger plan, 'kay?

**Charles (narration)**

As my Mistress tells it, she found the outlaws not moments before they'd decided to rob a train. They seemed a perfect match for her mysterious plans.

**Emi**

So I gave them the walkie-talkies — do you know what walkie-talkies are? Ugh, nevermind — tell them what's up, and then let them go do their little heist thingy.

**Charles (narration)**

As they explained to my Mistress, the bandits work for some mysterious figure in Texas. [beat] Oh, how I'm inexorably familiar with Texan figures. Nevertheless. The outlaws emptied out every compartment in the train of wealth, killed the conductor, disconnected the engine, rode all the way to Tucson, put the engine in reverse, and watched as the leather-clad rangers chased after the empty vessel. It was at that moment that the man-beast they call Ruthless was told by my mistress that he would be smart to join the rangers as one of their own and pretend to chase after his own gang. She told him when to kill the rangers, when he could rejoin his delinquent friends again, and when he and the others would capture me. Indeed, this was all part of her master plan.

**Emi**

I made that whole little thing happen for them and all they had to do was bring you to me, so like, duh. Do you get it? That's only one of the many reasons why they totally love me. And if you, Charles, care about not, you know, dying, that's what you gotta do. You've got to make her love you. Not as a lover, or whatever. Ew. You're definitely not her type. But as a friend. A confidant, 'kay? Lucky for you, I know every trick in the book for getting into Helix's adorably naive good graces.

**Charles (narration)**

She offered me information I had already come to understand. Helix is naive, she enjoys games, she is fond of parties and other merriment, but, most importantly, she craves recognition. The latter I'd noticed myself, particularly today with the way she bypassed my eager participation in her games to demand Jesse's. What I need is to create an opportunity where she feels validated. If I can bring her that, then I will find myself in her favor.

**Charles**

If I may ask one other question, Mistress.

**Emi**

Hmmm, I guess.

**Charles**

What do you suggest I do about him? I fear that even once I have convinced Helix of my usefulness that the cowboy she has taken as protector, Jesse Rogers, will never be persuaded. His distrust has been laid out to me in no uncertain terms. I worry that he may deter my attempts and poison my image in Helix's mind.

**Emi**

Helix is a god, some stupid human isn't gonna get in her head. I'd tell you to just kill him but [beat] you know, the whole stolen immortality thing, or whatever.

**Charles (narration)**

Emi smiled when she mentioned killing him, as though it were a joke. But he is an unexpected variable. A potentially dangerous variable, whether my Mistress knows this or otherwise.

*(Scene Transition)*

3. WE HEAR THE SURE SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS FOLLOWED BY THE SLOWER AND SOFTER SOUND OF HELIX'S BARE FOOTSTEPS.

**Jesse (narration)**

Should've checked on her sooner. We'd been trottin' along for miles without a sign of a giant black tower. Hadn't heard Helix open her mouth in over an hour, but I could still hear her walkin' behind me, draggin' her feet.

4. HELIX IS BREATHING DEEPLY, CAREFULLY.

**Jesse (narration)**

After some time, I turned and saw the state she was in. Her brow was furrowed in concentration as she focused on liftin' her feet one at a time. This small young woman who called herself a goddess, looked no steadier than a newborn calf.

**Jesse**

See, that right there's why we need to get some horses.

**Helix**

*(Struggling to keep herself composed)* Fuck off!

5. CODA FRANTIC TWEET-TWEETS.

**Jesse (narration)**

That little bird of hers flew around my head as I walked over to her. Seemed we were on the same page about ol' Helix.

**Jesse**

Sit down.

**Helix**

No, we have to keep going.

**Jesse**

If we don't check that shoulder of yours now you'll be down and out by sunfall.

**Helix**

*(beat)* Fine.

**Jesse (narration)**

Soon as she got off her feet, her face relaxed. Her shoulder wound had gone from red to blue and black. The impact point welled up like a bubble. I didn't know how to ask for the next part. So I just stared at her.

**Helix**

What?

**Jesse**

I'd like to see your soles, [beat] if that's alright.

**Jesse (narration)**

She glared at me. It looked like she might tell me to go and never return or like she might cry. Instead she closed her eyes, chest heaving from the panic, and nodded. I was careful. Raised her skirt only as far as I needed.

**Jesse**

*(He sighs)* Where are your shoes?

**Helix**

*(Near tears)* I couldn't find any in my size.

**Jesse (narration)**

Her feet were raw, red, and blistered all over. There were small cuts on her heels that needed cleanin'. How the hell you gonna travel the desert barefoot? But she was already deep in the soup. No sense in that. 'Stead I offered to carry her. The only way we'd make any progress.

6. THERE'S A LOT OF MOVEMENT AS HELIX GETS ON JESSE'S BACK AND THEY STAND UP.

**Helix**

We need to find Charles.

7. HE STARTS WALKING AGAIN.

**Jesse**

Yeah. *(long beat)* Alright, never have I ever walked the desert without boots.

**Helix**

*(She groans)* We could just talk.

**Jesse**

Alright. What d'ya wanna know?

**Helix**

Well, first off, what's that accent supposed to be? Michigan?

**Jesse**

*(offended)* Michigan? *(beat)* It's Kansas. Sort of. Been all over the place since I was little. My folks went up in Georgia, so I've got a bit of that. Did a lot of cattle drives with my pa to Nevada, Texas, so them, too.

**Helix**

So your accent is more of a *mixtape* than an album?

**Jesse**

Uh, I guess.

**Helix**

Okay. Next question. Why were you trying to rob that mayor? The one back in Lone Flats.

**Jesse**

Hmm. That'd be the story about what happened to my dad. *(beat)*  
It's long.

**Helix**

That's okay.

**Jesse**

[beat] Like I said, he was a cattle driver. One of the best. Must've been six years, since it happened. He'd been short-handed on a job. Just him, a friend, and three white men who said they were from Arizona. [beat] Similar faces, these men we're chasin' now.

*(Scene Transition)*

8. SOUND OF A TAPE RUNNING AND FAINTLY, A CRACKLING FIRE.

**Charles (narration)**

Soon the sun began to set. Emi had hastened me out of her tent after our conversation. I was sure Emi had already devised some trickery to reunite me with my companions. I sat by the fire, a bowl of burnt beans in my hands, and waited. Now that my first objective has been completed – having located the other-worldly woman – my new mission is to follow Helix as she finds her towers and to report back our adventures.

Though the sun had receded, the ground was still warm from the day's heat. A few hours later the freezing temperatures from the evening would set in.

9. CHARLES COUGHS, COUGHS, COUGHS. HE GASPS, CLEARS HIS THROAT, AND GATHERS HIMSELF ONCE MORE.

Those criminals were the worst sort of company. In total there were three, but from the little I gathered of their conversation there had once been twice as many. I didn't learn much else.

Soon the two closest to me, Burr Paxton and Ruthless, switched languages. It sounded French. Not dissimilar to the sort I have heard in my travels through Louisiana and Texas. So too did I notice the third switched from English to Spanish when he spoke to Emi. I thought he must be Mexican, or at least, accustomed

enough to the language from experience in trade. It is no secret the southern states are plagued with looters who smuggle anything from gold to cattle.

The only time these outlaws spoke in English was when Paxton called the Spanish speaker to inspect a map. It was then that I found possible answers to this Jesse dilemma.

**Burr Paxton**

Rubio! *(He pauses to spit)* Aaron, come take a look at this.

**Aaron Rubio**

*(beat)* Hmm, so that's the path Sam wants us to take?

**Burr Paxton**

We needed a new base fast and he delivered. Didn't think it'd be pretty, did ya?

**Aaron Rubio**

Vogel and his goddamn puzzles. But I can get you there.

**Charles (narration)**

I recognized the name at once. Sam Vogel. It was, after all, the only detail Jesse had let slip in a week. The only detail that

marked him as a real person outside of just the vengeful cowboy making my job more difficult than it must be. Were I to have the map, then I would have the power, most certainly.

**Aaron Rubio**

You with me Paxton?

**Burr Paxton**

*(Beat, he seems lost in thought)* Yeah, mind's wanderin' is all.

*(Short beat)* That dandy was with two others and I just can't get that cowboy's face outta my head. Must be a ghost or somethin'.

**Aaron Rubio**

Maybe we robbed him.

**Emi**

You done eating those gross beans, yet? Ugh, humans and their [short beat] eating.

**Charles**

Oh, yes, thank you again.

**Emi**

Don't fuck this up for me. Mmkay? I'm gonna bounce, cause you know, this world doesn't deserve my gorg-eena face, y'know?

**Charles**

Of course. And Mistress, I do appreciate your –

**Emi**

*(She clicks tongue)* Yeaaaah. Whatever. Later!

10. STRANGE PORTAL WHOOSH SOUND.

*(Scene Transition)*

11. ONE PAIR OF BOOTS WALKING ON DESERT GROUND.

**Helix (narration)**

Do you think the God of Death has a sense of humor, Mom? I know I was never around to meet him. Emi met him. But she always said he was boring and not worth thinking about. I think he must have a sense of humor in order to do that job. It's gotta be fucked up.

Like, here's Jesse, right? He's a human. Destined to die, like every other human. And his dad died, like they're all supposed to. But he died before Jesse thinks he should have. And now, here's Jesse, immortal.

**Jesse**

Took the cattle and all they left behind were the bodies. *(Beat, then he laughs)* You know, they took his boots?

**Helix**

Jackasses.

**Jesse**

Yeah, well, [as] soon as your whole god shit's figured out I'm back to lookin' for 'em. Gotta get each one of those assholes.

**Helix (narration)**

When a human dies, and you love that human, it hurts. I - I know this all too well. It might be different because I'm a Goddess and he was - well, that's a different story. But it's the only death I've ever really known. Gods don't die.

**Helix**

I'm barely starting to understand this mortality thing. But your dad — I'm sorry. It's just wrong what happened to him.

**Jesse**

Thanks. [beat] What about you?

**Helix**

My parents? That's a really, really, really, really long story.

**Jesse**

No, how'd you end up how you are? Since you're a god and all.

**Helix**

The short version? [sigh] My ex is a narcissist and *some people* said I was bad at my job.

**Jesse**

What job is that? Walking barefoot?

**Helix**

Ha. Ha. No. Essentially, I'm the god of sound. That's music, wind through the trees, snap of a finger. (*proud*) All of that. I made it.

**Jesse**

Did you now?

**Helix**

Yup! And Coda here, they're my familiar. They help me – well, they keep my powers controlled. Every God needs a familiar to prevent their powers going wack. Beyond that, Coda is my best friend.

12. CODA HAPPY TWEET-TWEET.

**Jesse**

So you've all got birds, then?

**Helix**

Nah. Some Gods use inanimate Earth objects, like a stopwatch or cigarette or walking cane. The only thing is, when you're on Earth, you use an Earth-borne familiar. Like a bird.

**Helix (narration)**

He adjusted how he was carrying me on his back and then cracked his neck. I was just about to ask him if he thought we should give up when he stopped in his tracks. I followed his eyes. Several yards away behind a skinny butte there was a pillar of

smoke. We kept silent as he got us closer. Luckily the sun was setting over the back of the butte so we were in the darkest spot of the desert floor. Jesse led us closer and closer, carefully measuring each option before sprinting a few yards at a time. Eventually the baddies came into full view. Their faces were easy to see against their fire, and there, closest to the fire, huddled in on himself, was Charles.

**Jesse**

Are you gonna fight me if I leave you here?

**Helix**

Don't you dare.

**Jesse**

Figured. Can you walk? Just a little.

**Helix (narration)**

Thanks to Jesse giving my feet a break, I had a bit more energy in me, and my shoulder had calmed down. Together, we took baby steps closer to the fire, trailing the shadows. I waited for Jesse's signal. It was exciting, honestly. I felt like a panther in the dark, hunting my prey. I kept expecting one of them to notice us, pull out a gun and just blow me to bits. But they

didn't. They were too occupied with their food bowls and chewing tobacco.

13. SOFT STEPS ON SAND.

When the gang was just a few meters from us, Jesse tilted his hat. [beat] And then we pounced.

14. GUNSHOT.

*(Scene Transition)*

15. EPISODE THEME.

**Jesse (narration)**

Shot the tall one through the skull before I'd thought anything through. He fell like a brick, his head smashing down into the fire pit. I turned the barrel toward the next one, the man I knew I knew. That's a face you don't forget. His eyebrows meeting in the center. A long scar across his chin. These were the guys, these were Sam Vogel's Gang. They took my world from me. Now it was my turn to take theirs.

**Helix**

*(To Jesse, impressed)* Holy fuck. You actually shot him.

**Jesse (narration)**

It was then that my head caught up with my hand. I looked at the body, my finger on the trigger, and remembered that I was supposed to be better than this. I was supposed to look these rats in the eye as I took them out of this world, so they knew who it was that'd done 'em in. I wasn't supposed to sneak through the shadows and shoot a man while he ate dinner. I'm better than a dirty fight.

**Jesse**

Fuck!

**Helix**

What are you doing?

**Jesse (narration)**

The chin-scarred man turned his head and spotted us.

**Burr Paxton**

You fucker! You killed my brother!

**Helix**

Keep shooting!

**Charles**

No! No! Wait!

**Jesse (narration)**

Osgood runs from the fire but gets grabbed.

**Charles**

Release me at once! What would--Jesse! Jesse! This one, this is the man you want! Shoot *him*! I heard them! They're Smithy Vernacular's Gang, or whatnot! He knows you!

**Burr Paxton**

Shut up!

**Aaron Rubio**

Drop the gun or your friend's dead!

**Jesse (narration)**

A clear shot. But I hesitated.

**Jesse**

*(To himself)* I can't.

**Charles**

Oh, for the love of — Rogers, they are murderers! Robbers!  
Blood-soaked degenerates! Your precious code is ten-fold  
fulfilled! Now do it!

**Jesse (narration)**

Osgood's grin is practically manic. The guy's beamin' at me as he finds a loophole for my code for me. Maybe if it had been anyone else that wouldn't have been enough, but right then, it was. My dad, his friends, the rangers, and every other soul they'd taken. Osgood was right, maybe I could kill them. The scales were already tipped against them.

**Burr Paxton**

Enough!

16. GUNSHOT.

17. HELIX SCREAMS.

**Jesse (narration)**

The chin-scarred man shot me in the stomach.

18. GUNSHOT.

Then again in the side. A familiar sting in both areas stunned my body with pain. Blood poured from the wounds. But it never blossomed. Muscle pushed the bullets out from my body, and then my skin stitched itself back together. The pain is brief. The shock lingers. But I won't die. I won't even have a scar.

19. THREE CONSECUTIVE GUNSHOTS.

**Jesse (narration)**

Again, I heal. Look back up at 'em to take aim, but they've thrown Osgood toward the fire and started runnin' to their horses. Naw, they don't wanna fuck with the undead man.

20. GUNSHOT.

I get one through the knee as they try to mount their horses. He falls, but his friend catches him and pushes him on. I run after 'em and keep shootin'.

21. HORSES NEIGH AND GALLOP QUICKLY AWAY

22. GUNSHOT. GUNSHOT.

They get away. But they left their loot, a horse, and the one bastard I shot will bleed out before they get anywhere.

**Helix**

Charles!

23. CHARLES COUGHS AS HE STANDS UP. WE HEAR HIM GET UP AND PAT HIS BODY.

**Charles**

Great. [sigh] My summer coat is utterly ruined.

**Jesse (narration)**

Helix checked on Charles while I checked the dead outlaw for clues. Figured there might be clues that might lead me to Sam Vogel's latest hideout. Nothin'. When I turned back to Helix and Osgood, they were skulkin' around through the gang's loot. Mostly bonds and other shit that'd be more trouble than it was worth to take. Told 'em we should leave anything that might pin

us to the Gang's crimes. That left us with quite a bit of loose change. Most importantly, a free horse. Think I'll make it mine.

24. HORSE TROTTING ALONG.

**Jesse**

Osgood. How'd you know about all their crimes? They pour their hearts out to you? You goin' among the willows with 'em now?

**Charles**

Oh, yes, of course. That one that you shot especially enjoyed chatting about his favorite custard recipe. What a ridiculous accusation! I simply overheard him say he knew your face and then the name Sampson Varner Gang, or whatnot, came along.

**Jesse**

It's Sam Vogel, you fool.

**Helix**

Can the arguments wait until after I've got my power back?

*(beat)* Here, Charles, take the Walkman. It wouldn't work without you, anyways.

25. SONNY MACHINE AGAIN SPEAKS AS IF IT HAD BEEN RUNNING THIS ENTIRE TIME AND THE VOLUME IS BARELY NOW BEING TURNED UP.

**Sonny Machine**

...your favorite tunes-- (*Interrupted by static, then it beeps as always*). Anomaly located...Anomaly 205 meters distant...Anomaly 204 meters distant.

**Jesse (narration)**

We followed the machine's ramblings just behind the butte of the camp and found the tower. The damn thing had been right under our noses. That tall black obelisk waiting for us in the shadows. Helix hobbled her way over to the tower despite me offerin' help. But she insisted. Me and Osgood watched from the butte as she studied it. She put her hands up against the tower and waited. Seemed nothin' happened. She tried it a few more times. Watched Helix go from intrigued to ramblin' confused to airin' her lungs out. She stormed around in the moonlight like a child, kickin' up dirt. Then she looked up at me and just stared. Her eyes all wide and mouth goin' open. Started walkin' forward and she waved me off. Next thing I know, Helix is pinchin' her shoulder wound.

**Helix**

Fuck, this hurts!

**Charles (whispering)**

How came she so? Has she gone vazey since my time apart?

**Jesse (whispering)**

No.

**Jesse (narration)**

Helix squeezed her wound until blood came pourin' out. She covered her hands with it and then went back to the tower. Few seconds later, she was jumpin' up and down and ran back. Talkin' about some power that lets her know and speak all languages.

**Helix**

If all of these fucking towers only give me one fucking power at a time, how much longer is this stupid fucking quest gonna take?  
(beat) We're gonna be stuck together for a while.

**Jesse**

(sighs) Not your fault. We'll figure it out.

**Jesse (narration)**

Osgood didn't have much to add to the conversation. He just kept to himself, pluckin' at dust in his powder white hair. Only two reasons a man has gone quiet: He's got nothin' to say, or he's hidin' somethin'. And trust me, Osgood's always got words to say. He didn't speak up 'til Helix asked him if he could teach her to play card games. I noticed that he hadn't been tied when we found him. In fact, when I went to check the body, found a servin' of food where Osgood had been sittin'. Why would those good-for-nothings treat him as a guest? But Helix is right, we need him. But if my instincts are right, and Charles Osgood, or whoever he really is, gets in my way, code be damned, I'm drivin' six rounds through his heart. And you know I will.

27. WE HEAR THE PEN STOP WRITING AND THE COVER OF A BOOK IS SHUT.

**End Credits**