

ANN: RADIO: Outcast is a broody, gunslinging podcast for mature audiences. We encourage our listeners to prioritize their safety before venturing ahead. Thank you.

*(theme music)*

*(bustling wind)*

*(bird hooting in the distance)*

*(heavy boots approach on dirt)*

*(fly buzzes)*

*(boots continue onward)*

*(rattlesnake rattles)*

*(footsteps slow down)*

*(a man takes in a deep breath, lets it out)*

*(Jesse Roger's theme: soft melodic guitar, whistling, a bell toll)*

*(footsteps continue)*

*(Fade in: carriages passing, people talking, horses neighing)*

*(Sfx: pen writing on paper)*

*(Echoing guitar strings playing)*

JESSE (narration): Came to this place on the winds of a whisper. *(chuckles)* Funny how stories begin that way.

*(Echoing guitar strings playing)*

*(Page flipping)*

*(Women giggling, bracelets jangling together)*

PROSTITUTE: Looks like you could use a bit of fun.

JESSE: Sorry, darlin'. Tryin' to *make* cash, not spend it. (*sighs*) Jesus. Here.

(*Coins ringing*)

JESSE: Not *buyin'* nothin', just...eh.

(*Coins ringing*)

PROSTITUTE: (*She laughs*) You tryin' to get to heaven or something?

(*Jesse sighs annoyed*)

(*Bootsteps walking away on dirt*)

(*Bootsteps on wood*)

(*Fade in: voices*)

(*A door creaks open*)

(*Ruckus saloon: people talking loudly, glasses clinking together, plucky piano playing in the background*)

(*Fade out: ruckus saloon*)

(*Fade in sfx: pen writing on paper*)

JESSE (narration): In a dusty old town in the middle of New Mexico, down by the Enchanted Mesa, my life changed. [beat] Was only a few hours ago but it feels like a month. Rode in on a borrowed steed alongside some old cowboys I knew from my cattle drivin' days. Friends of my old man. Jacob Rogers. May he rest in peace. [beat] Was divine destiny or somethin' like that, *I tell you*.

(*Fade in: ruckus saloon*)

(*Page flipped*)

(*People clap*)

(*Footsteps approach*)

(*Bartender clears his throat*)

BARTENDER: What'll it be?

JESSE: Whiskey.

(*Glass set down on bar*)

*(Ice rattling in the glass)*

*(Glass fills with drink)*

BARTENDER: You look familiar.

*(Ice rattling in the glass)*

JESSE: You're thinking of my Pa.

BARTENDER: Not many black cowboys come through here. Jacob Rogers, right?

*(Ice rattling in the glass)*

*(Glass set down on the bar)*

JESSE: *Yup*. What do you have for me?

BARTENDER: *Shhhh*, lower your voice. *(Quieter)* Look kid, I don't know how to break it to you, so I'll come out with it straight. The deal's been [short beat] you could say adjusted.

JESSE: *(Quieter but upset)* *I've got the money*. He can't just add terms last minute. Where's your boss?

BARTENDER: He's more like a client. And I reckon you'll meet *after* you're done with the job. He's got the details on those men you're searching for. Those *dangerous* men. Been a while since I saw Jacob. Never seen you before. You must be *young*.

JESSE: Not so green I won't deliver.

*(Glass set down on the bar)*

*(Glass fills with drink)*

JESSE: *(Quieter)* So?

BARTENDER: Hm?

JESSE: *(He huffs)* The-The *job*?

*(Ice rattling in the glass)*

BARTENDER: *Right*. My client wants a necklace. Jane Lyngood's famous for her emerald. You'll find it in the mayoral mansion.

JESSE: This the *mayor's wife* I'm stealing from?

*(Someone whistles)*

SALOON PATRON: Need three more over here, pal!

BARTENDER: *(To Jesse.)* I'll let you think a moment. *(Raising his voice to attend the Saloon Patron.)*  
Three glasses coming your way!

*(Ice rattling in the glass)*

*(Fade in sfx: pen writing on paper)*

*(Echoing guitar strings playing)*

JESSE (narration): Knew I didn't have many other *choices*. Whispers or *not*, this was the first anyone had leads on those men.

*(Page flips)*

*(Fade in: ruckus saloon)*

*(Glass set down on the bar)*

*(Ice rattling in the glass)*

BARTENDER: *(To the Saloon Patron.)* Here you are, gentlemen.

SALOON PATRON: Hey, did you see that weird black tower the mayor set up on the mesa?

BARTENDER: From afar. Could've sworn it popped up overnight with how fast the mayor had his men build it.

*(Register rings. Coins ring)*

BARTENDER: God knows what he's thinking.

*(Knocks on wood)*

BARTENDER: Let me know if you need anymore drinks.

*(Ice rattling in the glass)*

BARTENDER: *(Dropping his voice again to speak to Jesse.)* Well, Rogers? Where's your head?

JESSE: Can't you talk to 'im? Score me some better terms.

BARTENDER: You're hunting the *bloodiest gang* in the West, Rogers. These are the best terms you're gonna get.

JESSE: *(sighs)* Can't go *stealin'* from folks who don't *deserve* stealing from. Ever heard what sins the mayor indulges in? After a priest, bartenders are the ones to get the most confessions, right?

BARTENDER: What, you an outlaw with a code, or somethin'?

JESSE: I *ain't* no outlaw.

BARTENDER: Sure. Sure. Kind o' sins you askin' about?

JESSE: If you're the priest then I'm deliverance is how I see it. [beat] Child abuse? Murder? Ex-slave owner?

BARTENDER: The mayor hits the mark on a couple o' those. Plus a bit o' thievery himself. He'll be hostin' a celebration there in a few hours.

*(Jesse sips on his drink)*

BARTENDER: Some might consider that the perfect opportunity for things to go missing.

*(Glass set down on the bar)*

BARTENDER: If you need an in, a girl next door should be of help to you. Miss Marigold.

JESSE: Marigold. [Beat] They ain't opposed to my [short beat] business?

BARTENDER: Nah, not here. Money's money.

*(Bartender clears his throat)*

*(Knocks on wood)*

BARTENDER: *(He raises his voice to a normal volume)* Anythin' else I can do you for?

JESSE: *(Following the Bartender's lead, he speaks normally again.)* 'Nother whiskey. A double.

*(Fade out: ruckus saloon)*

*(Fade in sfx: pen writing on paper)*

*(Echoing guitar strings playing)*

JESSE (narration): This was *supposed* to be the story of how I avenged my father's murder. But when I agreed to a changed deal the tale changed with it.

*(Pen writing on paper)*

*(Page flips)*

JESSE (narration): Day one. This is a diary of the bad hands the gods deliver us.

*(Echoing guitar strings playing)*

*(Thud)*

*(Footsteps walk away)*

ANN: RADIO: Outcast was created by María Fernanda Vidaurrazaga and JT Lachausse, and produced by Ann Hughes. Starring Ivory Amor D’Francisca as Jesse Rogers, Ann Hughes as the Prostitute and Bar Patron, Griffin Otto Deniger as the Bartender. This episode was written and directed by Fernanda. Dialogue editing by Ann, sound design by JT, and music by Samuel Kinsella. You can find us online at [radiooutcast.com](http://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 please leave us a review on Apple podcasts or on Podchaser. If you’d like to help us grow, consider becoming a Patron at [patreon.com/radio\\_outcast](https://www.patreon.com/radio_outcast). For as little as one dollar a month you too could get a special shout-out at the end of our episodes like...

Kyrie O. what a legend.

Stefani C. another *absolute* legend.

Gnome H. the most legendary because she is my mother. Love you, Mom! Thank you!

Patrick C. quite legendary, as well.

*(Ann laughs)*

*(In the background JT chuckles)*

ANN: *(To JT and Fernanda while laughing)*: Shut up! I’m doing this.

*(In the background Fernanda giggles)*

ANN: Alan L. a *true* legend.

Daniel W. possibly one of the *lesser known* legends but still quite legendary in his own right.

Tuvie *(airy chuckle)* legend.

Melissa L. absolute banger of a legend.

Sarah F. well-known in America as *legendary*.

Rax W. another *true* legend [short beat] in the West.

Marcos L. I mean, speaks for himself, legend.

Patricia D. *Legend!*

Consuelo U. another absolute *(whispered)* legend.

And Lisbeth V. *(airy chuckle)* true legend.

To all of our patrons, thanks again. We appreciate you. And to everyone listening -- from the *complete* RADIO: Outcast team -- safe travels.

Fernanda *(still laughing)*: Safe travels!

JT: Safe travels.

*(Theme)*