

RADIO: Outcast - Ep 5A, "That Goblin Cry" - **TEMPORARY TRANSCRIPT**

(This temporary transcript is the recording script for 5A, 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 an enigmatic, gunslinging podcast for mature audiences. Content warning: this episode contains depictions of implied violence, non consensual kissing and cults at the end of 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. SCRIBBLING ON PAPER.

JESSE (narration)

You ever heard of Jericho? I'll tell you. I learned through accident. Some years ago, was on a cattle drive with my Pa. Must've been nine years old. We were takin' the Chisholm Trail through some Indian territory. Lots of waterways out there. A hundred-mile drive could end up three-hundred or more. Couldn't afford losing cattle to a loose river stone. [We] Had to guide 'em up and around. The cows got tired quick, so we stopped at the foot of the Sans Bois. Small mountain range in the southeast Oklahoma region, had the last of winter's snow melting down the trees. Kept the ground soft, too difficult to drive cattle across. That night, as typical, Pa sent me out on head count. Started with about eighty-some cattle, and counted up eighty-some. No surprise there. Ol' Jacob Rogers was good for

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hire 'cause he wasn't gonna lose a single damned head. Now during count, I noticed somethin' strange. Couple of the younger cows gettin' thin. They were startin' to look like the rabbits we'd find here-and-there along the trail, heat-struck dead and bone skinny. Pa figured it must've been the stress from the journey. He set me by the campfire and told me to hold on.

Some several hours later, he came back with a Choctaw doctor. Now she didn't speak English and he didn't speak Choctaw. This weren't anything new. Me and Pa'd traded with tribes all across the South and West, most of 'em refusing years of governmental pressure to learn English. [It] Don't mean we couldn't trade goods, though. So they went on through gestures, Pa pointing out the sick cattle and the woman investigating. Once she made her mind, the doctor reached into her sack and pulled out an old water-worn Bible. The Choctaw doctor took a reed pen and some pig blood, flipped to a page, wrote out four English words: "Die." "Mother." "Other." "Red." Pa gave her some bird bones and deer meat - [it] were goods from a recent hunt, and all we had for trade - then the doctor went on her way. Next morning I asked my Pa what her words meant. "Die." "Mother." "Other." "Red." He figured the calves got stressed from seeing corpses along the trail. I asked him, 'Why? Ain't like they're seeing no dead cows. Just a bunch of jackrabbits.' And he said it don't

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matter. Seeing them dead things made them worried sick for their mothers. I said, 'Not worried for themselves?' And Pa said of course. Every living thing worries 'bout itself. You see somethin' rotting alongside the road, you think, *that could've been me*. Thing is: if you die, you don't gotta deal with all the grief. But even a calf knows: once you lose your parents, you're all alone.

2. THE SCRIBBLING STOPS FOR A MOMENT.

3. JESSE SIGHS.

JESSE (narration)

About Jericho. That page the doctor wrote on and tore from her Bible, she handed it to Pa. Now he had no need to keep that, so once he figured the problem, he crumpled the page and tossed it. [I] Figure some white men tried to convert the Choctaw folks with literature, but they just kept the Bibles for spare parts. Using them like scrap paper. Anyways, when ol' Jacob Rogers wasn't lookin', I picked that page right off the ground and uncrumpled it. The page told about the ancient city of Jericho. Told about its formidable fortress. Told about the man named Joshua who planned on conquering the city. The page cut off before I could get the rest of the story. But I like to imagine

ol' Joshua did what he needed to do. [beat] Jacob, Jesse, Joshua. I dunno. Somethin' I think about every now and again.

4. SONNY MACHINE BEEPING.

JESSE (narration)

That beeping machine guided us toward some old army fortress. Me, Helix, and Charles. We'd long walked the Yellowstone River and found ourselves in the cold and green Montana region. Nothing but flat land and that babbling Yellowstone, 'till we saw what seemed like a long castle in the distance. Figured immediately it was an army station, being situated like that on a river. Good for resources, transportation, all sorts. Except there weren't a damn soul in sight. No rifle training on the lawns. No hip-yup formations marching left and right, following some rich man's son's orders. Just a long wall with towers looming deep inside. Something was off. But we trekked on. And see, here I was reminded of ol' Jericho. The walls of that white-stone fortress gettin' taller and wider as we closed in. A sign that said 'Fort Keough'. I imagine years ago, thousands of years back, ol' Joshua and his army rode up on great walls like these. Except Biblical Joshua knew what waited behind his gates. Nothing but a few cowardly Canaanites. At this Fort Keough,

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well, all we got was the cold wind whispering down from the curtain walls. And so I wondered, 'Anyone home?'

5. WIND WHISTLING.

(Scene Transition)

6. TAPE RECORDING.

7. INHALE ON CIGAR.

CHARLES (narration)

I do love a good celebration. Given the right environment, and a gathering of eager spirits, I could toast toward any cause. Oh, have you found a button in your salad? Let us *toast* to that. It's merely a part of the *dressing*! Ah, and has your wife struck you upside the head with a broom? Very well! A toast to *you*, sir, for at least she struck you with the *soft* end. And what's *that*? You've stumbled upon an old fortress in Montana, wherein a village of squatters dance and sing for reasons obscure? *Now!*

8. SONNY MACHINE BEEPING.

HELIX

I think the TCM is telling us to go inside.

JESSE

Don't look like army folk to me. Suppose I should be grateful.

9. BELL TOLLS ONCE IN THE DISTANCE.

CHARLES (narration)

The fortress's entry gate had a green circular emblem painted onto a ratty cloth. In the center of the emblem, three wheat leaves. This designation seemed clear: across the long interior yard of the fortress, the inhabitants had cultivated fields of vegetation, young fruit trees, and wooden casks no doubt meant for delicious brewery. What once was an imposing white fortress for the American army had been repurposed into a village and, on this particular morning, a festival grounds. From outside the green emblemed gate, we spied perhaps one hundred villagers spinning around in circles around a central bonfire. I could not discern the cause for celebration. But there were foamy beverages and roasted meats and exuberant hollers. And how could I resist?

10. DISTANT CHEERS.

CHARLES

So shall we stand here and merely *review* the party from afar?

CHARLES (narration)

It was not a true question. For as soon as I finished asking it, I flapped the reins on my steed and strode forward. No doubt the goddess and revenant cowboy could dispute until the moon crows.

HELIX

It's just that we don't have the best luck with, uhm, parties. Remember the mayor's mansion?

CHARLES (narration)

Helix had her eternal reservations. Eternal in the most literal sense, of course. But should we not celebrate life when given the chance? As I neared the green-embled entry gate, a couple men in dirty gray hats pushed it open and waved us inside. They both looked drunken to a defect.

11. GATE CREAKING OPEN.

JESSE

Looks like that one pissed himself.

HELIX

Ugh. Can't say I haven't been there.

12. CANNONBALL SHOT INTO THE AIR.

13. LOUD CHEERS.

CHARLES (narration)

It seemed the residents had repurposed an old artillery cannon into some sort of festival bauble. As the stone shot flew above our heads, our three horses stomped the earth and whined, as if to say, *No. No further. See yourself inside.* And so we obliged. We lowered ourselves from the saddles and followed dear Sonny Machine's pulsing direction. Onward into the fray, the flock of raucous drunks dressed in their tiresome grays. *Ah, the Midwest.*

(Scene Transition)

14. HELIX SIGHS.

HELIX (narration)

Back when I had all my Godly capacities, alcohol had the same effect on me as water. *Nothing.* Gods are *always* hydrated. And that so-called *buzz* humans talk about? Never felt that. Not

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until I had all my powers stripped away. [a beat] So I guess I'll thank Emi for *that*. I mean, she might be the most selfish, possessive, heartless, conniving and cruel, manipulative and – and did I say cruel? – and *cruel* deity to have ever graced the great-fucking-cosmos. But hey, at least now I can get tipsy.

15. A FIDDLE PLAYS NEARBY.

HELIX

These people know how to party! Here, I got a mug for each of us.

JESSE

What's in it?

CHARLES

A most foamy delight.

HELIX

Hope you've got a stomach, Jesse. This shit is strong!

16. JESSE SIPPING.

17. JESSE COUGHS.

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HELIX

Well?

JESSE

Tastes like boot.

CHARLES

But the trained tongue would call it *citric* with *piney* undertones, no?

JESSE

I say boot.

HELIX

Oh, whatever. Let's toast!

18. GLASS CLINK.

19. JESSE SIPPING.

20. JESSE COUGHING.

HELIX

Alright, boys. I'm going that way. Let's meet at that flagpole in, let's say, thirty? Oh, and *don't* leave your drinks alone.

JESSE

Do what?

CHARLES

Pardon?

HELIX

Oh. [a beat] Okay. Right.

HELIX (narration)

Warehouse rules. In the city, a party could show up at any time, at any place. A parking garage. A rail yard. An abandoned bodega. But most of the time, in the 80s – the *other* 80s, the one that's a hundred years away – it was old warehouses. And while they had a certain *je ne sais quoi* that I loved, they could get pretty sketchy. Yeah, Mom, I know. As a *God*, I didn't need to worry. But I had human friends. So we made the *warehouse rules*. Check in every half hour. Watch your drinks. And most of all, most important, most *essential*: *don't* make out with randos.

HELIX

Okay, see that flag over there? The one with the, uh, hand reaching up to the sun. So in half an hour we'll meet beneath –

HELIX (narration)

Then some old woman stepped right between us. Like, literally stepped right in front of me while I was talking, and smiled.

HELIX

Um, hello? Can I *help* you?

HELIX (narration)

But she didn't respond. She just gave me a big wrinkly smile.

JESSE

Hey, uh, Helix. Think she's tryin' to hand you somethin'.

HELIX (narration)

I looked down at the woman's hand. She was holding a purple flower petal. Maybe a geranium. I dunno. I was weirded out.

MADA (charming)

I'm sorry. That's just Miss Eve. She wants you to have a gift.

HELIX (narration)

Behind me was some farmer guy. Or at least, he looked like one. Nobody else had a straw hat on except him. And he had that tan. [beat] Ugh. I'm aware. Valley girls. Farmer guys. My weaknesses.

HELIX

Oh. Um, okay. Sure.

HELIX (narration)

The woman — Miss Eve, I guess — gave all three of us a purple flower petal.

MADA

Hey, not to be a bother. But I, uh, notice that you're barefoot.

HELIX

Yeah. Is that a problem?

MADA

Oh! Oh, no. Not at all. I'm sorry. My name's Mada. We're just stomping cherries over there. To make jam. If you wanna join.

HELIX (narration)

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I looked down and noticed Mada was barefoot, too. And he had a reddish tint to the bottom of his feet. And a big, goofy smile.

HELIX

You know what? Sure. [beat] See you guys in thirty! At the flag!

(Scene Transition)

21. CRACKLING OF FIRE.

JESSE (narration)

To tell it true, [I] was near sick of seeing those two faces. Been months now, stuck with ol' barefoot and the Jack-a-dandy. So after Helix went off, I wandered 'round to the bonfire and took out this-here notebook. Started readin' up the ol' entries, wondering how the hell I ended up in cold, green Montana. Folks around me kept on with their drinkin', dancin', throwin' purple flowers up in the air. Got me wondering what the hell-all the occasion was.

22. LOUD CHEERS.

JESSE (narration)

Well, right around sunfall, folks started gathering 'round the front gate with that green circle on it. Couple guys went up a ladder with some red paint. Wrote on the wall, *Brink City*. Now I've seen all sorts of shanty towns. Not my problem. Y'all wanna claim an old army fort? Raise your own flag? Be my guest. But when Cleveland sends his boys back, *Brink City* better know how to do more than drink, dance, and throw flowers around.

CHARLES

There you are. Scribbling away, no doubt. Well, I've been planted at that flagpole for nearly half a lifetime. You do remember it, yes? The one with the poorly illustrated hand raising toward the sun? Or have you already gotten lost in that weathered diary of yours? Oh, and what of Helix? Perhaps the Goddess only knows how to set rules? And where has *she* run off -

JESSE

Over there. Stompin' cherries.

CHARLES

Oh, *still* at that? You would think the world's supply would be jam by now. Ah, well, no matter. Seems she found a lumpish

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companion for the night. Someone else to tire with her prattling, no? [beat] As she is the *prattler* between us three.

JESSE (sarcastic)

Uh-huh.

CHARLES

Indeed. And it should come as *no* surprise that I've found myself a small audience to entertain. You know, when I'm not idling at the rendezvous, aimlessly, waiting for *either* of my associates.

JESSE (sarcastic)

Yep.

CHARLES

Indeed. And perhaps I've found myself a few *protégés*? A few of the men are quite fascinated with my cartographic expertise, and rightfully so! They've even inquired how I might help chart -

THE LIBRARIAN (firm)

Sir, if I may have your attention.

JESSE

No problem.

CHARLES

Excuse me.

JESSE (narration)

Woman had a big gray hood pulled over her head. Hiding her face.

THE LIBRARIAN

Thank you. I only mean to give welcome to Brink City. I've seen you turning pages for quite some time. We have a small but sufficient library up through the next two gates. You might find that more suitable for your reading. A *quieter* place.

23. CANNONBALL SHOT INTO THE AIR.

CHARLES (narration)

But not *I*? I assure you I've read *Putnam's Monthly* since I was -

JESSE

Just lead the way, ma'am.

24. BOOTS WALKING OFF.

(Scene Transition)

25. BOTTLES CLINKING.

CHARLES

I said to her: Madam, I've not seen your missing calf. In fact, I've not seen higher than your ankle.

26. RIDICULOUS MALE LAUGHTER.

CHARLES (narration)

Was I, perhaps, a tad besmirched, that both my companions had been *whisked* away? Recruited for the twinkle in their eyes, while I spent the following three hours proving myself to the cohort of gentlemen? Listing my achievements? Charming with wit?

27. INHALE ON A CIGAR.

CHARLES (narration)

Not at all. For I stumbled upon the only squatter who mattered in all of *so-called* Brink City. A man known as The Commandant. He wore a most colorless gray garb, as the general population did, but his social position was made evident upon arrival. An imposing stance, his posture as straight and narrow as the flagpole I stood beneath, and the Commandant wore a wide-brimmed Minuteman's hat that cast quite the shadow. In the center of the hat's crown, a circular red emblem which contained the illustration of a dagger. It seemed to distinguish himself and

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those men under his command from the green wheat emblem on the main entry gate – although how these coded emblems worked, I was unsure. Perhaps the squatters were performing a fantasy of civilization. Nevertheless, with a self-ordained title such as the *Commandant*, I was none too surprised by the man's grandiosity. I was smitten by his martial pageantry. It seemed quite earnest, if not childlike. Thus I humored him.

THE COMMANDANT (lively)

Mr. *Osgood*, was it? Good to meet you, sir! I administer the Keepers here in Brink City. You'll recognize us from our hats. We wear the crimson badge of arms, see?

CHARLES

Ah, so it is *function over form* here? I see! I must confess, I'm somewhat relieved. I thought a delusion of gray had run rampant.

THE COMMANDANT

Not a chance, sir! Uniformity reminds us we're each-*all* equals.

CHARLES (narration)

A quaint notion. Do the green and red emblems not imply some gesture toward hierarchy? Perhaps this community has some manifesto that formally outlines its castes, classes, sects,

tribes, so forth, in such a way that outsiders do not take authority from one over the other. [beat] But truly, an emblem with darling wheat leaves placed beside a blood-shaded emblem with a firearm? Perhaps I'm a cynic. Nevertheless, as the night grew heavy, and the flagpole continued to stand unaccompanied by my former companions, I followed the hoard of gray-topped gentlemen toward their so-called *barracks*.

28. GATE CREAKING OPEN.

CHARLES (narration)

Just as the entry gate, the fort's second gate remained closed until my company arrived upon its threshold. That same crimson dagger emblem hung on its metal bars. A peculiar choice, I would think, that the armed individuals are not stationed near the primary entrance. But who am I but a wandering cartographer? And so the Keepers, as they claim themselves, opened the second gate, and the Commandant guided us through. Deep in the fortress's afar, there rose what must've been the third and final gate. At the bonfire, that unusual Librarian made mention of this gate, that the library would be located beyond a third checkpoint, where Jesse would need to pass through. It was much too far to ascertain a coded emblem of any sort, but it seemed numerous individuals guarded its flanks. As I passed through a

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second large gate that night, I spied a third and final gate in the distance. However, it was closed. And yet, did that brainy woman not guide Jesse beyond *two gates*?

CHARLES

Mr. Commandant, sir, I've an inquiry about that gate out there.

THE COMMANDANT

Ah, no doubt! I shall tell you all about it. [beat] Mr. Osgood, because your curiosity is encouraging, perhaps you'd assist me with mapping guard patrols? They could rightly use a shrewd eye.

CHARLES

Me? Well, I - it'd be my pleasure. An honor. Perhaps a *cigar* could assist us as well? And some more of those fizzy goods?

29. RIDICULOUS MALE LAUGHTER.

(Scene Transition)

30. MORNING BIRDS TWEETING.

MADA (charming)

We'll pick off one more tree. Then we can sneak off for shade.

HELIX

Your friends won't mind? Seems like the other people – the other *Makers*? – they are still –

MADA

Naw, you're a guest. Can't make you do a whole day's picking.

HELIX

But it's relaxing. Haven't felt calm in [beat] a hundred years.

31. MADA CHUCKLES.

HELIX (narration)

(playful) No, Mom. Nothing happened that night. Me and Mada literally just pitted cherries and then stomped on them until we got tired. That might sound boring but – I dunno, I had a really good time. *(sincere)* It made me think of me and Dre's first date. Out on the Brooklyn Heights Promenade, laughing at how ridiculous everyone acted—posh, walking their Dalmatians, completely ignorant of the people and beautiful scenery around them. Dre called them "fancy husks." I thought that was fitting. We leaned over the railing and tossed bread into the water, watching the ducks squabble and flap around. It was – [sigh] I didn't know what I had. Dre was the first time I really

understood the span of a human life. [beat] So, so, so very short.

MADA

Look. That tree has good shade. We can hear the river from it.

HELIX

Sure, but — the other Makers are still working. I'd feel bad if I —

MADA

C'mon. I wanna show you something anyways. Little thing I drew.

HELIX (narration)

Last night we fell asleep outside the tub where we smashed cherries. They're called Napoleons. Bright red with little yellow bellies. And this morning, when we walked into the orchard, I saw dozens of people — *Makers* — picking from trees.

32. BABBLING RIVER NEARBY.

HELIX

So I meant to ask. Why do you call yourself — and them — *Makers*?

MADA

Oh. It's a - a sort of organization thing. Keeps things simple. See this on my shirt pocket? It's our emblem. Our community has three of them: green, red, and blue. You can always tell someone's duties from it. Doesn't mean much more than that.

HELIX (narration)

I was starting to learn that Mada liked being brief. He led us to the cherry tree and we sat beneath the shade, stretching out. When he pulled his straw hat off, a curtain of hair fell down to his shoulders. Mada tucked it behind his ears. I could tell he was getting nervous.

MADA

Alright. Please don't laugh. There wasn't much light to draw by.

HELIX (narration)

He pulled a small notebook from his back pocket and flipped through the pages. Then he stopped and handed it over to me.

HELIX (flattered yet confused)

Oh. Oh, *this* is - is this me? When did you even - how did you -

MADA

Last night. You fell asleep pretty fast. I hope you don't mind.

HELIX (narration)

As a God, you should probably get used to these things. But I never could. It was a sketch of me. I had my hand raised high and the sun burning bright above me. I looked, I dunno, *divine*? In one way I was totally flattered. I mean, a farmer boy with that hair, giving me a drawing like that? He even got my brow bones down accurately. So many of these reverent illustrations the Gods receive, they get the details all wrong. Humans love to draw us with big white wings, golden halos, all of that typical shit. But Mada's drawing, it was *me*. My lightning bolt earrings, my bare feet, my dirty-as-hell but still stylish-as-hell dress. But then there's my hand raised trying to grab the sun. He drew the sky as if the clouds were parting for me. For a second, I was scared. Did Mada know who I was, somehow? Or could he just sense it? [beat] (*solemn*) But I didn't want to think about that. I just wanted it to be what it seemed: a sweet drawing from a sweet guy.

(Scene Transition)

JESSE

Hmm.

THE LIBRARIAN (firm)

Oh. Good morning, sir. [beat] Have you been reading all night?

JESSE (narration)

Shit. Must've gotten lost in the literature. Once that Librarian - that's how she referred to herself, the *Librarian* - once she brought me to the library, I got knee-deep in the books. Must've been twelve hours. Got through an auto-biography on Frederick Douglass and a couple dime novels on Deadwood Dick. Also learned the history of this Fort Keough. Seems after the Civil War, the Union decided to abandon the fort. Beyond that, glimpsed through lots and lots of books on the stars. Seems these folks love their physics literature. Had all sorts of handwritten notes in the margins, stuff like *the divine firmament* and *ascension*.
[beat] Found that real, *real* interesting.

JESSE

Yeah. Skimmed through just about everything. Some were alright. Figure I could've written some of them better.

THE LIBRARIAN (firm)

Well. That's - that's good. [beat] Perhaps some rest, you think?

JESSE

Maybe. [beat] Got a question, first. You wrote this book here?

JESSE (narration)

Was a thin thing. More of a pamphlet. Handwritten. Had a title, "The *Thinker's* Manifesto." About fifty pages. With drawings. Anytime I see the word *manifesto*, I don't get good feelings. Particularly from folks who've just claimed an abandoned fort.

THE LIBRARIAN

Me. And a few others. [beat] I was unaware I left that in here.

34. CHAIR SLIDING.

JESSE

You didn't. [beat] Now suppose you're a *Thinker*. Book says you all wear those big hoods. [beat] Thinkers. What're y'all so curious about? Must be some important thoughts, being hidden behind two gates and a small army.

35. BEAT.

THE LIBRARIAN (becoming tense)

Is there a more specific question I might answer, Mr. Rogers?

JESSE

Yeah. [beat] I got a habit. Not telling strange folks my name.

THE LIBRARIAN (awkwardly)

I overheard one of your confidantes. Is that not permissible?

JESSE (narration)

Didn't like the cut of her jib. Right from the start. Seemed too convenient. Too specific. Why'd she take so much interest in me at the bonfire? Sure wanted me to get separated from my group, didn't she? Soon as that Librarian fell asleep last night, I scoped out the building. Got all these little rooms connected. Each of 'em for a *Thinker*. Well, I found the Librarian's room. She was sleeping real peaceful. Found an ol' wooden trunk in her bedroom. And in that, books. Books like that *Thinker's* Manifesto, and most interesting, a book on *opening up the firmament*. [beat] To open up the sky, all they'd need is a sacrifice.

JESSE

Matter of fact, now I got two questions. You don't seem busy. First one is, these *Great Pylons* y'all write about. I've seen your little illustrations. There are twelve of 'em, right? All in a circle. Seems you've constructed these towers yourself. You're gonna tell me where they are and what they're meant for. And then the last thing. [beat] This ritual y'all are planning. I read all about it. You need one *Maker*, one *Keeper*, and one *Thinker*. That right? Now I don't expect y'all to sacrifice your own. No, y'all would get some poor suckers instead. And just like this book says, you'd choose 'em by giving each a petal from a purple flower. [beat] Now don't that sound damn familiar? [beat] Sounds a lot like the petals you gave me and my companions at the bonfire, don't it? [beat] Go on, Miss Eve. You're not foolin' anybody. Pull that hood off. And start talkin'.

(Scene Transition)

36. SONNY MACHINE BEEPING.

SONNY MACHINE

Fifth tower ... located. Fifth tower ... 736 meters distant.

CHARLES (sleepy)

Oh, that bleak obelisk is going nowhere. Perhaps the *journey* should be savored, and less the itinerant destination?

37. INHALE ON CIGAR.

CHARLES (narration)

The esteemed Commandant stationed me in a private quarters on the barrack's highest floor. No doubt, elevation implies prestige, and the Commandant recognized me as august company. On the bedside table, the Commandant delivered to me a mug of delicious brew, one sweet roll, and the rudimentary maps for his Keeper's patrols. I relished this evening in peace. These past weeks, it's been one event after another, and though I'm no stranger to the bustle, I'd forgotten the gift of quiet introspection. And so throughout the night I'd contemplated his maps. Quite rudimentary indeed. It seemed the *brawn* of that half-town did little to renegotiate Fort Keough's original footways. They merely divided the old military fortress into three precincts: *Makers*, *Keepers*, and *Thinkers*. Beyond that, this *Brink City*, so they claimed it, was a lone dirt path leading from one section to the next. That's the extent of the Keeper's patrols. They march forward and backward, and at each

gate, they march side-to-side. [beat] How quaint, if not incautious.

38. DISTANT DOOR SLAM. BEATING AGAINST DOOR.

CHARLES (narration)

No doubt the *Keepers* - for whatever they kept - were the brutes of the bunch. Always stomping about, huffing and grunting. Not that a heavy step should preclude intelligence. But more often than not - *No*, I shouldn't. Despite their hatch slamming, I was pleased to wake in a private room. Away from the prattling goddess and revenant cowboy, to be left to my graces.

39. BELL TOLLS TWICE IN THE DISTANCE.

CHARLES (narration)

I rose from the lumpy bed and approached the wide oriel window, looking out onto the stronghold. The alleged *Brink City*. At west there was the Keeper's Gate, crossing the belly of the fortress, rising with a teetering belltower. That which tolled again for some reason - who could know? It did not seem to dictate time. And beyond the Keeper's Gate was the Maker's precinct. Farmland. And the common square where we danced and drank that first eve.

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Perhaps, I thought, I judged the Commandant's drab mappings too harshly. Were they not mere settlers, occupying the tatters of -

40. DISTANT ARGUING, SHOUTING.

CHARLES (to himself)

Oh, how *came* them so? Some of us are attempting *thought*, here.

41. CHARLES COUGHING.

CHARLES (narration)

Perhaps the Midwest makes up for its cultural anemia with oafish hubris. Nevertheless, I took back to the window and turned toward the east, where the *Thinker's* gate was shut tight. Beyond its stone walls, a mere peppering of dwellings. One large central dome, I imagined to be the library, and a series of lodgings surrounding. Was Jesse not out there? And farther still, in the farthest reaches of *Brink City*, I squinted - [beat] *perhaps?* - a spiral of towers? At such distance these seemed great silhouetted fingers reaching out from the earth, though I could not discern the count.

42. THREE DISTANT SCREAMS.

CHARLES (whispered)

Now *what* in the God -

43. JIGGLING A LOCKED DOOR.

CHARLES (narration)

I'd been locked. From the outside. On the highest floor of the barracks. Perhaps this was a routine precaution, the Keepers wishing me safe from their oafish tendencies. But of course, the tune of my recent travels would have no such mercy. Something was afoot. And I'd no evident escape.

(Scene Transition)

44. SMALL ROCK PLUNGING INTO WATER.

MADA

Almost. Remember, thumb on the top. Throw it fast, not hard.

HELIX (narration)

Mada came up behind me, the brim of his straw hat over my head. Then he pinched my middle finger and moved it beneath the stone.

45. A SKIPPING ROCK.

HELIX

Finally. Oh my Gods. I feel like I threw at least a hundred -

HELIX (narration)

And then Mada turned me around and leaned forward. He kissed me.

46. KISS.

HELIX

Oh. [beat] Oh, *no*. Don't make that face. I don't mean *oh*, like -

MADA

I'm - I thought - I'll just [beat] I'll just jump in the river.

47. HELIX LAUGHS.

HELIX

Oh, shut *up*. Just - it was unexpected. [beat] It's *fine*, Mada.

HELIX (narration)

He looked defeated. Hands in his pockets. Staring at the ground.

MADA (softly)

There isn't much time, is all. Better a fool than a big coward.

HELIX

Oh, don't have a cow. It's *fine*, okay? [beat] What do you mean, not much time?

HELIX (narration)

Mada looked out into the fields behind us. All the Makers plucking away at the cherries, placing them into their bags.

MADA (softly)

Helix, if you *wanted*. [beat] I mean, no one is watching us.

HELIX (narration)

I used to never feel alcohol. I used to never bleed. I used to never feel my heart drop, until right there. In the orchard. But Mada couldn't know. He couldn't know that Gods can't make love to humans. It drives them crazy. It makes them [beat] unhealthy. Because I've seen it. I've [beat] - I've seen it. And I will never have another Dre. No. I learned my lesson. But there was something *else* Mada couldn't have known. Something that he said. These past few weeks, going from town to town, we meet all sorts of people. Bandits. Underground worshippers. Roller rink DJs. Sometimes we're friends, sometimes we're not. But this is a totally strange and dangerous world to be mortal in. Especially as someone who doesn't know how to *be* mortal. So I'm very, very careful about giving out my name.

HELIX (slowly)

Mada. [beat] I know we've spent the past day together. So it would seem natural. But I - [beat] I never told you my name.

48. BABBLING RIVER DURING SILENCE.

HELIX (narration)

He reached up to his straw hat and removed it. Then he snapped his fingers.

49. FINGERS SNAPPING.

HELIX (narration)

All those Makers in the field. The ones that *weren't* watching. They stood straight and turned. Cherries fell from their hands. Dozens of Makers. They started walking. Then running toward me. When they looked at Mada, they called him *Seer*. [beat] *The Seer*.

MAKER WOMAN

Seer, I have the rope. Give the word.

MADA

Yes, bind her. And send word to Eve. We're en route with the sacrifice.

RADIO: Outcast - Ep 5A, "That Goblin Cry" - **TEMPORARY TRANSCRIPT**

End Credits