

RADIO: Outcast - Ep 4B, "The Roller Disco" - **TEMPORARY TRANSCRIPT**

(This temporary transcript is the recording script for 4B, 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 groovy, gunslinging podcast for mature audiences. Content warning: this episode contains depictions of torture, panic attacks and graphic psychological violence near the end of 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)

Spectra: Emi's losing it - she's totally, utterly desperate. This delusion, about her and Helix, bound for eternity, has gone on for *far* too long. And Charles, the human puppet man, he made that deal with Helix to try and win one of her powers and Emi (*she laughs*) - Emi went into hysterics. Transformed the heavens into a slow-mo soup. So who did she turn to? Charles might be her ears, but *I'm* Emi's eyes. I've watched that ridiculous little trio go from dust town to desert and desert to the city streets, and now - they're in this little... arena. A fitting place for a battle between sisters, no? (*She laughs*) Oh no, it's been a *real pleasure* watching you suffer, Helix, but that was child's play. Now... now it's *my turn*.

(Safe Travels (main theme) plays)

1. WHEELS SPINNING FAST. THEN MORE AND MORE ARE ADDED.

DJ Fur Trap (microphoned)

DJ Fur Trap, back on the mic! C'mon everybody, let's have fun tonight! Here, across the nation, across the world. Everybody!

2. HELIX LAUGHING GIDDILY TO HERSELF.

Helix (narration)

I put my arms up in the air and spun round, and round, and round to the music. I haven't felt as free as I did today since I hung out on the mortal plane in the 70s.

I taught a couple humans how to make a train with me. We linked arms together and took a spin around the rink -- with me on the end. It didn't matter that we all smelled bad or that we were all strangers, it was just irrevocable spirit-relieving fun! I was having fun, Mom. Like--can you just fucking think of the last time you had fun with the rest of the pantheon? If that's ever even happened?

Whatever. It's not like you're listening to my prayers anyways.

3. CODA HAPPY TWEET-TWEET.

Helix

Jesse!

Helix (narration)

Jesse came back from the stables, with a little kid beside him. I fell out of the train and skated toward them. I gave two

thumbs up, did a festive little twirl, and Jesse just pointed toward the arcade area where he'd be.

(Scene Transition)

4. ARCADE MACHINE NOISES.

Jesse (narration)

When I wasn't escortin' a god, I was escortin' a kid. Barefoot was havin' a good time. Never seen anyone dance quite like her before - swinging her legs around and moving like a worm - but it didn't seem to bother no one. In fact, 'stead everyone around her was joinin' in and tried copyin' some of what she did. Swear I saw Helix lift one leg up in the air and somersault without fallin' over. Osgood was about as talented as she was. He sure looked funny in his three-piece suit spinnin' around in circles and dancin' with his arms out like a pair of wings. But even I can admit the man's good.

Kid

Over here, this way!

Jesse (narration)

The boy dragged me to some indoor carnival. [At] Least that's what it looked like. Bunch of futuristic machines poppin' with noises and colors. Kids runnin' around droppin' coins on the ground.

Jesse

Any sign of your parents, kid?

Kid

Mmmm, maybe.

Jesse

Got a name?

Kid

Yup.

Jesse

Wanna tell me what it is?

Kid

No. I--I don't know you, mister.

Jesse

Yeah, that's fair. Name's Jesse? What's yours?

Kid

This one!

Jesse

Huh?

Jesse (narration)

Stopped walkin' at one of the carnival games. The man workin' the booth smiled at 'im, and waved. A row of flimsy-looking rifles sat on the booth counter. Looked like they were bolted down with some metal.

Jesse

You his pa?

Jesse (narration)

The man chuckled and shook his head. The kid stood at the edge of the booth, pressed his hands against the counter and started kickin' his heels under the oversized coat.

Kid

Let's play this one! I'm gonna shoot all of those bottles down.

Jesse

What? Kid, I got better things to do. We're lookin' for your folks not shootin' practice. C'mon.

Jesse (narration)

Started walkin' off but the kid didn't follow. He hadn't even looked over at me. Kid was standin' at the booth liftin' one the rifles to his chin.

Jesse

Let's go!

Jesse (narration)

Just kept ignorin' me. I stomped back to 'im and lifted the rifle from his hand.

Jesse

One game. That's it. Then parents. Alright?

Kid

Teach me how to shoot straight!

Jesse (narration)

So I did. Spent a whole dollar on the kid. Wasn't half bad. But then he wanted me to play too and I got a tad carried away.

5. THE CONSECUTIVE SOUND OF CORKS POPPING FOLLOWED BY THE RING OF TIN BEING HIT OVER AND OVER.

Kid

Whoa! You got that one with your eyes closed. Do it again!

6. AGAIN, THE CONSECUTIVE SOUND OF CORKS POPPING FOLLOWED BY THE RING OF TIN BEING HIT OVER AND OVER.

Jesse (narration)

Folks gathered round us as I hit target after target. Askin' for trick shots from the crowd like I was Buffalo Bill or somethin'.

Kid

Show me! Show me!

Jesse

Alright, hold it this way.

Kid

You did it different.

Jesse

That's cause I'm a southpaw. See I use my left hand for most things? That means I'm a southpaw. But you ain't like me. So hold it like this. Right, now, let's fix how you're standin'.

Kid

I'm gonna call you Southpaw!

Jesse

I guess that's alright.

Jesse (narration)

We spent a while at that booth. Anytime I shot somethin' with my eyes closed the crowd started chantin' *southpaw, southpaw*. Kept asking for more and more trick shots. Until finally, the kid's Pa called him over.

7. BASS THUMPING, AND THEN SCRATCHING.

DJ Fur Trap (microphoned)

Alright folks, is everyone ready for tonight's competition?

8. CHEERS.

DJ Fur Trap (microphoned)

Alright! My boy is gonna hand out tonight's prize. Where you hidin' Lil' Fur Trap?

9. MORE CHEERS.

Jesse (narration)

The kid grabbed my hand and started runnin' around the floor where all the folks were skatin'. We went to a long table where a burly man sat covered head to toe in furs. It was the loud man who'd spent all day shoutin' nonsense to keep folks entertained.

DJ Fur Trap

(To Kid, voice a lot more gentle) There you are, bud. *(To Jesse)* Hey man, thanks for watchin' him for me. You competing or watching?

Jesse

Uhhhh, watchin' I guess.

DJ Fur Trap (microphoned)

(To Jesse) Cool man. Hang tight, a moment. *(To the crowd)* Here he is folks, Rink on the Moon's favorite lil' model.

10. MORE CHEERS.

11. KID LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY.

Jesse (narration)

He lifted his kid up in the air for everyone to see. The boy's sleeves fell down to his elbows as he shook his fists triumphantly in the air. And then, the competition began.

(Scene Transition)

12. SKATE SOUNDS.

Helix (narration)

Holy fuck, Mom, the whole thing was killer! Everyone had so much fun. There was a nice young couple who did a few turns on the rink, then crossed their arms and linked their hands, and did a few synchronized kicks along with the music, before spinning together in something like a waltz. Then, a woman in men's

clothing hit the crowd with a sassy two-step. After a few others, it was finally my turn.

13. MUSIC; "Limelight" by Gemyuni

Helix (narration)

I started with a bit of backwards walking, some cross steps, a couple spins on a single skate, and then I hit them with everything else.

14. MUSIC CONTINUES UNTIL END OF SONG

15. APPLAUSE.

I ended in the splits with the backs of my hands over my eyes. For a moment, while all I could see was my skin glowing red from the lights above, I just listened to them. Their applause. Their recognition. Their approval.

16. APPLAUSE ENDS.

17. A BEAT.

Helix (narration)

Then it was Charles's turn.

18. MUSIC; "Familiar Long Hours" by Peachface

I passed him to join the rest of the crowd behind the rink wall. Charles nodded at me then he glided toward the center of the arena. The rink quickly flooded with smoke. I couldn't tell you a damn thing about where the fog came from. Seems like it lifted from the floor, honestly. Then the lights turned off. A single spotlight illuminated him.

Charles lifted one hand into the light. Where did he find gloves? Well, he suddenly had them. It had rhinestones on the palms. He flashed his hands out and spun in figure-eights. Charles combed through the fog, drawing lines of air with his fingers, and then he disappeared. Into the clouds. When the beat dropped, he emerged six feet off the ground, out from the fog and landing perfectly on one foot. The crowd was just totally losing it. I mean, shit, I was losing it. Where did he get all those moves? He was good before but THIS, this was fucking amazing. Charles closed his routine by placing the backs of his hands over his eyes, just like I did in my routine, but the rhinestones added a flair. It looked like he had stars for eyes. He soared through the clouds, faster, faster, until he literally

RADIO: Outcast - Ep 4B, "The Roller Disco" - **TEMPORARY TRANSCRIPT**

became a blur of white suit and diamond eyes. It was the fastest I'd ever seen someone skate. And right as the song ended, he shot his arms backward and leapt into the air. Landing the wrong way could mean a broken neck. I've seen joints pop out on the rink floor. But no, not Charles. The spotlight followed him in the air as he landed a perfect forward-acceleration backflip. One of skating's most legendary moves. And I just — I couldn't believe it. Not the skating thing, I guess, because Charles is full of surprises, like he said. But my power? (beat) Charles won my power?

19. MUSIC ENDS.

20. WE HEAR CHARLES PANTING.

(Scene Transition)

21. INHALE ON CIGAR, EXHALE.

22. CHARLES COUGHING.

23. RAUCOUS APPLAUSE.

Charles (narration)

Once I finished the routine, my lungs demanded to escape me.

24. CHARLES COUGHING VIOLENTLY.

Charles (narration)

That horrible woman filled the entire room with smoke. I felt as though I'd gone through a dozen cigars while running on foot from the law. My lungs burned, my vision was just shy of gone, and what was worse, I couldn't even enjoy what was clearly a landslide victory.

25. CHARLES COUGHS, COUGHS, COUGHS.

DJ Fur Trap (microphoned)

It looks like we have our winner!

Charles (narration)

I raised a hand in thanks to my audience and made my way to the man called DJ Fur Trap. He shook my hand, pulled the fur coat off the child dancing next to him, and handed the prize over to me.

Jesse

I'd clean that coat before bringin' those sleeves anywhere near my face, if I was you.

26. KID SNIFFLES.

Charles

Duly noted.

Helix

(Upset) Hey.

Jesse

Barefoot, what you did out there was something else.

Charles

Simply stunning.

Jesse

(in wonder) But *Charles* that was *really something*. I mean that thing you did where you, you know, what do you call that? And when did you change back into your suit? I swear I saw you out there in some sparkling white —

Charles

(proud) Indeed, although *backflips* are not the standard in ballet, not even in Berlin, I do have some ballroom experience. As all fashionable gentlemen ought to.

Helix

Well, Charles, it looks like you beat me fair and square. You really pulled out all the stops, I didn't even think to ask the staff about using a fog machine. How'd you convince them?

(Scene Transition)

27. RECORD SCRATCH.

Helix (narration)

Charles threw the coat over his shoulder and smiled.

Charles

Oh, you know. Sometimes simply asking for help is good enough.

Helix (narration)

For a guy like Charles, who just loves to brag and narrate every single iota of his decision-making and how he succeeded, he sure got real quiet. Of course, I could pluck his brain for the

RADIO: Outcast - Ep 4B, "The Roller Disco" - **TEMPORARY TRANSCRIPT**

truth. I could stare him down and draw out some rambling explanation. But what kind of Goddess would I be, Mom? To break my promises. To intimidate just because I lost. I'd be just like Emi, wouldn't I? (beat, sigh) No. I wouldn't do that. Maybe this is a test of my will. Or one of Emi's tests? She'd want me to squash his dreams. Kill the promise. A typical Goddess would never make a bargain like this and sacrifice such a gift. But I don't want to be typical. Besides, at the end of my sentence, or whatever Emi wants to call this, all my powers will revert back to me as soon as I enter the Heavens. Let's just hope this isn't one of the major powers.

Helix

(She sighs) Well, a deal's a deal. You get my power.

Jesse

I'm sorry. You're giving him what?

Helix

I promised Charles if he won that he'd get this tower's power.

Jesse

On purpose? Are you out of your goddamn mind?

Charles

Interesting. As a goddess, do you think she damned her own mind?

Jesse

How'd you trick her into this, huh? Talkin' in circles like this?

Charles

I did no such thing. She was the one who challenged *me*.

Jesse

Barefoot, this is one of your dumber decisions.

Helix

Don't have a cow, it's fine. Right Charles? (*Decisively*)

Alright. Jesse. Do you have a knife on you?

Jesse

(*unsure*) Yeah, here. You sure about this?

Charles

Sorry, but, what is the knife for exactly?

Helix

(to Charles) Give me your hand.

Charles

My hand? *(Alarmed)* For what?

Helix

I need your blood. Now, quit being such a wimp and give me your hand.

Charles

Can't we just use yours?

Helix

No. You won. Now give me your blood, Charles!

28. KID_SNIFFS.

Kid

Your friends are weird.

Jesse

(sighs) You ain't wrong about that one. *(beat, then to himself)*
Should probably stop her from runnin' around in skates while
pointin' a knife.

DJ Fur Trap

Yeah. Don't need any deaths today.

29. KID LAUGHS.

Jesse

Sorry about 'em. I'll go take care of it. See ya, kid.

Kid

Bye!

(Scene Transition)

30. CHARLES COUGHING.

31. INHALE ON CIGAR.

Charles (narration)

Despite my protestations, Helix had Jesse hold me still in the end. She sliced my palm and then rubbed her hand on the blood.

Helix

Okay, be right back.

Charles (narration)

Helix skated to the tower in the center of the floor. She pressed her hand with my blood onto its black surface and waited, closing her eyes. The point of contact glowed as it often did, but a sudden warmth spread from my own chest and bloomed out to the rest of my body.

Charles

That felt strange.

Jesse

You get used to it.

Charles (narration)

Mistress, I do hope you are proud. I shall elaborate the gift I received. At once, the sounds around me each became singular. Yes, still in a glorious social harmony, a cacophony of chat and

RADIO: Outcast - Ep 4B, "The Roller Disco" - **TEMPORARY TRANSCRIPT**

plastic upon wood, but each one its own sort of identity within me. I suddenly understood how to piece them apart. At this moment, I was unsure what the power was, in particular. But as Helix, Jesse, and I, strolled from the wooden floor, I made an instinctive attempt. This is how your powers work, no? The instructions are encoded within. I sought out the garish music coming from above and I altered its direction. Would I could, I'd silence the terrible sounds entirely. But I could not. Merely I could manipulate its direction, the way that noise approached me. The power seems to work from the gut, or perhaps the chest? It has no discernable sensory result. Merely I imagine the command of sound manipulation to reach out from my chest, to grab the invisible sounds and cast them aside. Well, I elaborated such to Helix and she seemed relieved, as though this power were not one of her most urgent or beloved. Nevertheless, Mistress Emi, it should come in handy. Were there to be a whispering across the way, I could pull its secrets closer to me. Were Jesse to prattle on about his mistrust in me, his diary ambitions, I could fling his voice in some other direction.

(beat) What a pleasant gift, no?

I thanked Helix for keeping her end of the bargain and excused myself once more to the lavatories to wash my wound. Once inside the door locked shut behind me. Spectra lounged against the

RADIO: Outcast - Ep 4B, "The Roller Disco" - **TEMPORARY TRANSCRIPT**

backside of the door, cigarette still in hand. Just as before, a fear tightened in my stomach.

Charles

(flustered) You're still here. Thank you for your assistance, Spectra. I couldn't have succeeded without it.

Spectra

Yeah, whatever. I didn't stick around for your thanks. I came to deliver one last thing to you. From Emi.

Charles

(flustered) From my mistress? What is it?

Spectra

A warning.

Charles (narration)

The room filled once more with smoke. Before me, the washbasin disappeared behind a wall of dark green clouds. A most rancid smell filled the air. Rot. Death. Amidst the jungle of smoke, Spectra stepped away. She faded into the peculiar deepness. Mistress, you have shown me the underbelly of the Gods. Tendrils

of black smoke reached across the green clouds. My lungs filled, heaved for breath, and I fell to the floor.

32. CHARLES PANTING.

33. CHARLES COUGHING.

Charles (narration)

I did not mistake your message as cruelty, Mistress. I do swear. Please know that when I wept there, in the lavatories, I did so from (beat) the knowing. How the black tendrils took the shape of my own face. A floating noxious Charles Osgood staring down at me. Each cough I made the phantom self-image warped, altered, his eyes bloating outward and leaking black accursed fluids, his lips bulging and cracking a sickly blue. I closed my eyes but the vision would not escape me.

34. CHARLES HEAVIER COUGHING.

Charles (narration)

I crawled through the mist. Soon I found the cold lavatory wall, climbed my way up to shaky knees. I wouldn't dare ignore your message, Mistress Emi. I faced it. I would receive it. I placed my back against the wall and stared into the face of a man I

RADIO: Outcast - Ep 4B, "The Roller Disco" - **TEMPORARY TRANSCRIPT**

would become, a defiled and deformed Charles Osgood, were I to betray you. (beat) But I shall not. I have won today, with the help of dear Spectra. I kept your truth concealed. My reward is a warning. And I accept. I took my step forward across the lavatory and stroked the tendril chin of the noxious Charles Osgood. And then – the mist went asunder. Lifted through the ceiling and away.

35. GHOSTLY SIGH.

36. CHARLES PANTING AND SLOWLY GATHERING HIMSELF.

37. CHARLES WALKING ACROSS ROOM.

38. A RUSTY KNOB IS TURNED, AND THEN THE TAP RUNS WATER.

I washed the blood from my palm. (beat) I will not fail you.

End Credits