

Harbor Season 2
Episode 2: Perdition

Written by
Faraday Roke

Copyright © Faraday Roke and Tartarus Jenny Studios, Ltd.
2021

Jacque@tartarusjenny.com
Colorado, USA

SCENE 1: INT. LEAH'S KITCHEN, AFTERNOON

Light noises of something baking, a hiss from the oven. Sam is boppin' around the kitchen tossing a few utensils in the sink and blasting them with water. He's humming along with the music in the bg feeding over the stereo. The timer BEEEEPS.

SAM:

(In time with the music)

Oh-! It's fudgin' cookies, it's the fudgin' cookies, never gonna get tired of these, the fudgin' cookies..

He darts across the room, still humming as he opens the door, grabbing the oven mitts with a little woosh of fabric. Simultaneously, the front door opens from afar.

SAM: (cont'd)

Hi mom! *(He continues his jam)*

AL:

(Almost indecipherable)

Hey it's me!

SAM:

So, actually, I made do, there's this substitution trick that worked- but anyway..

She walks in, as Sam is spinning around to set the cookie tray on the counter.

SAM: (cont'd)

How was the stoor- Al!- *(Yipe of pain, he burnt himself, pan clatters down onto the countertop)*

AL:

(Mimicking him)

Ahhh! Me!

SAM:

(Trying to communicate)

Ah, Ow- HOT-

AL:

(Realizing it's not a joke)

Ah-! Are you ok?

SAM:
*(Trying to calm her
 down)*
 No no, ha ha ha...! *(Hisses in pain)*

AL:
 AHH!! You're not ok!!

SAM:
*(Still trying to
 calm her down)*
 It's fine, its-uh-gah-is fine, ow ow-

AL:
*(Confusion, worry,
 simultaneous)*
 AHHHHH-

TITLE SEQUENCE

SCENE 2: INT. LEAH'S KITCHEN, AFTERNOON

Water is pouring over his hand, Al is rummaging through the fridge.

AL:
 You were just-it's a hot oven, I
 didn't know- where in the hell is the
 aloe...

SAM:
 At the back.-

AL:
 -Found it. I'm so sorry.

SAM:
 It's fine. So, uh, what happened to
 picking me up at 6?

He takes the aloe vera, squelching it on the burn, hissing
 in pain.

AL:
 Yeah, I was just... I didn't... wanna be
 home alone. I'm really sorry-

SAM:
*(Shrugging it off,
 trying to keep
 things light)*
 The oven needs a sacrifice, you know
 this. Can you throw the other pan in
 for 13-

AL:
 Got it. Got it...

She leaps into action, sliding the next tray in. The oven
 door closes. She twists an egg timer and lets it go.

AL: (cont'd)
 I-I'd give you some of my skin but
 eh... running a little short lately.
 Sorry.

SAM:
*(A little taken
 aback by her stress)*
 Al, you're ok! I'm ok... *(Hesitantly)*
 Are ... you ok?

AL:
 Wha... Heh, Trying out a new
 catchphrase?

SAM:
 The screaming wasn't cutting it.

AL:
*(Light chuckle,
 reminding herself to
 come back down)*
 No, I'm good. Haven't been to a party
 in a while, is all... everything's
 alright.

SAM:
 Except it isn't. Whatsoever. At all.
 Indomitably ... not the best. Party
 notwithstanding.

AL:
 Right now? This is fine. Sundays are
 good days.

SAM:
 Cause we don't have to be all wrapped
 up in it, but tomorrow...

AL:
Now you're making it a bit worse.

SAM:
Exactly! I'm sorry, but that's exactly my point. I'm... I dunno, I worry about you... You're stressed, you're... distant.

AL:
Isn't there something about living in a glass house and throwin' stones?

SAM:
(Blanching)
It- ah- it's because you've been away! H-how am I supposed to... compete with the fuckery at work? I'm just worried.

AL:
It's our day off, come on- it ain't the end of the world.

SAM:
(Slightly exasperated)
Compared to what?

AL:
(The defensive smile, the defensive calm)
To anything beyond that bullshittery, *(A mystical spookiness to her voice)* real life even. Look, I'm supposed to be the one that gets all in a fit over you, stop- *(Slight huff of a laugh)* I'm ok. I'd let you know if I wasn't.

NARRATOR:
An echo of iron stench invaded Sam's mind. His sister carried a raggedness about her that he'd seen once before, once out of control- a reminder of a night he'd never lived, pooling with blood. He slapped the miasmatic memory away, as soon as it leached in.

SAM:
*(turning it into a
joke)*
I-I can go back to the screaming, if
you won't listen. Brush up on
whimpering, the wailing-

AL:
You never wailed.

SAM:
If my concern for you is sooo
inconvenient, I'll start.

AL:
(Chuckling)
Can that be your new thing? Something
happens, Sam's weeping. Printer goes
down; it's sackcloth and ashes.

SAM:
I mean, if the printer does go down,
it's hell on earth.

AL:
*(Jumping on their
diverting
conversation)*
Try it out tonight, you'll be the
life of the party.

SAM:
Oh, like they've never seen an
overdramatic Human before.

AL:
There ain't many humans at the real
Perdition, actually! This is the full
shebang, not like those dopey human
knock-off parties. Folks'll be lining
up around the block to see your
particular flavor.

SAM:
(Mock-touched)
Then I'll make sure to do it just
around you, only you, especially when
you're trying to look cool!

AL:
*(Like she's in pain
 with the "gift")*
 Oooh, ooooh, yeeaaaah, how'd you know
 just what I've always waaanted...?

SAM:
 I can read minds now. I know things.

AL:
 Oh, side benefits from Crux?

The front door opens and Leah enters, shuffling groceries.

SAM:
*(Immediately burning
 red)*
 GAH! No! STOP IT!! It's not like
 that!!

Al cackles as Sam groans.

SAM: (cont'd)
 You're so mean...

AL:
 Ahaha, it's too easy to make you
 melt.

LEAH:
 Don't melt your brother- he's got
 cookies to make.

SAM:
 Attacks from all sides. You'll never
 stop making me pay taxes for
 existing.

LEAH:
 Raise a little soul into a big one,
 then you'll understand the cookie
 tax. Hi baby, you're early-

AL:
(Softer)
 Yeah. You need help with the bags?

They embrace.

LEAH:
 Nah, this is it. You look... good! That
 salve working better?

AL:
It makes my arms all slippy.

LEAH:
Well that's something. Sam, here's
your vanilla...

Leah starts putting away groceries and Al joins in.

SAM:
Oh, I did half the batch with almond
extract, so try 'em and tell me what
you think-

AL:
Where's the chickpeas go again?

LEAH:
*(Taking a little
bite of a cookie)*
With the cereal. Mm, it's good.
You're getting fancy with it.

SAM:
Imagination is the product of...
Blockages. That's not how that goes..

LEAH:
"Necessity is the mother of
invention".

SAM:
Exactly.

LEAH:
(Airly)
Necessity for Perdition, I assume...?

SAM:
(Suspicious)
Eeeehhhooooo, who said anything
about-

LEAH:
You don't make 85 cookies for fun and
it's the weekend before Halloween.
But why you're taking cookies is
beyond me...

SAM:

(Almost pleading)

We're gonna be responsible, I promise- No stupid shit- It's not like the dumb parties in highschool-

LEAH:

-Try not lightin' yourself on fire tonight, Al.

AL:

UGH, I can never do anything fun...

LEAH:

And no hard drugs, Sam- no opioids- I don't know how they do'em anymore, but my Perditions always had some serious shit involved. You gotta stay on your toes.-

SAM:

You did- Mom, you did a Perdition rager? Like, the ones you said were full of coke-heads and hooligans?!

LEAH:

I assumed you knew I was a teenager once.

AL:

Poor soul he is.

SAM:

You knew mom was a druggie?!

AL:

What the fuck else was there to do in the 70s?

LEAH:

*(Raising her voice
with a smile,
gathering them back)*

Listen- There're mysterious lights in the woods, and hollerin', and talk a' monsters- and ya get in the spirit an' lick a stamp. Just NO needles, you don't mess with that.

AL:

I'll keep him close.

SAM:
Oh my God, you, you have a Masters!

LEAH:
In rock and roll, suckah.

SAM:
(Laughing, baffled)
-IN INFORMATION SCIENCE!

LEAH:
Swear to me, NO injections! No
opioids!

SAM:
I swear, I swear!

LEAH:
Good.. And you'll be ok tonight, baby?
You around people you trust, ain't
gonna let you slip up?

AL:
Yeah. Not drinkin'. Got people
lookin' out for me.

LEAH:
Thank God my kids are so smart. Now
I've gotta go get ready to give the
non-hooligans a safe place at the
library tonight. We're playing board
games.

SAM:
The world will never be the same
after this..

LEAH:
(Under her breath)
Get some of that "sillycybin" for me,
would you Al?

AL:
(Under her breath)
Shit, if I can find it.

SAM:
Stop being drug-lords!!

SCENE 3: INT AL'S CAR, EVENING

Al's car rattles along and aside from the evening noises and the soft wind whistling through the windows, the hum of the engine, it's... quiet.

AL:
Have you seen a single person out there- a single one? It's magnificent.

SAM:
It's like a ghost town. Literally. Everyone's got spooky ghosts in their windows!

AL:
I've never loved this place more.

NARRATOR:
Dusk suffocated the side streets of Harbor. Three cookie tins rattled in the backseat of Al's car. Heartbeat and breath danced a bit easier than normal in her chest, while Sam's tapped out a rhythm he'd grown accustomed to- brisk wind buffeting his core.

JOAN:
(Distant, growing dimmer as they drive)
Save yourself from the devil's dance- Don't follow Satan's lights- SAY NO TO BELEZEBUB'S ORGIES!

AL:
Ah, the dulcet tones of buzzkills...

SAM:
Wait, we're going to a demon orgy- ok, we are definitely splitting up once we get there.

Al snorts. The car slows for a left turn. The blinker flicks.

SAM: (cont'd)
Honestly, though, if folks just went and got their freak on-

A crashing in the woods to the right- a guttural HOWL rips into the car, causing Sam to jump.

SAM: (cont'd)
(Automatic)
Fucking shi- What was that?!

AL:
(A slightly odd
edge)
The kids are out to play..

NARRATOR:
Al broke her mouth into a nightmarish grin. Sam pursed his lips.

SAM:
Am I gonna die tonight?

AL:
No, no... reborn.

SAM:
(Groaning, but
invigorated)
Stop messing with me!

AL:
(Chuckling)
It gets a little wild, but I'm sure you're used to it- You went to college.

SAM:
How hard do Cryptids party, exactly?

AL:
Oh, that'd take hours to break down.

SAM:
Ehhh... I feel like I'm slightly overdressed for a "ho-down of the damned"...-

AL:
Hey. They ain't damned and we're guests...

SAM:
(trying to remember
what he forgot)
Sorry, trying to be funny..

AL:
But don't take any shit.

SAM:
Ok, sure.

NARRATOR:
Her brother twisted around and glared
at the cluttered backseat.

AL:
If you do get into it, you got
friends in high places. But they
can't do everything, so stay sharp
an' don't be rude, and don't just
give things out, especially not your
name-

SAM:
Uh-huh...

AL:
But also, tonight? We're... more than
human. Carry that with you, an'
you'll be a changed-

SAM:
-Oh goddammit, I forgot the sparkling
cider.

AL:
... Sam.

SAM:
No, no I get all that, it's like a
crazy spiritual debauchery night, but
I promised-

AL:
No one is going to care if you bring
cider.-

SAM:
You need something to sip on and keep
you occupied.

AL:
I'll be ok! It'll all be ok, just
relax.

SAM:
Peer pressure isn't cool, sister.

AL:
We're going and you'll get into some
crazy shit and that's final!

SAM:
I try so *hard* to be responsible...

SCENE 4: EXT HARBOR FORESTS, NIGHT

They are in the undergrowth. Night has settled in fully.
It's deep here, these woods.

NARRATOR:
Al glanced behind in the dark, her
flashlight skipping over the
underbrush before them. Only slivers
cut through the canopy, speckles of
starlight and thin moon from the
sky's maw. The tins in Sam's arms
shimmered. She turned back, catching
a thick, bioluminescent handprint on
a fallen tree 15 paces ahead.

AL:
Holdin' up ok?

SAM:
I am good and I am strong, and most
importantly, I am good.

Crackling of twigs somewhere. Sam inhales sharply, very
wary.

AL:
You are. You're the best person I
know.

SAM:
*(A swallowed laugh,
uncomfortable)*
That's... very not true.

AL:
*(Pretending she
didn't hear him)*
Stay close. Remember, this is still
the woods...

SAM:
Ok, then hold up...

He jogs to catch up... A few more steps before Sam speaks up.

SAM: (cont'd)
(Little louder)
 Can I ask you somethin'?

AL:
 Yeah, just keep it down until we get there, ok?

SAM:
(Lowering his voice)
 Right. Can you tell me about Enfys?

AL:
 ... Sure, why?

SAM:
 'Wanna know what I'm supposed to live up to.

AL:
(Snorts)
 There's no living up to them.

SAM:
(Little offended, but also laughing at the frankness)
 ... So... like, that was really aggressive...

AL:
 I can't live up to them. No one can! Crux can't- William can't either. They were killer at this stuff.

SAM:
(Trying to work through a twinge of jealousy)
 What made 'em so suited?

AL:
(Thinking)
 They were really serious about it all. Really focused. They believed in what we were doing. Their family wasn't here, so, I think it narrowed their world down and... pinpointed everythin'.

SAM:
(*Playfully
judgmental*)
Workaholic, much...?

AL:
Better than an alcoholic.

SAM:
Hmh... So what made them cool?

AL:
Cool? You think they're cool?

SAM:
From what you're dishing up, sounds
like you do.

AL:
Heh. Fair. It's the quiet ones that
hit ya outta nowhere with somethin'
smart ass, y'know. And they were-
they are intentionally considerate.
They're a very good friend. Got me
through some shit. With the... glug
glug... among other things.

SAM:
Oh.

AL:
Mhm. They were a rock, during that.
Like I said, good friend.

SAM:
Wish I'd been cognizant enough to
help.

AL:
You were a kid in high school-

SAM:
Still... I regret that.

AL:
Hey! Turn that frown upside down-
this is good night! This is
unrestrained fun! 'K? Except not
right now, right now it's... us alone
in the woods. At night. Don't go...
wanderin'.

SAM:
Geeze, I know, I'm not gonna. Uh, so do people leave often? Like Enfys did? I mean, assuming they... left.

AL:
(Assuring him as much as her)
They left. Probably... *(Moving on)* We had a stint with another receptionist, but she wandered into the mountains.

SAM:
Why does nobody tell me these things?

AL:
Happened forever ago. Anyway, Crux took over. And we had another Director, but he moved. He usually comes back for Perdition, though he didn't show up last year. Who knows, you might see him tonight. He's a... odd duck. Name's Franklin. But I should warn ya-

A sudden crashing of twigs and flapping wings in front of them. Both react.

SEDUM:
HELLLLOO- Oh-AH- oooothatsmarts -
Hello children!

AL:
I am three steps away from death at any given moment and you still call me a kid?

SEDUM:
I remember when you were this tall, that never leaves. I do apologize for being late, though. You've been safe...? Out here?

AL:
Yeah, we been fine.

SAM:
Sedum? I uh, hope that's, that's you... I didn't know all your eyes... glowed like that...

SEDUM:

It always baffles me how your's don't- Humans really do have some structural flaws. I'm sorry- I'm sassy tonight- Hello Samson.

AL:

Let's head, I wanna get next to a warm fire.

SEDUM:

Oh yes, you must be squirming out of your skin- Follow me!

He starts off into the woods, then a stumble-

SEDUM: (cont'd)

AH- Oh... Log. Mind that.

They follow him.

SAM:

*(Whispered to Al,
sarcastic)*

You're right, he's completely out of control. This is gonna be insane.

AL:

(Whispered back)

You know he's not a good example.-

SEDUM:

Ahem, well, I, uh, have some revelry-worthy news! To get into the spirit- I-if you'd like to hear.

SAM:

Absolutely!

SEDUM:

Wonderful! I am... employed!

SAM:

(Gasps, excited)

Oh my God!-

AL:

(Over the top)

YOU SHUT YOUR FILTHY BEAK!!-

SEDUM:

Oh can't you just let me have this-

AL:

-Dish.

SEDUM:

Ah, I am... "employed", quote unquote,
under the table, to work on the Hedge
Maze. They were told it was
inadequate.

Something in the distance is getting closer, some hum of
noise.

SAM:

It totally is- God, when you see it-

SEDUM:

-Oh I have, it's atrocious.

AL:

You gotta get wrecked tonight-

A slipping by of breath, barely discernible. The sounds are
getting louder.

SAM:

Wait wait wait wait- Hold on,
Halloween is like 3 days from now.
That's a tight turnaround for plants.

AL:

Magicians and gardeners never reveal
their secrets. Believe me, I've
tried.

SAM:

Are there white rabbits involved?

SEDUM:

(Considering, light)
Some elements of flesh, yes.

AL:

Sam, check out, just ahead. See those
lights?

The noise has SURGED- whispers, conversation, SCREECHES- We
are in Perdition.

SAM:

(Getting nervous)
Oh, this is it! We're gotta get funky
with it right now, right now just in
your honor- I brought cookies- Oh!-

A whistling of something launched from in front of them-

SEDUM:

Look out-

CARCOGUS:

-WATCH YERSELF!!

An ENORMOUS CRASH, leaves erupting.

NARRATOR:

A tree trunk SLAMMED down beside them, showering them with dead leaves, rattling their hearts. It was an enormous party cracker, branches and roots splayed at both ends. Brilliant lights skittered through the forest- swimming orbs, raging bonfires, shivering shapes. All around, Cryptids, everywhere.

Someone comes loping up and skids to a stop on the ruffage of the forest floor.

CRACOGUS:

THERE'S SMALL ONES HERE! Sedum, these your's- yes, Hello Al.

AL:

Cracogus, always a pleasure.-

CRACOGUS:

*(Grunt of
acknowledgement)*

You too. And the... (Sighs) new Human.

SAM:

*(Trying hard to keep
a genial attitude)*

Hello...

NARRATOR:

The being before them paced on all fours. The hooves of her back feet shifted daintily behind grotesquely large hands, dirt encrusted fingertips digging into the soil. Cracogus's sharp human-ish face inspected Sam for a moment, then turned to Sedum again and sat on her haunches, as tall as he was; her tattered lichen-sloughing robes pooled around her.

CRACOGUS:

This is the last one you're allowed.
We're cutting you off.

SEDUM:

As if contact is a compulsion...

CRACOGUS:

The words, you've taken them from my
mouth. Keep 'em from getting crushed.
We don't need another blood feuge.
(*Chuckles*)

SEDUM:

One's happened already??

CRACOGUS:

Oh, for fuck's sake, man- it's a
joke.

SEDUM:

It's Perdition, I don't know what
happens when I leave for five
minutes.

CRACOGUS:

There's not enough little ones
runnin' about to get one going
anyway.

AL:

So, everyone's nice an' unhinged,
then?

CRACOGUS:

We have a bit more ground to cover
before you'll have trouble keeping
up.

AL:

(*Little
flirtatiously*)

You oughta know me better, Cracogus.
I can run pretty fast.

CRACOGUS:

When Walker procures the car, join my
Flip team. Then I'll believe you.

AL:

Well, if I relapse, I might be able
to DUI my way into a flipped car...

CRACOGUS:

(Snorts)

Good luck with impressing literally any other, Al.

AL:

Low expectations don't rev your engine?

CRACOGUS:

Surprisingly, no.

AL:

Good for you.

PHILLIP:

(Distant)

Cracogus! There's an oak with your name on it!!

CRACOGUS:

Stay safe, little Humans. Sedum, let yourself have fun for once.

Cracogus lopes away. The noise settles in.

SEDUM:

Al, I know you are trying to make the most of tonight, but it is rather difficult watching you... flirt.

SAM:

Don't tell me that was flirting, Jesus...

AL:

I can't drink, there's never good drugs here, and I can't play throw the tree- My options are limited.

SAM:

-SO! Where's the snack table??

SEDUM:

Oh, uh... there's... uh, there's a sizable stump that way?

SAM:

Perfect...

SCENE 5: PERDITION, COOKIE STUMP, NIGHT, EXTERIOR FOREST

They're walking through- little snippets of conversations, howls, song, everything comes through-

SAM:
Excuse me- Excuse-

Someone reacts, a SHRIEK, devolving into manic giggles, accompanied by smaller giggles, that fade away as they crawl off.

SAM: (cont'd)
So, how on-my-own am I here?

AL:
I'll be keeping an eye on you-

SAM:
I don't want to witness your...
conquesting...

AL:
I didn't bring you just to abandon
you. This is a cultural event- this
is HUGE.

A tree is ripped out of the ground somewhere. Sam sets down the cookie packages and opens them.

SAM:
Sorry, I'm just not used to, uh, that
side of you. You own it, though!! I
support you! Just... from very far
away.

AL:
(Completely
unbothered)
Thank you. Yeah.

SAM:
Yeah, besides it's fine- Look, I
(rustles through his pockets) I
brought a notebook, pen, and my
curiosity.-

AL:
That is the tinst thing I've ever
seen.

SAM:
What, my book? It is pocket-sized and convenient-

AL:
Really can't shake school-brain can you.

SAM:
I just need to know who and who not to talk to. You can go carouse.

Another tree is HURTLING through the air and lands a distance away with a BOOM. Cheers ensue.

AL:
(She sounds tired)
Would that make you feel better? If I finally got a girlfriend?

SAM:
Entirely; so where should I go, where shouldn't I?-

NARRATOR:
Flickering shadows swelled from the earth, beetle shell shiney, elongated like a paper giant. Three more followed, creatures from Shade into Flesh. They descended on the stump. Al yanked her brother back as their pike-like appendages stabbed into the tins.

A commotion of movement, a yelp from Sam. The Leopteras are clicking and hissing. Stretching inhales from them.

AL:
Yeah, yeah, these are for everyone!

HEAD LEOPTERAS:
Heavenlyyyy.

THE OTHER THREE:
(Whispers overlap)
Diviiiiinity - ectasyyyyyy - death becomeee...

SAM:
Uh, yes, welcome! There's vanilla here and almond-

HEAD LEOPTERAS:
Sweets touched by the friend of the
ancients...

THE OTHER THREE:
(Whispers)
Ancient's... Friend...

HEAD LEOPTERAS:
Thanksss.

The sound of them descending back into the ground.

NARRATOR:
Four cookies smacked the earth as
they slunk back.

SAM:
... I don't like that, admittedly. Um,
or understand it.

AL:
Yeah, who knows. You were hospitable,
though. Honestly, everyone here is
fine.

SAM:
Ok, so just keep it professional an'
open to learn.

AL:
Maybe throw in a little bit of fun,
too?

SAM:
I can only handle so much.

AL:
Kay. I guess I... I'll be around.

SAM:
Hmmm, far enough away, please.

AL:
Oh yeah, of course, and Sedum's here,
Valen, too. Somewhere...

SAM:
(Little too casual)
And William and... Crux... ?

AL:
Willie's prolly around, yeah. Crux,
uh... these get too outta hand for him.
Feeling everything like he does.

SAM:
Oh. God, thought I had it bad.

AL:
I wouldn't look for him. But you got
the rest of us.

SAM:
Ok, yeah, yeah- Go, go get your freak
on!

AL:
(Jogging away)
I do not need your permission! Thank
you! Call me if you need me!

Al jogs off.

SAM:
And now... time for me to get my
"friend" on.

Scuttling footsteps come up behind him, causing him to jolt.
Heavy breathing.

SAM: (cont'd)
O-oh, oh, hello.

NARRATOR:
A short bat-like being, brilliant
green eyes blinking wetly, long
tongue lolling out from a snubbed
mouth-nose, stood at the stump,
eyeing him.

SAM:
My name's Samson, what's your's?

NARRATOR:
Sam held out his hand. The creature
caught it.

BOSSWUIN:
Bosswuin. Pleasure.

NARRATOR:

The creature lifted Sam's hand up,
almost as if he were about to kiss
it, only to start wrapping his tongue
around his palm.

Bosswuin makes slurping noises.

SAM:

*(Working through his
disgust, settling
into acceptance)*

Ah, ah, ah- N-nice to... oh... God. Ok.
This is fun. This is wild.

SCENE 6: PERDITION, BONFIRE, EXT, NIGHT

One of the bonfires.

WALKER:

(Distant)

WHO WANTS THIS APPLE BUTTER?!

Clamoring cheers. The shattering of glass.

SEDUM:

Heh. What a good time...

WALKER:

Oh-ho-ho, I'm gonna need all my arms
for these buttery hugs...

Squelching and grunts from Walker, as the other voices start hugging.

NARRATOR:

Sedum's hands flexed at his sides,
the various creatures writhing around
a pile of apple mush not thirty feet
into the forest.

VOICES:

MmmmmMMMM! MMM! MM, oh yeah, these are
some good hugs, MMM-

SEDUM:

(Uncomfortable)

Hmmm.

NARRATOR:

His wings tensed. Next to the bushes
round the perimeter of the... action.
Leaves fluttered against his knees.

SEDUM:

(Coughs to himself)

Oh, what's- ahh, now what are you,
leafy things...

He kneels down.

SEDUM: (cont'd)

Ligustrum sinense... You invasive
devils.

He starts fumbling with the brush.

ROOSE:

Bird. There's debauchery in
applesauce and you are weeding.

SEDUM:

It isn't debasing, they're hugging.

ROOSE:

It's gotten fucking weird this year.

SEDUM:

I, uh... well, yes, it has, but it's
not like they're-

PHILLIP:

MMMMMMM, THATS SOME GOOD HUGGIN',
GOOD HUGGIN', GOOD HUGGIN!!!

SEDUM:

Oh-

PHILLIP:

Wooooooooooooow...

SEDUM:

My, oh God, yes, that's, that's not
quite right, is it... Back to business-

ROOSE:

Not even that can tear you away..
(sighs)

SEDUM:

*(Light grunting as
he pulls)*

This is Chinese Privet- It chokes out native growth- escapes from gardens and, ungh, suffocates the forest floor. It needs to be removed.

ROOSE:

Cleaning up the messes of others. You're so domestic, it makes me want to puke, which you'd clean up too, wouldn't you.

The shrub pulls loose, Sedum stumbles back slightly.

SEDUM:

Well it says something that you're talking to me. Reflect on that, Roose.

ROOSE:

Inebriate yourself, for anything's sake.

NARRATOR:

She shoved a jug of hissing liquid atop the shrub in his arms.

SEDUM:

I am trying to keep my head tonight.

ROOSE:

You're a Cryptid, Sedum. Act like one.

FERGUM:

(Distant)

NO, NO, WE CAN DO IT- We CAN-

NARRATOR:

The pack of Fergum ran across the pine needles, deeper into the forest until they smacked face-first into... nothing. An invisible barrier.

Ker-thunk, yips.

ROOSE:

*(Taunting Fergum
from afar)*

OOOOOH, go down 20 feet, maybe city limits will let you out *that* way.

FERGUM:
(They're sloshed)
 We're good, we're good! WE GOTTA TRY
 AGAIN! WE WANNA GO OUT!

A few voices come in to talk Fergum down.

SEDUM:
 Why do you antagonize them so?

ROOSE:
 Fergum? You think *I'm* doing that?
 They're no threat. I haven't
 restrained them to the DoCA for
 months. And I'd *rather* they leave, if
 they could.

SEDUM:
 Oh, right... I forget you're not the
 only one screwing with people's
 lives...

ROOSE:
 It's the only point of living.

SEDUM:
(Tongue in cheek)
 Shouldn't you be on watch? Why else
 would you come?

ROOSE:
 I AM on watch. I'm a brilliant
 multitasker.

NARRATOR:
 He tossed the plant into the fire.

The fire BLOOMS up for a moment.

ROOSE:
 Why the hell are you here, anyway. If
 you're determined to sulk on the side
 lines. You're even infecting Al, you
 wretched beast. Do you see??

NARRATOR:
 Al's lanky frame slouched against an
 upturned tree, staring blankly into
 another bonfire a few strides away
 from them. She glanced up at the
 weight of their eyes, and her face
 changed suddenly.
 (MORE)

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
 She spotted a figure next to her and
 tapped on her shoulder.

AL:
(Distant)
 Hey, what kinda gender ya got?

CRYPTID:
 The lady kind.

AL:
 Cool.-

CRYPTID:
 -You?

AL:
 N-not important, so, I'm a lesbian-

CRYPTID:
 So?

AL:
 I was gettin' to- D'you wanna have
 sex?

CRYPTID:
 No.

AL:
 Alright, yeah, have a good night.

NARRATOR:
 Al stared blankly back into the fire.

Roose snorts.

ROOSE:
 Nevermind, she's covering the
 entertainment.

SEDUM:
 Good Lord, that's sad. How strong is
 this?- oh let's find out!- *(He
 drinks)*

Footsteps approach.

VALEN:
(Slightly distant)
 Hey.

SEDUM:
(Coughing)
 Valen, been having a good time?

VALEN:
(Continuing to walk)
 Well, folk's're talkin' shit on the DoCA, so I've been busy! Not the *funnest* of parties.

ROOSE:
 MMmm.

SEDUM:
 Wait, really- Here?

VALEN:
 Yep! Gotta clear my head!- Obviously-

Valen trots off.

SEDUM:
 Even frustrated, Valen has the hang of this better than I do.

ROOSE:
 Because you pine. You pine, and you ruminate, and it eats your brain. Exist for once, instead of picking apart every breath you take.

SEDUM:
 Mmm.

More steps come up.

WILLIAM:
(Distracted)
 Hi you two. Happy Perdition.

SEDUM:
 William- what brings you this way?-

WILLIAM:
 Just grabbing a quick walk, stretchin' the leg. Just a jaunt around. Just strollin'...

SEDUM:
 Good, good. Valen just passed by-

WILLIAM:
*(A little squeaky,
 overly casual)*
 Oh, did she? Speaking of, this looks
 like a good path, yeah, ok, I'm
 headed out.

ROOSE:
 MmmmgggHHHH.

SEDUM:
 Be well.

William walks off.

SEDUM: (cont'd)
(a bit vulnerable)
 Roose, may I ask? How do you do it?
 Get out of your head-

ROOSE:
*(Snorts, sniffing,
 guttural)*
 He's here.

SEDUM:
(Under his breath)
 Oh, right ok, I'll just go fuck
 myself then-

ROOSE:
(A snarl)
 Franklin!

SCENE 7: PERDITION, BONFIRE, EXT, NIGHT

Al is flicking the lighter, holding the cigarette in her
 mouth. Franklin is speaking in the background.

FRANKLIN:
(A bit distant)
 When is the last time the DoCA did
 anything other than serve Humans
 alone? Actions speak louder than
 words, don't you think?

PHILLIP:
(A bit distant)
 Never thought I'd care enough to even
 listen to this, but Franklin, you
 might be onto somethin'...

A few responses of thoughtful grumbles...

AL:

Just need literally any woman here,
someone to look my way and get
everyone to stop interrogating my
shit-

NARRATOR:

Al's head snapped up from lighting
her cigarette. The immense form of
Roose scuttled towards her,
practically foaming at the mouth,
blank eyes fuming.

AL:

*(Through the
cigarette)*

Holy God, no-

NARRATOR:

She scooted through the leaves as
Roose (thankfully) blazed past,
beelining towards a figure caught in
the edges of the firelight,
surrounded by a few thoughtful
listeners. Sedum trailed behind,
flinching as he drank.

ROOSE:

Deco, you stinking weasel, here,
after you couldn't show your face for
a year?!

Squeaks of surprise from the Cryptids, who clambor away.

AL:

Oh, Franklin's back. Was wonderin'.

SEDUM:

Yes, the unending feud... You don't
talk to him, right?

FRANKLIN:

*(In the bg, through
his mask)*

I am well within the rules- I can
still speak at a public gathering!

AL:

He doesn't talk to me.

NARRATOR:

The human figure took a step back with his stick-like legs, lifting his head, wrapped in an old fashioned gas mask. The glass over his eyes flickered with flames, a halo of dark coils bursting from around the headband.

SEDUM:

Mmh, and I put money on him having finally moved... *(Correcting)* on from visiting!...

AL:

Yeah, he moved-moved like five years ago.

SEDUM:

-Yes, that's what I said. Let's make sure she doesn't take this too far.

FRANKLIN:

(Through the gas mask)

-I have every right to be here!

ROOSE:

You have every right to suck my hot, *throbbing-*

FRANKLIN:

I *still* can't cross *your* barrier.

NARRATOR:

He touched on the air between him and her. The space reacted to his hand, rippling like a heat wave.

FRANKLIN:

So buzz off. I'm here for my community and pretty much just that.

ROOSE:

Deflecting like always.

FRANKLIN:

(Muttering)

Rich, coming from you, when you can't even take responsibility for the degradation of everything about Harbor?- *(Sarcastic)* Oh, sorry, did I- *(Roose is getting more terrifying)* wait, actually, no- stop-! It's neutral ground!

ROOSE:

Has the little consort grown a spine? Is that it? Would you like to finish this!?

Gallop, a skidding of feet on dirt.

CRACOGUS:

Franklin! The Bone Snake bothering you?

FRANKLIN:

(Regaining confidence)

Hah... Well... it kind of looks like it, doesn't it, Cogus?

ROOSE:

Step aside, Cracogus.

CRACOGUS:

The other Humans have their own protection. He gets the same.
(Quieter) Are you well?

FRANKLIN:

(Entirely softer to her)

I mean, you know how exhausting it is...- Ah-

NARRATOR:

Cracogus rested her large hand on his shoulder, causing Franklin's knees to buckle.

Cracogus chuckles softly.

ROOSE:

Now that I look at you, yes, it would make sense you'd *demean* yourself to guard dog.

PHILLIP:

(Distant)

She's not a dog, she's a doula!

ROOSE:

Shut up, Phillip!

Phillip grumbles.

CRACOGUS:

(Lower to Roose)

He has done more for us than you have in the past *thirty* years. Yes. I protect him in return for all he does.

ROOSE:

I have done IMMEASURABLE paperwork for the Cryptids of Harbor!-

CRACOGUS:

-For lofty, bigoted *Humans*. As they threaten us. As they deny us our *home*. You reap complacency's harvest for yourself...

A series of gasps from surrounding people.

ROOSE:

(A hiss)

Mighty words for a whelp who's never seen true butchery... I'd make you eat your words, if it wasn't for the rules of Perdition.

CRACOGUS:

(Dissatisfied laugh)

Indolence has infested you old ones completely... Come, Franklin. You always have a place with us.

Cracogus starts to stalk away.

FRANKLIN:

Reconsider how long you *think* your reach is, Roose. It'd be a shame to wake up and find you're lost and alone one day.

ROOSE:

I didn't run into the woods with my tail *tucked*.

FRANKLIN:
Well there's always tomorrow. Oh, and
Sedum?

NARRATOR:
Sedum tilted his head and narrowed
his eyes, Al crossing her arms.

FRANKLIN:
Say hi to Valen for me. And I hope
you're happy with your contract with
the devil.

SEDUM:
We don't have a contract with-

FRANKLIN:
I mean Roose!

ROOSE:
I don't go by that name anymore.

FRANKLIN:
You're all insufferable! Just...
Revise your definition of honor. All
of you. Things are changing.

ROOSE:
Then *show* me, weasel.

He turns and walks away.

FRANKLIN:
(Under his breath)
I already have...

ROOSE:
What? What was that? You wanna SPEAK
UP?!

Franklin waves her off, grumbling.

ROOSE: (cont'd)
Correct you are! Scamper off!

Franklin is off. The sounds swell up again.

AL:
You good?

ROOSE:
I'm great. And justified... What're you
all looking at?!

Squeaks of Cryptids as they return to what they were doing.

SEDUM:

Quite.

SCENE 8: SNACK STUMP, PERDITION, NIGHT

BOSSWUIN:

*(In between
snuffling licks)*

... so difficult to find accessible food sources since moving here—grease and sweat can be sustainably harvested, if, if folks with oil glands would realize the opportunity.

SAM:

Yeah, I get it—

BOSSWUIN:

Collect bags, mmf, make it easy. Then I wouldn't have to keep greasy hunters in my shack.

SAM:

You keep what *where*— uh, oh.

NARRATOR:

A silhouette slunk before them. Low to the ground, long, muscles in tight ropes across their body, coarse fur coated them. Glittering eyes met Sam's, peeking through the shadows. White rods extended from the broad mouth and snout. Tusks, he recognized. The shaggy mane of hair around their eyes shivered with a twitch of the neck, curving horns slick to the skull, one broken off half way.

SAM:

Hi.

A snort, a grunt.

BOSSWUIN:

He's mine, shoo.

SAM:
 (Talking over
 Bosswuin)
 I really only have vanilla cookies
 left, would you like one?

UNKNOWN CRYPTID:
 (Intermingled in the
 growls)
 If you don't mind. We rarely get
 sweets out here.

SAM:
 Ah, happy to oblige.

NARRATOR:
 Sam twisted about, Bosswuin holding
 his other hand tight, slurping. He
 gingerly pinched a cookie.

SAM:
 Uh, um, here- I'm Sam, by the way.

NARRATOR:
 A large dexterous paw-like hand
 slipped the sweet from his fingers.
 The Cryptid shifted closer.

UNKNOWN CRYPTID:
 Many thanks.

SAM:
 What's your name?

UNKNOWN CRYPTID:
 (*A small huff of a
 laugh*)
 Quite cute... Do you know where you
 are, Baker?- (*Tenses with a sudden
 alertness*)

The Cryptid tenses a soft growl of hesitation-

NARRATOR:
 The Cryptid suddenly reared back onto
 their legs and sprung away. Their
 soft landing barely audible in the
 shadows. They were gone.

SAM:
 H-have a good night!

BOSSWUIN:
 Beggars... Beggars, all of you!! Last
 interruption, he's getting cold!!

SAM:
 Ok, well, they are free cookies-

CRUX:
*(More focused, more
 intent than usual)*
 -I knew you'd have fun, but you dove
 in headfirst, didn't you?

NARRATOR:
 Sam twisted around. Crux stood, head
 tilted, his normal mask replaced by a
 knotted wooden thing, sculpted along
 his jaw-line with delicate slits in
 the dark grain. A lurch rushed
 through Sam's gut, a mix of a tickle
 and a drop from a great height.

SAM:
 Fun! Yeah! The appropriate amount!!
 Uh, Bosswuin, you mind...?

Bosswuin whines for a moment-

SAM: (cont'd)
 Please?? I think I'm, uh, all done.

BOSSWUIN:
 Hmph... fine... Don't lick off all his
 oils, Prosody!

CRUX:
*(Still fixed on Sam,
 barely giving
 Bosswuin a second
 glance)*
 I'll try not to, Bosswuin.

Bosswuin releases Sam's hand with a squelch and walks off.
 Crux is... buzzed. High off the energy of the evening.

SAM:
 Hi. I have... a wet hand- uhm, I heard
 you weren't gonna show up?

CRUX:
 Oh really? Now that's a *vicious*
 rumor.

(MORE)

CRUX: (cont'd)
It only comes once a year... and after
a trash fire one like this has been,
I couldn't miss it!

SAM:
Yeah, it's somethin'... (A moment)
Actually, hey, while I have you here-

CRUX:
(Small hum of a laugh)
Hmh, yes, you do have me.

SAM:
Ah, right, do you mind if I, uh, ask
you some questions?

CRUX:
Why? Is it for the school newspaper?

SAM:
(Little laugh)
No, for *my* understanding of it all.

CRUX:
Get beyond theory and sink in, Sam!

SAM:
Well, I, I like clear expectations-
Like where this all came from,
what're the rules, you know-

CRUX:
Everybody needs to let loose, so we
made this.

SAM:
How does it not get too... loose?

CRUX:
There's an honor code. Tonight's
about *good* feelings. Finding new
sides to yourself, being untainted by
decorum. In short, *hedonism*.

SAM:
(Writing in his
notebook)
Oh... Uh-huh... Interesting.

CRUX:

*(He walks closer to
Sam)*

All bets are off when it comes to
Perdition, in terms of... *interesting*
sensations. Didn't anyone tell you?

SAM:

Al kind of said it was-

CRUX:

-Or was I always supposed to show
you... ?

NARRATOR:

Sam glanced up, feeling the open
space around him grow small- Crux
stood eye to eye with him, arching
his neck up, looking at him through
lidded lashes and a finger tracing
his wooden mask.

SAM:

*(Getting flustered,
looking up from his
notebook)*

Uh- Oh! You got close- I mean, I was
given the general "low-down", y-yeah...

CRUX:

Not that I'm complaining. You seem
eager. (Chuckles) Well, bursting at
the seams more like, from all those
butterflies in your chest.

NARRATOR:

Crux pressed his finger to the middle
of Sam's chest.

SAM:

*(Trying to hide,
move past fast)*

Ah, sorry- I get nervous at things
like this. Uh, so, uhm, what sort of
customs a-are usual here?

CRUX:

(Playfully saucy)

Fucking.

SAM:
(Inhales softly)
 Hm?!

CRUX:
(Explaining)
 There was an orgy or a very very
 friendly group hug about seventy
 paces that way. Quite seasonal.

SAM:
 Right, right, right, right-

CRUX:
 Sam?

SAM:
(A little higher)
 Yes?

CRUX:
 You think you've been so subtle since
 summer. So cool and calm. I can feel
 your pulse on my *tongue*.

SAM:
(Under his breath)
 What, w-what do you mean...

CRUX:
 You know what I mean. I've felt that
 warm tightness in your stomach every
 time you look at me. The way your
 neck grows hot- I feel it all. Every.
Bit.

SAM:
(Working through it)
 You have? You have. Of course you
 have-

CRUX:
*(Like he's getting
 lost in the
 potential)*
 And here you are, in Perdition. Ripe
 for the picking.

SAM:
(Breathless)
 Oh, cherries...

CRUX:
If... you want to be.

SAM:
(He's overloaded)
Want to be what?

CRUX:
Plucked?

SAM:
Oh God, y-yeah, yes, are you sure?
Oh, I, Crux-

SCENE 9: EXT. PERDITION, SOUTH CLEARING, NIGHT

CRACOGUS:
*(Distant, but
exasperated)*
WHO'S HUMAN IS *THIS*?!

NARRATOR:
Crux's eyebrows creased sharp, and Sam craned his neck over his shoulder. A space had opened in the center of the bonfire rings; Otherwise empty aside from one small, bright pop of red with a perfectly coiffed blonde bundle on top of her head. Her suit was pristine, blood red, and her heels entirely, unsensibly, peach and teetering.

CRUX:
*(A mixture of
disbelief and anger)*
You've got to be *fucking* me..

GLEENDA:
My dear critter. I'm no one's Human. Though that does mean my dance card is free for the night.

CRACOGUS:
I swear I'm done- Who are you?

GLEENDA:
You don't recognize me? From the posters, the tv appearances- oh. Right, not many tvs out here, are there... I'm your Mayor, sweetheart.

CRUX:
Raincheck, Sam. I'm needed.

Crux stalks away, but Sam jogs to keep up, following him.

SAM:
Where- wait- what?? Crux-!

CRACOGUS:
We don't have a mayor.

CRUX:
SO! We're graced again by the
almighty Glenda. You want palm fronds
before you? Want us to give a single
fuck? Tonight? On our turf? You're
walking a tightrope, you sleekit
bastard-

GLEENDA:
You're that washed up receptionist,
aren't you? Well, I suppose someone
halfway presentable had to meet me at
the door.

CRUX:
(Raising his voice)
This one! Right here- this one, let
me introduce you all to her! She's
the one tying all our hands behind
our backs, aye? She's the asshole who
can't keep her nose to herself. She's
taken Halloween, she's withheld
information, she's the one
threatening fire on us. And now she's
here. What do you make of that?

The gathering crowd hisses and grumbles.

GLEENDA:
Darlin', you are so far beyond a
mess, I don't even know if you
understand what you're saying. As
though I've taken anything from
y'all!

CRACOGUS:
If this is true, lost Human... I'd have
thought you'd arrive with support at
your back.

GLEENDA:

I know we've only just met, but I am rather offended at the assumption, Sugarbutt. I never overplay my hand. That's the first thing to remember.

CRUX:

Why are you here?

GLEENDA:

To check in. Not sure if y'all noticed, but you are occupying Harbor property, and that is something I'm responsible for. Mama hen's gotta make sure all her chickadees are accounted for.

CRUX:

What?

GLEENDA:

There's Humans here. I see no structure, no accountability, no leadership. And Humans sprinkled in. Humans, that, if I'm not mistaken, aren't generally allowed into debauchery? So why are they here?

CRACOGUS:

As guests and family members.

GLEENDA:

Or playthings. Abduction fodder?

CRUX:

Of course not!

GLEENDA:

Then where are they?

SAM:

(Inserting himself)

Mayor Dickson-

GLEENDA:

Sammy! Are you out here all by yourself?!

SAM:

N-no we're all here willingly-invited! It's a DoCA tradition.

GLEENDA:
Sammy, it's ok, I'm here now. I can take you home. I am so glad I got here in time.

CRUX:
He doesn't need to be taken anywhere.

GLEENDA:
You're lookin awfully nervous son. You're all red and sweaty.

SAM:
There is an explanation for that! One I don't want to get into but there is one!

GLEENDA:
Oh honey. Do you know how you sound right now?

SAM:
Bad?

GLEENDA:
Very.

SCENE 10: PERDITION, BONFIRE, EXT, NIGHT

LIWROC:
... It's just not a good look to be with a Human right now, you know, Al? With everything going on, girls are a bit skittish.

AL:
Yeah... But really, everyone? Just... a warm, consenting body at this point!

LIWROC:
(A little awkward)
I'll keep my eyes peeled for a suitable gal, but... You know I'm not up on the scene anymore.

AL:
(Weary)
I know. I just need a distraction to get people off my back.

LIWROC:
Yeah might wanna check out... Where all
this is comin' from?-

A skittering WOOSH, then a flapping of leathery wings.

BOSSWUIN:
Liwroc!

LIWROC:
Mm?

BOSSWUIN:
Ah, and Human, too, I guess.

AL:
Yeah.-

BOSSWUIN:
Eugh -More importantly, *Liwroc*-
there's shenanigans afoot, I hear an
intruder- South clearing. We might
have a bit more fun than usual!

LIWROC:
Oh my, show me- coming Al?

AL:
Right behind ya.

BOSSWUIN:
Leave her- the one up ahead's *alive*.

Liwroc and Bosswuin go off.

LIWROC:
(*Calling back*)
Catch up quick!

NARRATOR:
She ran her dirt encrusted
fingernails through the mess of her
dark hair. Tobacco smoke pricked her
eyes. The firelight bounced about
her. Al's heart throbbed in her
throat.

AL:
Well, it's settled. I'm only a
functioning person while at work. And
a useless predator outside. Oh right,
can't even have work anymore. So
what's left...

NARRATOR:

The firelight shimmered off an amber bottle, left abandoned... the dregs of a warm, tilting liquid inside...

AL:

What the fuck is wrong with me, what is wrong with me...

NARRATOR:

Her hand shook as she brought the cigarette to her lips. A figure stood through the trees. Roose, glassy eyes fixed upon catching the flames.

AL:

(To herself)

What, you want more from me, Roose...

Roose makes a disdainful groan.

AL: (cont'd)

(Louder, to Roose)

What?! You wan' another molar?! I only have so many!! *(She starts coughing, awfully)*

A tear begins to rip slowly through the forest.

AL: (cont'd)

Goddammit Mia, no- breathe, breathe, breathe-

NARRATOR:

Al stumbled to her feet- the nicotine battling against her reeling head.

AL:

(Breathing heavily)

Where's the shenanigans?!

She stumbles off.

SCENE 11: EXT. PERDITION, SOUTH CLEARING, NIGHT

The voices rise up, there is huge tension.

SEDUM:

There are rules, still.

GLEENDA:

Well I am surprised! That why the devouring hasn't started? I wore my most flattering red, just to make it straight to the point.

CRUX:

Good GOD, you rancid asshole, do you WANT to get tossed about?! Just fuck off!

CRACOGUS:

(Bristling)

Let her learn her lesson for entitlement-

SEDUM:

There are more eyes here than ours, Cracogus!

Cracogus growls resentfully.

GLEENDA:

Oh, I'd listen to the scare-crow, he knows.

NARRATOR:

Al jogged up to Sam, holding his elbow and biting his balled fist as a circle of Cryptids congregated around the red beacon of Glenda.

AL:

(To Sam)

How the fuck she get in here?

SAM:

Beats me!

PHILLIP:

What about a little rot for you, Mayor, eh? A little creeping rot. It'll only take a toe or two, maybe a leg...

GLEENDA:

What exemplary citizens they are, Sedum! No wonder you're so proud!

SEDUM:

We're leaving! Now! Alright?! We're going, I'll escort her.

PHILLIP:
She needs to learn!

CRACOGUS:
(Begrudgingly)
Let them go. This isn't worth
bringing City Council down upon our
heads...

JANK:
NOT TONIGHT!

The crowd immediately quiets.

NARRATOR:
A rippling shape slipped through the
dark beyond the fires. Empty sockets,
empty smile, a void-filled black
molding a face out of the thick,
honey-like mass. Pulling himself
through the brush, bits of the
translucent gold flesh clinging to
branches in his wake.

GLEENDA:
An' who exactly are you?

JANK:
Ya foul, stinking, gluttonous
government Human. I've known you. For
a long while...

BOSSWUIN:
*(Flapping away,
nervous)*
Not fun, not *fun* anymore- I'm out!

SAM:
What... are they?

AL:
Jank. And, uh, we don't see much of
him- No one does-

JANK:
Tonight; tonight's the night where
all the nasty things come out. And I
been wanting to play.

GLEENDA:
I can see that, soupy.

SEDUM:

Jank, I'll take care of her, I'll
make sure-

JANK:

Who the *fuck* you think you talkin to,
suckup?! Hnnngh-

NARRATOR:

Jank reared a dripping appendage high
over his head and smacked it down,
aiming for Sedum.

There is a sticky SMACK against the leaves and ground. A
flap of wings, Sedum has leapt into the air with a little
exclamation. Sam, Crux, and others react.

JANK:

(Cackle)

Fly away little birdie!

CRACOGUS:

Jank! This isn't worth it!

JANK:

You ready to dance, government woman?

AL:

(Resolute)

Glenda not gonna die tonight, come
on-

SAM:

Glenda's gonna die?!

JANK:

You taken everythin', I heard, I
know, so I'm gonna take right *back*!

NARRATOR:

The arm again, whipping honey-flesh
over the circle as it flailed back,
winding up.

AL:

Grab it!

SAM:

AHHH!

NARRATOR:

The siblings grabbed onto the arm-
instantaneously drenched in the
sticky tissue, and thrown clumsily
over themselves, slipping down onto
the grinning Jank.

Al and Sam drop into Jank, all three exclaiming. Wet SMACKS.

CRUX:

What are you doing?!

GLEENDA:

*(Exhilarated by the
close call)*

Oh shit! Good timing!

SAM:

AH, it tastes like socks-

JANK:

Gonna make this the best Perdition
yet, folks!! *(Laughing)* CHOKE 'EM
ALL!

SEDUM:

(Horrorified)

Not them-!

GLEENDA:

Oh no, don't do that-

NARRATOR:

The gold gushed up their arms, toward
their mouths, their noses-

SAM:

BAD IDEA-

AL:

Fuckfuckfuckfuck-

Clicking sparks of Al's lighter- ignition.

NARRATOR:

Al's lighter trembled as she sparked
it into life, a line of flame
creeping up Jank's form-

JANK:

(Grunting in pain)

GAH, YOUR TRICKS, JUST LIKE YOUR
GODDAMN CHEMTRAILS-

AL:
Burn it away-

SAM:
I don't have a lighter-!

AL:
THEN GET ONE!!

NARRATOR:
Two more wild flames- Crux and Sedum
clamoring in with scrounged torches.

JANK:
GET OFF ME!

CRUX:
Keep breathing! Mouths closed!

NARRATOR:
Two more appendages shot out from
Jank, entangling themselves in and
around Sedum and Crux-

Jank exerts effort- Sedum and Crux both react.

JANK:
Government bitches, gonna shut you
all up for good-

A sudden woosh, a roiling away of Jank- yanked away.

NARRATOR:
The honey yanked from Sam, from Al,
from them all, ripping away like
cooled wax on a hairy leg.

All of them exclaim as he is pulled away from them.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
The siblings collapsed.

Sam and Al fall to the ground, trying to get the "honey" out
of their mouths.

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
Roose drug Jank towards her,
snarling, her lower jaw unhinging,
her neck elongating, two of her hands
outstretched, growing into spiny
blades-

ROOSE:
THERE. ARE. RULES. YOU IGNORAMUS.

Jank collapses in a heap, panting.

JANK:
Asskisser-fucking-government-
neutered-Bone-Snake-

Roose growls a horrific shriek, banshee-like, morphing from her voice into something entirely new.

JANK: (cont'd)
A-ah...

NARRATOR:
Jank fell into a puddle at her tooth-
encrusted hem.

ROOSE:
Anyone else?! ANYONE?!

The group mutters their no's.

SEDUM:
You're hurt....

AL:
Is just a little blood- You?

SAM:
I, I'm good... ow...

GLEENDA:
You two... are stunning. Really, truly,
stunning. I don't know how to thank
you-

The shuffling of feet. The crowd dissipates.

CRACOGUS:
Hmmh... let's go...

AL:
(Winching in pain)
Thought you were sitting this one
out, Crux...

CRUX:
*(Shocked back into
reality- sobered up)*
I was...

Crux starts off.

SEDUM:
*(Exhausted, saddened
 by the events)*
 That's enough for tonight...

SAM:
 Wait, where are you going-

CRUX:
*(Embarrassed by his
 behavior)*
 See you later- tomorrow, I'll... I'll
 see you tomorrow... Sorry.

NARRATOR:
 Sam watched the back of Crux's head
 disappear into the crowd.

GLEENDA:
 Good work, y'all.

AL:
 Don't come back here.

GLEENDA:
 I'll make sure not to. Not unless
 y'all are around. Get out safe.

A silence settles in as she walks away.

SCENE 12: PERDITION, THE BORDER, NIGHT.

It's quieter as they tromp through.

AL:
 All my new skin... just torn up...

SEDUM:
 ... Once we're into the next clearing,
 I'll take you to your car-

SAM:
 I'm gonna smell like feet for a
 while, aren't I...

A rustling, a person steps out before them, a chorus of
 surprised "Oh!"s.

VALEN:
*(Slightly
 breathless.)*
 Oh, it's you all. Small woods, eh?
 Leavin' already, it only just
 started, kinda.

AL:
 Glenda soured the party.

VALEN:
 How'd she get here?

SEDUM:
 No idea- Jank showed up and a scuffle
 broke out.

VALEN:
 Oh. Oh. Y'all alright? Damn, Al, are
 your arms ok-

AL:
 Yeah, bumps and bruises.

VALEN:
 What a prick. I'll... head out with
 you.

SAM:
 Don't let us interrupt your walk.

VALEN:
 Hm? Yeah, no it's fine. It, uh, gets
 stuffy in there when you got 18
 cousins, was thinkin' of ducking out
 early-

More crunching of leaves and twigs.

WILLIAM:
*(Slightly distant,
 also slightly
 breathless)*
 Oh, gosh- I'm just a, a little lost
 out here...

SEDUM:
 William!

WILLIAM:
 What're y'all-

VALEN:
Party's over, Mayor invited herself
and a fight started. We're headed
out.

WILLIAM:
Oh, then I'll... join ya. Seeing as...
you're my ride...

VALEN:
Yes, with the car!

WILLIAM:
Mhm!

AL:
You said goodbye to the family
already?

VALEN:
They're good. Candy's sloshed and
that'll keep 'em going for hours.
Shall we?

SEDUM:
Yes we shall.

WILLIAM:
I'll bring up the rear...

They all start off again.

SAM:
(Low)
Heh, hey Al.

AL:
(Lowering her voice)
What?

SAM:
What're the chances we ran into both
Valen and Will out here, huh?

AL:
It's such a stupidly small town, Sam,
I don't know what to tell you, our
social spheres are so tiny.-

SAM:
-Ah SHIT! I forgot the tupperware.

END

CREDITS

Z Reklaw as Samson

Faraday Roke as Al

Kiarra Osakue as The Narrator

M. Kate McCulloch as Leah

Megan Brown as Joan

Marcus Cannello as Sedum

D.L. Cordero as Cracogus

Nathaniel Dolquist as Phillip

Avi Mercury as Leopteras

Rock Fowl as Bosswuin

Joseph Rothorn as Walker

Z Reklaw as Apple Butter Participants

Jacque Reiman as Roose

Joseph Rothorn as Fergum

Megan Brown as Cryptid

Samantha Weiler as Valen

Jonathan Hallowell as William

Paul Greene-Dennis as Franklin Deco

Tom Catt as Unknown Cryptid

John Peacock as Crux

Gretchen Ho as Glenda

Jenna Melissa Wilcox as Liwroc

Aud Andrews as Jank

Script Editor, Jacque Reiman.

Assistant Director and Script Editor, Joseph Rothorn.

Written, Directed, and Edited by Faraday Roke.

Harbor is a production of Tartarus Jenny Studios.

Thanks so much for listening to the show. Wanna help us out? Write a review! We also have some spiffy merch at our website, harborpodcast.com, as well as a donation link. And of course, please tell your friends, family, good-natured weirdos, and local cryptids about us- each new ear is a great gift. Stay kind!