

Harbor Season 2
Episode 5: Cross and Twist

Written by
Faraday Roke

© Faraday Roke and Tartarus Jenny Studios, Ltd. 2021

SCENE 1: INT. THE BREATHING TRAILERS, NIGHT

KILN:
(Voice shaking, from
outside)
Move! Go!

The three stumble into the interior of the trailers,
tripping over each other.

NARRATOR:
The Pyre's hands shook. Now dressed
plainly, in a loose tank top and the
same flowing skirt, she remained
nonetheless striking. She stood over
all of them with the tips of her
horns curling back to brush the
ceiling. A wreath of bright blue and
purple feathers flared from her
forehead, down the back of her neck,
small flecks arising from her glowing
veined cheekbones. She was
undoubtedly prehistoric in presence,
with living magma coursing through
her raised arteries. She licked over
her maw, shutting the door behind her
as the three gathered their bearings.

There's another metal shifting groan, muffled as they're
inside.

SAM:
(Under his breath)
What is this place...?

KILN:
(It's perfectly
baffling to her they
are confused)
My house- Keep moving!

The gun is shifting in her hands.

AL:
Where to?

NARRATOR:
Inside the amalgamation of trailers
the space warped like fun-house
mirrors. They stumbled through a
large dark sitting room.

(MORE)

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
To their left, a branching fork of slender hallways, craning off to other shells.

KILN:
Forward, down the hall- Not *that* hall, we're not going to the kitchen- Go left.

They walk forward.

SAM:
How did you make all of this?

KILN:
I didn't- Don't- don't ask questions. I ask the questions.

SAM:
Ok, I respect that.

KILN:
(Incredibly worried and stressed)
Good. You followed me here- you, *stalkers*- (She runs into Crux with an "oof")

NARRATOR:
Crux stopped, staring up at an impossible set of stairs tucked in the wall, going up to a second floor.

CRUX:
How in the hell did you do an *upstairs*...?

KILN:
Ah- get out of my head!

NARRATOR:
The Pyre skittered back, the gun raised.

KILN:
I didn't say you could go there! GET OUT.

AL:
He can't get inside.-

CRUX:
 -I'm not in your head, only speaking
 how I can. You hear me the same way
 as if I were speaking just not with
 your ears-

KILN:
 What??

CRUX:
 What's not to understand?-

SAM:
 -Think of a number! ... Have him guess.

KILN:
 Y-yeah. Yeah! What am I thinking?! I
 won't shoot you if you're... honest.

CRUX:
 A-ah... 4... 37?

KILN:
 437?

CRUX:
 Yes.

KILN:
 ... It's 12.

CRUX:
 (Relieved)
 Thank God..

KILN:
 (Scoffs, confused)
 Why would I think of 437?

CRUX:
 (Sighs)
 Listen... -

KILN:
 You're all supposed to be Human, too.
 What's with... all the mind talking?

CRUX:
 (He recognizes the
 interesting phrasing
 but doesn't comment)
 I was Human. I changed.

KILN:
I don't know what that means. If you
start snooping... I'll kick you out.

CRUX:
I won't snoop.

KILN:
Good! Keep going. Last door.

They start moving again, shuffling along.

AL:
Could we get some light, please?

KILN:
You can in a second. Open the door.

AL:
Ok.

The door swings open with a turn of the handle..

KILN:
Get in.

They shuffle in. It's a bit bigger in here... and empty.

SAM:
(Getting anxious,
panicking but
keeping it in line)
Can there be light, please?

KILN:
I told you: stop talking!

A lightswitch FLIPS. Several exhaust fans start. Ground crew
reacts to what they're seeing with several gasps/mutters of
"oh my God... "

NARRATOR:
Fluorescent lights buzzed over them
standing on linoleum. The only
windows were small ringing the top of
the walls, a single outer door at the
far end. The floor was smeared with
rusty stains centering in the middle,
over a thick drain. A wall of
cabinets, a basin sink, a freezer,
several chairs stacked atop one
another. A hook dangled from the
ceiling.

SAM:
 (Sickened)
 F-f-fuck...

KILN:
 My dad's gonna be so p-o'd you swore
 in the craft room...

TITLE SEQUENCE

SCENE 2: EXT. HALLOWEEN MAIN STREET, NIGHT

A group of kids snickering and hooting. Leah is finishing up a Haunted Harbor story.

LEAH:
 ... every Halloween, the restless
 ghosts of Harbor reach back through
 the veil, to *snatch* away whoever they
 can get their cold claws on...

DAISHA:
 Leah, I'm so hungry, can I have just
 a little teensy bit of your candy...?

LEAH:
 Ms. Daisha! Of course not! This is
 all mine- (Gasps, over dramatically
 and loud)

A hiss and POP of a dry-ice smoke, and a horrifically cheesy but spooky "GRAAAH" of a "Ghost". The kids squeal and gasp.

NARRATOR:
 Leah dropped below the haybales
 separating them from the audience of
 children, as a smoke bomb burst at
 her feet, enshrouding her. Her scene
 partner clapped a hand to her mouth,
 as she spun to their audience. Daisha
 pulled her glittering orange lips
 into a wry smile, with a dash of
 mischievous menace.

DAISHA:
 Looks like the ghosts will settle for
 anyone who doesn't share their candy.
 (A spooky laugh) Happy Halloween!!

LEAH:
 (Muffled from behind
 the hay bales)
 Happy Halloween!

Applause, and a few of the kids roar at each other, embracing the spookiness. There is giggling and movement of families away.

SURLY TEEN:
 That was stupid, she went behind the hay.

Daisha hesitates a moment, then...

DAISHA:
 What are you talking about? There's no one here but me...?

SURLY TEEN:
 Pssh, I'm not an idiot. She's right there, on the-

DAISHA:
 (Inhales shakily)
 Oh my God. Oh. My. GOD. L-Leah's been dead for... 7 years!! What are you saying-

SURLY TEEN:
 Shut up- she's-

DAISHA:
 YOU, you have the sight child!! You can see the spirits! What is she saying?! Leah?! Leah, talk through the child!! Speaaak!

SURLY TEEN:
 (Weirded out)
 Ugh, stop it! Freak! Fuckin'... weird... Ugh...!!

LEAH:
 Please don't terrorize the teens.

NARRATOR:
 Her coworker slowly dropped her hands from the claws she'd twisted them into. Daisha shurgged down at Leah.

DAISHA:
Doesn't count if they're edgy
tryhards, though.

LEAH:
Unfortunately they're still minors.

DAISHA:
That is true... Sorry.

LEAH:
I'm just gonna... Lay here for a while..

DAISHA:
(Chuckles)
Well, it is what you get for not
sharing.

LEAH:
It's my art.

Someone approaches.

DAISHA:
Let me know when you want a hand...
(Noticing Becker and calling to him)
Hi. Storytime is over, that was our
last show. Unless you want to make a
spooky donation to the library... ?

BECKER:
(Slightly distant)
I wanted to talk to Leah for a
moment.

LEAH:
(Muttering)
Oh Christ...

DAISHA:
(Reading Leah's
response)
... Oh, didn't you see? The ghosts
stole her away... or she's been dead
the whole time, I'm not sure- Anyway,
donations?-

BECKER:
(Ignoring her)
-It's a personal matter you should
hear about, Leah.

NARRATOR:

She pursed her lips, staring up at the milky purple sky, thick with thunderheads. Daisha raised an eyebrow down at her.

DAISHA:

(Muttered)

Do you want me to...?

LEAH:

(Sighs)

No, I'll make sure this doesn't take long.

She lifts up from the ground, brushing off the gravel.

DAISHA:

... I'll count out our haul.

Daisha walks off, and Becker makes his way over.

LEAH:

Howdy-ho, Brick.

BECKER:

Hello again, Leah.

LEAH:

Well you did say you'd visit...

BECKER:

I always follow through, don't I?

LEAH:

Oh, yes, so punctual. So, what's it tonight? I'm afraid we're a little late to make coffee work.

BECKER:

You're not oblivious. You're sharp.

LEAH:

Ah-ha, and I thought you managed to overlook that.

BECKER:

You know about it all. About me. About your kids. And the "Cryptids".

LEAH:
(Caught off guard
for half a second,
then settles in)
I was born here, of course I do. And
yes, I have heard about you, beyond
that Homeland Security schtick.

BECKER:
My work is Homeland Security.

LEAH:
Well we've all learned something new
tonight, I'm going to go help my
coworker.

BECKER:
Al just told me something
interesting.

LEAH:
What'd she say?

BECKER:
Divorce is hard on kids...

LEAH:
(Faux smiling)
We both know a thing or two about
that, Brick.

BECKER:
She told me that she's... had a hole in
her heart. Ever since her dad left.
Said no father figure has been
suitable since. It... was very
touching.

LEAH:
(Processing... Then a
sincere disbelieving
snort)
That's not Al.

BECKER:
It's what she said.

LEAH:
And why would she say that to you?

BECKER:
 (Serious sigh)
 She sees me as a surrogate father,
 Leah.

LEAH:
 (Restraining a
 laugh, and fairly
 well, too)
 Oh?!

BECKER:
 (Lowering his voice)
 I'm a strong authority in her life,
 it makes sense.

LEAH:
 (Shaking her head,
 sarcastic)
 You're using common sense, are you...!

BECKER:
 I try to.

Leah snorts again.

BECKER: (cont'd)
 (Striking in to
 convince her)
 A family isn't full without a father.
 You know that.

LEAH:
 I really don't. Excuse me- Dai-

BECKER:
 -She needs a father, Leah. So does
 Sam. The balance is all off with
 them, she's straining and he's
 passive, it's obvious there's
 disfunction-

LEAH:
 (A bright, dangerous
 smile)
 Please stop right there, Brick. You
 may be my kids boss, but to you, they
 are adults first and foremost- She's
 29 for God's sake.

BECKER:
 (Confused by his
 perception of
 reality)
 But the- wait, she's 29?

LEAH:
 YES.

BECKER:
 ... Doesn't matter!- she told me it's
 impacted her. You're her mother and
 you should know. I'm trying to do
 right by you.

NARRATOR:
 Becker's hand strayed to her wrist.
 Leah pulled back.

LEAH:
 Oh wow... Well, thank you, Brick. I'll...
 take this all into consideration!
 Believe me!

BECKER:
 (Soft and thankful)
 I knew you'd see reason. You're so
 smart-

Becker's phone starts to ring.

BECKER: (cont'd)
 Hm- (Digging it out of his pocket and
 seeing the caller) Oh for God's sake-
 This will only take a second, hold
 tight.- Hello. Little late, isn't it,
 Helena?

Leah is losing her temper. Sedum interrupts, quickly walking
 over-

SEDUM:
 (Nuller)
 Pardon me- dreadfully sorry- Leah?-
 Leah, I need to speak- (Seeing him)
 Becker!

NARRATOR:
 Becker glanced over at the Human
 Sedum, who'd stopped dead in his
 tracks just behind Leah.

(MORE)

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
 His face, usually bloodless, was even further ashen and lined from a hurriedly covered grimace.

BECKER:
 (Remarkably calm,
 genial and off the
 receiver)
 Hi Null, it'll be just a second. Oh,
 any more blood baths?

SEDUM:
 (Nuller)
 No, uh-

BECKER:
 (Back to the call)
 I'm here, I heard you...

SEDUM:
 (Lower, to Leah)
 We must speak- now.

LEAH:
 (Tense)
 I'm busy even beyond him. What is it?

SEDUM:
 (Nuller, looking
 between the two)
 Ah, uh... library business? (Thinking
 so fast) I have... 18 overdue books.
 Two in particular, your favorites-
 there's a situation. With them. It's
 urgent. They... were in a flood. The
 books.

LEAH:
 (Blinking, not quite
 following)
 Sure! Yeah, let's talk- Excuse us,
 Brick.

BECKER:
 (On call)
 Hang on, Helena-

NARRATOR:
 Leah suddenly found her wrist gently held by him. Sedum had frozen, like he was listening to a siren only he could hear, staring at Becker's phone.

BECKER:
 (Softly, gently)
 I promise you. It's what she said.
 Think about it. For her sake.

LEAH:
 (Starting to walk
 off with Sedum,
 calling back)
 Mhm! Will do! Daisha, I have to take
 care of this- It's an emergency- Uhm,
 drop off the donations, please?

SCENE 3: INT. THE CRAFT ROOM, NIGHT

Kiln is tying the rope in a knot, grunting as she pulls it tight. Sam reacts to the tightening in discomfort.

KILN:
 Is it tight?

SAM:
 Oh, oh, ok, yep, that's tight-

KILN:
 Move your hands.

SAM:
 (Grunting)
 Oh, ow, yeah, it's great.

KILN:
 Ok. Ok... You all agreed, remember? You
 said-

AL:
 We're not gonna do anything funny. We
 sat still, we're good and restrained
 to your nice chairs-

Al rocks her chair with a thump against the floor.

AL: (cont'd)
 We kept our part of the deal.

KILN:
 Y-yeah.

CRUX:
 Shall we talk now? With no gun?
 Please?

KILN:
 ... No one can move?? For sure?

SAM:
 Very sure, Pyre... If we can call you
 that, otherwise ah, what-

Kiln reacts with the same awkward laugh from before, it escapes despite her. She regains herself and clears her throat.

KILN:
 (Awkward laugh)
 "Pyre"... (Regaining herself) yeah,
 I-I'm the Pyre! That's me. (Down to
 business) Ok... What is your *deal*?? I
 just wanted a fun night and then you
 start *chasing* me?!-

AL:
 We wanted to tell you that we're- I'm
 sorry for the summer. I'm sorry I
 hurt your baby, when they were at the
 toy shop-

KILN:
 (Full on
 flabbergasted
 noises)
 Wha-Ff-what?! My baby??

CRUX:
 Surely you were aware-

KILN:
 I don't have babies- are you crazy?!
 You threw me!
 (A tremendous
 silence, before she
 continues in a
 mutter)
 Apologize for *that*.

AL:
 (Shocked)
 That was 4 months ago.

KILN:
 (Sarcastic)
 Uh-huh! I *remember*.

SAM:
(Trying to wrap his
head around it)
But they were tiny and you're-

KILN:
I grew up. Just like y'all did,
you're human too. (Scoffing) What, am
I the only one... (Suddenly insecure)
I'm not the only one, am I...? You all
went through it like this too, right?

NARRATOR:
The three exchanged glances.

SAM:
(The "Judgement"
slipping out)
Yeah, you might be the only one.
(Correcting himself)
Gah, shut up...

CRUX:
Are you implying that you're Human?

KILN:
(Getting upset)
Yeah! My dad's human!

NARRATOR:
Her arteries and veins sparked.

KILN:
Everyone's different in their own way
and that's ok!

AL:
(Jumping in,
reassuring)
If your dad's Human, you are. That's
how it works. *Right*, guys?

SAM:
Mhm! That's genetics.

CRUX:
Yes! Like how I look Human, but I'm
not.

KILN:
 (Not fully getting
 it, still lost in
 the insecurity)
 But *I am*.-

CRUX:
 I know that, I...
 (Thinking...)
 Pyre?

KILN:
 Mhm, yes?

CRUX:
 How... old are you?

KILN:
 A year and three months. Why?

SAM:
 ... Well that's a bit young to... have a
 gun...

KILN:
 (Frustrated, trying
 to control it)
 I'm not *that* young- I didn't explode.
 Kids explode. I *talk*. Ugh, of course
 I talk, I mean, I can *talk about*
things, even with creeps like you...
 Rather than resorting to *chasing*
 someone.

A door closes somewhere distant.

KILN: (cont'd)
 (She gasps slightly)
 Shoot- Bo's home- I gotta put a tarp
 down.

She's unwrapping a tarp and spreading it out messily.

SAM:
 AH-ah-hah, why do we need a tarp
 now?? Oh God, those are *dark stains*-

KILN:
 Just in case- They don't like it when
 visitors show up unexpected. Stay!

She trots to the door, opens it and closes it sharp. Al and
 Sam start to struggle.

CRUX:
You know, Al, I have to say, this
might be a worse idea than the
stakeout-

SAM:
I have to agree, really, really, bad,
this is bad-

AL:
Shut up, shut up, who has thin
wrists?! I'm flaying myself over
here- augh-

SAM:
I'm trying, she's good at knots.

CRUX:
Impressive for an infant. Or giant
toddler, which would it be now... ?

SAM:
The snark is helping a lot.

CRUX:
At least I'm not titillated at being
tied up! Your kinks are very strong
to push through death threats-

SAM:
You could keep what you feel to
yourself, Crux!!

CRUX:
Yeah, so could your randiness!

AL:
PYRE, COME BACK, I'M READY TO DIE
WHENEVER!!!

The door opens.

NARRATOR:
A smaller figure opened the door, his
face obstructed by a well-worn gas
mask. The Pyre bent to his ear.

KILN:
(Very fast,
explaining herself)
It's what you said to do- "Strangers
come, get the gun"!

FRANKLIN:
 (Muffled by the gas
 mask)
 I know, and you didn't shoot anyone?

KILN:
 N-no.

FRANKLIN:
 (Relieved sigh)
 You did good. Let me handle this.

KILN:
 But Dad-

FRANKLIN:
 Take some deep breaths. Wait outside.
 (Very low) I love you.

KILN:
 (Sighs and then
 muttered fast)
 Loveyoumore...

The door closes.

AL:
 Well, I take it you're not "Bo".

FRANKLIN:
 (He's a bit
 scrambled)
 What? No. No, Al, it's- It's me. It's
 Franklin.

AL:
 Yeah, I gathered that.

CRUX:
 So. You've been busy, Deco.

FRANKLIN:
 (Exhausted)
 Yep, I have... Oh, is that a sex joke?
 Because of my daughter existing,
 right? Yeah, no, that's uh... It's a
 complicated process, Crux, and not
 high on the list of conversations
 right now.-

SAM:
 Director Franklin Deco-? I've read
 about you.

FRANKLIN:

(Flattered)

Oh, hi. Uh, really? What did you read...?-

AL:

-So you haven't just been visiting for Perdition. You didn't move at all.

FRANKLIN:

Ok, we're moving from one topic to the next very fast here, so- I never told that particular lie, thank you very much.

AL:

What's happening?

FRANKLIN:

(A little laugh,
confused by the
audacity)

What made you think you could ask all the questions? When you attacked my daughter? Came into *my* home?

SAM:

I feel like some things have been lost in translation-

FRANKLIN:

You think? Well then... let's get to translating. I need all your phones.

SCENE 4: INT./EXT. FINNICK'S TOY SHOP, NIGHT

Glenda's voice comes from a stage, a rowdy crowd enjoying the end of the night Halloween festivities.

GLEENDA:

(Speaking through a
sound system)

... Now let's hear from one of our generous sponsors. Everyone's favorite- Big Dicks Liquor. Dick?

BIG DICK:
(Rushing through his
words)

Thank you Mayor- Just wanna let
everyone know Big Dick's is gonna
have a huge blowout- that's right, we
got too much of Big Dick's home-made
BBQ sauce, so come on down-

GLEENDA:
Alright, let's, let's stop-

BIG DICK:
Make sure you remember poker night on
Wednesdays-!

GLEENDA:
Give- give me the microphone-

BIG DICK:
You know Big Dick's slogan- "Liquor
in the Front, Poker in the Rear"!!

GLEENDA:
Yes, yes- everybody in Harbor loves
Big Dicks... Now please welcome the
Buntry Cumptkins!

BIG DICK:
(Being escorted away)
Ask for Big Dick's Special Sauce!!

KEVIN:
Sir- SIR. This way, come on now...

The audience applauds and some bluegrass starts playing. A
shift into Finnick's, empty and creaking. A few squeaks of
rats scurry around. One squeals and then bursts.

Valen is pacing around.

VALEN:
(Muttering to
herself)
He's been acting strange, I thought
it was just him, being Sam, but... Good
God, where are they?

NARRATOR:
The spotty flickering lights of the
street sliced into Finnick's Toy
Shop, over Valen's face, her mouth a
severe line.

(MORE)

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
 She picked at a spot of bubbled
 plastic on what had been the front
 counter.

WILLIAM:
 (Softly)
 Not to keep harpin' on it, but I'd
 actually be able to help if... I knew
 what you knew.

VALEN:
 It's out of my hands. I'm sorry... You
 don't want any of this.

WILLIAM:
 So you say. I'll have to trust you.

NARRATOR:
 William rocked on his cane softly,
 the bottom of it smearing a new
 growth of bloody fungus on the floor.

Valen crosses to him.

VALEN:
 I swear to you, Will, it eats you
 alive. It's not good to be in the
 proximity of this shit... I want to
 protect you. (Quieter) Do you believe
 me when I say that?

WILLIAM:
 Of course.

VALEN:
 Thank you...

He shifts closer.

WILLIAM:
 (Much softer)
 I just want to be there for you, you
 know how I feel-

VALEN:
 I can't- Will, nothing's changed, I'm
 still your boss...

WILLIAM:
 (A little smile)
 Technically, Becker is.

VALEN:
I'm in a position of authority over
you-

WILLIAM:
-How many times have I said I don't
care?

VALEN:
I do.

The music worms in from outside.

VALEN: (cont'd)
I can't keep treating you like a
secret. I can't do that to you. We
have to do what's right. Please, let
me do what's right.

NARRATOR:
Their fingers brushed together..
Before William encircled her's and
gave a tender squeeze. A moment as
she leaned her forehead against his,
a fleeting moment..

WILLIAM:
... Just please let me stay close by...

VALEN:
(A sigh of relief, a
whisper)
Thank you...

NARRATOR:
She pulled away.

WILLIAM:
'Haven't called Sam's phone yet,
I'll... try that.

VALEN:
(Back to her
muttering)
Good... Three adults just disappear- I
told them, come *get me*-

A door CREAKS open somewhere in the back as William's phone
dials quietly in the background. Leah and Sedum are here.
Eventually a voicemail of Sam's plays before he hangs up.

LEAH:
 (Distraught, but
 maintaining
 composure)
 Where are they??

WILLIAM:
 Hi, uh, hi, Ms. Greer, (To Sedum,
 concerned) is she-?

SEDUM:
 (Reassuring him)
 Oh, yes, she's clear.

LEAH:
Where. Are. They?!

VALEN:
 It's only been an hour-

SEDUM:
 -Two hours.-

VALEN:
 (Continuing on)
 -and there's three of them-

LEAH:
 It doesn't matter how many they are-
 not out there, *alone* at night!

VALEN:
 I understand.

SEDUM:
 They were on the trail of someone.

William shuts off the call over Sam's voicemail.

WILLIAM:
 Sam's not picking up.

LEAH:
 THIS is why you had to persuade me,
 Sedum; You think I couldn't feel that
 something like this would happen
 eventually?? To my kids?!

SEDUM:
 Yes, and I tried to convince Al not
 to-

LEAH:
But you settled! You settled and took Sam in too- Augh- It was always going to happen... Goddammit... (Breathing) You sure you saw them together?

SEDUM:
Yes, they wouldn't leave the other.

VALEN:
They're smart.

LEAH:
Whatever's out there is bigger than them.

VALEN:
If it's sapient, they're good negotiators... Well, they're getting better. We'll find them.

LEAH:
What if it's not sapient?

WILLIAM:
I'd be more worried if it was.-

VALEN:
-We'll find them. Whatever it takes. We'll find them, Leah.

LEAH:
I pray that you do.

SCENE 5: INT CRAFT ROOM, THE BREATHING TRAILERS, NIGHT

Franklin is pacing slowly across the floor. He still has his mask on.

FRANKLIN:
"Apologize"?... You stalked a preteen... to apologize for traumatizing her?

AL:
We didn't have all of the information.

FRANKLIN:
Sounds pretty weak when you're talking to the parent, you realize that, right?

(MORE)

FRANKLIN: (cont'd)
Because I see three grownups
terrorizing a child. By the way, who
are you?

SAM:
I'm her brother, Samson. Hi.

FRANKLIN:
Nice to meet you. Do you realize how
incredibly creepy it all is?

SAM:
Yeah. With everything laid out. But
we also gave ourselves up. We have
zero ill intent.

CRUX:
How often does your daughter kidnap
people?

FRANKLIN:
My daughter *defends*- Ah, hang on...

NARRATOR:
Franklin grabbed the mouthpiece of
the mask, and tore it off over his
head. He set it down on the butcher's
counter, next to the pile of their
phones, pulling a pair of wire
glasses from his breast pocket. He
turned back to them. His dark face
was starkly lined and spent. Red
rimmed his eyes, shadows eating them.

AL:
Eeuh, is that what parenting does to
you...?

FRANKLIN:
-My daughter *defends* herself against
aggressors. Like we taught her.

CRUX:
She's called a terrorist. And she *has*
destroyed some-

FRANKLIN:
-That was an accident.

SAM:
The Toy Shop?

FRANKLIN:

(Not wanting to give
away too much)

Yes. There wasn't a *point* to that. It was... It was a scared kid thinking she was caught. Kiln is *not* a terrorist. You can think whatever you want about me, but she is a *child*.

AL:

Who's got very good aim.

FRANKLIN:

She has to. Believe me, I'd love to be sitting in the nice, safe town, I really *really* would, but that's not an option right now. Maybe ask Roose about that- Hell, Valen and Sedum, too, while you're at it.

CRUX:

She's also a giant.

FRANKLIN:

(Rounding on him)

I will... smack the shit out of you if you make her feel self conscious. Ok, Crux? She's a kid. It's hard enough for girls with the magazines and growth spurts...

Franklin is pacing around.

CRUX:

Sorry...

FRANKLIN:

(After a moment)

... I'm aware of my daughter's reality. She's learning. She has to have space to do that. Kids get into trouble, we have room for that. She needs the same.

AL:

... So. Her name is Kiln?

FRANKLIN:

Yes.

SAM:

And she isn't the Pyre?

FRANKLIN:

No. That's not her responsibility.

CRUX:

But you. You're the Pyre?

FRANKLIN:

Ah... I really shouldn't be... divulging this but, if you think it's her or me, then yes. I'm the Pyre.

NARRATOR:

Sam chewed his lip, trying to arrange it all. His phone lit up across the room, yet another unread text. Each moment that passed was another suspended in limbo, unsure what their actions would reap. They needed help.

CRUX:

Lovely, now I have a face to say this to: What the fuck do you think you're doing?

FRANKLIN:

It's for the larger picture.

CRUX:

Did you ever stop to think if it was *helping*? You're the perfect scapegoat and you're not even Cryptid, which is particularly ripe! And who gets smacked around as a result, all of us in town. You're the reason they hate us!

FRANKLIN:

Humans distrusting Cryptids didn't start with a gun factory demolition, and won't end with being perfect little dolls.

CRUX:

Oh, I don't need a history lesson, thanks.

FRANKLIN:

Fine.

CRUX:

Could I, just, please get some simple quiet for five minutes?

(MORE)

CRUX: (cont'd)
Abductees request? This has been more
than enough excitement for one night.

FRANKLIN:
(Softer, trying to
set reasonable
expectations)
I can't let you go.

CRUX:
(Edgy, but trying to
get it under
control)
If you care about Cryptids so much,
then give me some space, yes? All
your buzzing, all this *buzzing*; You
have so much in your head- I need to
catch my breath. Please. Just some
quiet.

FRANKLIN:
(Understanding)
... Alright, I can do that.

He starts for the door.

SAM:
(Blurting out)
Can I go to the bathroom? ... I don't
think anyone wants me holding it any
longer.

FRANKLIN:
(After a moment)
I'll need to retie your hands.

SAM:
Just as long as I can get to my
zipper, I'll be good. Heh.

AL:
(Low)
You sure?

SAM:
(Low)
Nature calls. I might try calling
back.

AL:
(Low, rushed)
What the fuck does that mean?

FRANKLIN:
Please don't try any funny business,
Samson. I've had a long day.

He starts untying.

SAM:
Just planning on my normal business,
sir!

FRANKLIN:
(A soft chuckle)
Heh, I see what you did there...

SCENE 6: INT. HALLWAYS BREATHING TRAILERS, NIGHT

Franklin and Sam are walking through the trailer's hallways. We notice that Franklin is in all actuality, very tired. He's let something down while he's alone with Sam.

SAM:
Your place really is amazing.

FRANKLIN:
Thank you... I'm sorry, but aren't you
scared?

SAM:
Terrified! I've never been kidnapped
before. But... I mean, I'd have to be
really obtuse to not appreciate, uh...
your *resourceful* home. It's
impressive, Mr. Deco.

FRANKLIN:
(Loosening up a bit)
I left behind "Mr. Deco" a long time
ago. I'm fine with "Franklin". And,
uh, thank you. It came together
pretty nice, if I do say so myself.

SAM:
How long did it take?

FRANKLIN:
A few years. Obviously had to add on
a lot of it to accommodate the new
arrival.

SAM:
I bet it's cool for her to grow up
in.

FRANKLIN:
I hope so. But she'd better stop
growing before we have to do another
ceiling extension.

SAM:
(Laughs)
How tall must her other parent be?

FRANKLIN:
(Straight forward,
getting sleepier)
Her oppy's genetics have nothing to
do with her's. She's mine. Well,
really, she's all her own. I just...
facilitated.

Franklin stops at the bathroom door.

SAM:
... Hah... miracle of birth?

FRANKLIN:
Yeah... Really is... It's all so fast
with kids. They don't give you a
second to catch your breath, heh...
Never a moment...

He nods off slightly, head softly hitting the wall.

SAM:
... Franklin?

FRANKLIN:
(Jerking awake)
Aha, hum, sorry.

SAM:
(A soft laugh)
At least you have parenting as an
excuse. I'm just a sleepy bastard in
general.

FRANKLIN:
Sleep while you can. Promise me, you
have to cherish it.

SAM:
I'll try.

FRANKLIN:
Don't you dare waste it. Can you move
your hands alright?

SAM:

Yeah! Think I can take it from here.
Thank you, I really appreciate it.

FRANKLIN:

Sure. There's not much privacy with
the size, so I'll... be down the way
when you're ready. ... Have fun. Not
too much fun. Don't get weird.

SAM:

Thanks.

FRANKLIN:

(Kind of a full
circle effort,
little joke as he
walks away)

And don't nod off on the can!

SAM:

I won't!

The door opens with a squeak and closes behind Sam, as he
flicks on the light and the fan.

NARRATOR:

Sam squeezed his way past the cramped
shower's frilly curtain, taking it
in. Cozy, cute, clean, with a few
scorch marks on the vanity.

SAM:

Window, window- *Window*.

He stumbles forward a little, letting his fingers slide
against the glass.

SAM: (cont'd)

Oh, shit, right- Need the full
effect.

We hear him fumble with his belt buckle, the zipper of his
pants. He let's them fall to the floor, and tips up the
toilet lid.

SAM: (cont'd)

Ok.

NARRATOR:

The tips of his fingers strained
against the lip of the tiny window.
(MORE)

NARRATOR: (cont'd)

As quietly and softly as he could, he peeled it open just a crack, enough to feel the bite of cold air against his face.

The window squeaks open quietly. It's begun to rain outside. He lets out a little sigh.

SAM:

(Inhales quiet) Hovan, Hovan, gorry o go, gorry o go, gorry o go, Hovan, Hovan, gorry o go, I've lost my darling baby, oh...

The fan buzzes on. Nothing.

SAM: (cont'd)

J? (A hair louder) J?? (... Nothing. His breathing gets a bit faster, as does the next verse) I followed the wee brown otter's track, the otter's track, the otter's track, I followed the wee brown otter's track, but never I found my baby, oh.

Another moment. Nothing.

SAM: (cont'd)

J?? Come on-(He's very confused now, and speeds through the song, disregarding the tune by and large) Hovan hovan gorry o go gorry o go gorry o go hovan hovan gorry o go I lost my darling baby... oh.

Sharp knock-knock at the door.

FRANKLIN:

(Muffled)

Are you doing ok in there, buddy?

SAM:

-FINE! I'm fine, I just get... nervous! In other people's bathrooms!

FRANKLIN:

Oh, it's ok. Take your time.

Franklin moves away from the door again.

SAM:
 (Shocked by the lack
 of response)
 Where are you...?

SCENE 7:INT. BREATHING TRAILER'S HALLWAY

The bathroom door opens and Sam flips off the light/fan and steps out onto the carpet.

SAM:
 All done.

NARRATOR:
 Franklin stood up from a narrow little bench along the tight quarters. He nodded, studiously eyeing Sam.

SAM:
 Back to the interrogation?

FRANKLIN:
 Sure.

They start walking.

FRANKLIN: (cont'd)
 Do you usually sing in the bathroom?

SAM:
 (Thought he had been
 quieter than that)
 Uh, no. I mean I was, yeah... It helps calm me down. Might not be aware but, I'm a little tense what with... being... held at gunpoint.

FRANKLIN:
 No, I noticed. It's not how I want to spend my Halloween either, trust me.

SAM:
 Y'all could be trick-or-treating.

FRANKLIN:
 It's a little different out here.
 What song was that?

A low hum of Kiln and another voice talking.

SAM:
I don't really know the name... uhm, I think... (A lie) I learned it when I was little. It's my go-to.

FRANKLIN:
Well... It sounded nice, anyway. Might want to work on the tune?

SAM:
Thanks, just... coping!

KILN:
... I'm old enough!

"BO":
(Small chuckle)
Barely a year is old enough? I see...

KILN:
More than a year, and I messed up, I'm sorry Oppy, but I can't stay inside my whole life!

"BO":
(Smirking)
When have you ever stayed inside, little lady?

KILN:
(Flustered, digging in her heels)
Ah- uh- T-there's people out there! A town, that's what normal kids get, and I'm a normal kid- You said so.

"BO":
(Sighs)
I did.

KILN:
At least three times.

"BO":
Just wait for me the next go around, I'll take you. I was worried sick...

KILN:
(Lower)
Dad wouldn't go for it.

"BO":

I'll think of something. We'll do New Years or some other. Just so long as we're together.

KILN:

(Restrained)

Yeah... Sure. Ok. I don't believe you-

FRANKLIN:

(More relaxed around

Bo)

You're back, good. What held you up?

NARRATOR:

Through the soft lamp light, someone's broad back obscured a large portion of Kiln. Her eyes sparkled, or maybe sparked, catching sight of her father around the side of the newcomer. A thick mane of blue-black hair cascaded down. They shifted their attention over their shoulder, and a thickly animalistic eye fell on Sam and Franklin. The pupil narrowed into a slit.

"BO":

Lookin' for her. Took a bit, while you were... out.- Who's this.

FRANKLIN:

Sam... son, right?

SAM:

Yeah, hi. You must... be Bo? Heard... that you'd track us down. That we could never run from you.

KILN:

It's true. They're the best at hunting.

SAM:

So that's cool!

FRANKLIN:

He's Al's brother.

NARRATOR:

The person's back tensed.

"BO":
You didn't say-

NARRATOR:
The eye flicked from one man to the other. The hair on the back of Sam's neck stood up. The overwhelming sensation of a rabbit with nowhere to hide.

"BO":
(Lowering their voice)
Kiln, who followed you back? Do you know their names?

KILN:
I recognized the one from the... toy shop... The one who threw me, she's in the craft room.

FRANKLIN:
Ok, so we should talk.-

"BO":
-Yes. We *should*.

FRANKLIN:
Pumpkin, can you take Samson back to his friends?

KILN:
But- but-!!

FRANKLIN:
Parent meeting!

KILN:
Uhhhhgh, ok...

NARRATOR:
Kiln traded places with her father, pressing a single claw to Sam's back.

KILN:
Let's go.

They start forward, Franklin and "Bo" getting further away.

NARRATOR:

Sam stole another glance over his shoulder, barely catching Franklin placing a hand on Bo's bomber jacket, talking low. It took a moment for him to register, but as soon as he realized, he whipped his head back round:

SAM:

Hookay...

Bo emits a sort of growl... or maybe it's a purr.

NARRATOR:

Bo burned a hole through him, eyes flashing luminous. Horns branched from their forehead, the right significantly shorter than the left. A chill lurched through Sam's spine, feeling the heat of their gaze on his back.

SCENE 8: EXT. HEDGE MAZE, HALLOWEEN. NIGHT.

Outside noises, but muffled through the many layers of hedge.

VALEN:

How big was this one?

SEDUM:

Ah, a head shorter than myself, maybe a bit more, from the look of them.

NARRATOR:

Valen pressed a burnt leaf between her fingers. The hole in the hedge had long since been extinguished, but the void still emanated unease. Sedum glanced over his shoulder, his feathers standing on edge.

SEDUM:

I pushed the police off in the other direction, but I'm sure they'll find their way back at some point, we'll not want to be around for that...

VALEN:
Just dark. Nothing but dark out
there.

SEDUM:
... The wild neighbors might help, if
we call- Cracogus could keep watch.
Ah... ah, but what if it gets back...

VALEN:
We take it minute by minute. As soon
as anything changes, we switch plans,
but he can't know.

SEDUM:
Quite right... Just another reason for
Becker to... dig...

VALEN:
He already is.

SEDUM:
I know. He asked me about the Field.

VALEN:
Those three wouldn't do this unless
it was important. I know they
wouldn't.

SEDUM:
It must be the Pyre. The fire was
quick and strong.

VALEN:
(Soft huff of a
 laugh)
I was wrong... Does it ever feel like
we were doomed from the start, Sedum?

SEDUM:
(Quiet)
We... (Sighs) we've played with the
cards we were dealt.

Valen's phone rings.

VALEN:
Hollow here.

BECKER:

(Over the phone)

Finally, someone answers. Where's Ground Crew? Any of them? We're wrapping up, I want a debriefing.

VALEN:

I sent them home.

BECKER:

I don't remember giving you that order.

VALEN:

Aside from that little crowd kerfuffle, it's been as slow as ever. They didn't need to be entirely wiped for tomorrow.

BECKER:

Hollow, tell me... *did* I ever give you that order? Cause I'm racking my brain-

VALEN:

-No, you didn't.

BECKER:

Wow, so that sounds really out of line for you to make that call. Don't you think?

VALEN:

(Neutrally
confident)

Maybe. But they're off the clock now.

BECKER:

... Where are you?-

There's a muffled voice in the background of the phone. Glenda enters.

GLEENDA:

Thought I'd find you two here.

NARRATOR:

Valen held up a finger, phone still locked to her ear. Glenda eyed them suspiciously... but seemed satisfied with crossing her arms. Sedum clicked his beak quietly.

BECKER:
 (Gathering his
 bearings again)
 Nevermind- I need to get a run down
 from HPD- We'll talk tomorrow. And by
 talk, I mean we'll have some re-
 education.

VALEN:
 Sounds great, I'll be there. Bye.

She hangs up on him.

VALEN: (cont'd)
 Glenda.

GLEENDA:
 I'm sure you didn't mean to keep me
 waiting.

VALEN:
 (Choosing her words
 wisely)
 We are in a very delicate situation,
 and I'm asking you to please, use
 discretion-

GLEENDA:
 Discretion for who? We were both
 attacked by Leah's boy.

SEDUM:
 He was on the trail of someone he
 couldn't let slip away. I do not mean
 to make excuses for unnecessary
 violence, however there was urgency,
 I'm sure you felt it.

GLEENDA:
 That I did, indeed, Sugar Beak. So
 what was it? I didn't see any of
 y'all pickin' up your feet for the
 breaches tonight- so it must've been...
 somethin' different. Somethin' *firey*?

NARRATOR:
 She nodded her festive fascinator at
 the burned hole.

GLEENDA:
 Or are y'all gonna try an' feed me
 another pack of lies?

VALEN:

From what we can gather... It was Pyre related. Yes. But Glenda, nothing will be accomplished by going to Becker.-

GLEENDA:

I had no intention of doin' that.

SEDUM:

Then why are you here?

GLEENDA:

Is a lead on our terrorist not enough of a reason for me to be invested? If you want to slink around behind your boss's back, I won't stop you, Valen. His priorities have flipped too many times for my liking and I won't lock myself to a pancake. So, we have your rangers with the Pyre right now? Any contact?

SEDUM:

None. And we can only *assume* that they're together.

GLEENDA:

What do you plan on doing about that?

VALEN:

We're going to bring out the big guns and find them, but all of this needs care; if Becker finds out, Harbor could be swarming with state rangers within the day. I doubt any of us would particularly like that.

GLEENDA:

If they're anything like him... So you have this in hand? Can I trust y'all to get this sorted and get us some fuckin' answers?

SEDUM:

We will.

GLEENDA:

... Then don't worry about your boss for the night. Whatever he's told about Sammy's outburst, I'll cover.

VALEN:
... That's unnaturally generous.

GLEENDA:
It's a trade. You get me somethin'
juicy on my Pyre. And keep a lid on
this place. ... We got a deal?

SCENE 9: INT. CRAFT ROOM, THE BT. NIGHT.

The door opens to the craft room.

AL:
That took forever, what happened?

KILN:
Come on.

SAM:
I'm fine! Refreshed! Ah-ha, ugh-
(He tries to laugh
it off, but Kiln
shoves him down on
the chair)

The chair rattles.

KILN:
Sorry. I didn't mean to... push hard. ...
Sorry. You're really noodly.

SAM:
(The wind is knocked
out of him a bit)
It's ok. Yeah.

KILN:
Uhm... I need... more rope...

She's clattering around, searching. They all lower their
voices.

SAM:
Good break, Crux?

CRUX:
A bit better. Any developments on our
predicament?

SAM:
I saw the much threatened Bo.

AL:
What fresh fuckery are they?

SAM:
Uh, very big, uhm, lot's of hair, ah-

KILN:
Ok, stay still, please. I'm just gonna... tie your middle. Ok... You can keep your hands in front.

She starts tying, and is close to Sam.

SAM:
(Changing the subject now she's close)
So I heard... that you might be going to New Years? That would be fun.

KILN:
(A soft snort)
Yeah, right... They just say that... The only places we can go in town are at night when everyone's asleep, and it's just... it's not the same... (Under her breath) Not after tonight...

NARRATOR:
She bit her forked tongue in concentration... before glancing up to eye Crux. A twinge of envy flicked across her face.

KILN:
You're lucky. You all are, but... you. Especially.

CRUX:
... What, me?

KILN:
You get to blend in. *And* read minds or whatever. You're like... perfect. Human and Cryptid.

NARRATOR:
Sam had felt her finish tying. She busied herself with winding and unwinding the knot's tails.

KILN:
I'm just... weird.

CRUX:
 ... I don't blend in as much as you'd think. They can tell. And I'm not... I'm not perfect.

KILN:
 (She's heard the
 placation before)
 Ok, yeah...

CRUX:
 You know what's funny? About Humans? Some don't like other Humans because they... grew up in a way the others didn't. Or have a darker skin color. Or they can't walk.-

KILN:
 -I know about racism and bigotry.

CRUX:
 Oh. Good. It's good to know... all that when you're young.

KILN:
 ... I don't like being lied to. It's lonely out here sometimes. And it's not lonely in town...

CRUX:
 I promise you, I'm not lying. Town isn't all it's cracked up to be... When you're in there, it's like... you have 18 parents, always looking over your shoulder. Never asking, just always watching. It *sucks*. It gets stifling.

KILN:
 What's that mean?

CRUX:
 Like you can't breathe because everyone's in your business.

KILN:
 (Small laugh,
 despite herself)
 That... sounds like it stinks. I like my parents. But 18? Ugh... That'd be a lot of being told what to do.

CRUX:
Yes, it's called having neighbors and
it sucks eggs.

KILN:
(Another little
breath of a laugh)
... Eggs are good.

CRUX:
... Then it doesn't suck eggs. Because
that would be a nice thing. It...
wastes eggs.

NARRATOR:
Sam caught a twinkle in Crux's
countenance as Kiln still played with
the rope tails, a fanged smile across
her face.

KILN:
(Slightly bashful,
she is developing an
affinity)
Yeah... eggs are stupid...

CRUX:
(Sighs, to himself;
kids are weird)
Ok...

The door opens. Franklin walks into the space.

FRANKLIN:
Hi. Everyone ... Now, I don't want you
to get scared.-

AL:
That's a terrible way to start a
conversation with hostages.

FRANKLIN:
I'm prefacing that no one is in
danger here. But I need, well, you,
Al. I need you to come with me for a
while.

SAM:
What for?

FRANKLIN:
We have some things to go over.

AL:
Do I have a choice?

FRANKLIN:
There's no threat. Here, I'll show
you.

Franklin moves forward to her chair, and starts untying her.

KILN:
Ah, Dad!! I worked hard on that-

FRANKLIN:
They're very good, pumpkin, but I
need her hands free.

The ropes fall to the floor. Al steps up from the chair.

CRUX:
I don't think that was a tremendously
bright idea, untying her-

FRANKLIN:
It's a gesture.

AL:
Interestin'. So what's to stop me
from decking you here and now?

KILN:
Don't you dare!

There's a few sparks and pops from Kiln.

AL:
-J-just a hypothetical!-

FRANKLIN:
-Because I think you'll want to talk
to an old friend first. Besides me.
(Contemplating the
logistics)
Well, I suppose we're more like old
coworkers than friends...

A moment of silence as Al thinks.

FRANKLIN: (cont'd)
Or I could leave you here and we can
discuss without you. But you're
requested.

AL:
By who?

FRANKLIN:
... Not in front of them.

NARRATOR:
He nodded to Sam and Crux.

FRANKLIN:
Are you coming or not? You'll be safe.

AL:
... Alright.

SAM:
Al, please be careful.

FRANKLIN:
She'll be fine.

AL:
I'll make sure.

FRANKLIN:
Kiln?

KILN:
Ok.

They walk out and close the door behind them..

SAM:
... Crux, how're we gonna follow-

Sharp buzzing of a phone across the way. Sam reacts to the sudden outburst.

SAM: (cont'd)
Fuck...

CRUX:
Maybe if they call just one more time they'll finally break through.

SCENE 10: EXT. HARBOR FORESTS, NIGHT.

The distant sounds of the festival winding down. Valen and Sedum are pushing through underbrush.

SEDUM:

It'll be your turn if she demands a trade... I need to keep some nails for myself.

VALEN:

There's no personal stake in this one, she'll understand that.

SEDUM:

Confidence, eh? That's new...

VALEN:

I'll make her see. You sure she's round here?

SEDUM:

T'was last I heard, it's secluded enough. (Raising his voice) Roose?

They push out of the brush. They stand above a gully.

NARRATOR:

The ground fell away in a steep decline. Valen and Sedum stood at the top of a gully. Inky black below them, fifty feet.

ROOSE:

(Distant, echoey)
... What?

VALEN:

We've got a situation, we need you.

ROOSE:

I'm busy.

SEDUM:

With what?-

A goose honks, softly, also distant, within the gully.

ROOSE:

A friend.

VALEN:

Jesus, is that a whole-ass goose-

ROOSE:

-YES. It's for "therapy".

SEDUM:
 Good Lord, we don't have time for
 this!-

The goose honks again.

ROOSE:
 -Oh my goose begs to differ.-

SEDUM:
 -The Ground Crew are missing! Your
 help is required.

ROOSE:
 (Sighs, then low, to
 her friend)
 Go, despoil the land, wither crops.

A great flapping, as the goose takes off. Distant honk.
 Roose begins the climb up to meet them, grunting all the
 way.

ROOSE: (cont'd)
 My contract states no killing, no
 vengeance, no torture, no inciting
 war- Not hunting down little lost
 darlings... Unless you make it worth my
 while.

VALEN:
 If this isn't resolved without a
 fuss, we'll have an avalanche of
 State Rangers here by tomorrow night.

Roose finally settles before them, all three on the ridge.

VALEN: (cont'd)
 We only have a little time that
 Becker can be feasibly distracted. Do
 you want to get lugged off in a cage?

ROOSE:
 (Laughs aloud)
 It'd certainly be entertaining to see
 them try!

SEDUM:
 And every other one of us here. Those
 you've sworn to protect. Roose... You
 weren't here in the beginning.-

ROOSE:
 (Shifting into a
 nightmare at the
 audacity)
 I was here before there was such a
 thing as "beginning"!!

SEDUM:
 -The beginning of the DoCA!

ROOSE:
 Oh.
 (She shifts back,
 calm and collected.)
 Yes, continue.

SEDUM:
 There... were stipulations. Put in
 place by Becker, he allowed us to
 exist, so long as we came under State
 authority, so long as... we danced. We
 were good.

NARRATOR:
 His wings trembled as he massaged his
 hands aimlessly, reciting the past
 into the night.

SEDUM:
 All they need is one excuse, just
 one. One infraction, one... abduction,
 one dead human that they can find...
 and we're all done.

Roose is surprisingly quiet.

SEDUM: (cont'd)
 We have to be perfect. We're the
 experiment. The DoCA has to be
 perfect. We have to find them before
 he knows they're gone, please. Or the
 dominos fall... and there's no going
 back.

VALEN:
 ... Thoughts?

ROOSE:
 (A sigh)
 ... Follow me. But don't get clingy! I
 need space to work...

VALEN:
 Thank God- (She slips a little)
 Aaugh, damn incline... Why're you
 living in a gully anyway??

ROOSE:
 (The Old Law of the
 Ditch)
 Because the things that *fall* into the
 ditch, *stay* in the ditch... I've quite
 the collection... (Ominous laughter,
 growing in intensity) Ok, let's go.

VALEN:
 ... Don't let me die tonight.

SEDUM:
 Absolutely not.

SCENE 11: INT. BT LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

The three, Al, Kiln, and Franklin, are walking down the
 halls.

KILN:
 (Quiet)
 Oppy and... Al are friends, Dad?

FRANKLIN:
 Yes, they are.

AL:
 News to me, never known a Bo in my
 life.

NARRATOR:
 Lamplight spilled into the hallway,
 from the living room they'd stumbled
 through in the dark, hours before. Al
 tenderly grasped her wrist, raw from
 rope.

KILN:
 That's my name for them, I don't
 think they'd like it if you used it.
 It's special.

AL:
 Well, I wouldn't mind knowing who
 you're talking about then...

KILN:
It's, uh, I still mess it up, don't
judge!

FRANKLIN:
Remember, how it *sounds*, not how it
looks.

NARRATOR:
They stepped into the room. A person
sat in a large leather chair, their
arms roped with muscle in a tattered
shirt, black mane cascading down
their front, small tusks from their
mouth glinting white.

KILN:
It's Einfiss-

FRANKLIN:
(Correcting)
-Enfys.-

AL:
(Shocked, a whisper)
-Enfys?

NARRATOR:
They stood up from their seat,
smiling softly. Their pupils
expanded.

ENFYS:
Hi Al.

END

CAST

Kiln - Carla Brown
Narrator - Kiarra Osakue
Samson - Z Reklaw
Al - Faraday Roke
Crux - John Peacock
Leah - M. Kate McCulloch
Daisha - Danielle Baylor
Surly Teen - Avi Mercury
Becker - Cory Moosman
Sedum - Marcus Cannello
Franklin Deco - Paul Greene-Dennis
Glenda - Gretchen Ho
Big Dick - Richard Largo
Kevin - Brendan Kane
Valen - Samantha Weiler
William - Jonathan Hallowell
Enfys - Tom Catt
Roose - Jacque Reiman

CREW

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!