

Harbor Season 2
Episode 7: Second Base

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TITLE SEQUENCE

SCENE 1: INT, LIVING ROOM, LEAH'S CONDO, EARLY MORNING

There's a shuffle of sheets as early morning birds chirp outside. Al inhales, deep and long. A sharp sigh out.

NARRATOR:

Al rolled her stiff neck from the corner of the love seat, her breath hot against the cushion. She shifted to face the living room. All her joints ached, her muscles groaned, her bones grated against themselves. Daybreak streamed in through the windows. Sedum lay on the couch across the room, his legs awkwardly scrunched up to fit the length. His four eyes bore into the ceiling.

AL:

Morning.

SEDUM:

Good morning. Did you manage to sleep?

AL:

Little. Think the uh... everything kept my lizard brain awake.

SEDUM:

Naturally. I'm sorry for that, you could've used it.

AL:

Worse nights have been had.

SEDUM:

Fearing that death has finally come for you? Ah... how often does that stalk your time, Spirit?

AL:

Keeps things interesting.

SEDUM:

Right, how much mace can you carry at once? 6? 7? Also how do you feel about a full suit of armor, that would cut it wouldn't it?

AL:
I'm bad at jokes.

Al sits up, shuffling the sheet away from her.

SEDUM:
Yes you are.

AL:
How'd you sleep?

SEDUM:
Ah, there was a... a bit of rest.

Sedum sits up.

AL:
The others up yet?

SEDUM:
I haven't heard them.

AL:
Enfys and Franklin told me a lot last night. Not enough, but... some. So when I ask you, am I gonna get the truth?

SEDUM:
I... Would like to provide that, yes.
But...

AL:
But.

SEDUM:
Secrecy has been necessary for a long, long time.

NARRATOR:
She rubbed at the sleep crusting her eyes. He shuffled back his long tendrils of feathers and hair from his face.

AL:
Still a but.

SEDUM:
We all have but's, Al.

AL:
 (Light laugh, very
 tired)
 Ooooooooooh, that one hurt.

SEDUM:
 You're smiling.

AL:
 Wish I wasn't! Sedum... tell me true,
 are you ever gonna see me as a full
 person who can go away? Are you ever
 gonna trust me before I... eventually
 do?

SEDUM:
 I do trust you. Selfishly, though, I
 don't long to see you put through
 more trials than are necessary.

AL:
 You know I was tryin' to do that with
 mama. Lo and behold, she's been
 running circles around us since the
 beginning.

SEDUM:
 (Tongue-in-cheek)
 Can it be that familial love is
 messy...?

AL:
 Yeah, you'd know. We already got
 scuffed up, despite your and Mama's
 want.

SEDUM:
 Oh, I am heartily reminded... You most
 certainly don't have to die before I
 can tell you what I'm able. So, what
 I can tell you... off of four hours of
 sleep and limited faculties is... There
 are things in this world that can
 consume us if we aren't careful.
 There are ideas that enrapture us so
 that we lose everything that made us
 unique and become a... vassal of a
 concept.

AL:
 Zealots. Zealots for a purpose.
 Depends on which side you look from.

SEDUM:

(A small breath of a
laugh)

It can, yes, being figurative... To think that any of us are above being manipulated is dangerously untrue. I know I have been.

A shower turns on upstairs. There is life stirring.

(Cont.)

We are all far more vulnerable to our biases and desire to be accepted than we know. For now, I can't make the decision to tell you everything on my own. That's been an oath that's stood for fifteen years. And I can't say if I hope for you to know more... Sometimes I wish I didn't.

AL:

Life would be simpler, wouldn't it?

SEDUM:

Much.

AL:

I'm not going to stop looking.

SEDUM:

I wouldn't expect you to... There will be ideas that charge the price of your life, things that you will willingly offer that to; Be careful with them. But it is always your choice.

NARRATOR:

The edges of his beak curled up, cracking the weariness in his dull plumage. Al traced the lines of her palms.

SEDUM:

Remember, Spirit, in the end... you're a person. Not a concept.

Leah is shuffling down the stairs.

AL:

Stop being wise. You're making me think.

SEDUM:
We can't have that.

AL:
So do I get to keep the mantle of the dumbass all to myself now? Cause you got the "sagely dad" thing down pat.

SEDUM:
No, I remain breathing, you'll still have to share.

LEAH:
(Yawning)
7:15 baby, work still calls.

AL:
Good morning!

LEAH:
(Murmuring)
Mmmh, g'mornin' ...

Al gets up suddenly as Leah starts shuffling into the kitchen.

AL:
M-mama- wait.

NARRATOR:
Al squeezed her mother's robed shoulders tight.

AL:
(Softly, as if in her ear)
I love you.

LEAH:
I love you too.

AL:
I'm sorry.-

LEAH:
Hush.

NARRATOR:
Leah brushed back the tangled nest of Al's hair, kissing her forehead.

LEAH:
Don't go actin' like you're dead 'n
all.

AL:
I want to talk. I want to stay here
and talk and not get out of pyjamas-

LEAH:
We will, later. But we both have
work. We're good... And the sun came up
with you to feel it. And there's
breakfast to be had, which you're
standing in the way of.

AL:
Double sorry. Triple the sorry.

Al moves away from her and Leah walks down the hall.

LEAH:
Mhm. If you want a shower, you'll
have to wait til Sam gets out. I'd
recommend one.

AL:
What do you mean, I smell like roses
and laundry.

LEAH:
Compost pile and dirty jeans, yeah,
you do.

AL:
Mmmneh.

SEDUM:
May I intrude to make toast, Leah?

LEAH:
(From the kitchen)
Help yourself, bread's in the thing.

AL:
Ooooh, you gonna get risky and slap
some butter on there too? Go whole
luxury hog?

SEDUM:
Methinks the Humans of this household
could use some comforting
carbohydrates. Not for me. Unless-

He starts moving into the kitchen

Leah, ah, do you happen to have steel
cut oats perchance...??

LEAH:
(Kitchen)
You think I'm made of money?

SEDUM:
Ah...

AL:
Quick oats are in the pantry.

SCENE 2: INT. BATHROOM, LEAH'S CONDO, EARLY MORNING.

The shower is on full blast.

SAM:
(Through the water)
Try again.

Forcing his breath into a slow rhythm. He never shouts, but
the intensity gets higher.

SAM: (cont'd)
J... Hear me...
(Singing)
I saw the swan swim on the lake, I
never saw my baby, Oh...

His breathing realigns... Again, nothing.

SAM: (cont'd)
(soft, the
unanswered question)
... Where are you?

SCENE 3: INT. DOCA, MORNING

Al and Sam make their way into the DoCA station. There's an
argument in the next room, between Becker and Crux.

WILLIAM:
(Shuddering gasp,
through hissed
teeth)
Guys! Guys, you're alright, thank
God. Valen said, but, I was... I mean,
I didn't know. I'm just so glad
you're ok.

AL:
Hey, hey, ain't nothin' but some
bumps and bruises.

WILLIAM:
(Slipping into
sarcasm)
Just that, righto, almost thought
y'all were kidnapped-

AL:
Eh! Neh, zip it!

SAM:
How are you, William?

WILLIAM:
Right- I'm fine, and we're already
off to a great start.

BECKER:
(Louder)
Prosody, I need communication- either
you're a forgettable slacker or
you're a monstrosity, stop blending
the two.

WILLIAM:
Did'ja catch the sarcasm I put down
there?

AL:
You're really getting it, Willie.

SAM:
Crux needs backup.

The two jumble into the break room, down the stairs.

CRUX:
Hangovers are a fact of life,
Director, hellspawn, or John Doe.

BECKER:

You're going to force me into making this a dry office. Do you want that?

CRUX:

Doesn't matter to me, I at least wait until I'm off the clock...

BECKER:

It's something you earn- You're the one who left early-

NARRATOR:

Crux sat on the couch, hand crushing his mask against his cheek, nodding as Becker leaned over him.

CRUX:

- Speak of the devil- the bad influences themselves.

SAM:

Hi, what did we do?

CRUX:

No use in playing dumb, I told him everything.

NARRATOR:

Crux walked over to the siblings, clapping them both on the shoulders. Becker's frown fell away as he eyed them.

CRUX:

The jig is up. Our yearly ritual of getting absolutely wrecked has been found out. Thank you for being such a responsible DD, Al- You know, she really tried to get us to call this year off, but ah, boys will be boys. You get that, yes, Becker?

NARRATOR:

Crux winked at them as Becker rubbed his chin in frustration.

SAM:

Oh- I'm so sorry-

BECKER:

(Notably softening
with Sam and Al)

No- No. (Beleaguered sigh) It's fine,
Sam, I get it. Just... wait until I
release you from work next time. We
were supposed to have a debriefing.

NARRATOR:

Al raised a finger.

AL:

It was my bad. It's tradition, and I
couldn't bring myself to skip it.
Sorry. We'll wait and I'll tell you
next time.

SAM:

No, it was me, she doesn't even
drink. (Lower) You don't have to keep
trying to save me from consequences...

AL:

(A wry smile)

Don't you dare take away my purpose.-

BECKER:

What happened to your wrist, Al?

AL:

Huh?

BECKER:

It's bleeding. Are you ok?

AL:

Uh- oh. Nah, it's scabbed over, look.

CRUX:

-She got scraped up on the pavement.

SAM:

(Jumping in with
more cover)

Might as well've been drunk.

BECKER:

There's first aid in the kitchen, go
get some antiseptic on that... You get
injured too much. You need to start
taking care of yourself.

AL:
Yeah, sure.

BECKER:
-Prioritize yourself. Got it, Greer?

AL:
Yes. I do. Geeze...

BECKER:
Alright.

VALEN:
Morning Ground Crew.

NARRATOR:
The three spun to their left, to the Director's hall. The lines around Valen's mouth were prominent, but aside from that, she wore the previous night's escapades remarkably well.

VALEN:
'Nother meeting, is it? I got one, that shed needs a DEEP clean, asap.-

BECKER:
(His severe demeanor
back)
Al, stay out of my office- You,
Hollow- we're talking.

He starts towards his office.

VALEN:
(Ignoring Becker)
Thing's a safety hazard, needs a
thorough looking over.

BECKER:
Now, Hollow.

VALEN:
Yes, yes, yes, yes...

She starts off, before shuffling into Al.

NARRATOR:
The edge of her shoulder clipped Al.

AL:

Ah-

VALEN:

Oop- sorry, sorry- Did I get you?-
(under her breath) Get the Meat
documents outta there. (Back to her
boisterous normal) Ah, you're fine.

They both exit into Becker's office. The door snaps shut.
The Ground Crew continue in hushed tones.

SAM:

You scared me, I thought I was in
trouble.

AL:

Sharp thinkin', Crux.

CRUX:

Well, I couldn't leave all the
trickery up to Sam.

SAM:

Actually, your wrists don't look
great either.

CRUX:

Only that damn rope burn. You have
some of your own.

NARRATOR:

Crux caught Sam's wrist, smoothing a
thumb over the faint purple veins, a
shadowy bruise staining his skin.
Chills passed up Sam's arm.

SAM:

Uh-hah, look at that.

CRUX:

Does it hurt?

SAM:

A little, it's fine. Do yours?

CRUX:

They won't for long.

Al clears her throat, looking elsewhere.

NARRATOR:

Al smoothed down her rumpled jacket shoulder. Sam slid his wrist away, but not before he trailed Crux's palm with his fingers.

SAM:

Let's move from, uh- eh, here? (Makes a noise to indicate the Lead Director's office)

AL:

Mmh.

They all move back up the stairs, back into the main office.

WILLIAM:

Well, it's... it's good to have y'all amongst the living. I'm glad you're safe.

SAM:

Yeah, hey did you know that guns are loud?... very loud...

AL:

So, docket one: sleeves long today... What else does he know?

CRUX:

Nothing that I could tell. It was a reasonable cover.

AL:

Good. Stay inconspicuous an' low an' ... he won't have a reason. For anythin' ... William, you got anythin' for the day?

WILLIAM:

Uh, actually! No! Which is a blessin' if you ask me. Which you did. I think we could all use a little r&r.

CRUX:

That's funny- there should be tomfoolery clean up, at the least. You sure there's not a lineage-related feud that cropped back up or something?

WILLIAM:

If there is, they haven't called me about it.

SAM:

Then I'll take the shed- If either of you don't want to.

CRUX:

Have at it.

AL:

No. Couldn't even if I wanted..

SAM:

Great. The more mindless the organization, the better today.

AL:

Ah, shit, you can totally nap in there can't you.

SAM:

No take-backs!

He starts away, before Al darts after him.

AL:

(Remembering Valen's request)

Wait, the shed- wait, Sam-

NARRATOR:

She stopped him close to the side door. The isolation between them, even if just three meters from their coworkers, it rattled Sam's resolve ever-so slightly. The look traveling through his sibling's eyes, was stark and thoughtful- serious.

SAM:

(Taken aback, trying to keep it light)

What, I said no take-backs.

AL:

(Lowering her voice)

Not that, I got a favor to ask- can you keep an eye out for records of the Field in there?

SAM:
You mean your field?

AL:
Our field. Yeah, if you find
specifics on where it's at... Can you
bring 'em to me?

SAM:
(Small scoff)
Forgotten already?

AL:
No... Becker's been snoopin' for it.

SAM:
Oh. What happens if he finds it?

AL:
Ah... There's... nothin' in particular
but... It's special.

SAM:
Certainly is.

AL:
I don't want him pokin' round there.
It's a weird place and I don't know
if he's ever seen anything like it
before... It feels sacrilegious, even
Valen doesn't want him goin' there.
Sedum neither, for that matter.

SAM:
We love a clubhouse.

AL:
I would seriously owe you one.

SAM:
(Affected by this)
... A-at this point I think I owe you
way more, in the grand scheme.

AL:
This isn't debt comparison.

SAM:
I mean... it's true, though. You can't
deny it.

AL:
 (Thinking he feels
 guilty somehow)
 Bro, last night wasn't planned. But
 even if- Look, you have nothing to be
 sorry for. A lot of it was my call-

SAM:
 -Nevermind- I'll keep my eyes peeled.
 Don't want him tromping over holy
 ground, after all.

AL:
 Thanks. Uh... we should talk soon. Just
 you an' me. I been missin' you and... I
 been thinkin' on some things. I wanna
 share 'em. With you. Personal things.

SAM:
 ... Yeah! Yeah whenever! Well... not
 actually, later.

AL:
 Yeah, later.

SAM:
 Ok... Later.

SCENE 4: INT./EXT. DOCA, DAY.

Sam is shifting through papers out in the shed. He places a
 stack, a paper, a book, down in separate piles with each
 announcement.

SAM:
 Intake form- field report... ah- ooh,
 dusty tome, yes, special pile...

NARRATOR:
 He eyed the closed door over his
 shoulder. Papers and folders, books
 and reports spread out around him
 over the shed floor. Sam drug his
 teeth over his bottom lip.

He picks up another sheet.

SAM:
 Emails...? Huh... Does he... Yeah, William
 won't have the email list. Why would
 he?

(MORE)

SAM: (cont'd)
 It'll just be real quick- Al should
 be... off doing other things, right?
 It's been... an hour... Yeah.

He gets up, along with a paper, opens the door to the shed,
 outside, then the door to the house- closes it behind him,
 over to Reception. Crux and William are chatting.

(Cont.)
 Hey, I, uh...

NARRATOR:
 William and Crux both glanced his
 way, their heads together in quiet
 conversation. Sam half skipped, half
 strolled to them.

SAM:
 I got this, seems like... something you
 might need?

CRUX:
 You've found something already?

SAM:
 Email list? Wasn't sure.

WILLIAM:
 Oh, we got these in the system. You
 can just toss that.

NARRATOR:
 Crux stole the paper gently from
 Sam's grasp.

The paper rustles.

CRUX:
 Hm. Along with anything pertaining to
 correspondence addresses before 2015,
 as well. It's all been sorted
 digitally. You can have that back.

He hands the paper back.

SAM:
 Gotcha. Good to know.

WILLIAM:
 Are you sayin' I'm back on Ground
 Crew, Crux? Cause I see you're doling
 those receptionist responsibilities
 like it's your job.

CRUX:
 Sorry, old habits. I just love
 bossing this one around.

WILLIAM:
 Go easy on 'im, he's a sensitive
 soul.

SAM:
 (Flushing)
 Mmm- it's fine.

WILLIAM:
 Awful considerate though.

Sam crunches up in the paper into a wad.

SAM:
 Ain't nothin' ...

NARRATOR:
 Sam tossed the sheet into the trash
 between his coworkers, under the
 desk. Pulling back, his glance caught
 Crux's, a coy tilt to the masked
 man's eyebrows.

CRUX:
 Anything else? Or just visiting?

SAM:
 No. I'll get back to it. (Clears his
 throat, kind of going goofy sing-
 songy) I'll... be outside!

WILLIAM:
 We'll be here! You're doin' great!

NARRATOR:
 Sam almost tripped over his feet as
 he turned back.

Little exclamation from Sam, from the stumble.

Crux inclined his head softly, a
 crinkle creasing his under eye. Sam
 hid his face over his shoulders,
 burying his smile inside.

WILLIAM:
 (Distant)
 An' if you find floppy disks, get 'em
 up here asap!

SCENE 5: INT. LEAD'S OFFICE, DAY.

Typing on the computer, Al coughs, quiet at first, but
 develops into a hack.

AL:
 (Muttering)
 Sorry...

Becker sighs deep and long from the other side of the room.

BECKER:
 Al, we have something to go over.

AL:
 (A bit lost in her
 work and exhaustion)
 Uh, hm?

BECKER:
 It happened again.

AL:
 What happened a what?

There's a sliding noise across the wooden desk from behind
 her.

NARRATOR:
 A mic pack sat coiled neatly in the
 middle of the pristine tabletop,
 having been scurried away by Valen
 the night before. Or rather mere
 hours before.

AL:
 Oh. That...

BECKER:
 All of Ground Crew's are wiped. I'm...
 giving you the chance to explain.

AL:
 (Sighs, she is so
 tired)
 Uhm... I... It was stupid, I know, but-

BECKER:
It's ok. You can be honest.

AL:
(Caught off guard by
the graciousness)
Ah... The guys... were saying dumb stuff
and we realized too late that we left
'em runnin'. It was... mighty
unflatterin'. I wiped 'em. Handed 'em
back to Valen.

BECKER:
Drunk coworkers.

AL:
Yeah.

BECKER:
And you weren't? You were...

AL:
Designated Driver.

BECKER:
Hm... (A moment of tension) Why do you
take the blame for everyone else?

AL:
... Why aren't you chewing me out?

BECKER:
I get that you're playing the big
sister, but why take a bullet for the
Changeling?

AL:
You know his name.

BECKER:
And I'm sure you have a reason for
being a martyr.

NARRATOR:
Al peered clinically back at him, his
face fixed with bemusement and slight
concern.

BECKER:
(Actually conceding)
Why are you taking the blame for
Crux?

AL:
(Suspicious)
It's my nature.

BECKER:
(Conspiracy time,
humorless)
Hah... It was him, wasn't it?

NARRATOR:
Al frowned as Becker stared into
nothing, thinking aloud.

BECKER:
That... sick masochism. It's weird. Has
him written all over it. Knew he'd
destroy more once he left, but... never
thought it'd be infecting a kid with
the same fucked-up complex...

NARRATOR:
It hit her. The lies in the moment
the night before, miles away; opening
up a faux-connection between them.
Contempt, for self and other, swelled
in her gut, and yet... an opportunity
stood, welcoming.

AL:
Yeah. Uh, Sedum's influence has been...
strong...

BECKER:
Mhm. Bastard... Isn't he.

AL:
(Quickly)
Yeah- I been curious: Why did you let
him move here?

BECKER:
I didn't let him do anything- he got
the great idea to wreck government
property and leave all on his own.
(MORE)

BECKER: (cont'd)
Enormous headache... But he'd already bolted by the time I was aware and landed in this hotbed. It was easier than planning an entire excursion to get him back... The fact that he'd stayed so long without leaving or dying before that was honestly a testament. He has that.

AL:
Makes sense... How'd you know he came here?

BECKER:
(A way to show off,
show what's better)
In a fully operational Station, like mine back home, there's an extensive containment system... It's gotten better over the years, but we've found that, like I said, if they don't end up dead... they get slippery at some point. So there's tracking. More refined than bracelets.

AL:
Interesting. How many die?

BECKER:
It wavers, depending on resources and specimens. And we'd gotten some reports in. Harbor pinged up every once in a while... (Trailing off, thinking. Then,) I know you're still in the wishy-washy "Oh they won't hurt us" phase but if I can give you one thing it's this: once they start thinking it's them or you, even I won't try to back an animal into a corner. Let them breathe. We're best at endurance.

AL:
Like last night in the maze when there was a literal corner? ... Sir?

BECKER:
I had you there as leverage. That and his manufactured proprietary. There was no real threat.

AL:
I'm sorry again for the rabbit.-

BECKER:

-It's fine! Look, Al, you can't stay a fuckup forever. You have to take charge of your life somewhere along the way. ... But I think you can do it, if you really try, if you put your mind to it, I think you can finally make something of yourself.

AL:

... Thanks.

BECKER:

Anytime.

An awkward moment.

(Cont.)

Where the hell are the calls today-

He pushes his chair back and flings the door open, yelling.

(Cont.)

William! What is going on??

Al's phone starts to buzz on the table. She checks, then answers.

AL:

Ey, good timing, Valen-

VALEN:

(Over the phone)

-Hi, you know where Downy Gate's at?

AL:

(Lowering her voice)

The big entrance for the sewers, right?

VALEN:

The door for the Subsumed Systems, get it right, please-

AL:

-Sorry, I ain't shoppin' the market much an' I'm going off'a like two hours sleep-

VALEN:

-Well if you can still drive or walk or however, get down here. We got a new message.

AL:
Ah... We do? From-?

VALEN:
It's definitely the same vibe as the
Gun Factory. It's, it's Franklin and
Enfys.

NARRATOR:
She peeked her head round the corner,
peering into the breakroom. Becker
was still out of sight.

AL:
I don't think I can, actually.

VALEN:
What? Why?

AL:
I think I got a long game going with
Becker.

SEDUM:
(Over the phone,
distant)
What was that, she's playing a game?
This is rather more important.-

AL:
I'm sorry. I think I can get him on
my side.

Becker is making his way back.

VALEN:
(Suspicious and
concerned)
Why would you want that?

AL:
He doesn't trust anyone else. Talk
later.

She ends the call abruptly.

BECKER:
What was that, did you get something?

AL:
Just my mama.

BECKER:
Oh! O-oh. Hm... Does she need anything?

AL:
Nah, she's fine. Just bein' mom.

BECKER:
She's good at that.

AL:
That she is. I been wonderin', can you tell me more about... how things go in Raleigh?

BECKER:
(Pleased)
Yeah, I can.

SCENE 6: INT. SHED, AFTERNOON

Sam is dancing around the shed, yawning every once in a while, grabbing a stack of papers. There's a radio playing music.

NARRATOR:
(like she enjoys the feeling with him)
The sensation of Crux's leg shifting against his drifted through him. His fingertips tingled with the memory against his thigh. The thick air of flirtation filled the shed to the brim, all from one little exhausted Human, pumping energy off of the high alone.

SAM:
(Through a smitten grin)
God, stop it... (Sits down in a heap)
Ok, reports. Report, review, field notes. Report, report, reeport, (Bopping to the music, flipping through papers quickly) Mmmm, ah, 'nother little guide- off in the library pile. Gah, it's been like two hours, I could pop back in- MmmmmMMM, no, no... play it cool. Be cool. Be chill...

Time skip. The song has changed into something new.

NARRATOR:

The piles of organized information grew around Sam, the hours ticking on, undisturbed. All stayed quiet aside from his singing hormones, spinning mind, and the scraps of Field of Meat notes growing in his jacket pocket.

SAM:

Blank intake form number 8,000, out of date applications-

He wads them up, and tosses them into a trash bin, and falls onto his back with a bluuurgh.

(Cont.)

I'm doing good. This is good..

NARRATOR:

The shed baked in the crisp afternoon sun. His cheeks dusted pink. A spider twisted around an eave high above him. A thought meandered with it.

SAM:

It's all out there now. Mom's ok, we know who the Pyre is... And I still can't look Al in the eye... (Barely a whisper) What's it like to kill someone..

The door quietly creaks open.

(Cont., Hurriedly,
sitting up)

Mmf, not asleep, just taking a break-

CRUX:

What a coincidence, so am I.

SAM:

Hi! Hey. Hi.

CRUX:

I, eh, went out of my way and made you some tea, but it seems like you're warmed up enough out here.

SAM:

It's hard work, organizing. Luckily we have the best for the job.

CRUX:

And here I was concerned about you.

SAM:
 (Supremely playful)
 How embarrassing.

CRUX:
 You're absurd. Fearing for your life
 the night before, chipper as a
 songbird the next day. I'll save my
 worry for a reasonable person next
 time.

SAM:
 (Smiling
 apologetically)
 No, no, I like it when you worry. And
 I'll take the tea. Thank you.

CRUX:
 That's more like it.

NARRATOR:
 Their fingers brushed as they
 exchanged the hot mug. Crux observed
 him for a moment, before placing a
 hand on the door and swinging it
 shut.

Crux comes in and closes the door behind him.

CRUX:
 Mind if I sit?

SAM:
 Go for it.

Crux makes a little grunt as he sits on the floor.

CRUX:
 Being kidnapped doesn't leave one
 with happy bones.

Sam snickers a little.

(Cont.)
 How old are you?

SAM:
 (Snorts)
 Happy bones...

CRUX:
Har har... So are you really alright?
We almost got shot last night.

SAM:
(Smile slipping)
It's the shitty sleep adrenaline I
think.

CRUX:
Oh, that sounds nice. It's mind-
numbing in there. I'm back to
replaying every time I've had a gun
pulled on me.

SAM:
Do I want to know how many?

CRUX:
Once is more than enough for my
liking, but... anyway (Stretching), no
calls all morning isn't helpful for
staving off memories.

SAM:
(Concerned)
Any way I can help?

CRUX:
I'm fine. As long as my entire... me
isn't disassembled, I'm alright. I
think. Pain's still unpleasant,
though. But for you and Al, it's a
bit higher of stakes.

SAM:
We made it out, though. That's what
matters.

CRUX:
If you say so... You've messed up every
single hair on your head, Mr. Proper.

Crux shifts forward.

SAM:
Is it a good look or a great look?

CRUX:
It's surprising.

SAM:
I'll take it.

NARRATOR:
Crux brushed aside the fringe over Sam's forehead. His skin was cool, as it always had been... the refreshment Sam found himself missing. His eyes lingered on the mask drawn closer to his face. Crux ran his hand down Sam's cheekbone, down along the side of his neck, resting on the top of his chest.

CRUX:
(Softer)
I need you to know, I'm just looking for fun. I'm not one for tethering.

SAM:
Mmm.

NARRATOR:
Sam carefully peeled Crux's hand from his chest, keeping it close. He pressed his lips into the cool palm.

Sam kisses Crux's hand.

SAM:
(Hushed into his skin)
Well... I'm down for fun...

CRUX:
Hah... Good... We are on the clock.-

NARRATOR:
Sam intertwined their fingers together and slid his other palm up Crux's knee, up his stomach.

Rustling of his shirt.

CRUX:
(Surprised, but intrigued)
Oh, you're more fun than expected.

SAM:
We don't have to do anything you don't want to. Just tell me what you like...

NARRATOR:

He tilted Crux's chin up gently,
exposing his neck.

CRUX:

Mmmh, ah, well the flesh is certainly
willing..

SAM:

(Throaty laugh,
whisper)

You smell so good...

NARRATOR:

Sam's lips brushed against Crux's
throat,

There is a pleased reaction from Crux.

(Cont.)

Both of his hands stretched up his
coworker's chest, his mouth trailing
up, up, onto the edge of the mask-
Sam's fingers gently tracing it.

CRUX:

Ah, no. No.

NARRATOR:

A set of hands encircled Sam's biceps
and he was softly pushed back.

SAM:

I'm sorry, I won't do that again.

CRUX:

(A laugh, a bit
flustered and a bit
uncomfortable)

Yes, just... Keep that energy for when
we're off work.

SAM:

Are you saying we're hanging out
after work?

CRUX:

Not tonight. I'd pass out.

SAM:

I get that.

CRUX:

Let's do it soon, though.

SAM:
You promise?

CRUX:
Cross my heart.

NARRATOR:
CruX crooked his finger under Sam's chin, giving him a teasing once-over.

CRUX:
(Sensually)
Get back to work.

SAM:
(Interrupting the mood with playful offense)
You get back to work yourself- You're the one who came out here.

CRUX:
(Laughing)
Ok, ok...

CruX gets up, crossing to the door. It opens.

CRUX: (cont'd)
Be good.

SAM:
Might take me a minute.

CRUX:
(A small chuckle)
A bed of your own making.

NARRATOR:
CruX's dark eyes glinted in a smoky haze, radiating waves off of his presence. He left. Sam's mind spun, intoxicated.

He exits, and the door is ajar.

SAM:
(Deep, long breath)
Oh my gaaaawd... (A contented chuckle)
Wow...

Suddenly the door opens again. CruX is back, having shaken off the flirtatiousness into serious.

SAM: (cont'd)
 (Cont.)
 Second thoughts?

CRUX:
 Actually, Sam, you should come
 inside. Will's on the phone.

SCENE 7: INT. DOCA MAIN OFFICE, AFTERNOON

As they come in through the door.

WILLIAM:
 Thanks for your patience, Mrs.
 Wilcore, uh, look's like we got our
 team assembled, mind, uhm, repeating
 what you just told me? C'mere!-

They hurry over.

NARRATOR:
 A crowd had formed around William-
 Roose bowed against the ceiling,
 Becker staring down at the landline
 phone, Al chewing her thumbnail in
 contemplation. Sam and Crux hurried
 to them as quietly as possible.

LIWROC:
 (Over speakerphone)
 Mr. Kappel, I only wanted to- This
 was supposed to be an anonymous tip.

AL:
 It's ok Liwroc, this doesn't go out
 beyond this room.

ROOSE:
 Squeal, squeal like the rat you are.

AL:
 Would you shut up, Roose?? Sorry,
 Liwroc, go ahead.

LIWROC:
 Well, I, uh, was out and about,
 shoppin', as you do, down on the edge
 of town, right at the Subsumed
 Systems and, and I saw, well,
 graffiti. Happened last night, I'd
 reckon.

BECKER:
What did it say?

LIWROC:
It said "What Does the DoCA Do?" That
one did, anyway.

CRUX:
(Low)
Solid question.

ROOSE:
Is that it?

LIWROC:
No- My wife, she said she saw another
one on her way to work- on the
backroads, it said: "Cryptid Affairs-
Where Humans Come First". Quippy...

BECKER:
How many vandalizations are there?

LIWROC:
All over. Heard about one out west,
sprayed across a dozen trees, so you
have to stand back and see; they're
everywhere. One said y'all were
collaborating with the Human Police
last night? Is that true??

WILLIAM:
Uh-

LIWROC:
Another said "Wanna die for Mayor
Dickson? Join the DoCA!", referencing
your Perdition incident- Not a good
look, and another said y'all were
spying on us.-

BECKER:
-Thank you for your time and
information. We'll be in touch.

ROOSE:
Your worms are poisoned!!

NARRATOR:
Becker smacked the receiver down in
the cradle, ending the call.

AL:
You wanna ring her back with that
info?

ROOSE:
Eh, she heard.

BECKER:
Who leaked that?

SAM:
Which part?

BECKER:
Any of it, all of it. It was... It was
need-to-know information only.

ROOSE:
No one leaked it. You've been sloppy,
Becker. Cryptids notice.

BECKER:
... We can't have this. We need them to
trust us. Ideas- (He snaps his
fingers, twice) Ideas, come on.

CRUX:
I thought *you* didn't trust *us*.

BECKER:
It's easier when we're not dragging
them in by the throat for
questioning. We get more done.

SAM:
What do we get done, though?

BECKER:
We get more information on... how to be
of assistance. (A frustrated laugh)
To help! Isn't that what you want?
Isn't that what you all want?-

AL:
-Let them talk. We come out
defensive, we'll look weak. We prove
that we're worth trusting. We have
two Cryptids here with us, let y'all
be the face for a while, pull us
Humans back.

NARRATOR:

Al crossed her arms and waited for a challenge.

ROOSE:

Conniving. What, are you sick? Did you ingest something bad? Is that it?

AL:

Feelin' fine.

BECKER:

We don't address it?

AL:

No. We don't stoop to that. Move forward and divert, show that we're all on the same side.

NARRATOR:

Sam furrowed his brow. Though familiarly straightforward, there was an edge that felt off, it all felt off.

BECKER:

Yeah. Yeah, I like it. Good idea, Al. Everyone, back... uh... Well, we only have an hour... Wrap up what you need to.

WILLIAM:

It's not much, on account of... no one calling-

BECKER:

(Snapping)

Then find something- Help Roose.

ROOSE:

(Disturbingly
excited)

Do you want to come into my office,
do you want to scrub the filth and
sin in there?-

WILLIAM:

-No, thanks, I'll find stuff out
here!

ROOSE:

Oh...

BECKER:
Just make yourselves useful. I'll figure out a plan.

NARRATOR:
Becker stalked back down the stairs. Sam caught Al's shoulder's slump ever so slightly. His sister met his gaze. Annoyed nausea overtook her expression.

AL:
(Lower)
I'll keep the way clear for y'all. Even if he sends you out, I'd suggest being as incompetent as possible. We don't need to be "helping", we need to be... staying away.

SAM:
You don't have to-

She walks off.

SCENE 8: INT. LEAD DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, LATE AFTERNOON.

Al is pulling on a jacket.

AL:
Hey.

BECKER:
Hm?

AL:
You headed out? It's after five.

BECKER:
Oh. Yeah, just a few more emails... headquarters stuff.

AL:
Right. Well, see you tomorrow.

BECKER:
Actually... Al... Before you leave, I need to... get something off my chest.

NARRATOR:
Her eyebrows raised. She slowly sat back down in her chair.

AL:
Go for it...

BECKER:
Last night was revealing.

AL:
It was.

BECKER:
The police are inept.

AL:
And dangerous.-

BECKER:
-And this place is... something else.

He pushes his chair back and slaps a folder down on the desk.

NARRATOR:
A folder of papers, typed neatly, spread out across his desk. It was fuller than the last time. The same highlighted title from before: Gore Field.

AL:
Y-you found more info.

BECKER:
You asked me to trust you last night.

AL:
I did.

BECKER:
And I gave you that. Now. This stupid little town is a shitstorm waiting to happen; There's something right below it all, I know it.

He stands up and starts pacing.

(Cont.)
And you know it too. I know that. I know you know. And you know that I know that you know.

AL:
Completely.

BECKER:
You're smart when you want to be.
You're not always a disaster.

AL:
On occasion.

BECKER:
And they've been hiding things from
you. Just like me.

AL:
Yeah, it's frustrating.

BECKER:
It's infuriating. But it can't stay
secret forever. This-

He smacks the papers with a finger.

(Cont.)
This is proof. There's a system to
that meat up there, there's patterns,
it's not coincidence, it never is.

AL:
Yeah.

NARRATOR:
Al praised whatever Divinity could
hear her that Sedum had transcribed
her reports last time she monitored
the Field.

BECKER:
I'm going to save this garbage dump.
And you... you're gonna help me.

AL:
How?

BECKER:
Can I trust you, Al?

AL:
(Deciding)
... By all means, yes.

BECKER:

(Kind of manic)

You and me, kiddo. You and me. We're gonna bust this whole thing open, everything here- No one's gonna suspect and then BAM. There we'll be with all their nasty little lies, their fucked up monstrosities.

AL:

Yeah.

BECKER:

They'll understand why I came. They'll see. We're standing over another breakthrough here, do you get that?

AL:

I always knew Harbor was special.

BECKER:

It's extraordinary! It's a goldmine, and- and we're losing it.

AL:

Yeah we are.

BECKER:

To those dissenters. Those liars- That Pyre.

AL:

Could be.

BECKER:

Not for much longer though. Everyone will know how much they need us.

AL:

Mhm.

BECKER:

Do you know what happened when I brought Sedum in for the first time?

AL:

What?

BECKER:

It was a breakthrough, a goddamn breakthrough. I did that.

(MORE)

BECKER: (cont'd)
We learned so much- Learned more than ever before- It was an avalanche of knowledge and-and being fucking smart- I did that.

AL:
Wow.

BECKER:
And I'm going to do it again. With you, right??

AL:
Right.

BECKER:
Right! Now get home, get some sleep- I need my second in command ready for the days ahead!

AL:
Yes sir!

SCENE 9: EXT. THE STREETS OF HARBOR, EVENING.

Al and Sam are walking outside, walking home. There is a wall that is being built between them.

SAM:
... It's getting so dark so early.

AL:
Every year. Should be used to it by now, shouldn't we?

SAM:
We're not farmers.

AL:
Not yet... How you holdin' up?

SAM:
We're here... We're both here.

AL:
You just keep gettin' tougher and tougher.

SAM:
I gotta keep up.

AL:

With who?

SAM:

Everything. Everyone. I can't be squishy forever. Not here.

AL:

Remember when this place used to be soft?

SAM:

Yeah, when was that?

Al chuckles a little, as does he.

SAM: (cont'd)

... Why'd you advise Becker like that?

AL:

I been thinkin' about what Valen said. Honey and vinegar and flies and... all that.

SAM:

Just tell me you're not going to the "dark side" for... God knows why.

AL:

Am I that good?

SAM:

Heh... No, I'm just... scared. Sometimes. I don't know what you're thinking.

AL:

... He ain't gonna stop, Sam. He's hellbent on proving himself- I dunno if it's a midlife crisis or what, but he's findin' a new obsession. And I think it's Harbor. I think it's us.

SAM:

Like us us, or town us? Collective.

AL:

Town us? Have ya dropped anchor?

SAM:

I live here, too. I can say "us" every now and again without... getting married to it...

AL:
(Light chuckle...)
Might there be things here worth
stayin' for...?

SAM:
I... am making the best of a...
situation.

AL:
And I'm living for that passion.

SAM:
Listen, you know how I can get... I'm
trying to not... be weird... Talking
about obsessed...

AL:
Fair. ... It looks like it's the town
but- But people like him, anything
they can grab ahold of, they want.
You're staying out of his way?

SAM:
He's staying out of mine.

AL:
Good.

SAM:
He's zeroed in on you.

AL:
Good, good...

SAM:
Why is it your problem?

NARRATOR:
Al ran her thumb over her chapped
lips.

AL:
You volunteering?

SAM:
-Noo. But, I... I'm worried. Not trying
to tell you what to do but, Al, come
on, this isn't your responsibility.
Not alone.

AL:
I'm fixin' where I can.

Sam stops. So does Al.

SAM:
But you shouldn't have to.-

AL:
-We're bein' dramatic- it's just how
it's fallin' into place.

SAM:
He's not Dad.

AL:
(A little laugh, but
she's put off by
this)
I haven't *completely* gone off my
rocker-

SAM:
-It's scary how like him he is. But
he isn't him. Dad's gone, he's got a
different family. You don't have to
fix everything because you feel like-

NARRATOR:
Sam found himself barely holding in...
everything. So close to batting aside
the shame of his memories, of his
hiding, of the night Mia died. The
words... withered in his throat. It was
hard to see in the dark.

SAM:
(Quiet)
... I need you to know it wasn't your
fault.

AL:
It's not your's either? Bud, I know
he isn't Dad. I ain't doing this for
either of 'em. I'm just given'
everyone else a break where I can.

There's a moment's hesitation from Sam.

AL: (cont'd)
We're both tired. You alright for the
rest of the way home?

SAM:
 (Like he's on the
 verge of admitting)
 ... A... (Low, quick acceptance of a
 sigh) Yeah. I'ma big boy.

AL:
 Cool. See you tomorrow, huge lad.

NARRATOR:
 She offered her arms wide.

He gathers her up in a hug. After a moment, they pat each
 other's backs.

SAM:
 Love you.

AL:
 You too.

They pull away.

(Cont.)
 Stay safe.

Al walks away.

SAM:
 It's like five minutes.

AL:
 Five spoooooky, post-traumatized
 minutes.

SAM:
 (Calling after her)
 You stay safe.

NARRATOR:
 She raised a thumbs up over her
 shoulder. Sam stood, watching his
 sister walk away. A bloom of orange
 light backlit her, a peel of tobacco
 smoke twirled into the night sky.

SAM:
 (To himself)
 Come on, coward...

SCENE 10: EXT. LEAH'S CONDO, THE WOODS, NIGHT.

In a dream, J is singing. Its regretful... prying, pleading, hopeful...

J:
(Fear me not)
But hold me tight, and fear me
not....
And then he changed all in her arms,
into a wild bear (Lion bold) (Wild
wolf)...
She held him tight, and feared him
not... (fear me not)
And she has brought him home...

Sam is walking through the underbrush. Pushing through the leaves and the fallen pine needles.

NARRATOR:
He was there irradiating moonlight in
the same clearing in the forest
behind Leah's condo. And there Sam
stood. The two stared at one another
for a long minute. One Human, one
enormous, breathtaking amalgamation
of deer and man.

J:
My strange son. You arrived. At... my
call, no less...

SAM:
Yeah, whatever *that* was.

J:
A facet of our connection.

SAM:
Well, I got the entirely overwhelming
urge to walk through the forest at
night, practically shitting myself
after everything that happened
yesterday with, with woods, and... I'm
still here when you call me, J. So.
What is it?

J:
(A bit tentative)
Well, firstly, I am thankful for your
promptness. That is quite treasured.

SAM:
 (Breaking open his
 disappointment)
 ... You said you'd be there. When I
 needed you.

J:
 -Sam, I'm sorry. There's a bigger
 realm than even I can enact influence
 over. You were swept up in it-

SAM:
 -It's not that you didn't save me,
 it's... don't make promises if you
 can't keep them. Not around my
 friend's and family and my safety.
 Not when there's no follow through.
 ... I'm sorry but yesterday was the
 absolute closest I've been to dying.
 Actually... Actually dying. I had a gun
 pointed at me! I was restrained, I
 was threatened- Christ, sorry- If I
 could've used a multi-dimensional
 friend at any point, it was then. I
 needed you.

NARRATOR:
 J's prismatic eyes wavered. Sam held
 his arms, a light shiver tickling up
 his sides, the night chill gnawing
 through his robe.

SAM:
 (Softer)
 I just... That's it. I needed you... This
 whole thing is so confusing... I needed
 something solid..

J:
 I have disappointed you.

SAM:
 ... I think so.

J:
 (Thoughtful)
 Oh. Ah...- Hm.

NARRATOR:
 He appeared to be thinking deeply.
 Sam pulled his hands through his
 hair.

(MORE)

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
Guilt grew like a tumor in his
throat. It was becoming a wildly
familiar partner.

SAM:
I-I'm sorry, that was too rough, I
shouldn't have expected-

J:
No, you are entirely correct, Samson.
Entirely. Why apologise for that?-
Ah, oh, this is one of those
irrational Human emotions, isn't it?
Yes, that's right, I remember now-

SAM:
I, I just don't want you to be angry.

J:
But I absolutely agree. Now, you must
know, if you'd been within the town
itself I would have been there, but...
alas... My sphere of knowledge weakens
the further away from the roothead
of Harbor one is...

SAM:
J, I need clarification here, about...
all of this.

J:
Of what?

SAM:
Like the mechanics! We're two
different species and I've never
talked- communicated like this
before, I need some explaining,
please. For my expectations. The
rules.

J:
Alright? Let us try- what is
something I can explain?

SAM:
Thank you. Uh, so... How often can you
see what I'm doing- what anyone is
doing?

J:

Oh, for the most part, the knowledge is sporadic. When connected deeply to an individual, I am more present.

SAM:

How much do you see...?

J:

General happenings, images, especially heightened emotions, thoughts- themes, yes?

SAM:

So nothing... too high-def?

J:

I don't understand.

SAM:

Like, only important stuff, not... private things.

J:

If private things are important, have effects that impact others, then yes, I do see them. If you worry about perversion, please do not, I have no sexual gratification drives. That's usually what Humans worry or hope for, and I am here to assure you, you've not to worry. But are you hoping...?

SAM:

No, I don't- don't think of you that way.

J:

Good. That gets tiring...

SAM:

I'll have to take your word on that.

J:

My word is... well... yes, I see now the concept of trust, being strained. Yes. You must take my word.

SAM:

... Neat...

J:
Remember, some details, but I am only
one being. (A thoughtful, slightly
resentful chuckle)

SAM:
So kind of omniscient?

J:
Roundabouts, yes. Retroactively at
times.

SAM:
Did you see last night?

J:
... Yes. Being primarily outside of
Harbor... I had some spottiness. I
understand what holistically
happened...

SAM:
But only after.

J:
Unfortunately.

SAM:
Okay... Okay...

NARRATOR:
Sam found his face contorted into a
frown. He worked to uncinch his
muscles while still sorting through
the vulnerable awareness that wrapped
his mind.

J:
Samson, I have a... thought for you to
consider. You've made me think, now I
want you to do the same.

SAM:
Ah, uh, sure, yeah.

J:
You're aware how to call me when
you're in the realm of Harbor, when I
can physically meet you.

SAM:
Yes.

J:
 What if I gave you a way to
 circumvent an occurrence like this
 happening again? What if we...
 perchance... grew closer?

SAM:
 In what way?

NARRATOR:
 There was a brilliance pluming off of
 J, emanating like dust from his
 stormy cloak of fur.

J:
 Me... in here.

NARRATOR:
 Cool, semi-solid boney fingertips
 brushed Sam's forehead.

J:
 You... here.

NARRATOR:
 He drew his other hand to his own
 antlered head. A hesitant smile broke
 over his snout.

J:
 At a moment's will. No journeys into
 sleep or across distances.

SAM:
 That happened the other day, with the
 car-

J:
 No, no, that was merely our pathways
 being accustomed to one another,
 reliant on your sleep cycle. No, this
 is far more intentional. This is a
 choice, your choice.

SAM:
 ... What does it cost?

J:
 (Almost offended)
 Samson! Nothing! It is freely given.
 You can connect and speak with me
 whenever, as I can you.

(MORE)

J: (cont'd)
It solves all of this- It doesn't matter the space, not when it is your "yes" linking us.

SAM:
I see...

NARRATOR:
The reasoning crossed him. It would be beyond hearing Crux's voice in his head- he was sure of it. It would be a loop between them. But it tasted like honey in his mind, his thoughts salivating at the potential- of being so perceived.

J:
I care for you, dearheart. I never want to fail you again, I couldn't stand it. Never. Thus, I offer... Almost all of me-

SAM:
-Yes!

J:
Oh, verily?? Even after... well, my... blunder?

SAM:
Yes! No, that doesn't matter! I want that. Yes, yeah, it's, it feels right. This is- yes. Let's do it. I want this. How? How do we do it?

J:
Ah-hah-haha, wonderful! You are truly exceptional- Your nature! SO pure-

SAM:
What do I need to do?

J:
Simply accept me.

SAM:
Of course.

NARRATOR:
J grinned broad, his thin long teeth cluttered in his wide mouth.

(MORE)

NARRATOR: (cont'd)
 Sam mirrored him, his heart thumping wild, his mind spinning with the opportunity- the promise of closeness.

J:
 Wondrous.

NARRATOR:
 J's image blinked, then appeared over Sam suddenly. He exhaled something over the crown of Sam's scalp. Like a heavy light, a weighted, warm illumination, dripping over his shoulders.

Sam shudders involuntarily.

J:
 This will take but a moment- Stand fast-!

NARRATOR:
 J shrugged his hands up, then pushed both, steepled at the incorporeal fingertips, through Sam's solid skull.

Sam reacts- it isn't pain, but it is uncomfortable and weird.

Though all Sam could receive in his eyes were sparks and dusty dark, light spilled again from J's maw, down over the little Human, pooling into the top of his scalp, disappearing inside, along with J's hands. As instantaneously as the process had begun, it ended. J retracted his hands from inside Sam's intact and untouched head.

Sam stumbles a little.

SAM:
 (Disoriented)
 Oh, fuck. I'm... warm.

NARRATOR:
 J dropped to the ground, craning his neck up to look into Sam's bewildered, dizzy face, the same dazzling grin over his snout.

J:
(Psychically)
Well now, are you satisfied, my
strange son?

SAM:
(Breathless)
You-you're in here!

NARRATOR:
Sam's palms pressed against his head.
The voice was not just a voice, but
piercing, warm fog- The essence of
Judgment filling his conscious.

J:
(Psychically,
laughing)
You think that whole experience was
for fun?

SAM:
Let me try- (Inhales, concentrating.
Psychically) Can you hear me?

NARRATOR:
It was him across the distance, now.
Felt his heartbeat like a distant
flutter in his body. Depthless ocean
and spanless sky and dazzling sparks
welcomed his flitting, enigmatic
psyche.

J:
(Psychically)
You're a natural. Are you quite sure
you're Human? Must I be worried?

SAM:
(An exclamation of
laughter)
I-I-I-I-I'm with you!

NARRATOR:
Light swam in his mind, his entire
being felt airy, every exhaustion
melting away. J pulled back, a new
invigoration emanating from him in
return.

SAM:
God, it feels incredible!

J:
(Almost hazy,
dreamy)
Like it was always meant to be.

SAM:
Like breathing.

J:
(Pushing away the
past)
Yes. Just like breathing.

END

CAST

Narrator - Kiarra Osakue
Al - Faraday Roke
Sedum - Marcus Cannello
Leah - M. Kate McCulloch
Samson - Z Reklaw
William - Jonathan Hollowell
Becker - Cory Moosman
Crux - John Peacock
Valen - Samantha Weiler
Liwroc - Jenna Melissa Wilcox
Roose - Jacque Reiman
J - Joseph Rathorn

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!