

HARBOR

Episode 10 - "The Sea to You"

Written by M. Roke

SCENE 1 - INT. OSL'S HOUSE - EVENING

Soft, smoooooth music. It's quiet and relaxing. Leah's phone buzzes in a call.

LEAH:

(Very relaxed but also rather irritated)

Hey sweets. What do you need?

SAM:

(On the other line)

Hey, mom, hi! I didn't want you to worry-

LEAH:

I wasn't- Is something up?

SAM:

Oh... I'm just not home?

LEAH:

Mhm. That's fine. And?

SAM:

Uh, ah, yeah, um, I'm out... with... some friends?

LEAH:

Mhmmm...? ... Anything else?

NARRATOR:

Leah took a long sip of her red wine, the amber glow of many candles winking in her peripheries.

SAM:

Well, I'm gonna be staying out for the rest of the night, I guess.

LEAH:

Ok, Sam.

SAM:

... That's ok?

LEAH:

Completely ok. Yep.

SAM:

Oh!

LEAH:

All grown up, know what you're doing- sounds good?

SAM:

Ok! Totally know what I'm doing!-

LEAH:

Ok sweets, see you later.

SAM:

Yeah, see you, mom! Bye-

LEAH:

-Bye.

She hangs up the call... and sighs, disgruntled.

NARRATOR:

A shape maneuvered into the shadow-filled room. A shape with eight legs, a large thorax, something of a humanoid abdomen, and a long, horsey sort of head, a fall of glossy hair tumbling down. The shape, the man-horse-spider Cryptid, reached for her negligee strung shoulders... and began massaging.

LEAH:

Uggggggh...

OSL:

Now, what're you doin' tense, hmmm? Gotta get to work on these knots...

LEAH:

OSL (*Oscil*), these kids are gonna be the death of me... Thinking I'm oblivious, and *still* expect me to give my blessings!

NARRATOR:

OSL worked his spidery hands into her melting muscles, as one of his spare arm-legs set down a fresh bottle of wine next to the bed.

OSL:

(Hushed)

Tell me about it, love- Get it off your chest, hmm? We have all night to get the rest off...

LEAH:

Mmmm, no, *Lord*. Not tonight. Tonight... there's no talking allowed...

OSL:

(Laughs throatily)

Shut me up, then?

They fall back onto the bed.

TITLE CARD SEQUENCE

SCENE 2 - EXT. DOCA - EVENING

Sam hangs up the phone, in the evening night air, crickets alive and boisterous.

SAM:

Mom was completely chill!

AL:

Really? Huh. I mean, I'm used to it, but you.

SAM:

Yeah, I think she might be finally starting to trust me, for real, for really real.

VALENTINA:

AMAZING, I am so glad your mother trusts you to make informed,
well thought out decisions!

NARRATOR:

Valen crossed her thick arms, emanating a suffocating amount of
condemnation. Al sucked her teeth, controlling herself enough to
not roll her eyes as she threw the bag of water bottles and
snacks into the backseat of her car.

AL:

Valen, lay off, I'm not hearing anything better outta you.

VALENTINA:

Silence is better than what you're working with. Step one, find
a place to watch the Toy Shop, step two, stake out all night and
get no good, proper goddamn sleep, step THREE, come BACK HERE in
the MORNING and deal with a whole Thursday. Ohhh yeah, *that's* a
solid plan!

AL:

We got one shot to get the jump on The Pyre, we can't let that
slip- we'll do this as many times as needed til Becker fucks
off.

VALENTINA:

Let's at *least* wait for Roose- we're dealing with a pyromaniac
that can tear apart cars, here! Al, you're a beanpole and you're
a hobbit, Sam, and you *both* can be knocked over by a crisp
breeze, and Sedum, you'd get lit up like a one of those
Christmas trees the *moment-*

SEDUM:

Then I'll be sure not to "light up" tonight. Are we ready?

SAM:

Ready and willing and even more ready!

AL:

Stake! Out!

NARRATOR:

Valen grabbed Sedum's elbow, tugging him past the back of Al's car, away from the siblings. The night air hung heavy, moist, stifling, beading sweat under her inky hair in the back lot of the DoCA.

VALENTINA:

Stop encouraging them, you *nut*.

SEDUM:

It's curious how it seems like a fine idea for you to act on impulse but when it comes to anyone else, you like to get worrisome. Just... something I've noticed...

VALENTINA:

I weigh the odds- This is reckless, if not completely useless! Either nothing will happen or you will find yourselves face to face with someone we know jack-all about-(*lowered*) Or too much about? Franklin's smart.

SEDUM:

We don't know for certain if it is him. I might be right. And I'm rather looking forward to that...

VALENTINA:

You're acting like a goddamn teenager. And a dumb one at that.

SEDUM:

Boundaries need to be reestablished with Becker. This could be perfect.

VALENTINA:

By making a big fucking show?

SEDUM:

Now I just heard you say that we're likely to turn up nothing. Which one is it, Val?

The car beeps.

AL:

Tick tock.

NARRATOR:

Sedum made to move forward. Valen stopped him with a single hand pressed into his ribs, staring him down from 2 feet below.

VALENTINA:

What happened to weathering the storm?

SEDUM:

The roof blew off. *(Softer)* We're simply ensuring a satisfying exit. Those two have given me a lot to think on, Valen. Perhaps there'll be no more weathering for anyone.

VALENTINA:

... For all your sakes, I pray this is a bust.

SCENE 3 - EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Along Main, a car passes every ONCE in a while- barely any. It's after 8. The three are walking along the sidewalk.

NARRATOR:

The three stalked Main Street, Al rubbing at her face intermittently, loosely tying back her hair, Sam acting as pack mule, and Sedum disguised as Mr. Nuller, scanning the area.

SAM:

Can't be right in Finnick's, can we.

SEDUM:

(Nuller)

Not without breaking and entering- We need a good vantage point above all else. Something inconspicuous..

SAM:

Ah, what about across the street- one of the roofs?

AL:

Too high- what happens if this chuckle fuck shows? Need somethin' high enough to be outta the way, but low enough to have easy access... There- fire escape, in the alley.

SEDUM:

Excellent. Good view, right across the street, but concealed.

SAM:

That's easy access? The ladder starts up like 8 feet.

AL:

You can do it, Sam, look, there's a dumpster to scramble up.

SAM:

Eeeeeeh...

AL:

What happened to that whole Indiana Jones thing you had when you were a kid?

SAM:

I left those dreams behind when puberty denied me useful arms...
And realizing the imperialist implications of the franchise.

AL:

(Snorts)

I knew you've been outta it today, good to have ya back- tell me more about Jones's jonesin' for subjugation once we're all up there, 'kay?

SAM:

I mean, it's more like a pervasive system he's a part of than subjug-

SEDUM:

I'll take you up, Samson.

AL:

Gonna make a call, I'll meet y'all.

Al walks away a few paces, dialing...

SAM:

(Distant)

Ah- uhm, ok, how do we do this?-

SEDUM:

(Distant)

Arms up! Don't squirm, please.

SAM:

I'll try-!

The familiar woosh, this time with a yelp from Sam, the two of them land on the fire escape with a clatter. The phone picks up.

GLENDA:

Hello... ?

AL:

I got somethin' for you, Mayor Dickson. Supposed to keep you up to date, so here I go, here's your breaking news for the evenin'-

GLENDA:

Al? Is that you mutterin'? Well *(Laughs)* Finally you give me a ring, but honey, why you calling so late? It's not respectful, even for you, lil firecracker.

AL:

Well this firecracker's about to burst, and you should be the first to know. It's what you wanted, right?

GLENDA:

You sound like you're about to go do somethin'...

AL:

I'm solving your problem.

GLENDA:

(Ruefully)

Oh? Which one?

AL:

I'm getting you your Pyre, and then you'll get off our backs, your lacky will leave, and everything will be fine, again. All you've done to derail us will be for nothin'.

GLENDA:

(Interested)

How exactly are you going to lay hands on our prime, *unknown* suspect?

AL:

I'm figuring it out. My point is, your nose is now presently rubbed *in* it.

GLENDA:

In what?

AL:

... Retribution. When this is done, let us take care of Harbor in peace. Deal?

GLENDA:

You ain't gone and fallen off the wagon, have you honey?

AL:

No!! I haven't- *(Stifles a groan, regaining her swagger)* Just get off that high horse before the night is through, or you might get *bucked* off.

GLENDA:

Well, ok, darlin', have fun, don't stay up too late-

Al hangs up and sighs, muttering.

AL:

Shake it off...

SCENE 4 - EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

They are all settled in, but showing signs of exhaustion.

SAM:

What time is it?

AL:

After 1... *(Yawns)* 'scuse.

NARRATOR:

The three of them were crumpled atop each other, Sam squeezed against one corner, Sedum the other, with Al crouching between the two of them as best she could considering the size of the fire-escape landing. She glared hawkishly into the street below, conversation having died hours previous.

SAM:

Could've sworn I left these types of nights behind in Washington... *(Groans, stretching)*

SEDUM:

You two, please shut your eyes. I'll take the watch.

AL:

No. It's nothing-

SEDUM:

You've both had long days. Take the chance to sleep.

SAM:

What about you?

SEDUM:

Well, considering you had to work, Samson, and you had to put up
with me, Al-

Sedum unscrews the lid of the thermos, drinking.

(Cont., making a sort of shuddering "bleh")

And now I have the atrocious power of coffee on my side- I won't
be sleeping.

NARRATOR:

Sedum stood as best he could on the cramped landing, grabbed the
outside of the next level, hoisted himself up with a frantic
little flutter and disappeared above them. Sam caught Al's eyes,
as lined and lidded as he was sure his own were. He broke their
contact, self-revulsion skittering through his gut.

AL:

Wake us up if anything happens.

SEDUM:

(From above, quietly)

Of course.

Al pats her shoulder with sharp slaps.

AL:

C'mere bro, got a boney shoulder for your noggin'.

SAM:

No- it's my turn. Get cozy, sister.

AL:

Mm... *(Relenting)* Thanks. *(She gets comfortable...)* ... This is
horrible.

SAM:

(Chuckles)

Yeah, usually is.

AL:

(Mock gasp)

All this time? All them car rides? And you didn't tell me?

SAM:

I know. Selfish.

SCENE 5 - EXT. DREAMSCAPE, CLIFFSIDE

The wind is blowing, a windswept cliffside over the ocean. Sam is in a new space in the Dreamscape.

SAM:

... This feels familiar...

NARRATOR:

Sam sat on a cliff, black grass tracing along his fingers. A stark ice-blue sky above him. He fell back, the blades tickling the back of his neck. A sea surged somewhere. No sun, but light everywhere- bursts falling in the cold blue and black and gray and white- A landscape *evoking* cold but instead *felt* nothing of the sort. Just a pleasant breath, a comforting warmth, and a refreshing bite to the air that wasn't air.

SAM:

J... is this your home?

A pair of footsteps.

J:

How do you like it?

SAM:

It's beautiful.

NARRATOR:

Sam craned his neck back, seeing the giant approach him, upside down. J was different. Instead of stormy gray, he was... vibrant. Vibrantly white and black, the grays melting into rich warm silver, glistening gossamer stretched between his antlers

dancing in the soft "breeze" of the other-world. He took his place beside Sam, all 14 feet of him, and sat down. His tousled mane, somewhat bedraggled, curled in great tendrils around the back of his head, down over his shoulders, his chest. He fixed

Sam with his disconcerting eyes, prism-like white pupils, glittering with the slow bursts of light around them, bathed in endless pools of black. He gave a soft smile, teeth disarmingly white and thin, many, many of them.

J:

Forgive me for the break in your deep sleep?

SAM:

(Very tired, but happy to see him)

It wasn't that great anyway... This is incredible.

J:

You've already been inside my head- It was high time I invited you in, properly... You're absolutely ragged, Sam; I'll make this quick.

SAM:

No, no, I'm fine, it's more comfortable here than where I am out there... is something up?

J:

I have been... thinking. I am ready. We're at the precipice already, aren't we?

SAM:

What do you mean?

J:

For us to *truly* be friends. To... trust you. I was so afraid I lost you after our memory explorations. Terror-struck at the thought... I cannot delay this any longer. Though this will hurt...

SAM:

Hey, whatever it is, don't do it if it'll hurt.

J:

(Smiling)

That's how this works. I confuse you and you bewilder me. Vulnerability... yes... If anyone can show me how vulnerability can not hurt? It would be you, strange son; ... Are you prepared? I feel compelled to expose myself to you now.

SAM:

Ah... wait, what?

J:

The time is right.

SAM:

J... Listen, I think you may have... misread some things...

J:

But haven't you desired this? And I have known your name for so long.-

SAM:

Oh my GOD! I thought you were gonna whip out your dick!

J:

Oh, no, Sam. I have no genitalia to speak of, much less any use for such.

SAM:

Oh, that's ok-

J:

-I don't even have a butthole.-

SAM:

-PLEASE TELL ME YOUR NAME!

J:

Yes, onwards and upwards!

NARRATOR:

J stood up and crossed to the edge of the cliff face, facing Sam, who sat up, covering his mouth with one hand. J snapped to attention, swept one arm behind him, and twirled his other hand amidst his antlers.

J:

Permit me to introduce myself. My name... is Judgment.

NARRATOR:

He bowed, flourishing and low. Sam squinted at him, the gears in his head sloughing rust.

SAM:

(Baffled laughter)

What??

J:

(Slightly horrified)

... What is humorous?

SAM:

Oh... Oh. Oh my God, you're serious.

J:

Quite.

SAM:

Well no wonder you've been shy for like three weeks! I'm sorry, I'm sorry- ah- *(Groans)*

J:

I've kept you here too long-

SAM:

Ah, hold on... mmm, I've never slept on a fire escape before, ugh swear I can even feel it in here, now.

J:

(This changes something)

Fire escape...? Where are you, out there? Precisely.

SAM:

We're doing a stake-out, along Main tonight- We got a lead, kind of, for this threat-thing called the Pyre?-

J:

WHAT?!

NARRATOR:

J- *Judgment* - dropped to his hands and knees, scrambling up to Sam, who flinched back, their noses almost touching.

SAM:

Geeze-

J:

Sam, wake up, wake up *now*, I can't protect you-! You're too far- Why are you out there?!

NARRATOR:

Judgment clutched Sam's face, wild and afraid- *Frustrated*.

SAM:

J, what's wrong??

J:

Wake up NOW, SAMSON- That nascent imbecile is *loose!*

SCENE 6 - EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - EARLY EARLY MORNING

Sam wakes up, inhaling, bleary. Some birds are chirping, it is almost dawn.

SAM:

Mmmh...

NARRATOR:

The sky was streaked navy, and just behind the forest ringing Main street, flecks of orange whispered of the dawn. The last stars wavered in limbo above their heads. Sam was half slumped against something hard, uncomfortable.

AL:

(Sleepily)

It's morning?

NARRATOR:

Al's hand blearily pawed at his face resting against her shoulder. Sam stumbled to his feet, batting her away.

SAM:

(Alert now)

No- Something's coming.

AL:

Just a nightmare... Ignore it...

SEDUM:

(VERY tired)

It's been quiet for hours.

SAM:

Something is *coming*. Get up, Al.

AL:

Ok, ok... I'm up... What're you psychic now...

They all get quiet, holding their breath... then... footsteps in the darkness. Two sets of footsteps.

(Cont.)

Shit, you're right. How'd you know that?

SAM:

Just a feeling.

SEDUM:

Stick hasn't thrown on the lamps... Ah, she must be diverting power to mending herself- (*Inhales, sharp*) There, two... There are two of them?

AL:

Stay here, both o' you. Don't come down unless it goes to shit.

Al lands heavily, a story below. She quietly runs out.

NARRATOR:

Before either of them could move, Al was down the stuck ladder- and into the alley. Sedum carefully squeezed himself next to Sam.

SAM:

They'll see her-

SEDUM:

She knows what she's doing.

NARRATOR:

The muddy shadow that was Al hesitated behind a parked car on their side of the street. A pair, small and linked by the hands, made their way along the storefronts.

Lonke is speaking softly, muttering.

SAM:

I don't like this, we should help her. We should be there- She needs us-

SEDUM:

What's more likely to intimidate, one or three? We're trying *not* to devolve into violence.

Sam groans, disgruntled.

NARRATOR:

Sedum patted Sam's shoulder as they watched the lanky shadow dart across the street, behind another car, behind a trash can- just past the boundary of Finnick's store, the neon Closed sign spilling red light over the two figures coming up fast on her position. She stood up, all 5' 10" of her, towering over the pair.

AL:

(Distant)

Enjoying the air, Pyr- Aw hell.

LAUNKE:

(Distant)

We are enjoying the air, Friendly Neighbor. Look, Launke, it's a Friendly Neighbor!

AL:

Son-of-a-bitch... *(Calling)* It's only fucking Launke!!

LAUNKE:

Just "Launke" is good, remember I am a child, too...

NARRATOR:

Barely discernible in the red light was what looked to be two children- one the rough shape of an organic, fuzzy triangle, a tiny head atop a bottom-heavy body, a tangle of fur wrapping them, two beady red eyes glinting- the other an angel faced Human child, the one who spoke.

SEDUM:

Oh, eugh-

SAM:

Launke?

SEDUM:

We *think* it's only the Cryptid, but it may refer to both- a symbiotic relationship- It's very unclear.

LAUNKE:

We shall entertain you, for this is a joyous morn, isn't it
Launke, we must celebrate meeting a neighbor!

NARRATOR:

The pair raised their free hands, causing the trashcan next to
Al to rattle- Various bits of garbage floated out and began
dancing around her.

SAM:

Ew.

AL:

Stop bein' stupid, come on, this is a stakeout.

LAUNKE:

But we are vegetarians...

NARRATOR:

Al grabbed the fuzzy one's hand, and began to pull them away
from the red light of Finnick's closed sign... Red that was now
churning with orange, growing stronger with each passing second...

SAM:

Something's in the store-

An EXPLOSION, massive, the entire window shattering in a shower
of glass. A Scream.

SCENE 7 - EXT. FINNICK'S TOY SHOP - EARLY MORNING

Fire is licking the air, and Al groans and lifts herself off of
the ground, glass dropping off of her.

AL:

... Launke, where are-

NARRATOR:

Launke held onto each other, gawking into the destroyed toy
shop. Al felt a trickle of blood run down the slope of her

cheekbone. A... *something* stood in the middle of the wreckage. Small, smaller than Launke, squat, a heap of fabric piled atop it, the image of a sentient hamper- About 5 scarves twisted about the head with a sunhat on top, an oversized trench coat trailing around them, and a single sleeve consumed arm pointing, trembling, at Al, tiny tongues of flame curling through the fabric.

The Pyre is muffled to the point of inaudibility for the scene- none of it comes through.

THE PYRE:

[REDACTED]

AL:

Launke, get outta here.

Launke scuttles away.

LAUNKE:

We are already leaving!

THE PYRE:

[REDACTED]

AL:

(*Can't hear*)

... What's that?

THE PYRE:

(*A growl*)

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

AL:

Hang on...

NARRATOR:

Al heaved herself up, already feeling the bruises leeching up her legs from smacking the truck. The Pyre froze, hands curling into fists at the movement.

AL:

Look, you're gonna have to speak up if-


NARRATOR:

Bright yellow flames popped into life around The Pyre. They *sprinted* at Al, clattering over broken toys.

AL:

SHIT-

THE PYRE:




NARRATOR:

The Pyre was atop Al in an instant, before she grabbed them under their arms- Tongues of ochre flame gnawed at her fingers, her palms, creeping up her wrists- eating, chewing, drooling over her skin.

Al cries out, her hands burning.

THE PYRE:



NARRATOR:

The flames surged blue.

AL:

(Strangled in pain)

Son of a *bitch!*

NARRATOR:

With all her strength, she flung the Pyre over the truck and into the middle of the street.

The Pyre shrieks as they tumble against the pavement.

AL:

(Woozily)

Agh... Fucking... shit.

NARRATOR:

Al collapsed, her arms red, glistening, pulsing with agony.

SCENE 8 - EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - EARLY MORNING

SAM:

AL!! Sedum I can't get down!!

SEDUM:

Stay there, Sam- Al, hold on!

There's a fluttering of wings- and Sedum takes off-

SCENE 9 - EXT. MAIN STREET - EARLY MORNING

Sedum lands in a heap on the pavement, as The Pyre gets up.

NARRATOR:

Sedum landed a few paces away from the Pyre, who was grumbling as they picked themselves up, barely casting his Human disguise a second glance.

SEDUM:

(As Nuller) You must be the Pyre, yes? Ah, *Pyre*, stop, this is enough destruction- We only wanted to talk.

Al groans in pain.

(Cont.)

Al, breathe deep. Just breathe..


AL:

(Distant, in pain)

I can do that!

THE PYRE:

(Still muffled beyond comprehension)


SEDUM:

(Trying to keep it under control)

Can you please speak up- would love to hear your reasoning-

NARRATOR:

Colorful pieces of junk pelted The Pyre's sunhat, some melting, some catching alight. Al pulled herself up against the truck, searching over the top- Launke's joint hands were raised across the street, concentration beading both faces.

LAUNKE:

We're helping!

SEDUM:

Launke, please stop- *(Trash hits)* Pyre, if you would just- *(Trash hits)* Remove a scarf or two- *(Trash hits)* We could hear what it is you have to say-

The trash can hits the Pyre with a huge THUNK- The Pyre groans and then starts muttering- FAST, sloppy expletives.

NARRATOR:

The trash can collided with The Pyre's head.

AL:

Launke- stop!

LAUNKE:

We helped!

AL:

LEAVE!

LAUNKE:

Ok!

SEDUM:

Oh, ah... are you alright...?

NARRATOR:

Bright blue flames lapped the air around the Pyre, belching heat. Green eyes, slitted, *furious*, gleamed through the wreckage of the hat, thick veins glowing along the ridges of their face in brilliant orange.

SAM:

(Distant)

I don't think they wanna talk anymore!

SEDUM:

Probably right, Samson!

SAM:

(Distant)

The hydrant! Water!

SEDUM:

Yes!

NARRATOR:

Sedum twisted about, spotted the hydrant and snapped his foot across the front. The spicket flew off with a crack, and water engulfed the Pyre in a violent spray of white. A gush of black smoke plumed up from the point of impact.

SAM:

(Distant)

Yeah!

AL:

Yes! ... ugh...

NARRATOR:

Then... the plume *moved*. The Pyre pushed their way out of the flood, now spilling steam.

SAM:

(Distant)

No...

AL:

Oh no, no, no, no-!

NARRATOR:

The Pyre's bare, russet-scaled head dripped; tiny, curling horns decorated with the tatters of what had been the hat, stark, fiery arteries radiating between the scales of their entire skull, their beetle-green eyes straining in their sockets, water pouring off of their face. They heaved, shivering, their coat and scarves hanging limply around a tiny frame.

SAM:

(Distant)

Oh *no*...

The Pyre gasps for breath, building, until a SCREAM ERUPTS-

NARRATOR:

White-hot shrapnel spinning away from their body; molten rock spewing from tearing cracks in their arms and legs- pouring from their *chest*.

The Pyre is muttering a muffled cacophony of emotions.

SAM:

(Distant)

SHIT!

SEDUM:

(Horrorified)

Oh God...

NARRATOR:

The Pyre suddenly snapped their head down the street, then back to Al, and darted towards her.

The Pyre is running.

AL:

Ok! Alright!! Come on, then!!!

SEDUM:

(Instinctual, automatic, a sharp inhale)

No you *DON'T*-

A pause in the noise.

NARRATOR:

Sometimes, time slows down. Sometimes this is when we must savor what is occurring, every single drop of it. This was not that.

This was when one cannot stop themselves from executing an enormous, rash mistake, and one knows it, and one must commit to memory every second of the mistake, to ruminate on in their darkest moments. I've noticed it seems to be an enjoyable pastime for organic life. What happened was this... The Pyre aimed for Al. Al was injured. And Sedum had very strong legs. And Sedum *kicked* the Pyre, with a very strong leg.

The Pyre SCREAMS, babbling on, FURIOUS, as she's sent sailing away.

(Cont.)

This caused the Pyre to gain such momentum and height so quickly, that they were sent spinning over themselves, over the little, desecrated toy shop, and into the treeline behind Main Street.

The sound comes back.

(Cont.)

Al stared in wide-eyed horror at Sedum, who panted, still as Nuller, a look of chilled dread overcoming his bloodless face.

AL:

(Pained)

Maybe we can go get 'em?-

NARRATOR:

The trees behind the store burst into flame, a line of smoke retreating away.

SEDUM:

(Hoarsely)

Oh God...!

SCENE 10 - EXT MAIN STREET - DAWN

Someone slams a car door. And someone is hesitantly walking across the pavement. Everyone talks loud, over the continuing gushing water.

BECKER:

Wow. Wowie. Jesus *Christ*, this is... (Exhales) something special, isn't it? I pop outta town for a coffee, and come back to this? Boy this morning just... is starting off so right.

NARRATOR:

A crack erupted inside Finnick's, sending smoldering foam rockets whizzing from the half of the shop not doused in water.

AL:

(Pained)

Becker, we didn't do this-

BECKER:

You didn't! Mmm, yeah, but you *did*- I just saw our star quarterback here punt *something* out of atmosphere, and you two are the only ones *not* in your pyjamas looking outta their apartments- wave, you've got an audience-

NARRATOR:

Al and Sedum glanced up at the the tops of the shops, several faces framed in bonnets and bedhead poking out of windows, one on a phone, all looking horrified.

HAROLD:

(Distant)

Oh my god... Joan... It's a fire...

JOAN:

(Distant)

Harold! Don't look into the flames! Don't do this again!-

AL:

Ah... shit...

BECKER:

-I gotta say, you've really, truly outdone yourself with this, Sedum. I was thinkin', you know, you've slowed down, lost your edge, but look at this, LOOK- *(Laughs)* Oh, mind if you shut off the flood? Hard to recognize your truly incredible fuck up with this mess.

NARRATOR:

Sedum slowly turned back to the hydrant, set his foot on it, and curled the top over itself, the water reducing to a burble.

BECKER:

See why we kept him in a cell, Al? Goddamn nightmare...

SEDUM:

(Nuller)

I take full responsibility for... losing The Pyre.

BECKER:

That's what that was? Even better, it actually mattered!

AL:

At least we *did* something aside from sitting on our asses!

BECKER:

Kiddo, oh my God, stop- it's too early for Christmas-

NARRATOR:

Al wobbled to her feet and crossed the pavement- shoving herself against Sedum, who stumbled a little, holding her upright.

SEDUM:

Al-

AL:

(Hissed)

End it.

SEDUM:

We're getting you to a hospital.

AL:

You're the only one who can. Do it fast, then we'll go.

SEDUM:

We need to take care of you-

AL:

No!-

BECKER:

You two, share with the class!-

SEDUM:

Stop, Brick!

NARRATOR:

Becker and Sedum stared at each other for a moment... before Sedum pressed a hand over his human mouth and Becker's easy smiled crept back.

BECKER:

(A moment... then he chuckles)

Yeah, quit before you cause a nuclear meltdown. But really, thank you, believe me, I *have* to thank you from the bottom of my heart. You've just given me the best gift I could ever even *conceive* of. I can honestly do... *anything* now.

AL:

Get outta here with that, you- (*Groans*)

SEDUM:

Al, no, you need help now-

AL:

(*Strangled*)

It only stings...

BECKER:

(*He snaps his fingers*)

Hey, don't turn your back on me, I need your eyes here, alright?

SEDUM:

One moment, Becker! I'll be with you in a moment. Please, j-just a moment...

BECKER:

... We were in the middle of something, but, *fine*... always making it about you...

NARRATOR:

Al caught Sam straining at the fire escape railing down the alley, still shrouded in deep shadow as the sun sliced through the trees. Sedum steered her to the blown out truck, setting her down on the only slightly singed bed. She set her jaw and slowly, jerkily shook her head "no", praying that her brother could see, that he'd save himself- the blisters swelled, the edges of the damage already peeling back, tomato red skin underneath glistening.

SEDUM:

(*Low*)

We're going. I don't care-

AL:

Not before you do this.

SEDUM:

I'm not leaving you!-

AL:

(Almost crying in pain)

Tell him to fuck off, then we can go!

NARRATOR:

Al blinked back the searing ash, overwhelmed. Sedum hesitated a moment... He tucked a loose bit of sweat and blood slicked hair back behind her ear and nodded his human head. Al gulped down a steadying breath, and focused on not grinding her teeth into oblivion.

AL:

Tear him a new one. For me.

SEDUM:

(Half laugh, feeling sick, then quietly, with an accompanying few steps)

... Brick? Please stop. I'm asking you to stop this time.

BECKER:

(Louder)

Sorry? I can't hear you over the raging fire you set-

SEDUM:

I left Raleigh, we couldn't coexist after everything, but you followed.

Becker takes a few slow steps forward, crossing into the shattered glass.

BECKER:

Out of obligation! You took our structure, our name, practically. You retained me as your boss. And I have responsibilities. Now, listen, I think I know what this is all

about. *(Lower) Remember, penance isn't nice- But it's fair. You wouldn't want to obstruct justice, would you?*

SEDUM:

I-I've changed. I'm rehabilitated.

BECKER:

This was never about you being better, *chum*. There's no taking back what you did.

SEDUM:

That version of me is dead. We nearly dismembered him.-

BECKER:

(Laughs, sudden)

Have you used your eyes?? He's still with us! Look at what he did to his own darling daughter! Neglecting her even now over petty feelings?

AL:

I'm fine- Keep going! Louder, really feel it! *(About to pass out)* Oh my god...

SEDUM:

(Measured breath)

The *past* is dead.

BECKER:

So you get to forget... *(Laughs, getting irritated)* Not all of us are so lucky to be able to turn off our humanity, friend! Oh, yeah, your facsimiles trip me up, it's unfair of me to expect you'd know what it's like to have *that*, right? When you're staring at me with that second-rate face, I forget, it's almost like you can understand.

SEDUM:

I've built too much here to remain in this cycle; This cage.

BECKER:

(He's losing it)

Cage?! You're so dramatic! This is your problem, you make everything so goddamn BIG-

SEDUM:

-We've been propping up dead sins for a lifetime. Please let me go-

BECKER:

You made my wife walk out on me, you waste. It took her 20 years, but that was you, you poisoned me- You turned my daughter against me- You're a cancer! You infect everything, one year or another, it's always *your* cancer coming back.

SEDUM:

I am not responsible for all your self-inflicted ills.

BECKER:

You scarred me!

SEDUM:

Yes, and I am sorry.

BECKER:

You *STARTED* this!

SEDUM:

Which I have sought to amend everyday for 20 years. I can't keep doing this.

BECKER:

I get to say when it ends- *NOT YOU!*

SEDUM:

You must let us go, for both our sakes. For yourself. Let yourself heal, stop *picking* at the scab-

Sirens in the distance.

BECKER:

(He's scrambling, enraged)

No! No, no, *Null*, that's not what this is. Screw your *fucking* head back on and remember- You're the *monster* here!-

SEDUM:

Brick!! If you insist, you can rot with the past... I, however, will not be consumed as your scapegoat any longer. I'm *done*.

PAUSE as Becker is speechless.

AL:

... That's metal as hell!

BECKER:

Shut up, Al! *(Exploding)* You, Sedum, are *fired!* *(Blistering, louder)* YOU'RE FIRED!!

A moment.

SEDUM:

(Deadened)

... Hah... Allllright.

BECKER:

Alright?? *Alright?!* Is that really all you can say, you sanctimonious piece of trash?!

SEDUM:

Well... *(So numbly done)* It's a lot to unpack...

BECKER:

(Realizing he's played his last card)

It isn't- it's simple- *(Hissed)* You can't walk away from me.

AL:

Becker, this is my fault! Don't do this.

BECKER:

(Snapping)

I'll get to you in a minute, *kiddo!*

The fire truck pulls in. Lots of commotion around them.

NARRATOR:

Becker's cold eyes blazed almost as bright as the wreckage before them. A cluster of firemen flooded the storefront.

BECKER:

You're nothing without me. You're worthless. You're just a gutless, old *felon*.

SEDUM:

I'm 44.

BECKER:

Can it.

SEDUM:

Aren't I younger than you?

BECKER:

(Dangerous)

Close your goddamn mouth. Kay?? And NO ONE'S debating your role in this, Greer... I'll find something real special to remind you of that, don't worry. Tell me, do you *trust me* to find that?

NARRATOR:

Al chewed her tongue, too weak to move, her mind racing- It was over, it was ruined, *she* was ruined; her fault, her guilt, her blame- One of the blisters on Al's palm tore as she flexed her hand, weeping wetness. It almost felt right to her, considering.

AL:

Aaaah... *(Suppresses a pained hiss)* I understand.

BECKER:

(Loud)

Hmmm? Ya need to show some effort, Greer. You can choose- State Director, or Mr. Becker.

AL:

I trust you, *State Director*.-

BECKER:

Music to my ears- And you just gave me this. Now. Get out of my sight, Sedum, before I think of a reason to arrest you, *again*. Believe me, it won't take long. And Al? Go fix your hands.

SCENE 11 - EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DAWN

SAM:

(Quiet, breathless)

What... what's happening..

NARRATOR:

Sam ran a hand through his hair, looking for an answer in the alley below. A woman stood there, arms crossed in her smart suit, brows furrowed in concentration as she watched the chaos in the street.

Sam is walking back and forth rapidly.

SAM:

Mayor Dickson?

NARRATOR:

Glenda remained focused on the three, Becker almost nose to nose with Sedum. Sam squeezed the hand rails of his pen.

GLEND A:

Sammy Greer.

SAM:

What're you doing here?

GLEND A:

There was an explosion.

SAM:

(Remembering)

Right.

GLEENDA:

(Quietly, intensely, laded with innuendo)

Ohhh, I've wanted this for so long.. There's just somethin' about seeing bureaucratic assholes going for each other's throats- I think.. I'm finding a *mighty interesting* new facet of myself I didn't know were there..

SAM:

Ah, *(Realizing by her tone)* ugh-! No, I don't wanna hear this!

GLEENDA:

Wish you weren't here to share this with me. But we all gotta make *concessions*..

NARRATOR:

Sam slid himself down the half descended ladder, hands quivering.

SAM:

Augh, gross, gross, stop talking, gotta get down-

GLEENDA:

(Exhaling almost like a deep itch is being painfully scratched)
Hoooo, don't know if I can.. There's just *something* about seein' fuckers fuckin each other over.-

SAM:

AUGH, I gotta get to Al-

NARRATOR:

Sam squeezed the rusting metal rungs hard, one last safety line..

SAM:

(Whispered)

Fuck it.

NARRATOR:

And let himself drop- 7 feet below, narrowly missing the dumpster behind him. Becker moved deeper into the catastrophe, leaving the other two behind.. Al was swarmed with medical personnel. Sedum disappeared into the crowd.

He lands heavily.

SAM:

Ho, ahh... I did it... I did it!!

GLENDA:

Finally grew some gnarlies, did ya?

SAM:

I have better things to do than to get *kinky* in an alley, Mayor...

GLENDA:

Suit yourself.

SCENE 12 - EXT. MAIN STREET - DAWN

SAM:

Al!

Sam runs up.

FIRST RESPONDER:

Good- Hey, guy, no, no, you can't-

SAM:

She's my sister- Al! Say something, please!

FIRST RESPONDER:

We need to get her to a hospital- she's at major risk for infection.

SAM:

Are you ok-

AL:

-I... I don't know...

FIRST RESPONDER:

If you're family, you can follow us, but she *getting* medical care.

SAM:

I have the keys- I'll follow!

AL:

Sam-

The ambulance door closes.

SAM:

I'll follow...

SCENE 13 - INT. DOCA - AFTERNOON

The door opens.

AL:

... It's what I do- I woork-

SAM:

You've said, but you're *also* on a lotta drugs-

AL:

Never stopped me before... It's my use. Why's the floor jello..

SAM:

God, you're stronger than a pre-swaddled baby-

AL:

Baby strength... POW.

SAM:

Stop moving, you'll muss up your wrappings.

The door closes. There's conversation from the other room, from behind a door.

VALENTINA:

... never heard of a lil thing *that* capable.

SEDUM:

Horribly remarkable.

CRUX:

Seems as though you've made a tiny, powerful enemy for us. Thanks for that. Might as well take the opportunity to get out while you still can.

VALENTINA:

You better not- After everything we've done-

SEDUM:

Of course not. I'll be here, however you need, Valen.

CRUX:

(Rather intense)

If it's as serious as you say then I don't know why you *aren't* running, it's not as though this is your hometown-

VALENTINA:

Neither was it yours, Prosody.

CRUX:

(Bristling slightly, sarcastic)

Maybe a century ago, but I feel like that's well aged out by now-

VALENTINA:

We're all hands on deck until further notice, whether legally employed or not. And we're not going down the dead end road of who belongs and who doesn't.

CRUX:

(Relenting)

Yes, ma'am. I understand.

AL:

They call to me.

SAM:

Slow down-

She pushes her way through the door, hissing in pain.

VALENTINA:

(Reacting to the door, quiet, hissing as Crux and Sedum continue in the bg)

Oh my God, Al- Why isn't she at home?

SAM:

She has drug strength- I can't stop her.

VALENTINA:

You drove her-

AL:

(Slurring slightly)

I'm avoiding the wrath of mama's worry... I have bandages, Valen!

Sorry... *Director Ivers Hollow*... That's so pretty...

VALENTINA:

Aaah... Come in,

She ushers them in. Crux walks out of the office to meet them in the hall.

(Cont.)

So, uh, we're helpin' ... helpin' Sedum... hmmm... here comes the headache again, ugh...

CRUX:

Helping clear out. So, electric kettle?

SEDUM:

(From his office, distracted)

Oh, leave it down here, you'll get more use out of it.

NARRATOR:

Management's Office... The same desk, now bare, the same cabinets, now stripped. Sam raked his fingernails through his beard- Roose watched silently, lurking in her doorway. Al lazily raised her arms, gesturing for a hug, before wincing and letting them fall back- Sedum's feathers fluffed up in a shudder.

AL:

Heeeey. I'm gonna have the sickest scars.

SEDUM:

No! You must avoid infection at all cost- Did they patch you up well? Oh, your arms..

AL:

I have no skin sometimes.

SEDUM:

You should be resting. You are not going back to that trailer- you need taking care of.-

AL:

WILL! I'MA GET YOU CAT FOOD FOR A YEAR! I'M SORRRRRRY! FOR YOUR LEG! LEG SORRY!!

WILLIAM:

(From the other room)

I'm on the phone, Al!

AL:

(Hissed lower)

Sorry...

VALENTINA:

Let's both sit down, come on...

SAM:

(To himself)

I... completely fucked this over...

CRUX:

Sam? I could use your help taking this kettle back to my desk.

SAM:

What? Sure.

SCENE 14 - INT. DOCA - AFTERNOON

The pair are walking through the open office.

WILLIAM:

... A small person on fire- yes... I know, I hear you- very traumatizing for everyone involved... What?! Floating trash, flying garbage cans?! Sir, we are a respectable organization here, don't tell me nonsense! Good day!

He slams down the phone.

(Cont.)

I don't know how much more gaslightin' I can do, it's makin' me feel mighty icky. Ah, Sam!

NARRATOR:

William stood up shakily as Crux lead Sam past.

WILLIAM:

You clenched too hard! This is bad!!

SAM:

I-I know, how do you-

WILLIAM:

Val!

The phone rings, taking William away.

CRUX:

Valen told us of what happens when you drink... Impulsivity, to put it lightly?

Sam groans.

(Cont.)

It happens to the best of us. How're you feeling?

SAM:

I fucked up, I know I fucked up-

CRUX:

What are you *feeling*? It helps to say aloud.

SAM:

... I've been up for practically 24 hours, I fucked up the town, lost the Pyre, Al and Sedum took the fall, she has second and third degree burns, he's fired- I am a guilty dirt-man! Ah, and now I'm making this about me! See, I'm self-absorbed, too.

(Laughs, manic)

CRUX:

Quiet, please. *(Sam does)* It's alright. Sam, we do try to take care of each other, here... If-

NARRATOR:

Crux looped his hand around Sam's back, resting between his shoulder blades in an assuring gesture.

SAM:

(Reacting)

Ah hah, ha- *cold-*

CRUX:

Oh, sorry-

SAM:

No, leave it- I'm sweatin' like a hog..

NARRATOR:

Sam felt Crux unfurl his hand again, flush against his previous day's moist shirt.

CRUX:

(Low)

Look, if you need someone to talk to who isn't Al... if... you two need some space after this... I don't mind. We need to stick together, going forward, whatever forward looks like. Especially us, Ground Crew. We have each other's backs.

NARRATOR:

Crux smiled underneath his mask; Meaning, his left eye scrunched up in his signature sneer. Sam found himself slipping into the other man's well-like black eyes, a comfort amidst the uproar in his head.

SAM:

Yeah. I'd like... *(Thinks, then struck)* What are you after, Crux?

CRUX:

... I feel like the better route would be to say "Thank you" instead of accusing, but that's just me..

SAM:

You don't normally go out of your way for anyone. Why do you care?

CRUX:

I can care about people- I mean, I *actively* care about people-you- *(Gathers himself, being honest)* It does nothing if people sit on their feelings... and it makes my life more difficult than necessary. And you're a part of my team. That's why.

SAM:

... I see. Thank-

The sound of a door opening and closing- The front door.

WILLIAM:

(Sharp inhale, distant)

HIIII Mr. Becker!-

Becker walks in, exhausted, sweating, distracted.

BECKER:

(Grunts, distant)

Will...

NARRATOR:

The blood pulsed in Sam's ears; A conflagration of heat, the freeze of horror, a wobbly sickness in his knees. He stared intently at Crux as Becker's voice coursed in his soul.

SAM:

I have to make this right.

BECKER:

What the *hell* are you still doing here? It can't have taken you this long- it's after 2.

NARRATOR:

Sam glanced over his shoulder. Becker's perfect eyebrows perfectly arranged to complement his snarl as he glared into the kitchen.

SEDUM:

(Distant)

Seems I accumulated a significant amount of items in my time-

BECKER:

Do it faster. We have your fuck-up to fix... Wait. No, where are you going?

AL:

(Distant)

We're takin' pantry shit upstairs, *Brick*. I can't use my arms.

BECKER:

Quiet, Al, you're an embarrassment- You, Sedum- you're not permitted on these premises. Aberrational Affairs isn't a charity.

SEDUM:

... You... want me to move out of the apartment?

BECKER:

Did that explosion damage your ears?-

AL:

-Eat my ass, Becky!

SEDUM:

(Stifling a laugh, but also horrified)

Al, it's alright-

AL:

The deeds in his name, meathead. So. Suck. My. Butt.

BECKER:

Get yourself together, Greer, Jesus.

SEDUM:

She's on heavy painkillers... And she's right. I won't be leaving, *Brick*. Ownership rights. Nasty things.

BECKER:

... Just get the *fuck* out of this Station.

NARRATOR:

Becker spun around, stripping off his jacket, a boiling red rising around his neck. Sweat pooled in Sam's palms as the State Director draped his coat on a spare hook.

SEDUM:

Of course... I'll just be down for rent on the first, then?

NARRATOR:

The hook snapped off in Becker's hand, a piece of drywall accompanying it, a puff of dust erupting.

AL:

Angry fella.

SEDUM:

Let's go, there's still a few more loads...

They exit.

CRUX:

Sam, whatever you're planning can wait for a *safer* time-

SAM:

I can't let this stand, Crux. It has to be me.

CRUX:

(Sighs)

... Best of luck, lamb to the slaughter.

Sam runs across the room, cornering Becker.

NARRATOR:

Sam stopped himself at the edge... the edge being Becker's back, quivering slightly as he brushed the drywall from his black jacket.

SAM:

Mr. Becker can-

BECKER:

WHAT?! *(Inhales, recovering)* Is. It... Sam? What can I do for you?

SAM:

(Swallows)

... Can we talk in private?

SCENE 15 -INT. ENTRYWAY DOCA - MORNING

The door closes. His phone buzzes, an incoming call.

BECKER:

If they knew what I was up against, Raleigh wouldn't be
badgering me, the bastards- town on fire- Jesus..

He ends the call.

SAM:

Sir, can I say something personal?

NARRATOR:

It was dark in the entryway, stuffy, a coffin, the two of them
staring at one another, inscrutable wear etched in the other's
face.

BECKER:

Go ahead.

SAM:

We're... trying here. I know it looks a mess but we are. The world
you come from... is different? What I mean is, we're speaking
different languages- A-and I'm afraid we're misunderstanding
each other...

BECKER:

Sam, kid, there a point you're making?

SAM:

Right, uh, look. Before this morning, we've never had a crisis
like that. Not to that scale. I've lived here all my life, I've
never seen anything that catastrophic. It must... looked like that
was somehow-

BECKER:

Intentional? Oh it does now...

SAM:

- but I guarantee you... (*Moment of truth*) I didn't know that was the level of violence we'd encounter when I suggested the idea.

BECKER:

... You didn't?

SAM:

State Director, I proposed the plan to find the Pyre. I pushed it. I thought we could fix the situation. This morning was entirely my fault. (*A moment. Becker says nothing*) I-I didn't know what we were up against. And I accept any punishment wholeheartedly. It was *stupid*, and I am incredibly sorry for everything that it resulted in.

NARRATOR:

Becker traced his mouth with his thumb, unblinkingly studying Sam's flushed face. Sam wished his knees would stop shaking, and *prayed* that the man in front of him couldn't see it.

BECKER:

... You're taking a very... mature approach to this... But it's bigger than you.

SAM:

(*Softer*)

I know you hate him. After everything that happened, I know. And there's no taking back the past.

BECKER:

(*Curious*)

... Yeah. That's right.

SAM:

Firing Sedum won't solve the problems *now*, though. He's been at the forefront with Valen and Roose- What they've made here was

working... kinda... We need structure. We can't be left adrift. Please, think of us less as Harbor Station and more as just a Station. Do what's best for us. You're the only one who can, now.

BECKER:

... You make a damn good point.

SAM:

And any punishment you have for Al, please, Mr. Becker, please, I'm begging you, put it on me. I deserve it. She was in the wrong place at the wrong time. I drug her into this fiasco.

BECKER:

(Sighs)

Son... You didn't have to do this. But you did... This'll be hard, definitely... But I'll do what needs done, Sam. You've opened my eyes. Round everybody up- We're taking in a team meeting.

SCENE 16 - INT. BREAK ROOM DOCA - AFTERNOON

BECKER:

Please, everyone, take a seat. We're gonna... We're gonna go over some things.

NARRATOR:

The entire Station had turned out for the impromptu break room meeting- due to obligation. Valen stood next to William's crutches leaned against the window, William himself on the couch, Roose remaining in her office doorway, still so unnaturally silent, Crux in the wing-backed chair, Sam finding himself close to Becker. From the bare Management office, Sedum quietly ripped sticky-notes from his map of Harbor and Al, still remarkably conscious and belligerent, rocked in his chair.

AL:

(Distant)

I'm gonna scoot in there- all official-like..

BECKER:

We can hear you fine enough from out here, Al.

AL:

Gotcha.

BECKER:

It's been brought to my attention that I have caused something of a ruckus since I came here. And I think it's high time I own up to my role in all this.

NARRATOR:

Sam caught Valen's gaze. She crossed her arms and leaned against the windowsill, training her eye back on Becker in a laser stare.

BECKER:

I can admit that things I've said, decisions I've made, may look like antagonism, from the outside... But I've been reminded, quite rightly, of my responsibility as your superior. I'm building bridges now. I'm sorry there was strife today, in the midst of such havoc. I have Sam to thank- he's showed me the right way forward through his integrity and humility. Thank you, Sam.

SAM:

Thanks... Mr. Becker.

BECKER:

(Smiling)

Director Becker.

AL:

(Snorts)

Ok, State-Director-Becker!

BECKER:

No. *Lead* Director. Your's.

SAM:

... Hm?

AL:

What'shesay?

BECKER:

I'm extending my stay in Harbor, indefinitely. It was negligent to leave all of you in the lurch without a replacement. If I had the balls to fire dead weight, I should have the balls to rectify the problems he's made. And don't worry, everyone- Rest assured I am going to *fix* all of you.

VALENTINA:

No, you're in State government, for Chrissaaaahke- We're just a podunk town- We're nothin' special. We're not worth your time.

BECKER:

Hollow, I understand, change is hard. But this disfunction? It's indicative of a truly shattered workplace. And as State Director, it is my responsibility to overhaul it. And what with your now very legitimized terrorist, Harbor is becoming tremendously important! Don't sell yourselves short.

A stunned silence.

AL:

SHIT- I wanna chill with Fergum-

SEDUM:

(Low)

Let's get you some crackers..

NARRATOR:

Al was steered gently to the back door, squashed between Roose's office and the break room couch, by Sedum, clutching the remaining stack of photo frames and sticky notes piled in his spare hand. Becker darted across the room.

BECKER:

(Gently)

Hold on, hold on. Al? Can you understand me?

AL:

I'm *high*, not asleep.

SEDUM:

She needs to be resting- How does some orange juice sound, Spirit?

BECKER:

In a minute, Null... Now, *Al*, we never sorted through our personal problems, and those are *pertinent* to your continued success as a Ranger, which you know I believe in, wholeheartedly. So... what with all this change, I've decided something exciting, kiddo.

Just for you! You wanna know?

AL:

Lay it on me, Pecker. Heh, nailed it...

BECKER:

Charming. So... charming. We'll be working very, very close from now on. In fact, we won't leave each other's sight. Call it mentoring- No! Even better- You're my *protege*, now, Al. My *shadow*. What do you say to that?

NARRATOR:

Al swayed slightly, her eyes narrowed, her mouth agape, wrapped arms heavy at her sides. Sam ran his fingers through his hair, strands being yanked out in his fervor.

A crack of glass sounds.

(*Cont.*)

The top photo frame's glass cracked under Sedum's claw.

AL:

My God. ... did you say you have orange juice upstairs?

END SEASON 1