

SECOND SHIFT
Episode #2.07: Dark and Stormy
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Cast
LOCAL
ZANA
MIKE
JARETH
FESMER
KATHERINE
ZANA
KAI
PENTEROBAN (The INNKEEPER)
LORELLAI
DRUNK
MALE DANCER
FEMALE DANCER
Additional background voices.

Teaser
• Mike, Katherine, Fesmer, Zana, Jareth, Arkahn, Local
Scene 1
• Mike, Katherine, Fesmer, Zana, Jareth, Arkahn, Kai, Banya,
Penteroban
Scene 2
• Mike, Arkahn, Katherine
Scene 3
• Fesmer, Lorellai, Penteroban, Male Dancer, Female Dancer
Scene 4
• Jareth, Zana, Banya
Scene 5
• Mike, Katherine, Kai, Penteroban
Scene 6
• Mike, Katherine, Penteroban, Banya
Scene 7
• Fesmer, Lorellai
Scene 8
• Jareth, Zana, Banya
Scene 9
• Mike, Katherine
Scene 10
• Fesmer, Lorellai, Penteroban
Scene 11
• Mike, Katherine, Fesmer, Zana, Jareth, Arkahn, Penteroban

Teaser

•Mike, Katherine, Fesmer, Zana, Jareth, Arkahn, Local
—On the road, in the rain, in Musqueten. Midday.

SFX: pouring rain

LOCAL

(fading in mid sentence)

...by t'old *Pum own-Bantrimina* mill. Afters, only continue direct. It be *nobinaw* [impossible] t'avoid. Y'savvy?
(Pronounce: noh-bin-NAW)

ZANA

Yes. *Cha grendillo fai.*

LOCAL

Gladdened t'help.

SFX: Wet gravel crunching as Zana walks back to the horses.
Fade in sound of nervously pacing horses.

MIKE

OK, sos now what do we do?

ZANA

We go to your Setting Sun, Mike.

MIKE

The Setting Sun? What's that?

ZANA

The Setting Sun is the westmost inn of this town, as that man has said.

MIKE

Wait—you understood that gibberish?

ARKAHN

(sneezing)

Can we discuss this while moving?

JARETH

Yes, it is time we found shelter from this unrelenting torrent.

SFX: Wet horses trotting.

ZANA

It is a Charendraen dialect that I am familiar with. Could you understand none of it?

KATHERINE

I don't think any of us could.

JARETH

Zana, would it not be best to simply remain at that last inn?

ZANA

Jareth....

MIKE

No.

JARETH

This is absurd, Mike. The skies have been drenching us since early this morning.

KATHERINE

It's not absurd. It's what *Ainorem*, your ancestors, told him to do.

MIKE

Exactly. When the fallen peoples of Laundi get into your head, you listen to them.

JARETH

But you do not have to interpret their words so—

FESMER

Let Mike interpret the words of *Ainorem* as he will, Jareth.

ARKAHN

It must be easy to be righteous when you are dry Fesmer.

JARETH

You should not be using your “protection from rain” spell in town Fesmer. The people here—

FESMER

I will not make myself miserable simply to placate—

MIKE

That’s enough guys. *Ainorem* said to "go west." And there just happens to be a tavern on the western edge of town. Coincidence? I don't think so.

ARKAHN

(sniffling)

Yes, because it was *Ainorem*’s intention to pass every warm, inviting inn up to this point.

(sneezing)

ZANA

Carvo cha. [Bless you.]

(simultaneous)

KATHERINE

Bless you.

SFX: Lightning! The rain starts coming down HARD.

ARKAHN

Charen grendi. (blows nose)

JARETH

Let us quicken the pace. I grow tired of swimming.

KATHERINE

Lead the way, Mike.

MIKE

It'll be a grand adventure. Doo doo—

ARKAHN

Meek.

MIKE

Eh, let’s just get inside.

EVERYONE

(General agreement. "Yes" or "Indeed" or "Certainly" or whatever.)

Scene 1 – The Setting Sun

• Mike, Katherine, Fesmer, Zana, Jareth, Arkahn, Kai, Banya, Penteroban
—The Sun, tavern

SFX

Rain, quickly turning muffled as our cast steps inside. At first, the cast walks up worn steps onto a covered, wooden porch.

MIKE

I hope you guys know that inns are the best place to find quests in any city. We might get more than we bargain for here.

KATHERINE

I don't care. I can't wait to be dry again. I'm all pruny.

SFX

Door, giving way to the sounds of a tavern (continuous).
Conversation, music (guitar), glasses and mugs being used.

MIKE

Alright, classic fantasy tavern and everything. Though I've seen livelier crowds of Undying...

KAI (YOUNGEST DAUGHTER)

Oli wan! Charen lyona [Welcome] t'the Setting Sun. I'm Kai. Y'here for food or beds?

ZANA

We seek sleeping arrangements. Three rooms, *senjen*.

KAI

You're lucksome. Plenty of opens this night. I'll *labaen* [inform] my father of you an' return w'keys...
(Pronounce: lah-BAY-in)

SFX: Kai walks away.

SFX: Briefest of background chatter. Something about the Reavers/working-class chatter.

KATHERINE

Huh, she was what, all of ten years old? Shouldn't she be in school or something?

ZANA

School? Not likely in this city. We are not in Laundi any longer.

ARKAHN

(sneezes; blows nose)
My nose betrays me.

MIKE

Arkahn, are you all right?

SFX: footsteps approach

ARKAHN

I require staggering quantities of sleep.

BANYA

Charen lyona t'th' Setting Sun. M'name is Banya. May I assist *charen* [y'all]?

FESMER

[No thank you]. *Fuo-grendillo*. We merely wait for our rooms.

SFX: Hasty footsteps as Kai approaches.

BANYA

Well, if y'need aught, d'not refrain from asking.

KAI
(a touch irritated)
I'm assisting these folk *cheribi* [dear] sister.
(to party)
Th'first room is now available, if y'wish to change out of those wet clothes. Th'other two require further preparation.

ZANA
Cha grendi, lio. Arkahn, *senjen*, you take it.

FESMER
Yes. I do not require a change of clothes.

ARKAHN
Senjen, yes.

MIKE
I'll bring your things up.

ARKAHN
I have them Meek.

SFX: Mike, Arkahn, and Kai walk

(Katherine & Fesmer's dialogue fading out)

KATHERINE
You can cast Shift and shove language into my brain, but you haven't figured out how to extend your "personal" umbrella?

FESMER
I...well...

(pause)

KAI
Here is t'key. [Holler] *Pangero* if'n you need a thing.

MIKE
Um... Sure.

ARKAHN
(sneezes)
Allow me a few moments to myself, Meek? I must put on dry clothes.

(fade out)

MIKE
Oh, sure. If I can just grab a—

SFX
Door shutting

MIKE
—dry shirt...

SFX: Music with lyrics fades in

PENTEROBAN
(fade in)
Eye yor own-alix.
[Coming right up.]

MIKE
Good god, I can barely understand these people.

FESMER
You remain wet and burdened with your bag?

MIKE

Not by choice. Arkahn needed the room for a moment...

FESMER

Well, let us share a drink while you wait.

PENTEROBAN

What *sumera* can I *bord* you?

[libation] .. [provide]

MIKE

Huh?

FESMER

Hoj, *senjen*.

MIKE

Ah, um. Something hot and strong.

PENTEROBAN

Days o'this sort, t'is all times a pot of buttered *usen*. [rum]

'Get you a mug...

SFX

Clay mug thumps onto the bar.

PENTEROBAN

Chare sumerae ryten. Wo-chare pen-bangi.

[Enjoy your libations. Greatest health to you.]

(pause)

MIKE

I think I picked up maybe two words out of that entire thing.

FESMER

Likewise. And I fear the dialects will only become increasingly difficult to comprehend.

MIKE

Maybe...hey—can you teach me this version of Charendraen? You know, that push-into-my-head thing. Like you did a couple of weeks ago.

FESMER

I do not know this dialect, but I could "learn" it, I suppose.

MIKE

How would you "learn" it?

FESMER

I must obtain it from a local.

MIKE

You can learn a language from a single conversation?

FESMER

Not exactly. If someone is comfortable around me, I can... Well the details are unimportant.

MIKE

Comfortable eh? How comfortable are we talkin' about?

FESMER

(sighs)

MIKE

Don't worry, my man, your wing-man Mike will find someone for you to get comfortable with.

FESMER

My winged-what?

SFX: Fesmer walks off.

MIKE

Well, not technically your wing-man. More like your scout. I can find a match for you in like no time flat.

MIKE

(mockingly overemotional)
They grow up so fast...

FESMER

(skeptical)
Truly?

MIKE

Sure—I kinda wonder if my wingman skills were the reason my football team kept me around. Let's see... no... no... maybe... too drunk... oh, there you go. Target acquired. Over there, the curly redhead sitting by the Reavers poster near the end of the bar. She's got one empty seat next to her. Just go over there and buy her a drink.

FESMER

Just walk over there and ...*turen*, if you say so.

MIKE

Awesome. Go get'er, Fes.

FESMER

(uncertain)
Mike...

MIKE

Just go for it, man!

FESMER

(resigned sigh)

Scene 2 – Common Cold

• Mike, Arkahn, Katherine
—Arkahn’s room

SFX

Muffled sounds of the tavern below, including specifically the guitar music that fades back down here.

SFX: Knocking on door.

MIKE
(muffled)
Hello? Arkahn?

ARKAHN
Enter!

SFX
Door opens

MIKE
Hey. I brought you some stew. It’s all warm and stuff.

SFX: Setting down tray of food.

ARKAHN
Grendi.

SFX: Taking off and setting down of heavy backpack.

MIKE
Ahh... It’s good to take that pack off. Hey, there’s no bathroom or anything in here.

ARKAHN
You were expecting one?

MIKE
Well... Where can I change?

(pause)

ARKAHN
I will not peek.

MIKE
Uh... okay.

ARKAHN
You are so shy Meek. It is amusing.

MIKE
How I was raised I guess.

SFX rummaging through bags.

MIKE
So how are you feeling?

ARKAHN
(sneezes)
You had to inquire?

MIKE
Uhh.... Yeah. Stupid question, sorry.

SFX: rustling of clothes.

MIKE
Ahh... dry pants. So nice... Anyways, why don’t you get Fesmer or Jareth to “magic” you better?

ARKAHN
No, Meek. It is not that simple.

MIKE
Sure it is. I broke my leg and nearly snapped my neck in two but then Targonone—

ARKAHN
(coughs)
You were injured Meek. I am sick. There is a difference.

MIKE
Well if there is anything I can do to help...

ARKAHN
A night of uninterrupted rest is all I require.

MIKE
I can't believe I didn't pack aspirin, or cough syrup!

ARKAHN
It is *ra-na*, Meek.

MIKE
That would be the kind of thing Katherine would...hey! I bet she brought—

ARKAHN
MEEK. Stop, *senjen!*

MIKE
(pause)
I'm just trying to help.

ARKAHN
Grendi, but I do not need your help. I need to rest. Alone.

MIKE
I'm sorry. Sometimes I get so focused on finding Shauna that I don't pay as much attention as I should to everyone else.

ARKAHN
Yes Meek, your devotion to Shaena is unending.

MIKE
(sighs)
I guess I'll leave, if that's what'll help you get better.

ARKAHN
That would be appreciated.

MIKE
Oh. I hope you feel better soon, Arkahn.

ARKAHN
As do I.

SFX
Door opens and closes.

KATHERINE
Hey, watch it!

MIKE
Oh, sorry.

KATHERINE
It's OK.
(beat)
How's Arkahn?

MIKE

(sighs)

She doesn't want my help.

KATHERINE

Then she must be feeling better!

(beat)

MIKE

I can't help her. I can't find Shauna. I....

KATHERINE

Oh—Hey now, Mike. I was just...c'mon, let's go back downstairs. If you cheer up, I'll buy you a drink.

MIKE

(brightening)

My friend, you have yourself a bargain.

Scene 3 – Buttered Rum

• Fesmer, Lorellai, Penteroban, Male dancer, Female Dancer
—Tavern

SFX: The bar. Background conversations are louder than the previous scene.

FESMER
Parado fai, but—

LORELLAI
(Startled)
Oh!

FESMER
Cha buillana. I sighted you from the other end of the bar and I was wondering how the seat next to you could be so empty? May I occupy it?

LORELLAI
All is fair. I am Lorellai

FESMER
I am Fesmer.
(quick beat)
Lorel...lai?

LORELLAI
Yes.

FESMER
Oh. Would your husband mind if I buy you a drink?

LORELLAI
Likely not. I am a widow.

FESMER
Oh, I—

LORELLAI
Order me a *Grend own-Derendio*. [Ale of the Bitters and Amber]

FESMER
"Reaver's Ale?" You are also a *Reaverluna*?

LORELLAI
Never *peen basae*. [give up ground]. Never slow.

FESMER
Never relent. It is good to meet a fellow *own-hunto* [fan].

LORELLAI
I miss not a single local match.

FESMER
You are from here?

LORELLAI
Certainly. Why?

FESMER
Your accent is very light.

LORELLAI
You mean—
(slipping into heavier accent)
—like a *haxmenti sa pros own-preg* I speak w'a *jaya* tongue?
[derogatory term for an educated person] .. [honeyed]
(speaking normally)
Some of us attempt t'better ourselves through affectation...

FESMER

My apologies. I did not mean to offend.

LORELLAI

Not at all...

SFX: The guitarist starts to play something lively.

FESMER

Ah, this is a favorite *nuon* [jig]. Do you dance?

LORELLAI

I am certain you could teach me.

FESMER

Well, then. Allow me.

SFX: Bar stools sliding. The music gets louder as they get closer.

(Fesmer & Lorellai's breathing increase as they dance)

FESMER

Right foot here. Then circle, circle, jump.

LORELLAI

Like this?

FESMER

Yes. Then left foot there, jump, circle, circle—cross.

SFX: Head clunking.

FESMER & LORELLAI

Uhn!

LORELLAI

Oh, Fesmer! *Boxen wo fai!* I was not prepared for the cross!

FESMER

It seems I am an abysmal teacher!

LORELLAI

Do you know the *gresha* [trounce]?

FESMER

Yes.

LORELLAI

I believe this song is the same tempo. Ready?

FESMER

Ready.

SFX: Dancing.

FESMER

So, is this what you do for amusement here?

LORELLAI

It is what I do for diversion.

FESMER

How is it you do not have many admirers?

LORELLAI

Well—

SFX: Them colliding with another couple.

LORELLAI

Oh! *Minem boxen*. [So sorry].

MALE DANCER

Observe where you go, *caros*. [trash].

FEMALE DANCER

'Is most bad Penteroban lets you *drenda* a'the bar
pushtenamae. Leave the dance *own-hamme*.
[mope] ... [all the time] ... [floor]

LORELLAI

Chare boxen wo sa nat fai.
[Sorry to have bothered you].

FESMER

That is not how I believe you should be speaking—

FEMALE DANCER

Only *parna* will dance w'her is a *egrail own-bahma...*
[man] ... [out of townner]

MALE DANCER

Let us go. I've'ad enough dancing.

SFX: Angry people stomping away.

FESMER

The nerve!

LORELLAI

No. They have cause. I...I believe I will accept that drink
now.

FESMER

Lorellai, what just happened?

SFX: Bar stools sliding.

LORELLAI

The drink?

FESMER

Innkeep!

SFX: Penteroban approaches

PENTEROBAN

Cha pror woun sayla fai?
[What may I serve to you?]
(Pronounce *woun* like "down".)

FESMER

Two Reaver's ales, *senjen*.

SFX: Drinks being served.

PENTEROBAN

Endura [Enjoy].

LORELLAI

My husband was...killed. Heh. It was the day after *Toolan Bay*
crushed the Reavers. But his death was not...it caused relief, not
outrage in this town. I bear his stigma still .

(pause)

FESMER

Minem boxen wo fai. It was not my intention to bring such
memories to surface. But, my heart is one with yours concerning
such matters.

LORELLAI

Have you lost your *dulkiluna?*

SFX: Fesmer takes a drink. He puts the glass down.

FESMER

It was my father—I was young when it happened. Killed by...

(pause)

...We never discovered who did it.

LORELLAI

(catching)

I—

FESMER

We do not have to continue discuss—

LORELLAI

Will you tell me more about your father?

FESMER

Of course. He was a good man.

(beat)

Rather, I should say, I remember him as a good man.

LORELLAI

It is hard to see one's loved ones in a harsh light.

FESMER

I...I do not know the truth of it. After many years in the—in hiding—my brother, whom I thought to be dead, returned to tell me of their involvement in the...radical group.

LORELLAI

You are not telling me *mentinae* to better my mood?

[tall tales]

FESMER

I jest not. See, I remember my father's laugh; the way he danced with my mother; the mirth he brought to my young life. But my brother's words rang somewhat true. There were "long business trips," and late night visitors. On one such trip, my father and brother did not return....

LORELLAI

Tama, tama, now it is I who must ask if you wish to continue.

[There, there]

FESMER

Parado fai. Some wounds reopen too readily.

LORELLAI

I see why you claim to understand my pain. We, every one of us, suffers...I am loathe to claim it all for myself.

FESMER

But we all bear it in our own unique way.

(beat)

Will you tell me of more happy times with your husband?

LORELLAI

Only if you buy me another drink.

Scene 4 – Stout

• Jareth, Zana, Banya

—Tavern

SFX: A fireplace crackles a bit. It is still raining.

ZANA

Can an old woman also warm herself by the fire?

JARETH

(slurring slightly)

Ah. Of course, *shi-schwa*. Join me.

ZANA

(pause)

Do you have comfort with your drink?

JARETH

I thought you were here to warm yourself, not to lecture me on the evils of spirits in excess.

ZANA

You are correct. I am here to join you.

JARETH

Zana, I...

(pregnant pause)

ZANA

Yes, Jareth?

JARETH

...How do I begin again? Completely and utterly, without a trace of who I was?

ZANA

Has Targonone never spoke to you of his travels?

JARETH

Only superficially.

ZANA

Then, to answer your question: you simply walk away.

(pause)

Then you forge ahead.

JARETH

Zana?

ZANA

(some regret)

You have done the harder of the two: you have walked away from that for which you knew you were unsuited.

JARETH

My mind is heavy. And my mug is empty.

(loudly)

Banya?

ZANA

Jareth....

SFX: Walking over

BANYA

What can I provide?

JARETH

Drombamae senjen. One for me. And one for Zana.

[Imported beers, please]

BANYA
Okadraen.
[Of course.]

ZANA
(aside)
How many has my *danluna* had?
[dear one] (dahn-LUN-a)

BANYA
(aside)
He drinks his third.

ZANA
Switch him to something less potent, *senjen*.

BANYA
Grepaen. [Gotcha.]

SFX: Walking away.

JARETH
Two years ago it was rather simple, Zana.

ZANA
Yes, Jareth, I remember.

JARETH
Complete my duties at University. Help you at your shop.
Argue with Fesmer about *brikka*.

ZANA
As I said, I remember.

JARETH
I was on my way to a promising career at University!

ZANA
I remember, Jareth. But tell me this—do you recall being happy?

JARETH
I recall making others happy, Zana—especially Targonone. I derived joy from completing my duties and fulfilling expectations.

ZANA
(softer)
Certainly. But if that is the case, then why are you here?
Intoxicated, outside of University's domain, and a fugitive?

JARETH
Because I just could not stand by and let *Sundhjae* take a life needlessly. If I stood idly by I would have lost more than just Arkahn.

ZANA
Yes—

JARETH
And I mean more than the companionship of Fesmer. Of Katherine. Even of Meek.

ZANA
Mike.

JARETH
I would have lost my worth.

Scene 5 – On The Rocks

• Mike, Katherine, Kai, Penteroban
—Tavern

SFX: Clinking glasses.

BANYA

Chare cevenin. [Here you are. / You receive.]

MIKE

Thanks.

KATHERINE

Cha grendi.

MIKE

So, what's your game? Hold'Em?

SFX: Mike opens a box of worn playing cards and shuffles

KATHERINE

I've never played it. How 'bout War?

MIKE

How 'bout a real game? Something above the second-grade level. Gin Rummy?

KATHERINE

Sure. Shauna and I played that a few times during Freshman Week. Kicked my butt every time.

MIKE

Oh—and I was going to suggest that we make things "interesting"....

KATHERINE

I dunno....

MIKE

(sing-song)

I'll give you two to one odds.

KATHERINE

Really?

MIKE

Yeah.

KATHERINE

OK, sure.

MIKE

Awesome.

KATHERINE

So, are we playing to 100 or 500?

MIKE

Well, to make it fair—

SFX: A drunk stumbles into Mike, spilling his drink on him.

MIKE (cont)

(startled noise)

DRUNK

Ahh! Y'made me spill over you! *Cha-Benta!* [Apologize!]

MIKE

Huh?

DRUNK

You, tongue-sliced *fiparna*? Y'owe me a *sumera*.
[boy] ... [libation]

MIKE

I....
(to Katherine)
What's he saying?

DRUNK

What are y'saying?

KATHERINE

I don't know, but he sounds angry. Maybe you should
apologize.

MIKE

But I was just sitting here...

DRUNK

Aw – *lampard kana own-Oren*, foreigners?
[Oren's withered balls]

KATHERINE

I know, but do it anyway. In Charendraen.

DRUNK

Y'ill understand my fist!

MIKE

Oh. I hadn't realized we'd switched back to Eng—

KATHERINE

Mike, lookout!

SFX: A punch being missed. Chairs falling.

MIKE

Ahh! Woah!

DRUNK

Stand still!

SFX: Running footsteps.

KAI

Cease! Do'n' require me to call m'father!

MIKE

(avoiding the punches)
But...I'm not...involved...in this!

DRUNK

(grunting)

KAI

I warn *charen* [y'all]. Bring this out of doors!

KATHERINE

Mike, do something!

MIKE

But I didn't—

KAI

(calling to the back)
Father!

KATHERINE

Oh, honestly.

SFX: Katherine punches the drunk and connects.

DRUNK
Oomph.

SFX: Falling down.

KATHERINE
...Ow!

PENTEROBAN
What trouble seems...

MIKE
He just attacked me!

PENTEROBAN
(sighs)
He got *pror semapora*. Kai, find your sister and get *e-ay nelda* out of here.
(beat)
Boxen jefa plexawen folks.
[what he had earned] ... [this drunk] ...
[Apologies for the inconvenience]

DRUNK
Uhn.

SFX: Walking away. Chairs being uprighted.

MIKE
That...that was...just about the best thing you've ever done.

KATHERINE
Someone had to do something. Ooo...I could use some ice.
Owwwww....

MIKE
Give me your hand.

KATHERINE
Huh?

MIKE
Give me your hand. You can break a lot of bones by throwing a punch. You shouldn't punch people in the face like that. The skull is hard.

KATHERINE
I'm fine Mike.

MIKE
Come on Katherine. I learned a lot about sports medicine on the sidelines...

KATHERINE
(surrendering)
Fine.

MIKE
Thank you.
(beat)
(as Mike pokes at Katherine's hand, she reacts with discomfort but not serious pain)
That hurt? No? That? When I do this? Hm. You should be fine...
So where'd you learn not to punch like a girl?

KATHERINE
My dad. Kind of. He thought "self defense class" meant boxing lessons. He was an amateur fighter in college. My mother pulled me out after my first black eye. I don't think she wanted people to think I'd gotten a nose job if it got broken. And you can let go of my hand.

MIKE

Heh. Sorry. You know, maybe she just didn't want to see you hurt. Mothers have a lower tolerance for that kind of thing. My dad never flinched when I broke my nose, or sprained an ankle, or a tendon—
(imitating his father)
“Shake it off, Archer. Play through the pain.”—but my mom always made a big deal out of every hurt.

KATHERINE

Yeah.
(beat)
I missed it, though. My dad and I would spar, when he had the time. It was nice to spend time with him where I didn't have to talk about school or whatever lessons they were putting me through.

MIKE

I wish I could've had something like that with my father.
(beat)
How's the hand?

KATHERINE

Better, actually.

MIKE

Still up for some Gin?

KATHERINE

As long as you deal.

MIKE

Too bad your dad didn't give you card lessons.

KATHERINE

(hiding something)
Yeah, too bad...

END OF ACT ONE

AD BREAK

MUSIC INTRO

MIKE

Second Shift is made possible in part by the financial support of our listeners. If you are an Insider, thank you! If..

BRAD

Meek, wait, don't you mean "*cha grendi*"?

MIKE

Brad, seriously, don't you ever drop character?

BRAD AS JARETH

Absolutely not!

MIKE

That.. was horrible. * ahem * Well, um, Join the Insiders

BRAD AS JARETH

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MUSIC OUTRO

Scene 6 – Gin and Juice

• Mike, Katherine, Penteroban, Banyan
—Tavern

SFX: Fade up on background chatter and the end of a song. Some clapping gives way to a medium-sized bell being rung a couple of times.

PENTEROBAN

(Loudly.)

Last call for food! Get it now or it's gone!

SFX: Swing the audio camera back across the tavern. Use this cue to show that the tavern is much larger than Zana's.

SFX: Through this scene, have cards being played onto the table.

MIKE

Last call for Mike's dignity, he means. Ahh hell.

KATHERINE

Just play already.

MIKE

I can't decide if going for gin is the play here. When I stay in to get gin, you steal the hand—how many times now?

SFX: Katherine counts her coins.

KATHERINE

You know, money here is very pretty. You should look at it sometime if you have any left.

MIKE

Argh. Here. I'm going to draw a card.

KATHERINE

Heh. Gin.

SFX: Cards being put down

MIKE

Noooooooooooooooooo....

KATHERINE

That's 21 more points for me.

MIKE

God, I'm getting savaged!

KATHERINE

If only you'd remember I picked up the King of Hearts five rounds ago.

MIKE

How did you know I needed...?
(sighs)

KATHERINE

OK the total comes to—104 for me; 32 for Mike the Moneyless.

MIKE

Whatever, at least I'm not Katherine-the-card-shark—or would that be "card-*schwa*"?

KATHERINE

Ugh—that's horrible.

MIKE

It sounded better in my head...

(beat)

Anyways, you owe me a drink.

KATHERINE
Fair enough. Banya?

BANYA
Yes?

KATHERINE
Two more *bamae, senjen*.
[beers]

BANYA
Chepaela. [Certainly.]

SFX: Banya walks off.

KATHERINE
So. One more game? Double or nothing?

MIKE
Where did you even learn to play cards? Couldn't be at the opera with your mom....

KATHERINE
It was at work; dad's work—

SFX: Shuffles

KATHERINE
—When mom was away performing and dad needed to help finish a case, I'd go back into work with him after dinner.

MIKE
And what? The Law enabled you to become masterful at cards?

KATHERINE
No, but close. It turns out that civil attorneys are amazing at cards.

MIKE
I'm sure your mom was thrilled. What other good habits did you pick up from dear old dad?
(sighs)
I'll go double or nothing—wait...

SFX: counting coins

MIKE (cont)
...I can't! I don't have enough money left to play two more rounds....

KATHERINE
You're not even going to try to earn it back?

MIKE
(sighs)
(muttering)
Fine. What have I got to lose?

KATHERINE
Anyways, he wasn't a bad influence really. Some of his work buddies were a little shady though.

MIKE
Your mom was okay with you being around those people?

KATHERINE
Well, sometimes my household was a “don't ask, don't tell” place. I don't know how she thought my dad supervised me if he was at his office, but she never asked.

MIKE

Yeah. I know how that can be. My mom was always hands-off with Dad obsession with me becoming a football pro.

(beat)

She was there for me in other ways though. Like cooking my favorite meals after games, even if we lost, or making sure my uniforms were cleaned and ready. Or not giving me a hard time when I got benched...

KATHERINE

Was it always like that?

MIKE

Like what?

KATHERINE

The football thing?

MIKE

No. I mean it's hard to really say where it went down hill. There was no defining moment, you know? Just me remembering loving it, and then me realizing I no longer did.

KATHERINE

I hear that. The fencing, the horseback riding, and charm lessons... When I was small it was fun. The smiles and adoration from my parents—some of those are my favorite memories.

MIKE

We have these old home movies—I must have been, like six or seven—of me and my dad running around the backyard with a football and I'm just laughing.

MIKE (Cont)

Even when I just drop the stupid thing, he takes me onto his shoulder and does this awkward touchdown dance. And in the background you can here my mom warning him not to drop me...that's what I've always thought it would be like when I became a pro.

KATHERINE

We have a tape of my first equestrian riding contest. The whole time, I have this great big smile on my face. Maybe because, for once, both my parents were there. I only got third place, but they still took me out for ice cream to celebrate. After that, even when I won first place in anything, I never got more than a pat on the back, as if they didn't think to reward me for something I was supposed to do.

MIKE

Why do they do that?

KATHERINE

Maybe it's the only way they know how to get us to do better?

(thoughtful pause)

MIKE

I wonder if my dad thinks I left because I couldn't fulfill his dream.

KATHERINE

Who knows what parent's think. From how he raised me, I used to think my dad wanted a son. But I just learned that when he found out my mother was pregnant, the first thing he did was insist "the baby" be named after his great-grandmother. My mother asked if the name went for a boy as well, but my dad just put his hand on her stomach and said:

KATHERINE (Cont)

(in a mock male voice)

“Janet, we’ll cross that bridge when we come to it.”

Turns out, he always wanted a daughter. He just didn’t know what do with one when he got her.

MIKE

(laughs)

So you got your stubbornness from your dad, huh? That totally sounds like something you would say.

KATHERINE

(sweetly)

Hey, Mike?

MIKE

Yeah?

KATHERINE

Gin.

Scene 7 – Old Fashioned

• Fesmer, Lorellai
—Tavern

SFX: Back at the bar. There are slightly fewer people.

FESMER
...so ever since your husband—Correnlai—was killed, you have not been able to work?

LORELLAI
(her accent has grown notably thicker with intoxication)
No. My time devotes to the Reavers and their ale.

FESMER
I know how difficult it is to move forward after a tragedy. Especially if you think you could have done something.

SFX: A glass is set down as she speaks.

LORELLAI
I sh'have done something. All times, there were whispers, *muantae* [rumors] breezing about and if only I'd done better at stopping those lies, maybe he would—

FESMER
I know that particular road too well. "If only I had known about my Father..." I spent months—years—going over that glaring question in my head. And to know something? Being in my head did nothing. I was... *sa lio*; anger and energy, with no focus or direction.

LORELLAI
(sighs)

SFX She finishes off her drink and places the glass on the bar.

LORELLAI (cont)
So, how did you liberate yourself?

FESMER
I do not know that I am liberated. I am still determining out who and what I am outside of the context of my father, my brother, my obligations—my family. Those things are not who I am.

LORELLAI
Then who are you?

FESMER
I am... truthfully?

LORELLAI
Ino senjen. [Please].

FESMER
(quietly)
The son of a defector. Kindred of a Brother.

LORELLAI
Ainorem. Are you pursued?
(whispering)
By the Legion?

FESMER
(laughs)
It would be more accurate to state that I am pursuing them!

LORELLAI
You said a radical group....

FESMER

It is radical to some. I do not know why my father's life was extinguished. Only that my mother fled with me after his death, instead of going into their fold, as my brother did.

LORELLAI

Outcast from family, from home....

FESMER

It gave me strength to rail against my oppression, even if I did so unknowingly.

LORELLAI

Had your will... This town beats me to submission. Not for events of my doing, but of my relation to them. I have seen but twenty-five Silver Nights and already am ruined. A widow with no path in front and little to look back on.

FESMER

Lorellai, nothing binds you here. Go. Find a new beginning.

LORELLAI

Go where none know me....

FESMER

Where it is easier to cast yourself in a fair light than to change what people here are determined to see. I left everything. I left my mother, my home, and everything I knew. I went out into the world where new truths were revealed to me. The Fesmer of a year and a half ago would have never traveled here. Would have never started a conversation with a beautiful young woman.

LORELLAI

(embarrassed by the compliment)

I am beyond my years.

FESMER

Do not let others hold you back. We all must find our own path.

Scene 8 –Bloody Mary

• Jareth, Zana, Banya

—Tavern

SFX: Crackling fire. Jareth is fully inebriated and sloppy.

JARETH

Why did the *Sundjae* condemn her? She confessed! She exposed the Legion threat!

ZANA

Hush, Jareth! This is not the place for that—

JARETH

She threw herself at their mercy and they would have thrown her to *nay gangtar* [the gallows]. How is that justice? (Pronounce: GANG-tar)

ZANA

It is not.

JARETH

And my reward for doing right? No career! No home! And no Kas...I mean family. I have thrown away everything—and for what? For a traitorous spy?

SFX: Glass breaking.

ZANA

Jareth, calm yourself!

JARETH

See? My life once was as that glass was: whole. Now it is as the glass is: shattered. Broken, with little pieces lost to the wind.

BANYA

Is everything all right? I heard...oh my! Let me clean that—

JARETH

No, let me

ZANA

Jareth, no. *Cha grendi*, Banya. We—

JARETH

BEGIN.

SFX: rattling of broken glass? Something more dramatic?

BANYA

Ack!

ZANA

Jare. Stop this. This instant.

(Jareth mumbling incoherently under the next exchange)

BANYA

[M'am] *Pzona, se'jn*, the other patrons. I cannot permit—

ZANA

I understand. I will take him to his room.

BANYA

Yes. That'ould be best.

JARETH

Begin.

SFX: Tinkling

ZANA

Come now, Jareth. I am putting you to bed. I will allow for a small measure of self-loathing, but destruction is not on the menu.

SFX: Getting up and walking.

JARETH

It is not fair.

ZANA

No, it is not. But I am proud of you. You did the difficult thing, the right thing, instead of following the familiar path.

JARETH

But I lost everything.

ZANA

Not everything. You have an opportunity that few ever take.

SFX: Slow stumbling up the stairs.

JARETH

I do not—oomph

ZANA

Step up. You have started over. You are now carving your own way due to the difficult choice you made, but you etch it all the same. It is not the niche made for you, but that does not make it incorrect.

JARETH

Not incorrect. Not easy—ump.

ZANA

Step up. No, the right path is rarely the easiest. I went through similar trials many years ago. It is sometimes a surprising thing to learn something about yourself, especially when that lesson comes from an unexpected direction.

JARETH

And yours was from your One Question?

ZANA

No, Jareth: from the pursuit of that truth's answer. I studied for many, many years before asking my One Question. During my time as *Draenpeño*, I came to understand that what I thought was my end was really a beginning. As for the Seekers of Truth...after many years inside their order, I came to understand that the public appearance rarely matches the internal workings.

JARETH

Like University—puh.

ZANA

Step up. Knowing that I learned more from *Draenpeño* than *Ainorem* troubled me—but though that truth was not expected, it was the one correct for me.

SFX: Door opening

JARETH

So I will only know my correct path in retrospect?

ZANA

Just as you will know tomorrow morning that your behavior this night was foolish. Sleep now, *voluna*. That is tomorrow's lesson.

Scene 9 – Shaken or Stirred?

• Mike, Katherine, Kai
—Tavern

SFX: Soft music

MIKE
Ugh. I'm about done with you schooling me at Gin—

KATHERINE
Hey, you won the last game—

MIKE
And I'm sure you didn't throw it to protect my sense of self worth.

KATHERINE
No worries there. Believe me, Mike. I was trying to finish the job.

MIKE
Seriously, though. I think I might turn into a playing card soon.

KATHERINE
What else is there to do?

MIKE
(thinking)
We could play “I never.”

KATHERINE
And after that we'll play spin the bottle!

MIKE
Yeah, you're right. It's just that...things are going to get real heavy, like, at any moment. And you're the only one who can get what it's like. This is our quest, you know?

KATHERINE
Yeah. But sometimes I feel as if I'm just along for the ride. You're really the one leading.

MIKE
I'm not leading anything. I'm just, how does Zana put it?

KATHERINE
Following your path.

MIKE
Exactly. And, well, I just thought it must be easier to talk about... certain things... with the help of some very hard liquor.

KATHERINE
OK. But let's limit it to three shots for three issues. Kai?

KAI
May I provide you with something?

KATHERINE
Yes, six shots of your hardest liquor.

KAI
[You got it.] *Cha booth*. Yet do not look to me to remove your from the floor...

KATHERINE
(sighs)
So, what happens when we find her?

MIKE

Wait—are we doing the shot before or after?

KATHERINE

I guess before.

KAI

There you are.

SFX: Glasses being set down.

MIKE

Bottoms up.

(drinks)

Ah, ok. What happens when we find her? I dunno. I hope I'm ready for the violence when it does happen—unlike on the way to Draenmer.

KATHERINE

You...you had a traumatic experience, Mike. Things like maiming or killing someone—they carry emotional consequences. Did you ever address any of them?

MIKE

No. It's not like I could talk about this with anyone back home. What would I say? "Hey dad, I killed a man in Reno, just to watch him die—except it was in a magical fantasy land and I did it to save the girl whose murder I'm being fingered for." Yeah, that'd go over real well.

KATHERINE

What about someone here?

MIKE

Like who? Zana? She hasn't killed anyone.

KATHERINE

Try Jareth, then. I know you guys are forever butting heads, but he did give up everything for us. I am sure he would be willing to listen.

MIKE

That's true. Huh.

KATHERINE

Huh?

MIKE

Yeah, "huh." You sounded like Zana just now.

KATHERINE

Huh.

(beat)

MIKE

And you? What happens to you after we find Shauna?

KATHERINE

(drinks)

SFX: Slamming her shot glass down.

KATHERINE (cont)

I'm guessing you mean after the arrows, the running, the yelling and the triumphant victory for the group?

MIKE

You forgot "magic duels," but yeah.

KATHERINE

Go back to Boston? Crawl back to David? to MSU Boston? to Antonio's? Or maybe stay here—

MIKE

—You know, you don't have to go crawling back to David. I don't know if you've noticed, but he's a loser, and isn't it time you upgraded from loser to, I dunno, lovable slacker that you'll dump when tall dark and handsome comes your way?

KATHERINE

Careful, you're almost describing yourself!

(awkward pause)

KATHERINE

(changing the subject)

What if Shauna...what if she doesn't make it?

MIKE

(drinks)

Whew. I... can't even contemplate that. And could we even go back to Boston if that happened? I guess we'd have to stay here.

KATHERINE

But nothing would change back in Boston. No one would know we failed to bring back someone who's considered to be....

MIKE

Tyler.

KATHERINE

Ah.

MIKE

I'd have to go on the lam. And really, wouldn't it be better to just stay here then? But I just don't see how....

(beat)

If we find Shauna, are you going to come back with us?

KATHERINE

(drinks)

Tonight? Yes. Tomorrow? Maybe. When we find Shauna? I honestly don't know. Once I know she's safe—well, there's still so much I want to do here. You know, NOT on the run? But...there would be so many consequences to that. I have the feeling I'll regret either choice—but which will I regret the least?

MIKE

I hope you come back with us. I know Shauna would too.

KATHERINE

OK, last question. Do you have even the slightest idea what you're doing?

MIKE

(drinks)

SFX: Slams shot glass.

MIKE (cont)

The slightest? Yes. West. I know everyone thinks I'm being silly, or humoring me, like Zana, but why chance it? "Go west" is the instruction I got, and I don't want to risk screwing things up by going against it. So, no, I don't have a concrete idea, but I know that if we keep going west we're going to have to stumble across something.

KATHERINE

I understand. But I wish *Ainorem* had given you something more—

MIKE

You wish...

KATHERINE

—to go on. I know people spend lifetimes going over *Ainorem's* answers, but “Go west”? And you know at the end of all of this we’re going to realize what they were trying tell us.

MIKE

I won’t care, as long as we have Shauna.

(beat)

OK. How do you really think Arkahn’s going to help us?

KATHERINE

(drinks)

I used to think she was hiding something from us. Something important. And maybe she was too ashamed to tell us, or maybe she was still undercover, deep cover and that she could lead us to her handler or whatever...but now? Nothing. I guess what I’m trying to say is that whatever crimes she committed against us in the past, she was—is still—just another girl who has been exploited and betrayed by her parents and her society.

MIKE

(beat)

Are you still talking about Arkahn?

KATHERINE

Who knows anymore.

MIKE

(beat)

We’re out of shots.

KATHERINE

Thank god. Let’s go to bed.

SFX: Chairs sliding. Dialogue fading.

KATHERINE (cont)

We totally need to take some aspirin before we fall asleep. I have some in my bag-o-goodies.

MIKE

I knew you would have some!

Scene 10 - Nightcap

• Fesmer, Lorellai, Penteroban
—bar

SFX
A glass is set down.

LORELLAI
(again, her accent is strong, even more so than last time)
Do you stay long?

FESMER
(a little sad)
No. I do not think so.

LORELLAI
In the morrow, the Reavers skirmish. It is no match, yet...
Should you wish...

FESMER
Boxen wo fai, Lorellai.

LORELLAI
(Taking a sip of a drink.)
Nai nai, it was a passing—

FESMER
(Loud whisper.)
Fai cthloll odi: gissel nay tal. [extract a copy]

SFX
This spell effect should sound strange.

LORELLAI
(She's dizzy.)
Oh—I think the effects of this eve are....

FESMER
Are you *ra na*?

LORELLAI
I...yes, mostly.

PENTEROBAN
(Walking over...)
Is she *ra na*?

FESMER
(concerned)
I am not certain—

LORELLAI
I...I will be—

PENTEROBAN
Donita lio. That is enough *sumerae* for the night.
[Very well] ... [libations]

LORELLAI
What?

PENTEROBAN
Go up t'stairs. Sleep away *cha sa own-plexawen* [your drunkenness.] Banya will assist—

LORELLAI
Oh, you do not need to—

FESMER
I will help her up the stairs.

PENTEROBAN
Return promptly. The woman has had much trouble.

FESMER

I will be a perfect *parnae*. [gentleman].

PENTEROBAN

[Very well.] *Ino turen*. Go.

FESMER

What is my total?

PENTEROBAN

We settle *nay konarec* in t'morrow.
[the tab] (Pronounce: cohn-NAR-ec)

LORELLAI

I think....

(sighs)

[OK] *Naimae* Fesmer, let us go.

FESMER

Cha ben forgen. [There you go.]

SFX: Bar stools sliding as they stand up.

SFX: Walking, continuous

FESMER

Nai nai, in earnest Lorellai, will you be *ra na*?

LORELLAI

I survive. It snuck upon me.

FESMER

Indeed. Lean on me.

LORELLAI

Cha gren'. These stairs move...

FESMER

That is the truth of things. I used to encounter many moving stairs.

LORELLAI

The skirmish is *sen fwo-twana*. I will be *renia own-spen* in the morrow.

[out of the question] ... [in poor condition]

FESMER

No, it will not be that bad.

LORELLAI

How can you be so sure?

SFX

Door opens to her room.

LORELLAI

A bed has never looked so good.

FESMER

Lie down... Carefully.

SFX

She gets into the bed.

LORELLAI

Fesmer? Gren' f'listening.

It is difficult t'talk about my Corren's trial and his murder with people from here—

FESMER

Trial?

LORELLAI

(loose)

They tore down our doors and dragged him away... A one-handed *jakenamura* was brought. Him and his assistant, this pretty woman... Barely a woman, but...

FESMER

(breath catching)

LORELLAI

With nothing but accusations behind it, he finds Correl guilty of murder, child-theft, and...and other crimes too terrible to....

FESMER

No....

LORELLAI

...And then they both show him the Wrath of the Sun.
(sniffing)

FESMER

I...*ino minem boxen wo fai*, Lorellai. That is horrible.

LORELLAI

(drowsy)

It has not been easy to get past—

FESMER

(softly)

Rest, Lorellai. Rest. The sun will rise and you will find yourself a new path.

LORELLAI

(falling asleep)

You may be right... A new path...

(pause)

LORELLAI

(snores softly)

FESMER

Sleep safely Lorellai...

(beat)

Where did I put that... Ah.

(muttering)

Fai c'tholl odi...

SFX: A familiar ethereal, soft chiming sound

FESMER

(whispering loudly)

I have information.

SFX: An ethereal, soft chiming sound

FESMER

Yes. We are on her trail. But—

SFX: An ethereal, soft chiming sound

FESMER

As certain as I can be.

SFX: An ethereal, soft chiming sound

FESMER

No. They do not know yet. It is not yet time. I must go. I will let you know if I find more.

Scene 11 – Rising Sun

•Mike, Katherine, Fesmer, Zana, Jareth, Arkahn, Penteroban
—Tavern, the morning after

SFX

Eating. The rest of the place is empty.

MIKE

(chewing)

This—what did you call these waffles?

ARKAHN

Brialo.

MIKE

(chewing)

Yah, good stuff! I mean, not as good as Zana's, but still.

ARKAHN

It is true.

(stretching)

I will go and wash up.

SFX

Chair sliding.

MIKE

You feeling better?

ARKAHN

Yes. The sleep cradled me well.

MIKE

I'm glad.

SFX

She walks off...then Fesmer walks up.

FESMER

Oli yuung, Mike.

MIKE

Well, hey, its Mister Wine and Dine.

(quietly)

How'd things go last night?

FESMER

It went well. I have learned their language.

MIKE

No, I meant with that girl! You get her comfortable?

FESMER

Remind me to be more careful with my words in the future...

(beat)

I should do this before the others return.

MIKE

Sure. But will my head spin like last—

FESMER

Fai cthloll odi: jet bokae. [Insert knowledge.]

SFX

This calls for a "pushing into something" sound.

MIKE

(He is speaking with a slight accent.)

Oooh. Ow. Owwww... Huh. *Fuo-veximen* [Not as bad] as the time previous.

FESMER

I get better with practice.

MIKE

(quietly, still accented)

[By the by...] *Cy ne-ay sa cy...*

(mildly annoyed)

[This is odd.] *Sa cosa zawin.* To stop this I... How. Do. I.

Stop... There we go.

(clears throat, then speaks quietly, unaccented)

You didn't happen to find anything else out last night?

Anything about Shauna?

FESMER

Not a thing.

SFX: Katherine coming down the stairs

FESMER

Oh...*li yuung*, Kath.

KATHERINE

Good morning, Fesmer. So, what is that voice?

MIKE

(accented)

Is there a problem?

JARETH

(He's in a bad way.)

Oli yuung.

MIKE

Jareth! Oh. Oh, man....

JARETH

Mike, *senjen*, a quiet voice this morning.

MIKE

I've never seen you this hungover. Hungover at all, actually.

JARETH

(groans)

Is there any *hojj* remaining?

MIKE

(accented)

There is—in that pot. Savvy?

JARETH

Cha grendi.

MIKE

Damnit Fesmer, now I have to concentrate to talk normal.

KATHERINE

You two—I knew it. Mike is speaking this Cockney version of Charendraen, which I can only assume you “inserted” into his brain, Fesmer, which I believe means you had to involve that girl you were hitting on last night!

FESMER

Er....

MIKE

Calm down, Katherine. Now I can understand the people in this area; that's a plus. And don't worry—it's more innocent than you're making it—

FESMER
("shut up!")
Cha karin!
Aaand here is Zana.

ZANA
Bui bui everyone.

MIKE
We need to gear up for the next leg. The innkeeper guy mentioned that the road west of here gets pretty bleak for a while.

KATHERINE
I overheard some people talking about a big shop—something like [Supplies] *Durig own-Raka*. Should we go there?

MIKE
Awesome—sounds like we have a plan.

KATHERINE
(A bit bitter, and quietly to Mike.)
Yes, you can make use of your new-found traveling language skills.

MIKE
How else are we going to gather rumors?
(loudly)
Everyone ready? Where's Jareth?

ARKAHN
He retreated to *nay portawa* [the restroom].

FESMER
This could delay us for several hours. He never could hold his drink.

ZANA
Here he comes.

JARETH
I have, indeed, had my fill of the wine. And that foul Reaver's Ale.

FESMER
(kindly)
Terrorlunae cannot stomach Reaver's Ale.

JARETH
Just as we cannot stomach the Reavers.

MIKE
OK, let's head on out. And remember, [keep your ears wide] for rumors. The west is calling.

KATHERINE
After we get supplies.

MIKE
(Quickly.)
After we get supplies.

SFX
People getting up, walking out, carrying a pack each. They all leave—general talk should happen as they carry out.

END OF SHOW