

## HIGHLIGHT TO SEE CONTENT WARNINGS:

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NICHOLAS:

*(as the intro plays)* At the edge of Gilt City, fears and revelations converge, and all await the arrival of the Night Post.

[RUMBLE OF THE MAIL TRUCK OVER ROUGH ROAD.]

NICHOLAS:

Please be sure to use your turn signals, Milo. Abiding by the rules of the road assures safe passage for both couriers and their cargo.

MILO:

Nick, we are in the middle of nowhere. At 2:30 a.m. Who am I going to run into out here, exactly? A funeral procession?

NICHOLAS:

I'm not riding along to arbitrarily critique your driving skills. Like I've explained, the safety of all couriers is of the utmost importance to the Night Post.

MILO:

Oh, please stop saying that. You don't actually believe that they care whether we make it back to our stations or not. I mean, why would they? All they have to do is yank some person's name out of a hat, and "ta-da"--a new drone, ready to go.

NICHOLAS:

No matter anyone else's motives, *I* want you all safe. That's what I believe above all else. I would never knowingly send any of you out into danger.

MILO:

Hmph. Did you make the same promise to Ashley?

NICHOLAS:

I--that's not fair. I had no way of knowing--

[NICK IS INTERRUPTED BY THE TRUCK'S SUDDEN, SCREECHING STOP. MILO ENGAGES THE HAND BRAKE, AND THE ENGINE IDLES.]

NICHOLAS:

What's wrong?

MILO:

This is our stop. We're out here to deliver mail, remember?

NICHOLAS:

But maybe next time you could ease into--

[THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN AND SHUT AS MILO GETS OUT.]

NICHOLAS:

*(sigh)* Nevermind. *(to himself)* This van is filthy! I should remind them that this is Post property. Oh, stop fooling yourself, Nicholas. Who knows how many extracurricular miles they've put on these tin cans. At least the deliveries are getting made...well, that I know of. I do hope Valencia's evaluation went well. I can't imagine their and Herbert's workplace philosophies align all that well.

MILO:

*(opening and closing door)* Done! Man, I really hate this stop. I'm always chased by something. One time it was a gang of raccoons--well, I think they were raccoons. A few weeks before that was a rottweiler and a chihuahua.

NICHOLAS:

A...chihuahua?

MILO:

It was a lot scarier than it sounds. That's where the claw marks on the driver's side door came from.

NICHOLAS:

Ah. Well, we'll see about getting the paint touched up.

MILO:

Well, if you're taking maintenance requests: the A/C sucks, the back left tire constantly goes flat, and I regularly have to clear black sludge out of the coolant tank.

NICHOLAS:

That sounds...not optimal. I'll see what I can do.

MILO:

*(driving away)* I won't be holding my breath.

NICHOLAS:

Probably for the best. Oh, you didn't close their mailbox!

MILO:

There's no door to close.

NICHOLAS:

Have you offered to submit a request for a new one?

MILO:

I do my best to avoid interacting with the customers. Plus, I can't imagine their HOA is all that concerned.

NICHOLAS:

An HOA? For these shacks? Oh, that was a joke.

MILO:

Yes it was, Nick. Yes, it was. How about some music on our way to the last stop?

NICHOLAS:

Oh, sure. That sounds--

[LOUD ROCK MUSIC PLAYS, AND THEY BOTH HAVE TO SHOUT TO BE HEARD.]

NICHOLAS:

*Milo!*

MILO:

Yeah?

NICHOLAS:

Can you please lower the volume?

MILO:

Huh?

NICHOLAS:

The volume! Lower it, please!

MILO:

Oh. (*music lowers significantly*) Too loud?

NICHOLAS:

Um, a bit, yes. Do you always listen to music at such deafening loudness?

MILO:

Yeah, usually. When you've been to as many back-alley concerts as I have, you just get used to listening to everything as if you're standing right next to the amps.

NICHOLAS:

Well, let's keep the volume at a less distracting level, okay?

MILO:

Aye aye, Captain Killjoy.

NICHOLAS:

*(groans dramatically)* So it seems you only have one stop left, correct?

MILO:

Seems like it, yeah. Should just be dropping off a small box. I put it somewhere behind this seat...

NICHOLAS:

*Both* hands on the wheel, please.

MILO:

Alright, alright. Anyways, the stop should be just up here on the right. *(brief pause)* Huh.

NICHOLAS:

What's wrong?

MILO:

It should be right here.

NICHOLAS:

What should be right here?

MILO:

The last house. It's a two-story, dark brick house with a wild yard. 12275 Edelwood Road.

[THEY SLOW TO AN IDLE AGAIN, AND THE MUSIC STOPS.]

NICHOLAS:

Perhaps we missed it while discussing the distressing volume at which you "jam out."

MILO:

No, I don't get distracted quite that easily. Let me check the box just to make sure that's where it goes. Here it is. Hmm...I *swear* it had an address earlier. Look.

NICHOLAS:

Are you sure about that? This doesn't have *any* information on it. There are stamps, though...and it's been notarized by our station. By me, in fact. This doesn't make any sense.

MILO:

You're right, it doesn't. But if the last package doesn't have an address, we don't have to deliver it. So let's turn this puppy around and head back. I'm not trying to solve any mysteries tonight.

[THE TRUCK BEEPS AS IT BACKS UP, THEN DRIVES ON.]

NICHOLAS:

I agree. I wonder what we should do with this.

MILO:

I can hang onto it.

NICHOLAS:

Oh?

MILO:

I mean, it is mine to deliver, right? I'll try to figure out where it goes tomorrow.

NICHOLAS:

If you insist.

MILO:

I do...I think. Huh, I wonder what's in it.

NICHOLAS:

That's certainly none of our business. Let's focus on getting back to 103, please. It's been a long night.

MILO:

Yeah, tell me about it. *(pause)* Okay, I think we're lost.

NICHOLAS:

Lost? *How?* This is the route you're on almost every day.

MILO:

I'm aware. We haven't even passed the last house we delivered to.

NICHOLAS:

Could you have misjudged just how far we've driven?

MILO:

Maybe, but not likely. Oh, there! That must be it.

NICHOLAS:

No, I don't think it is. (*mail truck idles*)

MILO:

Yeah, you're right. No mailbox. It is a completely different house. I haven't even seen it before.

NICHOLAS:

You likely just overlooked it--it does sit a bit away from the road. There's a light on! Perhaps whoever lives here can put us in the right direction.

MILO:

Nick, I can give you *at least* a thousand and one reasons why sauntering up to a rough-looking house that has appeared out of nowhere is one of the worst possible things you can do. In fact, I'd rather drive around in circles until daylight than--wait, where are you going?

NICHOLAS:

(*opening door*) To ask for directions. I'm certainly not above asking for help.

MILO:

Shit. We're going to regret this.

[MILO KILLS THE ENGINE AND FOLLOWS NICK. SOUNDS OF CRICKETS AND OTHER NIGHTLIFE FILL THE AIR. GRAVEL CRUNCHES UNDER THEIR FEET]

MILO:

This isn't some ego thing, Nick. It's all of my keenly-honed instincts telling me that nothing about this is a good idea.

NICHOLAS:

Be that as it may, I have paperwork to finish and reports to file. I don't have the time to joyride with you until we stumble onto our way back to Gilt City.

[WOODEN STEPS CREAK AS THEY CLIMB UP TO A PORCH.]

MILO:

Okay, fine. Let's go interrogate the squatters so we can get out of here.

NICHOLAS:

Hm. Glad you're being reasonable.

[NICK KNOCKS ON THE OLD WOODEN DOOR, TO NO RESPONSE.]

MILO:

Well, is that enough of an answer for you?

NICHOLAS:  
Hmmm. (*knocks again*)

MILO:  
Nick! Are you serious? No one's home.

NICHOLAS:  
(*small sigh*) Perhaps you're--oh!

MILO:  
What is it now?

NICHOLAS:  
A broken window. Couldn't hurt to look inside.

MILO:  
It definitely could, but I know you're gonna do it anyway.

NICHOLAS:  
Seems to be...sparsely furnished.

MILO:  
(*grunts*) Move over a little--I can't see anything through the dirty-ass window.

NICHOLAS:  
Oh, so you're curious now, huh?

MILO:  
Hush. Hm, you're right, though. A couch, a clock, a rug. Not much to look at.

NICHOLAS:  
But that must mean someone *does* live here.

MILO:  
With a huge, uncovered hole in the window? Unlikely.

NICHOLAS:  
And the porchlight? *Hellooo?*

MILO:  
That's *exactly* what we should do: yell into the creepy, abandoned house in the middle of nowhere and hope we get a response.

NICHOLAS:

Perhaps you're right. We'll do it your way, then. This is your route, after all. I'm just an obser--

[BARELY AUDIBLE WHISPERS COME FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE.]

MILO:

*(interrupting)* Shhh...did you hear that?

NICHOLAS:

Hear what?

MILO:

Something from inside.

NICHOLAS:

Hm. Let's save the pranks on the boss for another time, please.

DISEMBODIED VOICE:

*(overlapping)* Hello...

MILO:

It's not a joke. You just missed it again.

NICHOLAS:

I'm sorry, but I don't hear anything. Plus, you were adamant about there being no one inside, remember?

MILO:

Well, what if I was wrong?

NICHOLAS:

As a postmaster, it's my duty to keep the couriers of Station 103--are you listening?

MILO:

Nope.

[THE DOOR OPENS WITH A LONG CREAK. FLOORBOARDS GROAN BENEATH THEIR FEET.]

MILO:

Hello?

NICHOLAS:

Shh!



MILO:

Oh so *now* you're worried about someone hearing us? Look, the quicker we scope out the place, the quicker we can leave...and prove that I'm in need of a long vacation.

NICHOLAS:

Uh-huh. We'll discuss that at a later time. Let's just finish with this escapade.

MILO:

Well, if someone lived here, it's been a while. Everything is covered in dust. Like, *thick* dust. We're gonna need our lungs vacuumed out after this.

NICHOLAS:

Yet another reason to leave. It is odd, though, isn't it? There's furniture, rugs, etcetera, but no personal items.

MILO:

Huh, you're right. Not even a novelty calendar. (*calling out*) Anyone home?

NICHOLAS:

Oh, please stop doing that.

MILO:

A little late to be getting spooked, Nicholas.

NICHOLAS:

Be that as it may...

MILO:

Huh, here's a bedroom. Oh, it smells *nasty* in here. Like--

NICHOLAS:

Patchouli. I enjoy it, actually. Though you're right, it's a bit strong.

MILO:

*A bit?* Ugh, I'm gonna hurl.

NICHOLAS:

This room is oddly bare too. Maybe the house is for sale?

MILO:

If that's the case, no wonder everything's covered in dust. The housing market out here isn't exactly booming.

NICHOLAS:

Uh, wait, I think I've found someth...ow!

MILO:

What's wrong?

NICHOLAS:

It's a picture frame. A broken picture frame, at that. I've just nicked myself, is all.

[AN EERIE, BREATH-LIKE BREEZE SWEEPS THROUGH THE ROOM.]

MILO:

Exactly what we needed: an ominous draft. I'd offer you a band-aid, but I think the first aid box in the truck is empty.

NICHOLAS:

*Empty?* You should have let me know sooner. Courier preparedness is key.

MILO:

You're really going to lecture me in a haunted house?

NICHOLAS:

I'm not lecturing you, I'm *reminding* you. And "haunted" is a bit of an exaggeration.

MILO:

Remains to be seen. Let me see that picture. (*paper rustles*) Hm, yeah, she definitely *looks* like the kind of lady who'd enjoy sleeping in a vat of potpourri each night. I bet you twenty bucks she sewed that patchwork cardigan herself.

NICHOLAS:

That's too easy. Thirty says she made the shoes.

MILO:

Ooh, good call. So, I guess we've solved the mystery of who lived here. My curiosity is satiated--I'm just going crazy. Let's get out of here and find our way back. Can't be any more lost than we already are.

NICHOLAS:

Too true...oh, here you go.

MILO:

Huh? Oh, an envelope? That one isn't mine.

NICHOLAS:

Uh, are you sure? I just watched it fall out of your pocket.

MILO:

Well, it's addressed to "Jim." And I'm a lot of things, but a "Jim" isn't one of 'em. Let's just get out of here before something really weird happens...or worse.

MILO:

*(envelope rips)* Nicholas Best! Are you about to read someone else's mail?

NICHOLAS:

It wasn't formally addressed nor stamped, so it's not technically mail, is it?

MILO:

Always so technical. So...what does it say?

NICHOLAS:

*(clears throat)* "Jim, I'm hearing 'em again. Gonna take care of it once and for all. See ya soon. Your sister, Joan." Not much of a letter, is it? And hearing what, exactly? Is this an overly elaborate hoax? Seems to be quite a lot of work to hope someone simply stumbles upon it.

MILO:

*(softly)* I'm hearing them...Nick, let's go!

NICHOLAS:

What is it?

[EERIE AND OMINOUS SYNTH MUSIC FADES IN.]

MILO:

I think I know what's going on, and we don't want part of it. C'mon!

NICHOLAS:

Wait a moment!

[A DOOR SLAMS CLOSED. MILO RATTLES THE KNOB DESPERATELY.]

MILO:

Oh no, no, no, no. Help me get this open!

NICHOLAS:

What has you so spooked?

MILO:

Oh, the ominous letter and self-slamming door weren't enough? Shit, I can't get it.

NICHOLAS:

There's always the window.

MILO:

Oh, good idea. Let's find something to smash it open a bit.

[ANOTHER DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY FROM FURTHER INSIDE THE HOUSE.]

MILO:

What now?

DISEMBODIED VOICE:

*Don't go...*

NICHOLAS:

Oh, my.

MILO:

So you heard it that time, huh?

NICHOLAS:

Unfortunately, yes.

MILO:

Wait, where are you going?

NICHOLAS:

It seems we're not meant to exit the way we came. Perhaps there's a back door?

MILO:

Fine, let's just find it and go. I'm not trying to get cut up by the glass, anyway. No band-aids, remember? (*quick steps on creaking wood*) Oh, I guess this is what caused the second bang.

NICHOLAS:

Should we...

MILO:

Try to find our way out through the cellar? Are you crazy?

DISEMBODIED VOICE:

*Wait...*

MILO:

Uh, you know what--it's worth a shot. C'mon!

[THEY TAKE THE WOODEN STEPS DOWN. SYNTH MUSIC FADES OUT.]

NICHOLAS:

Damn. My torch is in the truck!

MILO:

Your what? Oh, a flashlight. No worries--I keep one on me. *(flashlight clicks)* And who calls it a torch?

[THEIR FEET CRUNCH ON DIRT AND GRAVEL. ECHOING, HISS-LIKE ELECTRONIC TONES RISE.]

NICHOLAS:

*I do. (long pause)* Hm, I don't believe we'll be getting out this way.

MILO:

We don't have much of a choice, do we?

NICHOLAS:

Are we going to discuss what happened?

MILO:

Just the perks of being a pigeon, ya know: getting hunted down by the supernatural for no reason at all. That part was conveniently left out of my conscription letter, you know.

NICHOLAS:

I see. I didn't realize it was quite that serious.

MILO:

Really? Even after your employees have disappeared, nearly been assassinated, and have come to you multiple times for help and answers? Because I find that *really* hard to believe.

NICHOLAS:

I-I...well...

MILO:

You don't have to explain yourself. The three of us are going to figure it out on our own. We wouldn't want you to get hurt, you know? Like Val. Or Agi. Or Ashley.

NICHOLAS:

Do you honestly believe that I want to see any of you hurt? That I enjoy watching everyone I'm meant to protect be subjected to the worst of this world? Because I don't! Far from it, actually.

MILO:

A lot of talk from someone who's done nothing but put us in harm's way. *(pause)* What? Have nothing else to say?

NICHOLAS:

I can't.

MILO:

Can't? Or won't? *(brief silence)* Got it. Well, don't worry. Once we find our way out of here, we'll be on our way back to the station, and you can go back to enjoying your new office.

DISEMBODIED VOICE:

*Don't leave.*

[THE ECHOING ELECTRONIC TONES ARE REPLACED BY A DISCORDANT RINGING.]

NICHOLAS:

Sorry, but we must!

MILO:

Nick! Stop answering the ominous voice.

NICHOLAS:

Right. Sorry. Uh, I believe we best pick up our pace.

MILO:

Best advice all night. C'mon!

[THEY BEGIN TO RUN, BOTH BREATHING HEAVILY.]

NICHOLAS:

Look, a ladder!

MILO:

Best timing ever. Oh! It's open up top, too! What are you waiting for? Start climbing.

NICHOLAS:

Okay, okay! Please, don't push me! I'm not the best with heights.

MILO:

Nick, we are underground.

NICHOLAS:

Yes, but it would be all too easy to fall from one hasty misstep.

DISEMBODIED VOICE:

*You'll never escape...*

NICHOLAS:

Oh, boy...come on, Nicholas. With haste, with haste.

MILO:

Wait, take the flashlight and make sure the coast is clear. I'm right behind you.

[THEIR SHOES CLUNK AGAINST METAL RUNGS.]

NICHOLAS:

Almost there...oh, no.

MILO:

We don't have time for "oh no." What's wrong?

NICHOLAS:

The rungs don't go all the way to the ledge. I can't quite reach it!

MILO:

You have to! Stretch those spindly little arms!

NICHOLAS:

*Spindly?*

MILO:

Just do it.

NICHOLAS:

*(grunts)* I think I have a good grasp on it... *(more grunting)* I'm out!

MILO:

I see that, Nick. Want to give *me* a hand?

NICHOLAS:

Oh, yes, of course! Here...oh.

MILO:  
"Oh," what?

[ECHOING AND GHASTLY BREATHING GETS LOUDER.]

NICHOLAS:  
Just please give me your hand, and don't look down.

MILO:  
Why not--what the fuck is that?

NICHOLAS:  
A nondescript, shadowy mass of tentacles and eyes.

MILO:  
Stop looking at it and help me!

NICHOLAS:  
Oh! Yes. *(both grunting)*

MONSTER:  
*Nowhere to go!*

MILO:  
*(yelps)* It has my leg!

NICHOLAS:  
I'm pulling... *(grunts)* as hard as I can!

MILO:  
Help! Do something!

NICHOLAS:  
Let him go!

MILO:  
Shit! I have to have something...

NICHOLAS:  
I can't hold on much longer, Milo!

MONSTER:  
*NEVER LEAVE!*



MILO:

*(grunts)* There has to be something I can do...

NICHOLAS:

Your pocket!

MILO:

What?

NICHOLAS:

Look--sprouting out of your pocket!

MILO:

Oh, the package! Let me go and leave us alone!

[THE BOX ERUPTS WITH THE SOUND OF CREAKING AND SPLINTERING WOOD.]

MONSTER:

*Nooooo!*

MILO:

It let go! Pull!

[BOTH GRUNT AS MILO CLIMBS OVER THE EDGE, AND THE MONSTER'S VOICE FADES OUT. NOISES OF NIGHTTIME RETURN.]

NICHOLAS:

*(out of breath)* Wh...what happened down there?

MILO:

The package... *(huffs)* must have had seeds!

NICHOLAS:

Oh, my.

MILO:

Oh. Vines, roots, flowers. Just...pouring out of it.

NICHOLAS:

But how...why did that happen, Milo?

MILO:

If I knew, I'd tell you. But this has happened before.

NICHOLAS:  
With Agatha, yes?

MILO:  
Yeah. *(pause)* Is it me? Am I doing this?

NICHOLAS:  
I...I can't say for certain.

MILO:  
Of course. Let's just get out of here. I'm done with this for tonight.

NICHOLAS:  
On that we can agree. Now...where's the truck, I wonder.

MILO:  
Well, the tunnel came from that way, so we just start walking. Oh, Nick?

NICHOLAS:  
Yes?

MILO:  
Just don't tell Val and Clementine about any of this, okay? I'll...tell them eventually.

NICHOLAS:  
I think I can manage that much.

NICHOLAS:  
*(as the outro plays)* Thank you for joining us on tonight's route. You can find the couriers of Station 103 at [nightpostpod.com](http://nightpostpod.com) or on Twitter [@nightpostpod](https://twitter.com/nightpostpod). If you're satisfied with your postal service, please rate and review us, or consider supporting us on Patreon. Send a letter to a local drag queen, and tell them about *The Night Post*.