

**Ren:** So the Parks and Facilities Building is just down the way here.

**Ren:** It's not far.

| **Yeah, we're close.**

>**Alex:** Yeah, we're getting there.

| **Hope your plan works...**

>**Alex:** Yeah, I just hope this whole thing works.

>**Ren:** It'll work.

| **Yep, just get the key and leave.**

>**Alex,** we just gotta.. break in, find the key if there's a key—hopefully there's a key—and leave.

>**Ren:** There's a key, don't worry.

**Ren:** That's... Alex, that's Clarissa.

**Ren:** What's... how'd she get up there?

**Ren:** Clarissa, what are you doing?

| **She's alive!**

>**Alex:** She's alive, y—you're alive! Man, I have never been so happy to see you in my life.

| **How were you not killed!**

>**Alex:** Clarissa! How—how are you—how are you not dead right now? Like, swan dive out of a window, empty pool dive, dead?

| **Where have you been?**

>**Alex:** Clarissa, where have you been? The last time we saw you, you jumped out a window! I mean, I thought—we thought you were dead!

| **[No Response]**

>**Ren:** Can you, like, do me a favor and maybe come down from there?

**Ren:** Holy— Jesus Christ, Alex, what is happening?!

**Clarissa:** [incoherent mumbling]

**Ren:** Ugh, is this what I looked like when— when that stuff happened?

**Ren:** Clarissa? Can you hear me?

| **I hate it when this happens!**

>**Alex:** Oh God, not again. I hate it when this happens!

| **Clarissa, fight them off!**

>**Alex:** Clarissa, wake up! Fight them off, take control of yourself! Um... hang in there, baby!

| **Ghosts, what do you want?**

>**Alex:** Okay, just what do you guys want? This isn't—this has just really lost its charm, I have to say!

**Ren:** Ugh, can you like— I mean, you helped me before, right? Can you help her, is there— whatever you did, can you do it again?

**Ren:** Ugh, I don't even want to look at her, it's so...

**Ren:** It's making my stomach churn.

| **I'll try.**

>**Alex:** I can... I'll... try, okay, I'll try.

| **This happened to Jonas.**

>**Alex:** This happened to Jonas, too. It's... it's... I—I dunno, it's like when *they* wanna talk or something.

>**Ren:** Hey, we're not *toys*, *guys*!

| **What do you expect me to do!**

>**Alex:** What— Okay, Ren, tell me what you expect me to do in this situation. *Really*.

>**Ren:** I don't know! Whatever you did with me, isn't that— you did something, right? To, like, snap me out of whatever?

**Ren:** Clarissa, how are you, uh, doing, honey?

**Ren:** Alex, seriously, can you help me with this a little?

**Ren:** Clarissa, to start, can you, like, climb down there and let us get a look at you? No? Don't want to?

**[tune radio to 102 and 92]**

**Clarissa:** No!

[glitch]

**Ren:** Christ!

**Clarissa:** You think you can control me?

| **No...**

>**Alex:** I—what? I— no, I'm not trying to—

>**Clarissa:** No, you're not trying. You're not trying at all.

>**Radio:** You haven't changed, not a bit.

>**Radio:** But you're a fine girl.

|| **Yes we are!**

>>**Alex:** Yes, Clarissa, we— we are, we're—

>>**Clarissa:** This isn't trying. You're walking around pointing a radio at things. Might as well be a stick.

|| **What have you done!**

>>**Alex:** We're not trying? What about you? What have you done?! You get *stuck* in Milner, you ask for our help, you—

>>**Clarissa:** What have I done? I sacrificed. I've made immense... bottomless... sacrifices.

|| **What more can we do!**

>>**Alex:** What— [sigh] what more can we do? We're *barely* holding into our—

>>**Clarissa:** "What more can you do?" You can do your job, that's just for starters. You can be what you signed up for.

|| **[No Response]**

>>**Ren**: Clarissa, we're not— she's not trying to *control* you, she's trying to prevent whatever is happening from—

>>**Clarissa**: Something is happening. Something. Soon.

| **Are you... not possessed?**

>**Alex**: Are you— [sigh] are you not possessed right now?

>**Clarissa**: "Possessed." I am possessed. I am... consumed... with an unending fury.

>**Radio**: She was wonderful with her hands.

>**Radio**: Yet, I keep hurting and I really don't want to.

|| **Fury at what?**

>>**Alex**: Consumed with— what are you mad at? We're— we've all been—

>>**Clarissa**: I'm not mad, dear. I'm tired.

|| **We're your friends!**

>>**Alex**: Clarissa, we're your friends! This whole thing has been about saving you from—

>>**Clarissa**: Friends? You have a distasteful definition.

|| **Is this the ghost talking?**

>>**Alex**: Is this— is this you, right now, Clarissa? Or is this a ghost, cause it it's—

>>**Clarissa**: Ghosts? Sounds pretty scary, kids. Better leave the night light on.

|| **[No Response]**

>>**Ren**: Clarissa, if you're not— I don't know what's going on, but just tell us what to do.

>>**Clarissa**: You can't *do* anything. It's too late for that.

| **I'm trying to help you!**

>**Alex**: I'm—I'm trying to help you! This is—this will—

>**Clarissa**: Help me? "Help me," how will that help me?  
this plays sometimes...

>**Radio**: I was looking forward to seeing you.

>**Radio**: Yes, I used to dream about something like this.

**|| It's helped the others!**

>>**Alex:** It—it's helped the others! Ren and Nona, they've gone through the same—

>>**Clarissa:** Gone through what? They're children, they've gone through nothing.

**|| There's a ghost in you.**

>>**Alex:** Don't you— Ugh, there's a ghost in you right now, they're— they've, like, perverted this whole—

>>**Clarissa:** Ghosts? Sounds pretty scary, kids. Better leave the night light on.

**|| [No Response]**

>>**Ren:** Clarissa, c'mon! We just wanna help you.

>>**Clarissa:** And you will. Soon enough.

**Radio:** When you're off, the little machine has no more heart than a brain.

**Clarissa:** No more heart... than...

**| Is she... okay?**

>**Alex:** Is she... okay? Or...?

>**Ren:** Um, that's a complicated question. Clarissa, are you alright?

**| What was that about?**

>**Alex:** Aw, man. Ren, what was— what was all that about?

>**Ren:** I am really the wrong person to ask that.

>**Ren:** Clarissa, are you alright?

**Clarissa:** [sigh]

**Ren:** Steady, just— take it easy...

**Clarissa:** I'm fine. I can— I'm fine.

**Ren:** Are you sure?

**Ren:** Because you took... quite a little tumble.

| **Back to normal?**

>**Alex:** Back to normal, I hope?

>**Clarissa:** Back to normal? What does that even—

| **Was that... you at all?**

>**Alex:** Clarissa, was that— was any part of you in there just now?

>**Clarissa:** In where? What are you talking about?

>**Ren:** That stuff you were saying.. you seemed upset.

| **Do you remember what happened?**

>**Alex:** [sigh] Do you remember anything that happened?

>**Clarissa:** [sigh] I remember... waiting in Fort Milner... and seeing you?

>**Ren:** Nothing else?

**Clarissa:** How did I get here?

**Ren:** You don't know how you got up there?

**Ren:** You remember that part at least, right? Being up on the thing?

| **No clue.**

>**Alex:** [sigh] The usual answer to any question tonight has been "I have no idea", and... sorry to say, but this is no different.

| **You were dead a while ago.**

>**Alex:** Clarissa, you were dead a minute ago. Do you— do you realize that.

>**Alex:** We saw your body, no joke.

>**Clarissa:** Okay. Well, I'm alive now, so. Hallelujah.

| **Time loop thing?**

>**Alex:** There's been, like, time disturbances or something and I think that's what's been teleporting people around, so. And we just had one.

>**Clarissa:** "Time disturbances?"

**Ren:** You really don't remember anything?

**Clarissa:** No... I remember something. I remember you... with that radio...

**Clarissa:** And I remember feeling like *you*... were the reason all of this was happening.

**[rewind]**

**Ren:** Wait, it's Clarissa's turn already?

**Clarissa:** Yeah, it's my turn, what do you mean "it's Clarissa's turn already?"

**Clarissa:** I haven't even asked one question.

**Clarissa:** Everyone's asking me, I get to do the asking now.

**| What's going on?**

**>Alex:** Wait, what's—what's going on? We're back at the... [breathy] wha?

**>Nona:** It's Clarissa's turn.

**>Jonas:** Yeah, it's Clarissa's turn.

**| Guys, this isn't real.**

**>Alex:** [sigh] Guys, okay I know you we're still playing Truth or Slap or whatever, but this isn't *real*, so—

**>Ren:** Well, wait. Clarissa hasn't had a chance to ask something yet, so...

**>Clarissa:** Yeah.

**| Are you controlling this?**

**>Alex:** Are you— are you controlling this?

**>Clarissa:** It's, uh, my turn if that's what you mean.

**| [No Response]**

**>Nona:** [laughs]

**Clarissa:** And you of all people should know what my question is gonna be cause I'm not gonna waste it.

**Clarissa:** Alex. What did you do?

**Clarissa:** Explain why me and my best friend...

**Clarissa:** And your idiot best friend...

**Clarissa:** And your new step-brother are all screwed.

| **It's not my fault.**

>**Alex:** You are not blaming me for this, Clarissa, this—this is so outside of logic, of reason, of—anything that could possibly be anticipated.

>**Jonas:** It's really not her fault, Clarissa.

>**Clarissa:** Jonas, I'm sorry, but you don't know who you speak of, dear.

| **We have to stick together now.**

>**Alex:** Clarissa, please don't draw a chalk line here. Don't make factions, just— we have to stick together if we're gonna make it through this.

>**Clarissa:** Jonas, now you're seeing who you're stuck to until graduation.

| **We tuned something in?**

>**Alex:** Look, when we went into the cave, we found a... thing, and I used the radio to somehow tune it in and... I think it jump started everything.

>**Clarissa:** I see.

|| **I'm sorry.**

>>**Alex:** I'm sorry, okay. I—I'm sorry.

|| **But who knew this would happen!**

>>**Alex:** But, I mean, c'mon. Who knew this would happen? We thought it was a weird trick of light or something.

>**Clarissa:** Jonas, now you're seeing who you're stuck to until graduation.

| **[No Response]**

>**Jonas:** There's no reason, Clarissa. Alex didn't cause this.



>**Clarissa:** Jonas, I'm sorry, but you don't know who you speak of, dear.

**Ren:** Clarissa, seriously, I can vouch for this, this isn't her fault.

**Clarissa:** It has to be her fault, of course it's her fault.

**Clarissa:** There's no other way this story goes.

**Clarissa:** She creates chaos, she's a storm chaser.

| **Why?!**

>**Alex:** Why?! Why does it have to be my fault?

>**Clarissa:** Why does it have to be your fault? Are you kidding me?

| **Jonas was there, too!**

>**Alex:** It was both of us! Jonas was there too, it's not like I decided to end the world tonight or something!

>**Clarissa:** Oh my *God*, do you see this?

[If you apologized:

| **I said I was sorry!**

>**Alex:** Okay, Clarissa, c'mon, I said I was sorry, you don't have to pile on.

>**Clarissa:** "Pile on?" ]

| **Don't listen to her!**

>**Alex:** Don't listen to her, okay? She's pissed at the world and she likes to take it out on me, and— and none of what's happening makes any sense anyway!

>**Jonas:** I'm not! It's not a—

| **[No Response]**

>**Jonas:** She's not a b— I've been with her the whole time, alright?

**Nona:** No, c'mon Clarissa, let's not do this right now.

**Clarissa:** You're gonna learn, Jonas, I swear to God. The town looks at her like she has a red letter tattooed on her frickin' forehead—

**Jonas:** Clarissa—

**Clarissa:** —and the giant, lit-up Christmas tree reason why is that Michael is dead because of her.

**Clarissa:** Because of her!

**Clarissa:** Like, do you understand who you're living with?

| **What are you talking about!**

>**Alex:** It would take a very sick person to see it that way, and I would love to hear the explanation!

| **Shut up!**

>**Alex:** Clarissa, just shut up! Look around, we're not at high school where anyone gives a crap about your pet miseries!

| **[No Response]**

>**Jonas:** Clarissa, I don't know what you're talking about but this does not seem like the time *or* the place, so—

>**Clarissa:** No, this is exactly the time, exactly the place, before you go anywhere else with her.

**Clarissa:** Michael was gonna leave town! He was free, he was outta here, until *this one* convinced him to take her swimming for one last... God knows what!

**Clarissa:** And he drowned!

**Clarissa:** He drowned in Horn Lake while this one could barely flap her arms!

**Nona:** Clarissa.

**Clarissa:** Uuugh! She is a pox, Jonas!

| **That doesn't make it my fault!**

>**Alex:** That doesn't make it my fault! *Anyone* could have been there! *Anyone*— and then *they* would've had to watch him *die*, you unbelievable prick!

>**Clarissa:** "Anyone" wouldn't have watched him die, Alex, anyone else would have done something!

| **You're a horrible person!**

>**Alex:** Urgh! You are completely insane! It's like all those after school specials that warn you about inhuman monsters were all secretly talking about you!

>**Clarissa:** Yes, the person who didn't kill her own brother is the monster in this picture, of course!

| **You weren't there!**

>**Alex:** You weren't there! *No one* was there so how the hell would you know?!

>**Clarissa:** Everyone knows! Everyone knows the freak sister who let her brother die while she clung scared to the bow line!

| **[No Response]**

>**Clarissa:** She makes bad things happen.

**Ren:** Okay, I'm not listening to this anymore!

**Ren:** I-I can't even believe we're talking about this right now.

**Clarissa:** She's—

**Ren:** Stop it. Right now. I mean it.

| **Ren, it wasn't my fault.**

>**Alex:** Ren, it wasn't my fault, really.

>**Ren:** You don't have to convince me of anything, Alex. Believe me.

| **It was awful.**

>**Alex:** Ren, it was... awful, alright? It's still awful, and I—

>**Ren:** You don't have to convince me of anything, Alex. Believe me.

| **Don't think of me like that.**

>**Alex:** Ren, don't— [sigh] just don't think of me like—

>**Ren:** You don't have to convince me of anything, Alex. Believe me.

| **[No Response]**

>**Clarissa:** I don't even know why I'm— of course you would take her side.

>**Ren**: I'm on the side of the person who's not making things worse right now, Clarissa. That's it.

**Ren**: Now, we're gonna break into that office and we're gonna find the damn key and we're gonna go home.

**Clarissa**: No.

**Ren**: No? What do you—

**Clarissa**: All the outs in free.

[rewind]

**Ren**: Hoo boy, I got a massive basket of deja vu dumped on my head just now.

**Ren**: You ever get that?

**Ren**: [shudders]

**Ren**: I haven't had one of those since I saw those two brown dogs.

| **Yes.**

>**Alex**: Yes. I have gotten and presumably will continue to get deja vu.

>**Ren**: It's like a— it feels like an iguana running up and down your spine or something. Yeesh.

| **Constantly.**

>**Alex**: Oh, constantly. I'm like, the Empress of deja vu. It's kinda been my— it's kinda been like the theme of the whole night, really.

>**Ren**: I would've thought ghosts would be the theme, but okay, I'll roll with it.

| **Don't remember anything, I take it.**

>**Alex**: Uh, I guess you don't remember, like, anything that just happened... right?

>**Ren**: Uhhh, think I'm gonna need a refresher, so...

>**Ren**: I mean, judging by your face, it was probably bad.

>**Ren**: But, that's about par for the course going by the night's, uh, pattern...

**|| Clarissa freaking out on me?**

>>**Alex:** Clarissa, like, totally freaking out on me? Blaming me for... everything? More than everything?

>>**Ren:** Um. I remember... I kinda remember being... strange? Yeah, I'm going with that, strange.

>>**Ren:** But that's it.

**|| Clarissa being possessed?**

>>**Alex:** Uhh, Clarissa being possessed and shrieking at me would probably be the big kahuna here.

>>**Ren:** Um. I remember... I kinda remember being... strange? Yeah, I'm going with that, strange.

>>**Ren:** But that's it.

**| [No Response]**

>**Ren:** It's like a— it feels like an iguana running up and down your spine or something. Yeesh.

**Ren:** Alright, the office is, like, right there. So, let's do it!

**Ren:** Okay, well, we came here for the key, or whatever it's gonna end up being that lets us into the gate, so... Alex, let's... get in the office.

**Ren:** We all know why we're here, right? To get the key from the office? Just checking, cause... we're not exactly, like, doing that.

**[Door:**

**Alex:** Yep, this isn't budging.

**Ren:** Alright, we're kicking this baby in.

**Ren:** Like a— a Western or something.

**Ren:** It'll be fun.

**| Kicking it in, really?**

>**Alex:** Really? That's it—that's gonna work.

>**Ren**: You're darn right it is! I got the— I got the legs, you got the whole wide, baby birthin' shoulders. Let's do this!

| **What about alarms?**

>**Alex**: Uh, wait, what about the alarms?

| **Fun and profitable.**

>**Alex**: I don't get enough breaking down doors in my life, really, so I'm not gonna complain. ]

**[Shove Door:**

**Alex**: [grunt]

**Ren (overlapping)**: [grunt]

**Ren**: I just wish I could remember what else she said— like, where they even keep the keys or... like, where they stored the mail and stuff.

| **Knock on wood.**

>**Alex**: Cross your fingers and hold your thumbs...

| **Better be here.**

>**Alex**: Ugh, the key better be here.

| **I'm sure it's here.**

>**Alex**: I'm sure it's here. Uh, somewhere. ]

**[Mural:**

**Alex**: Hey, know what kind of jet that is?

**Ren**: Uh, I think it's a Banshee. Used a lot in the Korean War. Actually, it— oh wait, [chuckles] it's a Banshee.

**Ren**: Now that's funny, right? We're dealing with ghosts and a Banshee's painted on the ceiling?

**Ren**: Right? I mean it's not hilarious or whatever, but it's, uh, comical.

| **I don't get it.**

>**Alex**: Um, maybe that went over my head, but...

>**Ren**: Cause a Banshee's a spirit? C'mon, Alex, you know this. I mean, anyone who reads comic books knows this.

>**Ren**: Oh, just forget it.

| **Forget I asked.**

>Alex: Just, forget I asked, okay? Do me that favor?

>Ren: You know it's great.

| **No, not at all.**

>Alex: I think you're reaching there.

>Ren: *Reaching?* C'mon, that's—that's. I mean, it's not *gold*, but it's silver—bronze at least!

| **[No Response]**

>Ren: You know it's great. ]

**[Cabinet:**

Alex: "To sign up for the Aquatics program... please register at the front desk."

**(strange sound)**

Alex: Yaahh!

Ren **(overlapping)**: Aaaahh!

Ren: [shudders] Holy Christmas, is that like a thing that happens now?

Ren: Cause I think that just shaved off like *ten* years!

Ren: *Good* years, too! *Not* like the back half!

| **Oh yeah.**

>Alex: Oh yeah. It's... I feel like we're like a call in show or something for them.

>Ren: Oh, goodie, thanks guys!

| **I hate it.**

>Alex: Yes. Frequently. It keeps getting funnier too. Thanks, guys!

| **You'll get used to it.**

>Alex: Yeah, but you'll get used to it.

>Ren: I don't really want to. ]

**[Box:**

**Alex:** Uh... I think here's something.

**Alex:** It's another... pocket radio, I think. But it's like there's way more stations on the dial.

**Ren:** It says that— here's another one. It says they're "WAL Radios?"

**Ren:** "Wave Assisted Lock?" Huh.

**Ren:** I guess it says it's... that frequency thing, where each frequency is like a key to open doors around here.

**Ren:** They used them like identification tags, I think.

**Ren:** It must open the gate too.

| **Ahh, cool.**

>**Alex:** Ahh, okay. Cool. Great.

| **Let's go then.**

>**Alex:** Great, let's hike it back to the gate.

| **Really?**

>**Alex:** Really? How does it work?

>**Ren:** I'm not... positive, but... it looks like you could just tune into whatever the signal is and... uh... that should be it.

**Ren:** Oh cool, check this out.

**Ren:** "Personal effects of Margaret Dorothy Adler."

| **Why would her stuff be here?**

>**Alex:** Why would her stuff be here..? Didn't her family, or like—hasn't her family been carting her things back to town?

| **Let's not mess with it.**

>**Alex:** Uh, maybe we shouldn't mess with it, then...

>**Ren:** No no no, we should definitely mess, I mean.. here, look, it's a letter.

**Ren:** We can head back, I'm just gonna... here. This is...

**Ren:** "To whom it should concern..." Classic opening.



**Ren:** "This island, and its history, is a lie."

**Ren:** Wow! Firing on all cylinders right at the start.

| **What could that mean?**

>**Alex:** What? What could that mean?

| **Isn't she dead?**

>**Alex:** Wait, isn't she dead? Didn't she die like yesterday or something?

>**Ren:** The date says it was written a month ago, but here, wait.

| **What is that?**

>**Alex:** What—what is that? Who—who's it for?

>**Ren:** "To whom it may concern," see, it says right at the top.

**Ren:** "I have been compelled by both forces outside of my control and my own willful concern for the safety of others to conceal the many truths about Edwards Island."

**Ren:** "But now, I feel any further inaction..."

**Ren:** "...may carry a far greater risk."

| **Forces outside her control?**

>**Alex:** "Forces outside her control?" Like— like ghosts? Or the army? Or what was she talking about?

>**Ren:** Who knows.

| **"Many" truths?**

>**Alex:** "Many truths?"

>**Ren:** Shhh!

| **The wellbeing of others?**

>**Alex:** "The safety of others"? If she's talking about turning into floating shapes, that ship has sailed.

>**Ren:** Shhh!

**Ren:** "Inside, you'll find two WAL-equipped radios."

**Ren:** "I have commandeered the old Cardinal Station, 140.1, and used it to relay clues to the nearby beacons buried throughout the area."

**Ren:** "Find these beacons and the notes within..."

**Ren:** "...and discover the true chronicle of the island."

| **Scavenger hunt!**

>**Alex:** Ooh, scavenger hunt! [gasps] Scavenger hunt, scavenger hunt!

>**Ren:** Yeah yeah yeah, hold on.

| **Huh? I'm confused.**

>**Alex:** Huh? What the hell is she talking about?

>**Ren:** It's like if we use these news radios, we can tune into 140.1 ...and that will somehow, somehow take us to, like, secret treasure I'm gonna assume or... something.

| **Chores, yawn.**

>**Alex:** Oh God, chores. I don't care if the soldiers secretly smoked opium or got the village wives pregnant. I just wanna get out of here.

>**Ren:** Okay, well, that's your opinion, lemme finish this here.

**Ren:** "To whoever finds the material, know that I am discomfited in keeping it hidden, and ashamed for the lies I helped preserve."

**Ren:** "But also know that I acted in what I felt were the best interests for all at the time..."

**Ren:** "...and truly for the interest of time itself."

**Ren:** "Margaret Adler."

| **What a find!**

>**Alex:** Christ— this is— this is like literally a treasure map.

>**Ren:** It is not literally a treasure map! It is literally some old woman's diuretic ramblings.

>**Ren:** We got the "key." It's this new radio, that's the main thing.

| **No way I'm doing this.**

>**Alex:** Yeah, there is *no way* I'm going back all over the island to find Maggie's long lost journal entries or jarred pickles or whatever is buried out there.

>Ren: Well, maybe we'll just run across one of them or something.

| **This is like a mystery novel!**

>Alex: [laughs] I've had—[gasp] I've seriously had, like, dreams about this! Finding a secret, digging it up, it turning out to be a mechanical unicorn?

>Ren: Okay, hold up. Please.

>Ren: We got the “key.” It's this new radio, that's the main thing.

| **[No Response]**

>Ren: Pretty, uh, interesting... at least. ]

**[WAL Radio:**

**68:** [music]

**78:** [overlapping ukulele music]

**Tokyo Rose:** Hello you fighting orphans in the Pacific. How's tricks? This is “After her weekend, and oooh, back on the air, strictly under union hours.” Reception okay? Why, it better be, because this is All-Requests night. And I've got a pretty little program for my favorite little family, the wandering boneheads of the Pacific Islands. The first request is made by none other than the boss. And guess what? He wants... Oh, what taste you have— [static]

**131:** Discovery of intercept message by lighthouse. Date in catalogue: 1968. Concerned report of undetermined origins telling naval communications, brother's name also mentioned. [static]

**140.1 (Adler Hint):** Everything becomes a... alpha... november... tango... india... quebec... uniform... echo... eventually. ]

**[NG+ (at car):**

**[take out radio]**

**Ren:** Oh my God, is this, like— have you done this before?

**Ren:** What is... what is even happening right now?

**Ren:** This is *insane*.

| **Yeah, relax.**

>Alex: [breathy] Yeah uh— I uh, I got this, don't worry.

| **Um, a few times.**

>**Alex**: Um, a few times, but i-it's just like riding a bike, you know, you do it twice on grass, you're a pro.

[tune 98.5]

**Ghost**: Much. Improved.

**Ren**: Oh wow.

| **Leave us alone!**

>**Alex**: I— I don't understand, why— why can't you just leave us alone?

>**Ghost**: Alone. Time out. Is what you'll be. If wanted.

| **Did we bring you back?**

>**Alex**: Can't you just— Can't you stop this. Please. Can't you just let us leave?

>**Ghost**: If we could. Stop. We would. Not. How it works.

| **Are you keeping us here?**

>**Alex**: Are you... are you keeping us here?

>**Ghost**: No. The island. Keeps us all. Zoned.

**Ren**: Alex, what... what is...

**Ghost**: Shhhhhh.

**Ghost**: Many times. Must we say. You. Can. Not. Get out.

**Ghost**: Talk. To radio. As much. As you like. Other Alex. Will not help.

**Ghost**: Betwixt. We are.

| **Why won't it help?**

>**Alex**: Wait, but— but why won't what we're doing help?

>**Ghost**: Why? There is no why. You opened. The gate. And sang. Descant.

| **What do we need to do?**

>**Alex**: Just— can't you tell us what you need to get out of here, to go— home or whatever— whatever you call it?

>**Ghost**: No use. In try.

| **"Talk to radio?"**

>**Alex:** "Talk to the radio?" You... you mean those transmitter things?

| **[No Response]**

>**Ghost:** And. Joined. In always.

**Ren:** You should be very impressed I did not pass out during that.

| **I am!**

>**Alex:** I am, Ren, I am.

| **I'm not.**

>**Alex:** Hey, I haven't passed out all night, and I've seen some stuff that would rapidly age you.

>**Ren:** Okay, it's not a not-passing-out contest. ]