

Episode 14: Careful What You Scry For

Description: Hazel takes a major risk in her search for the missing.

Content warning: References to kidnapping, human experimentation both historical and fictional, euthanasia, and vivisection.

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INTRO: Kerfuffle and Chaos Productions presents Care and Feeding of Werewolves.

Episode 10: Careful What You Scry For

MUSIC (1): THEME SONG

SCENE ONE: VOICEMAIL

VOICEMAIL: You've reached the voicemail of *Julia's voice* HAZEL'S FRAGGIN SHOPPING LIST, APPARENTLY. Please leave a message at the tone.

HAZEL: Hey Cupcake, could you please place an order for more gauze, mandrake, and those jerky treats that Auto likes? Oh, and I might have scried the license plate to find the guy who brought Addison in. I'm going to confront him. No, I won't tell you where because you'd just follow me. In case you need evidence in my murder case, the license plate's—

JULIA: (TOP) Tell me you're joking.

SCENE TWO: PUB

HAZEL: Ok, come on, you can do this. It's a pub, he can hardly carry you out of here unconscious. Besides, he could've broken in at any time, again, but he hasn't; although we're about to give him a good reason to change his mind. And now we're talking to ourselves in the plural, definitely losing our mind.

Come on, you coward.

SOUND (1): PUB DOOR

SOUND (2): PUB AMBIENCE

The bar was packed with people, about half of them were wearing jerseys. Just as many wore baseball caps, which meant finding one dark-haired man in the crowd was going to be a nightmare. I took a deep breath in and as I slowly let it out, I released my power into fine tendrils that spread out in search of the one I was looking for. It doesn't take much, being an extension of my preferred discipline, but nana taught me to keep my feelers to myself. Unless they're a patient, I don't want to know if they have a raging UTI. It didn't take long. My feelers brushed up against something that felt like a cool fog and began to dissolve.

Shaking off the strange sensation, I arrowed towards an alcove with a small table near the exit. The man sitting alone there wore a black ball cap over short, dark hair. Bingo.

HAZEL: Hey asshole, were you the one who kidnapped my grandmother?

MALCOLM: (STUNNED) What are you doing here? (BEAT) Doesn't matter, you need to leave now.

HAZEL: Answer the question.

MALCOLM: (HARSH WHISPER) You're putting me, yourself, and that kid at risk just by being here.

HAZEL: I'm not leaving until I get some answers!

SOUND (1): Pounds fist on table

Ow, let go of me!

MALCOLM: (QUIET) Sit down.

SOUND (2): BAR STOOL

Stop making a scene and act like you don't want to perform an autopsy on me while I'm still breathing.

HAZEL: If you're still alive it's called vivisection. But you already knew that, didn't you?

MALCOLM: (DRINKS) Wish I didn't.

HAZEL: Did you? Take her? Or Owen? Addison?

MALCOLM: Your grandma yes, a couple of the others, but not all.

SOUND (3): ZAP FIZZLING

HAZEL: (VOICE OVER) The shock I sent his way fizzled away and died, reminding me that I was effectively powerless in a way I'd never been before. The realization that I couldn't stop him from dragging me through the emergency exit out to his car made my blood run cold.

MALCOLM: Careful, someone might see. But go ahead and keep that up, it kinda tickles.

SOUND (4): SLAP

HAZEL: I ought to make your nuts shrivel up and fall off.

MALCOLM: Lucky for me you can't.

HAZEL: Lucky for me I'm damn good at separating people from their parts with a knife. Is that what you're doing to my grandma? Chopping her up for spare parts like Owen? Is she still alive?

MALCOLM: She's unharmed. They need her to cast spells to help the grafts take.

HAZEL: Grafts, like what they did to Addison? You're forcing her to help butcher and mutilate people?

MALCOLM: They're going to continue with or without her help. The subjects are even less likely to survive without her and given the choice, she chose to help.

HAZEL: And if she's uncooperative, she'll get processed like fucking cattle.

MALCOLM: Yeah. Probably.

HAZEL: Can you help me get her out? Like you did Addison?

MALCOLM: I'm not risking my ass because of your bleeding heart. Walk away, there's nothing you can do.

HAZEL: If it was your family, could you just walk away?

MALCOLM: It was too much of a risk with that kid as it was. (DEFEATED) Besides, they'd just replace her.

HAZEL: What, Frank's just going to give up now that one of his test subjects has disappeared? Like he's not going to bother replacing Addison? What about the others? I know you have more prisoners. How are you ok with knowing what's going to happen to them? You're the one tossing them out like they're trash!

MALCOLM: They were going to euthanize the kid since he was done with them. That's why I was able to smuggle them out.

HAZEL: Why do you keep saying "they"? Aren't you one of them?

MALCOLM: I'm a glorified prison guard, I don't make any of the decisions.

HAZEL: Who is this sick fuck and why? Why would you work for Frankenstein?

MALCOLM: Frankenstein?

HAZEL: Frank's easier to say than Vonderlehr. How can you just sit here drinking a beer and watching a fucking game knowing what he's doing to people?

MALCOLM: You wanna know about me or do you wanna know about... Frank?

HAZEL: Ok, fine, what's his actual name?

MALCOLM: Can't give you that.

HAZEL: His location?

MALCOLM: No.

HAZEL: Ok then, why is he doing this?

MALCOLM: You have no idea what it's like to be powerless against something that can get inside your head and control you like a puppet. Or something that can change your species with a bite at the wrong time.

HAZEL: Someone.

MALCOLM: What?

HAZEL: Someone, not something. We are still people, no more evil or good than humans.

MALCOLM: Whatever. Point is, Frank's trying to level the playing field.

HAZEL: By killing people and using them for parts? Experimenting on *children*? That's not leveling the playing field, that's pure evil.

SOUND (1): PUB AMBIENCE

You seem to do all right. I couldn't even scry you, I had to use your license plate. Is that Frank's doing?

MALCOLM: No.

HAZEL: Why didn't they use you as a lab rat?

MALCOLM: They tried.

HAZEL: And you still work for them?

MALCOLM: I thought it would help people, protect humans from being hurt or manipulated.

HAZEL: Things didn't work out that way?

SOUND (2): DISTANT CHEERING

MALCOLM: Something like that.

HAZEL: An enema might help with that verbal constipation you've got going on.

MALCOLM: The less you know the safer it will be for all of us.

HAZEL: Safer for you, you mean.

MALCOLM: And you, you need to stop with that podcast. It's gonna get you in trouble.

HAZEL: Great, then Nana and I can be roomies, at least I'd get to see her alive again. How'd you find out about Marguerite's Garden, anyway?

MALCOLM: Not hard to find if you know where to look.

HAZEL: Is that how you're getting your victims? Snatch them as they leave?

MALCOLM: (SARCASTIC) Have any of your patients gone missing?

HAZEL: None that I know of. What's stopping you?

MALCOLM: If they draw from the same pool too many times, there's a greater chance supernaturals realize what's happening and organize against them.

HAZEL: You. We'll defend ourselves against *you*. Don't think I haven't figured out that it was you who walked through the protections. Magic might not work on you, but I'm pretty sure a scalpel would.

MALCOLM: It would, but could you do it?

HAZEL: Now that I've met you? In a heartbeat. How long has this been going on? Are there other experiments happening elsewhere?

MALCOLM: You mean how long has this project been in the works or how long has it been active?

HAZEL: Both.

MALCOLM: Dunno, but there are noises that these are the first human trials. Before that, I think there were pigs or something.

HAZEL: Pigs? Does the name Jeter Henschel mean anything to you?

MALCOLM: No.

HAZEL: You must know about the other clinics. Why did you bring Addison to me and not one of them?

MALCOLM: You were the closest.

HAZEL: So, Frankenstein's lab's nearby?

MALCOLM: I'm not telling you that.

HAZEL: You're afraid, aren't you? You want to leave but you can't, that's why you tried to scare me off. If they think you've turned, you become a permanent lab rat. If it's so intolerable why'd you stay?

MALCOLM: One hell of an NDA and no pension plan. And stop reading my "aura" or whatever it is you're doing.

HAZEL: Forgive me if I'm unsympathetic. I find it hard to believe there were no red flags when you signed on. And I'm not reading your "aura," I can't, anyway. You helped one kid get out, you got pissy about drawing any attention to you, watching the game and drinking alone in bar, your posture, chose a seat

where you can watch all the exits and no one can sneak up on you, low respiration even though the team whose logo you're sporting on that cap just scored, but it did jump when I came over. Need I go on?

MALCOLM: You're watching me breathe? (BEAT) Even if I could leave, I'm not the worst one there. You think it was my idea to just toss Grimsbane like a bag of garbage?

HAZEL: You were there and you didn't do anything to stop... *that*.

MALCOLM: (ANGRY) I chose the spot because I knew he'd be found and brought back to his family. One of the guys thought he'd save us the trouble of carrying him into the trees. I'd just stopped the van when he opened the sliding door and... (DRINKS)

HAZEL: Look, you help me get the others out and I'll help you disappear.

MALCOLM: (DEFEATED) They'll just replace the one they lost with another and more creatures to continue the experiments.

HAZEL: People, not creatures. These are people we're talking about with intelligence and autonomy. Is there any way to stop him?

MALCOLM: Maybe.

HAZEL: How?

SOUND (1): PUB AMBIENCE

This is harder than pulling teeth. Look, the staff is all human, right? Just tell me where it is and I can handle the rest.

MALCOLM: They're not all 100% human. Not anymore.

HAZEL: Wait, you work with supernaturals? I thought our kind was a menace? Or are they different because you saw them as people first?

MALCOLM: Doesn't matter. You're a civilian, you don't stand a chance.

HAZEL: I can bring at least one pack of werewolves, a brood of vam— let's just say I'll be fine.

MALCOLM: That'd just be even more death. Do you want a war?

HAZEL: Newsflash, asshole, there's already a war: on us. Better to go down fighting than be picked off one by one.

SOUND (1): BAR STOOL

Hey, where are you going?

MALCOLM: I'm getting rid of the car, don't try to find me again. I'll find you.

HAZEL: Wait!

SOUND (2): DOOR SHUTS

HAZEL: (VOICE OVER) By the time I rounded the table, dodged a server, and burst out the exit, he was already in his car.

SOUND (3): CAR DRIVING AWAY

As I watched him drive away, something that had been processing in the back of my mind while we argued finally clicked into place. He'd used Addison's pronouns, but there hadn't been any indication of their gender on the paperwork he'd given me, which meant it was either a lucky guess or he wasn't as detached as he appeared.

SCENE THREE: THE GARDEN

JULIA: What the hell did you think you were doing going off on your own like that?

HAZEL: (SQUEAKS) What are you doing creeping around in the shadows?

JULIA: There are at least a dozen ways that could've gone pear-shaped, you idiot. Oh, wait, just thought of another. Make that thirteen.

HAZEL: I didn't want to leave Addison alone and you might've killed him before we could get anything out of him.

JULIA: What did you think was going to happen? Magic doesn't work on him, you'd be helpless.

HAZEL: Magic may not work on him, but I can still put him in an air proof bubble until he suffocates.

JULIA: A hamster ball vacuum? You're sick and twisted. I like it.

HAZEL: Thanks. I put a tracker on his car before I went in, but he abandoned it. I swiped his beer bottle and I'll try scrying with it in the morning.

JULIA: Did you get anything?

HAZEL: Just that Nana's allowed to live as long as she helps with the magical side of things. What I did manage to get out of him just confirmed what we already guessed.

JULIA: Shit. That's just like her, can't stand to see anyone suffering. You get a name?

HAZEL: His or Frank's?

JULIA: Either.

HAZEL: No, and I kinda forgot to ask his.

JULIA: (SCOFF)

HAZEL: It was a case of rage-induced tunnel vision. He's on security, I think he wanted to quit awhile ago, but it sounds like the only way out is feet first. They've even turned some of the staff - maybe werewolves or vampires - but who knows what they're capable of? They might have come up with something entirely new.

JULIA: Sounds like that's what they want.

HAZEL: He mentioned early trials with pigs, I wonder if that Jeter Henschel's involved somehow.

JULIA: THAT sadist... he loved his work a bit too much.

HAZEL: Sorry for making you worry.

JULIA: At least thanks to you, Ads, and Auto, I'll finally have normal coloured hair, even if it's cuz it's all grey.

HAZEL: You didn't tell Addison, did you?

JULIA: What kind of idiot do you take me for?

HAZEL: My kind of idiot. You crashing here tonight?

JULIA: Yeah, cuz there needs to be a responsible adult around here.

HAZEL: If you find one, let me know. For now, I'm going to bed. If someone's bleeding, slap a pressure bandage on it and tell me when I wake up.

MUSIC (1): THEME SONG

CREDITS:

Thank you for listening. Written by Brenna Anderson-Dowd in collaboration with Keith Baldwin and Frederick Elmore. Brenna Anderson-Dowd as Hazel, Keith Baldwin as Malcolm, and Frederick Elmore as Julia. Sound editing by Frederick Elmore. Music by Kevin Elmore.

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Raymond Vonderlehr was the onsite director of the Tuskegee Experiment, a “study” of syphilis in Black American in which the subjects were deliberately not treated for the disease and, in many cases, weren’t even informed of their diagnosis. This went on for forty years, resulting in 128 deaths, the infection of 40 spouses, and 19 children who were born with congenital syphilis.