

HIGHLIGHT TO SEE CONTENT WARNINGS:

NICHOLAS:

(as the intro plays) At the edge of Gilt City, dreamers stumble from bed to howl at the darkness, and all await the arrival of the Night Post.

[TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS INDOORS.]

MILO:

(obviously tired) I'm glad you wanted to hang out, Clementine, but I'm not sure why we're at Gilt Tower after our shifts when we could be--you know--sleeping?

CLEMENTINE:

I'm sorry. I hate to ask, but...it's complicated.

MILO:

And you and Val are fighting?

CLEMENTINE:

Did she tell you about it?

MILO:

Oh, no. It was the palpable tension between you two at the station! Val's slamming things even more than usual, and your silent treatment features more "hemming and hawing" than a salon full of old ladies.

CLEMENTINE:

I didn't realize it was that obvious.

MILO:

You don't have to tell me what you're fighting about, but I hope you two make up soon. It's weird because you two are usually...

CLEMENTINE:

Usually what?

MILO:

Obstinately denying your unmistakable attraction to each other?

CLEMENTINE:

I'm with Will.

MILO:

I know, I know, and I love Will. Her taste in music is--questionable, but she's funny, she always picks up the check when she joins us for breakfast...and it was really kind of her to do that drawing of Ashley on our anniversary.

CLEMENTINE:

Will's amazing--

MILO:

But, I figured you and Val would finally cross that delicate line between friends and lovers after one long night on route, and then you'd try and escape off into the Skelter together, never to be heard from again.

CLEMENTINE:

Come on. Val tolerates me, and that makes me one of her best friends, but there's not anything more between us.

MILO:

Uh-huh, okay, if you say so. Do you want to tell me why we're here?

CLEMENTINE:

It's kind of cliché for us, but we're investigating.

MILO:

(groan) I should've made you buy me the coffee before we came here.

CLEMENTINE:

I hope this won't take long. It's just...I'm worried about Will. Something might be seriously wrong. I found these cryptic memos on her desk from the Urban Strategist, and, well... *(increasingly faster)* She's not the Night Post's biggest fan, and the little we know about her isn't very positive, and she's probably behind our mysterious, traumatic near-death experiences, and I--I couldn't make sense of what the memos meant, and if Will's in danger because of being with me, I'll never forgive my--

MILO:

Take a breath!

CLEMENTINE:

(deep inhale) I-I just want to find out what's going on. I need to make sure Will's not in trouble.

MILO:

And you couldn't have just asked her what's going on? *(pause)* Huh, look who I'm talking to. Okay, sure, this all makes perfect sense. So where are we headed?

CLEMENTINE:

Will's cubical. It's not much further.

MILO:

And if we don't find anything suspicious, maybe you should try open and honest communication? I'm not Madame Jasmine, Lonely Relationship Expert or anything, but it always helped Ashley and me.

CLEMENTINE:

Easier said than done, especially when it comes to this weird shit, but...you're right. I, I hope we don't find anything, and to be honest, I'm not quite sure what to look for. It's not like Strategist Block would have a label on Will's desk that says, "GIRLFRIEND OF ANNOYING PIGEON. TO BE ELIMINATED." We'll, we'll check since we're already here, and-and then we'll get hot drinks, and I'll have a-- (*long sigh*) direct conversation with Will.

[A FEW SECONDS OF SILENCE AS THEY WALK.]

MILO:

Not many folks here at this hour, huh?

CLEMENTINE:

There's a short gap between shifts, but people will start creeping in soon. Not many postal employees get the luxury of working during the day, so these insufferable office assignments are pretty desirable, actually.

MILO:

Too bad we can't all have wealthy families who bribe Night Post officials for our convenience.

CLEMENTINE:

Right? (*pause*) Okay, we'll have to be quick. Will's desk is right here.

MILO:

I mean, there's basically nothing here. A singular ink pen and an empty notepad aren't going to tell us much.

CLEMENTINE:

She's very well organized. Everything must be tucked away in these drawers.

[OPENING DESK AND FILE CABINET DRAWERS.]

MILO:

Excellent, we can check the "MYSTERIOUS HAPPENINGS I'M KEEPING FROM MY GIRLFRIEND" folder.

CLEMENTINE:

Aww, look. She has some of my letters in here. (*pulling out papers*) They're sorted by date and labeled "PERSONAL – SENTIMENTAL."

MILO:

(*sarcastic*) That is the single most romantic thing I've ever heard.

CLEMENTINE:

Am I the worst person alive? I feel guilty going through Will's stuff like this, but...I'm--it's, it's hard to explain. It's kind of like intuition, I guess, but I've been getting these gut feelings about things, and I can't shake them. They just keep tugging at me.

MILO:

Isn't that just anxiety?

CLEMENTINE:

Maybe.

MILO:

(*rummaging in drawer*) And Will has a surprising amount of sweets stowed away in here...all in airtight containers, of course.

CLEMENTINE:

Aww, I'm glad. She deserves a treat during the work day.

MILO:

(*more searching*) Yes! Here, we go, something that's actually useful. Wilhelmina Prescott's Planner, embossed and everything. Ready to snoop through.

CLEMENTINE:

I'm a bad girlfriend.

MILO:

But don't let that stop you.

CLEMENTINE:

(*flipping pages*) Hmm...oh. Wow. She has an intricate rating system for her social engagements. Looks like she ranks them based on intellectual engagement, entertainment value, and emotional drain. Too bad we don't have time for me to check up on how our dates measure up.

MILO:

Focus, or you'll have a lot to explain to Will when she shows up at work.

CLEMENTINE:

(flipping pages) I'm focused, I'm focused. O-oh--

MILO:

Find anything salacious?

CLEMENTINE:

Look here.

MILO:

Buy more lentils?

CLEMENTINE:

Not that, obviously. "Meeting with A. Block, 8:15."

MILO:

Well, we don't know many A. Blocks, do we? What would Will have to meet with the Strategist about?

CLEMENTINE:

I don't know, but it can't be good. Look at the time--she's probably still up at the Strategist's office. If we hurry, we can catch them.

[HURRIED FOOTSTEPS UP THE STAIRS.]

MILO:

Wait, do you have a plan? *(pause)* You aren't going to bust down the door and cause a scene, are you? I feel like Val should be here if we're going to cause a scene.

CLEMENTINE:

Shhh!

MILO:

(softly) Oh, we're eavesdropping. Should I keep an eye out and try to distract anyone who might interrupt your keyhole peeping?

CLEMENTINE:

(whispered) Yes, thank you!

[WILL AND A. BLOCK'S DIALOGUE IS MUFFLED BEHIND A CLOSED DOOR.]

WILL:

I don't know anything more, okay? That's all I have.

A. BLOCK:

She won't be happy.

WILL:

That's not my concern. This is more than I signed up for, and it's getting out of hand.

A. BLOCK:

This is exactly what you signed up for, and you know the deal--we all do. If you want to trade places, by all means, take over for me.

WILL:

Well, it's too late for that, obviously.

A. BLOCK:

Then stop complaining. If I have to go back to her with another piss-poor report, you'll have a problem with both of us.

WILL:

Wow, thanks for your understanding. It was great meeting with you.

[THE DOOR SUDDENLY SWINGS OPEN, HITTING CLEMENTINE IN THE FACE.]

CLEMENTINE:

(holding her nose) Ah, shit!

WILL:

Oh, shit!

CLEMENTINE:

Will, I-I don't know what this looks like, but I promise I have an explanation. Can we talk about this somewhere more private?

WILL:

Yeah, that's probably for the best.

[WILL AND CLEM WALK DOWN THE HALLWAY TOWARD MILO, WHO IS DISTRACTING A GILT TOWER EMPLOYEE.]

MILO:

Grungemeisters is trash, and if you like them, you're trash, and you should feel bad...

WILL:

Milo?

MILO:

Oh, hey, Will. Clementine thought you were being killed and dying, so...we're here to save you?

WILL:

I'm sorry, what?

CLEMENTINE:

So, don't be mad, but I might've seen some memos from Strategist Block on your desk. *(growing faster, more breathless)* I promise I wasn't trying to invade your privacy, but I was worried that the Strategist was trying to get to me through you, and I don't want to put you in any danger. I don't know what she wants from us, but she seems to have something against the pigeons of 103, and I'd never forgive myself if something happened to you--

MILO:

Take a breath, Clementine. I'm here because I was bribed with caffeine, but I can confirm that we've experienced some cryptic, deadly attention from Strategist Block in the past. Maybe we're on the shit list because we were investigating Ashley's disappearance.

WILL:

Milo, do you mind if Clementine and I talk about this privately?

MILO:

Message received. Third Wheel Milo'll fuck off.

CLEMENTINE:

It's not like that, Milo.

MILO:

No, it's okay, I get it. I've got to rush home for a few hours of sleep before our next shift, anyway.

WILL:

Listen, there's an empty room we can talk in. Let's, let's just go.

[A DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND THEM, IN A QUIET STOREROOM.]

CLEMENTINE:

Are you mad at me? I understand if you are. I'm sorry if I overstepped, but--

WILL:

I'm-I'm not mad at you. Please, don't apologize. I'm the one who has an apology to make.

CLEMENTINE:

Why? You haven't done anything wrong.

WILL:

Okay. Give me a chance to explain. I received those memos from Strategist Block because... (*hesitant*) I've been working with her. She asked me to keep an eye on you, to get to know you, and to report back to her. I...don't know what I expected.

CLEMENTINE:

Are you saying what I think you're saying?

WILL:

She told me you were some unhinged pigeon they caught sneaking around Gilt Tower. Block suspects you and your friends of...I don't know, sedition? Terrorism? She wants to be subtle about the way she operates.

CLEMENTINE:

Recruiting you to...I-I'd say that's pretty subtle. I don't understand why you would agree to do something like that. What kind of sick person agrees to manipulate someone into a relationship so they can *spy on them*?

WILL:

I understand you're upset. I expected you would be, and your feelings are entirely valid, but please, let me explain. I can't tell you why she picked me of all people to ask, but she made me an offer, and...Clementine, I don't think any of us could refuse it. Block knows a way to terminate our contracts with the Post, *permanently*. She promised me freedom. Do you know what I could do with my life if I wasn't tied to the Night - *fucking* - Post? I could do anything! I didn't work my entire life at being perfect at everything I've ever tried to end up at a desk in Gilt Tower until I die. If she's working on a way out, I want it.

CLEMENTINE:

Why do you think she promised you that? It's the first lie everyone at the Post would fall for.

WILL:

I mean, I don't have any proof that she's not lying, but...I don't think she is.

CLEMENTINE:

You'd be the expert on liars, wouldn't you?

WILL:

I deserve the venom, and I can't blame you for being upset. I wanted to tell you everything, but I waited. I thought if I could keep doing everything Block asked of me, and kept you from being suspicious, that...maybe I could convince Block that you weren't a threat, and I could earn a way out for both of us.

CLEMENTINE:

I...I wasn't suspicious, I wasn't ever. I knew something was wrong, I felt it, but I never imagined it would be anything like this.

WILL:

Clementine, I'm incredibly, immensely sorry. I hope you don't doubt the sincerity of my apology, and eventually, I hope that you could accept it.

CLEMENTINE:

I...I don't know how I could.

WILL:

Clementine, please don't shut down on me. I know, I violated your trust in the worst possible way, but...we can escape *together*. If there's a way out, I'm sure I've done enough to earn it for both of us.

CLEMENTINE:

You've put a lot of trust in someone who recruited you to lie and manipulate. Why would Block care about releasing pigeons? She's probably plotting something way more sinister, and she has you eating out of her hands.

WILL:

I don't care about her or what her plans are. I care about *you*. If we could have a life together outside the Night Post, don't you want that?

CLEMENTINE:

How could we ever survive beyond the Post? How could I ever trust you again?

[SOUNDS OF A STRUGGLE FROM OUTSIDE THE DOOR.]

A. BLOCK:

(grunt) Someone buzz security! Get her out of here!

[THE DOOR SLAMS OPEN.]

A. BLOCK:

Can someone get this weirdo out of my office? Do I have to do everything around here?

WILL:

Uh, Clementine? I think you brought company.

CLEMENTINE:

Fuck. Again? Now?

A. BLOCK:

What do *you* want? Oh, there are two of you! Wilhelmina, let's just say that this report won't reflect well on you.

CLEMENTINE:

Respectfully, shut up. Let me try to deal with her, and if that doesn't work, you can call in whatever reinforcements you want.

A. BLOCK:

(scoffs) I don't get paid enough for this shit. *(stomping away)* These pigeons will just come in here and do whatever the hell they want...

WILL:

Please, be careful!

CLEMENTINE:

Why would you care?

WILL:

Clementine--

[WILL IS CUT OFF BY THE DOOR SLAMMING. A BITTER WIND BLOWS THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW IN ALEXANDRA'S OFFICE.]

CLEMENTINE:

What do you want?

[WHEN THE MIRROR CLEMENTINE SPEAKS, HER VOICE IS ECHOEY AND DISTORTED.]

MIRROR CLEM:

What do you want?

CLEMENTINE:

What even are you?

MIRROR CLEM:

What even are you?

CLEMENTINE:

If you're only going to repeat me, I'd prefer it if you went back to your weird silent act. It's way less annoying.

MIRROR CLEM:

I'd prefer it if--

CLEMENTINE:

Are you actively trying to make everything worse for me? I don't understand why you keep showing up at the worst possible moments.

MIRROR CLEM:
I don't understand--

CLEMENTINE:
Great. Amazing talk. This is very productive, and definitely worth all of the commotion you caused. *(pause)* What do you want from me? I can't stand you showing up wherever I am and fucking everything up! I have plenty going on without having to deal with you on top of it all.

MIRROR CLEM:
You don't have to be unkind.

CLEMENTINE:
Oh! So you do have original thoughts.

MIRROR CLEM:
I have as many original thoughts as you do.

CLEMENTINE:
Okay, so we can have an actual conversation. Can you tell me...what you want from me, or where you came from, or what I need to do to get rid of you?

MIRROR CLEM:
Why do you want to get rid of me?

CLEMENTINE:
Are you serious? You show up constantly, without warning, at the most inopportune moments and mess things up for me!

MIRROR CLEM:
I didn't hear you complaining when I broke you out of that burning truck.

CLEMENTINE:
Well--that was...thanks for that, actually.

MIRROR CLEM:
You're welcome. I'd be remiss if something happened to you.

CLEMENTINE:
Is that what you're here for? To try and protect me?

MIRROR CLEM:

What are you here for?

CLEMENTINE:

You're incredibly frustrating to talk to, you know that?

MIRROR CLEM:

How would you know? You barely want to speak, especially not to yourself.

CLEMENTINE:

If I have something to say, I say it--

MIRROR CLEM:

(mocking) Sure you do. As long as you're absolutely sure it's the correct thing to say, and won't upset anyone, or make you look stupid, or--

CLEMENTINE:

Nothing could make me look worse than you do! Who wants a freaky doppelganger around?

MIRROR CLEM:

I didn't ask to be you.

CLEMENTINE:

Neither did I! So stop making things so fucking difficult!

MIRROR CLEM:

Like this?

[THE MIRROR CLEM KNOCKS OVER A STACK OF PAPERS, SENDING THEM FLYING.]

MIRROR CLEM:

Like *this*?

[SHE PUSHES SOMETHING OFF A DESK, AND IT CLATTERS AS IT BREAKS ON THE FLOOR.]

CLEMENTINE:

Why? Please, please just leave! Just stop--

[ELECTRICITY CRACKLES AS THE LIGHTS FLICKER VIOLENTLY AND SHATTER. CLEMENTINE CRIES OUT.]

CLEMENTINE:

What did you do to me? I can't, I can't see anything--

MIRROR CLEM:

Shut up and pay attention.

[A DISCORDANT RINGING GROWS, LAYERED WITH RATTLING WHISPERS. AFTER A FEW SECONDS, THE CLIPPED, SHIFTING SOUNDS OF CLEMENTINE'S VISION FILTER IN.]

MIRROR CLEM:

If you want to be alone so badly...then be alone. Good luck.

[THE RINGING STOPS WHEN THE MIRROR CLEMENTINE SHATTERS A WINDOW AND CLIMBS OUT.]

CLEMENTINE:

Wait! What does that mean? Why did you show me that? Why couldn't you just tell me what's going on?

[SHE DRAWS IN A SHAKY BREATH AND LETS IT OUT, THEN SNIFFLES. AFTER A MOMENT, SHE LEAVES THE OFFICE.]

WILL:

You're okay! I'm so relieved. Is...is everything okay?

CLEMENTINE:

You waited around through all of that, huh?

WILL:

I didn't think our conversation was over.

CLEMENTINE:

What more do we have to talk about? After what you did--we can't recover from that. I'm not sure *I* can recover from that.

WILL:

Listen, I know I've already apologized, but I truly am sorry. This doesn't have to be the end. I can fix things.

CLEMENTINE:

There's nothing to fix. You lied to me. Our entire relationship was built on the assumption that you weren't *actively spying on me*.

WILL:

I'll make it up to you, I promise. I don't know much, but I have information that might help you, and I could try to find out more--

CLEMENTINE:

I don't want to hear anything more! I want to go back to my shack in the woods and wait to decompose.

WILL:

Wait, wait, wait. Please. You should know, that wasn't Block I was meeting with. She has a representative that makes all of her personal appearances for her. As far as the world is concerned, that sour-faced bitch is Strategist Block--but, the real Alexandra keeps herself locked away somewhere. I don't know why, or where, but I can find out. I can find a way to make amends.

CLEMENTINE:

Will, that's kind of you to say, but I really, *really* don't care. If you want to talk, go find my double. I'm done.

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 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 fugitive from the law, and tell them about *The Night Post*.