

Note : This script has been updated and the first three parts condensed into a redeux. The dialogue didn't change much, but the formatting was updated and the completed redeux can be found at

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1JF20s0i6AbMIUNwVJUwAKbQ3_s_llyy8He_k7uqm5L0/edit?usp=drive_link

CAST

Listener - A human with a divine soul attached to their human core. They have no control over the power this grants them, and even less control over the attention this gains them from others. The divine soul within their body has damaged their body and they have only recently learned about the magic nature of the world and the power residing in themselves.

Mariposa "Posa" - a fast-speaking, quick-witted scorpion divinity who is expertly skilled in mundane and magic medicines. Their past actions aided in the downfall of the previous grand divinities and allowed for an uprising of corrupted divine beings to take over the world. They have spent centuries attempting to make right their wrongs.

Mosura "Sura" - The silent giant friend to Posa and the Lunar Moth grand divinity. He doesn't speak.

Charles Robert Diamont Cleemon ("BDC/BD" "Bobby" "Songbird")- The Nightengale grand divinity. He has been a loyal supporter, Second-in-command, protector, confidant, and most of all friend to the

listener their entire lives. Though his true identity as the Nightengale is unknown to the listener, a guilt they have yet to face. Together BDC and Listener command a crew of misfit protectors of the city.

LOCATION - A medical care room within a secure shelter. It's homey and as comfortable as can be

{Action - The door to the room is urgently, violently, opened as [BDC] enters - much to the startlement and surprise of [LISTENER, and [POSA]}

[BDC]

Frantically excited and seeking, as if his world had been torn from his grasp and returned to him

Squeaker! You're awake! Are you alright?! Tell me you're okay!

[LISTENER]

surprised, excited, relieved

Bobby?! Bobby, I'm fine. I'm okay...

{Action - [BDC] grabs [LISTENER], turning them every which way in frantic inspection.}

[BDC]

Frantically checking [LISTENER] over

Not hurt? You feeling okay, Squeaks?

Nothing broken? Nothing bruised?

You're not bleeding anywhere right?

satisfied, relieved with the weight of the universe lifted

You're alright... You're really okay.

You're okay...

{Action - [BDC] grabs [LISTENER] in a tight triumphant hug}

[BDC]

quietly, with total relief and joy

I'm so glad you're safe, Squeaks...

[POSA]

curt, unimpressed

Songbird.

{Action - [BD] releases [LISTENER]}

[BDC]

short, with tempered anger

Mariposa.

{Action - [BDC] grabs [POSA]'s shoulder sharply}

[BDC]

with barely restrained broiling anger

You...

[POSA]

calmly, professionally, with urgency, as if this was expected

Before you start in. I didn't have time to tell you in advance, or I would have.

Second... She's safe, unharmed, and returned to your care. That alone should absolve my lack of reporting.

[BDC]

resigned, understanding

Expectant...

suddenly carefree, and bright toward [LISTENER]

Squeaker, I'm just glad you're alright. I was so worried when -Pinchy- here said you were unconscious... -still-.

concerned pause

We all were... the whole crew's been worried sick.

[LISTENER]

comforting, reassuring

I'm fine Bobby, you're overreacting for me being out of hand for just a few hours.

{Action - [POSA] cringes, moving away from [BDC] and [LISTENER] - [BDC] snatches [POSA] up by the back of the neck}

[BDC]

dark, angry, barely-restrained fury

A few hours? Squeaker, you weren't out for -a few hours-. You've been out for almost two whole days!

[LISTENER]

confused and concerned

Two... what?

[POSA]

correcting, while freeing themselves from [BDC]'s grip and deftly avoiding recapture

Thirty-eight hours, forty-three minutes... actually. And I informed you the moment they began waking up.

professional and calm - out of [BDC]'s reach

And I was just about to explain to them what happened when you nearly broke my door in.

calmly, informative to [LISTENER]

As I was saying before; when I saw the extent of the seals -he- had set out, and that they were targeted at -you- specifically, I took action over explanation. It was the right decision I don't regret it.

[LISTENER]

accusingly

You -tazed- me!

[BD]

furious

You. WHAT?!

[POSA]

**Hurriedly, to cut off whatever action BDC may take. **

I didn't taze you. I disabled your nervous system and conscious control of your body.

matter-of-factly

Entirely different. It wouldn't have been more than an hour or so of discomfort and I would have released the seal the moment we were safely out of range of -his- grasp.

Then you'd've just slept for the rest of the afternoon and evening.

disappointed, apologetic

Would have been perfectly fine had your unconscious ley not decided to start trying to attack the seal and risk attracting his attention. What would have normally been eight, maybe ten, hours of recovery time -maximum- turned into...

resigned

quite a bit longer.

sighing dejectedly

Your ley was already powerfully chaotic, so cutting it off caused a severe disruption. After I released the seal and Sura's spore cloud wore off; we had to wait for your body's ley energy to reorient itself and balance the flow between your mortal ley and the Beast's divine ley.

irritated

If I had known this would happen I would have tried something different.

bitterly

But there genuinely was -no time- to find an alternative method.

[BDC]

mocking

"No time." "No time~"

frustrated, angry

You keep saying that, but our crew could have handled anything and everything if you had just -told- us, Maripo-

[POSA]

interjecting, a note of panicked urgency

No, you couldn't have!

Forced calm

Not you, nor your whole crew could have handled it. Not at your full power, and definitely not at your current abilities.

bitterly

Your -crew-, yourself, and your

sarcastic

-Patcher-...

could never have taken the Corpse Keeper down.

{Action - [BDC] moves defensively close to [LISTENER]}

[BDC]

a tense, mirthless chuckle, devoid of any positive emotion with a dark, stormy tone

Sorry, I'm pretty sure I must have misheard what you just said, -Pinchy-.

[POSA]

Confident, unafraid of the facts

You didn't mishear anything, Songbird.

darkly, with a looming danger

The Corpse Keeper himself is in the city.

And he's hunting your Mouse.