

[Podcast intro music.]

Jessica Dahlgren: Thank you and welcome to *20 Sided Stories*.

[Music fades out.]

Recap

[*Victoria* theme song. Radio crackles on.]

Jessica: *VICTORIA 1890*. Season 1, Episode 3.

[Radio crackles off. Music continues.]

Narrator: Hello there! Previously on *VICTORIA 1890*, Matilda, Simon, and Dr. Chamberlin were quested with seeking out Herve Malet.

Alexander: I would like to hire all of you. My theory is that Crete was actually once Atlantis and a great storm destroyed everything on top of it.

Simon: Herve hired me to make a replica. It's a fake and, uh, if there's a real one, I don't know where it is.

Narrator: Only to find out that he was killed! They investigated the crime scene and discovered new clues.

Matilda: Dicky! Look, hair!

Richard: [gasps] Ooo! Grab it, grab it!

Matilda: Ooo, okay!

Kate: *I grab it and I—*

Richard: Here. Put it in this little convenient vial that I have.

[Cork pops out of the vial.]

Narrator: Simon furthered the investigation by infiltrating a police station.

[Paper rustles.]

Greg: *You notice that it's stomach was ripped open, and its intestines were missing.*

Simon: [mumbles] Interesting. This is *not* Jack the Ripper.

Narrator: Dr. Chamberlin recalled a man named James Stonewood who's estate is not far from Chamberlin's very own estate.

Matilda: Well it says that he sold it to this James Stonewood.

Richard: I'm sorry. I'm a little bit drunk.

Narrator: Our very focused detectives are determined to head straight there and uncover all they can about the Egyptian urn.

[*Victoria* theme fades.]

Episode 3 - Pub

[Wind rushes past, fading in. The rhythmic clatter of a train chugs along.]

Greg: *You guys have just spent the day on the train heading north out of London, up into the country towards the Chamberlin manor. You guys get to the station, and you get off the train, and you're told that there was a cab that will take you guys to your destination. It'll come in about two hours. Nearby, there is a pub.*

[Town bustles in the background.]

Matilda: Let's go to the pub.

Richard: I...[sighs] I'm so surprised that it's taking them so long to get the carriage here. Well, might as well.

[**Matilda** cheers.]

Simon: Now, do we really have to go...to the pub? I'm not trying to be a Debby Downer or nothin', it's just that I have a feeling that you two are little bit of partiers and you're going to get...uh, how shall we say? Shawasted. And we have some work to do.

Richard: [small gasp, offended high-pitch] I would never- [normal] I- I am...wait. [amused] I- we did get drunk just a little bit earlier.

Matilda: [amused] We did...

Simon: Yeah. So I—

Matilda: ...just get drunk.

[**Richard** giggles.]

Simon: That was the preface to what is coming up, and it's going to be a big fiasco—

Richard: I—

Simon: —and I would like to—

Richard: *Promise* you. Pinkie promise you. That I will not get *shawasted*.

Matilda: I just want a beer or something to go into my belly.

Richard: Yes. What else are we going to do? We might as well go to the tavern and we might as well just...have a couple of beers and we can talk more about this urn while we're there.

Simon: [sarcastic] I assume that's *exactly* what you guys are gonna want to talk about the second you—

Richard: Yes.

Simon: Yeah? Really?

Richard: Yeah, of course.

Simon: You're gonna wanna talk about the urn?

Richard: Yes! What a- yeah, I-

Matilda: Yup!

[Hooves clop along the street.]

Richard: But of course!

Simon: [amused] Alright. Let's go to the pub.

[Jaunty music fades in.]

Matilda: Yay!

Greg: *You guys walk down the dirt road towards the pub. What d'you guys want the pub to be called?*

[**Garrett** stifles laughter.]

The blanked blank.

[**Garrett** laughs.]

Sage: *Oh, man.*

Kate: *The Bear Huggles!*

David: *The Half Rats.*

[**Garrett** chuckles.]

Sage: *That's a good one!*

Greg: *The Half Rat?*

[**Kate** chuckles.]

Sage: *That- that's a good one.*

David: [amused] *Yeah.*

Garrett: *The Half- The Half Rat.*

Greg: *Okay.*

Matilda: *Oh, I just love The Half Rat.*

Simon: *You've been before?*

Matilda: *Oh yes.*

Richard: *Oh, we've been here a ton of times.*

Greg: *So you guys come up to the door and there is a, um, you want to assume that it is a fake, but you can't really tell, a rat's butt sticking out over the doorway.*

Simon: Mmm. Classy.

Greg: *And you open the door.*

[Jaunty tavern music. Patrons chatter indistinctly.]

And there is a waitress who is coming around taking orders.

[Footsteps approach.]

Everly: My name is Everly Green.

Matilda: [excited] Oh my god!

Richard: [excited] Everly!

Matilda: Everly!

Everly Oh, hi guys!

Richard: I didn't know you were still working here. It's been such a while since we've been here.

Matilda: I know! It's been ages.

Greg: *As you guys address Everly, I would like Achilles and I would like Everly to both make awareness checks.*

[Dice roll on table.]

Sage: Shhh—

[Everyone laughs.]

Greg: *Cool. Total strange—*

Garrett: *1 and 2.*

Greg: *Total strangers. Never seen each other before.*

Sage: [amused] Got it [stifles laughter]. Wait [chuckles].

Richard: Everly, do you- do you mind if we cleared that- that corner table and have a couple ales?

Everly Um. Well, actu—The table is reserved for, uh, a gentleman that'll be coming in, but, um—

Richard: [cajoles] Oh, come on.

[Kate stifles laughter.]

Everly: Let me go— I'll go spot, uh, speak with my boss to see what he has to say about it.

Richard: Yes, and get yourself, and him, a beer on my tab.

Everly: Me and my boss?

Richard: Yes. Of course.

Everly: Oh. Okay, I'll let him know.

Greg: *And you see over in the corner, there's just a handful of locals that are gathered around one older gentleman, who's telling stories.*

Matilda: [gasps] Ooo, I just love a good story! Dick, let's go over there and see him!

Richard: Oh. Well. Might as well.

[Footsteps approach.]

What's your name, fellow? Op! Sorry. I didn't mean to...

Patron: [Scottish] Oh, don't interrupt him!

Richard: I don- I'm so sorry.

Old Man: How rude to interrupt an elder while he's telling a story [tsks].

[Beat.]

Richard: Go- go on.

Old Man: Okay, good. I wanted to make sure. I was giving *you* the respect that you should have given *me*.

Richard: Oh, I am— You know what? I apologize. Here, put a beer on my tab.

Old Man: Oh, thank you. So there—

Simon: ["French", loud] What kind of story is it?

[Long beat.]

Old Man: [slow] 'Scuse...me. If you opened your ears and shut your sauce box for a second, maybe you'll hear a thing or two.

[Beat.]

Anyway. There I was, walking down the street and a cart just zoomed by me and mud was on my trousers.

Patron: [irked] Oh good god.

Old Man: Yes. I dream of a day where the carriages fly in the sky, so that all of our trousers will no longer be muddy.

Richard: Oh that sounds...plausible?

[Footsteps approach. **Richard** chuckles.]

Everly: Hi, guys.

Old Man: Hello there.

Everly: I spoke with my boss—

Richard: [quiet, gasps] Oh yes.

Everly: —and you can sit at the table that you would like.

Matilda: Oh thank goodness!

Richard: Oh, wonderful. Well, let's—

Everly: Don't mind this aged man. He comes in all the time, and he drinks all the liquor.

Old Man: It's true.

Everly: And I tell 'im! I tell 'im. "Don't drink all that or else you're gonna say things that people aren't gonna understand, and then you're gonna deter away all of our customers."

Patron: No, I'm startin' to understand, though, that getting' mud on your trousers ruined the day.

Old Man: It gets worse once it dries into dirt—

Patron: I don, uh—

Old Man: —and you can't- you have to pick it off. I'm gonna allow you to- to interrupt me this one time.

Patron: I'll tell ya this. One time I stepped in a puddle, and I got my leg wet. And then it seeped up all the way- all the way up.

Old Man: Oh.

Patron: To my hip. And the cold wouldn't go away for five days. Thought I was gonna die. Swear. I'll swear!

Richard: I—

Matilda: How's your leg?

Patron: This is a peg leg, now.

[Richard gasps.]

Everly: A pig leg? Or a peg leg?

Patron: Peg leg.

Old Man: Peg leg.

Everly: Pig leg?

Richard: I do, uh, love the stories that you have, but we're gonna go sit over here. Okay, bye!

Matilda: Bye!

[The trio walk across the wood floor to the corner table.]

Simon: [English, whispers] Those stories weren't very good.

Matilda: [quiet] I know! They were trash. Like his trousers. ***[Kate stifles laughter]***

[Jaunty violin music continues. Clothes rustle and chairs squeak while the group sits at the table.]

Richard: I know. He wasn't acting certain at all. You said this- this gentleman comes in here all the time?

[Simon clears his throat.]

Everly: Oh. Yes, he's a regular here.

Matilda: Oh, we brought her! *[Kate stifles laughter]* Oh, thank god!

[Sage stifles laughter.]

Richard: Well, of course! Someone has to carry all the ales.

Matilda: Ah!

Everly: Yeah, can I put them down on the table now?

Richard: Yes, please do.

[Cups clatter lightly on the table.]

Everly: Thank you. Here you go. You know, I've been so troubled lately.

Matilda: [loud] About what?

[Beat.]

[Richard slurps his ale and grunts happily.]

Everly: Well my— I, you know. I— You know, I told you guys about this a couple weeks ago about my- my husband bein' missin'.

Matilda: [gasps, shocked] Oh my goodness! Is he *still* missing?

Richard: [gasps, concerned] Oh. I completely forgot about that. Sorry. [normal] I was drunk when we were talking last.

Matilda: Who was your husband?

Everly: Oh. His name, um...was, uh, well, I like to call him Wet Eddy or, as everyone else liked to call him, Wet Eddy. He- *[Jessica stifles laughter]* My husband, he—

Greg: *[stifles laughter]* Okay. Now Gastard is picking up on this.

Sage: *[stifles laughter]* Immediately.

[Garrett chuckles.]

Like—

Greg: So, Sage, can I have Gastard, or Simon, role a Composure check?

[Dice roll on table.]

Sage: 10.

Greg: Alright. Sweet.

Sage: Er, 9. Whatever.

Greg: You keep a straight face. You don't show that, um, that has any effect on you. That name.

Sage: But deep down, Simon is freakin' the hell out, man.

Greg: *[amused]* I want you to roll to see if you remember this lady. Let's go with Awareness.

[Dice roll on table.]

[Everyone laughs.]

Sage: 1.

Greg: *[laughing]* You have no idea who she is.

[Garrett laughs.]

Sage: Not the faintest clue.

Richard: [confused] Wait, uh, Wet Eddy?

Everly: Yeah. My Edwin. The sweetest man. The love of my life.

Matilda: Why was he wet?

Everly: Oh. Well he purified water.

Richard: Oh.

Matilda: Purified water?

Richard: Yes, that was just his occupation. But...how did he go missing? Do you happen to know?

Everly: Overnight?

Simon: ["French"] It is a, hnn- probably, uh, n-not important. This is probably a, uh, a very, uh—

Everly: [offended] Not important?

Simon: —uninteresting story.

Everly: Excuse me! This is my life! The love of my life went missin'!

Simon: Well, if, uh—

Everly: It's been over a year now, and I haven't seen him, and I am turning into an alcoholic [tearful] workin' in a pub.

[Greg stifles laughter.]

[Everly wails.]

[Greg chuckles.]

Matilda: Oh!

Richard: Oh.

Simon: If zat is a story that you would like to tell, uh, perhaps go over to ze, uh, storytelling corner.

Everly: [tearful] Richard, Matilda, talk some sense in—

Matilda: Oh for *Christ's* sake, Gastard! You've goofed again!

[Greg chuckles.]

Garrett: *I grab her and start comforting her.*

[Everly cries.]

Richard: It's okay. Shshhsh.

[Everly sniffles.]

Matilda: Jesus Christ!

Greg: *[amused] Roll Charisma, Garrett.*

[Dice roll on table.]

What d'you got?

Garrett: *Uh—*

Greg: *6? Okay, cool, yeah. So you're slightly comforted by Dr. Chamberlin.*

Richard: Please, don't- don't worry. [sighs, irked] Gastard. You are being so insensitive.

[Simon clears his throat nervously.]

Matilda: Oh, pardon him, dearie.

Richard: This is one of our dear friends!

Simon: I'm am being, uh, what? [feigned confusion] Insensitive?

Richard: [irked] Insensitive, yes. [comforting] It's okay. It's alright. Don't listen to him. He's just—

Matilda: He's French.

Everly: I'm gonna- I'm gonna walk in the back real quick to compose myself. I'm so sorry.

[Footsteps fade.]

Sage: *Does she have to roll a composure for that?*

[Garrett chuckles.]

Greg: *[chuckles] No. She's already showin' that she's not composed.*

Matilda: Well, great! Now she's gone!

Simon: [English, quiet] Alright, keep it down now.

Matilda: [quiet, irked] What?

Richard: [quiet, irked] What the hell was that?

Matilda: [quiet, irked] What is this?

Simon: [quiet] Alright I need to be— I need to level with you. We made a blood pact—

Matilda: W- [scoffs]

Simon: —so you just need to know—

Richard: Wait. When did we do a blood pact? I don't remember cutting our hands and doing that.

Matilda: Oh, wait. Oh, yeah, we did! Remember? That's why you have that scar. Damn. Slap you.

Simon: [irked] Were you *drunk* the second we woke up?

Richard: Oh. Oh! I forgot about that.

Simon: Were the two of you drinking over breakfast?

[Matilda giggles.]

Richard: Oh, of course! We had mimosas.

Simon: For the love of god. Could you be any less professional? Probably not.

Matilda: Oh. [offended] Oh.

Simon: Alright. Why don't we just— Listen to me.

Matilda: [offended] Oh.

Richard: [offended] Oh.

[Simon clears his throat.]

[Greg chuckles.]

Simon: Listen. Wet Eddy is another one of my identities.

[Richard gasps.]

Matilda: What?! [amused] Wait a second, you're married!

[Richard squeals in amusement.]

Simon: No, but that's the problem. I don't re—

Matilda: Oooh!

Simon: I don't know who this woman is.

[Greg giggles.]

Matilda: Wait. Wait.

Simon: **[Sage stifles laughter]** I have not the faintest idea who this woman is.

Matilda: [amused] Wait.

Simon: [nervous] I don't even think I've *been* at The Half Rat. I'm freakin' out.

Matilda: Wait a second. [amused] Why did they call you Wet Eddy?

Simon: Oh. He's, uh, he's- he's one of my identities. Basically, he's a little raggy guy, and he hangs out in a lot of bars, and he goes on street corners and he sells purified water. And he convinces people that the water they have is unclean, and that they need to buy water from a clean source. So—

Matilda: [amused] Simon.

Richard: [confused] So—

Matilda: *[Kate stifles laughter]* You're kind of a shit person.

Richard: Yeah, you're—

Simon: I read about—

Richard: [irked] You're so awful.

Simon: No, this is a ca- this—

Richard: You've been talking dirt about us, but—

Simon: This character, I found him in a book. It was an old folk lore, legend.

Richard: It doesn't matter! You're still being an ass!

Matilda: Yeah. You're *married* now [stifles laughter].

[Richard gasps quietly.]

Simon: Yeah, but, I don't remember somebody must have set me up or something. I— Look, all I ask—

Richard: Well you did- you used to drink a whole lot. Were you drunk when you married her?

Simon: Oh, uh...

[Matilda gasps.]

I mean, I drink on *occasion*.

Matilda: Oh!

Richard: [gasps] This is always gets so mad when we drink!

Simon: No, I just- I just drink on occasion, alright? I don't drink on the job.

[Garrett chuckles.]

Unless I drank when I was Wet Eddy, in which case, that's a problem. But, uh—

Richard: Listen, "Wet Eddy". Finish your ale, because I think you're gonna need it.

[Matilda cackles.]

Matilda: Good one, Dick!

Simon: Alright.

Richard: Thanks, Mildie.

Simon: I just ask the two of you keep this on the DL, alright?

Matilda: Oh, oh.

Simon: We made a blood—

Matilda: Trust *us*.

Simon: We made a blood pact.

Matilda: Oh!

Richard: Yes, of course.

Matilda: This blood isn't spilled for nothin'! [*Kate stifles laughter*]
Richard: [amused] Don't worry. We've got your back, *Simon*.
Matilda: Even if you think we're alcoholics. Even though *you* drink.
Greg: *Speaking of drink. A drunk guy stumbles over to your table.*

[Thud.]

Drunk Man: [Scottish, slurs] 'Scuse me, sorry.
Matilda: Um—
Drunk Man: Are you guys drinkin' that over there?
Simon: That's usually what we do in pubs, yes.
Richard: Yes.

[**Simon** clears his throat.]

Greg: *As he's pointing—*
Simon: ["Scottish"] That is usually what we do in pu— [quiet] Oh, shit. Scott again. Shit. Fuck.
[Sage stifles laughter]
Richard: [whispers] Just shut up.
Greg: *He's pointing Gastard's undrunken mug of beer.*
Sage: *Do you mind if I roll for Composure to sor—*
Greg: *Yeah. Yeah, yeah, go.*

[Dice roll on table.]

Sage: [amused] *To fix this accent dysphoria. Uh, okay.*
Greg: 6.
Sage: *Yeah.*
Greg: *Yeah you barely pull yourself together.*
Simon: [clears throat, "French"] Zis is, uh, our table, and, uh, your talbe is, uh, over zere.
Drunk Man: Where're you guys from?
Richard: Well I'm actually—
Matilda: [flirting] I'm from wherever you want me to be.
Richard: [scolding] Oh, Mildie.
Matilda: [amused] What?

[Everyone chuckles.]

Greg: *The drunk is gonna roll Composure.*
 [Dice roll on table.]
Oh, he turns bright red. He couldn't—

Matilda: Yeah, that's right. Scamper outta here!

Drunk Man: Oh goodness. Alright. I just wanted to tell you if you're goin' to be travelin' on the east road...be careful.

Matilda: Why?

Richard: What? Why?

Drunk Man: It's weird out there. There's stories of a ghost.

[Matilda laughs.]

Richard: [amused] Of a ghost?

Matilda: I *make* ghosts.

Simon: [mocking] Ohho. Spooky ghost.

Richard: An apparition?

Simon: So scary.

Drunk Man: And even worse. There's puddles. You step in a puddle—

Matilda: Wait a second.

Drunk Man: —you could lose your leg.

Matilda: I thought you said “pot hole” for a second. I can't under—

Drunk Man: Pot holes that became puddles when the water come under.

Matilda: Oh, *puddles*.

Richard: Well, we'll have to make sure the carriage is...

Matilda: We'll have to lift up our bootstraps.

Drunk Man: Oh, you guys got a carriage?

Richard: Yes, of course. Look at me. You think I would be walkin' on—

Drunk Man: [mocking] Oh. Mr. Rich Guy.

Matilda: Oh, *excuse me*. Ohhoho.

Richard: Okay, well you don't have to be insulting.

[Footsteps approach.]

Everly: Excuse— Oh, I'm- I'm sorry. Is there a commotion going on over here?

Drunk Man: Hi there, Miss Green.

Everly: Hello there, mister...

Simon: [quiet] Oh, zey know each other.

Everly: ...Greg.

Drunk Man: That's right.

[Everyone stifles laughter.]

That's my name. Euen...Greg.

Everly: Oh, Euen. I told you, just get out of here. Quit disservin' our...

Euen: I always—

Everly: Good, payin' customers.

Euen: I always pay my tab. Eventually.

Everly: You don't look...too up to dick today.

Euen: No, I- [sighs] I been talkin' about puddles. I'm not feelin' good.

Richard: You... He looks—

Euen: I'm gonna go back to the corner.

Richard: He looks rather drunk.

Everly: Would you like you to get you some water? I- I still have some water that my husband...[tearful] My late husband.

Richard: [gasps] Oh, the purified water that your husband sold?

Matilda: Oh, your *husband*?

Richard: What was his name again? Wet Willy?

Matilda: Wet- Wet—

Everly: [tearful] Wet Eddy.

Matilda, Richard: Wet Eddy.

Everly: Edward Green. I took his name!

[**Richard** gasps in sympathy.]

He took me to bed!

[**Richard** gasps again.]

We had such a— [**Jessica** stifles laughter]

[**Greg** cackles.]

Richard: [gasps] You don't say? How could he, if he left?

Matilda: Oh, goodness!

Everly: We were together for a whole year.

Matilda: A whole year? Did you know your—

Richard: [appalled] A whole year?

Simon: [English, loud] *What*?

[Beat.]

I mean...

[**Jessica** stifles laughter.]

Everly: I know! I—

Simon: Congratulations!

Everly: ...Guess... Congratulations? He's—

Matilda: What did he look like?

Everly: He was very handsome. He was, uh, a little short, but he was just the sweetest little peach.

Richard: [gently leading] Would you say that he had brown, flowing hair just about yea high and, um, some scraggly facial hair sometimes if he didn't shave in a few days? Or- or slender figure?

Matilda: A judgement about him? Like he's *judging* you?

Everly: Oh. Um...well...m—

Drunk Man: You guys talkin' Wet Eddy again?

Richard: [gasps] Yes we are!

Everly: [gasps happily] Yes!

Simon: ["Scottish"] No! Not important! [groans quietly]

Greg: *Some guy across the bar.*

Patron: I remember Wet Eddy!

Matilda: Ooo! Tell us!

Patron: Always drunk.

Everly: [offended] Hey!

Matilda: [taunting] Ooooh.

Richard: [taunting] Oh, really?

Everly: He was not always drunk.

Patron: [slurs] He's very functioning, but *a/ways* drunk.

Matilda: [gasps, amused] You don't say?

Richard: [amused] Really?

Matilda: [amused] Always drunk!

Patron: As far as I remember.

Richard: Now, Gastard you haven't...touched your ale.

Matilda: You haven't even...

Richard: Why don't you take a little sippy please.

[**Simon** slurps his ale and chokes a bit.]

Simon: [choking] Okay, okay [coughs].

Matilda: Let me tell you, nothing's better than the first sip.

[Mug clunks on table.]

Simon: ["French"] I will, uh, pace myself, eh, however, eh, so please.

Richard: Well, I'm only done with mine. I could go for another round.

Greg: *Oh, Sage, could I have you take a little Composure check?*

[Dice roll on table.]

[**Garrett** and **Kate** gasp.]

Okay, you're feelin' a bit tipsy.

Sage: 3.

Greg: *And the uh, the French accent is startin' to dip a little bit.*

Garrett: *Is he starting to get- get taken away by the alcohol?*

Kate: *[amused] Is he an alcoholic? [stifles laughter]*

[**Garrett** laughs.]

Simon: Uh, Mrs., uh, Miss Green, um, [clears throat] Why don't you, uh, go over there and, uh—

Richard: Get us shots!

Simon: Uh, uh...

Matilda: No! Get us more beer!

Richard: And shots!

Matilda: Okay!

Simon: [English] Oh god. Jeez, God, Mary, Joseph help me.

Everly: Oh my— Watch your language, sir.

Greg: *Everly, can I have you do an awareness check?*

Jessica: *Yes, I'd love one.*

[Dice roll on table.]

[**Greg** and **Sage** stifle laughter.]

Sage: *[quiet, amused] Oh no.*

Greg: *You catch a little flash from this French Gastard guy.*

Jessica: *Mm-hmm.*

Greg: *That seems to remind you a lot of your dear Eddy.*

Everly: ...Gastard?

Simon: [**Sage** stifles laughter] [English] How d'you know my name?

Everly: I've heard them say it.

Matilda: I say it loud! Loud and proud, baby!

[Jessica stifles laughter.]

Simon: ["French"] Thank you, Matildakchk.

Everly: You have such a twinkle in your eye that is so welcoming.

Simon: [English] Oh, must be the beer. Just wipe it of here [clears throat].

Everly: It's still there.

Simon: Oh, shit. Uh...Oh—

Everly: Have you come to the, uh, Half Rat before?

Simon: Uh, no. Neva. [clears throat, "French"] I am from France! And in, uh, in France [English] you see, what we do [clears throat] you see, wh—

Everly: That didn't sound very French.

Simon: ["French", loud] Baguettes!

[Greg chuckles.]

Uh. Beret! Eiffel Tower!

[Sage stifles laughter.]

Everly: You remind me so much of Eddy.

Simon: ...Weird!

Everly: Guys...

[Matilda gasps.]

Richard: How queer.

Matilda: Dicky! I just remembered we have a *cab* to catch!

[Richard gasps.]

Are we late for that *cab*?

Richard: Shoot, Mildie—

Everly: Oh, why don't you stay for a little while? You just got here. I was gonna go get your shot.

Richard: Well, we can take quick shots, and then we can get to- hop in the cab— Could we have road beers?

[Greg giggles.]

Everly: Um. A road beer?

Richard: Yes, we have them in bottles. We'll just take bottles.

[Beat. Jaunty music continues in the background.]

Everly: Um, well, I guess. I just- getting' real lonely.

Richard: Well, you can have that old kiester over there take care of you and look after you.

Old Man: [distant] And you wouldn't believe it, but afterwards *another* carriage drove on by.

Everly: He's here every day!

Richard: Yes! Company!

Everly: No, but—

Matilda: And we're here every other Tuesday!

Everly: But Gastard! Gastard! I've always wanted to be with a French man.

[Jessica and Kate stifle laughter.]

Simon: [English, drunk] No you haven't! You're makin' this up. Mm-mmm. Nope. Yis is just a fantasy.

Everly: I mean maybe I should move on from my husband, Gastard, you—

[The trio cries out over each other.]

Matilda: Yes!

Simon: [disturbed] Oh! Oh, no—

Richard: [gasps] I think that's a great idea.

Matilda: Yes.

Simon: If you're askin' me out on a date [clears throat, "French"] If you are asking me out on a date, I will say, uh, sure!

Richard: [quiet] Mildie.

Matilda: [gasps, quiet] Yes?

Richard: [whispers] Mildie, come here.

Simon: Next...month.

Richard: [whispers] Come here. I have an idea.

[Matilda gasps in excitement.]

Matilda: Go.

Richard: Why don't we just bring her along?

Matilda: [gasps] Oh my goodness!

Richard: [eager] We could use the company.

Matilda: You know, she's lonely and I'm sure it sucks working here.

Richard: Yes. And you know what? [clicks tongue]

Matilda: I like her.

Richard: I- I like her too!

Matilda: She's plucky.

Richard: Yes. Okay. It's settled.

Matilda: Okay.

[**Matilda** and **Richard** turn back to the others.]

Simon: —[English] so I think it's a better [clears throat, "French"] So I think it's a, uh, [English, quiet] God, I have to figure this out.

Richard: Why don't you just come with us?

Simon: *What?*

Everly: Come with you where?

[**Simon** whispers frantically, drowned out by **Richard**.]

Richard: We're going to my estate. We're going to the Chamberlin Manor.

Simon: [whispers] Shh- but I- No. Nee- not- no, no, no.

[**Everly** gasps happily.]

[whispers] Please! No, no, no!

Patron: [distant] Everly! Everly! I'd like another pint over here!

Everly: You know what?! You all would like another pint over there and over here, I'm *sick* of takin' your orders!

[Jaunty violin music stops. Patrons all gasp in shock.]

Old Man: [distant] Oh, it's another pint time? I'll take one.

Everly: Oh, I've had enough of it! I worked in this pub for so many years, and you guys aren't grateful for me. Have you ever invited me to a manor? *No*. No, you have not.

Patron: [distant] Ain't got a manor to invite ya to.

Old Man: [distant] I got a shack.

[**Jessica** stifles laughter.]

Everly: Well—

Patron: I've got a dog kennel.

[Beat.]

Everly: You have a dog?

Patron: Nah. Just shared a kennel with a dog.

[**Jessica** stifles laughter.]

Everly: But- it's—

Patron: It's always warm, though.

[**Jessica** stifles laughter.]

Everly: But it's not your dog?

Patron: [sad] No.

[Beat.]

[Violin music starts back up hesitantly. Patrons turn away and go back to their conversations.]

Richard: Well. Are we off?

Simon: ["French"] Uh, we do have, uh, ze, uh, ze train to catch.

Richard: No, we have the *cab*.

Matilda: Yeah, we're just going to his house, not the other country.

Simon: Oh! It's right.

Richard: We just got off the train.

Simon: We got off ze train, and now, uh—

Richard: [amused] Ooo. That ale really *did* get to you.

Simon: ["Scottish"] No, I don't know what you're talkin' 'bout.

[Mug scrapes along the wood table.]

Kate: *I grab his ale that's not even sipped, and I chug it [stifles laughter]. And then I set it back down and I go...*

[Mug clunks on table.]

Matilda: [admonishing] Babies.

Kate: *And I spit!*

Richard: Well? Shall we?

Everly: [hesitant] Well...

Richard: Come along, Miss Green! We mustn't be late!

Everly: Okay, I'm comin', I'm comin'.

[The group tromps toward the door.]

Matilda: Whoo! Girl power!

Eeun: Everly, no! I love youuuus! I want more beeeeer!

Everly: Eeun, go get it yourself!

[Victoria theme fades in.]

Eeun: Alright.

[Door creaks shut.]



[Victoria theme fades out. Birds chirp. Hooves clop along the road.]

Greg: *You guys step outside and you see a handsome cab coming down the road towards you guys.*

Matilda: Whoo hoo!

Greg: *Two horse-drawn, with enough room for four people.*

Richard: Oh, Philip! Philip, over here!

[Hooves and wheels slow to a halt. Bell tower chimes in the distance.]

Philip: Yes, hello. Oh! Dr. Chamberlin!

Richard: Hello, Philip. How are you? How's your day been?

Philip: I am good, how are you?

Richard: I'm fantastic.

Philip: Fantastic indeed. Shall I take you to— Oh! Yes, who is this?

Richard: Oh, this is Miss Green.

Philip: Ah, Miss Green. A pleasure.

Greg: *And he tips his tall cap.*

Jessica: *I curtsy.*

Richard: She will be accompanying us on the cab ride today.

Philip: Fantastic. Right. So um...hop on!

Richard: Okay.

Matilda: Alright!

[Carriage creaks as everyone climbs inside.]

Kate: *We all get on and get outta here.*

Sage: *Simon is sweating profusely.*

Everly: Would you like to borrow my handkerchief, Gastard?

Simon: ["French"] No, I am fine.

[Muffled hooves clop and the carriage creaks as they get moving.]

Everly: Are you sure?

Simon: Zat's right. It is just, uh, ze heat wave!

Everly: There's somethin' about your smell that I just can't get enough of. It reminds me of home.

Simon: [nervous smiling] The smell of my sweat is...

Everly: Yes, I've—

Simon: Turning you on or something?

Everly: I've smelled sweat like that before.

Richard: [quiet] Mildie, do you think there's something odd about the two of them?

Matilda: [quiet, amused] Oh, definitely. They've *definitely* done a thing or two in the boudoir.

Richard: [amused gasp] Oh, you really think so? How ghastly.

Matilda: [chuckles] I know! Isn't it great? Ooo!

Richard: It's so exciting.

Matilda: I love a good mystery.

Richard: Let's watch.

Matilda: [amused] Okay.

Simon: [nervous] Uh, don't you have a bar that you need to atte—

Everly: Here, Gastard, I'm gonna—

Simon: [slurred, English and "French"] What are you doing to my face?

[Sage stifles laughter.]

Everly: I'm wiping your sweat off with my handkerchief.

Simon: [English] Oh god.

Everly: [adoring] My husband gave it to me.

Simon: [irked] Oh, is that so?

Everly: Yeah.

Greg: *Gastard, can I have you roll a Composure check?*

Sage: *[groaning] Ah, again?*

[Dice roll on table.]

Se, uh, 9!

Greg: *Yeah, you keep it together.*

Sage: *Oh, 8. 8? Okay.*

Greg: *You keep it together.*

Simon: ["French"] Listen now, Miss Green. Um, [clears throat] Are you sure zis is, uh, what you would like to do? Accompany us on zis, uh, we have very important matters to, uh, be handling. And it is...dangerous!

Everly: Well, first of all, you can call me [flirty] Everly.

Simon: [firm] No.

[Beat.]

[Garrett and Greg chuckle.]

Everly: Well I would- I would really like it if you call— Can you say "Everly"?

Simon: [English] I- I will—

Everly: [excited] Say it. [urging] Say it. [demanding] Say it.

[Greg giggles.]

Matilda: Dick! This is the best thing I've watched since I watch two mice go at each other like cheese and—

[Greg stifles laughter.]

Richard: You always have some of the most bizarre types of amusement.

Matilda: You bet your boots I do.

Richard: Yes, but I love you for it.

Matilda: I know!

Richard: It *is* quite exciting watching them.

Matilda: I know. Have you ever seen a mouse go after cheese a mile away? It's crazy! They got crazy noses.

Everly: [urging] Say it. Say it.

[Beat.]

[Greg laughs.]

Simon: ["French"] Evercklyn.

Everly: Everyly.

Simon: [English, quiet, irked] Oh, shi— uh, ["French"] Everckkly.

Everly: Uh. Was that French?

Simon: Uh, [English] no.

[Sage stifles laughter.]

[Everly gasps in realization.]

I mean, yeah.

Everly: Wait—

Richard: [loud] Philip, how long until we're there?

Philip: [muffled] It's just going to be another fifteen minutes or so.

Matilda: Thanks Philly!

Philip: I'd, uh, point out things for you guys to look out at the window, however, it's a bit dark and misty out.

Matilda: Oh, oh, Philly, you're such a good one.

Philip: Thank you, Miss.

Richard: Yeah, it is quite spooky out.

Matilda: You bet.

Richard: Do you have... Sorry I don't mean to interrupt you two, but do you really...think about-believe in that gentleman about the ghost?

[**Simon** scoffs quietly.]

Everly: Oh definitely.

Matilda: Oh yeah!

Richard: [gasps] Really?

Everly: Ghosts are real.

Richard: Apatures out in the middle of night?

Everly: Indeed.

Richard: Hmm.

Matilda: I've believed in them ever since I raided the tomb of a mummy in Egypt.

Everly: My parents were ghosts.

Richard: Oh...

[**Greg** laughs.]

[**Garrett** stifles laughter] I'm sure that your parents are ghosts now. My great grandmother and my mother are ghosts, if you want to think of it that way. They're incomporeal.

Everly: No, but I've seen them. I've seen...

[**Richard** gasps quietly.]

Matilda: I've made a couple o' ghosts myself. That means I've *killed* people.

[**Everly** gasps quietly.]

Richard: Oh. Mildie! [quiet] You probably be sayin' that.

Matilda: Oh, what?

Richard: Oh wait. We're in a completely different country. Doesn't count!

Matilda: Yay!

Simon: ["French"] I am, uh, more skeptical of, uh, ghosts 'cause I say, uh, I have not seen ghost. [getting steadily louder] And since I have not seen ghost, ghost probably did not happen wink nudge!

Richard: This is—

Everly: [seductive] I love it when you yell.

[**Matilda** stifles laughter.]

[**Greg** and **Garrett** laugh.]

Richard: This is exactly what I was saying, is that the likelihood of an incorporeal form that's taking place on the road just seems a bit far fetched.

Kate: *I look casually out the window.*

[Sage scoffs in amusement. Greg chuckles.]

Richard: Do you—

Greg: *You see the manor coming up.*

[Spooky music builds.]

Matilda: Oh boy! The manor!

Richard: What is it?

Matilda: The manor!

Richard: Oh, we must be getting close.

Matilda: Whoo hoo!

Greg: *You guys get toward the edge of the property, and you figure it's just about a mile off 'till the front gate.*

Everly: So is this like a party? Are we going to a party?

Richard: Well, not com- not really. We- we're making our way back to our house. We're going to have some tea. I have the largest tea collection in all of London.

Greg: *The best. Best tea collection.*

Richard: Oh, it is- it is also the best.

Everly: Oh.

Simon: Uh, which place are we going to first? Uh, Stonewood's or...?

Richard: No, it is *far* too late to be going to Mr. Stonewood's. We'll stay at my manor for the night and then we'll go on.

Matilda: Ooo! Sleepover!

Simon: Oh. Great.

Richard: Yes.

[Beat. Hooves clop outside.]

Everly: I love a sleepover.

[Greg stifles laughter.]

Richard: Yeah, there's only so many rooms. So maybe one of two of you will have to share.

Everly: [fast] I share one with Gastard!

Simon: No, please, no!

Matilda: Oh, that's a great idea! I love sleeping single.

Philip: Righto, here we are.

[Kate chuckles.]

Greg: *He pulls up to the fountain at the front of the- at the front door and comes around the circle of the gravel road. Very nice.*

Matilda: Ooo!

Greg: *White gravel.*

Richard: Ooo.

Everly: This is oddly satisfying, this gravel.

Greg: *He gets out and he opens the door for you guys.*

Matilda: [pleased] Oh.

Greg: *And takes the hands of the ladies to help them out.*

[Boots transition from the carriage to gravel as the group tromps outside.]

Matilda: I don't need no hand!

Everly: Oh, thank you.

Philip: Sorry. You're welcome.

[Jessica chuckles.]

Richard: Thank you, Philip.

Greg: *And then you guys see over, uh, you see over in the corner, edge o' the house, there is a man and I will let this man describe what he looks like.*

David: *Have a pair of blue overalls on. Um, no shirt. I'm very sweaty [chuckles.]*

[Jessica chuckles.]

Um, I got a rake in one hand, and a hoe in the other.

Greg: Age?

David: *Uh, about, uh, let's say...*

Greg: Hair?

David: *Twenty-three. Um...*

Greg: *He's a young man.*

David: *Uh, forty-three.*

[Garrett laughs.]

I look twenty-three is the thing. I have a big ol' bushy beard. Um, a small patch of white hair on the left side o' my face. Um, a strong build. And about six foot.

Greg: *Oh wow! Okay, cool. Dr. Chamberlin, you recognize this man as your groundskeeper.*

Richard: Ah.

Greg: *Now, you have been away from your estate on business for about four months.*

Garrett: *Do I know his name?*

David: *It's Desmond Delancey.*

Greg: *The front door opens up, and there you see Miss Alice Whittler, your maid. Who wrote you the letter.*

Richard: Oh, hello, Desi! Hello, Miss Whitley.

Miss Whittler: Hello sir. Um, thank you for coming on such short notice.

David: *I nod.*

Richard: Yes of course. Please, uh, see my- see the guests inside.

Miss Whittler: Yes, this way, please.

[The group walk inside and the door creaks shut.]

Everly: Okay, thank you.

Miss Whittler: I will take your coats and hats.

[Clothes rustle.]

Richard: [whispers] Listen.

Miss Whittler: [quiet] Yes?

Richard: [quiet] Uh, you see the- that Frenchman and that- and Mrs. Green over there?

Miss Whittler: ...Um, yes I do.

Richard: Give them the top corner room [clicks tongue].

Miss Whittler: The most romantic room in the whole mansion?

Richard: ...Yes.

[Beat.]

Miss Whittler: If- if you will it, sir.

Richard: I think that it's appropriate. Now, all, uh, what, uh, oh! I never realized. What time is it?

Miss Whittler: It's- it's just about half past nine.

Matilda: Wait! I want dinner.

[**Kate stifles laughter. Sage laughs.**]

Richard: Now, Mildie—

Miss Whittler: We've got a supper prepared for you.

Matilda: Thank god!

[**Kate stifles laughter.**]

Richard: Of course! You've stayed here how many times?

Matilda: A lot! [chuckles]

Richard: It has been a while, though.

Matilda: Yes.

Richard: Now, make sure the rooms are prepared, and I will start getting- we'll start getting tea ready in the library.

Kate: *I pull Dicky aside.*

Matilda: Dick!

Richard: Yes, Mildie?

Matilda: Shouldn't you ask your maid about that strange letter?

Richard: [quiet] Uh, I feel like I probably should ask her in private.

Matilda: [quiet] Oh. Okay!

Richard: [quiet] Don't worry, I'll gossip to you afterwards.

Matilda: Thank goodness!

Miss Whittler: Right this way, everyone.

[Gentle music.]

This is the library over here. Tea shall be served promptly.

Richard: Now...please all sit down. Stop staring at me!

[Sage stifles laughter.]

Just take your seats.

[Clothes and couches rustle as the group settles.]

Just relax.

Everly: It's just, I've—

Richard: It's been a long, hard day.

Everly: I've never been su- in such a nice house before.

Richard: Yes it was lent down from my father's father.

Everly: Amazing! It's beautiful. Isn't it beautiful, Gastard?

[Greg laughs.]

Simon: ["French", irked] Sure, whatever.

[Garrett laughs.]

Everly: [adoring] You say that so lovely.

Simon: [irked] Mm-hmm.

Everly: I love your voice.

[Boots clack over.]

Miss Whittler: Here you are, everyone. Here's tea.

[Matilda gasps happily. Cups clunk onto the table.]

Matilda: Uck, thank you!

Richard: Oh, thank you. Cream and sugar, Mildie?

Matilda: Oh, no. I like it straight.

Richard: Oh, well suit yourself. Mrs. Green?

Everly: Oh, yes please.

Richard: Well, here you go.

[Cream pours into tea. Pot clatters on table.]

Everly: Oh, so delicious. Thank you so much!

Richard: Yes, of course. Now, I don't mean to be a bother, but Mrs. Green, do you mind, um, [tsks] seeing to the wardrobe that they have let into your room? I want to make sure that what you have is appropriate.

Everly: Does—

Richard: I know we didn't pack any bags.

Everly: [awed] I have wardrobe? There's clothing?

Richard: Yes, of course. I would like you to pick out what you want to use.

Simon: [shocked] You are zat rich?

Matilda: He's as rich as...whoever's super rich right now. I can't think of anything, I'm drunk.

[Greg laughs.]

Simon: **[Sage stifles laughter]** Zat sounds like an excuse.

Richard: Mildie! Did you—

[Jessica chuckles.]

Did you take a little dip of whiskey into your cup?

Matilda: You know I did!

Richard: Oh, dah—

Miss Whittler: I'm sorry, Doctor, but, um, she requested that anytime I serve her tea, we always make it Irish.

Richard: [scoffs in amusement] Mildie.

Matilda: Classic me!

Richard: Classic you.

[Everly tsks.]

Yes?

Everly: I'm gonna go up to the wardrobe.

Richard: Uh—

Miss Whittler: Follow me. I'll take you there.

Everly: [gasps] Thank you, Miss.

Greg: *And she takes you out of the door, up the stairs, and through a series of hallways. And eventually you have a little clothing montage with all sorts of beautiful gowns and dresses and clothes of whatever variety that you would like to imagine.*

Everly: [giddy] Oooo!

Kate: *While that's happening!*

Matilda: Simon!

[Richard gasps in anticipation.]

D'you remember anything?

[Simon clears his throat awkwardly.]

Richard: [amused] Seems like you have quite the admirer.

Simon: [English] ...What...have the two of you...*done*?

Matilda: Oh, you're not even a *bit* curious what happened to your old disguise?

Simon: Oh, I am *very* curious. I *have* the clothes in my bag right here.

Matilda: Oh, crap [chuckles].

Simon: Yeah I- du- is what I'm tryin'a say. I don't rememba, wha' 'appened.

Matilda: Maybe we should ask her about how her *husband* died.

Richard: Well, obviously, her husband didn't die because he's right here.

Matilda: I know, but what does *she* think happened?

Simon: Well, look. You guys just keep gettin' drunk or whatever it is that you do, alright?

Matilda: Oh!

Simon: What? What're you rollin' your eyes at?

Matilda: Oh, oh. Says the guy who can't remember a year in a marriage!

Simon: I—

Richard: Yes, Mr. Wet Willey, drunk identity man.

[Matilda snickers.]

Simon: Look, I have a lot of identities and sometimes it's easy to lose track.

Matilda: At least we *keep* track!

Simon: Of your *one* identity!

Matilda: Yeah! Of whiskey! Take *that!* *[Kate stifles laughter]* You can't even keep track of a whole year. I can keep track of everything. Everything's a frickin' vault! It's in my brain. Whoo! *[Kate stifles laughter]*

[Greg and Garrett stifle laughter.]

Simon: What the hell— Okay. You have fun. I'm gonna go upstairs and see what I can figure out.

[Footsteps fade.]

Matilda: Thank god he's gone, Dick.

[Kate stifles laughter.]

Richard: Gosh. What a wet blanket.

Matilda: I know!

Richard: Mmm. Now—

Simon: *[distant]* I heard that!

[Garrett stifles laughter.]

Richard: *[loud]* I— I'd say I'm sorry, but I'm not.

Matilda: *[loud]* I'd say it to your face!

[Kate stifles laughter.]

Greg: *There's a knock on the doorway to the library, and the door's open, and you see that it is Miss Alice Whittler.*

Richard: Why hello, Miss Whittler. What can I help you with?

Miss Whittler: Excuse me, sir, but I was wonderin' if I could talk to you?

[Beat.]

Richard: Yes, um, of course.

[Clothes and couch rustle as he stands.]

Excuse me, Mildie.

Matilda: Oh, yeah.

Richard: Sorry.

Greg: *So she pulls you aside outta the library, and then you see— What was your character's name again?*

David: *Desmond Delancey.*

Greg: *Alright. So you see—*

Richard: Desi.

Greg: *You see Desmond and you see Alice.*

Miss Whittler: If you haven't noticed that, um, the staff has been a bit short. A lot of people have left. The cook is still here. And then it's myself and...Desmond.

Desmond: Desmond.

Miss Whittler: There's been a, um...a ghost.

[Spooky music.]

Richard: [gasps] What?

Desmond: A right frightful ghost.

Richard: [light scold] Desi. Now, I know that you believe in superstitions, but an incorporeal form here on the grounds just seems unlikely.

Miss Whittler: Just listen to 'im.

Richard: Well...alright. I- I'll humor it.

Desmond: There I was. I was just rakin' the fields, tendin' to the grounds like I always do at night, and wouldn't'cha know it, I saw a very white female walkin' around. But I thought it was just a trespassin' neighbor kid. So I went to chase 'er off, an' she was gone by then. But not trust that, I thought, maybe I'm just a little you know, a little Half Rats at the time.

But sure enough, the next night...saw 'er again. Except this time I knew she was a ghost, [whispers] 'cause I could see right through 'er face.

Richard: Really? How interesting. And...you didn't look at the grounds and see any tracks or anything like that out in the field?

Desmond: No! Not even a foot! Her gown just floated above.

Miss Whittler: I had my own experience, too.

Richard: What? Tell me.

Miss Whittler: Well, Charles, the butler, he was running screaming, and I went around the corner to see what he was screaming about. And there I saw a form. A woman in a white dress leaving the doorway.

Richard: Here in the mansion?

Desmond: Ye.

Miss Whittler: Yes.

Richard: How queer.

Miss Whittler: And she was headin' back out towards the moors.

[Beat.]

Richard: Hmm. But after... I mean, we've been residing in this house for- for *years*. There's never been *anything* like this ever before. When did this start?

Miss Whittler: Oh...just about...three months ago?

Desmond: Yeah. Sounds about right.

Miss Whittler: Ever since the strange flashes of light have been happening at the Clark residence.

Desmond: The Clarks.

Miss Whittler: The old, abandoned Clark house.

Richard: Yes, but those have always just children's stories about that place.

Miss Whittler: Well, the rest of your staff believe them.

Desmond: Sounds like they're gonna be adult stories, now.

Richard: [sighs] Well, I believe it.

Miss Whittler: [excited] You do?

[Desmond gasps.]

Richard: There's— Oh.

Desmond: Thank our stars and garters!

Richard: Wait, wait, wait, wait.

Desmond: Oh. Okay.

Richard: Wait. Wait.

Miss Whittler: We thought you were gonna fire us.

Richard: [offended] No, of course not! You guys have been in my family for gen- for- for years.

Miss Whittler: Generations, that's right!

Richard: Now, I believe that when this figure shows up, we should make an investigation. And we should see whether if this is *actually* a- a ghost.

Desmond: Are you saying that we should, like, follow it? Or, like, trap it somehow?

Richard: We should hunt it.

Desmond: Kill a ghost?! Such a thing has never been done!

Miss Whittler: Fight a phantom?

Desmond: Such a thing has never been done!

[Garrett stifles laughter.]

Richard: Well... Now, listen. It- it— There is no scientific way that this could actually be possible. It just does not make sense.

Miss Whittler: But I don't know if I'd have the heart for it. But perhaps if you had a group of strong and extraordinary people with you.

[Greg stifles laughter.]

Desmond: And brave. Let's not forget brave.

Richard: Excuse me one moment.

Garrett: *I open the door to the library.*

[Door creaks open.]

Richard: Mildie!

Matilda: [distant] Yeah?

Richard: Come hither!

Matilda: [distant] Alright, I'm comin' hither.

[Boots clack closer.]

What's up?

Richard: Now, Mildie. You remember Miss...

Miss Whittler: Whittler.

Matilda: Mmm.

Richard: Miss Whittler and Desi.

Matilda: Hello!

Desmond: Hello.

Richard: They were just talking about the ghost that we were hearing about earlier.

Matilda: [gasps, elated] Oh, ghosts? What about spooks?

Desmond: She was a white phantom with no feet.

Matilda: Ooo, saw one, did'ja? Where?

Desmond: Out near the old, abandoned Clark house.

Matilda: Ooo, *Dicky!*

Richard: Yes, now, I do not believe that this is actually happening.

Kate: *I draw my pistol in excitement!*

Miss Whittler: I believe it is the ghost Mrs. Millie Clark.

Matilda: Who's Millie Clark?

Richard: Millie Clark was the girl that died with- of- from the Clark family. She was the young daughter that everyone said that it was her family who killed her, and that's why her spirit always remained there. And that's why the house is abandoned. But it's all just children's stories.

Kate: *I pull Dicky aside.*

Matilda: Dick.

Miss Whittler: [sad] Just on the verge of womanhood she died.

Matilda: I heard that, Dicky.

Richard: What?

Matilda: Obviously something suspicious is goin' on. And I don't believe in spooks just as much as you do. What goes in the ground stays in the ground. I say we get this phantom and find it.

Richard: Yes. I agree. But I only have one question.

Matilda: Hmm?

Miss Whittler: What it is?

[**Everly** shrieks in the distance.]

[Spooky music thrums and fades out.]

Credits

[Victoria theme plays throughout.]

Narrator: Thanks for tuning in. Without your support and patronage, this show would not be possible.

Matilda Buchanan was played by Kate Pursley.

Doctor Richard Chamberlin was played by Garrett Reasoner

Simon Sinclair was played by Sage G.C.

Everly Green was played by Jessica Dahlgren

The Groundskeeper was played by David McEuen

Our Game Master was Greg Reasoner

And all Editing and Music was done by Sage G.C.

See you next time on *VICTORIA 1890*.

[Radio crackles off. Music fades out.]