

HIGHLIGHT TO SEE CONTENT WARNINGS:

NICHOLAS:

(as the intro plays) At the edge of Gilt City, secrets are not just kept, but treasured, and all await the arrival of the Night Post.

[A TYPEWRITER IS SET, THEN BEGINS TYPING.]

MILO:

(reading) Dear Mr. Milo Cylix-Wilder:

Per the last will and testament of Mrs. Agatha Anne Merryweather, you have been entrusted with the following: the property, formerly known as Agatha's Bookstore, at 767 Benefactor Blvd. This includes any and all property therein contained.

A claim against this proponent of the last will and testament was filed by the following surviving family members: Mrs. Rebecca Angeline Smith (daughter), Mr. Quinton Scotts Merryweather (son), and Miss Priscilla Noelle Merryweather (daughter). The claimants asserted that the allocation of the above property was the result of malicious persuasion on the part of Mr. Cylix-Wilder. Upon examination of the merits of these claims, it was determined that the deceased and the beneficiary had a longstanding professional relationship. This claim was dismissed.

The office of the Gilt City Urban Planner has identified the property at 767 Benefactor Blvd. as condemned and potentially abandoned. Please contact the office of Houston, Samson, & Belvedere, executors of the last will and testament of the deceased, at the address or phone number listed below at your earliest convenience in order to claim the above property.

Our sincerest condolences,
Mr. Paul Houston, Mr. Terrance Samson, and Mrs. Ramona Belvedere.

[THE RUMBLING OF A LARGE DELIVERY VAN.]

MILO:

Yeah, I had no clue she would leave me the whole store. I mean, she didn't really have a reason to. She has a hundred other family members she could've passed it to.

VAL:

But you said she didn't even like any of her kids.

MILO:

True. Her daughter Priscilla came to the store now and then asking for money. Last time I saw her, she stormed out screaming because Agi wouldn't apparently loan her enough that time around. She told me I could chase her out next time I saw her.

CLEMENTINE:

I don't think I'll ever have enough, well, *anything* to pass on to *anyone*.

MILO:

What about your little place out in the wilderness? Little bit of paint, some weed killer, and you'll have...something.

VAL:

I think the sinkhole in the backyard is the bigger issue at hand. Not too fond of pits of any size these days; they make my skin crawl.

CLEMENTINE:

Yeah, yeah, I get it. It's a work in progress, alright? Will says it has character.

VAL:

If by "character" she means "serial killer from a novel," I agree. I definitely get those vibes!

MILO:

Oh, that reminds me, Val. If any Asia Cooper books survived this whole mess, you're welcome to as many as you can carry. Detective novellas aren't really my thing.

VAL:

Ah, score!

[THE RUMBLE OF THE VAN IS REPLACED BY TRAFFIC AND FOOTSTEPS ON DEBRIS.]

CLEMENTINE:

I hate to say it, but I think they were right when they called it "condemned," Milo.

MILO:

More of the roof must have caved in during the rain last week. (*sigh*) I can't believe this is all that's left of the place.

CLEMENTINE:

We don't have to do this today if you're not ready.

MILO:

No, I'm not ready. But if it rains again, there won't be anything left to salvage. Or they'll just knock it all down and ship off the rubble, and I'll come back to nothing.

VAL:

The vines are gone, at least. Maybe the city actually did something useful for once and chopped it all up. Though I'm a little surprised they didn't just hire someone to raze it to the ground.

MILO:

The sooner we get this over with, the happier I'll be.

VAL:

Watch your head, Clementine. I think you're safe, Milo.

MILO:

Wow. I'm not that short.

VAL:

Sure, sure. So, are you looking for anything in particular here?

MILO:

Um, not really. We just need to salvage anything that could be useful. Not sure how much on the sales floor would really help us, but it's worth checking. Don't fool with anything in the front, though; it's just cheap lit, and most of it's covered in glass or soaked by now.

CLEMENTINE:

Well, Val and I can-- *(small scream of surprise)*

MILO AND VAL:

What's wrong?

CLEMENTINE:

There's a little family of possums under that shelf! Ohhh, they are so cute! I would die for them.

[POSSUM MOTHER HISSES.]

VAL:

There's so many of the garbage angels! Don't keep yelling, though, or they'll run off...like that.

CLEMENTINE:

I'm sorry, little ones! Stay safe! Don't do drugs!

MILO:

Not the bad ones, at least!

CLEMENTINE:

Don't be a bad influence, Milo. Oh, I did bring these totes we can use.

VAL:

These all have holes.

MILO:

We'll make it work. Thanks, Clementine. Okay, so there should be a small section on the Skelter by that pile. Guess we should start there.

[SOUNDS OF BOOKS AND RUBBLE MOVING.]

CLEMENTINE:

I can't imagine these were big sellers.

MILO:

They weren't. I'm surprised anyone would agree to publish anything related to the Skelter anyway. And no one would carry these books besides Agi. They just sat here and gathered dust.

CLEMENTINE:

Oh, a lot of these are...

VAL:

Unreadable. Look, there's a hole in the ceiling right above this shelf. It's all waterlogged.

MILO:

Of course they are. Just grab what's not falling apart, and we can try to salvage it later.

VAL:

Will do, chief. And about those Asia Cooper novels you mentioned.

MILO:

Right. Um, check over by that precariously hanging light fixture. They should have cut the power off, so it's safe...probably.

VAL:

I'll take my chances.

[FOOTSTEPS ON DEBRIS FADE OUT AS MORE BOOKS ARE MOVED.]

CLEMENTINE:

I think we've picked this clean. Where else should we check?

MILO:

Good question. Um, try in that far corner over there. I set up a display a while back for stuff on the supernatural. You might be able to scavenge a few worth checking into. Just don't bother with anything by Gabriel Hemsworth. The man's nuts.

CLEMENTINE:

Noted.

MILO:

I'm gonna go check the back. Maybe Agi's office hasn't been pillaged for spare change yet.

VAL:

Holler if you require my lockpicking services.

MILO:

Will do.

[MILO'S FOOTSTEPS ON DEBRIS ECHO. WATER SLOWLY DRIPS.]

MILO:

This is all that's left, Agi: your angry kids, some soggy books, and me. And I can't even blame myself because none of this would have ever happened if it weren't for whatever sick games the city is playing. (*rummaging through objects*) Come on, there has to be something, *anything* that can help me-- (*drawers opening*) well, *us* figure out what the hell is going on.

Hm. Like this. "The Night Post Phenomenon: Supernatural Entities Among Us" by...no name. Of course. (*flipping pages*) But, handwritten. Hm. It's a start. (*shuts book*) Looks like I wasn't the first person in here. Desk is all busted open. I'm sure the family already made their way through and got all the financial stu--

CLEMENTINE:

(*muffled, overlapping*) Um, can we help you?

SERENE:

(*muffled*) It's alright, Clementine. We just came to browse!

[EERIE, MELODIC TINKLING OF A PIANO FADES IN.]

MILO:

(*steps returning*) Who are you two?

SERENE:

Milo is here too! I shouldn't be too surprised to see the three of you together, honestly. A tight knit group, huh?

MILO:

How do you know who we are?

SERENE:

Oh, we're big fans of the Post! Why shouldn't we know three of the Skelter's most important little pigeons?

VAL:

Wow, I didn't realize we were celebrities. Guess nearly getting crushed to death has its perks. Now that that's established, who are you weirdos and what do you want?

SERENE:

That's harsh! We just wanted to say hi and see what y'all were up to, that's all. It's dangerous walking around in a half-collapsed building, you know.

CLEMENTINE:

(quietly) I saw them coming up the sidewalk from the other side of the street, and there was definitely a third person with them. When I got Val's attention and turned back, they were gone.

MILO:

So you know, and obviously care about who we are. Do we get the same courtesy?

SERENE:

Duh, sorry! I'm Serene. The last name is unimportant. We can keep the relationship casual! This is Fred.

MILO:

Does he always give off the quiet, hired muscle vibes?

VAL:

Um, I think he's deaf, Milo.

CLEMENTINE:

He was signing to her earlier.

MILO:

Oh. Uh, sorry.

VAL:

He said it's all good.

MILO:

Am I the only one here that doesn't know how to sign?

VAL:
Looks like.

SERENE:
Yes!

CLEMENTINE:
Uh, yeah.

MILO:
Damn.

CLEMENTINE:
And the third? Uh, where did they run off to?

SERENE:
Amiya had to run an errand. I'm sure you'll meet her sometime.

VAL:
Okay, okay. Introductions all around. Now can we help you with anything, or are you the hit squad? Because if so, I'll let you in on a secret: this leg doesn't slow me down that much.

SERENE:
(laughs) After everything that's been going on, I guess it's not all that weird that you three are on edge. No, we're not here to cause a problem. We just wanted to come and do some shopping, and thought we might run into you.

CLEMENTINE:
That sounds an awful lot like looting and spying to me.

SERENE:
You can call it that, sure. We're not here to bother you guys, *I promise*.

MILO:
Then what exactly *do* you want? We're a little busy, and y'all are weirding us out. Plus, this is my property. Both of you should leave.

SERENE:
Your property? Oh, right, Agatha... *(insincere)* so sorry for your loss.

MILO:
There's been a lot of it going around lately. I'm not special. Now, are you going to leave?

SERENE:

Sure, no problem! We would just appreciate it if you three could let us borrow what you found. We'll try to get it back to you A-S-A-P, but the Night Post always runs so *slow*. No offense!

VAL:

None taken. But you're also not taking any of what we found. You're better off leaving us the hell alone.

[THE CLICK OF A HANDGUN BEING COCKED.]

[THE PIANO IS REPLACED BY HAUNTING STRINGS AND A SLOW, RHYTHMIC MELODY..]

CLEMENTINE:

A gun? Really? Over some soggy books?

VAL:

(exasperated) I'm always bringing a knife to a gunfight.

MILO:

And how many of those have you been involved in?

VAL:

Chill, it's just a figure of speech. *(mumbles)* Gotta put that on my bucket list...

MILO:

Look, this is fucking ridiculous. All of this over some books? Val, Clementine, just give them to 'em. None of it's worth getting hurt over.

SERENE:

Thank you, Milo. Your generosity is very much appreciated!

CLEMENTINE:

Generosity? You're holding us at gunpoint over some books! *(thud as she tosses her bag)* There. Take it.

VAL:

(tosses bag) Wow, this is definitely how I wanted to spend my day off.

SERENE:

Do you have anything to share, Milo?

MILO:

(unconvincing) N-no.

[VERY SOFTLY, THE REPEATED TEARING OF PAPER.]

SERENE:

Really? You didn't find anything back there? I'd be surprised if Agatha didn't leave anything behind.

MILO:

No, nothing. And what would y'all want with the book, anyway?

VAL:

(annoyed) Milo!

CLEMENTINE:

(exasperated) Milo!

MILO:

Damn.

SERENE:

So you did find something. Come on, don't hold out on us.

MILO:

I think we deserve some answers first.

SERENE:

Hmm. Oh, well of course not, Fred.

CLEMENTINE:

What about a cult?

SERENE:

(scolding) Fred! Didn't we just establish they can sign? *(sighs)* Cult is such a strong word, honestly. We're just a small part of a large group of people that are keenly interested in the Skelter. That includes everyone and everything living in it.

VAL:

So you're ghost hunters. Is the gig really so bad that you're stuck holding up off-duty mail carriers?

CLEMENTINE:

Don't antagonize them, Val. *They* have the gun, remember?

SERENE:

Very true! But you're a bit off, Valencia. This isn't our usual style of getting things done, but we are working on a strict timeline here. You all should know that better than anyone.

MILO:

All this is about the Other, isn't it!? Tell us what you know!

SERENE:

I'm not opposed to having a more in-depth conversation at a later time, but we got what we came for. Plus, it looks like we're all out of time.

[THE MUSIC STOPS AS CRACKLING FLAMES RISE IN THE BACKGROUND.]

MILO:

And what do you mean by that?

VAL:

Um, behind us Milo. The third stooge must have used what wasn't soaked for kindling.

MILO:

Oh no! What are you all doing? This is all I have left of Agi!

SERENE:

(insincere) I'm really sorry, but the less there is for the city to scavenge, the better.

CLEMENTINE:

Wait! How is the Governor involved in all this?

SERENE:

Sorry, time's up! We'll take that book now, Milo.

MILO:

Here, just take it. *(throws down book)*

SERENE:

Alright, let's go grab Amiya. I'm sure we'll see you three later. Good-bye! *(footsteps running away)*

VAL:

Look, I know this whole thing sucks, Milo, but we gotta go. Everything's wet, but it'll burn eventually.

MILO:

Well, not everything.

CLEMENTINE:

Wait, are those pages from the book? When did you manage that?

MILO:

While we bickered back and forth. I haven't had a chance to read them, but maybe there's something here that will point us in the right direction.

CLEMENTINE:

Hopefully... *(coughs)*

VAL:

C'mon, move it! *(coughs)* Where are we headed?

MILO:

(coughs) M-my place is fine. Let's just get out of here.

[A DOOR OPENS, THEN CLOSES. THE SOUND OF RAIN FILTERS INDOORS.]

MILO:

Sorry, you two. I obviously didn't plan on that happening.

CLEMENTINE:

We survived, so I say it's been a good day. Let's not tell Will about this, though, okay?

VAL:

Works for me. I'm really getting tired of all this unplanned fun.

MILO:

Yeah, you and me both. Maybe there's something here that I nabbed that will make it worth it.

VAL:

Highly doubtful, unless it's a hack for getting out of the Post without hangups, and the key to a safe full of money.

MILO:

We all have our dreams, I guess. *(pages rustle)* Most of these are still readable, even if my rip job was shoddy. Let's see...um...

(reading) "I, and many others, have long been suspicious of the link between the Night Post and the supernatural, often referred to as the Other. There is an obvious reason the general public shares a distrust of the city's most faithful servants: they roam the streets late at night when the malevolent presence of this phenomenon can be felt the most, pressing down upon one's self like an ever-present miasma..."

VAL:

Well, that's nothing new. We hear it all the time. (*mockingly*) "Pigeons go where the weird stuff is so they must be bad."

CLEMENTINE:

Another dead end? And after all we went through...

MILO:

Well, don't get all defeated yet. There's plenty more to check.

CLEMENTINE:

Okay, okay. At least this rain should put out the... (*trails off*)

MILO:

The fire. Yeah, I hope so. Not that there will be much to save. Anyways, make yourselves at home.

VAL:

Already on it. Any requests, Clementine?

CLEMENTINE:

Cinnamon tea would be amazing. Thank you.

MILO:

Last cabinet on the left, bottom shelf.

VAL:

Have anything to make it a little stronger?

MILO:

Last cabinet on the left, *top* shelf.

VAL:

Excellent.

MILO:

(*papers rustle*) Like old times, huh?

CLEMENTINE:

Not *that* old, but I understand the sentiment. Want to pass me a few pages? (*paper rustles*)

CLEMENTINE:

Hmm...some of this is in a different language. Nothing I recognize, either.

MILO:

Of course it is. Why wouldn't it be? *(brief pause)* Yeah, me neither.

VAL:

Hey, I recognize some of that?

CLEMENTINE:

Really?

MILO:

(overlapping) Really?

VAL:

Why are you two always so surprised when I know something useful?

MILO:

Sorry, just didn't take you for much of a linguist.

VAL:

Well, I'm not, but there was a letter a while back. Something about an old sub station, uh, under the active one? They mentioned reading signs with a different language on them. None of these words are an exact match from what I remember, but they sound close enough.

CLEMENTINE:

So it's basically written in code.

VAL:

Might as well be, if we can't read it.

MILO:

Well, shit. *(pages crinkle)* Yeah, a lot of my pages are written in it, too. Another dead end, why am I not surprised?

CLEMENTINE:

It's not entirely though, is it? We don't know what it says, but...don't you think it's weird that there's an entire language none of us have heard anything about? Barring the letter, of course.

VAL:

It is literally buried under the city.

MILO:

That's a good point. Why is there a city under Gilt City that spoke a different language that no one knows about?

VAL:

Whoever wrote this knew about it well enough.

MILO:

It's not exactly common knowledge, though.

CLEMENTINE:

Not to us, no, but I can't imagine city officials not knowing about it.

VAL:

So, what happened, then?

MILO:

If that cult of clowns *and* the city is involved, I can only imagine it has to do with the Post and the Other, too.

CLEMENTINE:

That seems to be the obvious answer. Maybe Will knows something about this. Do you mind if I take a few pages to ask her about?

MILO:

Yeah, go for it.

VAL:

Just be careful.

CLEMENTINE:

And what's that supposed to mean?

VAL:

Exactly what I said.

CLEMENTINE:

(sarcastically) Sure. Oh! Those are so pretty, Milo. What are they?

MILO:

Thanks. I'm not really sure, though. I had a random urge to have some green in this place. It all just kind of took off without my help, honestly.

CLEMENTINE:

Forget a black thumb, you have a whole green hand! I'm so jealous.

MILO:

Yeah, maybe you're right.

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. Send a letter to an independent bookseller and tell them about *The Night Post*.