

HIGHLIGHT TO SEE CONTENT WARNINGS:

NICHOLAS:

(as the intro plays) At the edge of Gilt City, the voice in your head is one of many, and all await the arrival of the Night Post.

[INTERIOR OF THE STATION 103 BREAK ROOM. A FLUORESCENT LIGHTS BUZZES AS IT TURNS ON. IN THE BACKGROUND, COFFEE BREWS SLOWLY.]

VAL:

You look like shit, Clem.

CLEMENTINE:

Aw, thanks, Val. I'm glad we're on speaking terms again. What would I do without your daily encouragement?

MILO:

Yikes. You aren't coming down with something, are you? I haven't banked enough sick time to take a night off.

CLEMENTINE:

I don't look *that bad*, do I?

VAL:

It...isn't *your* fault.

MILO:

Do you want to talk about it?

CLEMENTINE:

There isn't much to talk about. I'm tired. That's all.

MILO:

And you're sure that's all?

VAL:

Don't pester her. If she doesn't want to talk, she doesn't want to talk.

MILO:

I'm not pestering.

CLEMENTINE:

Thank you both for your concern. I'm okay, I promise. I know I've been...*moody* since finding out about Will, but you don't have to worry about me. I'm getting over it! I'm thriving!

VAL:

It looks like you're about to throw up in your coffee.

CLEMENTINE:

But I'm trying not to!

MILO:

Oh no, you're getting sick. Okay, we need to get on top of this. Do we have any orange juice in the fridge? If not, I'll stop and get you some medicine on my way back to the station. And don't run home before I get it to you.

CLEMENTINE:

I don't think I'm getting sick. My head hurts--that's all.

VAL:

Your head always hurts. But if you don't want to talk about what's actually wrong, we'll leave you alone.

MILO:

(taking a seat) It's about time to head out, but I can't muster up the strength. Y'all want to go on strike again?

CLEMENTINE:

Because that worked out so well for us the first time.

VAL:

(overlapping) I'm down.

MILO:

Look, I know it wouldn't be productive, and we'd end up exactly where we are now, but I'm so tired...

VAL:

Yeah, I'll second that.

MILO:

It's the kind of tiredness that doesn't seem to fade even if you can sleep. And there'll never be enough rest to get rid of the feeling.

CLEMENTINE:

My father used to say--

VAL:

"That's the spirits holding on to your ankles."

MILO:

We've got spirits holding on to a lot more than just our ankles.

VAL:

(*huffs*) We love making bargains that definitely won't come back to haunt us.

CLEMENTINE:

It's better than doing nothing at all.

MILO:

I don't think we have an option to sit out of things anymore. Whatever's going on, we're involved.

VAL:

Until we end it with Block.

CLEMENTINE:

I don't love the idea of walking into that confrontation without a plan, but I don't know what to even expect. How can we be prepared when we're walking in completely clueless?

[THE COFFEE MAKER FINISHES ITS CYCLE. THE FLUORESCENT LIGHTS DRONE ON.]

MILO:

We're more prepared than we usually are.

VAL:

You mean, because we've already been *around the Block*, so to speak?

MILO:

I see what you did there, but no. I can't speak for your experiences, but I think...

CLEMENTINE:

What?

MILO:

Look, I know it's wild to say out loud, but I think I have some influence over plants? I don't know where the ability came from, or what all I can actually *do*, but...before I started at the Post, Ashley wouldn't even let me water his plants, and now I can get things to grow without even trying. And when I say grow, I mean...um, it's like squirting lighter fluid into a fire, that's how fast I can get sprouts to just explode from the soil.

CLEMENTINE:

Wait, you've squirted lighter fluid into a fire?

VAL:

That's what you're concerned about?

MILO:

(overlapping) Yeah, you haven't? What else are you supposed to do at a bonfire Skelter concert?

VAL:

Okay, Milo has weird plant powers. I can hear letters, which is the lamest thing ever, when I could just open them and read them.

CLEMENTINE:

The only thing I've got going for me is these weird dreams. They're not useful if I can't understand what they fucking mean.

VAL:

We're not exactly a dream team.

MILO:

But who else is there?

VAL:

I mean, I'd just say, fuck it. Let Strategist Block burn down the city, and we'll watch it burn together, but...she apparently has it out for us, specifically.

MILO:

She should face consequences for what she's done--and probably for whatever she's planning, too.

CLEMENTINE:

And we're consequences?

MILO:

Hell yeah, we are.

VAL:

I just keep thinking...it can't be a good thing, can it? That we've *changed* like this?

CLEMENTINE:

I don't think the Skelter works on a moral binary. It isn't a matter of what's good and bad.

MILO:

Yes, obviously, it's very complicated.

VAL:

It's all complicated and *terrible*.

CLEMENTINE:

I could say the same about my romantic life, but that hasn't stopped me from trying.

VAL:

(laughs) All right, good point. You work with what you've got.

MILO:

On three: "Team Complicated and Terrible." One, two--

CLEMENTINE:

Okay, but can we workshop the name?

VAL:

Yeah, I think we can do better.

[EARLY MORNING OUTSIDE CACKLING FIELDS STABLES. BIRDS CALLING, DOGS BARKING, A LIGHT BREEZE BLOWING.]

CLEMENTINE:

Be a good girl. I'll see you tonight.

[DAFFODIL NEIGHS GENTLY, AND CLEMENTINE LAUGHS.]

CLEMENTINE:

(fond) Stop it, leave my hair alone.

WILL:

(steps approach) Wow, she--she does really like you.

CLEMENTINE:

Oh, it's you. What are you doing here?

WILL:

I wanted to see you.

CLEMENTINE:

Okay, here I am. Catch you never.

WILL:

(catching the swinging stall door) Wait! I know I'm the last person you want to be around, but hear me out.

CLEMENTINE:

No, thanks. Please step outside the stall. You're making Daffodil and me feel very uncomfortable.

[DAFFODIL NICKERS AS SHE NOSES AROUND WILL.]

WILL:

Really? 'Cause she looks excited to see the treat that I brought her.

[MUNCHING AND STEPS ON HAY AS WILL FEEDS THE HORSE.]

CLEMENTINE:

She's a traitor. Can you move, so I can storm out? I'm trying to have a moment here, and showing up with sugar cubes and sweet smiles is making it difficult.

WILL:

You know you're cute when you're angry, right?

CLEMENTINE:

You are not allowed to call me cute. Please, *leave*.

WILL:

Well, you won't return any of my letters.

CLEMENTINE:

No, I won't. I feed them to starving wolf mothers.

WILL:

That's both unique and dramatic--I'm impressed. I just don't know how else to get a hold of you.

CLEMENTINE:

Besides stalking me wherever I go?

WILL:

You only go, like, six different places, okay? It's not that difficult.

CLEMENTINE

(mocking) And you're a professional spy.

WILL:

That's hardly true. I'm not working for Block anymore.

CLEMENTINE:

Good for you.

WILL:

I've found some information for you. I don't have a lot of specifics, but I brought you everything I have.

CLEMENTINE:

I don't need it. We know where Block is.

WILL:

Well, who's your source? *(pause)* And how do you know that they're telling the truth?

CLEMENTINE:

They're more trustworthy than you are.

WILL:

Are you sure about that? I haven't always been the most upfront with you, but I'm still here. I want to help you.

CLEMENTINE:

Even if I wanted to accept your help, you're too late. We know everything we need to know.

WILL:

Look, she knows you're coming. I overheard her stand-in making preparations for "uninvited guests," and I had to assume that would be you.

CLEMENTINE:

We don't have much of a choice but to confront her. She's proven that there aren't many boundaries she won't cross when it comes to trying to get at us.

WILL:

That's exactly why you shouldn't show up there! There's no way you can be prepared to face someone who's ten steps in front of you. Block has more information and unlimited resources.

CLEMENTINE:

That's an unusual amount of concern from someone like you.

WILL:

I care about you!

CLEMENTINE:

Well, don't!

WILL:

(exhale) We can't just turn our connections to people on and off. What I did was wrong, and... maybe unforgivable, but it doesn't mean that I don't still--

CLEMENTINE:

Don't say it. *(rattling stall door)* Get out of here.

WILL:

Let's walk and talk, then. Could...could I give you a ride home?

CLEMENTINE:

(sigh) Why are you so persistent?

WILL:

Because I care about you. I'm not ready to give up.

CLEMENTINE:

Give up on what, exactly? Our entire relationship was built on a lie!

WILL:

I--

[THE STALL SWINGS OPEN AGAIN AS CLEMENTINE SPRINTS OUT INTO THE PASTURE.]

CLEMENTINE:

Hey, you! Get off of there, you're gonna spook the horses!

WILL:

(breathing hard as she catches up) It's your double again? Maybe she's trying to stop you from wandering into a potentially deadly situation, too!

CLEMENTINE:

Get down.

[THE MIRROR CLEM LANDS IN THE DIRT WITH A THUD.]

WILL:

Woah, she *does* listen to you.

CLEMENTINE:

She should've listened to me when I told her to *leave me alone*.

WILL:

I don't know much about these, um, unusual circumstances, but...maybe she just doesn't understand you.

CLEMENTINE:

She understands enough.

MIRROR CLEM:

You're being rude.

WILL:

She talks?

CLEMENTINE:

You said, you were going to leave me alone!

MIRROR CLEM:

You aren't ready to be left alone.

CLEMENTINE:

Yes, I am! As far as I'm concerned, you can both. Fuck. Off.

MIRROR CLEM:

Don't take it personally, Wilhelmina.

WILL:

Oh, I don't--

CLEMENTINE:

Don't talk to her!

WILL:

Why not?

MIRROR CLEM:

She can talk to me if she wants to. We like Wilhelmina.

CLEMENTINE:

No, we don't--/ don't. Do not include me in whatever you're up to.

MIRROR CLEM:

I'm meeting the horses.

WILL:

If it's not rude to ask...um, what *are* you?

MIRROR CLEM:

I'm a Clementine.

WILL:

I can see that, but...*why* are you Clementine?

MIRROR CLEM:

A deal was struck.

WILL:

A deal?

MIRROR CLEM:

Yes. You understand, don't you? It's my duty to fulfill my end of the bargain.

CLEMENTINE:

Wait, what bargain? What are you trying to accomplish?

MIRROR CLEM:

I'm a helper. I help.

WILL:

Helping is subjective.

CLEMENTINE:

Who'd you make the bargain with?

MIRROR CLEM:

Our father--who else?

CLEMENTINE:

It looks like I'm not the only Keys who makes questionable deals with spirits, then.

WILL:

Clementine!

CLEMENTINE:

It's not your business anymore, Will. I obviously couldn't count on you, so I went elsewhere for information.

WILL:

That's your source? A--

CLEMENTINE:

A spirit. That *is* what you are, right?

MIRROR CLEM:

I'm a Clem--

CLEMENTINE:

A Clementine. Yes, so you said. How do you know my father?

MIRROR CLEM:

I wouldn't say I *know* him. Not like I know you. Our father is part of...what do you call it? The Other.

WILL:

Then is he...alive somehow?

MIRROR CLEM:

No. But a trace of him remains. Something always remains.

WILL:

I don't think I like where this is going.

MIRROR CLEM:

Tommy Lee needed someone to watch over his daughter in his absence, and I needed...it doesn't matter. From his memories, I became real. I became you, so I can help any way I can.

[AS BOTH CLEMENTINES BECOME MORE EMOTIONAL, A WHISTLING WIND RISES. A STORM IS BREWING.]

CLEMENTINE:

Well, you're not very good at being me. You're loud, destructive, invasive, pushy--

MIRROR CLEM:

I'm not perfect, but I'm still learning. But I'm not supposed to be a perfect mirror, you know. What good would that do? I balance your weaknesses. I express what you feel, do what you won't.

WILL:

Why didn't you say all this before? Why all the chaos and theatrics?

MIRROR CLEM:

I told you, I'm learning. When I became Clementine, it was like being born. I haven't been among your kind for many, many years.

CLEMENTINE:

You're an emotionally-stunted version of me sent from beyond the grave to act out my subconscious urges. Great. Thanks, Dad.

MIRROR CLEM:

You are still upset with me. But I *have* helped. You were too weak to save yourself from the fire, too afraid to kiss Wilhelmina--

CLEMENTINE:

Hey!

MIRROR CLEM:

Even now, you won't tell her how we feel.

WILL:

Clementine--

CLEMENTINE:

Will, don't.

WILL:

You can't expect me to just leave it alone. This is coming from...from you, in a way. What does she mean, Clementine? What do you feel?

CLEMENTINE:

This thing is *not* me, and I've said all I'm going to.

MIRROR CLEM:

She misses you like a fever that won't break. When she braids her hair, she's thinking of yours, how it smells of fresh linen and lavender. She won't read your letters because she's afraid of giving in, of being pulled into your whirlpool and drowned all over again.

WILL:

Oh, Clem, I didn't--

CLEMENTINE:

Stop, stop this--

MIRROR CLEM:

She's so scared she'll never come back from this, that maybe it would be better to live the sweet lie than accept that no one else will ever--

CLEMENTINE:

No!

[A DEAFENING CRACK OF THUNDER, SETTLING INTO A LOW, CONSTANT RUMBLE. THE HORSES WHINE AND STOMP, GROWING UPSET.]

CLEMENTINE:

I don't care what deal you made with my father, or what you came to do. You have no right to share my private thoughts, or act for me.

MIRROR CLEM:

But I feel all these things. These thoughts and actions are me.

WILL:

Um, maybe we should get inside. These clouds are awfully dark. *(horse whinnies)*

CLEMENTINE:

Understand this, spirit: you're not me, and you will never be. You're not even a version of me. There is only one Clementine Keys, and no one would ever want to be her, because she's awkward and strange and always falls too deeply in love for her own good. But don't believe for a second that she can't stand up for herself, or that she can't say what she feels. Clementine Keys raised herself in the roughest part of the country, and she carried her father's burdens all on her own, and she gave her heart fully to the people who loved her, even when they didn't always deserve it. She's stronger than anyone gives her credit for, and she--/ don't need you.

[AS SHE FINISHES SPEAKING, THE CLOUDS OPEN UP AND RAIN BEGINS TO POUR.]

WILL:

Huh. You tell her.

CLEMENTINE:

And I don't need you, either. I have myself, and my friends, and my--oh, no. Daffodil? Daff, come back here!

WILL:

How did she get out?

CLEMENTINE:

You must have left her stall unlatched while you were plying her with treats.

WILL:

Me? Why was I supposed to latch her stall?

CLEMENTINE:

Didn't you do dressage, or whatever rich girls call riding horses? You should know better.
(*calling over the rain*) Daffodil!

WILL:

Where is she? I can't see anything--

MIRROR CLEM:

(*hooves approaching*) It's all right. Daffodil's a good girl. She came right to me. Didn't you, girl?

CLEMENTINE:

Yes, good girl! Come here, let's get out of this rain.

[THE RAIN IS MUFFLED SLIGHTLY AS THEY STEP UNDER COVER.]

MIRROR CLEM:

You see? I am helpful.

WILL:

You know, there's much more to dressage than just "rich girls riding horses." Okay, I-I can see it's not the time.

CLEMENTINE:

(*latching the stall*) As I was saying, I don't need either of you to follow me around to check in on me. I'm fine. I'm going to be fine.

MIRROR CLEM:

Are you certain? Yes, you seem sure. I was worried about you before, but I feel something different now. Confidence, like a flame. It's warm in my chest.

CLEMENTINE:

I wish you could thank my father for me. Whatever the results, his heart was with me, and I'll never forget that.

MIRROR CLEM:

Being Clementine wasn't easy, but I enjoyed it. I'll miss you.

CLEMENTINE:

Good luck being someone else. I can't promise that it'll be any easier.

MIRROR CLEM:

Take care, will you?

CLEMENTINE:

Only if you do the same.

[A WHOOSHING SOUND, FOLLOWED BY DISSIPATING STATIC, ANNOUNCES MIRROR CLEM'S DEPARTURE.]

WILL:

That was incredibly touching. Your father must have cared a great deal for you, if he was willing to make a bargain with a spirit like that.

CLEMENTINE:

Yeah.

WILL:

I guess I should take my cue from the other Clementine and give you some space. *(pause)* But, um...is what she said true? Do you really still--

CLEMENTINE:

Yes. She wasn't lying, but I--I don't want to talk about it. I'm not ready.

WILL:

I understand. Do you mind if I continue writing to you? You don't have to respond, but now I'm in the habit, and it keeps me from missing you so much.

CLEMENTINE:

What kind of pigeon would I be if I told people to stop writing letters?

WILL:

You're one of a kind, Clementine.

CLEMENTINE:

I know, I know.

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 someone complicated and terrible, and tell them about The Night Post.