

HIGHLIGHT TO SEE CONTENT WARNINGS:

[THE SHOUTS AND LAUGHTER OF CHILDREN, MINGLED WITH SPLASHING AND RUNNING WATER.]

MILO:

When did working at the Post start coming with perks? I don't think I've ever seen a bigger gathering of pigeons, but apparently we'll all show up for a free t-shirt and the most horrifying collection of--ugh--*water rides* imaginable.

VAL:

I wouldn't call one-day tickets to Astounding Rapids a perk. It's barely a shitty consolation prize.

CLEMENTINE:

I don't know how I feel about the t-shirts. "Enjoy Your One Day in the Sun"? Doesn't that seem a little condescending and ominous?

MILO:

You're wearing it anyway.

CLEMENTINE:

It's comfortable. And I don't want everyone staring at me in my swimsuit all day while I stand around in line.

VAL:

Plus, If it weren't for that shirt, the ridiculous hat, and *her shawl*, Clementine's visage would be enough to drive us to madness at the sight of a moon-white creature of the night.

CLEMENTINE:

It's not my fault that I don't get out in the sun very often.

MILO:

I didn't get a lot of sun before I became a pigeon, and now I've kind of completely forgotten what it looks like. It's like, *AHH, what is that thing? It's burning my beautiful, sensitive skin as we speak.*

VAL:

If we all received free tickets, do you think Nick is here somewhere? I don't think I've ever seen him step outside during the day, and I kind of want to see what he looks like in natural light.

CLEMENTINE:

I can't imagine Nick at a water park. Wouldn't he say something like, "This entire place is frivolous and disgusting."

VAL:

(*imitating Nicholas*) I find Astounding Rapids aquatic amusement park to be filthy and overrun with children coated in mysterious substances. I would much rather be licking stamps alone at the station.

MILO:

Psh. Doesn't he sound more like, "Oh my stars, I appear to have gotten my snow-cone on my trousers."

CLEMENTINE:

Oh! Can we get snow-cones? I saw a kid with a giant one that had all the colors of the rainbow, and now I can't think about anything else.

VAL:

Don't worry, point out the one you want and I'll snatch it from the snot-nosed brat.

CLEMENTINE:

Or we could just...buy our own?

MILO:

Maybe this job is turning me into a cynic, but isn't it a bit weird the Night Post would give anything away? It seems a little suspicious to me.

VAL:

I wouldn't think too hard about it, or you won't enjoy our day.

MILO:

Look, I know we haven't known each other for very long, but you should know that this place is on the bottom tier of places where I'm likely to have a *good day*.

CLEMENTINE:

I'm not a fan of those big slides that shake and leak constantly, but that doesn't mean we can't enjoy a turn around the lazy river, or...or ride the artificial waves in the pool.

MILO:

I'm not overly worried about breaking my neck on one of those rides. I'm a lot more concerned about catching a hideous foot fungus.

VAL:

You're both big babies. Come on, we're going on...*that one*.

[MILO'S VOICE TRAILS OFF AS HE FOLLOWS VAL, WALKING FAST IN FLIP-FLOPS.]

MILO:

(sigh) Do we have to?

[LATER, AMID THE SOUNDS OF RUNNING WATER AND CHILDREN, THE CRINKLE OF PAPER FOOD WRAPPERS.]

VAL:

See, he's happier now that he's got more food than any one man should ever consume.

MILO:

That's awfully judgmental coming from someone carrying-- *(paper crinkling)* --how many orders of fries?

VAL:

What? The fries here are delicious.

CLEMENTINE:

Hey, I thought we got those to share.

VAL:

I didn't think you'd actually eat any of them. Doesn't your diet consist of blades of grass and sunflower seeds?

MILO:

Yeah, is that how you manage to stay so skeletal? Maybe I should...hm. Nevermind, dying young from a heart attack might be a preferable way to go. I keep having nightmares about disappearing into a sinkhole or getting dragged into someone's barn, never to be seen again.

VAL:

If I don't die in an explosion, flipping off the world and giving a killer one liner with my last breath--what's even the point?

CLEMENTINE:

Why are you both so morbid? How can you think about death and destruction on a beautiful, sunny day like this?

MILO:

It's because the sun is causing my skin to sizzle and flake as we speak.

VAL:

(overlapping) I'm always thinking about death and destruction.

CLEMENTINE:

(sigh) Suit yourselves. *(pause)* Oh, hold on, we need some more ketchup.

[CLEMENTINE TAKES A FEW STEPS, THEN LETS OUT A STARTLED YELP.]

CLEMENTINE:

Oh, my god.

VAL:

What's the matter? Did you get some sauce on your shawl?

CLEMENTINE:

(steps returning) No! We need to take this to go.

MILO:

Slow down. Weren't you the one telling us not to be apocalyptic?

CLEMENTINE:

Forget that, *look!*

[SQUELCHING NOISES OF COUNTLESS SLIMY CREATURES WRITHING.]

MILO:

Gross, what are those things?

VAL:

That's rude. A few slugs never hurt anyone. Even if they are glowing and oozing something that smells like...hot plastic.

MILO:

A few?

CLEMENTINE:

(overlapping) They're *disgusting*.

VAL:

You're ridiculous. They're harmless, look--ow! Nevermind, don't touch them.

MILO:

Why would you touch them?

CLEMENTINE:

Let's get out of here and find somewhere to eat that isn't slithering with those things. That trash can looks like it's breathing.

MILO:

How did we miss them a few minutes ago?

CLEMENTINE:

I don't think they were here a few minutes ago. Oh god, they're fast. Why are they so fast?

VAL:

The intertubes are bursting with them. You don't think they live in those, do you?

MILO:

I don't really want to think about those slugs at all. To be honest, I'm ready to call it a day. I hate looking at them and they're *everywhere*. Ugh. It's like I can feel like they're sliding all over me, and I want to take a thousand showers now.

CLEMENTINE:

Um, Milo, I don't want it to distress you...

VAL:

(knocking Milo's tray to the ground) They're all over your lunch, buddy.

MILO:

Oh, god. *(gagging)*

CLEMENTINE:

Uh, careful, don't let them touch you.

MILO:

I'm trying to avoid that!

VAL:

These fries belong to you now. Please don't burn my skin again. ‘

MILO:

Stop talking to the slugs. Let's get out of here. Those tickets were free, but you couldn't pay me to stay at this point.

CLEMENTINE:

Oh, ugh. Seconded. Let's get out of here.

VAL:

Be free, little ones, and destroy all you touch! *(maniacal laugh)*

CLEMENTINE:

(exasperated) Val!

ELIZABETH L:

(as the outro plays) No mysterious radioactive slugs were hurt in the recording of this episode of The Night Post. For more unrestrained summer fun, join our Discord. Tell the sexy lifeguard at your local pool about The Night Post. And The Night Post pod will return from summer vacation on August 11. Thanks for listening.