

Episode Credits

Written by Clayton Fails. Directed by Jeffrey Gardner. Sound Design by Ryan Schile. Music by Stephen Poon. Illustration by Dann Tincher.

Episode Cast

Narrator — Ansel Burch
Mrs. Rourke — Tara Schile
Andrew Snidge— Frank Sjodin
Creep— Rick Uskert
Bartender— Abby Doud
Bar Patron #1— Mark Soloff
Bar Patron #2— Antonio Brunetti
Bar Patron #3— Nathan Sowell

TIME MARKER - 00:00

SFX: A record needle is placed on a record, the scratch giving way to the opening theme of the True Historical Dramas.

NARRATOR

Tonight's broadcast is brought to you by the company you depend upon for all of your greatest needs, HartLife. These stories are true dramatizations from our fair city's glorious history. So listen and remember: HartLife, all the life you'll ever need.

NARRATOR

It is often the condition of young persons, suddenly in possession of a youthful, alluring body, to be compelled to action. They feel the need, it would seem, to display the body, to let others enjoy it as well. It is generally the office of elders to condemn this behavior as foolish and potentially dangerous. As we return to Our Fair City, let us consider this reversal of roles. Elizabeth Rourke, having suddenly found herself

with a new, young, nubile body, is making the time honored maiden voyage which tests the levels of youth and attractiveness. She is headed to a bar, and it has fallen to young Andrew Snidge to dissuade her.

SFX: Two pairs of footsteps, walking down a tunnel

SNIDGE

So, we're going to a bar?

ELIZABETH

That's right.

SNIDGE

Well, don't get me wrong here, that sounds like fun...but isn't there anyone you want to see? You just came back from the dead!

ELIZABETH

Who would believe me? HartLife says I'm dead, and I don't know anyone who would contradict them.

SNIDGE

...good point.

ELIZABETH

Besides, who do I have? My husband...'disappeared' years ago, and now HartLife has Nathan...bastards.

SNIDGE

Woah! Don't talk like that. StreetSafe monitors this whole area, you know.

ELIZABETH

I do. I used to work for them. What are they going to do? They already killed me once.

SNIDGE

Oh, is that how you wound up in Dr. West's collection!?

ELIZABETH

You understand if I'd rather not discuss it.

SNIDGE

Oh...sure.

ELIZABETH

Well, this is it.

SFX: The footsteps stop as we hear the muffled sounds of music coming from the bar.

SNIDGE

Wow! This is Al's! I've been here before! Small world.

ELIZABETH

Too true.

SNIDGE

You know, between you and me, it's not a very clean place...

TIME MARKER- 02:01

ELIZABETH

No, it isn't. It's a little dirty and a little dangerous, but I'm a walking corpse. Actually, there's more than one corpse making up this body – I'm not *a* walking corpse, I'm *some* walking corpse.

CREEP

(whistles)
I'll say!

ELIZABETH

Hmm. Let's go inside.

SFX: Door, busy bar sounds – but as ELIZABETH enters, bar noises drop off. Exclamations and whistling, cat calls.

Hi. Nice to be noticed. Thank you. Yes, go back to your drink, sir.
Okay.

Typical bar noise slowly resumes.

BARTENDER

What'll it be?

SNIDGE

Uh, do you have a...menu? Or-

BARTENDER

You want a small one...

SFX: Little glass plunks down

...or a big one?

SFX: Huge glass plunks down

SNIDGE

...oh...

BARTENDER

A small one, then. Ma'am?

ELIZABETH

Oh, a big one I think. It's been one of those days.

BARTENDER

Most are.

SFX: Drinks are poured. We hear them drink, and SNIDGE cough.

ELIZABETH

Take it easy, Andrew. This stuff is for grown-ups.

SNIDGE

(weakly)
I can tell.

ELIZABETH

It's okay, hon. I know it's a scary world out there, and I know you're still finding your place in it, but you'll come through alright.

(a pause as she drinks)
...Or not. Either way, I think it's good you've found Herbert. He'll do what he can to make sure you're okay, and between you and me I think you need the help.

SNIDGE

Yeah, I know.

ELIZABETH

You're a good kid, but you know how it is.

SNIDGE

I try real hard.

ELIZABETH

Too hard, maybe.

SNIDGE

That's what Dr. West says.

ELIZABETH

You should call him Herbert, dear. He likes that.

SNIDGE

He always says so.

ELIZABETH

And I'm Elizabeth. When you call me 'ma'am' it makes me feel old, and when you call me Seven-Five-Three it just reminds me that I'm not the woman I once was.

SNIDGE

Actually, um, I've been thinking. You're Nathan Rourke's mother, and...well, you know I met him once?

ELIZABETH

I didn't, actually – did you know him from school?

SNIDGE

No, we met on the People Mover. Then his friend threw me off. But, what I wanted to ask you was, do you think, maybe I could...I mean, I don't really have anyone, and I thought it'd be nice to call you, um.

TIME MARKER- 04:05

ELIZABETH

Do you want to call me 'mom'?

BAR PATRON #1

Yeah I do!

ELIZABETH

Shut up.

(Snidge makes an uncomfortable laughing sound)

Andrew, I'm not your mother. And you need to be taking care of yourself now – you ducked your corporate occupational assignment, no one will do it for you.

SNIDGE

(clearly disappointed)
Oh, yeah. Okay, yeah. Um.

ELIZABETH

(sighing, capitulating)
...but if you promise to do it only when we're in private, I guess it'd be okay.

SNIDGE

Really?! Thanks, mom! Wow!

ELIZABETH

I said in private. Don't make me regret this.

SNIDGE

I promise I won't!

ELIZABETH

(muttering so SNIDGE can't hear)
Too late.

SNIDGE

Wow, well. So, mmmelizabeth. What do you want to do now that we're here?

ELIZABETH

I want to finish this drink. Then I want to finish another one. Then another. And I'd like to continue on in this fashion until I no longer care that my son is in the clutches of evil, that my body consists of parts of, at my last count, at least five other people, that I currently exist in an ambiguous flux between life and death which may end abruptly for all I know and plunge me back into darkness, and that my only friends in the world are a kind, polite, but decidedly eerie re-animator who may be lying about where he comes from and a well-intentioned but hapless and pathetic young man with abandonment issues.

SNIDGE

And me, right?

ELIZABETH

Another big one, please!

BAR PATRON #2

It sounds like you're having a rough time, ma'am.

ELIZABETH

Elizabeth!

BAR PATRON #2

No offense meant. Let me buy you this next drink, Elizabeth. And if you'd like, you can tell me about your troubles.

ELIZABETH

You know, I think I'd like that. What's your name, stranger?

SNIDGE

Mom! Don't talk to him!

ELIZABETH

Andrew, I'm not your mom. And this man is right, I'm having a rough time, and I'll talk to whomever I please.

BAR PATRON #1

So why don't you talk to me, pretty lady, huh? Only fancy-pants here is good enough for you?

BAR PATRON #2

Maybe because you never learned any manners. Why don't you just sit down and let the lady and I have a drink?

TIME MARKER- 06:00

BAR PATRON #1

How about you say that to my face?

BAR PATRON #2

I just did.

BAR PATRON #3

Aw, damn! Mess him up, Jimmy!

BAR PATRON #1

Yeah. Yeah! I'm gonna mess him up!

*SFX: A brawl erupts- glasses smashing,
punches thrown, shouts of pain.*

SNIDGE

Everybody stop fighting!

ELIZABETH

(surprised by herself)

I don't know. This is kind of...exciting. It's been a long time since anyone wanted to fight over me. It's making me feel-

SNIDGE

I told you this wasn't a nice place! Let's get out of here!

ELIZABETH

No...no, I think I want to...stay?

SFX: Eerie chords filter into the fighting.

BAR PATRON #1

Ow! My head!

ELIZABETH

(her speech is interspersed with Zombie groans and woofs)

Ohhh, his head...the blood, it looks...I want to...huuuurgh...I

should...*HRRUUUNGGH*...I NEED TO *GRUUUUUEAARGH!*

SFX: The bar fight suddenly seems tame compared to the wet rending sound of ELIZABETH joining the fray, tearing limbs off of patrons and biting into skulls in a frenzy of violence and feeding. We hear patrons trying to flee, and ELIZABETH crying in triumph and elation, and SNIDGE emitting a long, uninterrupted string of screaming. Eventually, the sounds of the fight subside, and we are left with ELIZABETH breathing hard and SNIDGE whimpering in terror. ELIZABETH's breathing slows as she comes back to herself.

Huuuurgh...huuurr...oh...oh. What...oh. AHHH!

ELIZABETH emits a very human scream as she realizes what has happened.

I didn't. I couldn't! Oh...oh I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to, I was just-

SFX: An automated announcement begins playing: StreetSafe is on their way!

TIME MARKER- 07:32

No. Andrew – Andrew? Andrew! Snap out of it, we have to go.

SNIDGE

But you-

ELIZABETH

I won't hurt you. It's me, remember? It's me it's mom. Come on, we have to leave before they get here.

SNIDGE

But I-

ELIZABETH

You are on camera sitting with me, they'll come for you too. Let's get out of here. Now! Back to the lab!

SFX: Jangling wreckage and footsteps as they flee the scene. Creepy organ music fades up under the narration.

NARRATOR

How could this have been allowed to happen? How could Mrs. Rourke have been allowed free reign with this potential? Will anyone hunt her down for this destruction? Will Doctor West be made to pay for what he has released into Our Fair City? Find out, as the historical record continues with "The Gang's all Faire."