

SV Episode 12

CAR, INT, NIGHT

PAIGE is driving. The roar of the car engine.

We can hear other cars now, rushing past.

We hear her try and flick through the radio channels.

Static. Static. Static.

She gives up and keeps driving.

In the back, we can hear CARPENTER and FAULKNER faintly snoring / breathing.

PAIGE:

Kind of funny that I'm the one who's ended up driving, isn't it?

CARPENTER and FAULKNER remain sleeping.

PAIGE continues to amuse herself.

PAGE:

(Jokingly)

Hey, is that a **police** convoy...?

CARPENTER and FAULKNER do not respond.

PAIGE sighs.

PAIGE:

(Narrating)

It's getting dark.

I'm driving my own erstwhile captors north.

To a town where they hope to find a weapon of mass-murder, in service to an outlawed god.

I am...close to laughter, strangely. Not to tears.

It's ridiculous.

These people snoring behind me are ridiculous, their trust in me - again, ridiculous.

I can't wait to get home and tell someone about this grand, absurd adventure I had on the other side of the border, to sit down amongst my friends in the office and gossip and hear them burst out laughing and tell me what a lucky break I had not to end up dead or worse.

For once in my life, I feel armed against you, in particular.

Like I could call you up and say, 'Dad, I was hijacked on the river road by a couple of renegades, but it's all right', and for as long as I needed you'd stop grifting, stop threatening and working your angles...and just let me talk.

Paige, that's incredible. Paige, I can't believe this happened to you.

Then I remember what's waiting for me at home.

What's waiting for me in the grand glass offices across the water.

And I think the most awful thing in the world would be if I came back now - and nobody realised that I'd been missing.

She reflects on that for a moment.

PAIGE:

(As if to herself)

These are the Silt Verses.

And...rather loudly dozing across the back seat, these are our disciples, in order of their arrival.

Lucille Valentine.

Meabh de Brune.

B. Narr.

And Gordon Houston.

Written by Jon Ware and produced by Muna Hussen.

Audio production by Sammy Holden.

PAIGE continues to drive.

A moment later, she pulls over to the side of the road, and parks.

Then she hits the horn, to wake her passengers up.

The sound is jarring and loud.

She hits the horn again.

CARPENTER:
(Blearily, from the back)
Stop that.

PAIGE:
You've been asleep all day. I could have driven us off a cliff.

CARPENTER:
Well, I think it's *nice* that we feel so safe around you.
(To FAULKNER)
How you doing, Faulkner?

FAULKNER:
(Rousing himself groggily)
Still hurts.

CARPENTER:
Figures.

More cars flash past.

FAULKNER:
Where'd all these cars come from?

PAIGE:
This is the border junction. It gets busy here.
(As if pointing)
East, on the main roads, that'll take me home into the Linger Straits.

North takes you further upriver.

There's a service station on the other side of the carriageway. Looks like a restaurant, too.

I'll...see if I can call a cab to come pick me up.

CARPENTER considers.

CARPENTER:
Paige...you can keep the car.

We'll make our own way north from here.

There's a tension in PAIGE's voice.

PAIGE:
That's OK. I don't know if I'm going to keep it.

(Lightly)

Besides, there's a few new scratches which I'm not sure I'll be able to explain.

It's yours.

CARPENTER:

What will you do?

PAIGE:

I'm still under contract.

I need to get back to work, report in.

Call my dad and let him know I'm safe.

CARPENTER:

If you need to call the police, we'd appreciate it if you give us a little time.

PAIGE:

I can try.

CARPENTER:

Well...thank you, then.

For everything.

We hear PAIGE get out of the car.

The door slams. She begins walking away.

CARPENTER:

All right. Do you have any money left, Faulkner?

FAULKNER:

Little light.

CARPENTER:

That's fine.

When the petrol runs out, we'll need to-

We hear a sudden tapping on the car window.

PAIGE:

(Muffled)

Do you want to get dinner?

MEAT RESTAURANT, INT, NIGHT

We can hear diners chatting in the other booths.

Jaunty, appalling background jingles are playing.

A tinny-sounding hog animatronic greets PAIGE, FAULKNER and CARPENTER as they enter.

ANIMATRONIC:

(Very cheerfully)

Hi, there! Welcome to the Chitterling's Chapel, faithful feeders. We'll be your Humble Host of Hogs.

PAIGE:

Table for three, please.

ANIMATRONIC:

(Ignoring her and continuing with its spiel)

Whether you're slurping down a delicious bowl of oxtail soup, tucking into a Chitterling's Cheeseburger, or simply enjoying our triple-dunked fries, you're sure to find what you're looking for at the Chitterling's Chapel.

PAIGE:

Table for three, please-

ANIMATRONIC:

Looks like you're in a party of three. Please feel free to collect your menus from my belly, then follow the flashing lights on the floor until they lead you all the way to Stable Twenty-Nine.

When you're ready to order, simply press the red button and tell your Humble Host of Hogs your choices.

We can't wait to serve you up a feast!

PAIGE turns back to CARPENTER and FAULKNER. She's a little embarrassed.

PAIGE:

Uh. This way.

As they walk through the restaurant, we hear the occasional background sounds of ANIMATRONICS continuing to chant and greet guests.

BOOTH, INT, DAY

As the group settle into their booth, another animatronic chirps up.

ANIMATRONIC:

Welcome to your stable, faithful feeders! If you check your menus, you'll find a collection of fill-in-the prayer-marks for the children, as well as a short hosanna to the Chitterling. Prostate yourself before the Neon Hog, located close to the bathrooms, for a full belly and a settled hunger.

CARPENTER:

Put a coat over it or something.

ANIMATRONIC:

Today is the Day of Emergence, and today's special dish is-
(Suddenly muffled by coat)
-a rack of Whole Hog Ribs with the Chitterling's Secret Sauce-

They settle in the booth.

Everyone's examining their menus.

CARPENTER:

(Awkwardly remembering herself)

Thank you for doing this, Paige.

PAIGE:

(Reading the menu)

That's all right.

After what we've been through, the least I can do is send you on your way with full stomachs.

(Turning the menu over)

And looking at the menu...**possibly** some IBS on the side.

FAULKNER realises something.

FAULKNER:

(Catching himself)

Wait. What did the pig say?

What day is it?

PAIGE:

It's, uh - the Day of Emergence, isn't it?

Second week of Dwindlings.

FAULKNER realises what day it is.

He grows excited.

FAULKNER:
Carpenter, it's-

CARPENTER:
(Also realising)
Yes. Yes, it is.

Do they have seafood?

PAIGE:
Back of the menu.

CARPENTER:
All right, we're doing this.

Three orders of crab.

And we need something to toast with, as well. Get a tea kettle?
(Gesturing to the ANIMATRONIC)
Tell the thing.

PAIGE:
What's going on?

CARPENTER:
It's the day of the Fiddler Crab's Feast.
(Insisting)
Tell the thing, Faulkner.

FAULKNER:
(To the ANIMATRONIC)
We would like three Scuttlebuckets, and, uh, a kettle of Piper's
Psychotropic tea with three glasses.

ANIMATRONIC:
The Chitterling thanks you for your humble plea. While he considers
your fate, would you like some scratchings?

FAULKNER:
No, thank you.

CARPENTER:
(To PAIGE, explaining excitedly)

It's one of our holy days, a very holy day.

FAULKNER:

It's auspicious, as we approach Bellwethers and the mark of the Wither Tide.

CARPENTER:

Auspicious is what it is.

They wait in excited silence.

PAIGE:

And you're so sure it'll be waiting for you in Bellwethers? Your Wither Tide.

FAULKNER:

The Trawler-man's currents bear us on.

And he's taken good care of us so far on this pilgrimage.

CARPENTER:

That's one interpretation.

Silence hangs over the table. Until, a moment later-

ANIMATRONIC:

Well, hi, there, faithful feeders. The Chitterling has asked me to report back that he does not require a fleshly sacrifice from your stable today, and you are free to pick up your food from Furnace Hatch Five. Thank you, and happy eating!

CARPENTER:

(Getting to her feet)

I'll go, I'll go.

You two just take it easy.

She gets up and goes.

FAULKNER:

Imagine you'll be glad to see the back of us.

PAIGE does not reply.

FAULKNER persists in making small talk.

FAULKNER:

I've never been to the Linger Straits. Is it nice?

PAIGE:
Parts of it are, yes.

FAULKNER:
I heard they have 'electronic mail' up there.

PAIGE:
If you're working for the right company, you might.

If you're regular people, you need to go to one of the internet cafes and pay for it. Offer up a hosanna to the Wirebitten Child who crawls beneath the floor.

They tried rolling it out over here a few years back, didn't they?

FAULKNER:
It didn't take off. The Saint prefers radio, and she's everything down here.

(Cheerfully)

I think they still have a church in Glottage for the Wirebitten Child - Carpenter told me she saw them once.

Prophets stood out front, cables dangling from the raw swelts in their arms, coiling about their necks, trying to hand out pamphlets.

She said they looked stupid.

Anyway, you get used to it, don't you?

A long silence between them.

PAIGE opens up.

PAIGE:
I...honestly don't know if I can go back home, Faulkner.

I wasn't happy with my life when I left it. I still don't think I'm happy with it.

I try to think about stepping back into my own shoes, heading back to the office and picking everything up where it was left off...and I just can't see it.

It's like standing on a cliff edge. Willing yourself to take a step.

FAULKNER:
You could stay with us.

PAIGE:

(As if she's already thought about it)

But then I'd be complicit, wouldn't I? In all of your heresies and all of your crimes.

FAULKNER:

(Genuinely not understanding)

You'd be a part of something.

The silence lingers.

CARPENTER returns with the food.

CARPENTER:

(Cheerful)

All right, just pass those out. This actually doesn't smell too bad, you know?

(To PAIGE, explaining)

So we're commemorating the day when Katabasian Fleck had led his people deep into the delta, and they were surrounded by their enemies in the river mists, and day after day, the waters weren't producing any fish or lobster no matter how hard they tried, which meant they were beginning to starve from hunger.

Many of the Trawler-man's people were beginning to lose their faith, asking why the river had forsaken them.

So Fleck told his followers, 'Wait an hour, and then find me at the water's edge.' Then strode away into the white mist without turning back.

Well, they were obedient, so they waited - and an hour later, they went looking for him.

Fleck had gone to the Trawler-man. Asked for a gift to be given, offered a gift in return.

His body was being picked clean, down to the bones, by hundreds of swarming river angels. Fiddler-crabs and sucking, leeching limpets.

And his disciples began to grieve, before they remembered his final message - and understood that the river had accepted Fleck's sacrifice, in exchange for the feast that would save them all.

And so they ate, and their bellies were filled, and they lived on for another day.

Nana would boil a whole swarming pot of crabs for Em and I, more than we could possibly eat, and we'd sit at the long table where we weren't normally allowed, and heap the feast across a plate in the middle.

Was that the way you did it, Faulkner?

FAULKNER:

(Awkwardly)

Well, I never had this, growing up, and then when we got to the seminary I only had a chance to do it once.

There were a lot of sermons, and we had this...kind of special broth?

CARPENTER:

Was it **crab** broth?

FAULKNER:

(With a certain loyalty)

There was white stuff floating in it, and it might have been crab.

CARPENTER:

No, no, that's no good at all.

Because what you do is, what Nana used to do is, you sit around the table, and you take turns in breaking off a leg or a forearm.

And you hand it to your neighbour and you say,
"My flesh for your teeth."

And then they take a morsel and they pass it to their neighbour. Again.
"My flesh for your teeth."
(Gesturing to them)
Go on, then.

The sound of the crab-shells cracking.

FAULKNER:

'My flesh for your teeth.'

PAIGE:

'My flesh for your teeth.'

CARPENTER:

All right. And then you can take the other stuff, the trimmings, and start to serve.

Go on, tuck in.

Everyone begins to eat. The scrape of knives and forks on plates.

This should feel, weirdly, familial and comforting.

PAIGE:

(Joining in, at first hesitantly)

We used to do something similar in my house.

We didn't exactly have a lot of faith to go around, but my parents used to make a big effort for the Binding Day of the Saint Electric.

(Chuckling)

And my mom would spend hours baking the cake of the Saint caged in wire and glass, but my dad would be in charge of setting it alight, and he'd always use too much of the glaze, so the smoke alarms would go off, and they'd begin **screaming** at each other.

FAULKNER:

(Perking up)

Oh, we had that too!

Dad would always buy the pre-made saint-cakes, and they barely caught flame, but he was terrified that they'd burn down our house, so he'd have the three of us standing by with a fire extinguisher.

Just barking instructions at us all the while.

'Be ready! Be ready, she's about to go up!'

CARPENTER interjects, to try and divert the conversation.

She has a little jealousy in her voice.

CARPENTER:

Well, Nana Glass would always run a tight ship for the Fiddler-Crab's Feast.

She used to cater for gatherings of the faith, back before the purges, so she knew how to make sure the crabflesh was properly tender and everyone had what they needed.

And then, generally, when everyone was full and the plates had been cleared away, Nana would get Em and I to raise their glasses of psychotropic in a toast and we'd cry, 'Devlin, drowned, dragged, delivered!'

Everyone continues to eat.

PAIGE:

(Conversationally)

That's meant to be Devlin, the High Adjudicator?

FAULKNER:

Devlin was the one who outlawed our people, back in '08.

CARPENTER:

Bastard hypocrite.

Everyone continues to eat. But Paige can't quite help herself.

PAIGE:

It's so funny hearing that, because we learnt about him in school, even on the other side of your border. One of your national heroes.

I mean, he regulated the faiths during the post-war era, and he instituted the laws that cut down on unnecessary sacrifice-

CARPENTER lays down her fork.

CARPENTER:

Bullshit.

He tore the inner territories apart so the city folks in Glottage could continue doing exactly as they'd always done, just with a shiny ribbon and a licence.

A slightly uncomfortable silence.

FAULKNER:

(Trying to keep the peace)

I mean, I was taught the same when I was in school, about Devlin.

It was only later, when I came to the Parish, that I got to hear the harm that our people had suffered-

CARPENTER:

Stop talking about 'our people', Faulkner.

This isn't about you.

PAIGE:

But this is what's absurd, isn't it?

We're talking about ancient history. Laws from fifty years back. Long-dead legislatures.

They're accepting new faiths back into the canon all of the time now.

You just need to get your god's name on a petition-

CARPENTER:

Listen to her, Faulkner. Our god's name, on a petition.

(Mockingly)

Well, why shouldn't we be reasonable about all of this, now that the Peninsula is ready to hear our case?

Why shouldn't we go through the proper channels?

Why **shouldn't** they be allowed to get away with it?

FAULKNER just wants everyone to keep their voices down at this point.

FAULKNER:

Carpenter, let's keep it quiet-

CARPENTER:

My parents were dragged in shackles to the Saint's hydroelectric dam, a year after I was born.

They were dragged there, they were sentenced, and they were tossed off the side into the churning waters, and the last words they ever heard were that they were to be devoured by something they did not understand.

Because the dam was new and unconsecrated, and a god must feed, and these false-faith renegades from deep in the fens made for the easiest sacrifices.

I will not hear that the world is a better place than it was, because now there's process.

I won't, and I can't.

The three of them sit there in awkward silence for a moment - until PAIGE tries to make amends.

PAIGE:

I'm calling peace between us.

(Raising her glass in a toast)

'Devlin, drowned, dragged, delivered!'

It's got a nice ring to it.

FAULKNER:
'Devlin, drowned, dragged, delivered.'

They both wait for CARPENTER to raise her glass.

CARPENTER:
(*Sulkily*)
You do know it doesn't mean anything if you don't believe in what you're saying-

FAULKNER:
Carpenter.

CARPENTER:
(*Muttering with embarrassment*)
'Devlindrowneddraggeddelivered.'

The glasses clink.

A slightly hostile silence endures.

PAIGE:
I should go, shouldn't I? This is too weird.

I'm not going to be able to explain this, if anyone asks.

'So then you, as their hostage, enjoyed one final sit-down meal.'

And I don't want to out-stay my welcome, after all.

CARPENTER:
Might be for the best.

FAULKNER:
(*Almost blurting it out*)
We really are grateful to you, Paige. For coming with us all this way.

Is there a toast you'd like to make? For farewells?

PAIGE considers it.

PAIGE:
I read about something once, that I liked. During the last war, between your nation and ours.

This was pre-regulation, of course, when they were rolling out the new gods, the chemical gods and the heaving iron Cormorants and the

propaganda gods that were dropped onto cities from above, and the entire landscape was choking in faith, and nothing could be trusted not to shift.

And when the soldiers met each other in the desperate and violated places, and did not want to fight, they wouldn't dare speak the name of any god in their greetings or their goodbyes, in case they called something down upon themselves.

So instead, one of them would say,
'May your peace find you on a lonely road.'

And the other one would say,
'May your peace walk on with you for a while.'
(*Embarrassed*)

Well, I've said it already, so no sense in doing it all over.

FAULKNER:
I like that too.

Thank you again, for everything.

PAIGE:
I'm sorry you've both been through so much.

I really hope you can find a way forward that means no-one else has to get hurt.

I'll, uh, take care of the bill.
(*To CARPENTER*)
Goodbye, Carpenter.

CARPENTER does not reply.

FAULKNER:
Take care, Paige.

PAIGE leaves.

CARPENTER and FAULKNER sit there in silence for a long moment.

CARPENTER is slowly cracking crab legs on the table.

Crack.

Crack.

FAULKNER:

Carpenter.

CARPENTER:
(Absent-mindedly)
What?

FAULKNER:
You're getting crumbs everywhere.

CARPENTER:
Wh - oh.
(Realising what she's doing)
Sorry.

Can we get out of here, do you think? Take the tea with us?

I'd like to be close to the river.

PAYPHONE, EXT, NIGHT

We hear PAIGE begin to dial her father.

Cars are whipping all around her.

Faintly, the phone rings - and then stops.

PAIGE begins leaving a message.

PAGE:
Guess you're out.

I thought you'd want to know. I took a few days off work. Nothing to worry about, I just needed a little air.

(Trying to explain herself)

It's actually a funny story, I-

Silence. She falters, and then gives up.

PAIGE:
Anyway, the important thing is...I'm healthy, I'm well, and I'll be coming home soon.

I haven't forgotten about Sam's graduation present. I'll get to it when I can. I haven't had a lot of time to think recently.

I know you'll say that's being selfish. And I'm lucky, I do know that.

I'm very, very lucky indeed.

Anyway.

Everything's going to be okay, Dad.

I just thought you'd want to know that.

She hesitates - and then hangs up the phone.

RIVER, EXT, NIGHT

We listen to the river, sluicing onwards.

It's a peaceful sound.

We can faintly hear the cars on the road.

CARPENTER and FAULKNER are sitting on the bank, gazing outwards.

Distantly, we hear the sound of a jingle and announcement from the restaurant.

ANIMATRONIC:

Hunger making you lose focus on the road? Don't let it end in a fireball when it could end in a flame-grilled rack of ribs fresh from our furnaces.

Make a stop now at the Chitterling's Chapel.

Silence.

CARPENTER:

This was always how I loved the river best, when I was young.

Sitting alone amongst the bulrush. Out of sight, invisible. Watching the currents rolling on.

I'd stare into black waters, and listen, and dream.

FAULKNER:

But you're...not alone.

CARPENTER:

Yeah, I know.

(Reluctantly)

I'm sorry I caused a scene back there.

FAULKNER:

Honestly, Sister Carpenter, it was refreshing to see some fire in you when you came to speak of the faith.

CARPENTER:

(Scornfully)

Ha!

I used to be very much like you, Faulkner.

I was young and I was fervent, and I thought I'd been chosen by the Trawler-man to accomplish great and terrible things. To reshape the face of the world.

(More gently)

I'm also sorry I said that the conversation wasn't about you.

FAULKNER:

Yeah, that you can be sorry for.

CARPENTER:

You can call it a compliment, if you like - but I always forget that you converted. That you didn't have any of this to deal with growing up.

It must be interesting, coming to our god fresh.

Without any of the entanglements.

FAULKNER:

Oh, there's always entanglements.

(As if looking up)

There's a car pulling up on the road back there.

Wonder if that's come to pick up Paige.

I liked her. Sorry to see her go.

CARPENTER:

Yeah, I liked her too.

Silence.

CARPENTER:

I don't think I want to get to Bellwethers, Faulkner.

FAULKNER:

I know you don't.

CARPENTER:

And it isn't because I don't have the stomach for it.

I don't think I feel the same way I used to.

I don't feel like the Trawler-Man is talking to me any more, and if he is, I can't understand what he's trying to say.

It's like something's been stolen from me, and I can't tell if I should be grieving for it yet, because I don't know if it's coming back.

FAULKNER:

I don't understand.

But that's okay.

CARPENTER:

Tonight made it worse, I think.

You have these days. These...moments of contentment with your own self that come more often now than they ever used to.

Like tonight. The three of us, just eating and talking.

And that's when you think, 'Maybe I can make it work. Maybe I can go on living amongst other people, and remain myself, and not feel alone or afraid.'

'Maybe this was the real me, the one to whom life came easy, and I've been working towards her all of this time. And every day will be as easy as this, from now until the end.'

And the more you think about it, the angrier you get, because then if it's all going to be all right now, then the pain that came before...it was for nothing.

Back then, when you were young and you were hurting, you had a voice in your head that whispered words through the pain and with a close and intimate love that truly understood you.

And it drove you onwards through the loneliness, and all in all it seemed like such a convincing case that it made you special, your pain.

It made you stand out from the dull creatures all around you, your pain. Life came easy to them because they were weaker and slower than you were - there was no mystery outside of that to consider.

Then it went and left you, your pain. Just like that. Without looking back.

And now that voice isn't speaking to you so much any more, because now you're living.

You're getting on with things.

After that, it's only a matter of time before you start wondering if the voice in your head was anything at all but just a comfort.

Just the old faithful scabbing around a wound that healed a very long time ago.

Faulkner...do you honestly never have doubts? About what we're doing?

About where we're being led to?

FAULKNER:

I'm not as simple as you like to make out, Carpenter. I keep on telling you that.

CARPENTER:

Not a 'frothing fanatic', huh.

It's an apology - sort of - for what she said back in Ep 8.

FAULKNER:

That one didn't even bother me.

But then you had to go and tell me I had no **talent**.

Silence.

CARPENTER:

You held an angel of the river at bay, Faulkner.

I know you have talent.

(Half to herself)

Ah, I've apologised twice already tonight. I'm not doing it a third time.

They sit in silence for a while.

FAULKNER:

I never had talent at anything else. That's the truth of it.

When I found my god, out in the woods, it was like finding the steps to the same dance everyone else seemed to already have figured out.

When I speak to him, he listens.

When I weave the words of his sacred speech, the water itself spins and courses according to a design that's mine and mine alone.

Nobody led me to him. Nobody taught me that I should follow him.

We came to each other through our own winding paths.

And now he's something I can use.

Power's too small a word for how that feels.

CARPENTER:
I'm glad you had that.

Have that.

FAULKNER:
But every step on the Trawler-man's path, it's going to come with a cost.

You're right about that.

What lies ahead, it's going to take its toll. On both of us.

CARPENTER:
What do you think does lie ahead?

FAULKNER:
I think I can lead our people, Carpenter.

We're scattered, and we're uncertain, and we're still figuring out how we can strike at our enemies all around us - but in time, if I'm allowed to prove myself, I think I can be someone who leads us into the Future Undetermined.

What if we took back the old territories? Re-established ourselves? Led the river out across the floodplains and retook the Saint's dams and towers?

You're allowed to laugh.

CARPENTER:
No, I don't want to laugh.

They sit there in silence.

CARPENTER:

You **do** feel sorry, though. About what happened with the hotelier.

FAULKNER:

There's others I feel sorrier for.

CARPENTER:

We've all got those.

But a god must feed, if we're to make use of it.

FAULKNER:

I had it circling in my mind that I might have to kill **you**, not so long ago.

I didn't feel sorry about that, I can tell you.

I thought you were weak, and cynical, and I figured the Trawler-man must have brought us together to deliver a message to me.

To show me what I could end up turning into if I drifted from the righteous path.

CARPENTER takes that. Accepts it.

CARPENTER:

What do you think about his message now?

FAULKNER doesn't respond for a moment.

FAULKNER:

When we get to Bellwethers, Carpenter... if you make up your mind...you don't need to go on.

I'll find the mark of the Wither Tide. I'll bear it home. Take the credit.

CARPENTER:

And where will I go?

FAULKNER:

Wherever you like.

If our god isn't speaking to you any more, you can find something different for yourself.

CARPENTER:

You're not simple, Faulkner, are you?

But you...you know how to hold faith, no matter what comes. And that's not an easy thing, not at all as easy as everyone thinks.

The steps, they come to you.

You make it **look** simple - like you're not even trying - and the funny thing is that I've been trying for such a very long time.

I think maybe that's why I hated you.

A long silence.

FAULKNER:

(Kindly)

I hated you, too, Sister Carpenter.

They sit in silence, before the crashing river.

We listen to the water.

To the wind through the reeds.

CAR, INT, NIGHT

We hear the roar of a car. The crackle of a tannoy.

We're back with HAYWARD and DAGGLER.

HAYWARD:

Repeat that for me, Felix?

FELIX:

It's just come through to Central Records. Something's happened in a town called Bellwethers.

They've declared it violated land. Evacuated residents in a twelve-mile radius.

Thought you ought to know.

HAYWARD:

Thank you, Felix. You have been heard.

He replaces the tannoy.

HAYWARD:

Think it might be the same rogue god we're looking for.

(Not getting a response)

...don't you agree?

DAGGLER:

Wind the windows down, Hayward. Turn the radio up. I want to feel something tonight.

(With relish)

We're catching up.

END OF EPISODE.