

## NIGHT OF THE ECLIPSOID MAN, PART 1

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Re-Imagined Radio  
Season 12, Episode 10, October 21, 2024

Final draft

## **NIGHT OF THE ECLIPSOID MAN, PART 1**

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Premier broadcast: October 21, 2024

Written by Jerrel McQuen

Sound Design, Original Music Composition, Post Production  
by Marc Rose

Produced and Hosted by John Barber

Graphics by Holly Slocum

### **Synopsis**

Spencer Knightbridge is transformed into a quixotic one-man holocaust, bent on avenging horrible wrongs done him while growing up in the Neon Bowrey of Quayment, a planet in an alternate universe called Dry Smoke and Whispers.

### **Color Code**

**SFX** = sound effects, pre-recorded

**MUSIC** = pre-recorded

**MUSIC** = bespoke, created for this episode

MUSIC: RIR THEME

ANNOUNCER

Welcome to Re-Imagined Radio, a program about radio storytelling. With each episode we explore how dialogue, sound effects, and music can combine to promote storytelling and engage your listening imagination. We also like to include the stories behind the story. The history. The connections. Trivia. And we always strive to answer the questions, "So What?" and "Why Is This Important?" This episode is no different, and here to tell you about it is John Barber, producer and host.

HOST OPEN

HOST

Thank you, and welcome to this guest-curated episode of Re-Imagined Radio. Our episode is 'Night of the Eclipsoid Man,' a two-part work of cinematic radio storytelling by Jerrel McQuen (MacQwen) and Marc Rose, of Enserne Media, Portland, Oregon.

This is Part 1.

In it, Spencer Knightbridge is transformed into a quixotic one-man holocaust, bent on avenging horrible wrongs done him while growing up on Quayment, a planet in an alternate universe called Dry Smoke and Whispers.

For more information, and the episode script, visit our website, reimagedradio dot fm.

Thank you for joining us as Re-Imagined  
Radio presents 'Night of the Eclipsoid  
Man' by Jerrel McQuen and Marc Rose.

SFX: COMPLEX DIGITAL LOCK SEQUENCE.  
LARGE ROLLING DOOR HEAVILY OPENS.  
OMINOUS LAB EQUIPMENT. TWO PEOPLE  
ENTER, STOP BY DOOR.

ANEELIA (ANEELIA IS FALLING IN LOVE WITH KNIGHTBRIDGE.) Bridgers, *please*, tell me you're not upping the timetable. Again.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (KNIGHTBRIDGE RESPECTS HER, WISHES HE COULD RETURN HER FEELINGS, BUT MANY CIRCUMSTANCES PREVENT.) What timetable? Basil's in 'is usual "run 34 test flags up the pole before we fly the real one" mode. (SIGHS)

ANEELIA (AS KINGBRIDGE'S MOOD GOES DEEPLY BLUE FOR A MOMENT, SHE PICKS UP ON IT) What's wrong. You're sad all of a sudden.

KNIGHTBRIDGE ' in me 'ead. Let's go. Stop speakin' up in it. Stop readin' me yeah.

ANEELIA Touchy. Touchy. Now you're irritated.

KNIGHTBRIDGE I'm just really on trial-racin' a little "inventor's upgrade" and no Thurwoody eyes on me back, ya know?

ANEELIA I *KNOW*. But this, this *project*... we're playing with fire on this one... the hottest fire you can play with.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (NOW HIS MOOD GOES DARKLY REFLECTIVE) I know. No easy way Home, crossin' the 'ole Night Bridge.

ANEELIA (TRYING TO TURN HIS MOOD, PLAYFULLY, REBELLIOUSLY) Well, let me stay and help out then.

KNIGHTBRIDGE Ahhh, Neelz, we been through all this. You are Basil's perfect uptown apprentice. We need to keep that in the wrap.

ANEELIA Bad feeling. Big, bad feeling... I feel like you're pushing yourself way too hard... Some things come with time.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (NOW WITH OVERT BITTERNESS, WITHOUT THINKING, HE'S ALWAYS BEEN PUT OFF, BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL) Yeah, well, all those Ye Olde Royalty Money Towers – always got big clocks on 'em, yeah? Why? Because they own all the time in the world.

ANEELIA (DOESN'T TAKE OFFENSE. JOKINGLY, BUT SERIOUS UNDERNEATH, THINKING A GREEN CARD MIGHT LEAD TO SOMETHING MORE) Hey . . . if you married me, you'd have money.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (WINCES, FOR HE KNOWS SHE'S SERIOUS) Neelz..I keep tellin' ya. I got ghosts. 'Razor-teeth Jackaraws got your back at a chained up sewer grate' ghosts... (BACK TO IT) Now lock me in. And eighty-six that timing code. What I got planned for tonight, trust me. I'll be the holonews wunder-kind, just like when this project began.

ANEELIA (FRUSTRATED) Oh, alright, go ahead then. Be nothing but blind ambition. (BEAT. QUIETLY, IF SOMEWHAT BITTERLY) But I know better. (RESIGNED NOW, KNOWING HE'S TOO STUBBORN TO STOP, MAYBE FINALLY REALIZING THAT HE'S RIGHT, THAT NO

LASTING RELATIONSHIP CAN COME OF THIS)  
If this goes wrong... it's on you.

SFX: DOOR RE-CLOSES. LOCK  
RESEQUENCES. FOOTSTEPS RUSHING  
AWAY.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (SIGHS) Oh, Neelya. Since I was ten years old. (QUIETLY, BUT LIKE A SOLDIER WHO KNOWS HE HAS TO KEEP ON GOING) It's always been on me.

EMILLE SONG'S INTRODUCTION

EMILLE SONG (NARRATION) My name is Emile Song. Special Detective. I'm a telepath. My people have been outlawed for two centuries. That's why I hate injustice. I live in Quaymet, captial of a galactic civilization, and use my talents to fight a ceaseless, some say a futile war, against greed and corruption. This is my mission. For this life and . . . out the other side. Through Dry Smoke and Whispers.

The stars overhead. Well, they give life. But their solar winds also eventually take it away. Rushing about our individual worlds, building cozy refuges, or monuments to ourselves, all meant to make us forget one inescapable truth: We are temporary beings.

Tonight, one young man hopes to make his mark. Ambition. The road to greatness. Or, in the case of one Spencer Knightbridge, prodigy apprentice to a

brilliant scientist, it will be a road lit by a heart-of-the-sun-plasma-inferno. A one-man holocaust as his tread-upon heart is unleashed upon his past AND, a forsaken ghetto of Quaymet . . . during The Night of The Eclipsoid Man.

**SFX: INTERIOR. BASIL THURWOOD'S STUDY. WARM ROOM, COSY FIRE. CLINK OF GLASSES IN A TOAST.**

THURWOOD &  
HENCHARD

To success!

THURWOOD

But more importantly, to old friends to share it with, Professor Durrick Henchard I'm so glad you'll be the first to see my new invention. Faith! A few more weeks and we may change the shape of our universe. Or at least our locations within it!

HENCHARD

I'm so excited for you, "Quintocratic Arts and Science winner, Doctor Basil Thurwood" – I can see it now in the Quaymet Gazette. We've come a long way from the orphanage, haven't we?

THURWOOD

We were lucky to be there when we were.

HENCHARD

"The Benign Overseers Orphanage for Higher Learning." I still like the sound of that.

THURWOOD

(DISAPPROVINGLY) And now it's the "East Side Academy for the Wayward". I don't know, it's all still managed by the

Sisters of Unity, but the Order seems to have gone both corporate and parochial in, well, frankly, an unpleasant way.

HENCHARD It's become a real war between the Progressives and the Traditionalists, hasn't it? And neither side really listening to the other. (TAKES A HEFTY SWIG OF BRANDY) Then and now, the Sisters were, uh, shall we say, devoted . . .

THURWOOD Too much so, sometimes. Remember Sister D·Léna?

HENCHARD Yes.

THURWOOD Those metal-pin boots and indigo raven robes suited her to a T.

HENCHARD Now, Basil, to be fair, I do accord Sister D·Léna with setting ME on the path. If she hadn't gotten ME to fly right, I'm not so sure I would be here in your sitting room today.

THURWOOD Well, I'm glad you can be so charitable. You know, she resigned from the Sisterhood?

HENCHARD (DISMAYED) She did? I'm sorry to hear that.

THURWOOD Very strange circumstances. One of the orphans, well, committed suicide, in a macabre and unfortunate way. Quite the scandal . . .

(MUSES FOR A BEAT) Anyway, I couldn't wait to get out of the place. Maybe it was an indirect inspiration for what I call the . . . wait for it . . .  
Invertistice Eclipsoid Tesseract.

HENCHARD (TAKEN ABACK FOR A SECOND, THEN LAUGHS A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLY) That has an ominous sound.

THURWOOD Because it's the sound of something that will ignite a whole new Era of Expansionism, reducing the Past to fiery ashes in its wake!

**MUSIC: FOR SEGUE**

**SFX: THURWOOD'S LAB. THE SOUND OF THE PLASMA GENERATOR IS MUCH CLOSER NOW, THROBBING. KNIGHTBRIDGE OPENS A FAIRLY LARGE ACCESS PANEL. AS HE SAYS THE LINE BELOW, HE PARTIALLY CLIMBS INSIDE A CONSOLE. THE GENERATOR MUFFLES, HIS VOICE BECOMES MORE RESONANT IN THE CLOSE CONFINES OF THE INSTRUMENT PANEL.**

KNIGHTBRIDGE Six months! I showed you the stabilizer.

**SFX: A SMALL POWER TOWEL ROTATING OUT FIVE BOLTS, PUNCTUATING THE FOLLOWING . . .**

KNIGHTBRIDGE Aaaaand...nothing. So, Dr. Blueblood Basil. Me! I'm goin' first! Gonna be so high up, walkin' between the stars.

**SFX: PNEUMATIC WHOOSH AS KNIGHTBRIDGE SLIDES OUT THE FIVE-**

BOLTED COVER AND PUTS IT DOWN ON  
THE FLOOR WITH A CLUNK. HE DRAGS A  
SMALL VALISE INTO THE SPACE AND  
UNZIPS IT. TAKES THE LARGE DEVICE  
OUT OF THE BAG AND KISSES IT.

KNIGHTBRIDGE           And you, my fast-track blitzin'  
Eclipsoid Stabilizer, you're just the  
start.

SFX: THE STABILIZER ACTIVATES AND  
WE HEAR A STEADY SINE-WAVE EFFECT.  
OMINOUS.

MUSIC: FOR SEGUE

SFX: INTERIOR. BASIL THURWOOD'S  
STUDY. FIRE. STILL WARM AND COZY.  
BASIL IS POURING ANOTHER DRINK,  
THEN SEATS HIMSELF IN A BIG WING  
BACK BY HENCHARD AS HE SAYS . . .

THURWOOD               Fifteen grants and thirty-three deep  
pocket investors . . . we got all of  
them! Dangle the plum of instantaneous  
travel between the stars, and private  
industry is falling all over itself to  
be first in line.

HENCHARD               (ASTOUNDED) And you say this, this  
Eclipsoid Tesseract will create a  
conduit to another world, even over half  
a galaxy?

THURWOOD               Yes! It turns a narrow beam of space  
inside out. Inverts and reverses it. I  
call the event an "eclipsoid," because  
it eclipses normal continuum. And a

tesseract, as you know, is a spatial shortcut, a folding if you will between one place and another. So when the eclipsoid reinverts, whoever is in the field is instantly transported. In seconds!

HENCHARD But what do you use for energy?

THURWOOD That's my breakthrough! (SECRETIVELY, SUBCONSCIOUSLY LOWERS VOICE) You must keep this under your hat, Durrick! Order of the Benign OverSeers Blood Brother Oath?

HENCHARD Oh, I'm not doing the pins again, Thurwood. You have my solemn word!

THURWOOD Good enough! (VERY EXCITED) Durrick... I've tapped into the very heart of the sun itself!

HENCHARD (SHOCKED) What?!

THURWOOD A controlled wormhole gateway funnels the fusion reaction inside our own sun almost directly into the Eclipsoid Tesseract. (PAUSE FOR EFFECT) Durrick, this thing runs on literal star power! The very aether of life-giving heat and creation!

**MUSIC: FOR SEGUE**

**SFX: CLOSING OF ACCESS PANEL.**

**KNIGHTBRIDGE STANDS UP AND ZIPS UP**

**THE VALISE. HITS MAIN POWER.**

SYSTEM AI Redundancy warning!

KNIGHTBRIDGE Are ya daft, ya di-polar tin pile?!  
Override!

SFX: ADJUSTMENT SEQUENCE

SYSTEM AI New component accepted and verified.

KNIGHTBRIDGE Tops! Checkered flag goes down.

SFX: PAUSE, THEN ACTIVATION  
CONTROL, SEQUENCE OF ACCESS CODES  
FOLLOWING

KNIGHTBRIDGE Eyes on the track, Knightbridge...

SYSTEM AI Activation sequence complete.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (DEFIANTLY) Alright, Quaymet. You, me.  
We're on.

SFX: ACTIVATES ANOTHER CONTROL, AND  
THE OMINOUS INFERNO SOUND RAMPS  
SIGNIFICANTLY.

SYSTEM AI Heart of the Sun Gateway establishing.

KNIGHTBRIDGE Leaving your stinkin' hulk in the  
stardust, you high and mighty jackboot  
prison planet!

SFX: ANOTHER CONTROL, LARGE  
SUBTERRANEAN GEARS BEGIN TO WHIR.

KNIGHTBRIDGE I make good on this one... it'll be my  
life. My terms.

SYSTEM AI Eclipsoid Tesseract Beam Projectors  
achieving Lock Position.

SFX: RISING OF THE THREE CANNONS  
WHICH LOCK INTO PLACE AT THE END OF  
EACH SEQUENCE. NUMBER ONE RISES.  
NUMBER TWO RISES. NUMBER THREE  
RISES. THEY CAN OVERLAP, BUT ARE  
TIMED IDENTICALLY. WHEN LAST ONE  
LOCKS . . .

SYSTEM AI Projectors ready. Allocate destination.

SFX: THE GENERATOR NOW STARTS  
MAKING SOUNDS THAT ARE A  
PREMONITION OF WHAT'S ABOUT TO  
COME.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (RAISES HIS VOICE OVER THE GENERATOR,  
NOT UNLIKE A SEA CAPTAIN OVER AN  
APPROACHING STORM. HE CHOOSES A  
DESTINATION AT TOTAL RANDOM.) Ohhh....  
M·Hellengau! There's a place. All you  
goth punks in the ghetto . . . here's  
one for ya. Storms. Island castles.  
Deadly secret societies. I make it to  
and back from there, I can deal with  
anything your mingin' two moons can  
throw at me.

SFX: THE GENERATOR RAMPS WITH A  
PARTICULARLY DISTURBING HOWL . . .

SFX: . . THEN HARD OR MORPH CUT TO  
AN OMINOUS ALARM SYSTEM IN  
THURWOOD'S STUDY.

HENCHARD What the Henth is that?!

THURWOOD (INSTANTLY REALIZING WHAT'S OCCURRED)  
Oh, OverSeers, no.

SFX: THEY BOTH RISE AND THURWOOD  
RUSHES FOR THE DOOR, HENCHARD  
FOLLOWING.

THURWOOD You fool. You fool!

SFX: THROWS OPEN THE STUDY DOOR,  
AND THEY BOTH RUN DOWN A HALLWAY,  
THE ALARM GROWING LOUDER AS THEY  
DO.

HENCHARD Basil, what's happening?

THURWOOD Spencer Knightbridge, if my guess is correct.

HENCHARD Knightbrige? I told you he's a bad apple. I thought you let him go.

SFX: NOW THEY'RE RUNNING DOWN A  
METAL SPIRAL STAIRCASE.

THURWOOD Durrick, he's a prodigy. He took my work and invented a Stabilizer that even I couldn't wrap my brain around. I told him it would be six months til we could even begin to test.

HENCHARD Even though you were ready now.

SFX: THEY HIT A METAL FLOOR LEADING  
UP TO THE LAB.

THURWOOD I wanted to surprise him. Give him credit for the Stabilizer.

**SFX: THEY STOP BEFORE THE LAB  
SECURITY DOOR.**

THURWOOD Voice Recognition! And silence that  
alarm!

SYSTEM AI Entry granted. Cancel alarm.

**SFX: DOOR ROLLS OPEN. THE ECLIPSOID  
MACHINERY IS STILL RAMPING. ECHOING  
OVER IT LOUDLY IN THE LARGE  
CHAMBER.**

SYSTEM AI Sequence initiated. Awaiting sufficient  
power for Tesseract Commencement.

EMILLE SONG (NARRATION) Moonlight filters down  
through the skylight dome over  
Thurwood's lab. Knightbridge is in a  
glass containment chamber, suspended at  
the center of a trio of silver teardrop  
projectors. Lambent energies flicker at  
the muzzle of each, in gyrating  
striations of propane blue, yellow and  
red.

**SFX: KNIGHTBRIDGE'S VOICE IS  
AMPLIFIED BY A MIKE SYSTEM IN THE  
CHAMBER.**

KNIGHTBRIDGE Oh! And here he is, Doctor Basil, in the  
flesh! Chuffed you're here . . . to see  
your own history being made. And  
Doubting Thomas Professor Durrick. A  
Capital Bonus of the Day!

THURWOOD Knightbridge, stop this madness. Come  
down out of there!

KNIGHTBRIDGE So you can be the first? Sorry, old man. Dead tired of coming in last. Face it, without my Stabilizer, this whole set-up coulda ended up in the Science Museum of Crackpot Whack.

THURWOOD (ASTOUNDED, DISMAYED) Are you saying you built another one? (REALLY HORRIFIED) Did you install it into the machine?!

KNIGHTBRIDGE Accepted and verified!

THURWOOD Knightbridge, I've already installed one. There are two now. They may double feedback! (SHOUTS) System, abort sequence!

SYSTEM AI Cannot abort. System at CRITICAL. Transfer in three . . .

SFX: CUT TO KNIGHTBRIDGE, UP CLOSE IN CHAMBER. ALL OTHER SOUNDS MUFFLED. COUNTDOWN CONTINUES OUTSIDE.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (heavy irony) Ohhh. Ain't that just the capper to my perfect life.

SFX: THE THREE BEAMS ACTIVATE. SCREAMING HOWL OF ECLIPSOID TESSERACT.

ACT TWO

SFX: SONG PLAYS THE NICKELODEON CALLIOPE. STOPS ABRUPTLY.

SONG Mmm? Ah, a guest!

SFX: SONG RISES, ALREADY CROSSING  
THE ROOM AS THE DOOR WHISTLE  
SOUNDS. BEAT, MCKENDRICK WHIRS IN.

MCKENDRICK Master Song, you have a . . .

SONG (OPENING DOOR) Greetings. To what do I owe the pleasure?

MCKENDRICK (WHIRRING BACK OUT OF THE ROOM) Why do I even bother?

SONG (RAISING VOICE) Oh, McKendrick, would you . . .

MCKENDRICK (CALLING BACK FROM KITCHEN) Already activating the tea maker.

SONG Please come in, Miss . . .

ANEELIA Demarisben. Aneelia Demarisben.

SFX: MCKENDRICK WHIRS BACK IN.  
STOPS AS HE LISTENS TO THIS  
EXCHANGE.

SONG (SONG PICKS UP ON ANEELIA'S DIRE MOOD IMMEDIATELY.) I've heard that name. You're one of Basil Thurwood's interns.

ANEELIA (TAKEN ABACK, INSTANTLY SUSPICIOUS) How did you know that?

SONG We have a synchronistic connection. My agency partner is Professor Durrick Henchard.

ANEELIA Oh, of course! Dr. Thurwood's mentioned him several times.

SONG He's an old, old friend of Basil's and he's having dinner with him *right now*. (AND NOW, SONG ALREADY KNOWS SHE'S AN EMPATH AND THAT THE SITUATION IS PAST DIRE.) Excuse me, Miss DeMarisben, if I cut straight to the chase. You're here about Spencer Knightbridge. And if he's in danger, that the Professor and Dr. Thurwood are, too. I know about his project.

ANEELIA (OPENS UP) I've done something incredibly stupid. Spence is in his lab right now . . .

SONG (KNOWS IMMEDIATELY WHAT THIS MEANS.) NO. He's going to fire that thing up, isn't he?

MCKENDRICK Alright. Tea unneeded. (WHIRS BACK OUT.)

ANEELIA We've got to stop him. I think he's going to test it *himself*.

SONG *McKendrick!*

SFX: MCKENDRICK WHIRS IN, A DEVICE HE'S CARRYING IS MAKING AN INTERESTING THRUMMING SOUND, WHEN HE HANDS IT TO SONG THE THRUMMING STOPS.

MCKENDRICK Here's the power stick for the B & S SonoJet, Master Song. McCallister is prepping it for flight.

ANEELIA (GOES INTO A KIND OF TRANCE, HER FACE PINCHED WITH DREAD AND PAIN.) *Oh, no . . . Spencer, no.*

SONG Aneelia . . . Aneelia?

MCKENDRICK Master Song, is that what I think it is?  
Is she . . .

SONG Aneelia, *tell me* what's happening.

ANEELIA (THE MOMENT PASSES. SHE COMES OUT OF IT,  
BUT HER EYES ARE FILLED WITH TEARS AND  
HER VOICE BREAKS.) It's too late.  
(ANGUISHED) What has he *done*?  
(HORRIFIED) *What* is he?

SFX: HOWL OF THE ECLIPSOID  
TESSERACT. SONG DROPS TO HIS KNEES,  
CLUTCHING HIS HEAD IN GREAT PAIN.  
ANEELIA GASPS, ALMOST FEELING IT  
WITH HIM.

MCKENDRICK (WHIRS RAPIDLY OVER.) Master!

SFX: A SECOND HOWL. SONG CRIES OUT  
IN AGONY. THE HOWL FADES INTO A  
JUMBLE OF ANGRY VOICES. SONG PASSES  
OUT AND COLLAPSES.

MUSIC: SEGUE

SFX: INSIDE THE CONTAINMENT  
CHAMBER: OPEN ON KNIGHTBRIDGE  
ROARING, HIS ENTIRE BODY ON FIRE.  
THIS FADES INTO RAGGED GASPS. HE  
STABILIZES. LOOKS AT THE LAB. SEES  
IT AS AN IMPRINT NEGATIVE. HIS  
VOICE ECHOES NOW, CAUGHT BETWEEN  
THREE LOCATIONS.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (AMAZED, ALSO DISAPPOINTED) I'm still  
here? (ALMOST BITTERLY) I'm . . . alive?

**SFX: CUT TO LAB BY THURWOOD AND  
HENCHARD.**

THURWOOD Knightbridge? Is that *you*?

SONG (NARRATES) In the Containment Chamber above stands the negative silhouette of a man. Diamond interstices of energy radiate from him in every direction, his eyes casting beams of fire, his mouth emitting effulgent radiation when he speaks. He looks down on them and they can feel his regard like tingling microwave beams.

THURWOOD Knightbridge. Stay where you are. Maybe we can *reverse* this.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (SEES HIMSELF IN THE GLASS. PONDERES THIS FOR A MOMENT) Reverse . . . a reverse? (HE ALMOST LAUGHS) No . . . I've crossed . . . no, I've burned the old Night Bridge this time . . .

HENCHARD (UNDER HIS BREATH, IMPERATIVELY) Basil, we can't let him out of there. The *radiation*. It has to be at lethal levels. Can you lock him into that containment chamber?)

THURWOOD I can. (RAISING VOICE) System, lock Containment Chamber!

SYSTEM AI Complying.

**SFX: LOUD GEARS AND SLIDING BOLT,  
THEN LOCK IN PLACE. A PAUSE, ALL  
THE ENERGY IN THE ROOM PULSING.**

KNIGHTBRIDGE I heard everything you said. (PONDERING IT, THE WEIGHT OF IT) Is it possible? Me. Quaymet's punching bag from birth . . . deadly? Lethal? . . . Beastly planet. (A HORRIBLE ANGER SETS IN, ALL THE LOSS, ALL THE PAIN, LAID AT THE DOORSTEP OF THE PLANET HE HATES ALMOST MORE THAN ANY HUMAN) You torture me. Take away anything I love. And now, the one sin I tried not to commit. Tried to be better than the assholes who beat me to the ground every day, every year. . . . Who killed without blinking an eye. No, I was better than that. And now here I am. Deadly to all around me! . . . Well . . . time for a change? (HE TAKES STOCK OF HOW HE FEELS INSIDE, SENSES THE POWER) I have rotted in so many cages . . . all my life . . . I want out.

SONG (NARRATES) Knightbridge raised his arm. All the striating colors surrounding him pulsed forward and down his arm, glowing into a ball around his hand . . .

KNIGHTBRIDGE I *think* the energy inside me . . . at this cage.

SFX: THE FIELD HOWLS, AND THE THREE LOCKING MECHANISM DETONATE AND MELT. ANOTHER HOWL AND THE DOOR EXPLODES OUTWARD WITH A SQUEAL OF METAL, WHOOSHES DOWN AND HITS THE FLOOR WITH A HEAVY CLANG, ITS GLASS WINDOW SHATTERING.

KNIGHTBRIDGE Doctor, Professor. No grudge with the two of you. Shield yourselves.

THURWOOD Over here, Durrick! The lead radiation slider!

SFX: THEY SCRAMBLE BEHIND IT.

KNIGHTBRIDGE WALKS DOWN THE CHAMBER

STEPS, THEY CREAK AND GROAN FROM

ALL THE AMBIENT ENERGY.

THURWOOD Knightbridge. Please! Don't leave! Don't expose others to this. For once, think of someone *other* than yourself, I beg of you.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (INSTANTLY IRRITATED) Other than *meself*? . . . (BUT THEN HE CONSIDERS HIS ACTIONS) I guess that's how it would look from the *outside*. (BUT NOW THE ANGER RETURNS) You know, you *judge*. All the time. Do you know what it's like, living with *cavemen*. And you're their *go get it boy*. Say *no*, put up *any* fight and it's not a slap on the wrist. They'll *end* you . . . (DARKLY, UNDER BREATH) if you're lucky. (A HOWL PULSES WITH HIS ANGER) Did you know I stole from you, Basil? That I was forced to knick your laboratory, pinch your tech?

THURWOOD I . . . I suspected it was so. But what you returned to me, Spencer. Seeing your progress, seeing your brilliant breakthroughs. I did not hold it against you.

KNIGHTBRIDGE Well, of course. Everybody's a better man than Spencer Knightbridge, that bowery bum punk-ass disappointment.

SFX: HOWL

KNIGHTBRIDGE Time to change that too? Maybe it's Clock Tower Time. Sending those filigree gold-carat hands round and round and round . . . backwards. Maybe I'm a mistake. I don't belong here. I don't belong anywhere.

SFX: HOWL AGAIN

KNIGHTBRIDGE But if I shouldn't be here . . . I know me some right drug-dealing cheating kid-beating life-stealing *bastards* . . . *that shouldn't be here, either.*

SFX: RAISES HIS ARM, THE ENERGY FLOWS OUT, THE WALL OF THE LABORATORY EXPLODES OUTWARD, DEBRIS RAINING DOWN OUTSIDE. HENCHARD AND THURWOOD REACT, BUT REMAIN BEHIND THEIR PROTECTIVE WALL. KNIGHTBRIDGE WALKS THROUGH THE RUBBLE. CRUNCHING GLASS AND GRAVEL. HE STOPS IN THE HOLE, RUMINATING AS HE STANDS THERE.

KNIGHTBRIDGE What's that old saw? You can take the kid out of the ghetto . . . (LAUGHS DARKLY) Well, now *this* kid . . . can take the ghetto *out*.

SFX: ANOTHER BOLT OF ENERGY SENDS AN I-BEAM FLYING AND IT CLANGS OUT INTO THE STREET. KNIGHTBRIDGE WALKS AWAY, THE FIELD DIMINISHING.

SFX: CUT BACK TO INSIDE LAB. WALL BURNING IN NEAR DISTANCE.

HENCHARD (RUNNING FROM BEHIND SHIELD, AND DRAGGING BASIL WITH HIM) Come on, Basil, we've got to get out of here before the authorities arrive.

THURWOOD But we need to report this . . .

**SFX: THEY REACH THE MAIN DOOR. THEY RUN THROUGH AND BACK DOWN THE ECHOING CORRIDOR.**

HENCHARD And tell them *what?* An Eclipsoid Man is on the loose? We've got to back to our Agency HQ and loop in Song, before this really gets out of hand.

**MUSIC: FOR SEGUE**

**SFX: KNIGHTBRIDGE OUT ON THE STREET. SUBDUED CITY AMBIENCE, WE'RE IN A MIDDLE CLASS SUBURB.**

KNIGHTBRIDGE I feel things . . . opening up. The city. I can feel it. All the people. (THERE'S THE FIRST HINT OF THE ECLIPSOID TELEPATHY EFFECT) It's like *drowning*. There's too much 'a *everything* all around me . . .

**SFX: KINGHTBRIDGE KEYS IN ON THE ONE REMAINING PERSON HE CARES ABOUT AND WHO CARES ABOUT HIM. FADE IN AND FADE OUT ON ANEELIA'S HORRIFIED REACTION "IT'S TOO LATE." (ANGUISHED) "WHAT HAS HE DONE?" (HORRIFIED) "WHAT IS HE?"**

KNIGHTBRIDGE *Aneelia*. She knows. How does she *feel everything*. She knows.

SFX: FLASHBACK IN, FLASHBACK OUT FX

SONG (NARRATES) Maybe it was all the power he was channeling. Something was changing deep inside. Without warning, Knightbridge was swept into a memory from his past, reliving it as if he were there. Almost as though something in his mind was trying to reveal every last truth about himself, to himself.

SFX: FLASHBACK IN.

ANEELIA Why are you so different?

KNIGHTBRIDGE Me? Different? Nah, common as they come. Honorary *Menk*. Same as all those young abandoned lads from Menkleford. Kinda took me under their wing at the Wayward Academy. Proud to be one of 'em. (THEN HE THINKS ON IT) But if *I'm* different, what about you?

ANEELIA (BRIEF FLASH OF PARANOIA, HAS HE FIGURED OUT SHE'S AN EMPATH?) What do you mean?

KNIGHTBRIDGE Hey, I've run into my unfair share of Penthouse Prunellas, and you're no High Tea pinky-waver. You care about things . . . I know you think I'm all "booky brillie" 'n all that, but why do you... fancy me? (BITTERLY, AND WITH AN AIR OF ANGRY NEAR-RESIGNATION) I am East Side and I'm startin' to fettle I will always be East Side.

ANEELIA (WITH SOME ASPERITY) Spence, come on! On my *West* side, every day, I'm *surrounded* by rich sons of industrialists who skate

~~through everything. And here you are. Doing the hard work. Maybe with Dr. Thurwood's help, we can both find our place. Some oasis between our two worlds. Promise me you'll be patient.~~

KNIGHTBRIDGE (TURNING SERIOUS) I can't feel the *Time*, Neelz. That's the thing. It's like *tomorrow*? They say: *all the time in the world*. But *me*? I'm not feelin' it. *It's like it's not there*.

**SFX: EXTERIOR. FLASHBACK OUT.  
ECLIPSOID HOWL AND KNIGHTBRIDGE  
FINDS HE'S BEEN STATIONARY FAR  
LONGER THAN IS A GOOD IDEA  
CONSIDERING HIS CONDITION.**

**SFX: EXTERIOR. WHOOP OF A POLICE  
SONOCAR AND AN OFFICER WITH A CAR  
INTERCOM. THE OFFICER IS SCARED TO  
DEATH, BUT HE IS TRYING TO DO THE  
RIGHT THING. SERVE AND PROTECT.**

OFFICER YOU! *Stay still! Don't move!*

**SFX: EXTERIOR. WEAPON ACTIVATES AND  
ANNOUNCES: 'TARGET ACQUIRED.'**

OFFICER (TO HIS SUPERIORS OVER THE CAR'S COM)  
Car 25 reporting. I have . . . I don't  
know what I have. I need backup, *quick*.  
*Please*.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (REALIZING HE HAS TO STOP THIS) No. No  
backup.

SONG (NARRATES) Knightbridge raises his arm. The field flashes out. But his adrenalin intent is exponified.

SFX: EXTERIOR. EXPLOSION.

SONG (NARRATES) The officer returns fire. But it just glances off the Eclipsoid Field.

SFX: RICOCHETS OFF, HITTING A WIFI TOWER WITH A ZAP. THEN TRANSFORMER BLOWS WITH THAT WEIRD ECHOEY FUSE BREAKER EXPLOSION SOUND.

SONG (NARRATES) One side of the street is plunged into darkness. And then the field hits the car.

SFX: KA-THUNK, TEARING AND CRUMPLING METAL.THE SIREN STARTS TO WHOOP,BUT DISTORTS AND DOPPLERS OUT.

SONG (NARRATES) The cruiser goes flying,the front bumper striking the Officer as he tries to dodge the field.

SFX: CUT TO: EXTERIOR. CLOSE UP AS OFFICER IS HIT BY CAR, CRIES OUT, HITS THE GROUND HARD. TRIES TO GET UP, COLLAPSES. RUSHING AIR DOPPLERING AS CAR FLIES THROUGH AIR BEHIND HIM. CUT BACK TO: ORIGINAL POV, AS CAR HITS THE GROUND IN NEAR DISTANCE AND ROLLS, FINALLY CRASHING INTO ANOTHER CAR. SECOND CAR'S ALARM GOES OFF.

SONG (NARRATES) And in a nearby home: two witnesses watch their quiet neighborhood turn into Eclipsoid hell.

**SFX: CUT TO: INSIDE HOME ACROSS THE STREET. STILL HAVE POWER. CHAOS OF THE ONGOING HEARD FROM INDOORS. COUPLE AT WINDOW.**

WILLIAM *Thayna, call Capital Emergency!*

**SFX: INTERIOR. KEYPAD OF PHONE, MISTAKES, PANICKED REACTION, KEYING AGAIN.**

THAYNA *For Penta's Hayla, Willam, I'M DIALING. I'M DIALING!*

**SFX: PHONE RINGING**

THAYNA *Oh, the Bannister's car! And their lovely elm is on fire.*

WILLIAM *Never mind their tree, what is that, that Thing in the street?! He's lit up like some kind of alien war movie!*

**SFX: PHONE CONTINUES TO RING**

THAYNA *Oh, come on . . . ANSWER!!*

**SFX: PHONE CONTINUES RINGING**

WILLIAM *Oh, this is not good. There's an officer down. That thing, it's stoopin' over him . . . They're both . . . glowin' all over.*

THAYNA (RUSHES OVER, REALLY ALARMED) I think it's killing him. William, go out and help!

WILLIAM (HE'S AFRAID, NO WAY) I . . . ahh . . .

THAYNA (LIKE SHE'S GONNA GO OUT THERE, BUT STILL, DISAPPOINTED, SHARP) *WILLIAM!*

**SFX: INTERIOR. KEYPAD TAP AND WILLIAM'S PHONE ANNOUNCES: 'RECORDING VERIFIED.'**

WILLIAM (RELIEVED, BREATHLESS) THERE! . . . I got it all on my ToneAkai.

**SFX: INTERIOR. WILLIAM RUSHES AWAY TO HIS COMPUTER, SLAPPING PHONE INTO RECEPTACLE.**

WILLIAM I'm gonna post this on Police Net Viral Videos.

**SFX: INTERIOR. VERIFICATION BEEP, COMPUTER SAYS: 'VIDEO READY FOR UPLOAD.'**

WILLIAM We gotta warn the *whole damn capital!*

**SFX: CUT TO: EXTERIOR, CARS BURNING, SIRENS CLOSING IN. PURE CHAOS.**

SONG (NARRATES) Out on the street, a shocked Knightbridge kneels by the fallen Officer.

KNIGHTBRIDGE Oh, he's not gonna make it. Officer, I'm sorry. All this power. I don't know how

to control it. (FIRST HINT OF ECLIPSOID TELEPATHY) He's got internal injuries. I wonder . . .

SFX: EXTERIOR. THE ECLIPSOID ENERGY RAMPES AGAIN

KNIGHTBRIDGE Take my strength. My life force. Heal, damn you, heal.

SFX: EXTERIOR. APPROACHING COP CAR SQUEALS AROUND A CORNER NEARBY.

KNIGHTBRIDGE Gotta get outta here. Hope that's enough . . . Please let that be enough.

SFX: EXTERIOR. KNIGHTBRIDGE RUNS INTO THE BURNING SUBURB.

ACT THREE

SFX: EXTERIOR. OPEN WITH THE NIGHT SOUNDS OF QUAYMET, EAST SIDE. BUOYS AND SLUGGISH LAPPING WATER FROM THE NEAR-BY RIVER THOTHBORO. SHIP HORNS.

SONG (NARRATES) And so the long night begins. Down by the winding waterfront: the docking ports of the East Side warehouses. And one black-hole silhouette of a refugee, surrounded by a scintillating plasma field of red, yellow and butane blue.

SFX: EXTERIOR. THE ECLIPSOID FIELD FADES QUICKLY IN. KNIGHTBRIDGE IS HALF-RUNNING, THEN TAKES STOCK AND

STOPS FOR A MOMENT. HE'S OUT OF BREATH MOMENTARILY, IT WAS A CONSTANT MARATHON TRYING TO STAY OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL HE COULD FIND A WAY DOWN TO THE MORE DESERTED RIVER DISTRICT.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (BREATHING AND WALKING RAPIDLY) OK.  
(STILL CATCHING BREATH) This is better.  
Almost deserted this time 'a night.

SFX: EXTERIOR. KNIGHTBRIDGE MOVES INTO A SPACE BETWEEN BUILDINGS, USING HIS FIELD TO FLING SOME CRATES ASIDE, A BIG DUMPSTER ROLLS TO ONE SIDE.

KNIGHTBRIDGE Where the hell do I go? How do I hide when I'm like this?

SFX: EXTERIOR. KNIGHTBRIDGE MOVES AGAIN, SHOVING PAST SOME REFUSE BINS. AND HE COMES OUT ON A CREAKING WOODEN WAREHOUSE BALCONY / DOCK OVER THE RIVER. THE WATER SOUNDS SLUGGISH, WRONG.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (EXPERIENCES AN INSTANT SYMPATHY.) The River Thothboro. What our *great capital* has done to you.

SFX: EXTERIOR. SOMETHING SURFACES, GIVES A MUTATED SORROWFUL CALL, THEN SUBMERGES AGAIN. LAPPING OF THICK WAVES.

KNIGHTBRIDGE Gah! Try livin' in that metallic smuck .  
. . I wonder... (HE THINKS FOR A MOMENT,

LAPPING OF THICK WAVES) If I threw myself in, would I go under? Or would this field just burn it all away from me. Volcano against the Sea. Could I do it? (DARK LAUGH)

No. No. My luck, even if the river took me . . . wouldn't I just become one more hazmat poison to float downstream? So, NO . . . (GETTING A LITTLE ANGRY AGAIN) All those platinum towers, all the factory owners over there, on the other side . . . they've have done enough to your stinkin' banks, eh, old Thothboro? (ALMOST LAUGHS AT THE DOUBLE MEANING) Banks, yeah. There's the joke. We're all dying over here from the industrial sludge. But all the money we make for 'em . . . goes into their banks, over there. Clean and green...(SUDDENLY, HE'S OVERCOME BY IT ALL) Why? (AND HE SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF THINKING OF HIMSELF AND ANEELIA) Why is it always West or East? Penthouses or tenements? It's not fair. (A BEAT) Always split in two. Always split in two.

**SFX: EXTERIOR. RIVER DRAGON SURFACES IN DISTANCE, ROARS. A LITTLE HARBINGER.**

KNIGHTBRIDGE

Maybe that's the math. Just . . . erase myself. Like a bad equation on a chalk board . . . (ANGUISHED, SHOUTING IT OUT) I miss you, J(asper). You made it all matter.

**SFX: EXTERIOR. KNIGHTBRIDGE WALKS  
OFF THE DOCK, AWAY FROM THE RIVER.**

KNIGHTBRIDGE (NOSTALGIA HITS.) Penta, the night we met. That freakin' blizzard. Just wanted was for it to take me out. But you wouldn't let it. Always doin' right by people. Always puttin' yerself on the line . . .

**SFX: FLASHBACK EFFECT. EXTERIOR.  
WIND, WHISTLING.**

JASPER (TRYING TO REVIVE KNIGHTBRIDGE, SHAKING HIM, THEN SLAPPING HIS FACE.)  
*Knightbridge! Knightbridge, wake up!*

KNIGHTBRIDGE (TEETH CHATTERING) Leave me alone. Go away!

JASPER *What are you doing out in this old tree fort? The Menks said you would be here.*

KNIGHTBRIDGE Let me freeze.

JASPER *The blizzard's not letting up. You're gonna die out here.*

KNIGHTBRIDGE So let me.

JASPER No. Come on. (MAKING LIGHT) You know if you don't show up in class tomorrow, you face something worse than death . . .  
*Sister execution.*

KNIGHTBRIDGE (GROGGY, IRRITATED) Why didn't the Menks come for me? Who are you?

JASPER Oh, I'm just the Academy '*bad influence.*' But I couldn't let you stay out here, once I heard. Now, come on. I got a friend in the dorm from the Up North. He can make sure you're OK, no frostbite.

SFX: A WHISTLING GUST OF WIND AND THE SCENE CHANGES. INSIDE THE SCHOOL. KIDS TALKING. CHIME GOES OFF, LIKE A CHURCH BELL. EVERYBODY IMMEDIATELY GOES VERY STILL. WIND IS STILL MOANING OUTSIDE. EVERY NOW AND AGAIN, THAT DAMN ROPE ON THE FLAGPOLE.

SISTER D•LENA Class will come to order. In a moment, Roll call. But first: It seems the Quad SouthEast front door was heard opening and closing *twice* last night . . . *far* after curfew! *And* with a blizzard outside.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (HE'S GOING TO TAKE THE FALL) Sister, I . . .

SFX: CHAIR SCRAPES AS JASPER STANDS UP

JASPER (BOLDLY DECLARATIVE) Sister, it was me.

SISTER D•LENA Jasper Pennion. I might have known. (HER VOICE GOES VERY COLD.) Reason?

JASPER (BLITHELY) I wanted to visit a friend. In Quad SouthWest.

SFX: LAUGHTER AROUND THE ROOM

SISTER D·LENA A friend? (SHE MAKES BOTH WORDS SOUND OBSCENE.) Fraternization . . . is not allowed. At any time, much less . . . (THE REST GOES UNSAID.)

SFX: SISTER D·LENA STRIDES TO JASPER'S DESK.

SISTER D·LENA This is your third infraction just this month. Hand out.

JASPER (HE REALLY DOESN'T WANT JASPER TO TAKE THE FALL FOR THIS) Sister, I . . .

SISTER D·LENA Yes, Knightbridge?

KNIGHTBRIDGE (KNOWS HE CANNOT BE ASSOCIATED WITH JASPER.) Nothing, ma'am.

SFX: DOWN WHISKS THE RULER, WITH SUCH FORCE A SLIGHT CRACK IS HEARD IN JASPER'S HAND.

SISTER D·LENA (REALIZING SHE MAY HAVE GONE TOO FAR, HE'S A SMALL BOY, BUT STILL GRUFFLY, SAVING FACE.) Report to the Nurse. And be thankful I don't put you in Solitary, again.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (COMING BACK UP AND OUT OF IT AGAIN. WE'RE BACK BY THE RIVER. IN REFLECTION, KNIGHTBRIDGE TALKS WITH JASPER.) Still wish I had stood up for you that first time. But I was such an idiot . . . still caring what the *Menks* thought. (bitterly) And wasn't that a stab in the back waste of time.

**SFX: EXTERIOR. KNIGHTBRIDGE TURNS  
FROM THE RIVER, STRIDING RAPIDLY  
AWAY.**

KNIGHTBRIDGE I know where to go next. I have a debt  
to pay you, Jasper. One small memorial .  
. . too little, too late. (THEN WITH  
GREAT ALMOST DEMONIC RESOLVE, SO ANGRY  
AT ALL THE INJUSTICE) *But then we erase*  
. . . *all of them. High and low.*

**MUSIC: FOR SEGUE**

SONG (NARRATES) Bleumont Boulevard in the  
Neon Bowery. Headquarters of the Dry  
Smoke and Whispers Detection Agency. The  
Professor and Doctor Thurwood found me  
deep in delirium, Aneelia by my side.

(SPEAKING IN DELIRIUM) No . . . No, Not  
you.

HENCHARD Song? Song!? This is not good. His eyes  
are dilated. He's in some kind of Tel...  
(REALIZES HE'S IN COMPANY WHO DOESN'T  
KNOW SONG'S A TELEPATH) . . . some kind  
of delirium.

**SFX: THURWOOD CHECKS HIS PHONE,  
ACCESSES VIDEO. BRIEF MUFFLED  
REPLAY, THEN HE KEYS IT OFF IN  
DISMAY.**

THURWOOD (VERY UPSET) Well, we're already too  
late. There's been an incident with  
Knightbridge. A policeman is in serious  
condition. An entire neighborhood with  
power out and blazing fires everywhere.

ANEELIA                   How can Spence even be *alive*.

HENCHARD                 We've got to get Song awake! He's the only one that has a chance of finding Knightbridge before it all blows up.

ANEELIA                 (SLIGHT PAUSE. IT'S TIME TO DO THE RIGHT THING) Maybe . . . maybe he's not the only one, Professor Henchard . . . I . . . (THIS IS HARDER THAN SHE THOUGHT) I'm an Empath. And it's clear to me that Detective Song is . . .

THURWOOD                (HEARD DURRICK'S SLIP EARLIER, INSTANTLY PUTS TWO AND TWO TOGETHER, SAYS IT ALMOST GINGERLY). . .Telepathic? Oh, that explains so much. Durrick . . . why didn't you tell me. You know I would keep that secret as if, well, blood oath, my friend.

HENCHARD                (DISMAYED THIS IS ALL HITTING NOW, MORE COMPLICATIONS) It wasn't my secret to tell, Basil. Permanent exile from Quaymet . . . Penitentiary Planet, anyone? People who even know can be prosecuted and sent away. (BITTERLY) Or just disappear. (ANEELIA REACTS INVOLUNTARILY, SOME MEMORY OF GREAT PAIN. HENCHARD READS IT AND KNOWS. INSTANTLY SYMPATHETIC.)

ANEELIA                 (OVERCOME) How did you know?

HENCHARD                It seems we've both had dealings with the Quintara. (THEN HE HAS AN INTUITION, TAKES HER HAND) You *lost* someone.

ANEELIA My *brother* . . . They took him. They told us he was dead. I *know* he's not.

HENCHARD There's no time now, but know this, you're among friends. And *allies*. Song and I *will* help you. But, But right now, thank you for being brave enough to tell us this. It may make all the difference.

THURWOOD Durrick, I hate to interrupt, but... (HE SIGHS DEEPLY, WITH GREAT WORRY, DIRELY) I think I've figured out part of what has happened with Knightbridge and well . . . it's . . . *not good*. Time is *not* on our side.

HENCHARD Then reaching Song is even more imperative. *And*, Aneelia! You can already help me. I'm trying to remember something Song told me. Something about just this kind of situation . . . (RACKS HIS BRAIN, CAN'T UNLOCK IT) *What was it?!?*

ANEELIA I don't know Detective Song, so there's no way I can read him, just his delirium. Close your eyes and think about that moment in the past.

**SFX: ANEELIA'S EMPATHY EFFECT**

ANEELIA Mmm. I feel . . . you're overwhelmed. It's almost too much information. You're kind of resisting the metaphysical stuff.

HENCHARD (LAUGHS) Had to get over *that*.

THURWOOD Please! Hurry. It's not just Knightbridge. We've got *far more* at stake.

ANEELIA *And . . .* (AMUSED BUT IRRITATED) you've just *appraised* something.

**SFX: HENCHARD JUMPS UP SUDDENLY AND STARTS GOING THROUGH SONG'S VEST POCKETS.**

HENCHARD That's it! The ring! The ring! (FINDS IT, HOLDS IT UP) Here it is! He said this ring is a conduit. His father gave it to him in M·Hellengau . . . if I touch the center, the family crest . . .

**SFX: ECLIPSOID HOWL. NEXT STOP: THE NEON BOWERY. KNIGHTBRIDGE BEING THROWN INTO A PILE OF TRASH CANS.**

WATCHER (GOOD NATUREDLY, LIKE HE'S TAKEN A TRUANT STUDENT TO TASK. TO HIS ALLY LOOKING ON.) *He's not payin' the rent, Aiden K!*

AIDEN K (LOADED AND DARK-CORED, THERE'S A SILENTLY TICKING ENTROPY TO THIS GUY) Watcher, My good man. He's a lousy complainin' good-for-nothin' little *punk*, fact there. I should know.

**SFX: WATCHER REACHES DOWN AND PULLS KNIGHTBRIDGE BACK OUT OF THE CANS.**

WATCHER *Mistra Knightbridge. Zipper Man. What we be havin' here is a little communication breakdown, don'cha know. We say get it.*

You zipper it on up and you bring it on in. That's our *deal*.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (DEFIANTLY, ANGRILY) I got you the stash!

WATCHER This is only *half* the oweance. Aiden, my man, didn't I say: a *full lid* of the *finest* stingersticks?

AIDEN K A *full lid*. I taught 'em better 'n that.

KNIGHTBRIDGE Look, I can't knick any more equipment. Doc Basil is *keen*, get it? I get the pink slip over "missing inventory," and it's *done*. (GETTING A LITTLE COCKIER THAN HE SHOULD) No more free ride!

**SFX: WATCHER BACKHANDS**

**KNIGHTBRIDGE, HARD. SUDDENLY**

**DANGEROUS, HE ACTIVATES A**

**VIBEKNIFE.**

WATCHER You callin' the Watcher a freeloader?

KNIGHTBRIDGE (EMPHATICALLY) No! (GRUDGINGLY) No, sir.

WATCHER Guess we just gonna have to give you another back 'a the ear reminder.

**SFX: VIBE-KNIFE SWIPE. RED-HOT**

**POKER PAIN. KNIGHTBRIDGE CRIES OUT.**

WATCHER Now you 'fettle' this right proper, Mr. Menker man . . . we can nose you out like a slenth in a sewer hole, no matter where you be!

SFX: VIBE KNIFE OFF, HOLSTERED.

WATCHER This ain't even fun anymore. This just be gettin' old.

SFX: WATCHER WALKS AWAY HEAVILY DOWN THE GRITTY ALLEY.

WATCHER (CALLS OUT, OVER HIS SHOULDER.) Aiden, you take it again from here.

SFX: WATCHER WHISTLES NONCHALANTLY WALKNG AWAY FROM US DOWN THE ALLEY. BEAT, AIDEN WALKS OVER.

AIDEN K (SOUNDS CONCERNED AT FIRST.) Spencer, Spencer, Spencer. You know better than to be mouthin' the *Man*.

(CHANGING, GRIPS KNIGHTBRIDGE BY THE THROAT, CHOKING HIM, AND SHOVES HIM UP AGAINST THE GRITTY WALL.) *So glad I put that GPS in your brain. You belong to ME. Forever. So no back-talkin' to the Watcher, right? Got it?!. Ya GOT IT?!!*

KNIGHTBRIDGE (A BEAT, THEN WITH DEEP RESENTMENT AND THINLY VEILED VENOM) Yes.

AIDEN K (TIGHTENS HIS GRIP) Yes, *what?!*

KNIGHTBRIDGE Yes . . . Father.

AIDEN K (IN LOW VOICE) *Keep this up? Where your Mother went after she left us high and dry . . . You won't get it outta me. Great big galaxy out there. And only I know where she went.*

**MUSIC: FOR SEGUE**

**SFX: JOINED TELEPATHY AND EMPATHY**

**FX RETURN.**

SONG (SPEAKING) *Oh, thank the Creators, I'm out.*

ANEELIA (IN TEARS. TO HERSELF) *My Spence. Why didn't you tell me how bad it was?*

SONG (NARRATES) We all came back at once. The ring had broken my connection to Knightbridge's memories. But not before Professor Henchard and Aneelia had also witnessed just a part of what I had endured for almost an hour.

HENCHARD Oh, Sisters of Mercy. Song, did, did we just re-live one of Knightbridge's recent memories?

SONG (SONG TOO IS DEEPLY AFFECTED. SPEAKING) In living color.

**SFX: AN ELEVATOR ARRIVES WITH A SINGLE DEEP RESONANT BELL. THE DOORS SWOOSH SMOOTHLY OPEN.**

SONG (SPEAKING) Alright, everyone in the elevator. we'll have to sort all this on the wing.

**SFX: THEY ALL COMPLY. HENCHARD DOES NOT LIKE HIGH-SPEED FLYING, SO HE SAYS WITH DISTASTE AS THEY ENTER THE LIFT.**

HENCHARD The Belgren-Serns SonoJet?

SONG (SPEAKING) You know it.

**SFX: DOORS SWOOSH SHUT AND ELEVATOR  
DROPS DRAMATICALLY.**

**MUSIC: BRIEF SEGUE.**

**SFX: INTERIOR OF SONOJET. ENGINES  
ARE RAMPING UP.**

SONG (SPEAKING) So now, Basil, straight up: how dangerous is our current situation, as long as Spencer Knightbridge stays alive?

THURWOOD Then you've figured it out. Why we *must* find Knightbridge and... and somehow *undo* all this.

ANEELIA (SHE SUDDENLY GETS IT TOO) Oh, Shards. Both tesseract conduits are open. Fixed open by his very existence. His failed destination . . .

SONG (SPEAKING) And I can tell you what *that* was. In some kind of bizarre quantum synchronicity, he sourced *M·Hellengau*. It's the place where I was *born*. That's why such a primal link was formed.

THURWOOD And, and the delirium?

SONG (SPEAKING) The second he was linked to the *M·Hellengau* conduit, I was connected to it *and* Knightbridge's subconscious. And I couldn't get back out!

**SFX: A REPEATING KLAXON SOUNDS  
THREE TIMES. THEN VERY LARGE**

ROLLING MECHANISM ECHOES UP FROM A  
TUNNEL AHEAD OF THEM.

SJ CONTROL SYSTEM            *Rotary access opening. Launch tunnel ready.*

HENCHARD                    *(THE OTHER PENNY DROPS, AND HE SAYS IN HORROR) Wait! The other open conduit . . . is the one connected to the heart of the sun?*

THURWOOD                    *That's where Knightbridge's deadly plasma energy is coming from. And, these tessarae are meant to be open for seconds, not hours. They could collapse on their own at any time.*

HENCHARD                    *Basil, what if either connection is severed violently, such as a, a military action . . .*

ANEELIA                      *Then Quaymet becomes connected with its own sun. Through an unstable wormhole in the middle of the Capital.*

SONG                          *(SPEAKING) Pure core fusion pours through like a butane pilot light, ignites our atmosphere and whoosh, Quaymet becomes a temporary second sun. NOT the best way to get that perfect summer tan.*

SJ CONTROL SYSTEM            *Ready for launch.*

SONG                          *(SPEAKING) Here we go. Engines, engage.*

SFX: CUT TO REVERBED LAUNCH TUNNEL.  
THE SONOJET ROARS PAST US AND  
DOPPLERS UP INTO THE NIGHT SKY.

ACT FOUR

SFX: NIGHT SOUNDS OF QUAYMET, EAST  
SIDE. CRICKETS. THE RANDOM TANG-  
TANGING OF A ROPE AGAINST A HOLLOW  
FLAGPOLE. THEN THE CORUSCATING  
FIELD SURROUNDING KNIGHTBRIDGE  
RAMPS IN AS HE WALKS UP ON GRAVEL.

KNIGHTBRIDGE Well, here it is. The East Side Academy for the Wayward. Gated and locked up at night like a baroque *prison camp*. Oh, those high stone walls . . .

SFX: WHISTLE OF WIND

KNIGHTBRIDGE . . . To keep its wards safe . . . or keep them *safely in*.

SFX: HOWL AND A SURGE. KNIGHTBRIDGE  
STRIDES INTO THE GROUNDS AND UP A  
FLIGHT OF CONCRETE STEPS.

KNIGHTBRIDGE And there *it* is. Where my life ended, in a way.

SFX: HE STOPS IN FRONT OF THE  
FLAGPOLE, LOOKS UP AT IT.

KNIGHTBRIDGE A flagpole. Fly your colors! Take heart, young sinners, you belong! Gold on Indigo! The Order of the Benign Overseers will keep you safe within these walls . . . your Family! . . . but only if you become just like us.

SFX: FIELD SURGES

KNIGHTBRIDGE But we couldn't do it, could we, J.

SFX: THE ECLIPSOID FIELD RAMPS  
AGAIN. FLASHBACK IN. ACADEMY CHIME  
RINGS. SECLUDED LIBRARY ROOM.  
CLASSES HAVE LET OUT FOR RECESS. WE  
HEAR THE CHATTERING STUDENTS  
MUFFLED IN THE HALLWAY FOR A  
STRETCH, THEN THAT FADES AWAY UNDER  
THE FOLLOWING.

KNIGHTBRIDGE How did the sisters lose track of this library annex?

JASPER I don't know, but it's the perfect lunch-period sanctuary, isn't it?

SFX: JASPER TRIGGERS A LARGE  
MECHANIZED BENTO BOX. IT ANNOUNCES  
'YOU ARE MOST WELCOME, FROM T·KAIYO  
CAFÉ.' THEY BOTH TUCK IN.

KNIGHTBRIDGE My alleyway get-it guy. Good sushi. What's up, *your* next class period?

JASPER Oh, MeeYenta's Shell, *gym class*. Gotta be some way out of it.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (SUDDEN INSPIRATION) Hey! You could check out the *locker baskets*. Then you can stay in the locker room. No *sports*. You'd have almost an hour to . . . write your poetry. Start that short story you've been avoidin' for *months*.

JASPER Oh, Knight . . . henth, *no*. I can just hear the jocks: "hey, Jasper, how 'bout

I stick you in my basket so you can lick my sweaty socks til I get back." And that would be before the punching begins . . .

KNIGHTBRIDGE *So Sorry, J . . . I keep forgetting.*

JASPER You got the Menks, they don't mess with you.

KNIGHTBRIDGE Oh! J, I have something for you.

**SFX: JEWELRY BOX ROTORS OPEN WITH  
MINIATURE GEARS**

KNIGHTBRIDGE My mother gave me this and now I want you to have it. She said it's called an OverSeer Ring.

JASPER Oh, that's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen . . . it's too beautiful. I'll lose it.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (HE ALMOST CHOKES UP, SOME MEMORY FROM HIS PAST) That's just it. Once you put it on, you *can't*. I lost it on a hiking trip way up in the Vorga Cascade and the next morning, there it was on my finger again. She said: There's an inscription under the crest that reads: "*Speak Truth and the OverSeers will Free the Sun.*"

JASPER (MOVED TO TEARS) I swear, if it weren't for you, I think I'd just curl up in a ball and die. (HE THINKS FOR A MINUTE) I think you're the only person who's never busted my chops for *something*.

KNIGHTBRIDGE Oh, come on. You're tougher than that. Remember the one thing the Sisters are right about: *As you do, so you reap.* What does *this* lot know of writers, or, or poets. People that can show you a bigger world than just what's under your *bleedin'* nose everyday. You're going to be *known*. They *hate* that. Both of us . . . we're going to show them *all* in the end.

**SFX: FLASHBACK OUT BUT EXTENDED.  
REVERBED, OVER IT: KNIGHTBRIDGE IN  
THURSTON'S LAB CHANTING: 'BLOOD AND  
ASHES, 30 LASHES'... THEN OUT INTO  
ONE MORE LESS PLEASANT MEMORY.**

SISTER D·LÉNA (HORRIFIED, ANGRY, DISAPPOINTED) *I know about the two of you!* Oh, Jasper I can understand. I've tried in every way to set him right. For years. But I've given up. He is a *Faithless* reprobate.

KNIGHTBRIDGE *Where is he? What have you done to him now?*

SISTER D·LÉNA He's in the Solitary Hole! You and your rash actions put him there!

KNIGHTBRIDGE (ANGUISHED) *No!* It's not his fault. Punish *me*. Let 'im out!

SISTER D·LÉNA So he can continue to lure you off the straight and narrow? I think not. (EARNESTLY) *You* still have a chance. Renounce him . . . and this mortal sin . . . and come back to us. Save yourself.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (HER CONCERN ONLY TRIGGERS HIM) Save *meself*? The only thing we need saving from is *you*. You and this *hypocrite prison camp*. *Benign OverSeers*, my *backside*. You like to lord over us as if you were OverSeers yourselves. But you're not. *You're just sadistic sad spinsters in blue jail-guard robes*.

**SFX: HE'S PUSHED HER TOO FAR, MISUNDERSTANDING HER CONCERN. SHE SLAPS HIM, HARD.**

KNIGHTBRIDGE (A BEAT, TO HIS MIND, MIGHT AS WELL BE WATCHER. HE'S ALMOST BREAKING DOWN NOW, DEFIANT, ANGRY AND DESPERATELY WORRIED ABOUT JASPER) There, ya see? There's *your* love. And I want nothing to do with it.

**SFX: FLASHBACK OUT. ECLIPSOID FIELD PULSING.**

KNIGHTBRIDGE A flagpole. Just a hunk 'a metal. But this is where you died . . . (ANGUISHED) *I told you I was coming back*. Still doesn't make sense. But the *note*. It was *your writing*. (WITH AFFECTION) Such a jail yard facilitator, ya little wheeler and dealer. Ciggies. Booze. Even the Menks loved ya . . . *for a while* . . . And oh, Penta, all your books . . . Pilfered here, there and everywhere . . . And your *writing*. That elegant cursive . . . where did all that *come from*? . . . (GIVES INTO THE GRIEF AT LAST) . . . *And why is it gone?*

**SFX: FLASHBACK OUT. FIELD SURGES.**

KNIGHTBRIDGE (OVERCOME WITH THE MEMORIES,  
KNIGHTBRIDGE LOOKS UP AT THE SKY.)  
*Jasper! . . . I'm so sorry . . . Forgive  
me!*

**SFX: HOWL OF ENERGY LASHES OUT. THE  
POLE CREAKS, MELTS, CRUMPLES, HITS  
THE GROUND WITH A HOLLOW THUD.  
ANOTHER WAVE OF ENERGY, AND IT  
BUBBLES AND MELTS INTO THE GROUND.**

KNIGHTBRIDGE Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Bye, J . .  
. (QUIETLY, RESIGNEDLY, IN A PAUSE OF  
THE POWER THAT SURROUNDS HIM) *I still  
love you.*

**SFX: CUT TO: INTERIOR. SONO-JET.  
COCKPIT AMBIENCE, SONAR, POWER  
THRUM.**

THURWOOD Well, we're in the air, but *now what?*  
Emille, can't you find Knightbridge with  
your, your telepathy?

SONG (SPEAKING) I'm honestly afraid to try.  
I'm afraid of getting pulled back in,  
and *not* getting back out.

**SFX: LOUD ANGULAR ALARM**

SYSTEM AI Perimeter Alert

**SFX: MILITARY JETS RUSH UP**

HENCHARD *WHOA, SONG! Bogies at 5 o'clock!*

SONG *Nav, Hard left! Evasive!*

SFX: THE SONOJET VEERS, ENGINE  
PITCH ALTERING DRASTICALLY. THE TWO  
MILITARY JETS SCREAM BY, DOPPLER  
AWAY.

SONG (SPEAKING. DISMAYED, ANGRY AT FATE) That was Air Power Strike Force. FRECK.

The big guns are on the hunt.

(NARRATING) High in the skies over the Capital, I made a frantic call to STAFF, Quaymet's most powerful military force, and my personal friend and ally, Field Commander Gregson.

GREGSON (OVER INTERCOM IN THE SONOJET) Sorry, Song, Air Strike's already on it. This Knightbridge Eclipsoid-whatever-he-is, nearly killed a police officer, and now we have valid reports that ah, ah (HE'S READING THE REPORT) *East Side Academy* is under attack.

HENCHARD (RAISING HIS VOICE) Hold on, *The Academy for the Wayward?*

GREGSON Yeah, that's it.

THURWOOD Why would he go there?

HENCHARD Oh, I don't know. Fanatical sisterhood, gated campus. It's not the same place we knew, Basil.

SONG (IMPATIENTLY) At least we've got a location. *Look, Commander,* if any action is taken against Knightbridge, it's *game*

over. You can kiss the whole damn planet  
*goodbye. Here's the Intel . . .*

**MUSIC: SEGUE**

**SFX: KNIGHTBRIDGE WALKING AWAY.**

**THEN SIRENS BECOME APPARENT.**

KNIGHTBRIDGE We have honored the dead . . . (HE  
STOPS, LOOKING BACK AT THE ACADEMY)  
Schoolyards . . . That's where it all  
starts. All buddy, buddy, pal, pal. 'Til  
you cross some *unseen* line in the sand.

**SFX: FLASHBACK IN. TWO MORE**

**MEMORIES. BETWEEN CLASSES, KID**

**CHAOS, THEN IT QUIETS. KNIGHTBRIDGE**

**ACCESSING LOCKER.**

SNECKER Hey, Bridgers, wait up . . .

KNIGHTBRIDGE Snecker, what's up it?

SNECKER Eh . . . that's just it . . . It's your  
friend. Your facilities guy . . .  
Pennion.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (HE KNOWS WHAT'S COMING, DEFIANT) Yeah?  
What about it?

SNECKER Ain't cool. Don't be baggin' yer bagger  
. . . ya know? 'Fraid we're havin' to  
*cut you loose* . . . rest 'a the guys  
just wanted to beat ya both up, but I  
thought you deserved some slack . . .  
but, ya know, don't come 'round no more.  
OK?

SFX: SNECKER WALKS AWAY DOWN HALL,  
WHISTLING OFF KEY

SFX: FLASHBACK OUT. AND WE'RE BACK  
IN THE PRESENT. BRIEF PAUSE. FIELD  
PULSES.

KNIGHTBRIDGE 'N there you are. This line here. That line there. Then it's all just *cavemen* again. Dukin' it out over *dinosaur barbecue*, 'n who gets the biggest rib. First it's food. Then it's territory. Worst of all: *Family*. Then you stick a flag up init and it's . . . *War* . . . *Me. My kind first. At any cost.*

SFX: JETS NEARBY

KNIGHTBRIDGE Time to go. (NOW FOR ANOTHER MISSION) Let's start with the lackeys. "We was just following orders. We didn't light the ovens. We just shoved everybody in."

SFX: A HARSH QUAYMET VERSION OF  
HELICOPTER. BLACK OPS SPECIALS,  
LIKE A HORNET.

KNIGHTBRIDGE So, swaggering commandant wanna-be, Cottonmouth. And your little aide-de-camp, Stang.

SFX: ECLIPSOID TELEPATHY

KNIGHTBRIDGE Ah! These powers. They just keep opening up. What in M·Hellengau are they doing to me? What am I becoming?

SFX: AN ECLIPSOID VERSION OF THE  
TELEPATHY EFFECT COMES INTO PLAY

KNIGHTBRIDGE Oh, this is right amazing. I can see, miles away. I can find you . . . just by thinking about it . . .

SFX: ECLIPSOID SURGE AND TELEPATHY EFFECT

KNIGHTBRIDGE Cottonmouth. Stang. Show me where you are . . .

SFX: ECLIPSOID LONG HOWL, AND A NEW SETTING OPENS UP. SOUNDS LIKE SOME KIND OF DARK, DEMENTED CARNIVAL.

SONG (NARRATES) The Diamond Icicle. An illicit Mudd Club for Quaymet's Goth and buzzcut cliques. Where the disenfranchised offspring of both poor and rich find strobe light cubicles or velveteen arenas for any manner of chemically induced indulgence.

SFX: AN ANNOUNCEMENT FROM A STAGE NEARBY: "WELCOME, DIAMOND ICICLE PATRONS. TIME FOR THE FLAVOR OF THE NIGHT! GET READY TO CRAWL AND DOGGIE DOWN TO THE SKULL-RIPPING RIFFS OF IRASCIBLE FOMENT . . ." UP CLOSE, SOUND OF A HYPO.

STANG (BEAT) Whooaaah. *Oh* . . . Cottonmouth, my man. This is superior.

COTTONMOUTH Best Locker's Thraw I ever got off a *dead man* . . . hey, Stang, let's kick this joint. Foment's a broken ankle. You, me, we got *Brainiac Fish* to fry.

SFX: DOORS SWOOSH OPEN, AND WE'RE  
BACK INTO THE QUAYMET NIGHTSCAPE.  
DOORS CLOSE BEHIND THEM. BAND  
SETTING UP COMES THROUGH ON TINNY  
SPEAKERS ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE  
BUILDING.

STANG Oh, Stankers, yeah. Time to catch up  
with that Raggedy Ear Knightbridge.  
Where do ya think we'll find him this  
time?

SFX: CAR UNLOCKING BEEP, GULLWINGS  
RATCHET OPEN, THEY CLIMB IN, DOORS  
CLOSE.

COTTONMOUTH Let's find out.

SFX: HITS SEQUENCED CONTROLS ON A  
WRIST DEVICE.

COTTONMOUTH With the GPS Bridger's old man had  
installed into his Medoolio Oblonggotcha  
. . .

SFX: SONAR PINGING AS IT LOCATES.  
THEN PAINFUL SQUEAL OF FEEDBACK.  
BOTH REACT. NEXT. THE DEVICE SHORTS  
OUT ENTIRELY, BURNING COTTONMOUTH'S  
ARM. THE DOORS LOCK.

SFX: CAR COMPUTER: DOOR LOCKS  
ACTIVATED.

SFX: HOWL OF ECLIPSOID FIELD FILLS  
THE CAR, FOLLOWED BY KNIGHTBRIDGE'S  
AMPLIFIED VOICE.

KNIGHTBRIDGE STANG. COTTONMOUTH. No need to find the Brainiac Raggedy Ear. He's already found . . . you . . .

**SFX: HOWL OF ECLIPSOID FIELD**

**BECOMES A ROAR.**

**MUSIC: SEGUE**

SONG (BACK IN THE SONOJET, SPEAKING ON THE COMMUNICATION SYSTEM) So, Commander Gregson, that's what we're up against. Can you relay this info up and down the chain and control it?

GREGSON Look, Song. I can't fight you on the science . . .

SONG *But . . . you've got troops with itchy trigger fingers, spoiling to take on the, the perfect video game antagonist.*

GREGSON Now you got it. I can send out the order: *No weapons fire of any kind.* But this is a dumpster fire, and *my troops* are the kerosene.

SONG (ALMOST RESIGNED) And who can blame them. (THINKING ON FEET) *Okay . . . But just let me get to Knightbridge first. Deal?*

GREGSON You got it.

SONG Song, out.

ANEELIA (URGENTLY) Detective Song, something's really wrong. Spence, he's *not at the Academy.*

SONG What?! There's no way he can move that fast.

THURWOOD I don't think you have any choice.  
*You've got to use your telepathy.*

SONG (BRACING HIMSELF) OK . . . gotta try.

**SFX: STRONG TELEPATHY EFFECT.**

SONG OK. OK. I can sense him now without getting trapped. (THEN ASTOUNDED, ALMOST ANGRY) He's miles away! Thurwood, can Knightbridge teleport?

THURWOOD (FLUSTERED, DISCOURAGED AND GUILTY)  
He's, he's connected to teleport conduits.

SONG Point . . . (EXASPERATED) Wow. He's over by the wastelands. Changing course.

**SFX: JET VEERS DRASTICALLY, PICKS UP SPEED.**

SONG And putting on the boosters.

**SFX: FIELD IN FULL RAMP. SWIRL OF POWER AS . . .**

SONG (SPEAKING) Knightbridge materialized in primary fire right in front of the car. He slams his hands down on the hood

**SFX: BANG!**

SONG (SPEAKING) and the metal began to glow. And then, this black hole specter he leaned towards them, grinning, the fiery

plasma coruscating out of his mouth as he spoke.

KNIGHTBRIDGE *Old friends . . .* I was just visiting our alma mater. How's the buzz of that Locker's Thraw wearing now?

STANG (PANICKING) *Oh, Cottonmouth. Tell me this is a bumner trip, man. We're just hallucinatin' this, right?*

COTTONMOUTH (ALWAYS THE ONE TO TRY TO BLUFF HIS WAY THROUGH ANYTHING) *What are you? You're not Knightbridge.*

KNIGHTBRIDGE *Oh, Cottonmouth. How can you say that . . . when we've known each other so well . . . its a violation. So lets go . . . a small trip down Memory Lane . . . Just the two of us.*

**SFX: HOWL OF ECLIPSOID ENERGY.**

**FLASHBACK MIC AMBIENCE.**

COTTONMOUTH (SADISTICALLY) Your father said . . . I can do to you *whatever I want*. Stang, cuff those trouble-makin' hands behind his back.

**SFX: STANG CUFFS KNIGHTBRIDGE**

**ROUGHLY. COTTONMOUTH CIRCLES HIM, BOOTHEELS IN THE ALLEY GRIT.**

COTTONMOUTH Now whack him. (STANG HITS HIM IN THE BACK OF THE LEGS, KNIGHTBRIDGE DROPS TO HIS KNEES PAINFULLY). That's right, down on your knees, Jasper lover.

Stang: *Disinterator?*

SFX: LETHAL GUN BEING ACTIVATED.

COTTONMOUTH So time to do *everything* I want. Or  
Stang here will *vaporize* you.

SFX: STANG CRANKS THE GUN, BUZZ SAW  
WHINE HEIGHTENS. SPIRAL BACK OUT TO  
THE PRESENT.

COTTONMOUTH Get out of my head! (PANICKING, ALMOST  
HYSTERICAL) GET OUT OF MY HEAD!

STANG Is he reading your mind? Is he *reading*  
*your mind*? You can't let him know! Stop  
him! *YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!*

SFX: COTTONMOUTH HITS STANG HARD ON  
THE JAW.

COTTONMOUTH Shut up!

SFX: EXTERIOR. FLASHBACK AMBIENCE  
OFF.

KNIGHTBRIDGE (ELATED AT FIRST) Oh, I smell secrets.  
(BUT THEN: AN EPIPHANY: ALL THE LITTLE  
PIECES THAT DIDN'T FIT ARE FALLING INTO  
PLACE. JASPER GIVING UP? THE RING,  
MISSING?) Cottonmouth . . . *Stang* . . .

SFX: THE ECLIPSOID FIELD RAMPS  
OMINOUSLY.

KNIGHTBRIDGE Show me *everything* . . . I . . . *must* .  
. . . *not* . . . *know*.

RIR BREAK

HOST CLOSE

This is Re-Imagined Radio. Our guest-curated episode is Part 1 of "Night of the Eclipsoid Man," written and produced by Jerrel McQuen and Marc Rose. Next month we offer Part 2 where Spencer Knightbridge discovers the brutal ghosts of his past have robbed him of all he hoped to be or love.

The cast included

Mark Hamayoun (HOM-ah-youn)

Toni Lima

Tyler Boruff

Greg Alexander

Chris Porter

Linda Goertz

Eric Newsome

Pat Blem

and Mason Skyler

"Night of the Eclipsoid Man" was written  
Jerrel McQuen.

Sound Design, Original Music  
Composition, and Post-Production by Marc  
Rose.

Graphics by Jerrel McQuen and Holly Slocum.

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Episodes are archived at our website, reimagedradio DOT FM.

This is John Barber, producer and host. Thank you for listening.

MUSIC: RIR THEME UP, THEN DUCK UNDER THE FOLLOWING

ANNOUNCER CLOSE

SFX: RECORDED ANNOUNCER CLOSE

ANNOUNCER

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Thank you so much for listening, and please, join us again for another episode of Re-Imagined Radio where we will continue our exploration of radio storytelling.

MUSIC: RIR THEME UP, AND TO END