

4.3 The Wanderers and the Witch  
Divined by Shannon Sawyer

Characters in Order of Appearance:

Narrator  
Frey  
Nico  
Tango  
Jim Robbie  
Simon  
Thursday

**Scene 1: NIGHT, SWAMP OUTSIDE OF EGGSVILLE**

1 SOUND: THE SOUND OF CICADAS COMES THROUGH THE TREES, MUFFLED ONLY JUST SO BY THE SPANISH MOSS DRAPED OVER THE TREES. THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS WADING THROUGH THE SWAMP GROW LOUDER AND LOUDER AS THE WANDERERS GET CLOSER.

2 NARRATOR:

After a narrow escape with a fate of eternal invisibility for Frey, the Wanderers have left their only sanctuary for the evening. But night is falling in the swamp..

3 FREY:

Seen anything yet? A sign, or you know, a road?

4 NICO:

We'd be on the road if Tango didn't drag you in a random direction to get you out of the invisible purgatory you were almost in.

5 TANGO:

Well it was a good idea at the time. And if we went back to the town Frey might've started going invisible again.

6 FREY:

And I'd rather not spend life as a ghost who can't even shout about how I was murdered in a brutal passion on the eve of my own wedding.

7 JIM:

Wasn't your role supposed to be an invisible bank robber with Slim Jim and the Boogie Boys?

- 8 FREY:  
Who says I can't play more than one role? Or combine the role of a bank-robbing ghost seeking revenge against her fiancée who murdered her? I'm multi-talented like that, okay?
- 9 NICO:  
I've got a threat for you, it's called "why don't we focus on finding a road before we fall into a pit in a pitch black swamp where no one will find our bog bodies?"
- 10 FREY:  
It's a swamp, actually. A swamp and bog are two different things.
- 11 NICO:  
(pls kill me)  
Oh my gooooodddddd, Tango, please tell me you see anything with your bear eyes?
- 12 TANGO:  
Uhh ... no?
- 13 NICO:  
What do you mean "no?"
- 14 TANGO:  
I mean I can't see anything.
- 15 NICO:  
There should still be enough light for you to see! Just look up at the ... uhh ...
- 16 FREY:  
Uhh... Where's the moon? Where are the *stars*?
- 17 NARRATOR:  
The last gasps of daylight have set beyond the trees, but there are no stars, and no moon. The swamp is becoming pitch black with no lights to guide the lost.
- 18 JIM ROBBIE:  
Ooohh, no wonder that town told us not to travel at night.

- 19 TANGO:  
(Panicked)  
Okay! Okay! Uhh, let's keep moving! C'mon.
- 20 NICO:  
In the dark? Through a swamp??? We're going to end up  
falling into water and swimming with the gators.
- 21 FREY:  
You'd rather put yourself on a silver platter sitting  
here waiting for the gators to find us?
- 22 SOUND: A BEAT OF SILENCE BETWEEN THE WANDERERS. THE CICADAS STILL  
SCREAMING IN THE BACKGROUND AS WATER FROM THEIR FOOTSTEPS SETTLES  
AFTER THEY'VE COME TO A STOP IN THE SWAMP.
- 23 NICO:  
Uuuggghhhhhhh. We never have a choice in this.
- 24 JIM ROBBIE:  
Track record says no.
- SCENE 2: NIGHT, DEEP SWAMP
- 25 SOUND: SOME TIME HAS PASSED. THE SOUND OF THE CICADAS HAVE  
QUIETED AND THE CHIRP OF FROGS FILL THE ROLE. THE WANDERERS ARE  
STILL WADING THROUGH THE SWAMP, BUT IT'S GOTTEN TOUGHER. NICO  
TRIPS OVER A TREE ROOT SOMEWHAT SUBMERGED IN THE WATER AND  
STUMBLES, NEARLY TAKING OUT FREY WITH HIM.
- 26 NICO:  
OW! Ow-ow-ow!
- 27 FREY:  
Watch it-Woah! Hey, I got ya, bud. Tango, wait, we're  
bogged down here-
- 28 NICO:  
Oh, so NOW it's a bog. Tango, we're going to get  
ourselves killed. We can't keep going on like this!
- 29 TANGO:  
We can if we try! Come on, get up!

- 30 NICO:  
(He attempts to move but hisses through his teeth)  
Think I pulled something in there.
- 31 JIM:  
We can't just wait here until you get better. It's dark,  
and wet, and I'm going to rust away to nothing while your  
feeble flesh takes all the time in the world to heal.
- 32 NICO:  
Big words to the person who's making your legs. By all  
means keep it up.
- 33 FREY:  
Jim, shush. Here, lean on me. One foot after another. (TO  
TANGO) I know we were told not to go out at night, Tango,  
but if we stumble around when we can't see our hands in  
front of our faces it is going to get worse than this.
- 34 TANGO:  
But I can see you ... (realization) WAIT! I can see you  
two!
- 35 NICO:  
Yeah, the one person in the party with night vision.
- 36 TANGO:  
But I still need a little bit of light to see in the  
dark, and I can see your faces again.
- 37 NICO:  
(catching on)  
-So there's light coming from somewhere.
- 38 TANGO:  
Right! So ... That way!
- 39 SOUND: THE WANDERERS PUSH ON THROUGH THE SWAMP, STUMBLING EVERY  
ONCE IN A WHILE AS FREY SUPPORTS NICO THROUGH THE UNEVEN TERRAIN  
AND WATER SLOSHING AROUND THEIR FEET WITH EACH STEP. DESPITE  
THERE BEING NO WIND, THERE IS THE FAINT SOUND OF WINDCHIMES IN  
THE DISTANCE.
- 40 FREY:

Yes! I see something! Aww, looks like a cute little cabin! And not the murder-y kind we usually wander across, for once.

41 NICO:

Hopefully they're willing to take us in for the evening, or at least let us crash on their porch.

42 SOUND: THE GROUP MAKES WAY ONTO THE SOLID DIRT PATH THAT LEADS ONTO THE PROPERTY, LINED WITH RAISED GARDEN BEDS.

43 TANGO:

This place is so pretty. Look at the garden! I can smell magnolia trees just standing here. (Tango takes in a deep breath)

44 SOUND: AS TANGO TAKES THAT BREATH A WASP BUZZES BY HER, FLOATING AROUND HER HEAD FOR A MOMENT.

45 TANGO:

(Freaked out)  
SHOO! SHOO! IT'S NIGHT TIME, GO TO BED!

46 FREY:

WHOA, WASP! GET IT! KILL IT!

47 SOUND: TANGO AND FREY SWAT AT IT A FEW TIMES. THE WASP DOES FLY OFF, ITS BUZZING FADING AS IT FLIES BACK INTO THE SWAMP.

48 NICO:

Guys! Guys! It's gone! (pause, then not so helpful fact of the day) You guys know they're technically pollinators, right?

49 FREY:

Ones that don't, I don't know, *DIE* when they *STING YOU*. They just hurt and come back for more.

50 TANGO:

(A little out of breath from freaking out)  
Okay, I'm okay. It didn't sting me.

51 JIM:

If we get *inside* it won't be able to sting anyone.

- 52 FREY:  
I'm not just going to *barge in*, Jim. It looks like people live here.
- 53 JIM:  
The last place didn't look like people lived there, and yet.
- 54 SOUND: THE WANDERERS MAKE THEIR WAY UP THE WOOD STEPS ONTO THE PORCH AND FREY KNOCKS AT THE DOOR, AND ALMOST IMMEDIATELY IT OPENS. A MAN STANDS IN THE DOORWAY IN FRONT OF THE WANDERERS. THERE IS THE FAINTEST SOUND OF A FIREPLACE AND THE TICKING OF AN OLD GRANDFATHER CLOCK COMING FROM THE INSIDE. THERE'S A LONG PAUSE.
- 55 FREY:  
Uhh, hi. Good evening. Look, long story short, but we got turned around in the swamp-
- 56 SIMON:  
(Interrupting and formally)  
Yes, we've been expecting you. Please, come in, and do take your shoes off. We would rather not have mud tracked in on the floors. You can use the slippers by the door inside the house.
- 57 SOUND: SIMON STEPS AWAY FROM THE GROUP TO LET THEM IN BUT THE WANDERERS HESITATE IN THE DOORWAY.
- 58 NICO:  
What do you mean, "expecting" us?
- 59 SIMON:  
There is a room upstairs with beds made for the evening. You are free to use the bathroom facilities, including the shower. Do please clean up before coming down for dinner, which will be in one hour on the dot. Thursday can tell you what you need to know then. Please, excuse me.
- 60 SOUND: SIMON MARCHES DEEPER INTO THE COTTAGE, WHICH AS THE WANDERERS FOLLOW HIS INSTRUCTION TO COME IN AND TAKE OFF THEIR BOOTS AND SHOES, THE INSIDE OF WHAT WAS A SMALL COTTAGE OUTSIDE IS A HUGE, SPACIOUS HOUSE.

- 61 TANGO:  
Wooaahh, this is bigger than that inn we stayed at.
- 62 NICO:  
I don't recall seeing a second floor from the outside.  
How do they have enough space for all of this inside a  
little log cabin?
- 63 FREY:  
You know, out of all of the sketchy places we've visited,  
this place has a high "weird" factor, but I heard  
"shower", and "dinner" and that's giving it a five star  
rating here and now. By the way, I'm calling dibs on  
first shower.
- 64 TANGO:  
Shoes off first. We don't want to be rude and ruin their  
nice carpets. Look at all the cute flower patterns on  
these crochet slippers!
- 65 JIM:  
Do they got anything for spatula shaped feet?
- 66 SOUND: AFTER SOME RUMMAGING LO AND BEHOLD, IN FACT THERE ARE A  
PAIR OF CROCHET SLIPPERS THAT TANGO PICKS FROM THE PILE AND  
SLIDES ON JIM'S METAL FEET.
- 67 TANGO:  
A perfect fit!
- 68 SOUND: THE OTHER WANDERERS BEGIN THE TASK OF UNLACING AND TAKING  
OFF SHOES AND BOOTS.
- 69 NICO:  
Frey, I'm calling dibs on second shower please and thank  
you.

### SCENE 3: INT. COTTAGE UPSTAIR ROOM

- 70 SOUND: THE WANDERERS HAVE MADE THEMSELVES AT HOME IN THE GUEST  
ROOM OF THE COTTAGE. AN OLD CUCKOO CLOCK TICKS ON AS FREY LOUNGES  
BY THE CLOSED WINDOW WHILE TANGO SITS ON THE BED THAT SQUEAKS A  
LITTLE BENEATH HER. NICO OPENS AND CLOSES THE DOOR TO THE ROOM, A  
FEW DROPS OF COOLING SHOWER WATER HITTING THE GROUND.

- 71 TANGO:  
Hey, Nico, how's your leg holding up?
- 72 NICO:  
Still a little sore, but that shower really knocked most of the pain out of it.
- 73 FREY:  
What did I tell ya? Hot. Running. Water.
- 74 NICO:  
I am shocked you didn't use up all the hot water all up before I got in there, that's the real miracle here. (A beat as he checks the clock on the wall) Okay, this is nice and all, but shouldn't an hour have passed by now?
- 75 JIM:  
Do I hear complaining?
- 76 NICO:  
No, but it's a bit-
- 77 TANGO:  
Weird?
- 78 NICO:  
Yeah, that. (beat) Oh, well if the clock isn't working right why don't we get that window open? I could use some proper air drying for my hair.
- 79 FREY:  
Open shutters coming up.
- 80 SOUND: FREY OPENS THE SHUTTERS. SUNLIGHT COMES POURING IN ALONG WITH THE SOUND OF SONGBIRDS AND THE WINDCHIMES SHAKING WITH A LOVELY SUMMER BREEZE COMING THROUGH. TANGO GETS UP FROM THE BEDSIDE AND THERE'S FOOTSTEPS AS THE WANDERERS CROWD THE WINDOW.
- 81 NARRATOR:  
From the second floor view the world outside has changed. What was once a small garden settled into a looming, terrifying swamp is now a sparkling, summer day smiling down on a field of vegetables, herbs, and massive flowers



that go on for miles. The only hint of a forest is a thin, black line on the horizon.

82 JIM:

Nico, did you turn a funny knob in the shower that turns the night into a lovely summer afternoon meant for a picnic?

83 NICO:

Showers don't do that, Jim.

84 JIM:

I wouldn't know, sooo...

85 TANGO:

That's weird. Pretty, but weird.

86 FREY:

Sorry about your hair, Nico, but I think I'm just... think I'm gonna just close this.

87 NICO:

No-yeah.

88 SOUND: FREY CLOSES THE SHUTTERS AND THE GANG SETTLES BACK IN.

89 TANGO:

Okay, so we're in a very different place than the swamp right now. But the positives are we have a nice place to spend the night, we'll actually get to EAT, and the place has running water.

90 NICO:

... Do we know exactly what we're having for dinner?

91 SOUND: THERE'S A BEAT OF SILENCE BEFORE THE CUCKOO CLOCK GOES OFF. THERE'S THE SOUND OF THE BIRD CHIRPING IN THE MACHINE, BUT BETWEEN IT SIMON'S VOICE CAN BE HEARD WITH A SLIGHT MECHANICAL TONE TO IT.

92 SIMON:

(Repeating)

Dinner is served. Dinner is served. Dinner is served.

93 SOUND: THE CLOCK REPEATS THIS THREE TIMES BEFORE FALLING SILENT. THE SHUTTER FREY HAD OPENED CREAKS OPEN SLIGHTLY, ENOUGH FOR THE SONG OF A BIRD TO COME THROUGH BEFORE FREY SHUTS IT AGAIN.

**SCENE 4: INT. COTTAGE**

94 SOUND: THE WANDERERS CAREFULLY WALK DOWN THE STAIRS, A LITTLE CAUTIOUSLY AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY INTO THE KITCHEN. INSIDE, A NICE DRESSED WOMAN WITH A WOVEN SHAWL TURNS HER ATTENTION AWAY FROM A STILL BOILING POT OF GUMBO.

95 NARRATOR:

The wanderers make their way down the stairs, slowly, cautiously, unsure of if they can trust the residents of this house, and approach the kitchen. Like most of the strange house, the kitchen is massive, and the air is heady with the smell of spices and baked bread. In front of a large pot, a well-dressed woman with a hand-woven shawl stirs the gumbo with a steady hand.

96 THURSDAY:

(In a pleasant but busy tone)

Ah! There you all are. I know you're all hungry, so I made a large batch of gumbo. Tango, would you be a dear and get the cornbread out of the oven? There's a couple mits on the counter. You can put Jim on the stool by the table. I know he can't eat, but it's not proper to leave someone out at the dinner table.

97 TANGO:

Me? Umm, okay. Yeah.

98 SOUND: TANGO GOES TO PUT JIM DOWN, GETTING HIM ARRANGED. DURING THIS JIM TALKS WHILE TANGO GOES TO HELP THURSDAY, PUTTING ON THE OVER MITTS AND TAKING THE CORNBREAD OUT OF THE OVEN.

99 JIM:

Hey, miss, uhh-

100 THURSDAY:

Thursday is fine.

101 JIM:

Yeah, that. How come we don't know you, but you know us?

102 THURSDAY:

I know mostly everything. Within reason. Which is why I know you're all hungry. Didn't have time to stop and eat at the last town, did you? Please, at least sit while we talk. We'll have a lot to talk about.

103 SOUND: TANGO SETS THE CORNBREAD ON THE TABLE AS THE THREE GO TO PULL OUT SET CHAIRS, BUT FREY HESITATES.

104 FREY:

Namecards?

105 THURSDAY:

Hope I haven't overdone it. It's been sometime since we've had visitors.

106 SOUND: FREY GOES TO PULL OUT THE CHAIR AND SIT. BEFORE SHE CAN GET A WORD IN EDGEWISE THE DOOR OPENS AND SIMON COMES THROUGH THE KITCHEN. HE STRIDES TO THE SINK AND WASHES HIS HANDS.

107 SIMON:

Sorry I couldn't help you set the table, the mint was trying to invade the sage again. Took a bit of wrangling to drive them back.

108 SOUND: THURSDAY AND SIMON SHARE A KISS BEFORE HE PULLS OUT THE CHAIR NEXT TO HER AND SITS DOWN AT THE TABLE.

109 THURSDAY:

Nonsense, dear. Someone's gotta keep the plants from being unruly. (Addressing the wanderers) Now, I know you all have questions, but please eat.

110 SOUND: EVERYONE BEGINS EATING, HESITANTLY AT FIRST, BUT THAT FIRST TASTE OF GUMBO AND EVERYONE GOES APESHIT.

111 NICO:

Wow.

112 FREY:

Ma'am, if you poisoned this soup I don't care. If I could die, this is how I'd want to go.

113 THURSDAY:

(Jokingly)

It's not, but that's not how you'd kill an immortal.  
Takes a bit more work than a dash of foxglove and  
cyanide.

114 SOUND: THE WANDERERS PAUSE THEIR EATING.

115 THURSDAY:

Too dark? I figured gumbo was the best thing to make this  
evening. It's one of the best ways to get the cold of the  
swamp out of your marrow.

116 SOUND: THE WANDERERS RESUME EATING AFTER A MOMENT.

117 JIM:

Sooo, you gonna tell us how you know our names? Or about  
why a cabin that has one floor outside has two floors on  
the inside? Or why the window to our room was a portal to  
a nice, sunny mile-long garden?

118 TANGO:

(Mumbled through her food)

It's cause she's a witch! (Tango pauses, swallowing down  
her food) Sorry, but you are a witch, aren't you?

119 THURSDAY:

(amused)

Thought you'd be the one to figure it out first. Yes, I  
am a witch. And actually yes, that garden you saw isn't  
connected to this region. Don't recommend trying to go  
beyond the barrier forest of that garden unless you want  
to turn into another tree.

120 NICO:

... You're not going to do that to us, are you?

121 THURSDAY:

Certainly not! I'm just letting you know so you don't  
try. A few people who've visited have. It's just there to  
keep the things outside outside, and the things inside  
inside. (beat) But we have more pressing matters to  
attend to. You're looking for many things here, aren't  
you?

122 FREY:

Yeah, a woman wouldn't have happened to come through here? Right? Maybe, a mayor's daughter?

123 THURSDAY:

No. Like I said, you're the first visitors we've had in a while. She was following the path. You only came here because of how you wandered away from it. But you're not just looking for a mayor's daughter, right? You're a long, long way from home.

124 NICO:

We don't exactly have a home. We kind of just explore? Run place to place without any foresight of what we're getting into.

125 THURSDAY:

There's many different kinds of homes. A house. A person or people. A place. But no, that's not what I'm talking about. I'm talking about this swamp. It's not exactly where you came from.

126 JIM:

How you mean?

127 SOUND: THURSDAY SWIRLS HER GUMBO AROUND, THE FOOD IN IT SLOWLY CHANGING, THE SIMMER SETTLING INTO THE SLOSHING OF CLEAR WATER

128 THURSDAY:

(More serious)

Think of a fish tank in a featureless room. Those fish have lived in it most of their lives, unaware of the outside world. Someone comes in, looking through the glass. There's terror for a moment, then they drop new fish into the aquarium. (She pauses for a moment and addresses the Wanderers) That is the curse that lays upon this place. Welcome to the fish bowl.

129 TANGO:

... So are we the person coming in the room?

130 JIM:

I don't think I want to be a fish.

131 FREY:

I am with Jim on that one.

132 NICO:

We're ... Wait. We fell into that pond a bit ago? Are we underwater?

133 THURSDAY:

Nico's on the right track, but no, you're not underwater. Think of that garden outside, but the borders are not as defined. This is a swamp, after all. You get turned around, lost when you stray from the paths. (Thursday sighs) We weren't always in this aquarium, but the status quo changed.

134 TANGO:

If everyone wasn't always trapped, is there a way to get out? Or I guess break the glass box? We're stuck in here too, now.

135 THURSDAY:

There might be a way. What matters is are you willing to do what needs to be done?

136 NICO:

What does that entail-

137 TANGO:

(Interrupting)  
Yes! (the others staring at her) What?

138 FREY:

What you need us to do?

139 THURSDAY:

You need to find four items and bring them back to me. With them I can create an item that will help you get home and break this curse.

140 NICO:

Fine, so what do we need to bring you?

141 THURSDAY:

Each item has its own way of describing itself. This will take a moment. Simon, can you get me my tea? I think I left it next to the stove.

142 SIMON:

Of course.

143 SOUND: SIMON GETS UP AND TAKES A SMALL TEACUP AND ITS DISH FROM A NEARBY TABLE. HE HANDS IT TO THURSDAY WHO DRINKS DEEPLY FROM THE MUG. THE HOUSE CREAKS AND SHIFTS.

144 THURSDAY:

(Her voice is flat, emotionless, as she goes through the four riddles)

"A gust will carve and scour, but as solid can be built and sculpted, and as a fluid I swallow whole."

145 SOUND: A SHARP WIND RUSTLES THE TABLECLOTH AND SNUFFS OUT THE FIREPLACE.

146 THURSDAY:

"With my siblings, I patrolled the sky. Now alone cut and shaped I speak along with bark and dyes."

147 SOUND: AS THE WIND DIES DOWN THE FIREPLACE EXPLODES BACK TO LIFE, A ROAR THAT IS DROWNED BY THURSDAY'S VOICE.

148 THURSDAY:

"I rest as the remnants of destruction, but I become the kindling of creation, of art, and of sustenance."

149 SOUND: AS THE FIRE SETTLES DOWN, THE TABLE SHUTTERS, RATTLING THE SILVERWARE AND PLATTERS. A LARGE CRACK IS HEARD, CREATING A FISSURE THAT GOES UP THROUGH ONE OF THE TABLE LEGS.

150 THURSDAY:

"If unable to withstand the jovial fauna's barbs, a poor little weed must grow me as protection to prick them back."

151 SOUND: WITH THE LAST RIDDLES SAID, THE COTTAGE SETTLES DOWN. THURSDAY SLUMPS BACK IN HER CHAIR.

152 THURSDAY:

(Out of breath and a bit worried) Oh, I think I overdid it a bit there.

153 SIMON:

At least nothing caught fire this time.

154 FREY:

THIS TIME?

155 JIM:

Couldn't you have, you know, just told us what we need to bring back to you?

156 THURSDAY:

(Recovering now)

That's not how magic works. Things need to be given power and importance, or they lose that power in the spell.

(She pauses) I wonder if that's how you were made.

157 JIM:

(Taken aback)

I-...Is it?

158 TANGO:

I... I don't think so?

159 THURSDAY:

You don't need to be a witch to do magic. But then again, there's many strange powers at work in this world. Could be something other than science or magic.

160 FREY:

Okay, so we just solve your riddles and bring those items back? To you in this cottage?

161 THURSDAY:

Yes.

162 FREY:

Sooooo how do we bring them back?

163 THURSDAY:

... Oh, right. (she hums thoughtfully, then snaps her fingers) Simon, can you go get me those house slippers? The lovely baby blue ones you made?

164 SIMON:

(Genuinely confused)

Umm, okay?



165 SOUND: SIMON GOES OFF TO THE LIVING ROOM, SIFTING THROUGH A FEW ITEMS BUT COMES BACK VERY QUICKLY WITH THE SLIPPERS.

166 SIMON:

These ones?

167 THURSDAY:

Yes! Give them here.

168 SOUND: SHE TAKES THE SLIPPERS INTO HER HANDS AND PETS THEM A FEW TIMES.

169 THURSDAY:

(A similar tone to the riddles, but softer, more caring)  
I give you a name that connects you to this place and the people at this table. With swift steps, it will take only seven to travel between. Seven League Boots.

170 SOUND: THURSDAY DELICATELY PLACES THE SLIPPERS ON THE TABLE AND GIVES THEM TO THE WANDERERS.

171 THURSDAY:

There you are. Whoever wears the Seven League Boots takes seven steps and it will bring you here. Another seven, and they bring you back.

172 NICO:

But they're slippers, not boots.

173 THURSDAY:

There's power in a name. It gives purpose, and purpose gives power.

174 SIMON:

(A little hurt)  
I made those for you.

175 THURSDAY:

Simon, my joy, my honeysuckle, I love you dearly, but you've made me so many slippers there's a reason we have a policy on guests using them, and I'm not about to go giving out my only pair of workboots. Besides, I'm already wearing my favorite slippers. Those I'm not giving away anytime soon.

176 SIMON:

You could've said something.

177 SOUND: THURSDAY PRESSES A KISS TO HIS CHEEK.

178 THURSDAY:

Yes, but you also love making them. I'm not about to stop you from doing something you love.

179 SIMON:

(a touch flustered)

Alright, alright. They can have their slipper-boots.

180 THURSDAY:

Seven League Boots.

181 NICO:

Slippers-

182 THURSDAY:

(Interrupting and insistent)

Seven. League. Boots.

183 NICO:

The *Seven League Boots* aren't exactly something that can stand up to a swamp.

184 THURSDAY:

Good thing it will only take seven steps then to come back, isn't it?

185 FREY:

Fine, okay. Can you write down the riddles at least? Not sure if we're going to remember all of that. There was kind of a *lot* going on when you were telling them.

186 THURSDAY:

Yes, I can do that for you. I think I have some waterproof parchment around here.

187 JIM:

Why, you see the future and letting us know we're going in the drink again?

188 THURSDAY:

Well, yes, that, and the fact that this is a swamp and in swamps water tends to get everywhere. I suppose it's lucky for you that tonight you get a warm, dry place?

189 JIM:

Lucky me... See anything else?

190 THURSDAY:

Nothing I can tell you.

191 TANGO:

Witches can't tell you everything, Jim. Telling people too much can change things ...Or it doesn't and the future is always the same?

192 THURSDAY:

Yes and no.

193 TANGO:

Which is yes, and which is no?

194 THURSDAY:

(Amused and messing with her a bit)  
Yes.

195 TANGO:

I...Can you please pass the cornbread?

196 THURSDAY:

(Outright laughing) Yes.

197 SOUND: THE WANDERERS RETURNS TO EATING THEIR MEAL IN THE RELATIVE PEACE OF THE COTTAGE. THE SOUND FADING AS THE NARRATOR COMES IN.

198 NARRATOR:

Our wanderers have found peace in the eye of the strange storm they are in. But eventually the sun will return, and the Wanderers must return to the road with a new goal given to them by the witch if they ever want to escape. But not everyone, or everything, is so kind in this place.

199 SOUND: THE SOUNDS OF THE KITCHEN FADE AWAY TO THE OUTSIDE CHIRPING OF FROGS AND DRIPPING MOSS. SOMEWHERE, A WASP TAKES OFF FROM A TREES AND BUZZES AS IT DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT.

200 NARRATOR:

Hello dear listeners, I hope you're all having a wonderful day, night, evening, morning? To be perfectly honest I've been trapped here for so long I'm not even sure I know what the concept of time is anymore. But what I do know is Jim Robbie and the Wanderers was created by Iri Alexander, with the season 4 framework by K Ancrum. With today's episode "The Wanderers and the Witch" being written by Shannon Sawyer, with project manager Laurel Moore, the theme by Gabe Kalfen, music by Rosemary Derocher, and editing by Laura Bramlette. Starring Gavin Waters yours truly as the Narrator, Zoe Embler as Frey, Caleb del Rio as Nico, Iri Alexander as Tango, Jim Crawley as Jim Robbie, Dan Graves as Simon, and Ashly McBunch as Thursday. If you would like to support our show please follow, rate, and review us. Visit our official website at [jimrobbieandthewanderers.com](http://jimrobbieandthewanderers.com) or check out our merch at [crossroadstations.com](http://crossroadstations.com), or visit our patreon at [patreon.com/jimrobbieandthewanderers](http://patreon.com/jimrobbieandthewanderers). Thank you for tuning in.