

Here is the transcript for Chosen, Episode 1

[Night, railroad tracks]
[black metal playing on a car radio]

Hector, Age 17

[disgusted]

You're not fucking serious, though.

Rommel, Age 19

[excited]

We are talking about *history* here.

Glenn Benton of Deicide branded an inverted cross into his forehead.

And in Norway, they burned churches and even killed each other.

This, this is nothing.

Mira, Age 17

[annoyed]

That's what you went with?

It's not murder, or arson, so we're okay?

Levi, Age 16

So, we just make a real deal out here, in the dark, with a demon for fame?

Or are we just going through the motions to have the story for the band?

Hagbard, Age 18

[trying to persuade them]

Exactly. No one's asking you to burn down churches or to *kill* people. Hell, we're not even killing a dog. There's no crime.

We cut our hands, we perform a ritual, here at the railroad crossing, and we give our souls to be the most loved black metal band in the world.

Mira

[skeptical]

Where did you get this ritual?

Rommel

I've been in Salem, MA off and on in the past year. Gathering materials and books.

I wrote it based on Aleister Crowley's stuff.

Hector

[judging]

So you made it up.

Rommel
[defensive]

It's based on Thelemite mysticism and -

Hector
[exasperated]

Bro, just admit you made it up.

[annoyed]

Mierda.

You know what, fine. Let's do it.

Witchever Path Presents

Chosen

[Industrial Music]

[phone ringing underneath it]

Angie

[shouting down the stairs over the music]

Hector, get the phone!

Hector

[yell back]

What?

Angie

PHONE!

[music is lowered]

[lighting of cigarette, HECTOR takes a drag and exhales]

[picks up phone]

Hector

[Warm, yet authoritative]

Hello?

Mira

[upset, hesitant]

Hi, Hector.

It's Mira.

Hector

[concerned]

Mira, are you okay? What's wrong?

Mira

[a bit of fear and pain in that voice]

I was going to text you, but, I can't write it.
Rommel. He's...

Hector

[speaking quickly, as though ready to spring to action to comfort his friend]

Where are you right now? I can come to you.

Mira

I'm on my way to Hagbard's.
They got his call about an hour ago.
Hagbard's really shaken up.

Hector

[awkward]

Oh, if you're getting together. Do you want me to just ...

Mira

Can you meet me there?

Hector

Okay, give me his address.

Mira

72 Deacons Gate

Hector

I'll be there in ten minutes.

[bounds upstairs]

Hector

Angie, I gotta go out.

Angie

[puzzled, concerned]
Wait, who was that?

Hector

Mira.

Angie

Who is... oh, Mira. From the band.
Is she okay? Let me get my coat.

Hector

No no, you got to say here, Cariña.
The doctor told you not to leave the house until it's time for the baby.

Angie

It sounds serious. If I can be there, I want to be.

Hector

[trying to reassure her]

No, no. I'll check in, though. I got my cell. I'll text you or call to let you know it's okay.
But I need you back in bed.

Angie

Cuidate. Get home before I watch Castle Rock without you.

Hector

Okay.

Angie

[yelling as he goes out the door]

Hector!

Hector

Ay! Yes?

Angie

[messing with him]

Bring home cookies and cream or don't come home.

[both chuckle]

[knock on door]

[door opens]

Hagbard

[a little surprised, though Hector is expected]

Hi, man, I haven't seen you in a long time.

Mira's in the bathroom, come on in.

[Hug, slap on back]
[sound of aluminum bat put down on the floor]

Hector

[making a joke of it]

I thought that was for me for a second.
How are you? I didn't know you moved back to town.

Hagbard

[a little sad]

Mom died a few months ago. This is her spot. I'm going through some things, tending to the trust. Whether or not I stay for good, I'm not sure.

[pausing to then sound more upbeat]

You look good, man.
The years have been good to you.

Hector

[reflecting the compliment and energy]

Thanks, bro. I got married. We're having a kid.
Shit. Are we really this old? What about you?

Hagbard

No kids. No partner. I've been really involved in advocacy;
haven't really found anyone that would make me take the leap, you know?

Hector

Well you look good; besides the gray up top, and your hair being a little shorter, you look like you stepped out of the picture I still got of you and Levi.

[pause, both of them reflecting on the loss of their long dead bandmate]

So, Rommel called you?

[sound of wheelchair approaching from hallway]

Hagbard

[grim]

He did. He called here...
I hadn't disconnected Mom's phone yet.
I have his voicemail.

Mira

He sounds spooky as fuck in it.
Hi, Hector.

Hector

[happy to see his old friend, even under the circumstances]

Mira! Oh my God, look at you!
I'm coming in for a hug- is that's cool?

Mira

Sure. I hope you don't mind if I don't get up.

[they laugh]

Hector

[getting serious again]

All right, so what the fuck did Rommel want?

Mira

I think you'd want to hear it, if you're up for it.

Hector

I can deal with it. Play it.

[answering machine beep]

Rommel

[sort of friendly]

Hi, Mrs. Wollan. This is Hagbard's friend, Rommel. I was hoping that you'd be able to let Hagbard know that I'm back home, and I would like to catch up with him. I'm staying in Manchester with some friends, the number is 555-1616. If you can give him the number, that would be great. If not, I'll come by in a couple of days and drop off some flowers to you.

Maybe the three of us can have dinner.

You were always like a mom to me.

So, have him call me and I... will see you soon.

Mira

[upset]

Fucking asshole.

Hector

[chilled, hearing the sound of Rommel]
Shit. He acts like he went away to college.

Hagbard

[serious]

It's so manipulative, too. He knows she's dead.

Hector

[surprised]

How do you know?

Hagbard

[calm]

Hold on

[sound of rifling through mail]

Here. He sent a homemade card from jail to the house.

[reading card]

“To the Wollan Family.

An angel is now in heaven.

I am so sorry for your loss.

You’re in my heart.

Love,

Rommel Malkin”

Hector

[the weight of that settling in]

That is some psycho shit right there.

Mira

[Serious]

He’s going to try to come by in two days.

I think that Hagbard should call the cops and share the message and the card.

Just make a paper trail for it.

Hagbard

[unhappy with that]

I don’t believe they’ll do much, as we haven’t had any contact up until now.

But he did kill Levi, and that could probably get a temporary restraining order for a bit.

Hector

[stressed]

I never thought he’d actually get out.

He always used to shoot off his mouth, remember?

I thought... I thought he’d die in there.

Mira

[seething]

He’s got no right trying to reach out to any of us.

What the fuck does he want?

Hector

I don't know. But I got a kid on the way any day now, guys.
I don't want my family anywhere near this mess if I can help it.

Hagbard

Well, he left his number.
I could always give him a call to tell him not to come by.

Hector

Do you have a gun?

Mira

[shocked]
A gun?

Hagbard

I wouldn't have opened the door with a bat if I did.

Hector

[easing back from his friends disapproval]
Well, you both have to do what you can to feel safe now that he's out.
I'm going to take care of Angie and the baby's safety in my own way.

Hagbard

[letting their guard down]

I'm sorry, Hector. I really don't want you to feel like I'm judging you. It's just Rommel getting out and immediately calling me, it's got me freaking out.

Mira

Me too. You remember the letter he sent me after he was sent away? Blaming me for what he did to Levi? For orchestrating ... I've got to call the cops.

Hector

[thinking of the threat to his family]
Well, I'm here for the two of you if you need me.
I... I hate that he's the one who got us all back together like this.
But after hearing that voicemail. I think I should get back home.
Hagbard, let's exchange numbers.
And let's keep in touch while we try to figure this out.

Hagbard

I understand. Sorry to make you come out here for this.

Hector

Nah, it's okay. I'm sorry I'm leaving so soon. But I'll be in touch.
Mira?

Mira
Yeah?

Hector
If you do call the cops, and they want to talk to any of us, I'll talk to them if I have to.
Just don't lead with it.

Mira
Okay, Hector. See you.

Hector
[walking to his car]
Okay, grocery store, cookies and cream, and home.
[getting his keys]
Grocery Store, cookies and cream, and home.
[car starts,]
555-1616.
555-1616.
Fucking Pendejo.

All right, let's get this done.

Narrator:

Your choices this week are:
Get the ice cream and go talk to Angie
Call Hector's cousin for some intel
Use the phone number to look up Rommel

You can vote until Thursday, February 6 at WitcheverPath.com/vote. Then join us back here in three weeks to see what the masses have chosen for our protagonists.

This episode stars:
Lito Velasco as Hector
Mike Gagne as Rommel
DJ Sylvis as Hagbard
Vyn Vox as Mira
Jas LaFond as Angie

This story was written by Jas and Steven and produced by Steven.
The transcript is available on our website.

The track "Forsaken" was written and composed by David Hawkins with lyrics by Steven. The song "Latin American Bachata Lunes" was by APA Music. You can find them on pond5.com
Additional Music by Audio Hero on Zapslat.com

And we're really excited by this one:

The song you hear in Hector's studio and car, Demons are Back, is by Norwegian musician, Mortiiis, who appears with permission. I have loved him since the 90s, and if you can, you need to check out his live tour happening right now in the United States in support of his Spirit of Rebellion album, which is his triumphant return to his Era 1 music that inspired the whole "Dungeon Synth" genre.

He is appearing at "Come and Take It Live" in Austin Texas on January 31, the Gas Monkey Bar N' Grill in Dallas on February 1, and the Riot Room in Kansas City, MO on February 2. You can find a list of even more tour dates at bandsintown.com, search for Mortiiis.

Also, for more of his work, head to mortiiis.bandcamp.com.

Also, on our Patreon, we have a new storyline that started and if you join right in February, you can vote in that one, and have not one BUT TWO, stories to have a hand in. Get access to that and our patreon only exclusive episodes. That's Patreon.com/witcheverpath. This week we welcome Quintin Walker and David S. Dear to the ranks of our Squirrel Feed.

That's it for this week. Choose the Night. Choose the Unknown. Choose the Path.