

**Hagbard**

[Flabbergasted]

I cannot believe you would say that on the phone!  
Hector was nothing but complimentary about you on the radio spot.

**Rommel**

It was a joke, Hagbard!  
You know I don't hate Hector.

**Hagbard**

[let down by his best friend]

He's been one of our best friends for two years, Rommel.  
He got the band started. Without Hector, we wouldn't have even made this band happen. And you make a Mexican joke to some fucking zine writer?

**Rommel**

[defensive]

Bro, it's a joke. I even let the guy know how good a guitarist Hector was! He said on the phone, "but is not thine guitarist one of the lesser races?"  
And what did I say? "Hector is one of the greatest guitarists I've ever heard and his people are of Aztec origin, and understands darkness like most people could never imagine." It was a compliment.

**Hagbard**

And then you insulted him.

**Rommel**

[offended]

Goddamn it, Hagbard. I made a joke at the interviewer's expense by saying Hector wasn't just some wet -  
[grunts]

Being politically correct isn't going to do anything. We have an image of not giving a fuck, of shocking people. It's stupid to believe that he is anything other than a brother of ours, and we can always say it's a misquote and trash the mag. He's our friend.

**Hagbard**

[annoyed]

Are you his friend?

**Rommel**

**[wounded by that]**

Look at my palm, look at yours.  
We're all scarred. We're all bound in blood.

[pause, and then with dark foreboding energy]  
Nothing will change that.

**Last time, when confronted with the stark reality that time does not heal all wounds, a spurned Rommel decided to impart that lesson to Hector.**

**While nursing a cut hand, Hagbard discovered that both Hector and Mira had reached out to him, reporting similar accidents. Armed with that knowledge, you helped him decide what to do next. Witcher Path presents Chosen Part 4: ER Party of Three**

**[Sound of car running through ER doors]**

**Hagbard**

[slightly panicked]

Just be okay, just be okay.

[They get out of the car, run into the hospital. The hospital is fairly busy]

**Mira**

[calling out from down the hall]

Hagbard, we're over here!

**Hagbard**

[relieved]

Mira, thank God. Where's Hector?

**Mira**

He's upstairs in maternity with his wife, Angie.  
Your ... holy shit. Your hand is cut, too.

**Hagbard**

And Hector's.

**Mira**

Yeah. How did you do it?

**Hagbard**

Nail. You?

**Mira**

Washing dishes.  
And Hector cut his hand on broken glass.  
What are the odds?

**Hagbard**

[calculating the odds]  
Astronomical. Are you getting yours looked at?

**Mira**

[annoyed at the wait]  
I registered, yeah. I'm waiting to be seen.  
Tara went down to the cafeteria to get us some water and snacks.

**Hagbard**

[still feeling relief their friends are here, though still disconcerted by the growing, superstitious  
unease]  
Has Hector gotten his seen to?

**Mira**

[laugh]  
Well, like I said when you called, Hector was on his way over to pick us up, but when he got to  
us... well, Angie's water breaking took priority.

**Hagbard**

Thank you for texting me so I could meet you here.  
I guess I should get my hand looked at, too.

**Mira**

It's really a weird coincidence, though.

**Hagbard**

[beginning to think it might be something else]  
Yeah.

[In the maternity ward]

**Doctor Burke**

[pleasantly]

It's a good thing you two came in when you did.  
Your contractions are getting closer, but she may not even arrive until later tonight or even tomorrow.

**Angie**

[light contractions and discomfort]

Thank you, Doctor Burke.

Phew...

Perrito, you should get your hand looked at while you're here.

**Hector**

[pained, but trying to be calm]

I'll be alright, Angie. I can stick with you.

**Doctor Burke**

[looking at the heavily wrapped hand, with polite disgust]

Hector, nobody here doubts you're a good husband.

But as a doctor, in a hospital, I am going to just tell it like it is:  
Go downstairs, get this looked at, disinfected and taken care of.

[trying to use some humor]

I'm not going to hand a baby to a guy with an open wound.

**Hector**

[understanding and nervously chuckling at that]

You're right. Okay. But have someone get me if I'm down there and she is rushed into the delivery room.

**Doctor Burke**

[happy]

You have my word. I'll go call down, too, so we can get you seen a little faster, and you kiss, Angie, goodbye.

[to Angie]

And you, hang in there, it's almost show time.

**Angie**

[sense of humor]

I'm ready for our debut!

[doctor leaves]

**Hector**

[sigh]

Are you feeling okay?

**Angie**

[trying to reassure]

I'm going to be fine, Hector.

You got to get your hand stitched up and check on  
Mira and Hagbard downstairs.

**Hector**

[acquiescing]

Yeah, but ... I.

**Angie**

[a bit guarded]

But nothing, perrito.

We need to see what's going on.

You're all cut up.

*Es un hechizo.*

**Hector**

[trying to act like he isn't disturbed by that.]

No es magia, Angie. Es coincidencia.

You know that.

Are you, *are you making the sign of the cross?*

**Angie**

[laughing]

No, Hector. My titties hurt. Ay, but should I?

[getting more serious]

You need to tell them what happened before you cut your hand, baby.

They should know who called you.

[sounding more afraid]

Because everything that's happening...

**Hector**

[trying to calm her]

No, no mama, it'll be okay.

I'll go downstairs, get fixed up, and talk to them.

But if our little girl starts coming, I'm running right up here.

**Angie**

[satisfied]

Okay, Hector. I'll tell her to wait.

I love you, perrito.

**Hector**

Love you, too.

[sound of chimes]

**Rommel**

[chanting under his breath while sewing up his hand]

Let this stitch reaffirm my commitment

[grunt]

Let the string tie all our fates together once more.

Bind the wounds we share and open their eyes to the truth.

Let them--

[Doorbell]

**Rommel**

[growls]

Shit.

[yells out]

Tommy! Can you get the door, it's my food.

[doorbell again]

Tommy!

Okay. fine.

[wraps up hand]

[picks up gun]

[walks toward door]

[doorbell again]

**Rommel**

[yelling out]  
I'm coming!

[slight open of door]

**Rommel**

Yes?

**Peter**

[dripping with sarcastic professionalism]  
Good evening sir, I have the subs and 2 liter for.... Rommel?  
You called in the order?

**Rommel**

[recognizes Peter, trying to stay cool]  
Security work not panning out?  
You delivering food now?

**Peter**

[happy to be recognized, amused at the reaction]  
These are uncertain times. We do what we have to to get by.  
You called, right?  
I was told to drop it off, but if it isn't yours, I can go.

**Rommel**

[realizing Peter may be his demonic patron]  
No, it's mine. I called you.  
Do you mind bringing the food in?  
I'd grab it from you but.

**Peter**

[hissing at the sight of the cut being hastily stitched and then a soft laugh]  
Oof. Who taught you how to sew?  
But yeah, you're the only stop I have left tonight.  
Let me in.

[door opens]

[walks in, puts the food on the coffee table]

**Peter**

[slow whistles be sure to do that not right onto the mic]

[Ulver av odin.](#)

Is that banner on the wall your roommate's or yours?

**Rommel**

[unsure why Peter wants to know, or if it's a test]

It's his. I don't really own much right now, besides the clothes on my back.

**Peter**

And the gun in your waistband.

[sinister]

Relax. I already had one of you upset to see me.

**Rommel**

[surprised]

Hagbard saw you?

**Peter**

Is that the tall one?

Nope, the girl. Well, *woman* now.

I attempted to give her a ride. She took one look at me, and she wasn't as welcoming as you were. Would have thought you'd all be happier to see me, given that I let you all go way back then. The shaved head suits you.

You really kill that boy the way everyone said you did?

**Rommel**

[trying to hold his tongue, thinking he's dealing with the devil]

Everyone says a lot of horseshit.

Even you, right now.

You know what happened.

**Peter**

I do.

**Rommel**

Then why are you asking me?

**Peter**

Because I want to know, with that thing you did, way back in the day, by the tracks.

When did you start believing what you did was real?

**Rommel**

Almost two month afterward.

When we were about to get signed.



**Peter**

And then the boy died.  
And none of you got shit.  
Do you feel cheated?

**Rommel**

By you?

**Peter**

[sarcastically]

By the *guy* who let you go without calling the cops?

[laughs]

Forgive me, I like messing around.

**Rommel**

[bitter]

I was cheated. By the rest of them.

They gave up.

Immediately.

The bargain was made, and then...

**Peter**

Well, it wasn't.

Not yet.

**Rommel**

[confused]

Everything I said and performed, everything I wrote, I think about it every day.

We did everything the way it was supposed to be done.

Everything. In the prison, I even got to read up more and more about these contracts.

And I had to make so many other deals just to get the AB to look the other day when I talked to

... others about their own ways to contact the other side.

And I know

[pushes on his wounded hand]

I know *this* worked. I know it did.

I did everything right, so why did it not even get close to happening the way it should have?

**Peter**

[laughs]

**Rommel**

[annoyed]

What?

**Peter**

[still laughing]

**Rommel**

WHAT?

**Peter**

You said all your words the way you wanted to, sure.  
But then you had to get clever.  
And you only speak English, right?

**Rommel**

What does that have to do with...  
[putting the puzzle together]  
That Motherfucker!

**[down in the ER]**

**Hector**

[friendly]

Well, here we are again.  
Everyone still has all their fingers?

**Hagbard**

[hugs his friend]

I'm glad to see you.

**Mira**

[feeling supportive]

How's Angie?

**Hector**

[relieved to talk about that]

She's doing good. Contractions are getting closer, but they think it will still be a little while. The doctor sent me down to get patched up as fast as possible, probably so I didn't bleed all over the floor while they're delivering our baby.

Where's your girlfriend, Mira?

**Mira**

[relieved]

You can see her outside the window, right now.

She's making calls to the cops to talk about seeing that guy earlier today.  
She won't let it go.  
[wistfully charmed]  
You know, I think she's a keeper.

**Hector**

[happy]

That's so good to hear. Now we need to get this guy somebody.  
He's-

**Hagbard**

[calmly but interjecting]

They/Them, Hector.

I'm not really identifying as a man.  
I'm nonbinary.

**Hector**

[a little embarrassed and taking it in]

Oh.

Hagbard, I didn't know. Sorry, uh, friend.  
You didn't correct me at your house.

**Hagbard**

[relieved that the tension on that front has subsided, at least]

To be fair, we've been dealing with utter craziness for the past week since Rommel came back.  
It wasn't as important as us all deciding what to do then. And I really didn't want to see how  
you'd react to that when we had something more pressing to talk about.

**Hector**

**[feeling for his friend]**

Hagbard, I'm sorry. I'm sorry all of this mess had you have to hide who you were, just so we  
could deal with all this bullshit all over again. You're my friend, and even though we haven't  
seen each other for a while, we've shared a lot more complicated things in our lives than that.  
I can adjust to that way easier.

**Mira**

[stressed]

Can you imagine what they all think of us back there?  
The three of us, all wounded in almost the same way, obviously all knowing each other?  
How do we explain this coincidence away?

**Hagbard**

[uneasy]

I think that your rational mind is really trying hard to hold onto that.

You keep saying it's a coincidence.

Um.

I don't agree anymore.

**Mira**

[scoffing at that]

What else could it be?

It's fucking weird, but we didn't even get hurt the same way.

**Hagbard**

[unnerved a bit]

Mira. Today you saw the man who caught us at the tracks with Levi and Rommel. Then that afternoon, Rommel came to my house with his white power sidekick, asking me to rejoin the band. And then an hour ago, at almost the same time, we all get wounds on the same hand that we all cut during that stupid ritual.

This was so messed up that I almost called Rommel to see if he got hurt too.

**Mira**

[angry]

Fuck.

That.

He's been out a week and he's gaslighting the fuck out us. Don't reach out to him. Do you know how crazy that would be??

[pauses and sees something wrong with Hector]

Hector, what's wrong?

**Hector**

[realizing that the world is losing its sense and the fear of reality slipping sideways]

He's hurt.

[pause]

He called me before I got cut.

**Mira**

[upset]

What? He called you? Why didn't you tell me when you picked me up?

**Hector**

[slowly creeping dread in his veins]

You needed me, you were freaked out.

I didn't even tell you I was hurt yet; my main focus was Angie and the baby. When I picked you and Tara up and I saw your cut, I wanted to deny it, too. But when you told me Hagbard was also hurt. I just... I had to focus on my wife, it was all that mattered.

But now, down here.

[pause]

Okay.

He cut his palm while he was on the phone with me.  
He told me he was going to convince me this was real.

**Hagbard**

Holy shit.

**Mira**

[disbelief]

No. No way. That doesn't make any sense [trails off]

**Hector**

[letting it wash over him]

No, it doesn't.

I wish it did.

But I think we know Rommel's dangerous and we're not going to be able to ignore him.

**Mira**

[trying to hold onto reality]

We need to call the cops.

He's getting in our heads already and it's going to only get worse. He's harassing us.

**Hagbard**

[dismissively]

I'm not calling the police.

We can't prove this.

And given our shared history, they're gonna think we're somehow doing some fucked up thing for attention. And I'm certain I'm already on a watch list for my activism.  
I don't want to call attention to my friends and coworkers because of him.

**Hector**

Before he cut himself, he told me on the phone he wanted to meet with me tomorrow at the Green Dart. But I'm not doing anything until my baby's born.

**Mira**

Do you two know how you sound?

**Hagbard**

Mira, it's okay.

Let go of that thread. It's over.

We know what's happening here.

**Hector**

We all agree that we need to stop Rommel, right?

**Mira**

**Yes.**

**Hagbard**

100%

**Hector**

I don't trust this to ever let up unless we make a move ourselves.

I just don't know what it would be short of something crazy.

**Nurse**

[calling out]

Hector Navarro?

**Hector**

[under his breath]

Fuck.

I guess I'm up on the sewing table!

We'll figure this out together once the baby's born.

[to the nurse]

I'm right here, ma'am. I'm coming.

**Hagbard**

Do you want us to go with you upstairs after you get sewn up?

**Mira**

We will, if you want!

**Hector**

[to them quietly]

We can

[phone buzzes]

Damn it.

Angie's saying that the baby's coming.

**Nurse**

Sir, are you coming?

**So who's going to take the lead here?**

Hector gets the stitches, all agree to talk after his child's birth

Hagbard makes a desperate call while Hector is seen to

Mira gives reason and how things are supposed to work one more try

**Vote now, and help our protagonists try to take control of the situation.**

**The vote will be open until April 9.**

**You can do this at [witcheverpath.com/vote](http://witcheverpath.com/vote).**

**Chosen Part four featured the talents of:**

**Lito Velasco as Hector**

**Vyn Vox as Mira**

**DJ Sylvis as Hagbard**

**Mike Gagne as Rommel**

**JD Lauriat as Peter**

**Kim Dauber as Dr. Burke and the ER Nurse**

**The music in this episode came from some real talents**

**First, our theme song was written and performed by Rydr.**

**The song "80 Years Heavy Metal" was written and performed by [Marco Porra](#)**

**And "Final Doom" was written and performed by [Mitto Bahamut](#)**

**Both artists sell royalty free music on Pond5.com**

**A note to all of you out there, we paused billing for Patreon in April, because we know a lot of you are facing hard times during the pandemic. We're still making premium content and surprises over there, just for you, because we want you feel loved. Payments resume on May 1. Does this mean if you sign up in April you won't be billed? I believe so, but we'd hope you would stick around with us.**

**One way you can support the show during this time is to review us on Podchaser, share us with your friends, and stay healthy.**

**We'll be back with a new episode in three weeks.**

**Choose the Night  
Choose the Unknown  
Choose the Path**

