



**Marvin**

[narrate]

The ice in our back yard is three inches thick. One of our neighbors said it was proof climate change is fake. Its actually because of the new parking lot the state installed next to the property. It's not level, and the water spills down the hill during major rain storms and onto our yard. So, thanks to that one fifty-degree day in the middle of December, we have a hockey rink on our lawn. It's made it hard to leave my house through the cellar door.

Instead, I have to use the front, walking past my siblings' rooms- who had only just gotten to sleep. They moved back after they lost their place six months ago. I have to hide my relief that the three of us are back together. The landlord moved to Florida vowing to never return, so I haven't had to mention them being here.

I do my best to be quiet.

[sound of walking down the hall, creaking feet]

**Athena**

[waking up, talking quietly]

Marvin?

Everything ok?

**Marvin**

[quietly, loving]

I'm all right, Teenie. I'm headed to work.

**Athena**

[bleary eyed, but still coming to]

Oh, did you get your lunch out of the fridge?

**Marvin**

[grateful]

Yeah I did.

It's perfect. Where did you find it?

**Athena**

[smiling]

I struck up a conversation at the co-op.

The white woman with dreads? The one who works the produce section? She gave it to me.

Be safe [yawns] I'll see you when you get back.



[steps out into the cold, light city sounds, wind]  
**[Marvin shivers in the cold]**

**Lance**  
What's good, fam?

**Marvin**  
[narrate]  
Our family loves New England, partly because what Lance is doing to me is uncommon. We don't want to be bothered by strangers, but Lance isn't from here. He's told me he's from San Diego, California. He also loves surfing. He confessed that he bleaches his hair and his teeth. He moved to our part of Manchester for a job with a tech company that opened an office in the old mills. He also doesn't talk to my siblings and I the way he does our white neighbors.

**Marvin**  
[polite, trying to get away from Lance]  
I'm doing well, doing well.  
Just headed to work.

[pause, because the guy hasn't walked away]

**Marvin**  
[trying to stay polite]  
How are you?

**Lance**  
[glad he asked]  
I'm chillin', hermano.  
Headed back the crib after a long day.  
You know how it is.  
Mom sent a package from back home.  
Got that mad hot sauce, and some of my grand-dad's things.

**Marvin**  
[interested in the last bit]  
What kind of things?

[heartbeat sounds beginning in the background]]



**Lance**

[happy to keep the guy in the conversation]

Oh, like an old pocket knife, his wallet, some other small things.

I'm thinking about getting them appraised. Like this little leather bag that had a compass and other shit in it.. I don't know why he kept it.

[HEART BEAT GETS FASTER, covering up most of what he says]]

**Lance**

There's some dope records, yo.

You should check them out.

[phone rings]

Oh, hold on, yo.

[answers phone]

What is it, love?

Oh, geez, Pookie.

Yeah, I'll swing by the store right now.

Oh, I'd never get the generic.

Love you.

[back to Marvin]

Gotta go, man.

One love.

**Marvin**

[muttering]

Compass. Knife.

Bag. Hm.

**Narrator**

Some people believe that the more you own, the more those things own you.

Others believe that it's the little things that mean the most.

Every Trinket has a tale to tell, but only a few can hear them.

Witchever Path presents Dross, Part One: Gems on the Hospice Floor



[SCENE 2]

[sound of hospice care floor, fairly quiet]

**Kristine**

[tired, relieved to have the end of her shift]

All right, so Mr. Harris was given his medication already, and should be asleep in a few minutes. Geraldine had a rough day. She was convinced that someone came into her room last night and stole her clip on earrings. Her kids came the night before, so we're not sure if they took them, or if they're lost somewhere in the room.

**Marvin**

[polite]

Do you want me to look for them, or are you going to try in the morning?

**Kristine**

[quickly]

Oh. No, we can do it, I think it's best you don't go into her room and look around while she's sleeping. You know how she is about [trailing off because she doesn't want to say it]

**Marvin**

[trying to just get Kristine to go and not linger on this topic with him]

Right. Well, I'll keep that in mind.

You have any fun plans for the night?

**Kristine**

[humorously acting forlorn]

No... just me and the cat eating Ben and Jerry's on the couch, re-watching Grey's Anatomy until I pass out. Let me know if you have a cute uncle or single dad you can hook me up with.

**Marvin**

You don't want my uncles.

**Marvin**

[narrate]

After Kristine and the rest of the second shift for the unit said their goodbyes, I settle into my night, making my rounds to the various rooms to make sure everyone was still breathing. Half of the beds on the floor are empty so it's manageable. There are two other assistants making rounds on the other floor if I need them, but I don't.

It's not until 2am, four hours into my shift, that I hear Pete coughing in his room and calling for someone. I like Pete. He's been here for three months. His daughter visited him every day for



the first two, but the cancer has been dragging on, and she has to work. So every day became every other day, and now every three. She doesn't want to miss his last hours. So I do my best to keep him present.  
[walks into the room]

**Marvin**

[light knock on the door, speaking softly at first]  
Pete? You calling, man?  
How can I help you?

**Pete**

[coughing]  
Oh, hi.  
[wheezing]  
I... I'm sorry kid. I forgot your name again.  
[slight chuckle]  
I need to sit up. If you can help me.

**Marvin**

[rushing over]  
Yeah, I got you.

[walks over, WHIRR of hospital bed, PETE coughs]

**Marvin**

[Marvin grunts a little as he shifts Pete]  
All right, here we go.  
Better? Did I hurt you?

**Pete**

[exhausted]  
Yeah, yeah. Thanks, kid. Martin?

**Marvin**

Close.  
[warm chuckle]  
That was close. It's Marvin.  
You eat today?

**Pete**

[dismissively]  
I don't know. Not hungry.  
Haven't been hungry all week.  
[passive]



Is it night?

**Marvin**

[compassionately]

Yeah, it's night, Pete.

It's just you, me, and the old folks down the hall.

[a bit more serious]

Do you want me to call your daughter?

**Pete**

[thinking about it]

I have ... I have three.

No, don't call them.

It's late I think.

They got school in the morning.

Mart - *Marvin*...

Can you do me a favor?

Can you get something for me off the dresser over there?

It's the little brown box. It's got my ring in it.

**Marvin**

[compassionate]

You got it, sir.

[walks over]

I see it.

[picks up the box]

**Marvin**

[heartbeat sound]

I smell the beach as I bring the box over to him. It's dark in the room, but the wood in my palm feels as though it's been baking in the hot sun all day. I feel the urge to open the box, to slip his ring into my palm, to absorb this warmth into me, but I see him in his bed, deflated and frail, his hand weakly raised to get what I have in my hand, and I do the right thing.

[sound of seagulls are faint]

**Marvin**

[warmly]



Here you go.

**Pete**

[calm]

Oh, thank you...

I don't know... Can you help me put it back on?

I want to have it on for the girls tomorrow.

You know... if one of them comes by.

**Marvin**

[smiling]

What was your wife's name?

**Pete**

[tired]

Marjorie...

She was -- She was a good woman.

A good mother, a best friend.

**Marvin**

[feeling the memory in the ring]

Would you like to see her?

**Pete**

[resigned]

I'm ... happy to go.

**Marvin**

[calm]

Give me your hand, I'll put your ring on.

[there's a strange sound, that blends into the louder sound of the beach]

[SCENE3]

**Marvin**

[narrate]

We're one in this moment, the one he thinks about most whenever he puts on this ring. And because of that, I'm just a passenger. Saying and doing what he remembers doing. So when this gorgeous woman comes up to us, I feel his desire and love.

[woman runs up]

**Julie**



[happy]

Hey there, tiger!

Let's get back to the house while they're still over at Sandra's.

**Marvin**

[calm]

Right behind you, baby!

[crash through the door, sound of making out, then lovemaking]

**Marvin**

[narrate]

It's passionate, exploratory and fierce. For a white man in 1965, he's actually got game, to the point that I almost wonder if I'm manipulating the memory. But it's him in charge. The two of them feed off each other's passion like only those who have been denied it so long can. When it's over we collapse in a shuddering swirling bliss.

[lighting a cigarette]

**Julie**

[exhales the smoke and then bittersweet]

So, with the kids at your mother's, why doesn't she just stay over with Sandra for the weekend?

**Marvin**

[calm]

We're renting this spot for the week. Sandra lives here year round. She thinks that if she doesn't stay here, people will talk. But this whole town is filled with people who have a lot to lose if they put their noses in each other's business. She's worried about if people back home find out.

[pauses]

I'm sorry.

**Julie**

[amused]

Tiger, not this again.

I understand. Honestly, I'm surprised she didn't just leave you, claiming she found out about us instead of, you know... having us meet.

**Marvin**

[thinking about it]

Marjorie... can't help who she loves. When I found out about the two of them, after all we shared, I was ready to just throw her out. Let the church know, tell the world, but... hell. She's been the best friend I've ever had. And we had three kids. I can't leave. I mean, I could. But people'll see me as some big cheater, or, if we told the truth, she'd be a ...





[a bit sad]

I'm sorry that I can't give you a life you deserve.

**Julie**

[amused]

You ain't losing me any time soon, now get over here.

[sound changes back from flashback to Hospice]

**Pete**

[happy, fading]

Julie was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen.

I'm looking forward to seeing her again.

Thank you... thank you for that.

**Marvin**

[happy for him]

You're welcome, Pete.

It's okay to sleep. She'll be waiting for you.

**Marvin**

[narrate]

I watch him drift off, a small smile on his face, while I hold his hand. The ring on his finger feels hot to the touch, still warm with the memory of his mistress, his real love.

I keep my hand there as he begins to snore lightly, just above the hiss of his oxygen.

My fingers tighten over the ring, and I feel the warmth of Pete's love course through me.

I feel capable of anything... but I leave it on his finger.

He won't make it through the night.

[walking out of the room]

**Marvin**

[humming to himself]

[walks down the hall and kicks something hears it skitter across the hall and bounce off the wall]



**Marvin**

[confused]

Hello, what's this?

[narrate]

It was dumb luck that I almost kicked the thing out of sight, but it ricocheted off the wall and right in front of me.

The little blue jewel caught the dim light of the hall, sparkling like a cat's eye. It's an earring. I reach down and pick it up.

[weird aural soundscape, swirling wind]

Pete's ring was warm with love. But this earring sends a freezing rush through my fingers and down my veins. I want to toss it away, but my hand closes around it. And the world goes black. I'm in the dark, unable to move on my own until I feel myself being smothered and lifted, out of the darkness, and into a blinding light. I'm being inspected by a *giant eye*.

[SCENE 4]

**Chartreuse**

[appraising the ring]

It'll work.

But do you have the other one, darling?

**Crimson**

[sour and a bit embarrassed]

The nurse came in while I was pocketing them. The old bitch was sleeping, and thankfully didn't wake up while I had to spin some story that I was her grandchild, who the family disowned years ago for coming out. That I loved my grandma all the same, and had come to say goodbye while I could. I was convincing, and she called me "hon," but I must have dropped the other one while I was in a hurry to get out...

**Chartreuse**

[tuts]

Shame.

Though, I liked how you looked when you came home.

A mustache and rouge... so dashing.

Still -- let's be certain, love.

Are you sure this was the correct old woman?

The one from the Lake?

The one who spoiled your fun?

**Crimson**

[certain, amused at the woman's advanced age]



Oh, yeah. That face had more wrinkles than I remembered, but it begged for a slap just like it did when we met. I would have done it, too, had I the time.  
I've not cursed someone like this... are you sure it will work?

[ CHARTREUSE opens a book]

**Chartreuse**

[muttering about finding their place]

Ah. Right here. We just have to boil down the fat we got in the freezer, add a few drops from the wronged party's finger into the pot (that's you), grease up this little thing, and give it back to her. Then, voila. She, and whoever possesses it after her, will have a truly rotten ---

[drops the ring]

**Crimson**

[confused]

Why did you do that?  
I nearly lost it.

**Chartreuse**

[panicked]

I saw someone in the reflection!  
It wasn't me. Their face... their face was...

[fades out and back to the hospice]

[SCENE 5]

**Marvin**

[gasping for air, frightened and disoriented]  
Wh-what... what...

**Marvin**

[narrate]

My family can sense the feelings and memories imprinted on things.  
We can also do what I'm doing now, record our experiences into something we wear or carry. And, if the person who owns the item consents, we can unlock that memory or emotion they feel for that object and relive it with them. But what just happened, what I saw ...I have never seen that.

[call patient alarm in the hallway]

[Marvin walks down the hall slowly toward the room]

**Marvin**

[knocks on door jam]



Hello, are you all right?

**Geraldine**

[upset animated, afraid]  
How did you get in my house?  
Get out of my house!

**Marvin**

[calm]  
Mrs. Lynch. Geraldine. It's Marvin.  
I'm the night nurse here.

**Geraldine**

[panicked]  
You!  
Did you take my earrings?!  
HELP!  
HEEEEEELP!

**Narrator**

What does Marvin do?  
Try to calm her down  
Give her the earring back  
Call the nurse from the other floor

Make your choice now at [WitcheverPath.com/vote](http://WitcheverPath.com/vote)

The poll will be up until February 24.

This story was written and produced by Steven and Jas.

The cast features:

[Isaiah Frizelle](#) (he/him) as Marvin

Vyn Vox (he/they) as Athena

[David S Dear](#) (he/him) as Clayton



Shannon Perry (she/her) as Geraldine  
Dallas Wheatley (they/he) as Crimson  
Jas LaFond (they/them) as Chartreuse  
Alixandria Young-Jui (she/her) Kristine  
Miranda Riddle (she/they) as Julie  
Josh Rubino (he/him) as Lance

Special thanks to our Season Three Executive Producer Blythe Renay.

The Witchever Path Theme Song was written and performed by Rydr  
The sixties surf rock was by Audio Hero  
Foley by Witchever Path, ZapSplat, and Audio Hero.

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That's it for this week. Spread the word and get more people to listen and vote.  
Until next time, sleep with a clear consequence.  
Choose the Path