



CW: Foul Language, Homophobia, Violence against Transgender People, Child

Abduction



Narrator

Your son was taken. And the people YOU were raised to believe would help you are acting just as suspiciously as they claim you're being by not talking to them. One of the people who came to your home with information is now a suspect in your son's disappearance. With a race against time, you and your wife join a search party until the late hours of the night. When you get home, there's evidence that someone has broken in and is currently in your basement. Firing a warning shot, you find the intruder. The same person you chased in the woods weeks ago. Having begged for you not to shoot them, they are now trying to retrieve something to show you from their pocket. Here's what happens next.

Witchever Path Presents - SENTRY: Part Seven - Where I can See Them

YOU

Your ears are still ringing from the warning shot as the ratty figure at the bottom of the stairs is slowly reaching toward their pocket. They are staring at your gun. No one in your neighborhood would blame you if you shot this fucker dead. But your boy is out there. And with this being the second time you've fired your gun in the neighborhood, there's no chance the cops aren't on their way.

They flip their hair out their face. There's a jagged scar that runs through the middle of their lower lip and down their neck. You still can't determine what gender they are. And



in your head you hear Cole giving you shit about that knee-jerk reaction. The scarred intruder's body posture is frozen.

You feel like you're crazy.

YOU

[to the intruder]

Take your hand out of your pocket NOW.

VOICE

There was something left down here that would hurt you.

I got rid of it. I did it for Cole.

He gave me something to show you. To say he's all right.

YOU

All right. Put it on the stairs.

Slowly.

I can put **four slugs in** your ugly mouth before you try anything.

YOU

[narrate]

The scarred intruder grimaces when you call them ugly. But they comply and from their pocket produce Cole's black headphones, placing them on the stairs. Their hands are trembling. They're terrified. You can hear sirens.



YOU

WHERE IS MY SON.

VOICE

Safe.

I'm here to take you to him.

He needs you.

We... need you.

Jaime

[from the bathroom]

BABY? Are you all right?

YOU

Yeah! I got 'em. I got the guy.



YOU

[narrate]

The flashing blue lights in your driveway are lighting up the inside of your house. They're going to knock. Then they're gonna break in. You'll have to put down the gun or get shot. You keep your gun trained on the intruder, the scar on their face is shiny and wet.

You

Cops are coming. Only places you're going together now are jail or the morgue.

VOICE

We can go now.

They won't find what they're looking for down here. It's been eaten away.

Come with me now.

YOU

[narrate]

The knocks are loud and deliberate. You hear them yelling your name.

YOU

[out loud]

Jaime, get the door!



JAIME

[yelling to the outside]

We're about to open up. Don't break the door down!

YOU

[down the cellar stage whispering]

Just tell me where I can find him!

VOICE

[panicked]

Come downstairs. I'll get us out. We need to get to him. She can come, too.

[door bursts open]

YOU

[narrate]

You hear several cops in tactical gear break through your door. Jaime screams from the other room, and you have a choice between the scarred intruder promising to bring you to Cole, or your wife. The call is easy. You tuck your gun into the back of your pants and then walk into the front hall, where you see your wife on the ground, her hands behind her back, a Rowe officer reaching for cuffs. There are six other cops in here. Your presence causes them all to pause and panic, pointing their guns at you. It's likely one



of them will shoot if you even say anything. But at least you know if they're pointing their guns at you, they're not pointing them at your wife.

They yell so many different orders, you just freeze with your hands up. They frisk you and you give a sigh of relief that the one who grabs your gun doesn't shout out what he found. At least *he* isn't trying to kill you.

You're kicked to the ground before you can even mention the person in the basement.

For the second time this year, you feel steel on your wrists.

HOLT

[authoritative]

Search the house for anyone else. Look for Fells in the basement.

YOU

I want a lawyer.

HOLT

You're going to need one, man.

OFFICER

[from basement]

Sir! You gotta see this!



HOLT

[to YOU]

Anything you want to say before I go see what he found?

[pause, then a bit sinister]

Okay then. Nice knowing you.

[to two officers]

You two, put the woman in a car away from him. You and you, keep him here.

YOU

Holt leaves the front hall, and makes his way to the basement. Jaime is pulled out of the house. You can hear more cops circling your home. If the scarred intruder tries to make a break for it, they'll catch them. One of the cops pulls you up into a seated position on the floor. It makes you think about the boy you had in this position all those years ago.

He was maybe fifteen years old. Your Arabic was terrible, and he was unable to understand you. The gun he used to shoot Marcus lay on the cracked tile next to him.

You had to stop one of your brothers from executing him, ordering everyone to try to

keep Marcus alive while you radioed in for help.

When you all got back to base, you handed the kid off and waited for word on Marcus.

When he was airlifted out, someone informed you the kid killed himself in his cell. Now,

on your living room floor, you're feeling years of suppressed memories bubbling up.

Your mind keeps going back to that boy on the cracked tiles, and you no longer picture

his face, but Cole's.



Holt's footsteps up the stairs are quick and heavy. He storms up to you and gives you a kick in the ribs. One of them cracks.

HOLT

[to the officers]

You two go outside. NOW.

YOU

[narrate]

He's furious. You can hear his guys breaking things downstairs, searching your home.

The pain in your side makes it hard to breathe.

Holt grabs a handful of your hair and brings his lips to your ear.

HOLT

HOW the fuck did you do it?

Where the fuck is he?

YOU

Did he get outta the bulkhead?

HOLT

How the fuck is Fells going to get up and walk?

There's a fucking mushroom forest on the floor. Right where he —



YOU

What the fuck are you talking about?

HOLT

How did you get rid of it? How?

YOU

[narrate]

He kicks you again. Colors dance across your vision. He's winding up for another when
your front door opens.

Agent Temple

[firm and pulling rank]

Step away from him. Now.

HOLT

[defensively]

This man assaulted me. I'm applying the appropriate force to get him to comply.

Agent Temple

I'll take him in.

HOLT

It's my arrest.

Wait. Who are the fuck are you?



Agent Temple

[pushing back]

Agent Temple. Federal Bureau of Investigations.

Your arrest is a person of interest in a federal crime.

HOLT

[pissed]

Bullshit. I know this guy. I'll be bringing him.

AGENT TEMPLE

[pushing back]

You know him, huh?

Well, given the way you've had to defend yourself, from a handcuffed man, I think I'll

take it from here.

HOLT

[furious, but reining it in]

You don't have jurisdiction.

I'll -

[starts coughing]

I'll take -

[keeps coughing, ugly and long]



AGENT TEMPLE

[reacting to this man nearly dry heaving with his coughs]

Take a breath to collect yourself. I'll get him out of here.

Come on, sir. Nice and easy.

YOU

The fed helps you to your feet. From the basement, you hear more coughing from the other cops. Your left side is screaming. Holt fucked you up. Agent Temple's grip on your right arm is firm, but not painful. Opening your front door, he leads you outside, into the blinding strobe of several squad cars. There's a SWAT van parked in front of your house. All of your neighbors must be watching. Again.

Temple brings you to his car, past the armored cops who are sneering at you and the agent. You see Jaime in another black sedan next to you. She looks almost catatonic. After you're in the car, you try to get her attention, but she's looking back at the house.

Temple gets into the car. He waves at the driver of Jaime's car and pulls out. The fed drives in silence, past your neighbor Todd's house. Five minutes pass before he speaks.

Agent Temple

We're not taking you two to the barracks.

YOU

What?



Agent Temple

[really calmly]

I'm Tom's friend. He called me when he reviewed your footage and the phone. He mentioned your trooper pal in there, too. Seems Tom thought he was up to some shit.

From what I can tell, he's right.

YOU

Did he share that stuff with you?

Agent Temple

Yes. You did the right thing in telling Tom everything. Because you might have found the missing piece that ties several disappearances and murders over the past fifteen years. After the phone, I started looking for other common threads besides the victims.

And I found one.

YOU

Holt.



Agent Temple

Holt. Yeah. Three of the deceased were gay prostitutes frequenting rest stops in the area. Another was transgender. Holt started out as a responding officer, then an investigator, and he's been the one debunking theories that there is a link between these crimes. I mean, crimes of passion are just like that. And it being New Hampshire, the victims weren't necessarily ones a lot of people cared enough about to look for a real pattern.

Until you got that phone, that is.

YOU

Do you think Holt has my son?

Agent Temple

That's just it, I don't think he does. I think he tried to get him. I don't think he got the Rye kid either. He thinks you know where your kid is. And maybe the other one, too. And that's why he beat the fuck out of you and why I think he killed Myron Fells.

YOU

[narrate]

His car pulls down Park Street and parks in front of the dirt path that leads to the middle school's baseball field. The car carrying Jaime pulls up next to you.



Agent Temple

[calmly]

Tom woke up three hours ago. He gave a description of the guy driving Fells' car. The driver was white. Whoever it was rammed him off the road and his car nearly went into the Merrimack. Tom was almost killed- his head wound and being unconscious, it looked like he wasn't going to make it. We're pulling the footage from the accident, but we're doing it carefully.

There's a good chance Holt's got people watching his back.

YOU

[coming to terms with this]

Temple, there was someone in my house.

I thought Holt knew about 'em, but he was telling me he knew Myron was in my basement.

He asked if –

Shit. Can you uncuff me? My phone's in my pocket.

Agent TEMPLE

[amenable to it]

Yeah. sure.



YOU

He gets out of the car, opens your door and uncuffs you. While he does that, the other agent releases Jaime. Her hug causes you to wince and suck in air. The broken rib- it's gotta be broken- is throbbing. Opening your phone, you bring up the security app. You select the basement camera and go to the entry before the one that showed the scarred intruder walking down the stairs. The door opens. With the power out, the camera's night vision shows Myron walking down the stairs, slow and stiff. Behind him is a taller man. It's Holt. He has Myron at gunpoint.

There's a struggle at the bottom of the stairs and followed by Holt walking back and forth repeatedly. He is slightly out of frame but he seems to be dragging something.

Finally, he walks back up the stairs and closes the basement door as he leaves.

Agent Temple

[calm]

There's been no chatter about a body at your house while we've been driving. None. But there's apparently some kind of weird mushroom or mold situation down there. Cops are choking on the spores. What's that about?

YOU

I don't know. The person I saw said they took care of something that Holt left down there. I think maybe they meant Myron.

Jaime

Wait a minute- Holt killed someone in our basement and tried to set us up?
And what the fuck does this have to do with Cole?



YOU

[narrate]

You tell them all what you saw. Temple records it as you talk and his partner calls into the bureau to have Holt taken in. You describe the scarred intruder in detail, but you

keep thinking about what they said. Are you fucking this up?

Are you missing the chance to find your son? You don't tell Temple about the intruder's

offer.

Agent Temple

Do you have any idea where the guy who came to your house- "this scarred intruder"

may have gone?

YOU

Yeah, I think so. But can I talk to Jaime for a second?

Agent Temple

Why?

YOU

Because we both haven't had more than a second to breathe since our son went

missing? Please.

Agent Temple



Yeah. Okay, sure.

YOU

[narrate]

Jaime holds your hand tightly as you walk down the dirt path toward the baseball diamond. You walk about eighty feet away and stand next to a tall pine.

JAIME

Baby, what are we going to do? How are we going to find Cole?

YOU

[narrate]

The smell of someone's wood stove fills your nostrils. It reminds you of sitting around a campfire with Cole, back when he was ten. When he asked if you could all live in a cabin in the woods one day. Your son is out there. And you don't know if Temple can actually help you.

YOU

[Quietly to Jaime]

Babe, I have a plan. But I need you to back it up.

YOU



[narrate]

The plan is simple and it's risky but you're sure it's the only option you two have to find

Cole. You walk back to Agent Temple's car. He looks relieved you didn't run.

His partner's in the other car. She's on the phone. You are exhausted and in agony.

That rib is floating in your fucking chest.

You

[calmly]

We think we know how to find Cole.

Narrator:

There is only one place you could think of that the Scarred Intruder would have gone.

The railroad tracks. But how did the Intruder get away? And if you get the feds involved,

will you even be able to find the scarred intruder? And if Myron is dead, should Tasha

know? We can't tell you the answer to that. YOU have to tell us what YOUR plan is.

What did you and Jaime decide?

Did you:

Tell Agent Temple the complete truth and let them take over the search?

Take him with you to a fake location while Jaime and Tasha look for Cole by the tracks?

Make a plan to go look for Cole the next day, but sneak away to find the Scarred

Intruder by yourself? Vote now at WitcheverPath.com/vote. You have until Friday,

March 18.

This episode was written by Steven and Journee and produced by Witchever Path.



The decisions that happened within the story were made by you.

The show featured:

Tyler Bell as YOU

Journee LaFond as Jaime

Harlan Guthrie as Karl Holt

Mike Gagne as Agent Temple

Steven LaFond as the Scarred Intruder.

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podcasts and turn more people onto show. Evangelize for our unique storytelling. We
can't do it without you.

That's it for this week. Sleep with a Consequence. Choose the Path.