



**Narrator**

There are three things that happen when a human is confronted by terror. Fight, Flight, or Freeze. Last time John went with Greg to talk about where Greg had been, and what, exactly he was doing since he's been gone.

Inside a decaying tenement, John received his answers. In a tiny apartment, Greg pricked the finger of an excommunicated nun and listened to the dying woman's confession. A confession not of intense wickedness, but of breaking cardinal sins to save children.

As she faded from the waking world, John bore witness to Greg's devouring of her sins. But was it actually Greg? The face that stared back at him had eyes as dark and unknowable as the ocean's depths. And if that wasn't frightening enough, John experienced a new sensation- the desire to eat the blood-soaked bread off of the Sin Eater's plate.

With a choice before you to have John, Eat, Run away, or wait, you chose the latter.

So Witchever Path Presents Second Course, Part Three: Lost Appetites

**JOHN**

I don't need any of that.  
Finish what you gotta do.

[narrate]

Greg continues to eat the last of the bread. My stomach roars, but my vision clears. The great, black eyes now occupying Greg's face consider me for a moment, before continuing his feast. Mary-ellen is out. I don't even know if she's still breathing.

**GREG**

Let her sleep.  
If she passes soon, it will be better for her.

**JOHN**

[narrate]

The last piece of bread is soaking wet, he's sopped up the last of the blood from the plate and seems to consider it for a moment. He opens his mouth and I see a small tendril of shadow and smoke reach out from between his teeth taking the last bit of bread into his mouth.

I stand up, putting my hand into my jacket to find the handle of my Ka-Bar.

[to Greg]

What the fuck was that?



**Greg**

[still monstrous]

The dark.

It's been with me, showing me what we lost.

**[ GREG swallows, a light moan that turns almost musical and he begins to hum something]**

**JOHN**

[narrate]

He has his eyes closed, sitting in silence for what feels like an eternity.

I'm just standing here. I'm afraid. Fuck. I'm afraid of *Greg*.

**GREG**

[claps hands together quickly]

Okay, I think it's safe for us to go.

**JOHN**

JESUS!

[narrate]

Mary-Ellen doesn't wake up.

I don't think she ever will.

We leave, quietly.

We're standing by the car when I see Greg's eyes have returned to normal. He looks sad.

**GREG**

I've been all over the country... after leaving the farm.

I wanted to understand what had happened to me.

Why did my teeth ache every time I thought of home, of what we do?

So I went out there, and I found almost every client I remembered from the past four years.

I was pulled to them. Pulled... by the dark.

It smelled them, it knew they were out there.

Joanna told us the new way would not only save the farm... it would save all of us.

That the clients would come, use a scapegoat instead of what dad used to do.

The darkness would still get its due.



**GREG**

Do you know what I found when I followed the dark to our clients?

Nobody was sorry.

Nobody had changed.

Maybe at first, but anybody who hadn't died after confessing, the changes didn't stick.

And a few of them saw me showing up as a threat.

They accused me of coming to blackmail them, or to kill them.

I didn't want to.

But they had cheated. And the dark wants what it's tasted.

**JOHN**

Why are you back?

**GREG**

I want you to help me convince the cousins and Joanna to stop.

We shouldn't be serving the wealthy like this anymore.

The people that need our help are like Mary Ellen.

You've seen the difference.

**JOHN**

I don't know what I saw up there.

**GREG**

Yes, you do.

I helped someone who needed us.

**JOHN**

What do you want me to do?

**GREG**

Talk to Guy. If you can get him on board, he'll convince the others.

So far I could only convince one person.

**JOHN**

I'm not convinced.

**GREG**

I don't mean you.



**JOHN**

[narrate]

He points up to the sky. No, not the sky.  
On the top of the tenement, I see her. Angela. The bad cousin.  
She's up there holding that stupid fucking rifle.  
She nods at me.

[to Greg]

You know she's a fascist, right?

**GREG**

I know she was angry.  
But it's not the same thing.  
We've ... had some conversations.

**JOHN**

Right.

**GREG**

Just see what you can do.  
We're letting the wrong people get away with things they shouldn't.  
Aren't you tired of it?

**JOHN**

I'll think about it.  
But in the interim, you've got until the next client is done.  
If you're still around, Joanna will find out.  
Believe that.

[music transition]

**JOHN**

[narrate]

It's late when I get back. The smell of Joanna's wood stove fills the night air.  
The smell is disarming, reminding me of better times. Good winters, holidays.  
I pass the goat pen and scratch a few heads.

Joanna's light is on upstairs. I miss her bed. It's probably the most extravagant thing she's spent  
on herself since I was hired. Definitely during the whole time we were together.

I took Greg's room in the house when we split.  
I haven't had time to find a new place.



O

You drive, but you're not driven.

JOHN

The man who almost killed me had my number when he said it:

O

You drive, but you're not driven.

JOHN

That wasn't in my head.

What the fuck?

I scan the dark places near the driveway.

I can barely make anything out. My vision's out of focus, my left side is on fire.

I walk closer to the house, the goats begin bleating loudly, the wind picks up and the tree branches twist and creak. The shadows of the trees creep forward on my feet. Like the dark inside Greg. Under the street light, their shadows stretch and reach for me. I take a few steps backwards and nearly fall for the second time today before my back finds my truck.

I've got my knife out in my hand. The dark smells what it wants. What did he mean? What the fuck is this?

JOANNA

[surprisingly lovingly]

Are you okay?

JOHN

[snapping out of it, panicked]

Yeah.... yeah.. What are you doing out here?

JOANNA

I saw your headlights.

Now why are you standing out here with your knife out?

What happened?

JOHN

I thought... I heard somebody.

JOANNA

You thought?

Or you did?

JOHN



I thought I did.

**JOANNA**

What are you doing with that?

**JOHN**

I didn't want to be surprised.

**JOANNA**

You're a bit big to be afraid of the dark.

**JOHN**

Fuck off, Joanna.

**JOANNA**

I'm teasing. We'll check the cameras.  
A couple of the cousins are taking a night watch.

**JOHN**

Who?

**JOANNA**

Seb and George.

**JOHN**

Oh, okay.

Radio 'em. Have em sweep.

**JOANNA**

Hey, that knife.

What are you gonna do with that, give him tetanus?

**JOHN**

What are you talking about?

[narrate]

I'm not holding my ka-bar. I'm holding the trench knife from inside the Cyclops.  
O's knife. I drop the thing like it's burning. I reach into my coat again and don't find my own  
knife. But I didn't keep that rusty fucking blade with me the whole time, did I?

No. No I didn't.

**JOANNA**

Didn't what?

**JOHN**



Second Course, Part Three: Lost Appetites

I found that knife in the barn. It's -  
How did it get there? It was just on the floor.

**JOANNA**

You told me we buried it.

**JOHN**

We did.

**JOANNA**

Come inside, I want to talk to you.

**[Quick walk]**

**[sound of kettle, pouring drink]**

**JOHN**

We have a seat in the kitchen and she hands me a mug. With a quick sniff, I know it's a hot toddy. It reminds me of last winter. Wood Stove on blast, naked in the living room, listening to records and laughing.

Joanna's in one of those fleece pajama hoodies and plaid bottoms.  
I'm annoyed at myself for picturing the body underneath.

**Joanna**

[into radio]

Seb, George. Scan the perimeter. John thought he saw something.

**VOICE**

Okay, Jo.

**JOANNA**

Are you feeling better?

**JOHN**

Yeah...

Thanks for the drink.

**JOANNA**

We got two days to go.  
The farm's nearly ready, security system is up.  
I want to know you're going to be okay.  
Today... you're obviously not.

**JOHN**

I'm fine. I didn't expect to find the fucking knife. I'm just ... this shit never ends.



**JOANNA**

Uh huh.

John, I know that look.

You're confused and scared, and that means you're gonna get angry and stupid.

You don't have to. You can just relax. Can't we at least talk a bit about it?

**JOHN**

Why are you being nice?

**JOANNA**

I meant what I said when I came back from the drop.

This could be our last haul. Do you know how much the client gave us?

**JOHN**

High six figures?

**JOANNA**

Eight Million.

**JOHN**

**[coughing on the toddy]**

Eight Million?!

**JOANNA**

He believes it works.

He knows he's going to die.

It's life changing money for all of us.

**JOHN**

But we bring in about a quarter of that every year.

**JOANNA**

We do. But what if we stop?

I lost my brother, some family.

Guy doesn't even talk to me unless he's telling me I'm crazy.

And I lost you.

**JOHN**

Jo -

**JOANNA**

If I stopped this... what do you think?





**JOHN**

About what?

**[narrate]**

She reached over and squeezes my forearm.

**JOANNA**

You've stuck around all this time.  
You kept Guy here. The guys like you.  
You piss me off a lot, but I like you.  
Still.

**JOHN**

You broke it off with me.

**JOANNA**

I was mad, you were being an asshole.

**JOHN**

You brought someone back as repeat business.

**JOANNA**

It's not your... I don't want to do this.

**JOHN**

So you do want to quit this thing.

**JOANNA**

No! Wait, yes, but I'm not talking about that. I'm drowning in the responsibility and fucking endless shit I hear and see, and I miss you. I don't want to feel this way.

**JOHN**

I don't think we should...

**{narrate}**

The kiss is really all it takes. It's been almost nine months.  
She feels like fire and passion. And I'm hungry for it. For her, I want to be a part of her- all the nasty and bad things she's done, it drives me closer and closer to her.  
And I know this is wrong... I know I'm damned for doing it.

**[next morning]**

[Knock on the door]



Second Course, Part Three: Lost Appetites

**JOHN**

Just a minute.

**JOANNA**

[groaning awake]

**JOHN**

Shit. Jo, be quiet. It's fucking Guy.

**JOANNA**

So?

**GUY**

[through door]

John, Up and at 'em, boy!  
You said you'd be ready to go.  
Let's go!

**JOHN**

Hide.

**JOANNA**

HIDE?

Motherfucker...

**JOHN**

[narrate]

Guy heard that.  
It's dead quiet at the door, so I open it up.  
He looks at my chest, eyebrows riding high on his forehead.  
I look down. Joanna's scratched me pretty bad.

[to Guy]

Meet me at the Cyclops. I need five minutes.

**GUY**

Okay, then.

[to Joanna, coldly]

Cousin.

**JOHN**

Well, so much for him still liking me.



**JOANNA**

Get dressed. I got my own shit to do.  
Just.

**JOHN**

What?

**JOANNA**

Nevermind.

[outside toward the barn]

**JOHN**

[out loud]

All right, so we need to put the torches up onto the path, Jo wants to go old school on this one.  
Let's grab 'em out of the backroom of the cyclops.

**GUY**

[being pleasant but still feeling weird about what he saw]  
Awright.

**JOHN**

What?

**GUY**

She's gonna make you miserable, John.

**JOHN**

It happened. I don't think it's going to happen again, not with the way I answered the door.

**GUY**

Not my business, bud.  
Let's get the torches.

**JOHN**

[narrate]

We walk past the cows and into the back. We collect the torches and pound them into the ground. We barely talk except to confirm their placement. I look up at the loft of the Cyclops when we're nearly finished. I can't see anything inside that open window except shadow. It makes me think of Mary Ellen's apartment, Greg's eyes, and the darkness that filled the barn.

**[to Guy]**

Things got worse here, over the past two years, right?



**GUY**

I don't think they been the same since Uncle died.  
Definitely not since Greg's gone wherever he went.

**JOHN**

You think he could have slowed her down?

**GUY**

You don't stop a bull from charging,  
You get out the way.  
But yeah, maybe.  
It should have been him to do it anyway.  
But he didn't have the stomach for it.

**JOHN**

What if he did? What if he could do it?

**GUY**

We wouldn't be getting ready to host a movie star.  
And you wouldn't have been sneaking around.

**JOHN**

Is the security sound on right now?

**GUY**

Nah, not until we're done.  
I don't want to be spied on while I'm sweating.

**JOHN**

Okay, you trust me, right?

**GUY**

I did until you fucking said that, bud.

**JOHN**

Last night something happened that you need to know about.

**GUY**

Tabernak, I saw enough.

**JOHN**

Listen to me, this is fucking important.



[narrate]

And I think about Greg and what he wants, and I think about Joanna's lonely face as she confided that she wanted to leave this shit behind, and I think about the fucking darkness that pulled me toward that plate.

**JOHN**

Guy, here's what you need to know.

**NARRATOR**

**WHO IS JOHN Going to SIDE WITH**

1. Side with GREG - and attempt to convert Guy
2. Side with Joanna - and attempt to convince Guy

Whatever's going to happen, you've got to make it happen.  
Go to [WitcheverPath.com/vote](http://WitcheverPath.com/vote).

You have one week, until December 21.

SECOND COURSE - Lost Appetite was written by Steven and Journee.  
It was produced by Witchever Path.

It Features:

Steven as John

Journee as Joanna

Ragnar Arneson as Greg

Nicholas Zalowski as Guy

Foley by Witchever Path and Audio Hero.  
The Witchever Path Theme Song is by RYDR.

Additional music courtesy of [Epidemic Sound](#):

It is Coming, by Daniel Fridell

A Wanderer by Peter Crosby

An Obsession by Dayon

Hidden Output by Ethan Sloan

Lake Serene by Elizabeth Walton

Misty Land by Headlund



## Second Course, Part Three: Lost Appetites

If you like what you hear, there's a lot you can do to help us out. Review us wherever you get podcasts, share our show, and spread the word. But if you really want to help us keep the lights on and build a wider and better path, consider joining our Patreon. We release subscriber only episodes, behind the scenes content, and other bonuses for you every month.

That's [Patreon.com/wicheverpath](https://www.patreon.com/wicheverpath).

Thank you for your continuing love. Until next time, sleep with a clear consequence. Choose the Path.