



GOOD BOYS
Episode 6
All Hands

Written by Etienne LaFond



WITCHEVER PATH INTRO

Rico is no longer the simple cat that he was when this all began. After eating the rodents that had invaded his home, he has come to understand the world around him that no cat has before. But in gaining that knowledge, he has lost a lot. His best friend, Otter, gained this insight too, only to be taken away from the home.

Rico's body has changed, allowing him to grasp things in his new hands, and to open what is locked away... but it doesn't make the claws or teeth of his enemies less sharp. And while he has been attacked by demonic crows that can talk, until now, he's had no means to communicate with his humans, Tomas and Alana in a way they could understand.
But adversity hasn't stopped the cat before.

You voted to have Rico try to talk to his family before it's too late.
And so Witchever Path Presents GOOD BOYS, EPISODE 6 - All Hands.

TOMAS

[to Alana, emotionally taking in the madness of today]

Alana, look at him.
He looks like he's waiting for us to do something.

ALANA

[unsure, but the evidence is clear something is amiss]
Did you see him with that dead bird?
He was holding it while crouching on the floor.
Have you ever seen that before?

ALANA-RICO

[sigh into a grumble]

RICO NARRATOR

The blood of the Demon Crow is on Rico's lips.
Some of its meat is in his stomach.
He decides to try something.

ALANA- RICO

[that weird cat clicking they make at bugs, and a sort of choked meow]

RICO Narrator

Rico feels a sharp pain in his throat, like something attempting to crawl its way out.
The pain is enough for him to sit on his haunches and place his new hands on his neck.



TOMAS

[surprised]

He's choking. Wait...is he holding his throat?

[getting closer]

Rico? Buddy are you okay?

ALANA

[getting more frightened]

Tomas, back up. Something isn't right.

ALANA- RICO

[still clicking and then a bit of a hairball sound, slow vocalizations that are sort of meows leading into near words]

TOMAS

But look at his paws, they look like tiny hands.

ALANA- RICO

[a rough, hoarse cat-like voice]

Ot-ter.

[full silence}

TOMAS

uh

ALANA

Did he just say.

ALANA-RICO

[more confident]

Otter.

TOMAS

[shock}

Holy Shit!

RICO Narrator

Tomas stumbles back from Rico and falls on his ass onto the kitchen floor. Rico stretches out his right hand toward Tomas. Alana gasps.



ALANA

Rico?

ALANA-RICO

We need to find the Good Boy.

RICO Narrator

Rico tells them about the first rat, and the ones that came after.
Alana grinds her teeth as she looks at Rico with wild, panicked eyes.

Tomas stares at Rico with wonder.

Outside, the crows have started shouting again.

But Rico keeps talking. He explains the wounds on his neck. How he let Otter out of the bathroom to scare off the exterminator. Rico explains that all of it failed when they let the police take Otter away.

ALANA

How could we know?

Alana-RICO

How could I know?

TOMAS

So we need to get out there and find Otter.

Where are we going to even find him?

ALANA-RICO

You can't smell him?

TOMAS

No. Can you?

[pauses]

What? *Can You?*

ALANA

But what about the crows?

ALANA-RICO

They die fast.

Kill them.

ALANA

HOW?



RICO NARRATOR

Rico looks at Alana's confused face and impatiently grumbles.
He stands on his hind legs.
He mimes catching and squeezing the life out of a bird, and then biting its head.
Alana looks ill.

TOMAS

Maybe I'll try a bat instead.

RICO NARRATOR

The family makes their plan together in the living room. He hears the demon crows pecking away at the dead one he threw outside.
The birds need to be dealt with.
Alana and Tomas go to speak in the other room.
He hears them clearly, though he knows they are trying to be quiet.

ALANA

I don't know what we're going to do. How is any of this happening?

TOMAS

[trying to stay in control, but the cat's changes, hell REALITY are too much]
What if that isn't Rico?
What if something happened to both of them?

ALANA

Something did happen. But it's Rico, whatever's happened here is because of the guys that came to the door. Somehow, it led to this.

TOMAS

But maybe we're drugged. Maybe we're just hallucinating all of this.
Maybe there's a gas leak.

ALANA

Tomas, it's not a hallucination.

TOMAS

Then how can we be sure it's not a demon?
What if it's like that bird?

ALANA

He killed the bird, Tomas.
Rico said that they both have been keeping us safe for weeks.



TOMAS

How are we just finding out now?
[door knob begins to rattle]

TOMAS

What the hell?

[door opens]

ALANA

Rico?

ALANA- RICO

You said we would go. Let's go.
Otter needs us to get home.
We go now.

[sound of the door]

TOMAS

GO! Run!

ALANA

I'm going!

RICO NARRATOR

Alana runs out the door toward the car. She's carrying Rico's pet carrier under her left arm. The crows begin to shriek and swoop at her. She dodges one as it attempts to rake at her eyes. The second, however, grabs a handful of her hair. It digs its claws into her scalp, and she howls in pain.

Tomas leaps off the back steps and to Alana's side. Alana drops the pet carrier onto the driveway while she and Tomas attempt to get the winged monster off of her. One of the other crows attacks Tomas, its beak shredding his eyebrow.

Tomas grabs the bird by the neck, its wings beating against his hand.

As both Alana and Tomas struggle with their birds, a third lands by the pet carrier. Its eyes are red, its beak serrated. The door of the carrier is wide open. The demonic crow cackles, ready for revenge. It is so confident in its victory that it doesn't hear Rico's feet as he races from the garage and onto its back.

The crow's skull turns to pulp in his jaws.

[slamming of bird onto the roof of the car]



RICO Narrator

Alana throws her crow to the ground, and before it can take off, Rico finishes it off. Alana and Rico turn their attention to Tomas just in time to watch him slam the creature onto the roof of the car, over and over again until it stops moving. Feathers are stuck to his hand. The brutality of it gives them both pause. The gentle, kind man they had known for years, who cleaned Rico's litter box without complaint, has just made his first kill.

Good boy.

ALANA

Hold on, Tomas! Let me see it.

TOMAS

Is it bad?

ALANA

It's bleeding a lot, but hold on. I'll grab the first aid kit.

[pops trunk]

TOMAS

[in pain, some grunting and panting]

Rico. Are you okay?

ALANA-RICO

We go.

ALANA

Okay, let's get this cleaned up.

[first aid kit opens]

[ALANA, while cleaning the wound]

Oh, this is going to need stitches.

We need to hit the urgent care.

ALANA-RICO

No. Otter.

ALANA

He's bleeding, and we need to make sure he's okay if we are gonna find Otter.



ALANA-RICO

I bleed for you.
Otter protects you.
You Give Them Otter!
No.
We find Otter before bad ones do.
Or I find him.

ALANA

You... You're right.
Let's go.

RICO Narrator

After dressing the wound, Alana drives while Rico sits on Tomas' lap in the passenger seat. With the window rolled down, Rico inhales the air. He thinks about the sacrifice. The Cat-Who-Is-Also-A-Man is guiding him, he feels it. He inhales the air and can smell the river, the exhaust of cars, and the thousand smells that make up their neighborhood. But in a few breaths, as they pass the soccer field, he catches the whiff of something familiar.

He sits up and points to the right with his finger.
The first time he has ever done so.

ALANA-RICO

That way.

TOMAS

Are you sure?

ALANA-RICO

Yes. That way.

ALANA

There's someone following us.

TOMAS

Who?

ALANA

It's a white van.



I think it's ... it's him.
The exterminator.

TOMAS

Why now?

ALANA-RICO

The birds. The rats.

ALANA

Hold on.

[swerves cars, honking of horns]

TOMAS

Whoa! You're going really fast.

ALANA

We got to lose him.

Rico, are we still going right?

ALANA- RICO

What?

Yes, you go that way.

RICO NARRATOR

Right means correct, but It also is the word for a way to go?

What are people doing?

How do they understand each other?

Tomas keeps looking back at the van, which is two cars behind them.

Rico can feel the quickness of Tomas' breath.

The smell of Otter is getting stronger, but the car is moving so fast that Rico isn't sure if they are getting closer, or passing where Otter could be.

It's frustrating.

The road Alana pulls onto is quieter.

There are fewer cars.

A loud, massive car with wings is racing down a fenced in driveway to their left.

It distracts him as it takes flight.

ALANA-RICO

Can the car fly?



TOMAS

[unsure at first]

No, it can't. Oh, that's a plane, buddy. We're on Airport Road.

ALANA

[worried]

We haven't lost them! We might need to turn off somewhere.

TOMAS

There's no place to do that. We could pass the dog park, maybe cut down the dirt road.

[LOUD VAN COMING UP CLOSE TO THE BUMPER]

TOMAS

[raising tension]

Oh shit, they're speeding up!

ALANA

[determined]

Okay. Hold on.

[accelerates]

RICO Narrator

The wind pushes Rico's whiskers back. He hears the roar of the van motor behind them and then.

[loud crash]

TOMAS

Are they fucking crazy?!

ALANA

Hold on! I'm gonna try the dog park road.

Come on, come on...

[LOUD SWERVE]

RICO NARRATOR

The tires squeal and Rico grasps onto Tomas' shirt. Rico feels himself lift in the air and his claws dig into Tomas to stop from flying out of the window.



TOMAS

AH!

RICO NARRATOR

Alana guides the car down the gravel road. The van doesn't follow, but speeds past, nearly hitting a truck. They pass the empty dog park. It smells of dog piss, hair, and even Otter.

ALANA-RICO

Here!

TOMAS

Are you sure?

We take Otter here to exercise and hang out with other dogs.

Alana

Does this road lead back to the street?

TOMAS

Yeah, it runs next to the river. There's a place where people take out kayaks.
We can pull around and...

[tire blowout]

ALANA

FUCK!

ALANA-RICO

What is "fuck?"

TOMAS

She means something's wrong.

ALANA

We lost a tire. Shit. How are we going to get out of here.
We might need to call the ...

TOMAS

You think they'll come out here for us?



ALANA-RICO

No. Otter is close.

ALANA

Honey, how do you know?

ALANA-RICO

[commanding]

Open the door.

TOMAS

Are you sure?

ALANA-RICO

Now.

[door opens]

RICO NARRATOR

They exit the car together. Alana inspects the flat tire on the passenger side.

The smell of brake fluid and rubber displeases Rico.

The wind shifts and he smells danger. It's the exterminator's van coming from the direction that

Tomas had pointed out. The other road.

It will be here soon.

ALANA-RICO

Fuck.

ALANA

What?

TOMAS

This is so crazy.

RICO Narrator

Rico looks toward the river. There's a trail that leads into the trees.

ALANA-RICO

This way!

[car coming]



Tomas

[seeing the exterminator coming]
He's back. He's coming from the other side!

ALANA

Follow Rico!

RICO Narrator

The path is thin and covered in underbrush.
The gray daylight peeks down on them through the leaves.
He runs ahead, his humans making more noise than he would like.
Birds scatter and cry above.
He hears the exterminator's van stop, a quarter mile behind them.
The exterminator is swearing. He can't get past Alana's car.
Rico turns back only to see Tomas and Alana eight yards behind him.
He stops, stands upright and waves his paws at them.
Tomas is about to speak but Rico places his finger against his muzzle and makes the same face
Tomas does when Otter would bark too much in the morning.
It works.
Rico waits for them to catch up, and then takes off again.
He can hear the exterminator starting on the path.
The pink man is not alone.
There is the sound of another large person with the exterminator.
Rico can't make out if there is anything odd about them yet.
The wind is blowing from the direction Rico is heading.
And there is a smell he is more concerned with finding here.

The path comes close to the riverbed. The way is familiar. Under the overcast sky, he sees
familiar rocks, pale and dull, lining the path. It's almost enough to make him purr.
But then he hears it. From behind his people, a low-pitched whine that quickly becomes a
chorus of chattering screams. Dozens of them.

ALANA-RICO

Fuck!

Tomas

What is it?

ALANA-RICO

Rats.

ALANA

I don't hear anything.



ALANA-RICO

Run to the big rock.

TOMAS

Where?

ALANA-RICO

You will see it. Or it isn't real.

ALANA

What?

ALANA-RICO

Run.

[running]

RICO Narrator

The rats are closing in. They are fast, and Rico can hear their voices.

They are not merely shrieking, but chanting their foul words.

Rico is not sure that his people can win.

He hopes that this river trail has the stone where he met the Cat-Who-Is-Also-A-Man.

He feels like it must, though he has never been here outside of his dreams. There is no proof the standing stone is by the river.

But Rico believes it must be ahead.

He does not know why.

[rats get louder]

The three of them pass a small tent with a shopping cart parked next to a bush.

Something stirs within, but Rico doesn't stop.

He must head to the rock by the river. It must be there.

It must.

And it is. The stone.

Alana leans against it, out of breath.

Tomas looks around the ground and picks up a large stick. He knocks it against a nearby tree with force. It doesn't break. It's a good stick. One that Otter would love, Rico thinks. He can hear the men, now, and weaving in out of the brush. He sees the rats racing toward them. They are armed with their bone knives and sharp teeth.

Rico cannot beat them all. But with his family, perhaps they have a chance.



TOMAS

[catching breath]
Alana, can you run?

ALANA

[still panting]
No, baby.
I can't...

ALANA-RICO

No run.
Fight.

[rats louder and louder]

RICO NARRATOR

The rats are nearly a hundred feet from them before they stop their shrieks and scatter into the growth around the trail. The exterminator and his companion are hanging back, 50 yards away. Tomas scans the area around him, trying to spy the rats through the dense cover. Alana's hands are in her jacket pocket.

The woods get quiet. Rico hears the rats advance slowly, though he cannot see them.
He is not afraid. He is the white death.
Let them come.

[rat attack]
[violence of rats and cats]

With a shriek, the rats are upon them. They are slightly larger than the ones Rico had fought before. Like him, they have more human traits. Their spines are straighter, their hands large and unmistakable. But they are still just prey to him. His claws bite deeply across the snout of the closest rat as he dodges another's crude bone-knife. With a hiss he grabs his wounded prey by the tail and lifts it off the ground. He tosses it into two more of the rodents, who fall in a heap.

Behind Rico, Tomas swings his stick at the rats attempting to get close to him. The stick connects with one of their weapons, and disarms it. But the creature latches onto the stick and begins to climb onto it. In a panic Tomas throws it into the river, rat and all.

TOMAS

[cry out]

RICO Narrator

One of the rats stabs Tomas in his calf, causing him to fall to his knees. More of the pack leap onto Tomas. They bite, scratch and stab at him as he defends himself. Rico struggles to grasp



another of the rodents long enough to use his feet to disembowel it. He can't let go and save Tomas without risking harm. But then he hears a strange sound.

[hiss of pepper spray]

[rats scream]

A jet of liquid sprays from a canister in Alana's hand and into the faces of Tomas' attackers. The rats scream and fall in agony. The sharp smell of pepper and chemicals are in the air.

Rico is pleased. And then white hot pain shoots through his left shoulder.

Stupid Rico, he thinks. There are more.

He turns to see the rat who backstabbed him, its misshapen mouth curled in a mockery of a smile. But the smile turns to shock as Rico pounces upon it with expert grace.

Even hurt, Rico will not yield. As more of the rats turn their attention to him, he dodges their blows, the blood running down his arm mingling with that of his enemies.

This could be his end. But he will take them all with him, he thinks.

ALANA

Rico!

RICO NARRATOR

Rico turns to see Alana, crouched over a bleeding Tomas. Her head is at an awkward angle. And then he sees the rats on her back, fistfuls of her hair, their blades pointed at the base of her skull. Two more are standing confidently in front of Tomas, ready to attack.

RAT

This is over.

You have lost.

Stop now, or people die.

ALANA- RICO

[grunt]

Fuck.

RICO Narrator

The rats motion toward the trail for the three of them to get up and walk their way back. Back to the exterminator and his friend. Back to what may be certain death.

Tomas and Alana are hurt. Rico is, too. He is dizzy from blood loss.

The rats prod Alana and Tomas forward first.

Even wounded, they don't push their luck in threatening him. But Rico knows they will hurt his people if he doesn't comply. He looks back at the rock.

The Cat Who Is Also A Man is nowhere.

He can hear the men laughing. They are walking toward Tomas and Alana as the rats march Rico's people toward their death.



Rico looks at the pink skinned exterminator as he passes the tiny tent, his arms outstretched and triumphant. In his right hand, he holds a crystal similar to the one Rico had thrown away.

Exterminator

[smug]

Well, well. Looks like we got ourselves something special, don't we?
That's how you [bleep] did it, huh?
Had a magic {bleep} cat?
The brothers are gonna love this.

Rico Narrator

The men both laugh. Rico feels a small prod from one of the rats in his haunches, urging him forward.

TOMAS

What the fuck is going on?
Why are you doing this?

OTHER GUY

You don't remember me?
We met about a month ago at your door.

ALANA

The racist.

OTHER GUY

The American.

EXTERMINATOR

Honestly, I'm impressed.
You're the first group of [bleep] to give us a fight.
Not just a fight. We lost a lot of our soldiers to you.
We didn't know how you did it.
But that little thing there... y'all got some power of your own, I guess.
I thought it was your dog.
So I had the fucker taken away.
But nope. It wasn't your mutt.
It was that thing...

RICO Narrator

The exterminator gets closer to Rico. When he's about five feet away, the exterminator crouches and looks Rico in the eye. He holds the crystal in front of Rico and lets it dangle on its string. The crystal is vibrating, an absence of light swirls within its quartz facets.



Exterminator

Nomen tuum peto.

RICO Narrator

The words are not ones Rico knows, but the command within them is clear. He clenches his jaw, attempting to fight its desire to open. He feels the strain on his teeth. The pain in his shoulder throbs. Against his will, he obeys.

ALANA-RICO

They call me Rico.

Exterminator

hahaha. RICO SUAVE....

OTHER GUY

What?

Exterminator

Never mind.

Okay, Rico... Quod tu es?

[rustling in the woods]

RICO Narrator

The command is meant to reveal something.
But Rico doesn't understand the meaning.
It's apparent what he is, isn't it?
A cat. But the man repeats it again.
Rico says nothing.
Alana is beginning to cry.

EXTERMINATOR

Quod tu es?

Tell me. Tell me now, or I'll let the rats eat your people.
Audite me daemonium.

RICO Narrator

He doesn't understand the command. He is a cat.
He cannot answer that way, he knows the exterminator will harm his family.
But the crystal... the words the pink man speaks.. he is being compelled.
His mind cannot focus. His senses are drawn to everything around him. The wind on his whiskers, the smell of the river, the sound of something quietly padding upon the path, a solid black shadow shifting behind the men. The smell of Otter.



EXTERMINATOR

Last chance .
Quod to es?

ALANA-RICO

A good boy.

Exterminator

What the fuck? hahaha.

[snarl and pounce]

RICO Narrator

The other man is on the ground screaming as Otter's jaws close around the back of his neck.

The snap is loud and jarring.

The Exterminator turns to see Otter let his friend go and face him, maw bloody and frothing.

Otter's growl seems to freeze everyone in place.

The exterminator starts to raise the crystal toward Otter and Rico leaps onto his shaven head.

His hands grip the back of the exterminator's scalp. His feet find the man's eyes and he scratches at them until they come out. The man screams and tries to pull Rico off his head.

Otter bounds toward the surviving rats. Some attempt to hold their ground, but he wades into their midst, a juggernaut of righteous anger.

One attempts to climb onto Tomas, but Otter leaps, catching the creature in his jaws and snapping it in half.

The exterminator pulls Rico from his face and throws Rico. Rico twists in the air as best as he can, but his wounded shoulder makes it hard to balance and his back collides with the trunk of a white birch. There's a snapping sound, and Rico hits the ground, not on his feet, but on his side.

Rico is seeing stars.

Through his blurry vision, Rico sees the exterminator stumbling, blind and screaming in the direction of the cars. Rico tries to stand, but he can't. His vision darkening, Rico sees Alana and Tomas reach the man and pull him to the ground. He hears Otter's growls soften, and then feels the shadow of his brother over him. He can smell Otter's breath and the blood of their foes.

ALANA-RICO

Good Boy. Otter is a Good Boy.

[dog whimpers]

TOMAS

Where's Rico?



ALANA

Oh my God, over there!

OTTER

Howls

[the sound of the dream world]

RICO Narrator

It is night in the woods. The trees and bushes around him looking more like the waking world than they had before. Rico is not in pain. He sits up, and looks around. Otter is not here. Tomas and Alana are nowhere to be seen. He smells none of them.

Oshosi

Cazador orgulloso. You did well.

You did so well.

Come to me.

RICO Narrator

Rico walks back toward the stones. The path is blood red, save for these patches of blackness where the rats had fallen. Rico stands before the stones. The Cat Who is Also a Man is seated on the ground, legs akimbo. His feline eyes stare out a furry, human face.

OSHOSI

You prayed and believed, Cazador. You gave me my meat, and you saved your family.

And now you are here with me.

ALANA-RICO

I am asleep?

Oshosi

Yes, for now. But soon, you will simply be part of the dream.

ALANA-RICO

No. Otter is home now.

Send me to Otter.

OSHOSI

You prayed to be reunited with Otter.

I freed him for you. He came to you when you needed him most.

He wandered and I used the wind and trail to bring him to you.



I did as you asked. He saved your people.
And now the debt is paid.

ALANA-RICO

I die?

OSHOSI

Everything dies.
But you are the first of your kind.
You are the first to pledge yourself to me.
You have a home here, Cazador.

ALAN-RICO

No.

OSHOSI

Your body is broken, Cazador.
Back there, you cannot hunt.
You cannot walk.

ALAN-RICO

Then you fix.

OSHOSI

I have done all I need to do.

ALAN-RICO

The pink men are not the only pink men who are bad.

OSHOSI

No. Far from it.

ALAN-RICO

The hunt is not over.
Send me back.

OSHOSI

Have I not done enough?

ALAN-RICO

No. You said they were dangerous.
You set up the hunt.
The hunt is not over.



OSHOSI

Who are you to command me?

ALAN-RICO

I am White Death.
You will let me finish.

OSHOSI

And what do I get, Gato?

ALAN-RICO

I will bring you prey.
And I will bring you more... I will hunt for you.

OSHOSI

Well...

[the sound of the birds and sobbing]

RICO Narrator

Tomas and Alana are weeping, holding onto each other, faces buried in one another's shoulders. Otter's tongue is wet and hot. Rico's spine is suddenly ablaze with excruciating pain. Rico lets out a painful meow.

Otter barks with surprise. The Good Boy nuzzles Rico. Rico can feel the surprise and elation of his shaking brother as the dog licks Rico and then takes a step back to nudge Tomas and Alana. The two of them shout his name in joy. The pain in his limbs lessens and he can feel his back legs again. He stretches, cleans his hands and then touches Otter's jowls. He shoves his forehead into his brother's muzzle and lets out a purr. And then sleep takes him again... for days.

Rico's dreams are filled with chanting and the panicked movements of prey. He stalks these phantom memories and visions, taking note of what he observes.

Occasionally, Otter joins him in these travels.

They study the roads and sounds where the pink men are plotting and arguing about what is going wrong. They hear the chants of the rats and crows that the pink men are raising in their basements. There will be much to do. A debt must be paid.

He will pay it, with Otter to help him.

They are Good Boys.



Witchever Path Narrator

GOOD BOYS, Episode 6 was written by Etienne and Journee and produced by Witchever Path.

It featured:

Journee LaFond as the Narrator
Jes Negrón as Alana
Armani Marquez-Chaves as Tomas
John Henry Deonte as Otter
Kevin Franklin Bowie as Rico
Foley by Witchever Path and Audio Hero.

The Witchever Path Theme song was written and performed by RYDR.
Additional music comes from EpidemicSound.com:

Ghosts Everywhere and Push Harder by Experia
A Solitary Man Soul - Lars Eriksson
Blood Money by Hampus Naeselius
More than a Coincidence - Christian Anderson
Azul by Andres Cantu

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That's it for this episode. Until next time, sleep with a clear consequence. Choose the Path.

Teaser Trailer The Holiday

Rico's sleeping. I want him to get up. It's morning. There are lights on the tree that Tomas brought inside. It's so pretty. So pretty. Last night, it was snowing. I ran in circles politely by the back door until Alana came to let us out. Both of us. The smell of wood stoves and the winter air make me happy. I run through the backyard in circles. I love making trails.

I learned a letter.

O.

Tomas told me it's the first letter in my name. It's a circle. So there are three big Os I made in the snow by running and digging. O is me, Otter. It's fun. I am going to learn to make more.



But it's hard to concentrate for too long. There's a lot to do.
And every time I hear the police driving through the neighborhood, I can't think about letters or
food, or even hide.