

DIRT - AN AUDIO DRAMA
Chapter 20 Transcript
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****Warning****

This is a complete written transcript of the entire Chapter 20 audio file and is full of spoilers from start to finish. To avoid ruining surprises, read along as you listen—but don't read ahead!

Link to audio files: <https://www.dirtaudiodrama.com/#listen>

(Fade in windy dream background sound)

(Fade in sound of ocean waves on beach and seagulls)

YOUNG BOY:
Oh, you're back!

JOSEPH:
(Gasp) (In Finnish) Näen taas unta. (Exhale) (In English) I'm dreaming again.

YOUNG BOY:
Do you want to see what's in the forest with me?

JOSEPH:
(In Finnish) Tahdon. (In English) I do!

YOUNG BOY:
Come on. It's this way!

(Sound of walking on trail)

(Sound of crow in distance)

(Sound of being in forest)

JOSEPH:
(Gasp)

(Sound of walking through forest)

YOUNG BOY:
Come on. We're almost there.

JOSEPH:
(Breathing)

YOUNG BOY:
Come on! Over here!

JOSEPH:
(In Finnish) Odotä. (In English) Wait. Where did you go?

YOUNG BOY:
Over he—

(Sound of sticks and driftwood crashing in distance)

JOSEPH:
(Exhale) Oh no!

(Sound of running then stopping)

JOSEPH:
Hang on!

(Sound of digging in ground)

JOSEPH:
(Breathing) Oh!

(Sound of sticks and driftwood crashing underneath)

(Muffled sound of being stuck underground)

JOSEPH:
(Coughing) (Trying to yell words)

(Sound of waking up suddenly in bedroom, breathing)

(Sound of someone using a leaf blower outside nearby)

(Sound of setting down phone)

JOSEPH:
Great. It's Tuesday.

(Sound of getting out of bed)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):
Tuesdays are the days the gardening crew arrives early at my neighbor's house to mow, edge, and prune everything in sight.

JOSEPH:
Man, someone needs to invent a quiet leaf blower.

(Fade out background sounds)

(Fade in sounds of being in kitchen)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):
I check my phone and see only one new text so far. It's from Megan Kimura, following up on our conversation from yesterday, and again conveying the urgency of the situation.

JOSEPH:
Right. Guess I better figure that one out today.

(Sound of walking to table and sitting down)

(Sound of typing on laptop)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):
Over breakfast, I type out some notes about recent events, to help order my thoughts.

JOSEPH:
Okay...

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):
While in Wilson Creek, I ran into an older man driving an RV. An RV which, it turns out, is registered to Hartson Rotors. The same company that is owned by Marlon Mason, who is a member of Motorpool's Inner Six.

JOSEPH:
Dude...

(Sound of typing on laptop)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

Hartson Rotors is also the manufacturer of the drone that I brought home with me from the cemetery in Maryhill.

JOSEPH:

Oh, that's right!

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

And, I'd almost forgotten, Hartson Rotors is also the domain name of the email address that Becky recited to me at Daisy's, in Yakima, when she revealed that she was hired to get something that belonged to Antonia and then follow me down the street in Belltown.

I also note that Marlon Mason is the one who was flying the drone over me as I walked down Westlake Avenue. Which was confirmed by the detectives, who questioned him about it, and by Mel, who noticed it on the traffic cam footage.

JOSEPH:

(Inhale) Hmm...

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

And, for whatever reason, Marlon Mason's cell number is on a sticky note on Salvador's desk at the farm, and Antonia's cell number is on a sticky note on Marlon Mason's desk, at Motorpool.

(Sound of typing on keyboard)

JOSEPH:

(Exhale)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

And finally, it was because of the information given to me by the guy who was driving the RV in Wilson Creek that I was quickly able to find the fourth of six boxes that I'm supposed to discover, despite not really having any idea where to search for the box in Wilson Creek, when I first arrived there.

(Sound of tapping a pen on table)

JOSEPH:

It just seems too easy.

(Sound of getting up from chair and walking through house)

(Sound of opening door to garage and turning on garage light)

(Sound of opening/closing drawer)

(Sound of using tools to break apart box, tear cloth)

(Sound of setting everything down)

JOSEPH:

(Exhales) Nothing.

(Sound of phone ringing)

(Sound of getting phone out of pocket)

JOSEPH:

Oh geez. Berlin. (Exhales) (Clears throat) (Answering phone) Ingrid...

INGRID:

Hello Joseph.

JOSEPH:

Hi!

INGRID:

My apologies for calling you so early, but it's nearly the end of the day over here.

JOSEPH:

(Chuckles) Right. So you must... I—I'm not really sure what to say!

INGRID:

Well, what I want you to say is "Yes" to our proposal. Megan spoke with you yesterday?

JOSEPH:

She did.

INGRID:

So?

JOSEPH:

I guess I'm still—

INGRID:

I had hoped Megan relayed our position strongly enough to understand and decide quickly.

JOSEPH:

Oh. Don't worry, she did do a good job relaying all that.

INGRID:

Molecular is twelve thousand people strong now. And we're on a buying spree. This is everything you've been building towards!

JOSEPH:

(Swallows) I know.

INGRID:

Do we need to talk salary? Bonuses? What is it?

JOSEPH:

I mean...yeah! We should! Just so I know what all is involved. (Exhales) Ingrid, I—I just have to say...I didn't expect this. Not after the last six months of Molecular basically wanting me to keep quiet.

INGRID:

Don't worry about all that jaywalker stuff! We can easily turn that into something positive. And once the buyout is complete, which *could* be very soon, you can go back to just being your normal self.

JOSEPH:

Okay. And don't get me wrong, this is very exciting! And, thank you. I'm sorry I didn't say that sooner.

INGRID:

But...

JOSEPH:

(Nervous laugh) Well, just so I know...what are the ramifications if I don't do this?

INGRID:

I don't understand why you wouldn't. Everything I know about you...you are passionate about your work, and your people.

JOSEPH:

Hmm.

INGRID:

You love this kind of stuff. Just look at all that you've accomplished over the last 10 years. We are offering you the chance to do all those things with ten times the impact.

JOSEPH:

(Exhale) No. Yeah. It sounds great. Should I get back to you personally about this?

INGRID:

That would be best at this point. I will have my team email an offer to you in the next few hours.

JOSEPH:

Alright.

INGRID:

Joseph.

JOSEPH:

Yeah?

INGRID:

I need to hear from you by tomorrow morning, Berlin time.

JOSEPH:

Yeah. So by tonight over here then.

INGRID:

Correct. And I don't think I need to tell you that a lot of people are counting on you to make the right call.

JOSEPH:

Of course. Thank you, Ingrid.

INGRID:

By tomorrow morning then. My time.

JOSEPH:

Yep, got it. I'll be in touch!

INGRID:

Goodbye Joseph.

(Sound of three beeps of phone call ending)

JOSEPH:

Oh man. You idiot. Why didn't you just say yes?

(Sound of text message arriving)

JOSEPH:

(Breathing) Antonia. Finally. (Reading text) We should catch up on things, but I'd rather do it in person. Are you still on this side of the mountains? (To self) Huh.

(Sound of tapping on phone screen)

JOSEPH:

No, I'm home now. About to head to the coast.

(Sound of whoosh of text being sent)

JOSEPH:

(Sniffs)

(Sound of text arriving)

JOSEPH:

(Reading text) Would you like some company? (To self) (Exhales)

(Sound of tapping on phone screen)

JOSEPH:

Just tell me what time you'll be here.

(Fade out all sounds)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

In the few hours before Antonia arrives, I work out, shower, pack my car, and even go get some spare double A batteries from a nearby store. When I get back home, I put the batteries in the duffle bag with the shovel, so they're always available, instead of leaving them in the car like last time.

I also receive the offer from Molecular, which arrives as a text link to a secure document stored on Molecular's corporate server. I was prepared for it to be a good offer. But I wasn't this prepared.

(Fade in sound of being inside car while driving)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

Soon after Antonia gets to my house, we hop in my car and begin the roughly three-hour drive to the Washington coast. She doesn't say much at first, and I'm not sure if she's here to scold me or keep me company, or what.

JOSEPH:

So uh...what do you call a fish wearing a bowtie?

ANTONIA:

(Inhale) A dad joke?

JOSEPH:

Any guesses? So-fish-ticated.

ANTONIA:

(Laughs) That was really bad.

JOSEPH:

(Chuckles) Yep. (Exhales) You know I reached out to your dad yesterday, to see if I could stop by to apologize again.

ANTONIA:

I know.

JOSEPH:

He said now is not the time.

ANTONIA:

I've never seen him like that. I mean, he gets mad at things, like normal people. But he was really angry.

JOSEPH:

Well, you warned me a few times not to press him. More than warned. You asked me not to. And then I did it anyway. I'm really sorry. It wasn't right what I did.

ANTONIA:

So, last week you were totally obsessed with solving Aimo's puzzle. And now this week you seem just as obsessed with the land trust. Why?

JOSEPH:

(Inhale/exhale) Well, I think at first it was just my brain not understanding what was happening, or why. That's not a good place for me to be, by the way. But with the property specifically... When I heard from Mel that your farm was trying to buy it, and then you said the exact opposite... I guess I just became suspicious of everybody, including you. And so I needed to get to the bottom of it.

But then being up there at the tractor with you and your parents. Seeing the land up close and even being on the other side of the fence... (Exhale) I don't know. It made me kinda go crazy.

ANTONIA:

Okay, first of all, we are not trying to buy the land. The trust is actually trying to sell us the land.

JOSEPH:

Woah.

ANTONIA:

Maybe whatever it was that your assistant saw made it seem like the same thing. But it's not.

JOSEPH:

Hmm. Did you just learn all that? Or have you always known?

ANTONIA:

My dad told me yesterday.

JOSEPH:

Ah.

ANTONIA:

He also apologized to me for not saying anything. He said he's been in quiet negotiations for a couple months.

JOSEPH:

Hm. Do you know why he kept it from you? I mean, if it's okay for me to ask.

ANTONIA:

Well, you heard him talk about it being cursed and all that. I think part of him really believes that. My mom too.

JOSEPH:

So he's just being cautious then.

ANTONIA:

They know it would be good for the farm to expand. But yeah. They have reservations.

JOSEPH:

Yeah. Does he know how or why I knew about it?

ANTONIA:

I just told him that getting the letter from Aimo, and then finding that box on the farm in the strange way you did... I just said it raised a lot of questions for you. So you were being careful too.

JOSEPH:
Hmph. Thank you. Is that what you believe?

ANTONIA:
Am I right?

JOSEPH:
Ah, the old answer a question with a question trick. (Chuckles)

ANTONIA:
That part of you worries me.

JOSEPH:
What do you mean?

ANTONIA:
Just how you move so quickly. Or decide so quickly. You have a reckless side to you.

JOSEPH:
(Laughs) I feel like I never used to be that way. You can ask my sister. She used to make fun of me for always being so rational. Now she says the same thing you just said. (Inhales) (Exhales)
You know, I really thought you were gonna... (Exhales)

ANTONIA:
What?

JOSEPH:
Like...cuss me out or something. For being so "reckless." Which I would deserve, if you did.

ANTONIA:
Well, I am mad. But I guess there's a part of me that likes that side of you, too.

JOSEPH:
(Chuckles)

(Fade out all sounds)

(Fade in sounds of being in forest)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):
The next clue in "The Places I've Been," after Pe Ell, where my teaching career was first sparked; Maryhill, a scenic place of rest beneath the stones; Cumberland, where piku sikka wore my t-shirt; and Wilson Creek, where bellows begat bedfellows; is Oyhut, where the old bones were disturbed.

Oyhut is the old name of the area on the Pacific coast, at the north end of the mouth of Grays Harbor. The story takes place when Aimo was 11. Aimo writes that for him, Oyhut was a place of wonder—from its relatively recent history of sailings and shipwrecks of European and Japanese and Chinese explorers and merchants, to its much longer history as a place that the native peoples of the area gathered at, to trade and hunt and fish on the area’s primitive sandy beaches and dense, dark forests.

One day, while young Aimo was at Oyhut doing some clam digging with friends and family, he decided to wander off and explore a little. He noticed a trail that weaved among grass-lined ponds into the forest, a short distance away. Aimo followed the trail into the forest, where the thick canopy blocked most of the sunlight, creating an eerie solitude—a sensation he described as feeling alone in the world. After walking for some time, he encountered a large tree that had fallen over at its base from a recent wind storm, and he climbed up onto the trunk to sit down and rest. When he was ready to continue, he jumped down onto ground on the other side of the trunk, only to crash through the surface into a shallow hole in the ground. The hole had been hidden by driftwood that was laid flat and covered by dirt and plants that had grown over it.

Panicking, he tried to climb out. As he reached down to grab some of the driftwood to create a ledge to stand on, he noticed a human skull. And then other bones, near it. When he finally was able to climb out, Aimo did his best to cover the hole back up and disguise it, as it had been before, and then hurriedly hiked back to join the others at the beach. But all throughout his life, Aimo writes, he often wondered who the person was whose bones were in the old grave he accidentally discovered. And, how long they’d been there.

(Fade in sound of being inside car while driving)

ANTONIA:

This doesn’t look anything like the place you described in Aimo’s story.

JOSEPH:

(Laughs) Yeah, it’s pretty much a big resort now. Like, over there... They actually built a bunch of canals among all those houses.

ANTONIA:

Woah.

JOSEPH:

Mm hm. It’s a lot less developed a couple of miles north of here. Which is where we’ll go in a bit.

ANTONIA:

That’s where the tree is. Or was.

JOSEPH:

Yeah. But it's been a while since my last visit.

ANTONIA:

Oh. When was that?

JOSEPH:

Uh, I came here a few of times when I was young, with my parents and sister and brother. I remember my dad telling us the story about the tree and the grave on one of those trips. That was way before I ever read the story myself.

ANTONIA:

Hmph. So, I guess we didn't talk about how long this would take. It's already late afternoon.

JOSEPH:

Oh, yeah. Do you need to get back tonight? It'd be pretty late, but—

ANTONIA:

No, I don't need to get back that fast. Do you have a plan, or is this kind of like Maryhill?

JOSEPH:

(Chuckles) A little of both I guess. I did bring my camping stuff though.

ANTONIA:

(Laughs) You did?

JOSEPH:

Yeah. I've got an extra tent and sleeping bag in the back. I grabbed them just in case.

ANTONIA:

(Scoffs) There was frost on the ground on the farm this morning.

JOSEPH:

Hmm. It usually stays warmer here on the coast.

ANTONIA:

Not that warm.

JOSEPH:

(Chuckles) It's okay. We don't have to. I'm sure there are plenty of rooms available out here since it's a Tuesday in November.

ANTONIA:

I mean, you can if you want to.

JOSEPH:

We'll see. The campground's pretty close to where I'll be looking. They turned it into a state park years ago, so it's pretty undeveloped there.

ANTONIA:

You know, I haven't been camping since I was a kid. Actually, that's not true. I camped for a couple nights at The Gorge for a Dave Matthews Concert, with Becky. Does that count?

JOSEPH:

Hmm, barely.

ANTONIA:

Oh! And then I camped up near Colville too.

JOSEPH:

Mmph. When was that?

ANTONIA:

A while ago. It was just something Cooper and I did.

JOSEPH:

Like a romantic getaway?

ANTONIA:

Actually, it was a survival training thing.

JOSEPH:

(Chuckles) Oh. So you had to eat bugs and drink your own urine.

ANTONIA:

(Laughs) No, nothing like that. It was pretty light stuff actually.

JOSEPH:

Wait, are you wearing your gun right now?

ANTONIA:

You know, a girl's gotta protect herself in this world.

JOSEPH:

(Laughs)

ANTONIA:

Especially from creepy dudes who invite them to go camping when it's freezing cold out.

JOSEPH:

(Laughs) Alright.

(Fade out all sounds)

(Fade in sound of being outside at campground)

(Sound of ocean in far distance and campfire crackling nearby)

ANTONIA:

Okay, it's cold.

JOSEPH:

Hoo! Yeah. Hang on, I'll go grab some blankets from the car.

(Sound of getting out of camp chair)

(Sound of walking on gravel)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

The overcast sky is getting darker by the minute.

(Sound of opening back hatch of car)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

And the marine air feels heavy and wet.

(Sound of closing back hatch of car)

(Sound of walking on pavement)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

There are tall shore pines and other trees around us, providing privacy from other campsites.

JOSEPH:

Here you go.

ANTONIA:

Thanks.

JOSEPH:
Yeah.

(Sound of sitting down in camp chair)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):
I honestly have no idea what we'll do for the rest of the evening. I hadn't planned on having company until Antonia called.

JOSEPH:
Ah, you can just hear the ocean out there.

ANTONIA:
Yeah.

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):
But of course, I'm highly okay with that.

ANTONIA:
So you're at four boxes now, right? Including the one up at Pinto Dam?

JOSEPH:
Yeah.

ANTONIA:
So the fifth one is somewhere around here... And then where do you go for the sixth one?

JOSEPH:
Back east again. According to the clue in "The Places I've Been," it's over in the Palouse.

ANTONIA:
Oh. You've put a lot of miles on your car in the last week.

JOSEPH:
(Chuckles) Yeah.

ANTONIA:
You must have a very understanding partner to be away so much like that.

JOSEPH:
Oh, I'm not dating anyone right now. But honestly, I don't mind being on the road so much. I mean, going over to see you and your parents has been nice. Also, I just really like being on the east side of the state. It's different. I like how empty and wide open it is. It's a nice change of pace.

ANTONIA:

Like, change of pace from Bali... (Laughs)

JOSEPH:

(Scoffs) (Laughs) Good one. Again.

ANTONIAL:

(Laughs)

JOSEPH:

It's also been nice to reconnect with places that are part of my history, in one form or another.

ANTONIA:

I wonder if that's part of what Aimo had in mind with all of this. Maybe he just sensed even back then that it would be a good way to keep you connected to all that.

JOSEPH:

Mmm. Could be.

ANTONIA:

And I wonder why you? And not your sister or brother?

JOSEPH:

Ah geez, that is a good question. Maybe he drew straws.

ANTONIA:

(Laughs) Oh, how about that key. The one that was in the box at the farm. Any idea what that's for?

JOSEPH:

No, not yet. (Yawning) Who knows, maybe... Maybe it's a magic key that will start the tractor.

(Chuckles) Is it still up there?

ANTONIA:

It's still up there.

JOSEPH:

Hmph.

ANTONIA:

You mentioned your parents earlier, and that you were here with them a couple of times.

JOSEPH:
Yeah?

ANTONIA:
I bet it's hard thinking about that.

JOSEPH:
(Inhales) (Exhales) It's not hard if I just approach it as data. They were alive back then. We were here together. And I'm here now.

ANTONIA:
So is that where you keep it? Just data?

JOSEPH:
It's easier if I don't think too much about it. I actually tried to process it years ago. Went to therapy and everything. It helped a little bit. But the fact that they're just... gone. And I can't touch them or talk to them or ask them for help or advice... (Exhales) I think if someone you know or love goes through something like that...and it sounds like it took minutes for the plane to go down, so they all likely knew what was going to happen for a little while...it's almost like the trauma you imagine they experienced gets transferred to *your* brain, too. You can't help imagining it.

It's just, of all the random flights to be on. Two Americans flying from Rio to Paris. Anyway...

Did you ever think about leaving Wapato? Like, trying a different kind of life?

ANTONIA:
Honestly, no. I could never live far away from my family. (Laughs) It was hard enough to be an hour away for college.

JOSEPH:
(Chuckles)

ANTONIA:
I know I poke fun at my job, but really, there isn't anywhere else I want to be. Even with Cooper. He had opportunities to be transferred elsewhere. But I asked him if we could stay in Yakima. And he did that. Until he had to go overseas.

JOSEPH:
Hmph. I guess we both have our losses to live with. Hey, speaking of the farm. I was thinking more about your call on Saturday, when you called to ask more info about the drone. What were going to ask?

ANTONIA:

Well, it's very similar to some of the prototypes we use on the farm.

JOSEPH:

You use prototypes?

ANTONIA:

We do, for some of them. And they come from a very specific source.

JOSEPH:

Hmm. And you know the source.

ANTONIA:

I do.

JOSEPH:

Something tells me you're about to confirm a few suspicions I have.

ANTONIA:

How's that?

JOSEPH:

You know Marlon Mason.

ANTONIA:

How do you know Marlon Mason?

JOSEPH:

(Exhales) He's a major investor in Motorpool. He even has a desk in our office.

ANTONIA:

How did you know I know him?

JOSEPH:

Well, your cell number is on a sticky note on his desk. And, I saw his number on a sticky note on your dad's desk.

ANTONIA:

When you were in our office...

JOSEPH:

Yeah.

ANTONIA:
Snooping around...

JOSEPH:
(Exhales) Yeah.

ANTONIA:
Huh. Well, Marlon is a pretty frequent visitor to our farm. I mean, we've worked with Hartson Rotors for years to help them test a lot of their new tech. But he also just comes by to say hi. He and my dad go way back.

(Sound of vehicle arriving and engine turning off, in distance)

JOSEPH:
They do? How far back?

ANTONIA:
Like since they were kids. (Scoffs) You work with Marlon and you don't know where he's from?

JOSEPH:
I wouldn't say I work with him. Not closely, I mean. We know each other pretty well, but mostly on a transactional level.

ANTONIA:
He grew up in Harrah. Just down the road from us.

JOSEPH:
(Scoffs) Harrah. That tiny town that's mostly a post office?

ANTONIA:
(Scoffs) There's a little more to it than that.

JOSEPH:
Yeah. It's starting to feel that way. Okay, so if you're right that the drone you shot down was the same prototype model that you have, then I think Marlon might also be behind your purse getting stolen.

ANTONIA:
Why?

JOSEPH:
Marlon was also seen flying a drone over me in Seattle. When I almost got hit.

ANTONIA:
You know this how?

JOSEPH:
It's on the traffic cam footage that Mel got.

ANTONIA:
Woah. But why would Marlon—

JOSEPH:
Remember the email address that Becky read out loud to us, at Daisy's?

ANTONIA:
Honestly? Not really. I was a little distracted by both of you being jerks.

JOSEPH:
Yeah. But the domain of the email address was Hartson.com.

(Sound of text arriving on phone)

ANTONIA:
Oh.

JOSEPH:
Right!

(Sound of taking phone out of pocket)

JOSEPH:
Argh, shoot.

ANTONIA:
What happened?

JOSEPH:
It's Mel. She's reminding me I need to make a business decision, by tonight.

ANTONIA:
Wait, the same Mel who you thought was following you everywhere.

JOSEPH:
Yeah. I got over that.

ANTONIA:
It's getting hard to keep up with everything.

JOSEPH:
I know.

(Sound of getting up in chair)

JOSEPH:
(Exhale) I'm gonna go use the bathroom real quick. Need anything while I'm up?

ANTONIA:
No, I'm good. Thanks though.

JOSEPH:
Okay. I'll be right back.

(Sound of walking)

(Sound of smartphone assistant engaging)

JOSEPH:
Text Mel.

(Sound of smartphone assistant disengaging)

JOSEPH:
Thanks for the reminder. I'll send my message to Ingrid tonight.

(Sound of stopping walking)

JOSEPH:
Argh, autocorrect...

(Sound of tapping on phone screen)

JOSEPH:
Ingrid, not Hagrid.

(Sound of woosh of text being sent)

JOSEPH:
(Exhale)

(Sound of opening campground bathroom door)

JOSEPH:

Woah!

(Sound of bathroom door closing without going inside)

JOSEPH:

(Exhale)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

About 30 yards from the bathroom, parked in the same empty campground loop as us but a few campsites away...

JOSEPH:

You're kidding!

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

Is a black RV that looks exactly like the one I saw in Wilson Creek.

JOSEPH:

When did you get here?

(Sound of walking slowly)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

As I approach the RV from the side, I can see that it's dark inside, and the campsite itself looks empty and unused.

(Sound of tapping on phone)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

I quickly look at the photo of the RV on my phone...

JOSEPH:

(Breathing)

NARRATOR (JOSEPH):

And I can see that the license plate in the photo is the same license plate I'm looking right at now.

JOSEPH:

What the...argh!

(Sound of coyote yelping in distance)

JOSEPH:
(Gasp) Woah.

(Sound of coyote yelping again in distance)

JOSEPH:
(Scoffs) What is happening?

(Sound of jogging back to camp)

(Sound of campfire crackling)

(Sound of stopping jogging)

JOSEPH:
Antonia.

(Sound of campfire crackling)

JOSEPH:
Wh— (Exhales) Antonia?

(Sound of looking around)

JOSEPH:
Ah shit. (Exhales) Antonia!

(End chapter)