

Episode Eleven: The Lost Generation

“What exactly is goin’ on here?”

Walter stared down Lucy with weak eyes. “Lucy...I knew the truth would have to come out at some point, but I wasn’t exactly sure how to go about it...I wish there was more story to tell but...one day there were plenty of kids your age, and the next, they were gone.”

“Before they ran off, did they say anything?”

“Not a word.”

“How long’s it been?”

“About four years now.”

“Shit.”

“We all have our ideas, but no one knows why. All of them...especially my son Cain, had their futures laid out for them. Jobs laid out for them. **Especially** my son Cain. I raised him to be the perfect successor! The perfect man to inherit my dynasty, to fill the throne! I’ve turned down offer, after offer, after offer, buyout after buyout, for him!” **SQUEEZE!** “I just don’t get it! I just. Don’t!” Walter raised a balled fist.

“I JUST. DON’T. GET IT!”

WHOOSHI

PUARI

TAPI

“Well breakin’ shit ain’t gonna give you no revelations Walt! I can’t speak for the guy, but he probably ain’t want your legacy.”

“Why would he not? All men want a kingdom to lead, he’d be set for life, any woman he wanted, and he’d make his father proud!”

“ARE you proud of him?”

“Hell yeah I am! A day doesn’t go by where I don’t tear up thinking about his first steps. His first seven words in order were Dada, cash, C.R.E.A.M., yes, no, rockcandy, and mama!”

“Uhhh, I don’t wanna cut in guys, but. The third word you taught your son was cream?”

“Cash rules everything around me.” “Cash rules everything around me.”

“Uhhh, alright.”

“Look you two. I’m an old man, and I’m only getting older. I’ve seen people younger than the both of you on the streets, even worse. This time some years ago I’d be out there

fighting. Those bandits had knives, bats, they'd use anything they could get their hands on to try and..." **SHHRIIP!** Walter unbuttoned his shirt. "Look!"

"Holy...shit..."

Poking out both sides of his beater, a **wicked** scar ran across Walter's chest. "All I'm saying is we live in an unforgiving world. Anyone of us could go **TOMORROW**, hell, today. If something happens to me I just want the peace of mind that my little man will be okay, and everyone else's kids. **I** led them to this land, they're all my responsibility. And don't forget the hell breaking loose in this country! Those R.O.P. things running loose in the city, missing criminals and prisoners, and apparently according to the news some new drug is hitting the streets! I swear it's **Something. New. Every. Day!**"

"Walter." Nancey ran her hand across his shoulder.

"I...I understand where you comin' from Walter, and I agree. We live in very trying times... It's just, gahlee you sound like my brother! Damn near word for word!"

"Good, then he sounds like an observant man, he and I would probably get along. Things weren't perfect when I was your age but your generation sure has a damn fight ahead of them!"

"Yeah, who knows if I'll ever own a home. But, to be fair, how many times have you done something your folks ain't want?"

"Too many damn times to count. But, I listened when it mattered and it got me to where I am now!"

"Yeah, I'll give you your flowers Walt. What you built is pretty impressive. You know I'm never gonna knock a hustler...It's just as someone who is also the offspring of a heavy name, I have SOME idea how your son MIGHT feel, I still can't speak for him, but there's a little bleed."

"I have to compliment you as well Lucy. The people of town have been singing your praises to me, and you haven't tried to use your name to get any advantage."

".....There's no way you don't see the irony in that..."

"Uh, yes, okay I see what you're saying, but I'm a man who respects hard work. BUT I'm also a parent, and any parent would tip the scales to help their kid."

"Who's to say your son ain't out there makin' his own legacy. I mean, you said you raised him to be a businessman right?"

"Well of course...He's MY son after all. But in just a handful of years nothing he could be doing out there would measure up to the golden platform I have for him."

"So how bout this? I told Ms.Sophia the same thing, I'll do my best to find Raph and all the others, and when I do...You'll be able to ask why he ain't wanna stay. And **listen** to his answer."

"Sounds like a plan! HAR! HAR! HAR! You're a bang up gal, you know that Lucy!? Maybe after all this I'll let you in on the company too! You'll have to share with Nan-Nan and my son of course!"

"Preciate it, but that don't really sound like me."

“HAR! HAR! HAR! C’mon Nan, quit being a bump on a log, Lucy just promised to bring everyone back!”

“I’m sure she can do it.”

DROOR PULL NOISE! “I didn’t think I’d ever use these but...” **VEWOUUM!** “Maybe they’ll help.” A purple hue warmed the room. “Your mother gave these to me many, many years ago.”

In his big ass hand, Walter held “Eternal Cuffs.”

“If you use these he won’t be able to hypnotize you again.”

“I’ll take ‘em, but I ain’t lockin’ nobody up, don’t sound like me.”

“However you have to do it, I’m sure you’ll bring us results.”

“It’s probably gonna be hard as hell, but what’d you say my first day? We’re family right? So we’re all gonna fight hard!”

“HAR! HAR! HAR! Yes ma’am!”

“Yup....Well this was cute and all, but it’s gettin’ pretty late. We’ll do some investigatin’ tomorrow, Luce alright.” **TMPI TMPI TMPI** “I’ll see you in the morning Walt.” **DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE SOUND!**

FWOOSHI

Nancey stood on the balcony for a moment, looking over the town.

The crowd had long thinned out. Her eyes trailed off to the never ending desert. **VBMMWMI**

“SIGH.”

CHICK-CHICK!

SPLAT!

GRINDING NOISE!

CHFI

Jittering hands in her pockets, she took one step after another. **VBMMWMI** She passed the general store. **VBMMWMI** She passed the diner. **VBMMWMI** She wanted to head inside the housing district, she really did, but. **BAR-CHATTER!**

No more shaking.

I swear, I’ll only do a few rounds tonight.

WHOOSHI

PUARI

A familiar silhouette stood just a few feet off.

“Howdy young gun, sure has been an eventful night huh?”
Her hat hid her expression.

“I ain't sayin' we gotta be besties but we work together we gotta at least talk about it.”

“What'd the old man say, we're family right? And who fights more than them? It's all water under the bridge.”

“I didn't fight *you*.”

VBMMWMI

“As embarrassing as it was, that was 100% Nancey, no chaser needed.”

“That Raphael guy he had a poster, he's in some movie or stage play or something, and he's from this same old backwater town too! What's so special about him that you can't do the same!?”

VBMMWMI

“We're not all created equal, someone's gotta be average. What's a school with no janitors?”

SQUEEEZEEE!

“Well!”

WHOOSHI

“How can you clean!”

PUARI

“If you can't even see!?”

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CHFI

Nancey's hat delicately landed on the sand.

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“.....Lucy....I-I...I'm sorry....But...I'm stuck here...”



(Another super old pic, supposed to be like a coin, also really liked the little end talk of Lucy pressing Nancey)