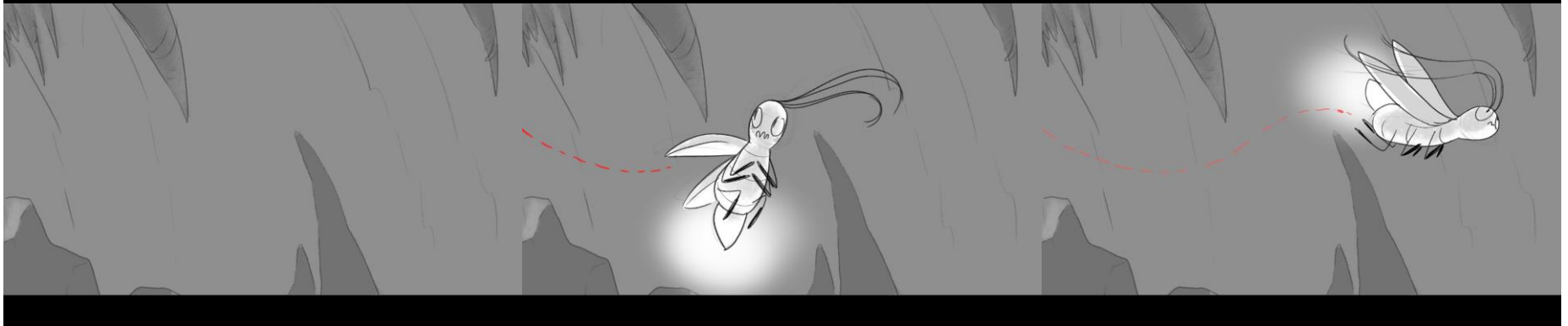
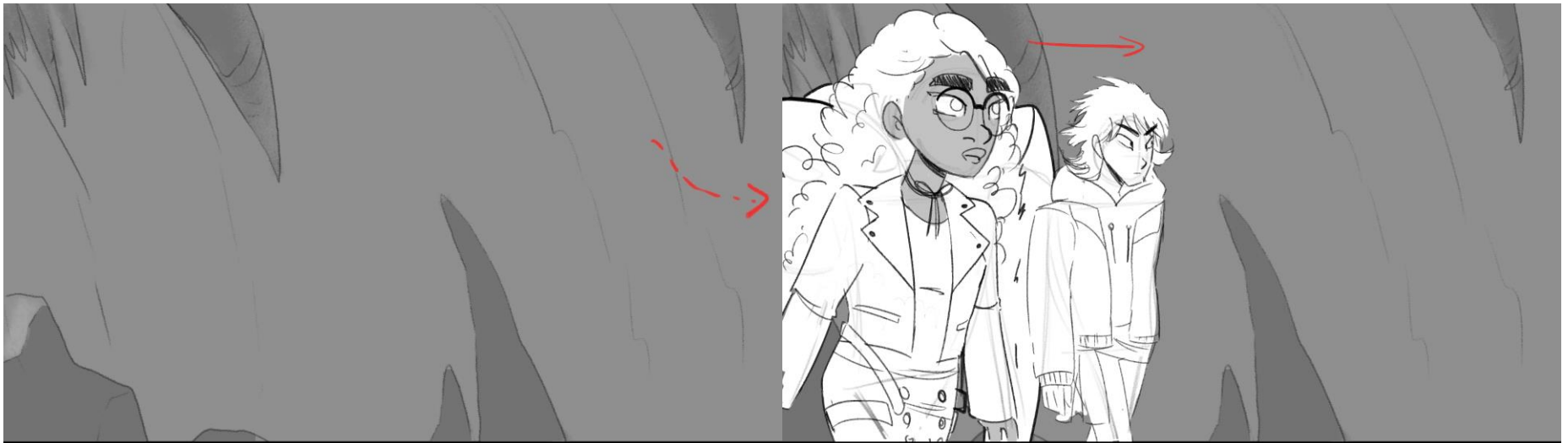


(PLINK!)





ARIES: What exactly does it look like?



WREN: It glows.



WREN: It has a blue stem.



ARIES: SHHHHHHHH



WREN: Nothing lives here.



WREN: It's just plants and bugs--



LUMEN: Insects.

ARIES: Explain why people go missing.

WREN: It's an urban myth you outsiders have to scare kids out of playing in here.



WREN: And look, it works.



ARIES: Maybe they just skipped out of it in your books. Did you think about that?

ARIES: I mean, the books you have sure are *selective*—



WREN: What's that suppose to mean?



ARIES: Seems to leave out every bad thing you guys have done.

ARIES: Left out how your city came to be--



WREN: We were fleeing persecution--



ARIES: YOU were fleeing persecution?



ARIES: If you were fleeing persecution from ANYTHING, it was for being power hungry monsters--



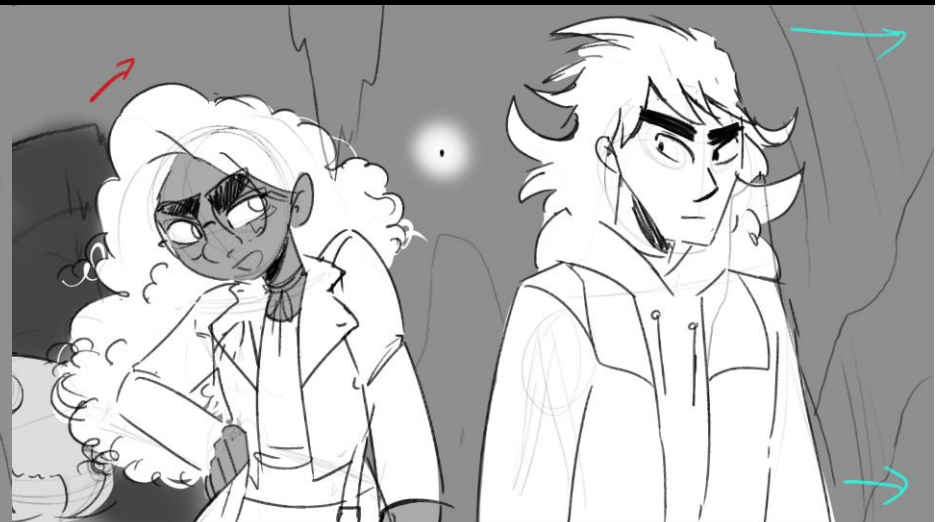
WREN: Is that what your books say?



WREN: Or are they just campfires stories you tell after you attack us for foraging out here?



ARIES: *Forage?* I didn't know wiping out entire villages was foraging. I would've said pillaging, personally--



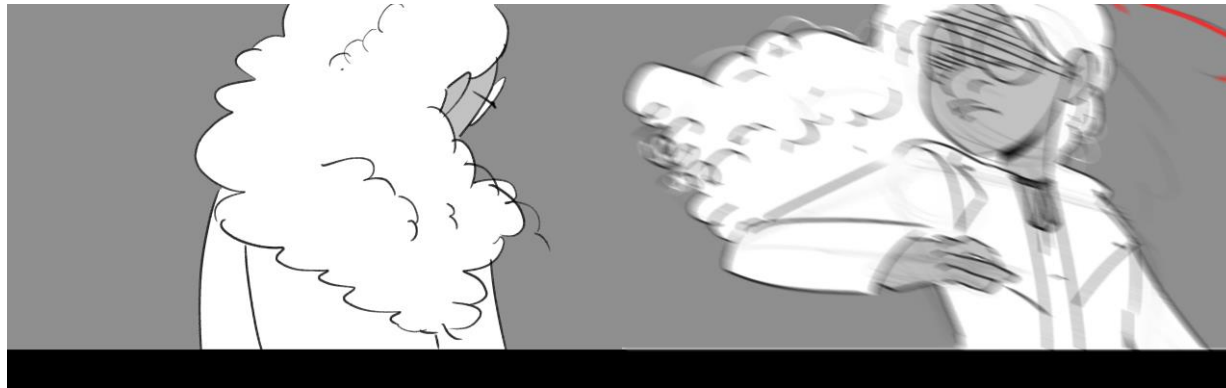
WREN: We only go outside our walls to forage.



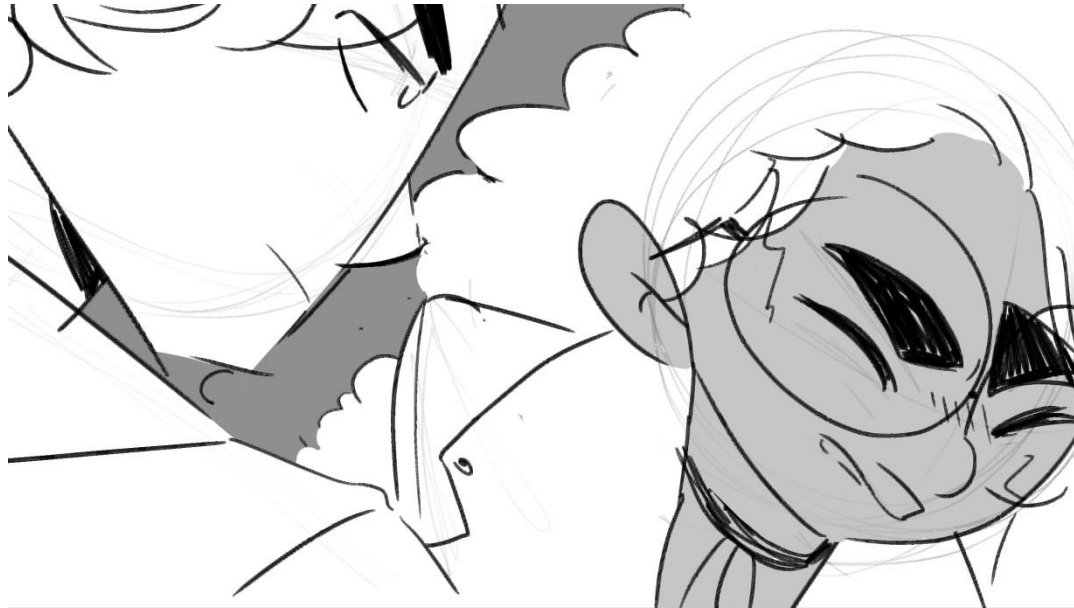
WREN: We stay right by our walls. You're the barbarians that storm in and—

ARIES: And what, Wren?

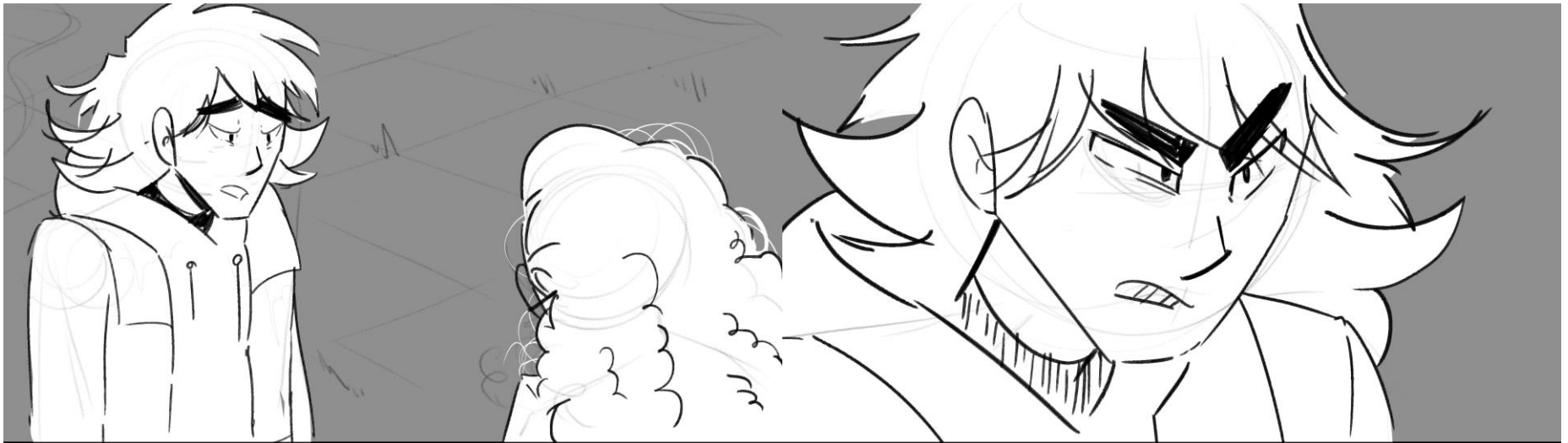




WREN: And take people away. Mothers, sisters, brothers--



WREN: *Fathers.*

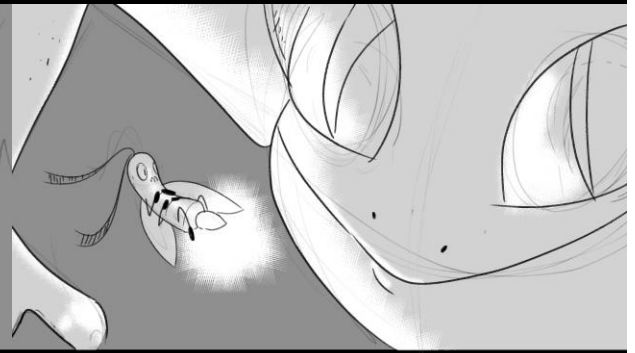


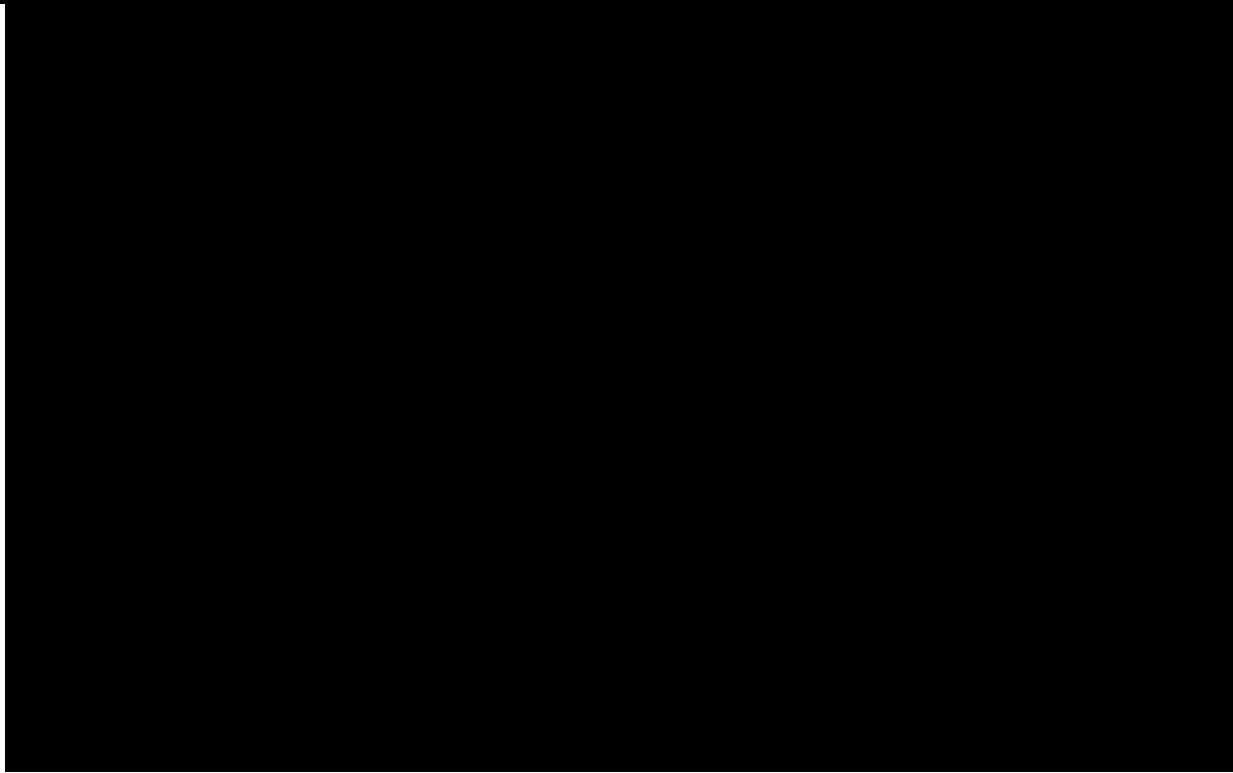
ARIES: You think I've never had that happen?

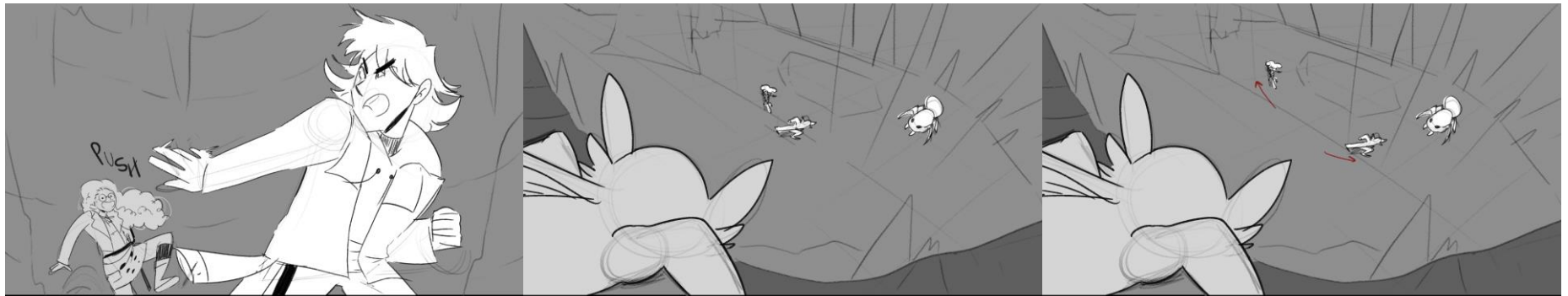
ARIES: You're so sheltered it's pathetic.



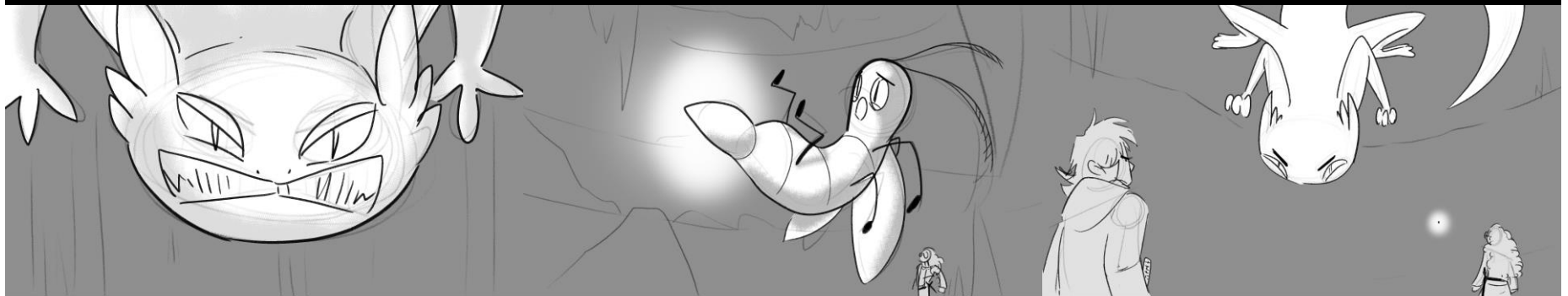
LUMEN: Guys--





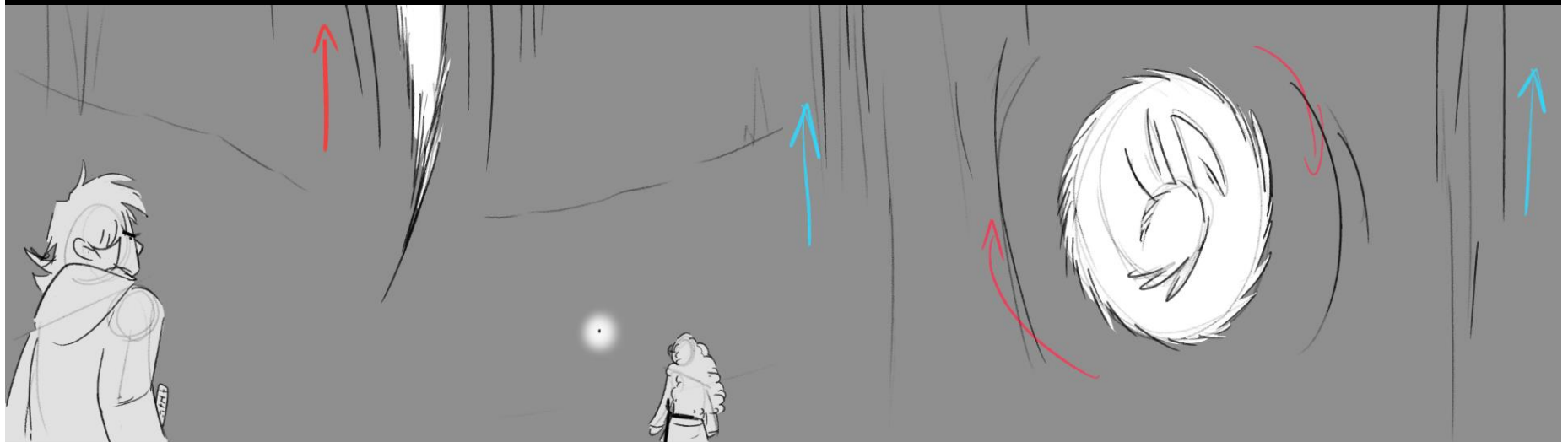


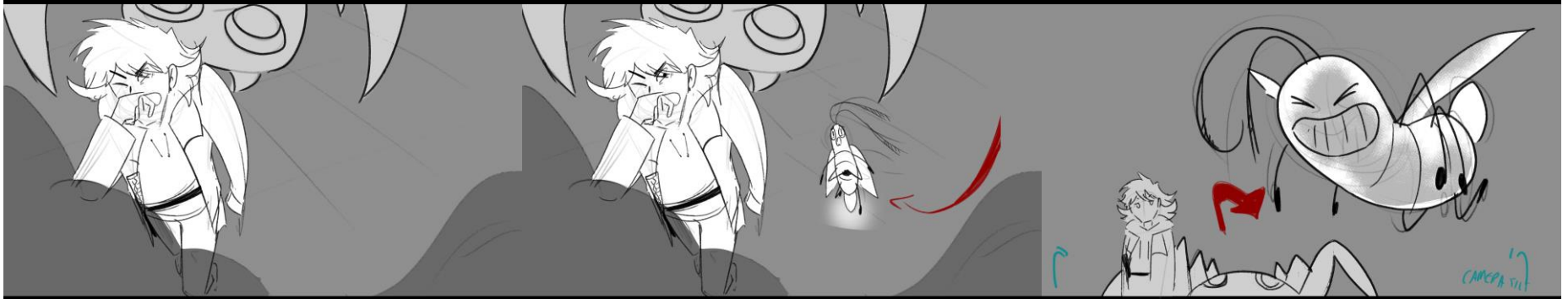
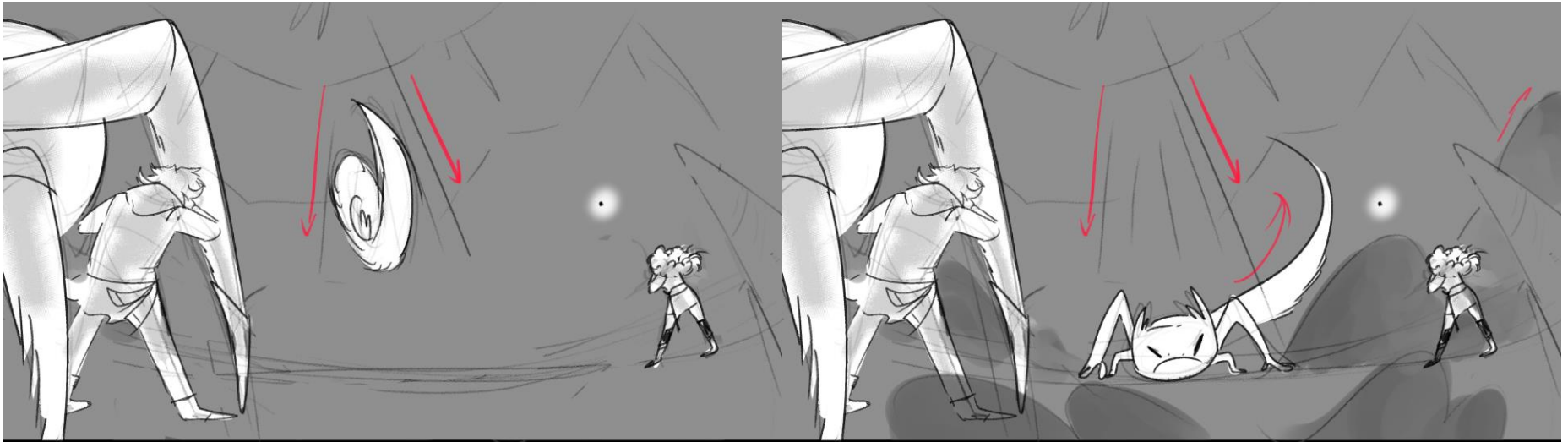
ARIES: Move!



(Hiss)

LUMEN: Geez, calm down, buddy. We don't know what you're talking about.

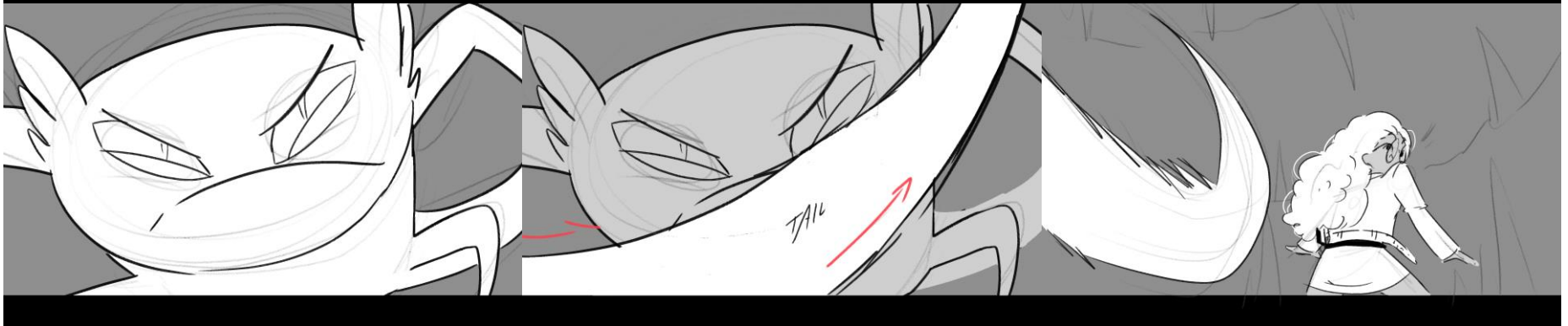


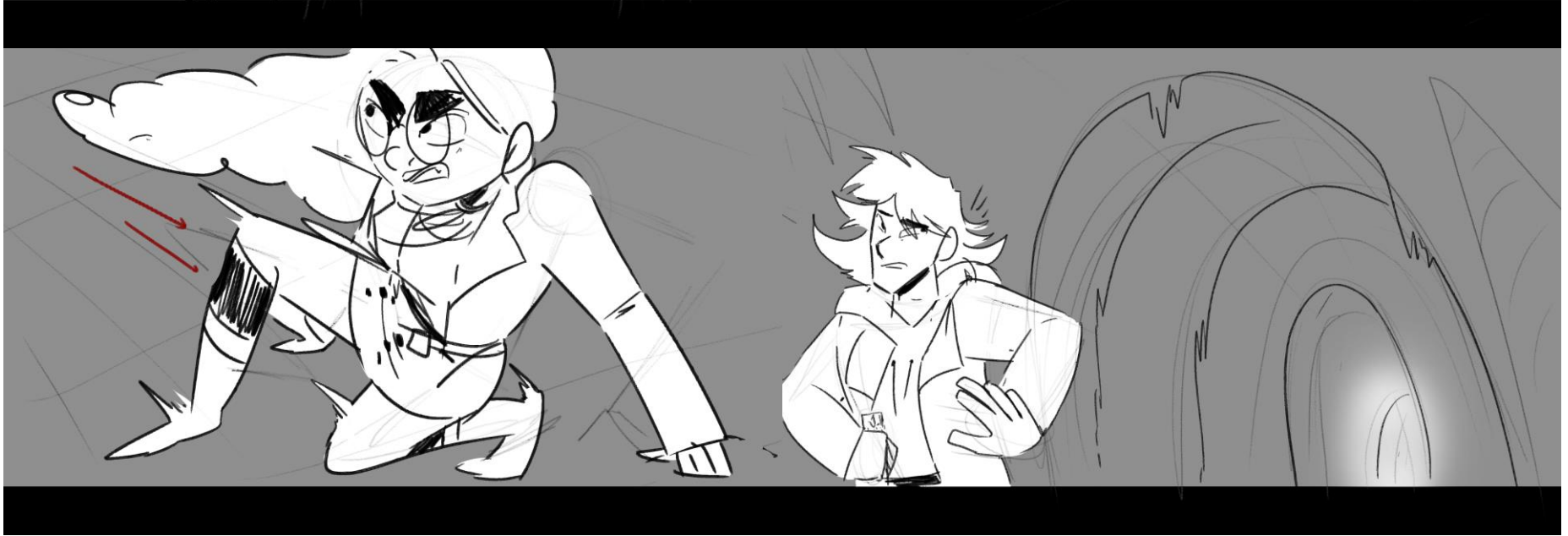
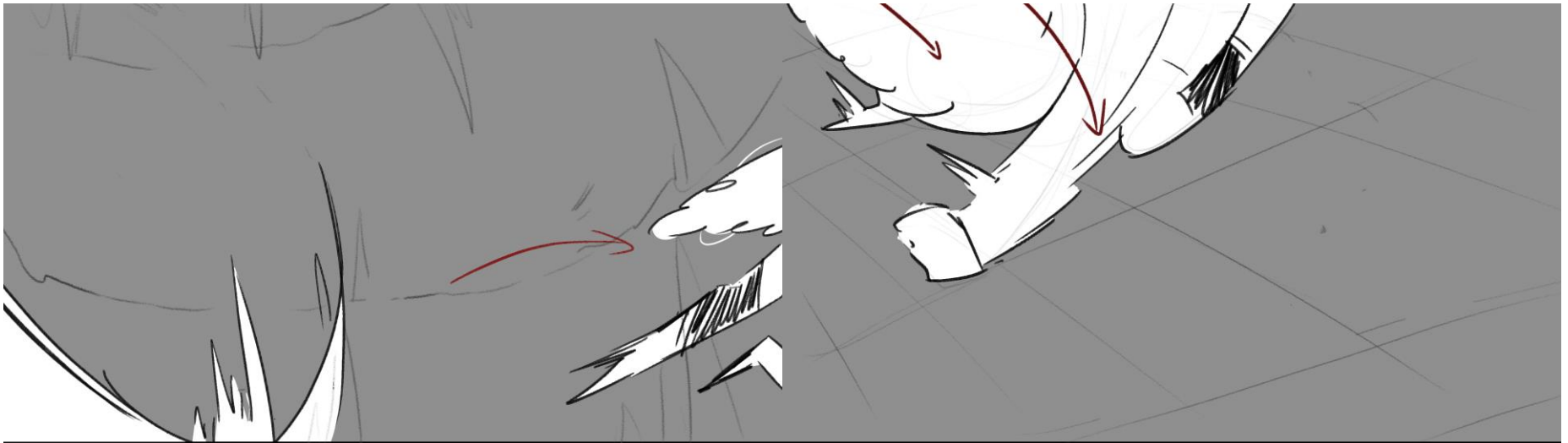


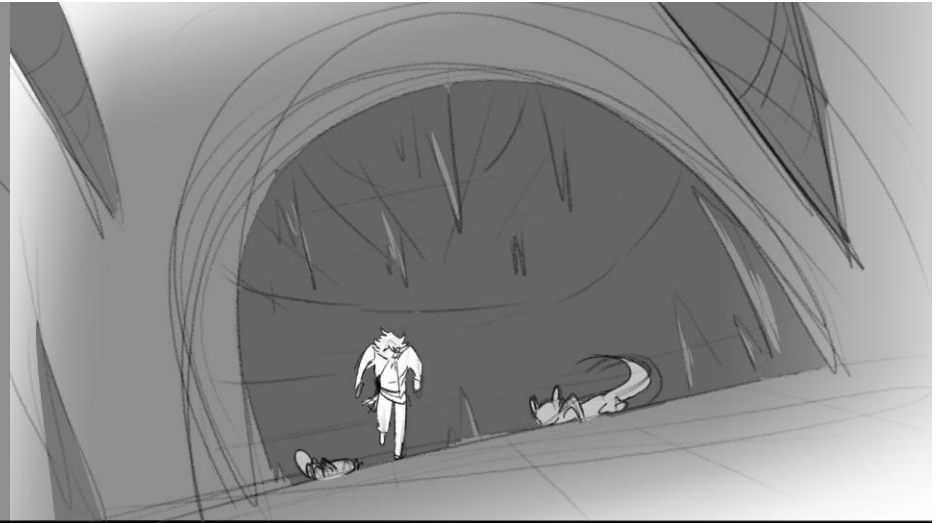
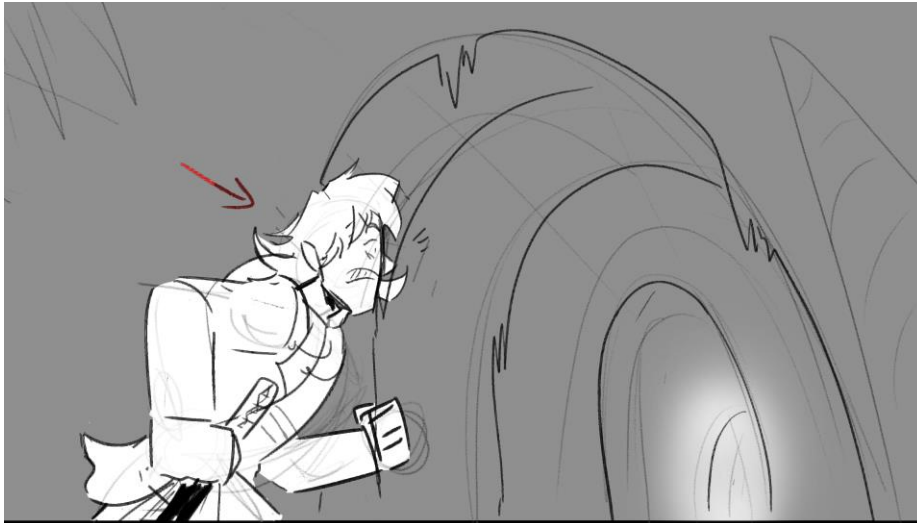
ARIES: Lumen! Can you understand it?

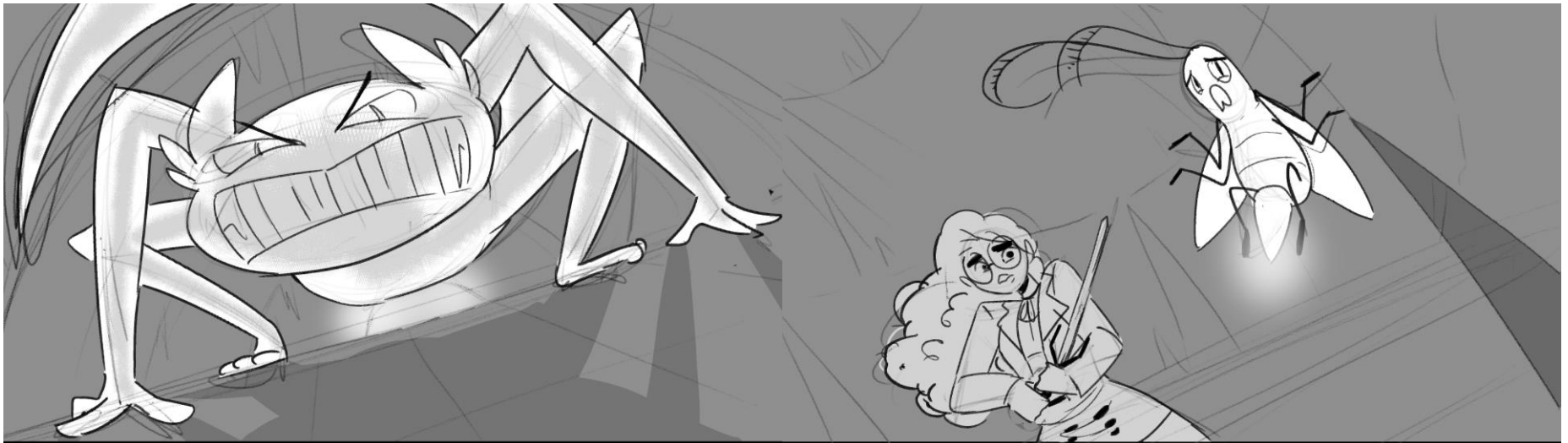
LUMEN: Yeah, but it's not making any sense--

(BUZZZZZ)



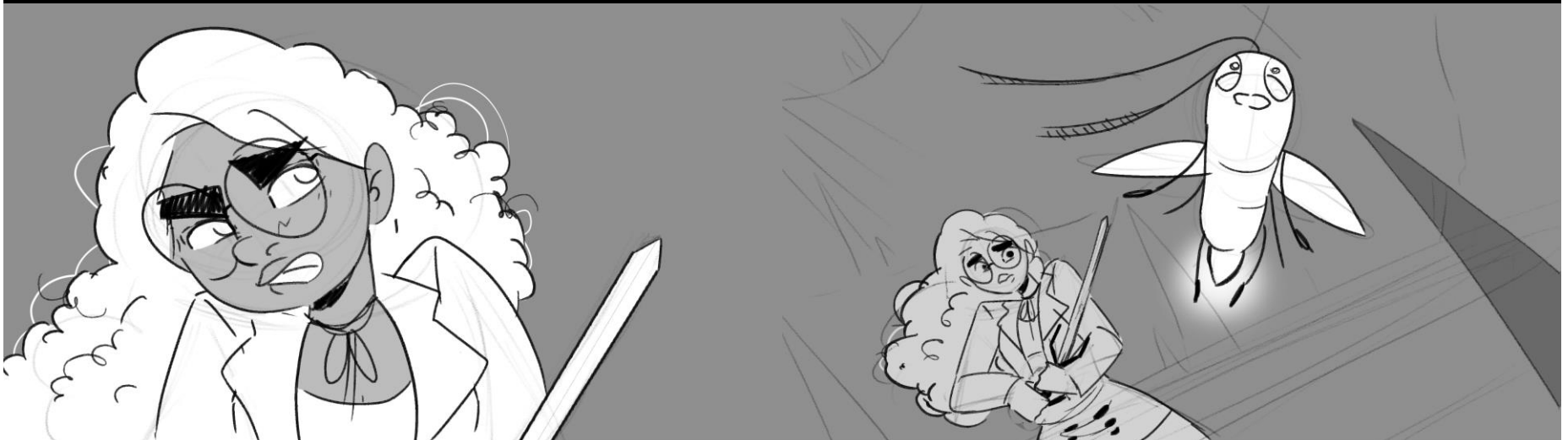






(HISS)

LUMEN: We've never been here!

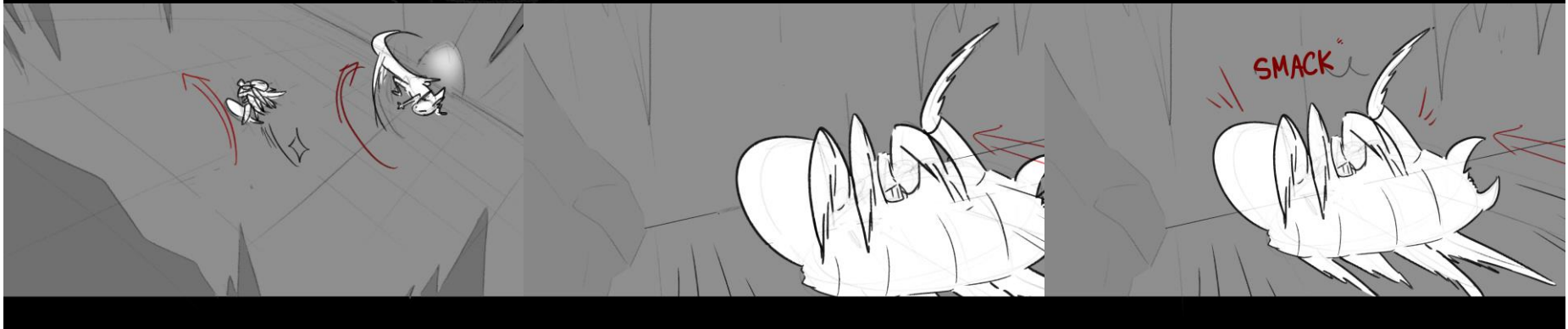
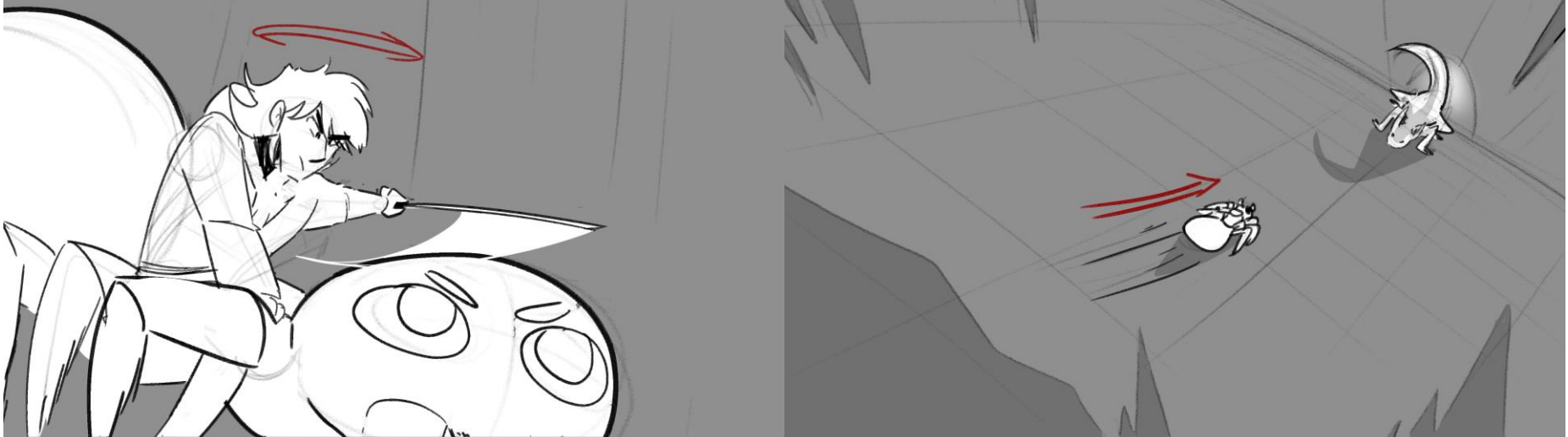


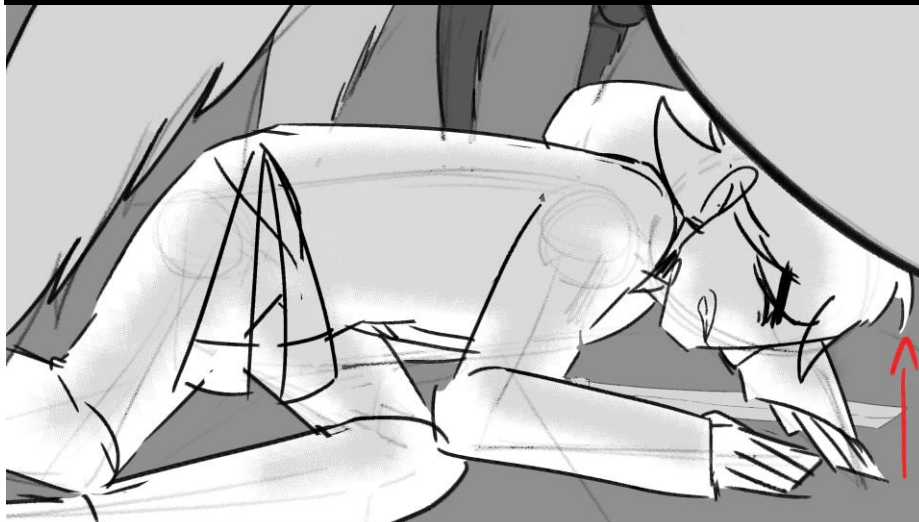
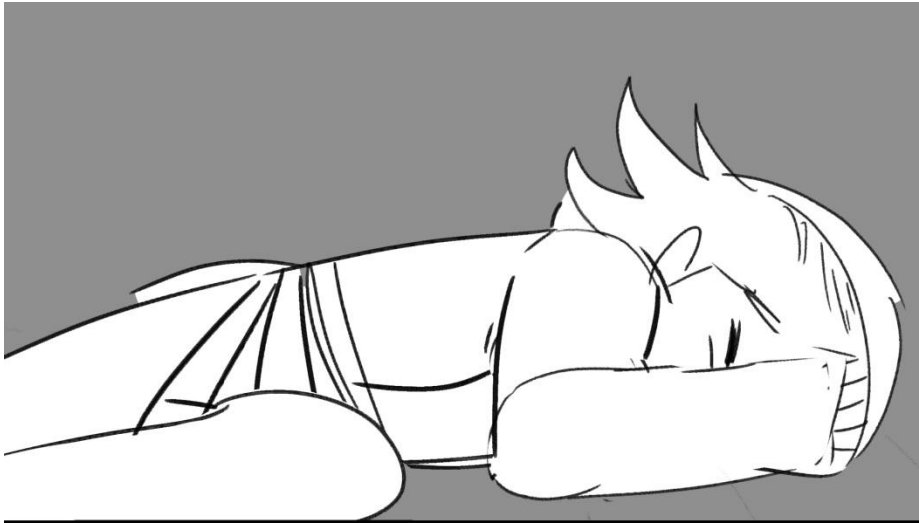
WREN: What's it saying?!

LUMEN: 'What you took from me, what you took from me.'

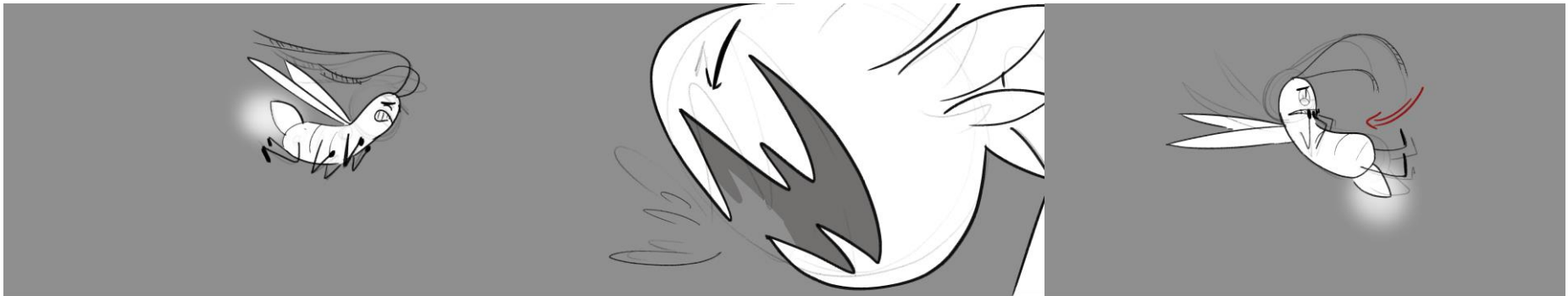


LUMEN: It just keeps saying it over and over--





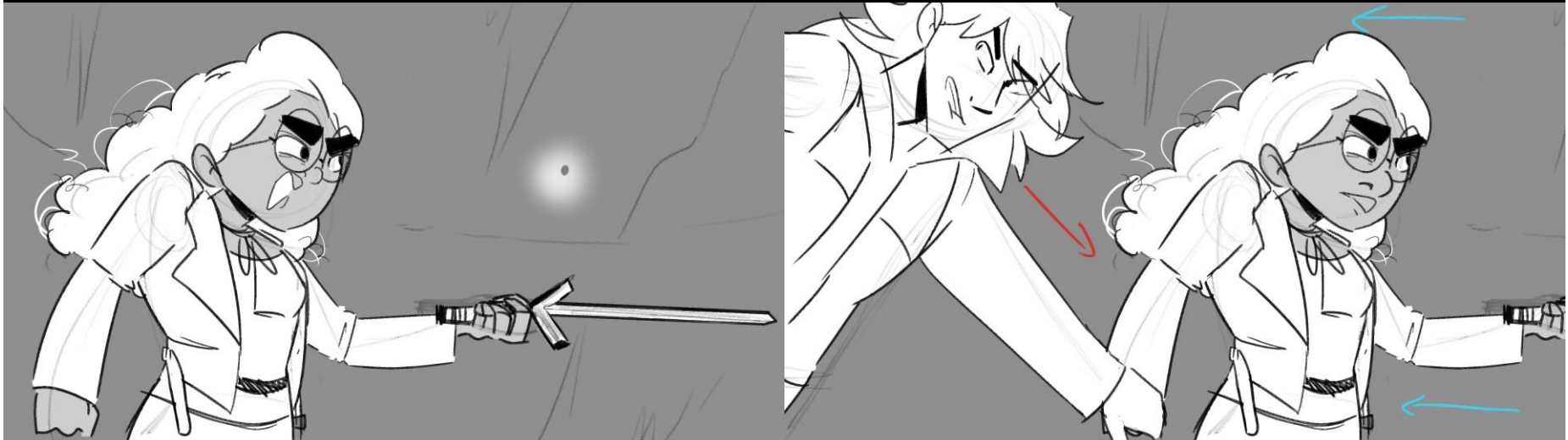
WREN: Tell him we're sorry!



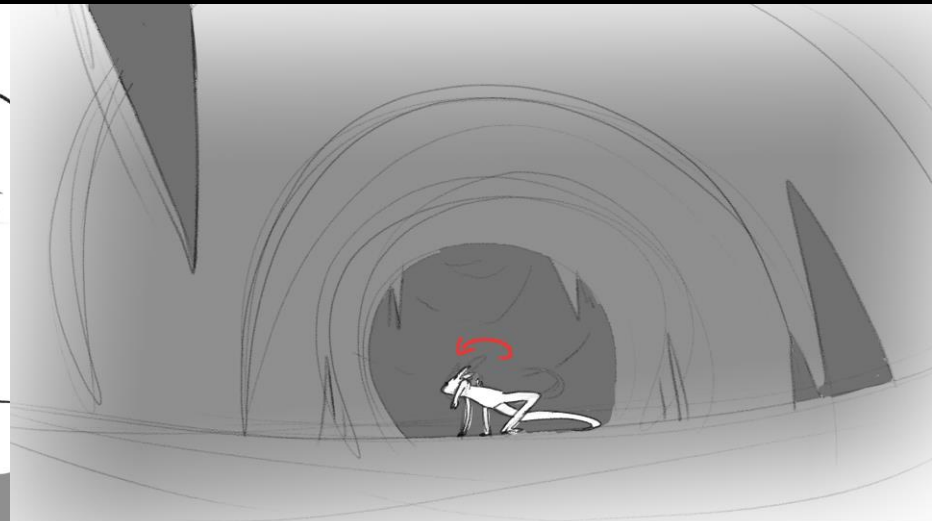
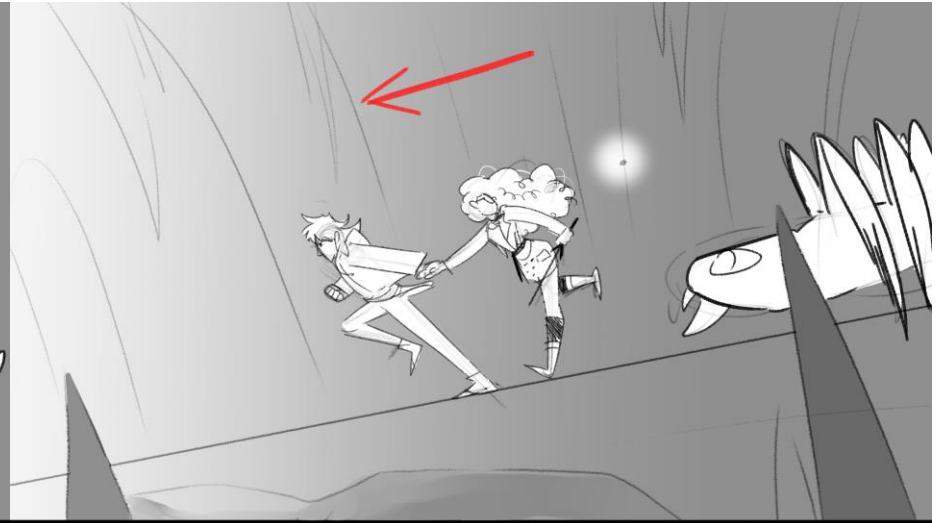
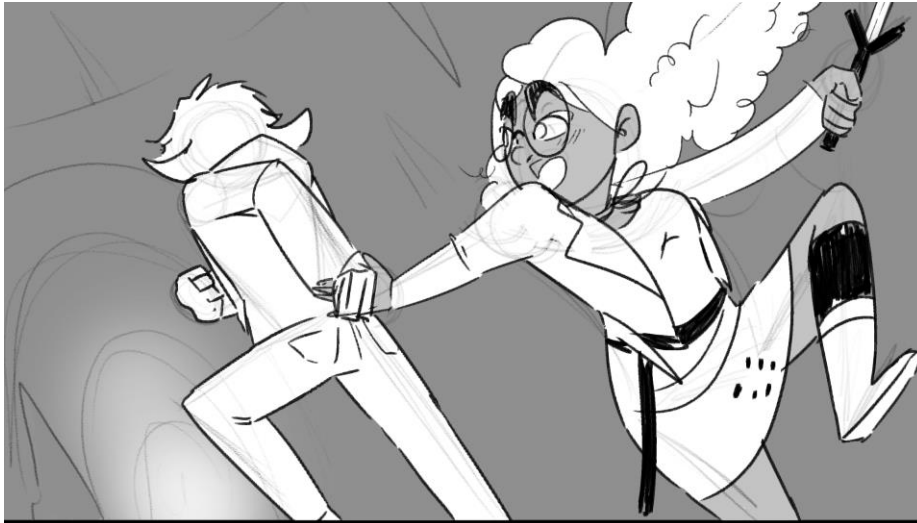
(HISSSSS)

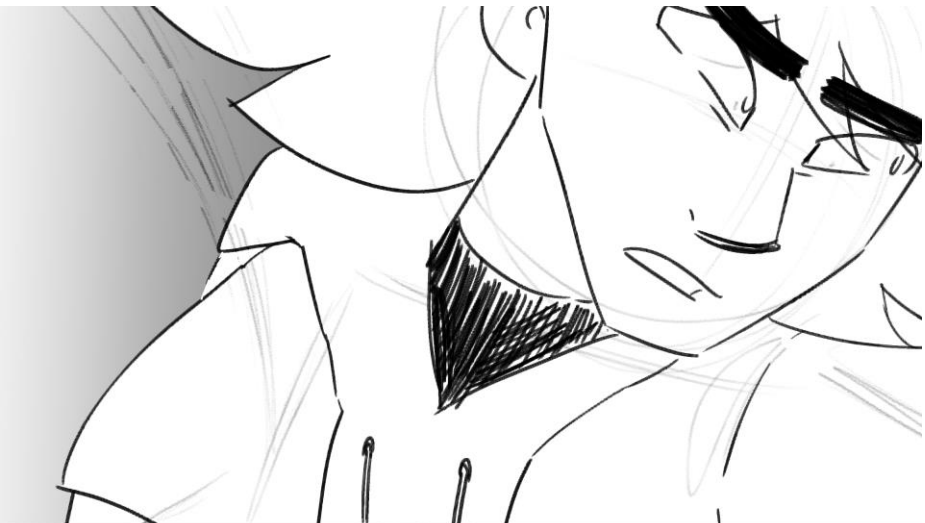
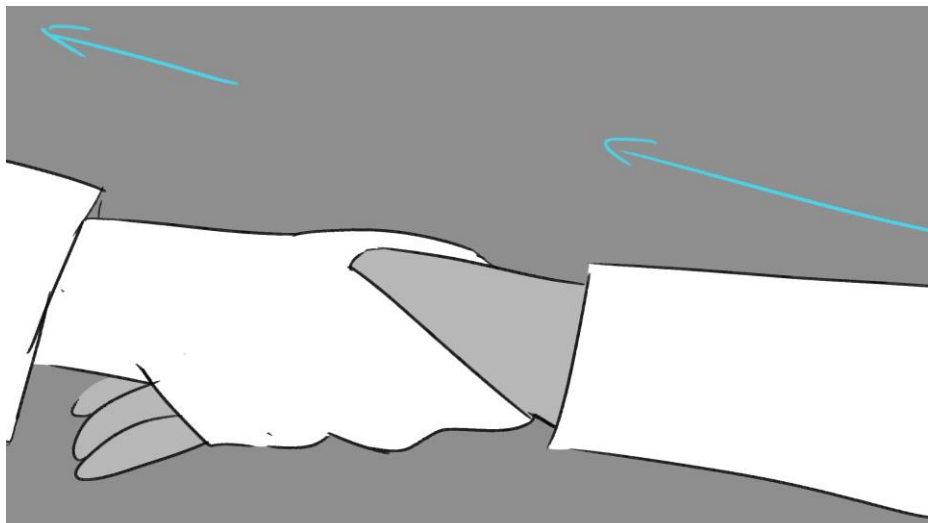
(HISSSSS)

LUMEN: Oh...maybe that was the wrong word to use.

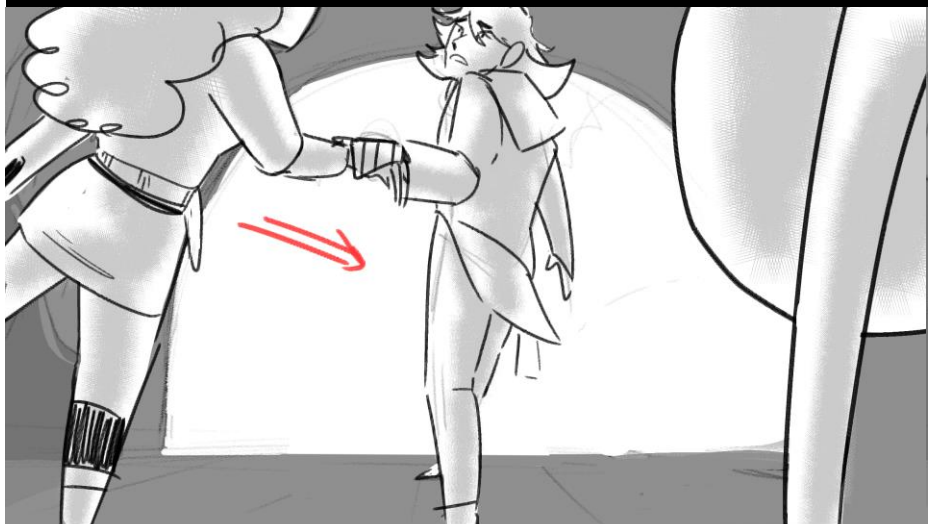


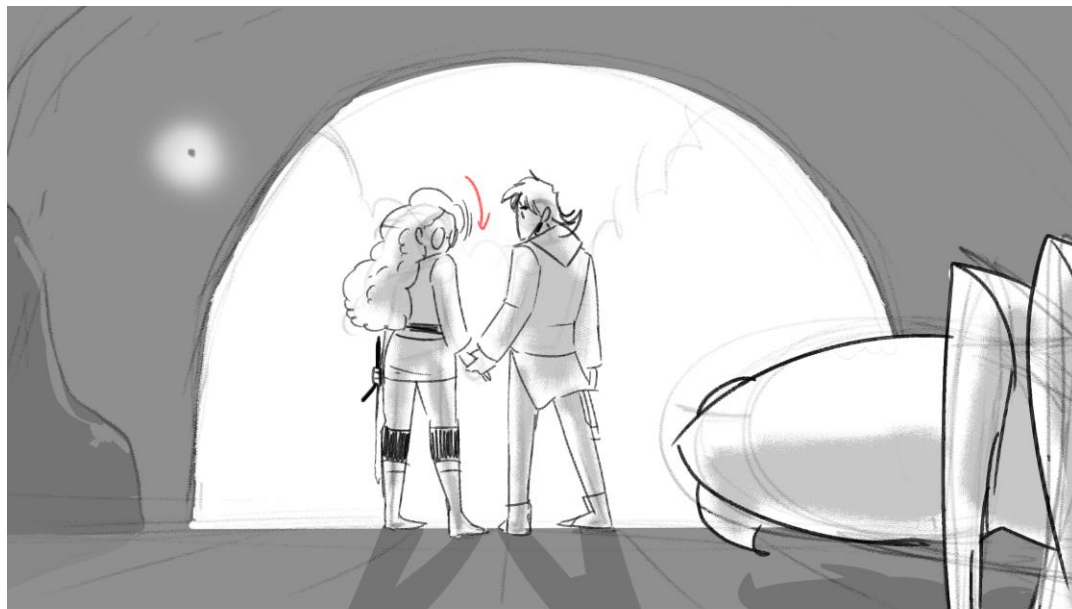
WREN: Okay, that's it! Stop helping!





ARIES: Is that the ingredient?





ARIES: Of course it is.