



'LA SUA ULTIMA TRASFORMAZIONE'

Mabel episode 27: 'La Sua Ultima Trasformazione'. In which three little rabbits run, run, run.

INTRO:

MABEL: You think you are the king of the bog, of the underhill, of the black wind howling between the stars? You think you are the monster at the end of this book? She is Saint Anna, Anna with the mouth of god, Anna with the fist of bone. I am the girl half burning. I am the bull in the maze. I am Mabel Martin. I am coming for you. I am coming for you. We are coming for you.

[BEEP]

[CHAOS; ROARING; SCREAMING; MUSIC HOWLING; GRINDING AS THOUGH OF ENORMOUS GEARS; GLITCHING]

MABEL: Anna, *Anna*, please -

VERA: Will both of you listen, we must -

MABEL: - you're bleeding, Anna, you're -

RANDOM FAERY 1: [VOICE GLITCHES] Snakes in the grass!

RANDOM FAERY 2: [VOICE GLITCHES] Catch them, catch them!

MABEL: Look at me, *look at me* -

[BEEP]

[GLITCH SCREAMING]

[BEEP]

UNKNOWN VOICE 1: - Jesus, what -

UNKNOWN VOICE 2: [GRIMLY, OR WITH ENORMOUS AWE] Not Jesus.

UNKNOWN VOICE 1: What do I *do*? I can't -

UNKNOWN VOICE 3: Stay on them. Don't -

[BEEP]

[CHAOS NOISES AGAIN]

ANNA: What was - did -

MABEL: Get up, come on, get up get up -

VERA: You stupid *maggot*, we have to -

THE KING IN THE LABYRINTH: Every brood parasite tries to gnaw its way into the good red heart of the nest.

ANNA: How - It didn't *work*, it didn't - I -

VERA: [BETWEEN HER TEETH] *Move*, you absolute -

MABEL: Anna, *Anna* just -

THE KING IN THE LABYRINTH: Inside the thorn of me there is only thorn. Your white teeth will never chew me out from the root [GROWING LOUDER] - of my own - *Kingdom*.

MABEL: Anna, *run* -

[BEEP]

UNKNOWN VOICE 1: Oh my god. Oh, my god. Was that - what I - Have you ever *recorded* him before?

UNKNOWN VOICE 2: I don't know if we recorded him now. Check the B feed, quickly. Hey, I said *quickly*.

UNKNOWN VOICE 3: Calm down, we're good.

UNKNOWN VOICE 1: What - what just happened?

UNKNOWN VOICE 2: Well...

UNKNOWN VOICE 3: Sounds like he attacked them, doesn't it? I mean, I don't know what they *expected*, but -

UNKNOWN VOICE 2: If he attacked them they would not still be -

[BEEP]

[ROARING; FAERIES LAUGHING, ECHOING, DISTORTING; THINGS CRASHING]

VERATRINE: Anna!

MABEL: [SCREAMING] *Run run run* -

[GLITCHING]

[BEEP]

[NIGHT NOISES, RUNNING WATER]

ANNA: [OUT OF BREATH] I need to. I need to stop, I can't - I have to catch my breath.

MABEL: Alright. Alright. You're alright, I've got you. [PAUSE] What - what happened?

VERATRINE: No one listened to me, that's what!

ANNA: I tried - I thought it would *work*, but he's –

VERATRINE: He's too strong. He's gotten stronger. I told you, I told the *both* of you -

MABEL: Be quiet. I don't care about that right now.

VERATRINE: You should.

MABEL: I said shut up!

[RUSTLING]

Anna. Are you okay?

ANNA: - I'm bleeding. It's. It's like, it feels - I'm so *stupid*, I really thought -

MABEL: You're not - god, oh it's - you're not stupid, you just didn't know -

ANNA: I should have known. I should have *known*. Don't, you don't have to – I can do that myself.

MABEL: I want to. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I - I don't know why I didn't see it.

VERATRINE: If either one of you would have listened to me, this could have been avoided -

MABEL: Shut! Up!

ANNA: Are we safe here? Veratrine. Can they find us?

VERATRINE: I knew something was wrong by the way her eyes caught the light. Like stretches of lightning across a vast ocean. She looked...not beaten. Not ground down into the role she so deeply despises but there was. A resignation to her face. Her fire had not left her, I could see it but it had...dimmed. She is so open about her defiance, about her small, personal rebellions against her particular brand of captivity.

MABEL: What does that have to do with -

VERATRINE: She was kneeling.

MABEL: What?

VERATRINE: Luna. She was kneeling at his side. Like an - like a pet.

MABEL: Isn't that what he -

VERATRINE: No! You don't understand. I - I did not understand. I thought - I have only ever seen her kick at the boundaries of her cage, I've - I've only known her to drag her chains behind her howling and screaming, I've - she has only ever made a nuisance of her imprisonment. But [SHAKING] what I saw. What we saw. That was a model inmate.

ANNA: why? What - then what changed?

VERATRINE: I don't - I don't know. Maybe he did something, maybe - the last I saw of her she was not like this. She was not broken. I do not know what happened. But none of us can be safe if the consort herself is bending to the will of the king.

ANNA: we have to leave, don't we.

MABEL: where are we supposed to go?

ANNA: I'm still dead. I still can't go anywhere. Even if we dig down further into the hill, he'll find us, won't he? Now that he knows - now that he's hunting us. There's nowhere here we can hide from him. Or nowhere - [PAUSE]

MABEL: Nowhere..?

ANNA: It just made me think of. Nowhere, now here - I went *somewhere*, when I drank all that poison, not a place but an idea of a place, the house's - there are so many layers to everything. The house inside the house, its perception of itself. It's all part of me. I can do it, I can - push away everything in between. I can take us there.

MABEL: No, Anna, no no, you can't take me back there -

VERATRINE: I think she is right. I think it's the only reasonable thing we -

MABEL: None of this is reasonable! You can't take me - I can't go back there! I won't!

ANNA: I don't think we have a *choice*. Do you think I'd - I wouldn't put you in danger just for the sake of it. I won't let anything happen to you, I swear.

MABEL : I am not going back inside that goddamn house!

VERATRINE: Our options are limited.

MABEL: You get to shut the fuck up, because you are the reason that I had to hide like a rat in my own garden to begin with! [LAUGHS] What do you think the particular instrument of my gaoler is going to *do* to you, the woman who tried to rule my body and set my mind on fire?

VERATRINE: I -

MABEL: Do you think the house will be happy to see me, or you, or Anna? Do you think it will let any of us back out?

ANNA: We're not going *out*. We're going - somewhere else. And it's *my* house. It'll do what it's told.

MABEL: [LAUGHS] Of course it's *your* house, Anna Limon, the woman my grandmother loved more than me. But you are sweet and pliable and *good*, aren't you? You are not the child she *hated* more than life itself, you're - [BREAKS OFF] We'll do what you say, Anna. I can do nothing else, after all.

ANNA: I'm not - Sally didn't - I don't have time to talk about this. No, I mean, I don't have time to talk about this *right*. Just - trust me, will you?

MABEL: [HOLLOWLY] I trust you. Don't worry; I won't bring it up again.

VERATRINE: Poor, sad hummingbird.

MABEL: Be quiet. Insulting me won't make you any less pathetic. [PAUSE] Tell me how we get there.

ANNA: The longer we stay here, the more I can feel them. The - layers of this place, but that's just. Just for lack of a better term, it's nothing so cohesive. And - feeling them, that's wrong too. It's more like learning

them, the way you learn a language. Look. Come here, both of you. It's not dangerous, I can just take us -

VERATRINE: Wait, wait -

[BEEP]

[ECHOING CREAK]

ANNA: [MUFFLED]

[GLITCH]

[BEEP]

MABEL: - badly are you hurt?

[GLITCH NOISES]

ANNA: I don't know. I'm still - [GLITCHING] ...Please, just. I need to sit down.

MABEL: Okay. Okay. What can I do?

VERATRINE: This was a mistake. We shouldn't have come here. We shouldn't have come -

ANNA: We *came* here. It's *done*. What else were we supposed to do? Mabel, can you - I'm okay, I promise. I just - [HISSES]

MABEL: Please let me - help. Take care of you, just. Do something good.

VERATRINE: We can't be here, we can't -

[HOUSE NOISES]

VERATRINE: [HYSTERICAL] We have to go somewhere! We have to hide!

ANNA: Be *quiet*. Don't you ever shut up? You can help me, Mabel. You can help me take this - I think it's my chest, I need to take this off. Come here, please?

MABEL: I'm here. I'm - alright, alright. We need to get you cleaned up.

[HOUSE CREAKING OMINOUSLY]

VERATRINE: Don't you understand? It doesn't want me here!

MABEL: I can't stop the bleeding –

[HOUSE RATTLES]

VERATRINE: [SCREAMS]

ANNA: Oh, god. What now.

VERATRINE: [CHOKING SOUNDS]

MABEL: Something's got her -

ANNA: We have to - here, can you cut it? I've got this bit, if you –

VERATRINE: [CHOKING]

MABEL: The vine, it won't - christ, it *bit* me -

VERATRINE: [BARELY GASPING] Please -

MABEL: [SCREAMS IN FRUSTRATION] Leave us alone, leave us *alone* -

ANNA: - just stop. *Stop*.

[HOUSE SCREAMS SOMETHING]

[BEEP]

UNKNOWN VOICE 1: Where did they go? Can you hear them?

UNKNOWN VOICE 2: No. There's nothing, it's - all I'm getting is static.

UNKNOWN VOICE 3: Try -

[BEEP]

[ALL BREATHING HEAVILY]

ANNA: I think - Vera, can you move?

VERATRINE: [SHAKILY] Yes.

MABEL: I'm sorry. That - I'm sorry.

VERATRINE: It was not your fault, Mabel Martin.

MABEL: Right. Not this time.

VERATRINE: [PAUSE; SOFTLY] Nor any other. [TO ANNA] Are you well?

ANNA: Yeah, I'm - I'm okay, it's fine. Are you sure you're - ?

VERATRINE: We cannot stay here. We are not safe. Especially not us.

MABEL: What do you -

VERATRINE: Please. Do not feign ignorance; you know as well as I do that the house would never hurt you. Would never even allow you to be hurt.

MABEL: That doesn't mean I'm *safe*. Even if it did, for Anna's sake - it doesn't matter. We have to keep moving, we can't stay where it's already gotten to us.

ANNA: Where else is there?

MABEL: I don't know. I don't know. [VOICE BREAKING] All I've ever done is try to get out of this goddamn house -

VERATRINE: Please don't -

MABEL: I can't do it, I - [BREATHES DEEPLY] No, I'm. I apologize. It's not the time for hysteria.

VERATRINE: You are too hard on yourself.

MABEL: Right. [LAUGHS] Not every female emotion is hysteria. It's all right to be upset, it's - anyway. Anyway.

ANNA: I – [CLEARS THROAT] I'm sorry, Veratrine. I didn't know that was going to happen, I promise. [PAUSE] There has to be somewhere safe, even in here.

VERATRINE: And why *must* there be? Because otherwise we are surely dead, or trapped, or whatever we can be in this terrible labyrinth -

ANNA: God, you know what –

MABEL: When I was eight, for about a year, every time I spoke, Sally sent me to my room.

ANNA: What?

MABEL: It was - it doesn't matter. The point is, I spent a great deal of time cultivating the - space around myself. Not with decoration, but. Something else. Will. Force, self-understanding. I memorized every particle of sunlight around every dust mote. I became intimate with the topography of the grain of wood on the floor, the microscopic whorls of paint on the walls. I knew it, and it was mine, and it obeyed me. I think it would still. I think we should try and make it to my room.

ANNA: Your - yeah. Okay. That sounds - that's smart, let's do it.

VERATRINE: Smart? You think your room will be safe because you spent a lot of *time* in it as a *child*? Because it is yours?

MABEL: Yes. I do. You can come with us or you can stay where the house choked you out with no trouble at all. It doesn't matter to me.

[WALKING NOISES, CREAKING STAIR NOISES]

ANNA: - Mabel, where are you going? This is your room here.

MABEL: No, it isn't.

ANNA: But Sally -

MABEL: [BITTER LAUGHTER] What, she showed you the nice room? She fawned over the four photographs of me she has? You didn't know Sally,

Anna. You only knew what she told you. You certainly have no idea of how she was towards me.

[CREAKING]

MABEL: It's this room, here.

VERATRINE: It's locked.

MABEL: Give me a second.

[MABEL PICKS THE LOCK]

ANNA: - I don't. Why would Sally - why would she *lie*, I don't understand. Are you - where did you learn how to pick locks, anyway?

MABEL: Boarding school.

[DOOR CREAKS OPEN]

MABEL: And perhaps to save face with you, sweet, good Anna.

ANNA: Oh my God, *Mabel*. [HORRIFIED PAUSE] I swear, I didn't - I didn't *know*, she told me - she only showed - what else did she lie about, how could she have - ? I'm so - I'm sorry, I'm sorry, look at me -

MABEL: Hey. I'm fine. It's not your fault. You didn't do anything wrong. Here, let me take a look at you.

[RUSTLING CLOTHES; THE HOUSE CONTINUES TO SETTLE IN A SENTIENT WAY]

VERATRINE: This is a bleak place.

MABEL: I didn't mind it, so much. Anna, does this hurt? Let me bind it for you.

ANNA: [GRITTED TEETH] It's fine. [HURT SOUND] There are *bars* over the window, Mabel.

MABEL: [QUIETLY, JUST FOR ANNA] When I was six I tried to run away. It was a big scene - I was gone for two days before Sally told anyone, and I

don't think she ever forgave me for the fallout that came, after. She cared so much about what other people thought. She wanted to make sure it never happened again.

ANNA: So she locked you in? That was - that was her *solution*? How long - when -

MABEL: Right after, when I was found. They were rather hard on her. How does that feel? Does it hurt less now?

ANNA: It feels better. Thank you.

VERATRINE: What a sweet scene, the favourite at the foot of her ruler. Where have I seen this before?

ANNA: Why don't you ever shut *up*? Every time you -

[HOUSE RUMBLING]

VERATRINE: I thought you told us -

MABEL: Wait. Just wait. Maybe it won't -

[HOUSE ROARING]

VERATRINE: [MAKING FRIGHTENED NOISES]

MABEL: This place is *mine*, it's not going to just -

[HOUSE GLITCHING]

VERATRINE: No no -

ANNA: *Mabel!*

[BEEP]

[SCREAMING, BELLS, CHILD CRYING, GLITCHES]

[BEEP]

ANNA: Where - where did she go? Where did she go? Hey! [THUMPING NOISES] Bring her back! *Bring her back!* I am - I am ordering you, you – burnt out shell of - you belong to *me*, you have to listen to *me*, you have to - let *her go!* [GROWING MORE HYSTERICAL] Mabel? Mabel, can you hear me? If you can hear me - say something, please, say *something* -

VERATRINE: She's gone. The house devoured her. We'll hear her clawing at the walls, tearing at her hair, but she'll never come out again -

ANNA: Shut your stupid twig mouth, I swear to *god* - you might have got Mabel to feel sorry for you, but you're nothing to me, not even my *shadow*, and I will kill you without even *flinching* if you don't shut the fuck up. She is not - she is not *gone*. She's *somewhere*, I just have to -

VERATRINE: Swallowed her up like a little fish in a big great beast with a bellyful of stars -

ANNA: You - [DISTORTION]

[VERA GASPS]

ANNA: I *told* you. Didn't I *tell* you to shut up?

VERATRINE: When I was strangled by Mabel Martin, I understood her. You have never seen her in such a way, pared down to the dregs of herself, but she was radiant. So sure of her conviction. so sure of her own actions. So complete. It felt entirely unlike that when the house got its hooks in me, when it snaked around my throat. I recognized the difference between an act borne of desperation and fear and love, and one of possessive ownership. It feels much like your hand now.

[WITH GREAT EFFORT]

I know what you did before you were sent here, Anna. I know what you were running from when you collapsed into the open embrace of your pet and her estate, now both yours.

Whose arm [GLITCH] is this house, Anna? How far does your influence stretch? [DISTORTION] *Who are you, really?*

[BEEP]

[OUTRO:]

Mabel is written by Becca De La Rosa and Mabel Martin and produced by Becca De La Rosa. The voice of Anna Limon is Becca De La Rosa, and the voice of Mabel Martin is Mabel Martin. The music in this episode was by Kai Engel, Herve Perez, and (morse), and all of it is available to download from the Free Music Archive at freemusicarchive.org. For more information on this episode, including a full tracklist and transcript, visit us online at mabelpodcast.com.

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