

[Podcast Intro music plays.]

Jessica Dahlgren: Thank you and welcome to *20 Sided Stories*.

[Music fades out.]

Recap

[Guitar music plays. Radio switches on.]

Jessica: *MACABREVERSE*. Season 1, Episode 3.

[Radio switches off. Music continues.]

Sage: Hi, I'm Sage G.C., your host and GM for this series.

Last week, Dallas, Darby, and Sammy continued their mission to stock up for Angel Island's caravan.

So far, things aren't going quite as planned. They found the island's missing hunter, CD, and worked with him to get to the top of Ravager Tower in hopes of stealing supplies. They ended up trapped in a barbed wire cage by Young Mikel, age fourteen.

Young Mikel still doesn't know that they also killed his father, but Darby used his charming attitude to get an escorted trip to the bathroom, which turned into a pissing contest with a Ravager guard. Literally. Darby won the bet and now has the key to the Ravagers' food stockade.

Meanwhile, Dallas and Sammy conjured a plan to send out Bill, a hopeless prisoner of the Ravagers, with a stick of dynamite to scare Young Mikel and then "save" him to earn his trust. Except, some extra guards just showed up and they have a striking-looking woman in custody.

[Music fades.]

Episode 3 - Nova

Sage: *Alright. We see...Bill. Old, skinny, bald, scared, weird, dumb Bill, ho- cradling—*

[Greg chuckles.]

Zach: *That's really not nice.*

Garrett: *Can you add some more insults onto him?*

Travis: *Are you projecting?*

[Everyone laughs.]

Who is Bill really?

Sage: *Cradling a stick of dynamite and he stops right before running towards Young Mikel, who's looking out to the sunset, which has now gone behind the horizon. It is just about to be dark. And he stops because he sees two guards coming in, a woman in between them. They're holding her by the arms. Clearly she's been captured.*

Greg: *Describe the woman.*

Sage: *She... can describe herself.*

[Beat.]

Jessica: *I am a woman.*

[Everyone laughs.]

Travis: *[slow] Oh my god.*

Sage: *Come on, don't— [resigned] Okay.*

Jessica: *Well, I'm starting with the basics.*

[Everyone chuckles.]

Greg: *Next?*

Jessica: *I have very dark hair and fair skin. I am carrying a large bag of items. I've got a very vibrant, red scarf on. Got, like, a utility belt, which you do not know what's in it or on it. I have a very nice black, leather coat an—*

Greg: *Is it a Ravager's coat?*

Jessica: *No.*

Greg: *Thank you.*

[Everyone chuckles.]

Jessica: *Next question.*

Zach: *No further questions.*

[Everyone chuckles.]

Sage: *So, Sammy and Dallas overhear these guards. They come up to Young Mikel and Mikel looks up and he says, with a questionable face on as a—*

Young Mikel: *Can't you see I'm busy?!*

[Sage chuckles.]

Guard 1: *Sir! We have a prisoner.*

Young Mikel: *S- hold- hold on. Let me [stammers].*

Travis: *You hear a zipper.*

[Everyone chuckles.]

Guard 1: We found—

Young Mikel: Find *what*?

Guard 1: We found her in a library a couple miles north.

Young Mikel: Oh, oh! Holy shit, good job! Okay.

Guard 1: She was scouting through the Stone Mason's library.

Guard 2: No, the Freemasons library.

Guard 1: Stone Mason's, Freemasons what's the difference?

Guard 2: Uh, there's a pretty big difference.

Sage: *They start arguing.*

Young Mikel: Oh my god. Stop it. Okay. This is very important. We have to make sure that she *stays* in captivity, because she's super...dangerous?

Sage: *[chuckles] Smart.*

Young Mikel: She's super *smart*. Which makes her dangerous!

[Sage stifles laughter.]

So, so we need two guards on her at all times. So throw her in there with all those other fuckin' nimrods.

[Zach chuckles.]

And somebody go check on the one that had to pee!

Sage: *We see Bill, who is just stricken by the sight of a strong woman amongst all these monstrous Ravagers who've been torturing him for weeks, and he does—*

Greg: *One of them is average size.*

Sage: *[stifles laughter] The Ravagers?*

Greg: *Yeah, remember? I described one as average.*

Sage: *We can also say there's a- maybe a female Ravager or two.*

Greg: *Yeah. Wh-why not? Why not?*

Sage: *Exactly. But the point is, they're all fucking monsters.*

[Greg and Zach chuckle.]

Sage: *Nova looks...not like a monster.*

Greg: *Holdin' the ladder up.*

Sage: *And they approach Bill and he has no idea what to do. He just has a stick of dynamite and it's very obvious right in front of him that he's holding a stick of dynamite.*

Garrett: *I take the- I take the dynamite and I give it back to Sammy.*

Sage: *Okay, well you're gonna have to get the dynamite.*

Garrett: *What d'you want me to roll?*

Sage: *Uh...Agility.*

[Dice roll on table.]

[stifles laughter] Fuck. Good job.

Greg: *Boom!*

Sage: *We see two guards coming towards the prisoner's pen. Nova's in between them. She's not very happy about this. Bill, again, doesn't know what to do.*

And then Dallas swoops in, grabs his shoulders, pulls him back in the pen, takes the dynamite, shoves it in his coat, and acts like nothing happened. And Bill's just standing there on the inside of the pen, right by the entrance.

And they throw Nova inside and they stand right by the entrance, blocking it now. Two guards, so you guys can't get out.

[Beat.]

Nova: *Hi.*

Sammy: *Hey. What'cho in for?*

[Zach stifles laughter.]

Nova: *I, um... I was just...searchin' around this library and they caught me. And now I'm here. What about you?*

Sammy: *We were searchin' around too. And we may have killed some drifter and then, uh...that- that's irrelevant. And then, uh, we found one of the dr- uh, Ravagers here. He took us in and we have a plan to escape.*

Nova: *Oh, really?*

Sammy: *Yup. We're workin' on it, though.*

Nova: *[amused] Yeah, how's that goin' for ya?*

Sammy: *It's- n-not too well so far.*

Dallas: *Yeah. That all kinda just changed quite a bit [tsks].*

Sammy: *Yeah. Wh-what's up with that?*

Dallas: *Not quite sure what to do now.*

Sammy: *So maybe we can give *her* the dynamite?*

Dallas: *[irked] No. God. No.*

Nova: *You have *dynamite*?*

Sammy: *One stick o' dynamite.*

Nova: *Why- wait. You have a stick of dynamite and you haven't just, like, come up with a plan to make, like, a suicide bomber to run out—*

Dallas: *Wait. Well, so we did.*

Sammy: We kinda had that plan.

Dallas: You know, we had that plan.

Nova: Okay...

Dallas: But then...

Sammy: You got here—

Dallas: Yeah.

Sammy: —and you kinda ruined it.

Dallas: It was all about timing.

[Beat.]

Nova: Well.

Sammy: S-see that odd fellow over there? The one standin' in the corner grippin' himself?

[Bill moans.]

Yeah, that one. He's a little—

Greg: *[stifles laughter] It's a ghost!*

[Zach chuckles.]

Nova: I- I hear him. I smell him, too.

Sammy: So we were gonna use him as a decoy and give him the stick of dynamite, and have him run out to the leader. But he kinda froze up at the entrance to the gate when he saw you.

[Beat.]

Nova: Oh. Well, shit. Uh, d'you want me to talk to him?

Sammy: Uh...

Dallas: Nah. We're- we're pretty good at talkin' to him.

Sammy: Yeah, we had him pretty well convinced. Maybe we should try that plan again. It was goin' pretty well.

Sage: *We cut over to Darby.*



Darby: So the key is, you gotta pinch it at the right angle.

Guard: Oh. Pinch my...

Darby: [annoyed] No, the door. That's how you fix it. [normal] And then it gets rid o' the squeak.

[Door handle turns and door opens quietly.]

Guard: Oh. I—

Greg: *And then I start closin' the door and it doesn't squeak anymore.*

Guard: I'm sorry. I thought- we- we just went over the—

Darby: Eyes up here!

Guard: No, no, it— [groans] Sorry, man. I- ah, I mean, nobody has to know. No! Never mind! I'm sorry! I didn't say anything!

Darby: Hey, hey, look.

Guard: No! I didn't say anything! I didn't say anything!

Darby: It's- hey- I'm—

[**Guard** grunts and growls, interrupting every time **Darby** tries to talk.]

Sage: *He starts yelling at you [chuckles].*

Darby: Hey, whoa! Put it- put it away. Right. Hey, look. It's cool. I don't care.

Guard: I—

Darby: You can be whoever you wanna be.

Guard: Oh. Okay. So you're saying that me and you could...be...

Darby: Oh, no. I'm not...

[Beat.]

Uh, I've- I've got a thing.

Guard: Uh, wh- well, I mean, yeah. I saw earlier and you got really good aim.

Darby: With a- with a- with a f- with a female.

Guard: Wha- okay, hold on.

[Beat.]

So you're *not*...

Darby: No...

Guard: [groans] Awkward.

Darby: But! I'm just lettin' you know. Totally fine. No judgement over here.

Guard: Oh, thank you. I really appreciate that [stifles relieved laughter]. Some o' the other Ravagers—

Darby: Yeah. Is that- is that a prob- is that a problem with the other Ravagers?

Guard: Yeah, they would prob'ly get pretty territorial about it and make fun of me and call me, you know, mean things.

[Beat.]

Darby: Like?

[Beat.]

[Sage stifles laughter.]

Guard: Uh...

Darby: Look in the mirror and say it.

Guard: [sniffles] Gay!

Darby: It's just a word.

[Guard cries pitifully.]

What's your name?

[The **Guard** takes a deep breath and composes himself.]

Guard: Scumbag. [cries] At least that's what they call me.

Darby: You know what?

[Inspiring guitar music.]

Nobody messes with scumbags.

Scumbag: You're ri—

Darby: [intense] *Nobody* does.

Scumbag: [growls] You're right. You're right. I'm gonna fuck 'em up!

Darby: You're your own man!

Sage: *He takes out his gun [amused] and he goes towards the elevator.*

[A gun clatters lightly as he draws it. Boots tromp across the room as he charges into the elevator.]

Darby: You go fuck 'em up, Scumbag!

Scumbag: Yeah! Yeah!

[Elevator clatters and engine hums as it rises.]

Sage: *He goes in the elevator and he shuts it and goes up. What does Darby do?*

Darby: [sighs happily] Wow! This is really workin' out! I bet they've already killed everybody upstairs.

Sage: *Confidence increases by five levels.*

[Greg makes happy noises. Sage chuckles.]

Greg: *Darby looks for some stairs.*

Sage: *Uh, ooo god. Yeah. You find some, but they go up, like, prob'ly, you know. Solid thirty-minute walk [stifles laughter].*

Greg: *Alright. I guess I'll wait for the elevator.*

Sage: *[chuckles] Okay. We cut back to the prisoners.*

[Guitar strums.]



Dallas: [tsks] Yup. So that was the time when I decided that I'd...be a singer.

Sammy: Really?

Dallas: Didn't work out that well, yeah.

Nova: [irked] What the *hell* are we talking about? We need to get *out* of here. And that was, like, a very... [normal] I'm sorry, I don't mean— That was an okay story.

[Greg chuckles.]

It's very interesting about your life. But I really don't have time for this right now.

Sammy: We really don't care.

[Everyone chuckles quietly.]

[Dallas sighs sadly.]

Sage: *We see Dallas's face. He is just heartbroken.*

Dallas: Sammy, I thought you loved that story. You seemed so into it.

Sammy: I was actually fallin' asleep.

[Sage stifles laughter.]

Dallas: [hurt] What?

Sammy: I think you confused the two.

Dallas: [hurt] Gah.

Sammy: I'm sorry. Let's- let's focus on what's important right now. We need to work on getting' outta here.

Dallas: Should we do the same plan again?

Sammy: You got a better plan?

Dallas: Nope.

Sammy: Then, let's try the same plan again.

Dallas: Alright.

[Bill moans.]

Sammy: Hey, Billy, get over here.

Bill: Huh?

Sammy: You want your candle back?

Bill: Candle?

Dallas: Yeah, here. Here, take this candle.

Bill: I don't want candle.

Sammy: You don't want the candle?

Bill: No.

Sammy: Why not? You wanted the candle ten minutes ago.

Bill: Mm-mmm.

Dallas: What d'you want, Bill?

Bill: I wanna hug. From pretty lady.

[Sammy stifles laughter.]

Nova: [mildly annoyed] Oh god.

Sammy: Will you take the candle if you get a hug?

Bill: Maybe.

Dallas: Alright.

Nova: Don't look at *me*.

Dallas: Come on! He needs a— We need to him [quiet] to be the human sacrifice.

Nova: Why don't we on—

Sammy: All you have to do is hug 'im.

Nova: I have a plan. Take this red scarf, make it look like hair. Take my coat.

[Greg laughs. Zach stifles laughter.]

I have a—

[Jessica stifles laughter.]

Sammy: Go on.

Nova: I have a small tube.

Travis: *You are a terrible person.*

[Everyone chuckles.]

Nova: I don't know where this man has been. I don't know *any* one of you people. For all I know, you guys could just sneak attack and kill me right now. I am not letting any one of you touch me.

Dallas: Wait. Tell me your plan again.

[Sage stifles laughter. Zach chuckles.]

Sammy: Yeah.

Nova: Take my red scarf.

Dallas: Uh-huh.

Greg: *That looks like hair.*

Nova: That guy has one eye, okay?

Dallas: Uh-huh.

Nova: He does not have very good vision, I bet.

Travis: *[quiet] Do you hear this at all or...*

[Everyone chuckles.]

Sage: *Young Mikel?*

Travis: *No, no. [amused] Billy.*

Sage: *Oh. [amused] Billy's right there listening to all of this.*

[Zach chuckles.]

But he is very confused. He has a very blank, dumb face.

Nova: Hey. Hey, Billy.

[Bill grunts.]

Um...

Greg: *Oh jeez.*

Nova: D'you wanna... [sighs]

Sammy: How 'bout a handshake, Billy? Would you settle for a handshake?

Bill: The fuck do I look like?

[Zach laughs.]

Travis: *Like...okay.*

Nova: Okay, okay, okay. Okay. I will- I will— No. I'm sorry. Every person deserves a hug. Did you want a hug?

Bill: Uh, yeah. Dat sounds very etiquit.

Greg: *Close your eyes.*

Dallas: Listen. Give 'im a hug and we'll get outta here.

Nova: Alright. But the hug can only be...two point five seconds.

Sammy: We're about to *kill* this man, goddammit.

[Nova stifles shocked laughter.]

Bill: [frantic] You're gonna kill me?!

[Action guitar music.]

Dallas: No, no, no, no!

Sammy: No, no! No, no!

Bill: What?! What?! Ahh!

Dallas: We're gonna kill Mikel.

Sammy: We have to kill Mikel. We're gonna kill—

[Bill dissolves into terrified screaming.]

[Zach chuckles.]

Nova: Billy! I am hugging—

Dallas: God dammit.

Sage: *[amused] Young Mikel hears Bill screaming.*

Young Mikel: [distant] What the fuck are you guys doing over there?

Dallas: [shouts] This guy's goin' *insane* in here!

Sage: *The two guards turn around and they let Young Mikel come into the pen.*

[Boots clunk closer.]

Young Mikel: Well?

Zach: *I'm gonna hand Bill the dynamite, light it, and push him towards Mikel.*

Sage: *[amused] Oh my god!*

Zach: *[stifles laughter] I don't know what else to do.*

Garrett *What the--?*

Jessica: *No, no, no. Uh. I'm- I'm hugging Bill.*

[Everyone chuckles.]

I'm hugging Bill.

Nova: Everything's okay. We're having a moment.

Young Mikel: You let go of him, right now. I don't like this.

Nova: How *old* are you?

Greg: *[quiet] Lie. Lie [chuckles].*

Young Mikel: It do- it doesn't matter how old I am. Wh-what? You think just 'cause you're older than me that I can't tell you what to do? I'll fucking *kill* you, lady!

Greg: *[quiet] Tell her you're sixteen.*

Young Mikel: I- I... I don't need to- I don't need to take this from you. [increasingly uncertain]
I...I...I...

Nova: Uh—

Sage: *Roll for Confidence.*

[Jessica stifles laughter.]

Which is a d6.

[Dice roll on table.]

2. [hisses in a breath] You're good. You're confident.

Young Mikel: I [quiet] am gonna make your life a living hell.

Nova: [mildly annoyed] Oh my god.
[Suspenseful, action guitar music.]

Travis: [amused] Back out slowly.
[Sage chuckles.]
Back out slowly.

Sage: He slowly backs up. The two guards come in together and they're blocking the entrance but now—

Young Mikel: Rough 'em up, boys!
[Greg laughs.]

Sage: And then they walk towards you two, ready to give a beat down.

Greg: Like an Adam West villain.
[Everyone chuckles.]

Dallas: Well, I guess that goes for tryin' a gain his trust. Let's fight these guys.

Garrett: I'm gonna fuckin' straight up fight these guys.

Zach: I'll help. We'll fight 'em. We'll each take one of 'em.

Sage: Okay. Roll for Agility. For Initiative.
[Dice roll on table.]
Dallas, then Nova, then Guard 1, then Guard 2, then Sammy.

Zach: And then Bill.

Sage: Alright. Your turn is on. You have one minute.

Garrett: Alright. I grapple one o' the guys and try to stab 'im in the throat.

Sage: [stifles laughter] So that's straightforward. Okay. I'm gonna—

Travis: Ah. Slice him up.

Sage: So you don't- you don't get percentage rolls on- in combat. So it's just a straight roll. Yeah, go for Agility.
[Dice roll on table.]
4. [tsks] You're able to grapple him and you get him down to the ground, but you're not able to stab him yet.

Garrett: 'Kay.

Sage: But you're in control. Nova, what would you like to do?

Jessica: I jump on one of the Ravager's backs and I get my thumbs and press 'em into his eyeballs.

Sage: *Oh my god, okay. That's a lot of steps.*

Greg: *So hot [stifles laughter].*

Sage: *But that's good. I'm gonna have you roll a d6, then.*
[Dice roll on table.]
2! You do exactly what you just said.

Garrett: *[amused] Two eyeballs!*
[Boots clunk as Nova charges. Clothes rustle as she jumps on his back, and a sickening squelch is heard.]

Guard 2: *AHHH! My eyes!*

Sage: *It hurts a lot. And we go to guard number one, on the ground. He's gonna try to throw Sammy off of 'im.*

Garrett: *Sammy? You mean Dallas?*

Sage: *I mean Dar- Dallas.*

Zach: *Dallas.*

Sage: *God, your fucking names.*
[Dice roll on table.]
5. He is able to block your knife and throw it off, but you're still on top.
[Thud! A knife clatters to the ground.]
Guard number 2 is gonna go for Sammy and s- try to shoot 'im [stifles laughter].

Zach: *Whoa, man.*
[Everyone chuckles.]

Sage: *In his- in—*

Garrett: *He can't even see!*

Sage: *In his other arm.*

Travis: *Motherfucker just wanted a fight [chuckles].*
[Zach chuckles.]

Sage: *He's gonna shoot 'im in a—*

Zach: *[amused] He said "rough 'em up" not kill 'em.*

Sage: *He's gonna shoot 'im in his other arm.*

Zach: *Aww.*

Garrett: *Do I have— Wait, hold on. Which guard is that?*

Sage: *4! [hisses in a breath]*

Garrett: *That's the one I'm on top of?*

Sage: *Alright. Unless you can make a defensive maneuver, he's gonna do it.*

Zach: *What would I roll for defense?*

Sage: *Uh, I'm gonna have you go Agility to dodge, and let's go Cunning as well.*

[Dice roll on table.]

Zach: *Uh-oh.*

Sage: *Hmm.*

Garrett: *4 and a 6.*

Sage: *What's the 6?*

Greg: *That's his Agility.*

Zach: *That was my Agility.*

Sage: *Oh man. You can't dodge.*

[Gunshot rings out.]

Garrett: *You got shot again?*

Sage: *But you're okay. Your physical is now gonna be a 50.*

[Zach moans quietly.]

Both your arms are not good and not...good.

Zach: *My arms are pretty much screwed. I'm gonna just try and kick 'im. Right in the nuts.*

[Zach and Sage chuckle.]

Sage: *'Til they fall to the floor?*

Travis: *How many axes do you have?*

Zach: *[amused] Just run up— Yeah, kick 'im in the nuts.*

Sage: *Okay. Uh, just go for Might then. You're in close proximity.*

Zach: *Oh, Might's bad.*

[Dice roll on table.]

Sage, Zach: *[together] 7.*

[Sage hisses in a breath.]

Sage: *Can't do it. Your arms hurt and you kind of miss. Not because you couldn't see, but because the pain, uh, you get dizzy for a sec, and you go in the wrong spot.*

Zach: *Mmm.*

Greg: *You kick too deep.*

[Everyone chuckles.]

Sage: *Okay. Dallas, what d'you do?*

Garrett: *Well, how do I have the- the combat guy?*

Sage: *Oh! I forgot about Bill! Uuuh, Bill's crying in the corner.*

[Jessica stifles laughter.]

We go to Dallas.

Zach: *Does he have to roll for that?*

[Garrett snickers.]

Sage: *No.*

[Zach stifles laughter.]

Greg: *I want an Endurance. How long is the cry?*

[Garrett and Zach chuckle.]

Sage: *He's got good Endurance.*

[Dice roll on table.]

Jessica: *Oh my god!*

Sage: *1!*

Zach: *[amused] Well, he can go forever.*

Garrett: *Cries for so long.*

Sage: *[chuckles] Passes out.*

Greg: *He dehydrates himself.*

[Jessica stifles laughter.]

Sage: *Okay. So—*

Garrett: *How do I have this guy grappled on the ground?*

Sage: *You're on top of him. Holding- yeah.*

Garrett: *On to— On his back? Or on his chest?*

Sage: *Yes. He's- he's on his back.*

Garrett: *He's on his back? I wanna push— Do I- can— Is my knife in front of him or does it—*

Sage: *It's on the floor next to you.*

Garrett: *On the f— Oh, it's not even in my hand anymore?*

Sage: *Yeah, he knocked it out of your hand, but you st—*

Garrett: *Alright. Well, I'm grabbin' for the knife and I'm gonna stab in the throat.*

Sage: *Okay. Then, um, Agility.*

[Dice roll on table.]

Garrett: *4.*

Sage: *Alright. You do it [stifles laughter]. I'll give that to you. Um. It's not a clean cut, though. It's pretty brutal and it [makes slashing noises].*

Garrett: *Oh! That's preferred. That's preferred.*

Sage: *There's blood. There's blood all over your face. We go to Nova. What d'you do?*

Jessica: *Um, I run towards where Young Mikel is at.*

Sage: *Ooo, you're gonna try to get through the entrance since they aren't blocking it.*

Jessica: *Mm-hmm.*

Sage: *Very smart.*

Greg: *Does anybody come outta the elevator guns blazin'?*

[Garrett stifles laughter.]

Sage: *Funny you mention...*

Greg: *[amused] Scumbag.*

Sage: *Nova, why don't you roll me an Agility.*

[Dice roll on table.]

*[Boots stomp as **Nova** charges **Mikel**.]*

2. Great! You run outta the pen, and you're going towards Mikel. And then the elevator opens. I'm gonna end combat now and since you got one guy in control, the other guy, I'm gonna say he has control of you, Sammy.

Garrett: *Got one guy dead.*

Zach: *Yeah, I don't have any.*

Sage: *Dead! Sorry!*

[Garrett chuckles.]

We turn to Young Mikel, who turns around at the sound of a bunch of gunshots. And there is Scumbag at the door of the elevator after it opens, just yellin'...

Scumbag: *[yells, echoing] I hate all o' you! You're all a bunch o' assholes! If I wanna be in a, uh, with a relationship with a man, what does that mean, huh? Nothin'!*

Young Mikel: *[confused] The fuck is goin' on here?*

[Automatic fire patters.]

Sage: *[stifles laughter] He shoots a Ravager in the head and then he comes directly towards you—*

Young Mikel: *Oh, shit!*

Sage: *—and Young Mikel looks, and Nova's coming at his other corner. So he's pretty much cornered.*

Greg: *Okay, now Travis.*

[Music stops.]

Your character is super homophobic. You have to say really mean, ignorant things.

[Sage stifles laughter.]

Travis Reaves-Butterfield.

[Garrett laughs. Zach chuckles.]

Sage: *It's a— This is a realistic world, I will not say no.*

Travis: *[quiet] Greg, Greg. Can I speak to you for a sec'?*

Greg: *[chuckles] Yeah, what's up, buddy?*

Travis: *[quiet] Uh, I don't- I don't appreciate you imbuing me with those kind of things. It makes me uncomfortable.*

Greg: *[quiet] Dude, I'm just tryin'a keep the- the world real.*

Travis: *[quiet] And I- I- I see that. I respect that. I respect you, but I, uh, don't feel comfortable saying such hurtful things.*

Greg: *[quiet] Look, Sage wants this to be, like, dark and gritty.*

Travis: *[quiet] I know. Sage- Sage is a hateful person.*

[Everyone stifles laughter.]

It is not my agenda.

Greg: *Also, he's the guy who edits this.*

[Garrett and Jessica laugh.]

Travis: *[quiet] I- I know—*

Zach: *He can make you sound really hateful.*

Travis: *[quiet] That's- that's what I'm afraid of, is that he'll make me [demonic voice] sound like an even more hateful person.*

Greg: *[quiet] It's better that you do the hateful things than him endowing you with worse.*

Travis: *[quiet] Well, that's... [nervous scoff]*

Jessica: *That logic seems a little flawed.*

Greg: *[quiet] Sh-shut up.*

[Sage chuckles.]

Travis: *[mumbles] I don't wanna- [stifles laughter] Don't mean- don't mean to point—*

Zach: *R-roll for Confidence and see if you can get some.*

[Everyone laughs.]

Travis: *[normal] Okay. So I'm being flanked, essentially?*

Sage: *Yup.*

[Action music resumes.]

Travis: *Okay. Um, can I— Well, apparently I'm some badass. Maybe. Let's find out. I'm going to try to jump into the air. It's- it- to some—*

[Stifled laughter turns to full laughter.]

—degree.

Sage: *Just straight up?*

Travis: *And pull out my gun, and maybe my dick [chuckles].*

[Everyone laughs.]

Sage: *So, straight up?*

Travis: *Yes.*

Greg: *[laughs] "I hate gay people! Here's my dick!"*

[Everyone chuckles.]

Travis: *Well, just like—*

Sage: *[amused] Could you elaborate on what the fuck you're trying to accomplish here?*

Travis: *Well... See I—*

Zach: *Assert dominance, obviously.*

[Everyone laughs.]

Travis: *I- you know, he has a point. A lot of my game at this point, Young Mikel's get- stock and trade is intimidation.*

[Greg laughs.]

Sage: *Yes.*

Travis: *Being fourteen, and what does a fourteen— Or what is a fourteen-year-old's biggest weapon?*

Sage: *[Bill's voice] His huge dick.*

Travis: *His newfound appreciation for his dick. So I would like to jump—*

[Everyone laughs.]

—into the air, spinning, shrieking like a banshee, and trying to shoot and piss on either or [chuckling] both of them at the same time, please.

[Garrett laughs.]

Sage, Zach: *[together] Wow.*

[Jessica stifles laughter.]

Sage: *So, Young Mikel, why don't you roll me a d6 and a d8.*

Travis: *Alright.*

Sage: *I'm gonna say the d6 is for Confidence, [stifles laughter] and the d8 is for Agility.*

Travis: *Gonna show you all my d1 [stifles laughter].*

*[Everyone chuckles. **Jessica** laughs mockingly. **Greg** laughs.]*

Sage: *Uh, listeners at home, the one woman in the room is not very enthused by our dick jokes.*

Garrett: *No. Not comfortable at all.*

Travis: *Boys club!*

*[**Sage** chuckles.]*

[Dice roll on table.]

*[**Jessica** stifles laughter.]*

Travis: *[yells] Yahtzee!*

Sage: *2 and 2!*

*[**Greg** cackles. **Jessica** chuckles.]*

Zach: *Duces.*

Sage: *Alright. That means you get to do—*

Jessica: *Shit.*

Sage: *—what you said without any cool shit.*

Travis: *Okay.*

Sage: *There's no extra embellishments.*

Travis: *It's very straightforward—*

Sage: *You jump into the air, you shoot a gun up in the air, and you take your dick out?*

Travis: *Well, I wanna— I was trying to shoot and/or piss on them.*

Sage: *Okay. So you shoot towards either Scumbag or Nova.*

Travis: *This is basically something just to give me the high ground when I land.*

Sage: *Who do you want to shoot at, who do you want to pee at?*

Travis: *I wanna shoot at Nova, I wanna pee on Scumbag because he's a fuckin' scumbag.*

[Everyone chuckles.]

Greg: *And what makes him a scumbag?*

*[**Sage** laughs.]*

Garrett: *Yes, please be specific.*

Travis: *[quiet] Greg. Greg, can I—*

Zach: *Remember, you're in character.*

Travis: *[quiet] Uh, excuse me, Greg? Greg, can I talk to you for a second?*

Greg: *Yeah, what's up buddy?*

Travis: *[quiet] Yeah. Uh, you're doing it again. [nervous scoff] I feel like- that you're trying to endow my character with some, uh, you know, culturally-charged, uh, things...and—*

Greg: *It's just- it's just your character. It's not you, dude.*

Travis: *[quiet] Uh, I kn- I know. I see. But, uh, me as me feel uncomfortable saying, um, [tsks] hurtful things to people like that.*

Greg: *Well, it's not you. It's Young Mikel.*

Travis: *[quiet] Right, right. Um, I see that. Uh, let's just see what else we got.*

Greg: *It's the part, man.*

Travis: *[quiet] O-okay. Okay. We'll see. We'll see.*

Greg: *[whispers] It's for Sage. [normal] This is what Sage wants.*

Travis: *[quiet] I, uh, I- I- I hear your feedback. I accept it. [tsks] Aaand we'll go from there.*

[Guitar music.]

Sage: *We see Bill come up to Dallas right after stabbing the guy in the throat.*

Bill: *[quiet, intense] Can I have candle?*

Sammy: *Pfft.*

Dallas: *You don't deserve the candle anymore.*

Bill: *[quiet, intense] What?*

Garrett: *I stab Bill in the throat.*

Sage: *[quiet shock] Oh my god.*

[Surprise music thrums.]

Travis, Zach, Greg: *[together, incredulous] Whoa!*

Jessica: *[horrified] Oh!*

Zach: *[horrified] Dude!*

Greg: *[shocked] He's a fan favorite!*

Garrett: *[amused] Is he?*

Zach: *He's like...*

Garrett: *[loud] We were gonna kill him anyways!*

Jessica: *Take it back. Take it back!*

Zach: *Yeah, for a reason! For a reason!*

Garrett: *We can't bring him along with us!*

Zach: *I-it's like a dog [chuckles].*

[Garrett cackles. Sage chuckles.]

Garrett: *Alright, alright. I won't kill 'im.*

Sage: *Whooooa.*

Greg: *It's like a dog [stifles laughter].*

Garrett: *I won't kill 'im, I won't kill 'im.*

Jessica: *Oh my god.*

Travis: *Here's your...*

Garrett: *Like a dog.*

Sage: *Oh man.*

Travis: *Here's your, you know, non-PC material, Greg.*

[Zach chuckles.]

Greg: *The hate- the hate crowd.*

Garrett: *I just tell him, like...*

Dallas: *Just get outta here. Just go. Just run!*

[Footsteps charge closer and clothes rustle.]

Sage: *A guard comes up behind Sammy and grabs both of his bleeding arms, and then Bill looks over to s- over to the guard. And he rolls a d6 and it gets a 1! And he grabs the guard from behind. He's crying, there's tears everywhere, and he throws the guard off of the edge of the skyscraper with enough strength to lift him above his head.*

[Thud! Bill grunts as he chucks the guard. The guard's scream fades.]

And the guard goes tumbling down and he s- essentially saves Sammy's life. And he looks over at Dallas.

Bill: *[quiet, intense] I. Want. Candle.*

Dallas: *Sammy should we give him the candle? I don't know if we wanna waste that yet or not.*

Sammy: *I got the lighter. Just give 'im the candle. How much trouble can he cause?*

Dallas: *[sighs] Ah, shit. Alright. Here's the candle.*

Garrett: *I give him the candle.*

Sage: *Alright. We cut back over to Young Mikel, who's peeing in Scumbag's general direction and it gets on him. And Scumbag doesn't— He's really confused and he doesn't know if he should keep shooting. Meanwhile I wanna roll for Perception to see if you can hit Nova. So let's roll a d... no, a d10.*

Travis: *I have to do a d10.*

Sage: *Yes.*

Travis: *D10 and...?*

Sage: *Just d10. See if you can hit Nova.*

[Dice roll on table.]

9. You don't!

Travis: *Damn.*

Sage: *[stifles laughter] Sorry, buddy.*

Travis: *Alright. It's fine.*

[Bullet fires, and misses.]

Sage: *So you miss. Nova comes right toward ya and would you like to tackle him down?*

Jessica: *Uuuh, yes please.*

Sage: *Okay. Nova tackles Young Mikel to the floor. His dick is out and it's very awkward.*

Jessica: *[mumbled] uhh, I don't—*

[Zach stifles laughter.]

Greg: *[scolding] That's a fourteen-year-old boy, Jessica.*

Sage: *Two guards— [stifles laughter]*

Jessica: *This is Nova, not Jessica!*

Sage: *Two guards, next to Young Mikel, aim their guns and they're about to shoot.*

[Pistols and automatic fire ring out. Bullets ricochet everywhere.]

Some guns are shooting at Scumbag as he's running through the courtyard with piss all over him, shooting in the air and tryin'a take out some Ravagers. He's takin' out one or two.

Darby comes through the elevator.

[Elevator dings.]

Darby: *Oh my.*

[Everyone chuckles.]

Sage: *Very surprised by all the chaos. And then, amongst all this gunfire and piss and tears, we see Bill run into the courtyard with a stick of dynamite and a lighter. Everybody stops.*

[Music stops.]

It is silent.

Greg: *I look over at Sammy and I'm like— I mouth to him...*

Darby: *What the fuck is goin' on? [Greg stifles laughter]*

Sammy: *I'll explain it later [Zach stifles laughter].*

[Sage stifles laughter.]

Darby: *Dynamite?*

Greg: *Question mark, pointing at Bill.*

Sammy: *Decoy.*

Greg: *I nod at him.*

Sage: *Cool. So...silence befalls the rooftops. Nobody is quite sure what to do.*

[Beat. Quiet, suspenseful music.]

Greg: *I step back into the elevator.*

[Zach stifles laughter.]

Quietly.

Garrett: *I tell Sammy...*

Dallas: *[quiet] Sammy, let's go for the elevator.*

Sammy: *[quiet] Um, that's prob'ly a good idea.*

Dallas: *[quiet] Yeah, let's go.*

Zach: *So we're gonna sneak for the elevator.*

Sage: *Okay. Sneaking was Cunning and Agility? Yeah.*

Garrett: *Sssure?*

[Dice roll on table.]

Zach: *Maybe we could try talkin' 'im down. You know, there's a lot o' good stuff up here we're gonna lose.*

[Dice roll on table.]

Garrett: *We're not talkin' Bill down anymore.*

Zach: *Bill's pretty reasonable.*

Garrett: *2. 4.*

[Dice roll on table.]

Another 2.

Zach: *That's it. I got a 3 and a 12.*

Greg: *Boom.*

Garrett: *1 and 2.*

Sage: *I won't give you an abysmal failure.*

Zach: *Awesome. Sweet.*

Sage: *'Cause you should get one, and you should get punished, but I won't do that because he rolled a 1. You're gonna save him.*

So Dallas picks Sammy up. You guys start scuffling out while everyone's staring at Bill. And you're going across the perimeter. Now, there are some rooms on the opposite side, if you're feelin' ballsy.

You see CD is standing outside of one room near the elevator, and Darby is inside the elevator. All the Ravagers are pointed inward, towards Bill, they're afraid to shoot him, because he might light the dynamite. And we hear Bill...

Bill: [yells, echoes] No more shooting! You're all assholes. I'm tired. And hungry. Give me food or I blow building [quiet, intense] down.

Zach: *Did he know it was dynamite all along?*

Sage: Yes.

Zach: [stifles laughter] *Damn. Played by Bill.*

[**Sage** stifles laughter.]

Jessica: *While all of this was happening, I have, uh, Young Mikel pinned on the ground?*

Sage: *Mm-hmm. Dick out.*

Jessica: *Um. Yup.*

[**Travis** and **Zach** stifle laughter.]

And [stifles laughter] I—

Greg: *I'm so sorry.*

Jessica: [stifles laughter] *I go and I take one of his guns that had- that he was shooting at Scumbag.*

Sage: *You roll for Endurance.*

Travis: *Yeah.*

Sage: *Let's give you a d8.*

Travis: *Okay. That's fair. I accept these terms.*

[Dice roll on table.]

Jessica: *Ooo.*

Sage: *1.*

Garrett: *Ooo.*

Zach: *Wow.*

[**Greg** chuckles.]

Sage: *She cannot take it from him. She goes to grab the gun right out of his hand, and she realizes he has placed it right next to his dick.*

[**Travis** stifles a groan.]

And it throws her off, because she doesn't wanna be weird. And she thinks it's really immature that he did this, and so...just not what she signed up for when she was investigating the Freemason's Library. And she says to him...

Nova: I just wanted a fucking book.

[Beat.]

Young Mikel: Go to hell!

[Everyone laughs.]

Jessica: I headbutt him!

[Thud!]

Travis: *[mumbles]* Damn.

Sage: We look. We see CD has a couple of canteens in his arms, and he looks to Darby in the elevator.

Greg: I mouth to CD...

Darby: I've got the food key.

Sage: I'm gonna roll to see if CD can understand you. 5. Okay, he hears "I've got the foodski."

CD: [whispers] You've already got it? All of it?

Darby: [whispers] Just the key!

Sage: *[stifles laughter]* And you hold out the key. And then Bill sees this exchange.

Bill: [yells] Hey!

Greg: I wink at Bill.

Bill: [yells] This man nice! Me love this man! He good man!

Greg: The key is pocketed *[stifles laughter]*.

[Sage stifles laughter.]

Bill: [yells] He gave me a KitKat bar!

Sage: All the Ravagers are not sure where to point their guns.

Young Mikel: [distant, yells] Shoot anyone, you idiots!

Sage: *[stifles laughter]* A Ravager shoots at Bill.

[A gunshot rings out.]

[Jessica groans.]

[Dice roll on table.]

And he misses! And everyone raises their guns, because they're like, "Oh shit!" but then nobody shoots again.

Young Mikel: [yells] What the hell is wrong with you? Shoot these people! There's a lady on me!

Jessica: *I headbutt him again.*

[Sage chuckles.]

[Thud!]

Young Mikel: OW! Whore!

[Everyone chuckles.]

Jessica: *I just punch him in the balls, not giving a shit that they're out. [shouts] And they're also hairless—*

Nova: *—you pubescent bastard!*

[Everyone laughs.]

Sage: *Roll for—*

[Young Mikel shrieks in pain.]

No, hold on. Roll for Might.

[Dice roll on table.]

Garrett: *Whoa, it's a 3!*

Sage: *3. Cool, you do that.*

Garrett: *[amused] That's great.*

Greg: *[amused] You put him on the floor.*

Sage: *I'm sorry what were you- I'm sorry, Young Mikel, what were you saying?*

Garrett: *[laughing] Nuts on the floor!*

[Travis clears his throat.]

Young Mikel: *[shrieks, high pitched] Ahhh! My nuts are on the floor! Ahhhh! Kill her!*

Sage: *And then Bill turns over to the screaming.*

Bill: *You... [yells] You are big asshole! Big gaping asshole!*

Sage: *And he runs over to you two. And he yells at Nova, as he's running...*

Bill: *[yells] Pretty lady, move! Get out of way!*

Jessica: *I move and get out of way.*

[Everyone chuckles.]

Travis: *This guy has a really weird tendency to drop, like, unnecessary articles from sentences.*

[Everyone chuckles.]

Like, I can't tell if he's actually stupid or not.

Garrett: *Yeah. Not anymore.*

Travis: *Or if he just has very poor grammar [stifles laughter].*

Sage: *He's dying mentally.*

Travis: *Got it.*

Sage: *So...talk. Quickly.*

[Suspenseful, quick music.]

Dallas: *[mimics Darby's accent] Let's get in the fuckin' elevator!*

Sammy: *I don't know, there's a lot of stuff we can steal over here.*

Dallas: *Dude, it's not—*

Darby: *Stop makin' fun o' me [Greg stifles laughter].*

Dallas: *I'm sorry! [normal] I told you before, I just really like the accent. Let's get in the fuckin' elevator and get the hell outta here.*

Sage: *You will be sacrificing 100 pounds of food. That is on your list.*

Zach: *And I still don't have my gun or anything.*

Greg: *Or our weapons, yeah.*

Zach: *Yeah, you're the only one with a weapon here. We will die out there.*

Garrett: *[frantic] Who's got a gun? Then fuckin' shoot Bill!*

Zach: *...None of us have a gun! [stifles laughter] It is the problem!*

Garrett: *[frantic] Then we need to get the fuck outta here! What are- what other choices do we have? Tell- talk to me!*

Darby: *Where are our guns?*

CD: *Uh, I think they're, uh, to the— This side! This right side, over here. I can run and get those if you guys wanna go and try to grab food, but you have to stop Bill. And you gotta make sure you don't fuck up, 'cause those Ravagers are gonna shoot you.*

Darby: *No, Bill's great. Let's just— You grab the guns, we'll grab the food. Let's get the fuck outta here before he blows up.*

Sammy: *Uh, I don't think we have that much time.*

CD: *You have about ten seconds.*

Darby: *Ah, shite. Hey, Dallas. Here's the key.*

Dallas: *[quiet] Shit.*

Darby: *[yells, soothing] Hey, Bill.*

[Bill grunts in surprise.]

Garrett: *I run for the food.*

Sage: *Nova is already off of Young Mikel at this point. Bill turns around, and he's right by Young Mikel, who's on the floor, and he puts his foot on his chest, and he's about to light the dynamite. But he turns over to the edge of the courtyard and he sees Darby.*

Darby: [shouts] How you doin' mate?
Bill: [distant, shouts] I'm- I'm angry!
Young Mikel: [distant, shouts] Get the fuck off me, you idiot.
Bill: [distant, shouts] Shut up!

[**Young Mikel** screams some more.]

Sage: *And he- and he presses in his chest a little bit.*
Darby: I get that, I get that. This is a very trying time for you. And you've been t'rough a lot.
Bill: [distant, shouts] Your friends gave me dynamite!
Darby: They're great!
Bill: [distant, shouts] I'm gonna blow it up!
Darby: Oye! I think that's a great idea.
Bill: [distant] Yeah?
Darby: Yeah. You know what else is great?
Bill: [distant] What?
Darby: Another piece of a KitKat bar.
Bill: [gasps, excited] You have that?
Greg: *I take out the remaining bit of my KitKat bar.*
Travis: *Is my gun still near me?*
Sage: *Yeah, you still have it.*
Greg: *Or was it- or was it crushed with his balls?*
Travis: *I'm gonna- I'm gonna shoot this person.*
Sage: *Bill?*
Travis: *Yeah. I'm gonna shoot him.*
Sage: *Alright.*
Travis: *I'm gonna try to shoot him right in his big, dumb dick [stifles laughter].*
Sage: *D10.*
Travis: *Alright.*

[Dice roll on table.]

[**Jessica** groans. **Sage** exhales hard. **Greg** groans.]

Greg: *That's graphic.*
Sage: *While Darby is distracting Bill.*
Jessica: *This is depressing [stifles shocked laugh].*

Zach: Yeah.

Sage: Who- who has opened his heart up, and really wants to save the day...

Jessica: [stifles laughter] Fuck you, Young Mikel!

Garrett: [chuckles] That fuckin' face. Face you're makin' right now.

Sage: We see the scowliest scowl, third tier, on Young Mikel's face. And he shoots Bill in the back o' the head.

[A gunshot rings out.]

Travis: Oh, shit [stifles shocked laugh].

Greg: Whoa. Wait.

Zach: Nah, he shot him in the dick.

Jessica: He wanted to shoot him in the- in the—

Greg: Which head?

[Everyone stifles shocked laughter.]

Sage: The dick head.

[Everyone chuckles.]

Greg: [laughs in shock] In the back of the dick head?

Sage: Yup.

Travis: That's- that's some creative, like, if he's on- if he's standing on my chest that would take...

[Garrett laughs.]

That's craftier than the first move. And that was pretty crafty.

Sage: Yup.

[Everyone chuckles.]

Yup. Goes through- straight through his tailbone. Just like...

[Travis groans in horror.]

[A gunshot rings out and blood splatters.]

Yup. Uh. Bill Falls to the floor in shock. Drops the stick of dynamite. It is in proximity of Dallas and Sammy, who have been running towards the food.

Travis: And me?

Sage: And you.

Travis: I'm gonna grab the fuck- [stifles laughter] I'm gonna grab the stick o' dynamite.

Zach: I'm gonna go for the dynamite too [chuckles].

Greg: Just game o' bacon.

Zach: *[amused] Yeah.*

Sage: *Alright. Sammy and Young Mikel, roll for Agility.*

[Suspenseful music.]

[Dice roll on table.]

Travis: *Suck it!*

Greg: *Oh.*

Sage: *[slow] Oh no.*

Greg: *Wait! He's still got some tries! He can roll a 1 also.*

Zach: *I have one more try, 'cause of my Agility and my physical—*

Sage: *Come on. Come on Sammy!*

Travis: *Roll a 1.*

Sage: *Sammy Tombstone, get that 1!*

[Dice roll on table.]

[Everyone screams and claps.]

[Inspiring music.]

Jessica: *It is a 1. It is a 1.*

Sage: *Holy shit! Yes!*

Garrett: *Wow.*

Travis: *So what happens now?*

Sage: *Holy shit!*

Greg: *They kiss!*

[Everyone laughs.]

Garrett: *They both run for it, and then stumble and then they land—*

Greg: *And then Scumbag kisses them also!*

[Everyone chuckles.]

Garrett: *[stifling laughter] Land on top of each other kissing.*

Sage: *[amused] No, no, no. No, no, no, no. Okay.*

You guys both reach in. You leap from the ground. Uh, Young Mikel leaps. He's still on the floor and he just jumps, you know, his arm- launches his arm forward, grabs one end of the dynamite.

*[Scuffle. Boots tromp as **Sammy** charges.]*

And then Sammy just barely slides by and stops you from getting off the ground. And you're both just staring at each other with a stick o' dynamite. And the lighter is still on the floor.

Jessica: *I go to grab—*

Travis: *We should light it—*

Jessica: *No, I grab the lighter.*

Travis, Sage: *[together] Mmmm.*

Greg: *And I gesture to Scumbag...*

Darby: *Cover us.*

[Key clatters in a lock and a door squeaks open.]

Sage: *Meanwhile, Dallas is inside. He used the key, he gets inside this room and he finds a bunch of frozen meat. They have working 'frigerators, and he stuffs as much of it as he can into his bag.*

Dallas: *[quiet, urgent] Alright, lamb. There's a piece o- there's a piece o' meat. There's this some- all- there's some other stuff. Oh my gosh. Alright. I got it, I got it.*

[Rustling. Door creaks and clunks shut.]

Guy's let's- [yells] Guys, let's go!

Sage: *And Dallas runs across the courtyard! Sammy barely looks over for a second, and then he comes snapping right back to Young Mikel, making sure that the two of them do not let go of that stick of dynamite.*

Nova swoops in and grabs the lighter.

Travis: *Okay.*

Nova: *Hey, motherfuckers. You want this?*

[Everyone laughs.]

Travis: *[mock awe] What a woman!*

[Everyone continues laughing.]

Nova: *You're lookin' for this lighter? It's mine now. Tell me where my books are!*

Young Mikel: *I don't know what you're talking about!*

Nova: *Shut the fuck up, you pubecant bastard!*

Young Mikel: *Don't ask me a qu— You asked me a question!*

Nova: *Do you want your balls on the ground again?*

Young Mikel: *They are on the ground!*

[Greg cackles.]

Nova: *Do you want them in the earth's crusts?! I will do that! I will make them go down the rooftop to the ground!*

Greg: *[amused, quiet] Oh shit.*

Zach: *[amused, quiet] Oh Jesus.*

Nova: Give me my fucking books.

Sage: *You look over to where her stuff is being held, and it's right by your throne where you keep a lot of prisoner's stuff. It was near- where you look and you see CD grabbing a bunch of their weapons. Dallas, Darby, and Sammy. There's also a bag and a shotgun there that belong to Nova. And you see CD grabbing his weapons.*

Young Mikel: *[yells] CD! Shoot her! Shoot her in her stupid, bitch head!*

Sammy: No, CD! CD, I need you to shoot *Mike!* Right now.

Young Mikel: *[irked] Wha- hold on, hold on. What?*

CD: *[distant, frantic] What? Uh, shit. Uh...*

Young Mikel: CD!

Sammy: Shoot! Shoot Mikel!

Young Mikel: Sho- shoot anyone *but* me!

Darby: Hey! Scumbag!

[Sage chuckles.]

Get in the mix!

Sammy: CD! Remember Clarissa.

Sage: *Okay. There is a huge, like, five-way fucking quick-draw here. I'm gonna say—*

Travis: *Oh my god.*

Greg: *I quickly draw into cover.*

[Clothes rustle as Darby steps back into the elevator.]

Sage: *Dallas is runnin' towards the elevator. CD doesn't wanna shoot anybody, 'cause he's scared.*

Greg: *My finger's on the button hot.*

Sage: *But Scumbag's gonna shoot at Mikel.*

Travis: *Uh-huh. Can we do— Can I have a counter check?*

Garrett: *Do I see any of this happening?*

[Dice roll on table.]

Sage: Yes.

Travis: *What's my counter checking?*

Greg: *That's your—*

Sage: *2! Scumbag shoots at Mikel and he hits you in the shoulder.*

[Gunshot. Bullet rips into flesh.]

Travis: Ow. Ow.

[**Young Mikel** shrieks in pain.]

Sage: *So Dallas gets into the elevator with Darby. CD has a bunch of guns and he's already handed off to Darby a bunch of canteens from earlier. So you've got some water and you've got some food. He has the guns, and he looks at Mikel after he gets shot, and he says...*

CD: Hey, Mikel! Uh, eat shit! Your father's dead.

Sage: *And he runs towards the elevator, and he catches up with Darby and Dallas.*

Greg: *Can I open some suppressing fire for him?*

Sage: Sure.

Greg: Sweet.

[Gunshots ring out.]

Sage: *And all the Ravagers are shooting. Whole, open war-zone up here.*

Greg: *Oh my god, it's just like in Star Wars, when they're tryin'a escape from the Death Star, and like, Obi Wan Kenobi gets caught down—*

Sage: Okay. And then Darby—

[**Jessica** laughs. **Greg** stifles laughter.]

And then Darby jumps off the rooftop and he dies, and he's no longer part of the campaign.

[Everyone groans. **Zach** chuckles.]

Uh, just kidding. Meanwhile, Nova, you have the lighter still.

Jessica: Yes.

Sage: What are you gonna do with it?

Jessica: *I just wanna get my shit and leave.*

Sage: Okay. You see that CD has it, and they're all in the elevator waiting.

Jessica: CD has all of my books?

Sage: Yes.

Jessica: Okay, so I run after the group of guys.

Sage: Keeping the lighter?

Jessica: Keeping the lighter.

Sage: Sammy.

Zach: Am I still holding the dynamite with him?

Sage: Yes.

Zach: *Even after he got shot, he held on?*

Sage: *Mmm. Endurance. Roll for Endurance.*

Travis: *What am I rolling?*

Sage: *What did you roll last time?*

Travis: *10.*

Sage: *I think so.*

[Dice roll on table.]

Travis: *Ooo.*

Sage: *8.*

Greg: *Ow.*

Travis: *Now I'm lookin' like a little bitch.*

Sage: *Not good. He dropped it.*

Greg: *He did this [mocking] Ow.*

Sage: *Sammy, you have the dynamite. And if you can make it across the battlefield without gettin' shot, you're safe.*

Greg: *Suppressing fire.*

Zach: *Do I have— I have the letter from his dad that we killed, right?*

Sage: *Mm-hmm.*

Zach: *So I'm gonna be like...*

Sammy: *This is from your dad.*

*[Paper rustles as **Sammy** tosses the letter at **Mikel**.]*

Zach: *And then just leave [stifles laughter].*

Sage: *He lays down a piece of parchment right in front of Young Mikel, who's bleeding out a bit. And he sees just an "M" on it.*

Greg: *Squiggly written.*

Zach: *[amused] Yes.*

*[**Sage** stifles laughter.]*

Sammy: *That was your dad's last words.*

[Gunfire continues in the background.]

Sage: *Mikel is very angry, confused, and angsty as shit about this. He thinks it's poetic—*

Travis: *And my dick is still out.*

Sage: *And his dick is still out. And he lets out a haiku of his angst.*

Jessica: *Wow [stifles laughter].*

Young Mikel: [enunciates each syllable] You guys are big dicks!

[Greg and Zach chuckle. Jessica laughs.]

I am going to find...you

And I will *kill* you!

[Everyone cheers and claps.]

Sage: *They're in the elevator. The suppressing fire getting shot everywhere. You guys are able to duck down behind some shit that's in the elevator. You're hiding behind the door and it's, like, half open. And you're waiting, and you're holding for Nova to get through.*

Zach: *Sammy needs to get there.*

Sage: *So, Sammy, you're gonna roll for Agility.*

[Dice roll on table.]

Yay!

Garrett: *4. Way better.*

Zach: *4 will work. 4 will work.*

Greg: *Don't roll again.*

Sage: *4. It is not safe. You trip a couple times.*

Zach: *That's fine.*

Sage: *You look lazy. You almost drop the dynamite.*

Zach: *I look lazy? What do I—*

[Everyone chuckles.]

Break time! [chuckles]

Garrett: *He just kinda slugs himself over like, "Ugh."*

Travis: *He's really outta shape.*

Sage: *Yeah, yeah.*

Greg: *Darby- Darby snaps his fingers.*

Darby: [snapping fingers] *Come on. S-Sammy, Sammy. Over here.*

Sammy: *What? Oh. Yeah, yeah.*

Sage: *But you're able to dodge most of the gunfire that's—*

Zach: *Most?*

Jessica: *Most?*

[Everyone chuckles.]

Garrett: *Yeah. What the fuck?*

[Everyone continues chuckling.]

Sage: *All of the gunfire. That is hitting and getting indented into the doors of the elevator. And you slide into it and you're good, and you're safe. And Nova comes in right after you. But...they have a moment where they don't have to let Nova in. Talk about it.*

Darby: Come in!

[Everyone chuckles.]

Dallas: Get the hell in here!

Zach: *We have no reason not to. She helped us.*

Dallas: [frantic] Get in here!

Nova: Thank you. Thank you so much. Oh my god.

Sage: *The elevator door shuts, and you hear a bunch of bullets keep hitting it as the Ravagers try to catch you, and we hear the death scream of Young Mikel.*

Young Mikel: "M"... "M"... "M" for murder. I'm gonna kill 'em all...because they killed you. [quiet, intense] Before I could.



[Guitar strums slowly.]

Sage: *Night has completely fallen. The gunshots seem to have subsided. Clearly the elevator was called back up as you guys were going down, so you're gonna have to escape very quickly.*

Darby: Hey, d'you know that song that was playin' in there?

Nova: [sighs] No.

Darby: "The Girl from Ipanema".

[Dallas hums the tune.]

No, she heard it. She heard it.

Dallas: Oh. I'm sorry.

Nova: Ye- what about it?

Darby: Oh. I was just wonderin' if you knew it.

Nova: Oh.

CD: Okay, okay. So did you get the food?

Dallas: Yeah.

CD: Okay, great. And did- still got the water that I handed you.

Darby: Yes.

CD: Sammy, the dynamite didn't go off?

Sammy: Nope. Still got it here.

CD: And you got the lighter, girl?

Nova: Yes.

Sammy: Can I get my guns back?

Nova: And you have my shotgun and books.

CD: Okay, yeah.

Dallas: Oh, very nice.

Sammy: Yeah, I- I got *my* guns back.

Darby: Also, she has a name.

CD: Uh, what was her name?

Nova: My name is Nova.

Darby: Nice ta meet ya, Nova.

Nova: What's your name?

Darby: It's Darby. I'd stop and shake your hand, but I'm runnin' so much!

CD: Uh, welcome to the party. You're joining, uh, Angel Island?

Nova: I... N-n- um.

Dallas: You should come back with us. My name's Dally, by the way.

Nova: Ni-nice to meet you Dally, um, I would love to come back with—

Sammy: And I'm Sammy.

Nova: Hi, Sammy.

[Everyone chuckles.]

I didn't see you there, Sammy.

Sammy: Yeah, yeah. I'm the doctor/mortician.

Nova: [hesitant] I would- I would love to come join Angel—

Darby: Oh, that's great!

Nova: N- but there's a—

Darby: So guys, I was thinkin' about our escape route.

Nova: Uh, excuse me. Excuse me, um, I have bigger fish to fry as they say. It would help you guys if you let me, you know, just get my stuff and kinda just...

Dallas: We could use that fish for that 100 pounds of food that we need to get.

Nova: It's a meta—

CD: Hold on. Wh-why were you- why were you captured, anyway? Where were you?

Nova: Yes, I was, um, in a library up north. Trying to get some books.

CD: How far up north?

Nova: About...five miles.

CD: Okay, uh...well, did you find anything useful in this library?

Nova: D- it's the Freemason's Library.

CD: You loo- you look like you don't wanna be near us.

Nova: ...It's not that I don't *want* to be near you guys—

Darby: Is it the smell?

[Beat.]

Nova: Uh, well, I thought that was Bill. So I guess that *wasn't* Bill.

Dallas: Sorry, it's the dead fish that I got in my bag.

Darby: Yeah, that's what it is.

Nova: That's cool. You could make sushi. You know?

Dallas: Oh, that sounds pretty good. You can tell me how to do that?

Nova: Uh...

Sage: *You guys go across the drawbridge, and you go into a couple of different skyscrapers, and you're goin' through all these different forts. And eventually you actually find land, and you're on a hill. And you see beaten down concrete and street lights have fallen, and there's a couple of buildings that you could probably go into. And you see Nova starting to go in a different direction.*

Darby: Hey, Nova.

Nova: [distant] Um, yeah?

Darby: ...Thanks.

Nova: No problem. Thanks, Darby.

CD: Is there anything you can tell us about this library?

Nova: It is a pretty big abandoned place. Uh, they've got some great books and—

Dallas: Where is it?

Darby: Oh, oh, oh! Could you draw it on this, uh, on one o' the pieces of paper in my book? My diary? [fast] Skip the first couple o' pages, please.

[Everyone chuckles.]

Nova: Sure?

Sage: *She scribbles it down. She also makes the logo next to it. The Freemason's logo. You guys know what that looks like? With the little, uh, you know.*

Greg: *With the "G".*

Sage: *And the- yeah.*

Greg: *For geometry or God.*

Sage: *Mm-hmm.*

[Journal thuds as **Nova** closes it and hands it back.]

Nova: Be safe. Make wise choices.

[Stifled laughter.]

Dallas: Hey, Nova?

Nova: Yes, Dallas?

Dallas: Thanks.

Nova: Y-you're welcome, guys. You guys are very...filled with a lotta gratitude. Sammy, what're you- what's on your mind?

Sammy: Hmm? I wasn't payin' attention.

[Everyone laughs.]

Credits

[Episode End guitar music plays throughout.]

Sage: Thanks for the support. Because of you, this show is possible.

Dallas Porter was played by Garrett Reasoner

Darby McManis was played by Greg Reasoner

Sammy Tombstone was played by Zach Dailey

Young Mikel was played by guest Travis Reaves

And Nova was played by guest Jessica Dahlgren.

And all the editing and music was done by myself, Sage G.C.

[Music fades.]