

Transcript of Dust and Blood Episode 29 - Eat, Drink, and be Wary

Transcribed by Gale Parker.

[Dust and Blood by Arne Parrott plays: Dust is in my eyes, my blood is on the ground. A quiet little chuckle, and the shuffling of the boots of the coward that shot me down. He turns toward the sunrise, and I hear him softly say "I guess you've met your match, old man," as the colors fade to gray...]

Keith: Howdy Pardners! Dust and Blood is a rabble-rousin', rootin'-tootin', bronco-bustin' podcast, not suitable for the ears of youngins! Take a gander at the content warnings and listen with care.

Blake: Welcome to Dust and Blood, a narrative-play podcast set in the wild, weird fantasy west. I'm Blake, your GM, and our players are Keith Curtis as Jasper Graves, Corinne Hill as Myra Sting, Zach Parker as Moz Copernicus Prior, and Gale Parker as Bonesaw.

Last time on Dust and Blood, our heroes grappled with a dryad and sentient gun angered by Bonesaw's plant defilement. After Awakening the plant, the party faced life-changing decisions when offered their heart's desires by Aggys, leader of the Witchmarket.

[Water trickling ambience.]

Blake: We come back, you all are outside surrounded by that same level of twilight that has been here the entire time. You still see the same glow from all the shops. You're still on the center ring and Aggys has started to move along with her cart, continuing this long counterclockwise direction, kind of ignoring you now. Your business with her seems to be done. Your little friend the Goodberry bush is sitting on Smokey's back, apparently having found a uh, comfortable spot, and is just kind of—[happy bush sounds]—and you see that he's taken the shards of his pot, kind of melded them together with branches and roots, and put it on its head.

[Laughter.]

Keith: This is right.

Corinne: So cute!

Blake: Jasper, how does your communication with Smokey work?

Keith: Uh, it's—it's language. I do not have a uh, psychic connection of any kind.

Blake: Okay.

Keith: She understands some—some basic words in—in English and can do tricks based on those words.

Blake: Give me a Sense Motive.

Keith: All righty, Sense Motive. There it is...

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: Twenty-one, woohoo!

Blake: You can tell pretty easily Smokey is distressed about something, and it doesn't have to do with the Goodberry bush stuck to her saddle.

Keith: All righty.

Gale: Aww!

Blake: Something is troubling her, and like, she immediately comes over and nuzzles you.

Keith (as Jasper): What's up, girl?

Keith: Uh, I am going to do a quick visual inspection of Smokey, checking her hooves, uh, for any damage, uh, or maybe her Shoes of the Zephyr are giving her problems here, in this uh, strange place?

Blake: You check her over. Everything seems to fine. She seems a little bit dirtier than when you first arrived?

[Gale gasps.]

Corinne: Did time pass?

Gale: Ooo!

Blake: Something just... it seems like it's been a bit longer. Who had active magical effects up on them?

Gale: I did... I had wild-magicked my way into Comprehend Languages.

Keith: I came in here with probably two effects on me.

Blake: How long do they typically last?

Keith: Uh, I think it's one hour per level? One is the uh... the one that uh, eliminates my uh, sensitivity to sunlight, and then the other one is uh, Longstrider.

Blake: Both of those have faded.

Keith: Okay.

Gale: Mine is ten minutes per level.

Blake: That has definitely faded.

[Gale laughs.]

Gale: Okay.

Blake: And Bonesaw, your magic potions—do they lose their efficacy after twenty-four hours?

Gale: I know that I prepare them in the mornings...

Blake: Mhmm.

Gale: Presumably, if I haven't prepared them again, and it's been several mornings, then they would no longer be any good.

Blake: Mhmm.

Gale: [laughing] ...shit.

Keith: Looking at Smokey, uh, I'm going to go into her gear, and I typically keep uh, topping off uh, five days worth of horse feed, so a bag of oats or—or such. I say with my fantastic knowledge of real world horses.

[Laughter.]

Keith: 'You put hay in one end, and—and you go miles.'

[Laughter.]

Blake: Yeah!

Keith: But yeah, I'm going to see if uh, if she wants a feeding.

Blake: She absolutely, like as soon as bring it out, just immediately is starting to eat it down, and just—[eating noises]—go through it, giving happy little whickers.

Keith (as Jasper): Oh my goodness...

Gale (as Bonesaw): Wow, that's quite the appetite! I don't think I've seen Smokey go after her hay quite that voraciously before.

Keith (as Jasper): No, I'm wondering if... Now, you and me, we're a little bit different. You uh, you regular mortal folks, those of you got functionin' innards, are you guys particularly hungrier than normal?

Blake: Both Myra and Moz, you feel exactly the same. In fact, when you guys came in, it was kind of later in the day, I don't even know if you guys had had an evening supper when you came in.

Gale: No, probably not.

Blake: But you're not feeling hungry. You're not feeling any more hungry or thirsty than you did when you came in.

Zach: Huh...

Corinne: Huh...

Gale: Bonesaw is looking down at his little bandolier where he keeps the vials of his elixirs, and he's like—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh, that's weird! I thought I'd prepared a few of these, before... going into Aggys's, and they seem to have gone dead.

Keith (as Jasper): I don't know, we might be in a uh, a Rip Van Winkle-type situation here. Uh, we might return to Albuquerque to find out that they have invented flying carriages pulled by flying horses.

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): They keep promising those!

Zach (as Moz): Is anyone feeling particularly drowsy or woozy?

Blake: Nobody is feeling at all tired, any more than you did when you first came in.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Not really.

Keith (as Jasper): Hey there, Moz, how's The Sheriff?

Blake: The Sheriff pops its head out of Moz's pocket, gives a little—*[ribbit]*—and hops up onto your shoulder, and starts tracking a series of fairies that are fluttering around—

[Laughter.]

Zach: Oh!

Blake: —Uh, just small sprites.

Keith (as Jasper): This is not good.

Zach (as Moz): No, no, no, no, no! Not—not that, Sheriff. We'll find you—we'll find you something, but...

Keith (as The Sheriff): Frog Law guarantees me a fairy every week.

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): Oh... we got to find ourselves an inn, and we got to do it quick. Sheriff gets feisty when he's hungry!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Well, maybe Rey's has food! Some—some bar nibbles?

Corinne (as Myra): Yeah, I could go for that.

Zach (as Moz): That's a swell idea, there.

Blake: You do see that marquee in the distance for Rey's. Uh, you see that tall domed building off to your left a little bit. As you look around, you also see in the direction similar to the way that you had been coming is a large columned building, kind of stone Parthenon-looking place, that hadn't really seen before. It's in the opposite direction of Rey's, but you guess it's a bit closer. As you're looking and you're trying to decide, you see this giant creature, almost looks like a moth, but as you look closer, you see it has a giant deer skull for a face flying overhead circling, before it suddenly swoops down and picks up a pair of Lamplighters, and starts flapping, just flying off into the distance, two lamplighters scrambling in its claws.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Holy shit! We need to get under cover!

[Laughter.]

Blake: After a few moments, you all see a bright plume of fire come out from one of the Lamplighters, and both are dropped as this moth-creature gives an inhuman shriek of pain.

Zach (as Moz): Well, seems like someone missed their beauty sleep. We should get cover.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Let's stay away from those!

Keith: Is anybody else in the market reacting to this?

Blake: Nobody else in the market is reacting. You are on the inner ring, and the only person who's like inside the inner ring is Aggys, who's already halfway around the fountain. You don't know how—like you guys were just standing there for a few seconds. Like, it's only been uh, like a minute at most, and she's already halfway around the fountain.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Ah, you know—maybe time is moving a lot more quickly here? We should get back out to the outer ring.

Zach (as Moz): Agreed.

Keith (as Jasper): Oo! You think it might have something to do with how far, deep we are into the market?

Gale (as Bonesaw): Let's discuss it further away, shall we? Maybe we can get a straight answer out of someone! Food, drinks, cover, Rey's. Let's go!

[Fountain sounds fade into Witchmarket ambience.]

Blake: Do you guys have a preference of how you get there?

Gale: I think 'quickly' is the, is the watchword.

Blake: Quickly? Name of the game?

Zach: Straight shot!

Blake: Okay. Give me a Survival check, everybody.

Gale: Oo...

Keith: Okey-dokey.

Blake: To be clear, this is a group check, so one person failing won't sink you.

[Dice rolling.]

Zach: Ooo!

Gale: Did I roll better than Jasper, *what?*

Blake: Wow!

Corinne: Wow!

Keith: Well, it depends...

Zach: / rolled better than Jasper!

Keith: I—I have a plus two, if this counts as urban, or plus f—another plus five if this counts as tracking!

Zach: Wow!

Blake: Wow!

Zach: I had a plus nothing and rolled a straight nineteen! That is excellent rolls for everyone!

Keith: Yeah!

Corinne: We all rolled better than Jasper!

Gale: We're killing it! We're killing it!

Keith: I rolled a natural two...

[Laughter.]

Blake: Yeah, that's uh...

Zach: You're kidding! A natural two, and you still got an eighteen?

[Laughter.]

Blake: Yeah, this is... wow.

Gale: I had to roll a nineteen to beat you!

Keith: Let's go play hide and seek, there, and I'll see who—!

[Laughter!]

Blake: Between all of you kind of, making your way quickly and paying attention, there's a couple of times where you... It almost feels like you're about to lose sight of each other, and in fact for a second, Jasper, you do lose sight of everybody, except for the Berry boy sitting up on top of Smokey, and that's the only way you know that you're going in the correct direction. But you all make your way further around. As you get parallel with that tall domed building, you see a bunch of people. Uh, you actually get a straight shot at the front, and it looks like this magnificent beautiful theater entrance, big torches on the outside, a literal red carpet rolling out the front, what appears to be a set of gavels crossed above the doorway...

Gale: Hmm!

Blake: And you see what appears to be a very wealthy human dressed up in a beautiful three-piece suit, long curled mustache, uh, slicked down pomaded hair, accompanied by a couple of rather intimidating-looking bodyguards going inside. But, you continue on your way, and finally you find yourself outside of Rey's.

[Cheerily melancholic music with a Parisian flair starts up.]

Blake: It's the kind of place that feels more at home in an oldtime 'outside of Paris' kind of tavern. Just this small hole-in-the wall place in the middle of this busy square. It has the marquee that you see has all of these little magical lamps around. A lovely little wooden door that occasionally some fae creatures come in and out of... Standing on either side of the door, on one side is a beautiful woman that uh, is holding and eating an apple, wearing a long white dress—

Gale: Hm.

Blake: —long red hair, her eyes glow blue, and what's most interesting is, she appears from the angle that she's looking at you, to have a fox tail.

Gale: Hm!

Blake: The other one looks almost like it could be her twin, albeit he is male.

Gale: Ahh!

Blake: They both appear to have some sort of fungus growing on them, and when the woman turns around to answer the question of some fae coming out, you see her back appears to be completely hollow—

[Gale gasps.]

Keith: Ah!

Blake: —and made of wood. As you approach, the male says—

Blake (as male): Oh, welcome to Rey's! What can we do you for?

Gale (as Bonesaw): Ah, drinks! We need drinks!

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): And maybe some food? For our pets? We're not sure if we need it too... or how long we've been here.

Blake (as male): Aye, if you're looking for food, looking for drink, you've come to the right place.

Blake (as female): Oh yes, my dear! You have... Welcome to Rey's, the best little drinking hole this side of Faerie. Have you all been here before?

Gale (as Bonesaw): First time!

Keith (as Jasper): No, no! Never been here before.

Blake (as female): Wonderful! And that will be... six of you?

Blake: Uh, looks at Myra, Bonesaw, Jasper, Moz, the Goodberry bush, and Smokey.

[Keith laughs.]

Keith (as Jasper): Uh, before we begin uh, taking advantage of your kind hospitality, uh, being new here in town, we have noticed a certain uh, difference in how transactions are handled. What sort of thing do you folks uh, accept as uh, payment for vittles and libations?

Blake: Both of them grin this almost-too-large canine smile and say—

Blake (as male): Well, the Master of the House accepts all sorts of pieces of payment. Perhaps you're feeling a specific emotion that you want to give up. If you have any specific things that you want to ply here, I'm certain that Master Renard—

[Gale laughs.]

Blake (as male): —is more than happy to take a look at it.

Blake (as female): Oh yes! A good joke, a good practical joke, some favors are always well looked after, and well-liked.

Keith (as Jasper): Uh, how about a recitation?

Blake (as female): Oh! A performance is always welcome!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh!

Keith (as Jasper): All right, then!

Gale (as Bonesaw): This place sounds right up our alley!

Keith (as Jasper): I think I can handle that!

Blake (as male): Welcome in, and please enjoy your stay!

Blake: And they both bow, and the door opens—

[Crowd ambience and lively music.]

Blake: —the sounds of a raucous party coming from inside.

Gale (as Bonesaw): All right, do we want to get a booth or something?

Keith (as Jasper): It sounded like he was inviting all of us in, including Barry and Smokey.

Zach (as Moz): The Sheriff wants to sit at the bar.

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): Alright—

Keith: Eating peanuts!

Gale (as Bonesaw): —maybe, maybe we start there. I feel like we have some things to talk about.

Keith (as Jasper): Well, I'll go wherever the group goes.

Keith: Is uh...? Uh, looking around, uh, at the clientele, are there other animals in here?

Blake: In fact, yes, as you look around, coming in, it is a bustling place. You see a mixture of fae folk, from tiny sprites that have tables set up on tables, to massive lumbering hulks in the back, a couple of just... appear to be regular-ass frogs sitting in a tub on the edge of the bar.

Gale: Hee!

Blake: You see what appear to be jackalopes in one corner.

Gale: Oo!

Corinne: Mm!

Blake: But yeah, there's all sorts of folks. You hear some delightful fiddle music coming from uh, one of the back corners—

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: —it appears to be a window out to an amazingly gorgeous set of rolling hills with some trees and pastures, that the fiddle music appears to be coming from. The door itself you see, says: 'Enter not, lest ye be a sailor, bachelor, or unwedded thee.' This is above the door next to the window.

Gale: Mhmm!

Zach: Interesting.

Blake: Behind the bar, slinging drinks, is a dapper fox man, big golden eyes, wearing a suit with a little cravat done up—

[Gale makes a pleased sound.]

Blake: —taking orders, taking drinks, passing them along to more of those women who look—once again—almost identical to the woman and man outside, the open-backed dresses showing their wooden backs as they take drinks around, and as soon as you all enter and have taken the place, the fox man behind says—

Blake (as Fox Man): Ah! More patrons! Come, come! Join us!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh, wonderful! Do you have sort of of a reverse tab situation set up, where we could like... do some performances, and you could tell us how many drinks we get from that?

Blake: He smiles, and says—

Blake (as Fox Man): Ah, you're looking to give us a performance, are you? That's wonderful, absolutely, what—what are you looking to perform?

Gale (as Bonesaw): Well, this man's got the best book of plays you ever heard!

Zach (as Moz): Pretty handy with the fiddle.

Gale (as Bonesaw): And, like Moz said, he's great with the fiddle. I've got a sort of undulating blob thing that's very fun to look at!

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): Goiter! Show off!

Gale: Bonesaw pokes Goiter until he comes out.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Goiter comes out, comes up onto your neck, gives this big like, fleshy yawn, and the glasses just come and poke out and Renard gives this sharp bark of a laugh and says—

Blake (as Fox Man): Aha! I love it! This is wonderful! Oh!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Also, Myra is a fantastic sharpshooter, and can do trick shots.

Corinne (as Myra): Oh! Uh!

Blake (as Fox Man): Oh, trick shots?

Corinne (as Myra): Yeah.

Blake (as Fox Man): Really? Shoot this out of the air!

Blake: And he tosses a bottle up into the air.

Corinne (as Myra): Oh shit!

Corinne: She takes Morning Glory and she's going to fire Morning Glory for the first time ever.

Blake: Ooh! Go ahead and roll an attack!

[Gale laughs.]

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: Oh!

Blake: Yeah, you pull this out and fire a shot—this is the first time you fired, and it goes off like a fucking cannon!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Everybody feels a searing light, and especially Jasper and Bonesaw, you feel your hair kind of curl at the ends—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Ahh! [hisses].

Blake: —just too close to this gun as it fires. It hits the bottle, and rather than shattering it fully, suddenly it is just a spray of glass and iced whiskey that falls and hits the ground.

[Gale laughs.]

Corinne (as Myra): Oh my god!

Zach (as Moz): It's a waste of good whiskey!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Renard looks at it and just gives a clap, and says—

Blake (as Renard): Oh, wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful! Oh! Yes, I think we can get you some things, what are you looking for?

Blake: —and he starts pulling stuff off the table.

Blake (as Renard): Or, if you would like to perform first, uh, and then I can judge you based on that. Are you—? Would you like to open a tab, or are you going to be paying as you go?

Gale (as Bonesaw): Probably better if we pay as we go... just, knowing myself.

Blake (as Renard): Hm. Shame.

Zach (as Moz): I'll start a tab for myself and The Sheriff.

[Laughter.]

Zach: Moz is going to take a quick moment to approach the tub of frogs that are just chilling there, and he's going to drop The Sheriff off, and say—

Zach (as Moz): Now, don't go too crazy now, I need you to drive me home.

[Laughter.]

Zach: —and return to the group.

Gale: The Sheriff is going to rack up a massive tab, and you're going to have to pay it!

[Laughter.]

Zach: Oh yeah, this—this—

Blake: The Sheriff lands in this water. All of the other frogs look at him with his little hat on—

Gale: Eee!

Blake (as frogs): [Ribbiting]

Blake: —and they all just start ribbiting at each other. Apparently they're getting down to some sort of business!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Oh no. It's the Frog Mafia!

Zach (as Moz): Ah! Best partner-in-crime there is!

Blake: And then Renard, in the middle of talking to you, pulls another bottle down, shakes it up, takes a wine glass, holds it upside down, opens the bottle, and pours it so that it falls upwards into the glass—

Gale: Ohhohohoh!

Blake: —swirls it around, sniffs it, and then passes it over to one of the servers who just walks by, grabs it, and starts taking it.

Blake (as Renard): Now, if you're looking for a stage, it's right over there across from the window. Don't go through that door if you value your life, uh, otherwise, enjoy! Let any of the servers know, and welcome to Rey's!

Blake: —and he gives you a deep bow.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Thank you! Jasper do you want to go ?

Keith (as Jasper): Uh, yeah! I could... Uh, what do you think? You think something uh... rousing? Although it's a bit long... Uh... something about love or something about uh, despair?

[Zach laughs.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): Hmm... Which do you think is least familiar to the fae here? I feel like they're—they're probably very excited by like, weird mortal things things they don't normally get to experience.

Corinne (as Myra): Which is more like, mundane things, like doing taxes.

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): Well then, I think... Although the one about despair might be a bit of a downer, it is about time...

Gale (as Bonesaw): Ooh!

Keith (as Jasper): Which is uh... Something that uh, might not be uh, within their uh... their experience. Uh, yeah, sure, I'll—I'll go!

Keith: What does this stage look like?

Blake: Honestly, it looks a bit like a karaoke bar in a kind of shitty dive bar—

[Gale and Keith laugh.]

Blake: —that kind of small wooden stage, just a little bit raised up. It's off to the side. There's a couple of what appear to be fish-people sitting next to it, talking in a guttural language. One of the servers comes by carrying what appears to be a cloud with a string wrapped around it, holds it over them, taps it with a hammer, and it—[boom!]*—*thunders, and starts raining down water on all of them.

Gale: Ohohohoh!

Corinne: That's pretty cool!

Keith: Alright, uh, well, if there—if there's the equivalent of an open mic, or if it's just a walk up and do sort of thing...?

Blake: It does seem like it's a 'walk up and do' sort of thing.

Keith: All right, I'll walk up on stage, say uh—

Keith (as Jasper): Good uh... morning, afternoon, or evening, whatever it might be... uh, gentlefolk.

Gale (as Bonesaw): [cheering loudly] Whoo! Go Jasper! Jasper!

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): Thank you, thank you! I—I'd like, I'd like to do a—a—a fairly... fairly short piece? But it's uh... it's an extremely mortal piece? Uh... So, I—I hope you enjoy it. Uh... this is spoken by a man, uh, whose wife has just passed away, and all of his hopes and dreams have been crushed. Uh... because he dared to uh... uh try to uh, flounce fate. Uh, and it starts off with uh... uh, a mournful dirge about time. [shifting to New England accent] And it begins—

Keith: —and he stands up straight—

Keith (as Jasper): [New England accent]

*Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.*

[Applause]

Keith: He bows straight from the waist.

Gale: Bonesaw claps uproariously.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Whoo! Go Jasper!

[Laughter.]

Keith: —and then he seems to be overcome, like—he goes rigid, and just kind of like stalks off stage without bending his knees.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Several of the patrons of the bar clap and give a little bit of applause. Renard, you see, behind the bar, looks over, gives you a little thumbs up from his paw as he continues to pour drinks. You notice that the Goodberry bush took a seat at the bar—

[Laughter.]

Blake: —and has a big jug of some sort of purple liquid in front of him.

Keith: I love Barry!

Zach (as Moz): Uh, Jasper? How'd the bush pay for that?

Blake: And Smokey is standing at the bar, and Renard keeps like, stopping, looking, staring down Smokey, and then continuing on his way. And this has happened like, just in the time that you've been there? At least four times.

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: Smokey just standing there, staring at him.

Keith: Okay, I—I have a feeling some sort of communication is going on there, but I will lean over to uh, to Moz, and say—

Keith (as Jasper): What I just did up there, whatever that buys, that'll... that'll go towards Barry, I... I ain't going to eat or drink nothing while we're here. I ain't no idiot.

Zach (as Moz): Fair enough.

[Keith laughs.]

Gale: Bonesaw's going to slide onto the stool next to Barry and say—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Look, I know we didn't get off to the best start, and I'm not... you know. Should you really be drinking that?

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): You're what? A couple minutes old?

Blake: It turns its entire body in the chair.

Blake (as Barry): [grumpy leafy noises]

Gale (as Bonesaw): We're really going to have to teach you another language. Or, you know, maybe I could learn 'Leaf!' Or whatever this is, you know? Uh...

Blake: He picks up the big barrel, turns it and dumps it on you.

Corinne: Oh! No, no, no, no, no, no!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Ah!

Keith: Wow!

Corinne: Myra picks up the bush like a toddler, and is like—

Corinne (as Myra): Okay!

Keith: 'You've had enough there, young man!'

Corinne (as Myra): We-'re...we're done with the juice.

Corinne: Um, and hands a very small handkerchief over to Bonesaw, and is like—

Corinne (as Myra): Sorry, I only have... I only have this.

Gale: Bonesaw dabs at his leather mask with the handkerchief, and just like... lets everything else be wet. Um, and he says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): You know, I—I don't really blame him. I haven't been great. I didn't—! I mean... I didn't know he was—! It's not like he was... alive before? In a way that I thought...?

Keith (as Jasper): Cheer up, Bonesaw! That might have been a sign of affection! That might've—he might have been watering you!

[Laughter]

Gale (as Bonesaw): [cooing] Aw! That's very sweet! You know, you're so right, Jasper! Maybe—maybe when I reached out, he—he forgave all that, and we're off on a good foot now!

Keith: Jasper says this from about ten feet away, out of the splash zone.

[Laughter.]

Blake: The Goodberry bush just—

Blake (as Barry): [upset, disagreeing leaf sounds.]

Blake: —and it kind of shuffles some of its red leaves at you, Myra.

Corinne (as Myra): Oh... listen. Listen, we're uh... We're—we're friends. It's okay. We're—we're going to... We're going to treat you much better now.

Corinne: And she kind of looks at the gun in her hand and kind of mutters—

Corinne (as Myra): Can you talk to him?

Gale: Ooh!

Corinne (as Myra): Maybe help us reassure him?

Corinne: She's not sure if the gun can talk to anybody else but her, so she's investigating.

Blake (as Morning Glory): I will try.

Blake: Moment of absolute silence.

Blake (as Morning Glory): I'm afraid most of the words that he says about the Plant-defiler are unable to be translated into the paltry images of this 'English' that you speak.

[Laughter.]

Blake (as Morning Glory): Allow me to give you the images—

Blake: —and suddenly you're bombarded by the telepathic images of a forest fire, a dry desert, a giant mud slide that a single tree is just getting crushed by—very violent imagery!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Myra blinks, and goes—

Corinne (as Myra): Wow that's uh... really uh... vivid language. Very... very colorful language.

Gale (as Bonesaw): All good things, I'm sure! Listen, I'll pay for whatever the plant wants to drink, all right?

Corinne (as Myra): Well, oh—okay. Yeah, maybe...

Gale (as Bonesaw): Show... Show of good faith!

Corinne: She kind of looks at the bush again, and goes—

Corinne (as Myra): You know, Bonesaw can get you a drink? Drink?

Corinne: And she pantomimes 'drink,' with her hand, to see if that helps.

Gale (as Bonesaw): To make up for all the ones I never gave, you know?

Corinne (as Myra): Mhmm.

Blake: The bush looks at Bonesaw, gives a rustle of—of just... resignation.

[Gale laughs.]

Corinne: Aw!

[A shift in the music to a comforting violin tune signals a shift in the scene.]

Zach: While this is going on, Moz might be distracted by... you said there was fiddle music coming from the window?

Blake: There is!

Zach: I think he's going to go investigate that.

Blake: Okay. Give me a Perception check.

Zach: What would you say is like, the quality of the music that's being produced? Is it nice? Is it... Could it use some work? Is it masterful?

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: From what he can tell, it's amateurish, but in the way that is just... impossibly endearing.

Zach: Hm.

Blake: —and as he listens, it shifts from this very amateurish, to very professional... this like... This is some of the best fiddle music you've ever heard.

Gale: Ohohoh!

Zach: Hm! We'll see about that!

Blake: It reminds you of a time that is long past, and then shifts again, back to... almost a chorus of fiddle music. Fiddles dueling together in this happy back and forth, and it keeps this shifting constant changing, not really... any song that you recognize, but one that touches somewhere deep in your soul.

Zach: Hm.

Blake: As you look out the window, you don't see anybody. You just see these misty forms glowing slightly blue.

Zach: Does Moz reason that the music is coming from the misty forms?

Blake: It does seem like it's coming from the misty forms.

Zach: So, outside the window, is that still part of the bar? Or is this more on the street of the Witchmarket?

Blake: It does not look like it is part of the Witchmarket. The Witchmarket has constantly been in this twilight, the entire time you've been there, and it's been foggy and city-esque. Looking out here, it looks like the rolling hills of Ireland on a beautiful sunny day. Pastoral and peaceful and the kind of place where you could go and lay down and just rest... forever.

Gale: Hmm...

Zach: How big is the window?

Blake: It's like several bay windows to look out and see. Very large windows. Enough to give a lot of coverage.

Zach: Is it glass, or is it just open like, panels?

Blake: It appears to be some sort of glass that is incredibly clear. Definitely not any sort of leaded glass, and it is cleaned to perfection.

Zach: I think that probably satiates Moz's curiosity. I'm not sure what he was expecting, but... Uh, just... Just because he's Moz, uh, is there a method of closing the window?

Blake: It does look like there's some shutters.

Zach: Okay. Moz is going to try and hinder the fiddle music from entering the bar so that it won't drown out his performance.

[Gale laughs.]

Zach: So he'll put down the uh, the shutters.

Blake: As soon as he touches the shutter, the entire room goes silent.

[Laughter.]

Keith: Yep!

Zach: Can never have a moment, can I?

[Laughter.]

Gale: Well, you got their attention!

Corinne: That's true!

Gale (as Bonesaw): [cheering] Whoo! Go Moz!

Blake: When Bonesaw calls this out, every single eye in the place looks, not at Moz, but at you, Bonesaw!

Zach: Whew! Thank you!

Blake: —and there's this collective—

Blake [as Patrons]: Shhhhhh!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Sorry, sorry!

Blake: —at Bonesaw, and Renard puts a hand on your shoulder, and says—

Blake (as Renard): It's okay, lad, just... give it a moment. We've got some folks coming in.

[Gale gasps.]

[A mournful dirge begins to play]

Blake: The door opens, and in walks a man who is just dripping wet, dressed in an old United Kingdom naval uniform. Old man, looks like the kind of Old Salt who's been on the water for fifty years kind of guy. He stumbles in up to the bar, and croaks out, water pouring out of his mouth, and he just says—

Blake (as Old Salt): [desperate] Give me a rum!

Blake: —and Renard wordlessly takes down a glass, pours a large cup of rum, sets it in front of the Old Salt, who just picks it up, downs it in one go, slams it down. Second, you see another man come in, same thing, dripping wet. Uh, carrying on his shoulder a life preserver, says 'HMS Khersonese.' He stumbles in, sits down.

Blake (as sailor): Rum! Give me rum!

Blake: Uh, and Renard pours it for him as well. Everybody in the bar is watching these men. A third man comes in, he appears to be Indian, not wearing the full British naval uniform, but the

uniform of someone who would be down in the coal stokers area of a ship. He comes in, not soaked in water, but smoldering, and half of his face appears to be burned off. He steps forward and... he tries to say 'rum,' but his throat is just curdled and burnt away.

Gale: Ugh!

Blake: Renard wordlessly sets down, pours the drink. Once all three of them have their drinks, they stand up, and arm-in-arm they walk, and go to that door that you very much were told not to go through by the sign on it, and all three step through... and as soon as the door opens—

[Music shifts to a wistful, hopeful, comforting song.]

Blake: —there is this wash of calming peaceful energy, of fiddle music that plays happy tunes of rest and calm, and as they begin to walk, you see, they begin to dry up, the man carrying the life preserver sets it on the ground, breathing in a deep sigh of relief. The man who was burned, his wounds begin to heal, and they begin to walk out onto the green, these rolling hills. Listening to the fiddlers as they turn into mist.

[Heavenly music fades.]

Zach (as Moz): Well... I think I'd like to learn how to play a tune like that. It'd do wonders for Jasper.

[Gale laughs.]

Keith (as Jasper): I have not spent fifty years at sea, I don't think I can go there!

Zach (as Moz): Oh, I'm sure it'll help you in one way or another!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Almost as suddenly as it ended, the sounds begin to start up again. The fiddle music quiets down a little bit. You see the drips of water are still on the ground as one of the waiters goes and starts mopping it up. Renard holds out a hand and says—

Blake (as Renard): Apologies for that! Now! I believe it's time for another performance!

[Applause.]

Zach (as Moz): Suppose it's about my turn!

Blake (as Renard): Wonderful! Step up, and let's hear what you can do!

Zach: He's going to pull out his fiddle. I think he's actually going to do a Bardic Performance, and he is going to Fascinate the crowd.

Gale: Ohh!

Blake: Oo!

Keith: Jasper is going to glance nervously over his shoulder, remembering Moz's last public performance.

[Laughter.]

Zach: I have a question about how the room is lit. Are those candlelit lanterns?

Blake: They appear to be the same kind of magical lantern that was outside on the marquee, just, rather than flashing on and off, they produce a steady warm tone.

Zach: Moz will kick into a fairly jovial tune, but if you'll allow me, he's going to cast some illusion magic that will appear to be pulling flames from the candles—

[Gale makes gleeful exclamations.]

Zach: —sort of mixing it into the center of the room above everyone's heads, and uh, he'll create sort of like a—a stampede of different animals of fire, just. running around in circles, jumping over the different patrons, going between people's legs—

[Gale gasps.]

Zach: —dogs, cats, lions... More mythical things, couple things uh, from the Faerie realm that we're seeing outside, but... Just giving everyone a good show, and I think he'll end with a flourish that will kind of dim the lights fairly substantially, but return them back to their normal lighting.

Blake: Absolutely!

Gale: That is so cool!

Blake: You—you start pulling this performance, almost pulling this magic from the air itself—

Gale: Oh!

Blake: —in a similar way that Bonesaw used the inherent magic of fae market before, you do the same, pulling this in, not even needing to expend a spell slot to start creating all of these beautiful creatures running around, and every single person in the place, even the creatures

that seem to be completely obsessed with whatever they're talking about, take pause and turn around and look at you, as you're making this amazing performance. And... at the end of it, there is just, uproarious applause that you hear just, an amazing amount of people cheering for you.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Whoo! Go Moz!

Keith (as Jasper): Bravo! Bravo!

Zach: Moz will give a—a low bow and uh, move off the stage, going immediately towards the bar to grab a drink.

Gale: Bonesaww covers him with one huge arm and leans in, and says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): That was great! But we really got to start saving you for last! How's Goiter supposed to follow that?

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): Ah, you'll think of something, Bones! Maybe you'll teach Goiter a trick or two!

Gale (as Bonesaw): All right, well! No time like the present!

Zach (as Moz): Be waiting for you with the drink when you're done!

Keith (as Jasper): You can always take off your skin!

[Laughter.]

Gale: Ooo!

Corinne: Oh, actually—!

Blake: Renard, as you come over, Moz? Pours you a glass of whiskey—

Zach: Hm!

Blake: —and as he turns it, gives it a small flick, just enough to form an ice cube just out of thin air, just—[*whish!*!—that falls in, perfectly spiralled. It's a nice big chunky sphere of an ice cube.

[Gale laughs.]

Zach (as Moz): Now that's a drink! Thank you kindly.

Blake (as Renard): Quite worthy of it. Oh... don't look now, you're going to have a few people that are coming up to speak with you.

Gale: Oo!

Blake: And you turn, Moz, and you see across the room, two different women looking at you. One is this tall dark-haired woman, almost Greek complexion to her, hair done up in a bun with tresses running down the sides. She's wearing a toga and you see she has a small harp next to her.

Gale: Oho!

Zach: Huh...

Blake: She looks like she's just giving a small smile. The other is a tall pale-skinned woman wearing a long flowing green dress, crimson hair that goes down to her waist, small pointed ears, and appears to have a crown of twigs on her head as she's looking at you with a wolfish grin.

[Gale and Zach laugh.]

Zach (as Moz): Well! Seems I'm popular with the ladies tonight!

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: Bonesaw, you approach. What are you going to do?

Gale: Bonesaw grabs a tall stool, slaps it in the center of the stage, pulls out Goiter, and plops him on top with a big wet smack to get everyone's attention, and he says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): I like to call this bit 'What can we stuff in Goiter?'

[Everybody laughs.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): I need some volunteers from the audience to offer up items of any sort, and we'll see if they can go in Goiter! I'll start!

Gale: Uh, and he—

Zach: [muttering] This feels like animal abuse...

[Laughter.]

Gale: Bonesaw will pull out a stick of dynamite, light it, let it fizzle halfway down, and then shove it in Goiter's mouth.

Keith: [laughing] Oh, no!

Blake: Goiter takes it and kind of moves it around, and then expands suddenly with a big—[poof!]

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): Wonderful! Who's next?

Blake: One of the fish people stands up and—

Blake (as fish person): [Intrigued blubby noises]

Blake: —steps up and pulls out this giant lead weight, looks to be about the size of your head, Bonesaw? And sets it down.

Gale (as Bonesaw): All right! He's game, aren't you Goiter? Go on!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Goiter looks at it, looks at you, looks at it again—

[Laughter.]

Blake: —and just kind of wraps around it

Blake (as Goiter): [Resigned blobby sounds]

Blake: —and the fish person just gives a big clap. Suddenly, several are quite entranced by this very stupid trick—

[Laughter.]

Blake: —and start coming forward to try and see what they can stick in him. There's one that has like, a full-on lance that he's trying to shove into Goiter, that Goiter just like... he can get about a quarter of the way down, stretched out, and just can't get anymore, and he looks at you pleading, just like 'Nooo!'

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Oh no!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh! Looks like we found Goiter's limit, that's all right! Spit it out! You don't—you don't have t—Spit it, spit it, yes, like that!

[Applause.]

Blake (as Goiter): [heaving sounds]

Corinne (as Myra): Yay, Goiter! Whoo, yay Bonesaw!

Keith (as Jasper): Yaaay!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Whoo, Goiter!

Corinne: Um, I think at one point in the lineup, Myra had pulled out the bayonet of—of ugly, but then when Bonesaw said 'Oh, I think he's reached his limit,' she goes—

Corinne (as Myra): Oh, yeah, yeah.

Corinne: —and she—she puts it away.

[Laughter.]

Corinne: She's also very entranced.

Gale: Bonesaw scoops up Goiter, gives—gives him a little noogie, and says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): I'm going to get you so many chickens later, thank you!

Blake (as Goiter): [very full blobby noises]

Keith: Aw!

[Goiter's theme fades out to tavern ambience.]

Blake: Moz, as you're sitting there, you hear a voice you haven't heard in a little while come up from your fiddle.

Blake (as Kyep): Uh... Hey, hey boss! Boss! Boss!

Zach (as Moz): [sighing] Is now really the time? Can't you see I'm busy?

Blake (as Kyep): Look, it'll be quick!

Zach (as Moz): What?

Blake (as Kyep): I... look, I know we didn't exactly get off on the best of terms, what with you know, you selling your soul to my boss's boss, and you know, I—me having to be kind of the enforcer of that deal, but um... I just wanted to say... You know... thanks for not gutting me like a stuck pig earlier?

Gale: Aww!

Zach (as Moz): [sighing] Well... You're welcome for that, but I can think of a couple other punishments that'd be more suitable for you.

[Gale laughs.]

Blake (as Kyep): Yeah, well, if you had done that, I would have had to go back and tell, you know... the big guy that I had failed, and he would probably skin me alive and hang me by my toes for a couple thousand years, and, you know.... not exactly the best.

Zach (as Moz): Well... you're welcome. How about we call it a truce? Let me buy you a drink.

Gale: Aww!

Blake (as Kyep): Uh... I don't know if I can—

Blake: —and Renard just pulls out what appears to be this piece of wax and starts rubbing it along the strings, and Kyep is just like—

Blake (as Kyep): [inebriated] Whoa, that is—! Woaah!

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): Ah!

Just like, completely zonked out, immediately.

Zach (as Moz): Finally, some peace and quiet!

Blake: About this time, Bonesaw, you finish up. Renard is giving more claps. You see at this point, he has set a big jug of water in front of Smokey, Smokey adamantly not drinking it.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Myra are you going to do anything, or do you think you all have enough of a tab run up?

Corinne: Well first, does she overhear the conversation between Moz and Kyep?

Blake: Kyep wasn't trying to be quiet? If Moz was trying to be quiet, then we can roll Stealth versus Perception.

Zach: I don't think Moz would have cared too much in this setting. I'm not sure why, but in—in the fae realm, it just feels like it'd be less suspicious.

Blake: Mhmm.

Corinne: Okay.

Zach: No one would look twice.

Blake: Okay.

Zach: So... open conversation.

Corinne: Okay. Mainly she wants to roll a Sense Motive on violin, to be like... is he sensing that we're nearing the courthouse and that he may soon be irrelevant? And he's trying to butter Moz up to save his own skin?

Gale: Mmm!

Corinne: Or if this is a genuine sense of—of appreciation coming from the violin.

Blake: Go ahead and roll Sense Motive.

[Dice rolling.]

Corinne: That is a twelve.

Blake: Can't really tell. It seems genuine, but it's hard to tell with, you know, a literal devil.

Corinne: That's fair. And one that specifically doesn't have the face.

Blake: Yeah.

Corinne: Okay. She'll get up on stage, she'll kind of slither up there, and—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Whoo! Go Myra!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: She's a little intimidated, because she followed some—some very cool acts, and so she's like—

Corinne (as Myra): Uh... I...I—I shoot things, and I uh... shoot things good. Uh. Anybody want me to shoot something?

Keith (as Jasper): [same time] Shoot something?

[Laughter.]

Corinne: And she stands very awkwardly on stage with her new gun out, just waiting for someone to offer.

Blake: Somebody from the back says—

Blake (as patron): Ah! Shoot old Frank!

Blake (as Old Frank): Hey, don't tell her to shoot me! Shoot Joey!

Blake (as Joey): Nah, shoot Frank!

Blake (as Old Frank): Shoot Joey!

[Laughter.]

Blake: A good round of laughs. Somebody yells out—

Blake (as patron): Ah, shoot one of the lights out!

Blake: Renard says—

Blake (as Renard): Please don't shoot any of my lights out!

Blake: One of the jackalopes from the back says—

Blake (as Jackalope): Huh... why don't you shoot this?

Blake: —and tosses a small metal disc up into the air.

Corinne: She hones in on it, and pulls the trigger.

Blake: Give me an attack.

Corinne: And she's doing this with Morning Glory and using the cold burst of it—

Gale: Whoo!

Corinne: —so she's going to see if it turns all icy!

[Gale laughs.]

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Awesome! Yeah, absolutely, you fire off, and it's this same—[*boom!*]—kind of gives a blast out around you as the bolt comes out, and —[*boom!*]—hits it once in the air, this giant ice goes out, second shot—[*boom!*]— turns it into this spinning ball of ice.

Gale: Ahahah!

Blake: It spins, lands on the ground, and just—[*shhaaa!*]—rolls back to the jackalope, and she gives a smile and a small salute, and you recognize that it is Helena—

Gale: Ah! It's her!

Corinne: Hey!

Blake: —the jackalope—

Corinne: Queen!

Gale: Yes!

Zach: Oh!

Blake: —that you met back when you fought the Jackalope Prince.

Keith: Wow!

Gale: Aw!

Zach: Man!

Keith: There's a callback!

Zach: We haven't seen her in ages!

[Laughter.]

Blake: With this ice formed and broken, people start to give you the opportunity—a couple more trick shots—one person asks you to cut a playing card in half, one asks you to shoot a cigar out of his mouth.

[Laughter.]

Blake: One person gives you a small silvered hand mirror and you notice as they're handing it to you, they're not reflected in it—

Gale: Oo!

Corinne: Oh, okay!

[Zach laughs.]

Blake: They hand it to you and say—

Blake (as nonreflective patron): See if you can hit this!

Blake: —and holds a target up behind you for you to shoot over your shoulder at the target.

Corinne: Oo! She pulls a captain Levi, and aims it over her shoulder and just—[*wah-choo!*—fires off a shot, right into the target.

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: Nice!

Corinne: She's having a blast with all of this, she's having a little too much fun.

[Laughter.]

Blake: After a few shots, the people start to quiet down. Renard gives you all a smile and says—

Blake (as Renard): I think you've definitely earned yourselves a few drinks! Uh, anything in particular you're looking for? Uh... I have... let's see. I just got in a wonderful shipment of some ciders, little bit of mead from Sweden... Uh... oh, I have some Dust of Nostalgia, uh, that I just got in. Absolutely wonderful, if you're looking to reminisce. If you're hungry, I could give you some Memory of Feast on top of a little bit of whiskey, that's a good mixture.

Zach: [laughing] Memory of Feast!

Blake (as Renard): Um, if you're looking for something a bit more... exotic...?

[Gale chuckles.]

Blake: —and he pulls a bottle out and sets it on the table, and it has drawn on it, rather than just a simple picture or label or something? It's full on 'The Scream' by uh, Edvard Munch—

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: —which technically won't be drawn for another, you know, twenty-some years, but...

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: —uh, it's on the label of this, and he says—

Blake (as Renard): [clicking tongue] Trust me, this—this is for any of you that are truly adventurous.

Gale: Ah, Bonesaw takes a bar napkin and scribbles something on it, and passes it over, and says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Ah... I don't suppose you have...?

Blake: Renard takes a look at this, gives a small whistle. One of the women walks over and he says—

Blake (as Renard): Sophie, can you go and get this from down in the basement? Special request.

Blake: And he gives a little wink. She takes it and starts walking.

Corinne (as Myra): Huh...

Blake (as Renard): How about for the rest of you? What—what are you looking for?

Corinne: What did Bonesaw get?

[Gale laughs.]

Corinne: Uh, Myra says—

Corinne (as Myra): I'll have what he's having!

[Gale cracks up, clapping their hands.]

Blake: Ohoho!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: That might have been a huge mistake, but she's going with it anyway.

Zach: Dangerous waters!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Okay! Uh, Renard gives a small nod, and a small chuckle.

Corinne: Oh no.

Blake (as Renard): I already knew—know what the Bush is drinking. If I can get this damn horse to drink something, but...

Keith (as Jasper): Uh, put the—put the Bush on my tab, I'm not going to... I'm not going to take any libations at this moment in time.

Blake (as Renard): Sure.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Ah, well. More for me.

Blake (as Renard): How about you, little guy? You look like you're in need of something.

Zach: Who's the little guy?

[Laughter.]

Gale: You!

Blake: Looking at you, Moz!

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): Now, what do you mean, 'little?'

Blake (as Renard): Sorry, friend. You are a bit short, though. [Clicks tongue] My type, though.

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): [sighs in a world-weary fashion]

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh, you should get something that makes you tall, Moz!

Zach (as Moz): Uh... I don't think I'd fit in my clothes very well!

Keith (as Jasper): Isn't that what all alcohol does?

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): You did mention something, Dust of Nostalgia?

Blake (as Renard): Oh yes!

Zach (as Moz): Why not I give that one a try?

Blake: He turns around and pulls out a little package, sets a little Nick-and-Nora glass, takes this little packet of powder, pours it out... It doesn't pour like dust? It seems to pour like a liquid as it falls into the glass. He picks it up and gives it a small flick, and the dust moves as if it were settled on top of a liquid, just flowing back and forth.

Gale: Ooo!

Zach (as Moz): Hm.

Blake: And he sets it down in front of you.

Blake (as Renard): Enjoy the trip down memory lane!

[Gale laughs.]

Zach (as Moz): Much appreciated!

Zach: Moz will take a sip.

[Folksy nostalgic music kicks in.]

Blake: Immediately as he takes the sip, Moz you are thrown back and have this delightful feel of the good old days. Times when you were struggling to make ends meet with your mom, but everyone in the family gathered around in your little home, sharing a meal. Times when, after you all were grown up, after you were attending the governor's ball and had a delicious meal, and everything just seemed right, and you all were on top of the world. And it just feels happy... but melancholy. That, that long-lost feeling of 'this is how it used to be, and things could be better...' Those halcyonic days.

[Music ends.]

Zach (as Moz): Well... think I quite like this drink. Not a big fan of the aftertaste, however.

Gale: Aww...

Blake (as Renard): There's only one cure for that.

Blake: —and he pours more of it in.

[Laughter.]

Zach: Moz will indicate to just... keep it coming.

Corinne: Aw...

Blake: Renard gives him a foxish smile as the woman comes back up with a large bottle in a heart-shaped container. She passes it over to Renard, who takes the bottle, pops the cork on it, and pours two red wine glasses. The liquid... it—it kind of glorps out as it comes out? Very much a flow and stop and flow and stop, kind of ketchup-like.

[Zach laughs.]

Gale: Ugh! You're not selling me on this drink!

[Laughter.]

Zach: You got to shake it first, otherwise it comes out watery!

[Laughter.]

Blake: —and he passes one to each of you, and says—

Blake (as Renard): Drink up! Hope you enjoy!

Corinne: [trepidatious] Uh...

Gale: Bonesaw lifts the glass clinks it into Myra's, and says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): You wanted to know! Go on...

Corinne (as Myra): Uh...oh no.

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Myra looks at Bonesaw with a very concerned look, looks down at the the ketchup in the wine glass—

[Laughter.]

Corinne: —and says—

Corinne (as Myra): I was hoping you could tell me, and then, and then I could try it?

Gale: Bonesaw just stares.

[Laughter.]

Corinne: [laughing] Ohh, shit!

Blake: So does Renard. He has a glint in his eye, that trickster glint of like, 'Go on! Drink it! See what happens!'

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): Come on! Come on, Myra, you only live twice!

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): What happened to that adventurous spirit earlier?

Corinne (as Myra): [sighing]

Corinne: Myra's like—

Corinne (as Myra): Ugh...Okay.

Corinne: —and she holds up the glass, and she says—

Corinne (as Myra): To the last bad decision I make for a long time!

[Gale laughs.]

Corinne: —and she takes a swig.

[Slight pause.]

Corinne: [anxious] What happens to meeee?

[Gale laughs.]

Keith: [teasing] Hmmm...

Blake: Myra... you remember... a day that actually has been on your mind a little bit in recent days, because it was the memory that was taken from you by Wesglen.

Corinne: Mm!

Blake: Shooting bullets with your dad, him teaching you how to shoot, and your mom coming out on the stoop, calling you both in for dinner. As you and your Pa slither up the steps. your mom leans down gives you a kiss on the forehead, and says—

Blake (as Myra's Mom): Oh, Little Sting! I saw how you and your Pa were doing! You're getting to be quite a good shot with that!

Blake: And she licks her thumb and rubs a little bit of schmutz off of your face.

Corinne: Aww!

Corinne (as young Myra): Did you see? Did you see?

[Cooing from Gale and Keith.]

Corinne (as young Myra): It took me a while, but I finally got that one that was waaay, way, way, way out there!

Blake (as Myra's Mom): You're doing absolutely fantastic! I am so so proud of you!

Blake: And she just pulls you into a hug and... you remember this so much, this hug of just pure radiating warmth. That your mom is so proud of you, and she just loves you so much, and this hug that seems to go to eternity. You... you don't really remember the rest of the night, whatever, until your mom is tucking you in, and she has finished reading you some Aesop's fable, and she gives you another hug, and just wraps you in this, and says—

Blake (as Myra's Mom): Little Sting... I am so, so proud of you. You are going to grow up to do amazing things!

Blake: —and you just feel yourself suffused with this maternal love, as it begins to fade and you come back to sitting at the bar, having just taken a sip of Mother's Love.

Corinne: Oh my god... Myra her eyes start to well up, and a few tears fall, and she looks over at Bonesaw, and is like—

Corinne (as Myra): Um... I'm so sorry, I... I—I—I don't know what... Is she still...?

Corinne: —and she goes silent.

Gale: Bonesaw hasn't drunk his yet. He's just got the glass sitting in front of him, and he's sort of toying with it. And he doesn't answer the question Myra asked, but he says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Aggys's price for mine was memories of my mother.

Keith: Oof...

Gale (as Bonesaw): And... the way she tried to convince me to go along with it... she reminded me that thinking of her only brings me pain. I don't know if I deserve this drink, but... I sort of wanted to remember.

Keith: I put my hand on Bonesaw's shoulder and say—

Keith (as Jasper): My price was forgetting all of you. And I wasn't going to be having with that.

Gale (as Bonesaw): You chose...? To remember us? What was she offering?

Keith (as Jasper): Oh, just my heart's desire, that's all.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Jasper...

Keith (as Jasper): Uh, yeah, but uh... No. No, uh... There's—there's too much rattling around loose, falling out the cracks up there already anyway. I wasn't going to lose no more.

Zach: Think Moz will take this opportunity to slide up and raise his glass and say—

Zach (as Moz): To memories.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Memories.

Gale: Bonesaww will clink his glass, tip his mask back, and take the whole thing in one shot.

Blake: Oof!

Keith: Holy cow!

Blake: As he drinks it... memory works oddly for zombies. As we've seen many many times. But at this moment, a lot of stuff becomes very clear. You remember some of the early days of your life. You're—you're not even sure if you'll be able to hold on to these memories when you come out of this, but... of your mother teaching you alchemy, helping raise you, the difficulty, the

fire, the anger she had towards the Smith Brothers... But throughout all of it, she was always so kind to you and taking care of you, and she even said she always did what she did to protect you and to keep you safe. You remember when you both started up the show, when you joined the circus with your uncle... and you remember the tearful goodbye. And you left. To come out to see your fortune. And that hug, that hug that lasted five minutes, and then as she pulled back, tears in her eyes, holding your face and just saying—

Blake (as Bonesaw's Mum): I am so proud of you! Templeton... you're going to change the world.

Gale: Bonesaw looks back at her, and says—

Gale (as Templeton): [American accent] I'll be back soon, Mom. It won't be long.

Blake (as Bonesaw's Mum): You be careful out there! I've heard there's some uh, weird folk out there!

Gale (as Templeton): Don't worry about me!

Blake: —and she gives a hug, and with that you fade back into everyone around you.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh...

Keith (as Jasper): You all right there, Bonesaw?

Gale: Bonesaw looks down at the glass.

Gale (as Bonesaw): ...I just... had forgotten a lot... a lot of it.

Zach (as Moz): Hm. Well, I know something that'll help ease your burden. Waiter! Give us another round!

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: Renard gives each of you the same thing that you had previously—

Zach: Moz is going to stop him and g—

Zach (as Moz): Just—just whiskey. Whiskey will be just fine.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Renard nods, takes the two glasses, tosses them up into the air, catches the glasses. He turns around. Whiskey? You have any particular...? Got some single malt, scotch?

Gale (as Bonesaw): Cheddar's whiskey! If you've got it!

Zach: Hm!

Gale (as Bonesaw): I've never tried it, but Moz says it's the best!

[Zach laughs.]

Zach: Moz is going to look at the bartender, and uh, kind of pull him to the side.

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: Renard allows himself to be pulled, kind of gives a nod, and says—

Blake (as Renard): Am I guessing right on that?

Zach (as Moz): Original recipe. Nothing extra.

[Laughter.]

Blake (as Renard): Understood.

Corinne: Wha—what?

Zach (as Moz): [aloud] Cheddar's whiskey it is!

[Laughter.]

Gale: Can I roll Perception to overhear that?

[Laughter.]

Gale: I'm very curious!

Blake: Yeah, I mean you can roll Perception.

Corinne: 'Nothing extra?' Are you drugging people?

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: Twenty-three!

Zach: Ech. Nineteen.

[Gale cackles.]

Blake: Nineteen? Yeah, Bonesaw, you overhear it.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh, what's the extra?

Zach (as Moz): Uh... [obviously lying] Proof! Extra alcohol! Don't want to get you two out of your sorts, you know, just... better flavor this way.

Gale (as Bonesaw): You know, I'll take your word for it!

Blake: Renard gives Moz a little wink, and turns around and starts mixing a couple of drinks, not shaking them, because... it's just whiskey, and you don't shake a just-alcohol drink.

Zach: Mhm.

Blake: While he's doing that, and he's preparing, Moz, you feel the hair on the back of your neck begin to stand up—

Zach: Hm.

Blake: —as if somebody is watching you very closely.

Gale: Ohohohoh!

Zach: [sighs] Getting a lot of that tonight...

[Laughter.]

Zach: Um... Moz is going to very slyly try and uh, turn around and read the room.

Blake: Hm!

Zach: Look for anyone who's um, eyeing him up.

Blake: You don't have to look very far, as, right behind you, standing an imposing ten feet tall—

[Gale gasps.]

Blake: —is the woman with crimson hair—

[Laughter.]

Blake: —looking at—down at you with a bored expression, except for just the slightest hint of a smile.

Zach (as Moz): Well, howdy.

[Gale and Keith laugh.]

Zach (as Moz): What might your name be?

Blake (as woman): My name, my dear? Oh, there are so, so many things that you can call me. But, you, of course, can call me Monat.

Zach (as Moz): Well, I'll do my best to pronounce that, but uh, would you care for a drink?

Blake (as Monat): I am quite all right.

Zach (as Moz): Hm. Then what do I owe the pleasure?

Blake (as Monat): You had an absolutely delightful performance earlier.

Zach (as Moz): Well. Thank you very much. Pride myself on my work.

Blake (as Monat): I simply wished to offer my congratulations, and to see if you were in need of patronage.

Gale: Hohohoh!

[Keith and Gale laugh knowingly.]

Zach (as Moz): Now what would you mean by... 'patronage?'

Blake (as Monat): May I sit?

Zach (as Moz): Free country... I think.

Blake (as Monat): Hm. Not as quite as you might imagine.

Blake: —and she motions with her hand, and a stool at the far end of the bar slides over towards her. As it does, it changes from just a simple bar stool into almost looking like a tall throne—

Zach: Huh!

Blake: —that she sits down on.

Zach (as Moz): Fancy trick.

Blake (as Monat): A mere trifle. I have been known to seek out mortals such as yourself and offer them a boon to help them with their trying times.

Zach (as Moz): Hm.

Blake (as Monat): Your skill, your amazing effort... seem to be the kind of person that would attract unwanted attention, and it would be such a shame—

Blake: —and she kind of runs a hand down your cheek—

Blake (as Monat): —for one such as you to be lost. Wouldn't you agree?

Zach: Moz is going to grab her hand, and say—

Zach (as Moz): Now that sounds like a threat.

Gale: Hohohoh!

Blake: Her eyes flash red, as you say this and grab her, but she calms down and says—

Blake (as Monat): It is no threat, my dear little Fiddler. Merely an observation. And knowledge that I want to protect your skills.

Zach: Moz will let go of her hand.

Zach (as Moz): And what do you want in return?

Blake (as Monat): Very little. I would simply ask that you dedicate performances to me. That you proclaim any time you use my boon to better yourself, and to spread word of your gracious patron through the mortal realm.

Zach (as Moz): Now, how would I spread the good word of a noble patron if I know nothing about her? Tell me about yourself!

[Gale laughs.]

Blake (as Monat): Hm. I believe that you ask quite a few many questions.

Zach (as Moz): Forgive me, but I like to know who I go into business, before I sign any contracts. One too many mistakes.

Blake (as Monat): Hm. That does make sense, but this is no contract as those boorish devils would call it, merely an agreement between one who enjoys beautiful music and one who enjoys creating it.

Zach: [sighing] I'll say, below ten, I'll agree—

Gale: Oo!

Zach: Above eleven, I'll—I'll say no. Fifty/fifty, why not?

Gale: Okay!

Zach: Moz is drunk, he's made worse decisions.

[Dice rolling.]

[Everybody bursts into laughter.]

Zach: One! Natural one! Ooo!

Gale: The dice have spoken!

[Zach sighs dramatically.]

Blake: That is a nat fucking one!

Zach: Yeeeeeah!

Keith: 'This is the best idea ever!'

Zach (as Moz): You know... you're making a lot of sense to me!

[Laughter.]

Zach: I accept your deal!

Blake (as Monat): Now... that sounds wonderful. I offer you one of two options—

Blake: —and she extends a hand, and in it you see a small token, could be stuck to your fiddle. It actually looks embossed like her face—

Zach: Oh!

Blake: —very similar to the Witchmarket coin, but rather than the silver of the coin, it is made out of this beautiful gold that shimmers as it turns.

Zach: Okay.

Blake: And she says—

Blake (as Monat): This would make you an even greater musician than you are, and this—

Blake: —and she extends her right hand, and says—

Blake (as Monat): This is a simple shake of the hand, that would allow you to recall certain spells after you have cast them.

Corinne: Oo!

Gale: Oh!

Zach: Moz will uh, shake her hand, and say—

Zach (as Moz): You have uh... quite a way with words.

Blake: You shake the hand, and she holds it. You feel this golden glow start to emanate from you and pass into her, and she just smiles wide and says—

Blake (as Monat): Wonderful. Thank you my little Fiddler.

Blake: The glow fades, and she leans down and gives you a kiss on the forehead.

Blake (as Monat): Go forward and proclaim my name, my little Mozzarella Copernicus Prior.

Gale: Ooo!

Keith: Oo!

Zach (as Moz): Now why does everyone call me 'little?' Come on!

[Laughter.]

[Music fades out and returns to signal a transition.]

Gale: So, so I have one question...

Blake: Yes?

Gale: Is Cheddar's whiskey actually good?

[Laughter.]

Keith: Hm, fermented cheese!

[Laughter.]

Blake: It is... you know? It—it's that kind of whiskey that burns a little too much when you drink it, but you just want to keep drinking it after each time.

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: It's not great, but it could be a hell of a lot worse.

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): So! What do you think of my brother's whiskey?

Gale: Bonesaw downs another shot and says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): This is pretty good! I'm going to be honest right now, I'm mostly chasing the burn.

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): How did it go with your ten-foot-tall girlfriend, Mozzie?

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): She looked pretty serious!

Blake: And she has disappeared into the crowd, leaving behind nothing but a smile.

Zach (as Moz): Well... I'm disappointed to inform you, but I think we're just going to be friends. Uh... left things on a handshake. Not my brightest moment.

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): [slightly slurred] Well, there's entirely too many drinks still here, so you need to help with that.

[Zach laughs.]

Zach (as Moz): Ah, don't mind if I do.

Zach: Moz will grab a drink of Cheddar's whiskey and say—

Zach (as Moz): You know? Uh, I used to be famous once/

Gale (as Bonesaw): Really?

Zach (as Moz): Ages ago, mhmm.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Tell me about that!

Zach (as Moz): [sighs] Used to call me 'Golden Blaze the East.' Must have been a lifetime ago.
Used to draw crowds far and wide!

Keith: I'd like to make a History check!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Go for it!

Keith: Okay, uh... bam!

[Dice rolling.]

[Whooping and laughter.]

Blake: Ohoho!

Gale: Oo! Nat one!

Zach: Nat one!

Blake: Man, the fumes from that Mother's Love is really fuckin' strong!

[Laughter.]

Keith: Musta been one of those—I bet there are plenty of famous people that no one's ever heard of!

Blake: Yeah!

Gale (as Bonesaw): [slightly slurred] That's so cool, Mozzie, you were a famous person!

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): I always thought I'd get there eventually, but, you know, still... Still on the road! Still—still doing it!

Zach (as Moz): Ah, that's what you got me for, Bones! Just give it a couple more months, and I'm sure we'll be pulling more crowds than anyone left in this here rotten country!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Yeah... Now that we're all liquored up, except, you know, Jasper, you could join us any time!

Keith (as Jasper): Uh, no thanks! I think I'll stay dry and un-ensorcelled.

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): I want to know what Aggys offered everybody!

[Silence.]

Keith (as Jasper): Oof!

Gale (as Bonesaw): I know, it's a big question, but...

Keith (as Jasper): Yeah, I'd say so!

Gale (as Bonesaw): It's a bonding night! We're... we're bonding! And I... I have a sort of a confession to make, actually. [sighs woefully]

Corinne (as Myra): Oh?

Gale (as Bonesaw): I didn't take it! I mean, I—I...

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): ...I think I actually was the one who... maybe brought us here, Aggys said some things? I didn't mean to... Um. But I did. Unintentionally. Because I... was worried that... I—I thought you all might leave. Me.

[Silence.]

Zach (as Moz): Now, what'd make you think that, Bones?

Gale (as Bonesaw): [cry-laughing] What—what wouldn't?

Corinne (as Myra): Oh...

Keith (as Jasper): How long you been carrying that around there, Bones?

Gale (as Bonesaw): [choked] Ever since we met. I mean... I just... I suppose I don't see why you'd want to stay.

Keith (as Jasper): Uh... let me, let me tell you a little story. Back when I was searching for uh, trefoil vitae? I once came across a lizard. Was the most unusual looking lizard I ever saw. This lizard, in the middle of a just a brown-red desert, was bright blue and pink. I thought I was imagining it for a while, but no! This was just an incredibly unusual lizard. The point of the story is, in the twenty years or so, or fifteen, or whatever it was, I don't know, I lost track of time, that I spent in the desert... that's probably the most interesting thing that ever happened to me. Uh... I won't say that uh, being part of this here company ain't been a trial. But it sure ain't been uninteresting.

Zach (as Moz): Hm.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Are you calling me a lizard?

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): Take from it what you will.

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): In an endearing way, there, Bones!

Keith (as Jasper): If you want me, if you want me to go over the story again in the morning, I will, but I think that's probably where it's going to... it's—Where I shot? That's where it's going to land tonight.

[Laughter.]

Corinne (as Myra): If... if it means anything, Bonesaw...

Corinne: —and she puts a hand on his shoulder.

Corinne (as Myra): I know you you've probably have had a hard time with other folks, and... But... we're uh... we're not like other folks. We're... We're a lot like you.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh!

Corinne (as Myra): In—in our own kind of different way. But uh... but yeah. And even if some folk don't seem to like you, it—it won't mean that others won't. And you've got quite a kinship with Moz, and you—you saved my life, and you've helped Jasper. I think?

Corinne: She looks at Jasper.

Keith (as Jasper): Sure!

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): I made him a plant son!

[Laughter.]

Corinne (as Myra): Exactly!

Keith (as Jasper): [with mild panic] Uh, no! Uh! No you didn't!

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): [searching] I...?

Keith (as Jasper): I think this responsibility will be good for you Bonesaw!

[Laughter.]

Blake: The Goodbery bush has full on like, tipped over, and is on his head, on the pot, just kind of wiggling his wooden feet in the air a little drunkenly.

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): All right, that's pretty adorable!

Gale (as Bonesaw): I made him a plant Uncle!

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): ...sure. Come on, Barry, let's get you upright here.

Corinne (as Myra): The... the main point is just that, we're all kind of a bit of misfits? And—and we all kind of ended up where we are, and we know that it's better to just do it together.

Corinne: And she raises her glass.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Misfits, I like that!

Corinne (as Myra): Misfits! The undead, ratty, snaky, gun-slinging, potion-making, rootin', tootin' misfits!

Zach (as Moz): ...we'll work on it!

[Laughter.]

Blake: There's something in there, we're not sure what!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Well, thank you, Myra!

Gale: He leans in a little bit, and says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Between you and me, I thought that was better than the lizard speech.

[Everybody laughs.]

Corinne: I think Myra has had quite a bit of alcohol in her system, and is laughing hilariously, like she— she finds all of this very funny. You could say the dumbest thing to her at this moment and she would giggle and think it's funny. So she's just kind of going—

Corinne (as Myra): Huh-huh! Huh-huh! Huh-huh!

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): Anyway, Aggys gave me this like ball of scary twine that was going to make it so anyone who went further than a hundred feet from me was in horrible pain, and so—

Corinne (as Myra): Oh...

Gale (as Bonesaw): I—I thought that was a pretty shitty deal. Um. All things considered.

Keith (as Jasper): Thank you for not taking that deal!

Corinne (as Myra): Thank you for not... yeah. Thank you!

[Laughter.]

Corinne (as Myra): I appreciate—

Zach (as Moz): [emphatic] Thank you, Bonesaw!

Corinne (as Myra): I like you a lot more!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Well, cheers then! To not taking deals! Did anyone take theirs? Do we need to be concerned?

Corinne (as Myra): Uh, nope!

Zach (as Moz): I sent that old hack packing!

Keith (as Jasper): No, I was uh... I was offered a shortcut to uh... findin' that pocket watch that I've been looking for. Uh, and it would have given me significant advantages along that line. But I'll achieve it on my own. Well, no, I take that back! I'll achieve it with my friends!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oooh!

Blake: Aww!

Corinne: Yeah!

Zach (as Moz): [sighs] That lady offered me a way out of my contract.

Gale (as Bonesaw): WHAT? You didn't take it?

Keith (as Jasper): Jehosephat!

Gale (as Bonesaw): She can do that?

Corinne (as Myra): Well hold on, what... What was—what was the price?

Zach (as Moz): [sighs] Not worth it. We have a decent way of getting out of my contract right here.

Zach: Moz will present the uh, paper of Weglens's lawyer and uh, say—

Zach (as Moz): I couldn't give up when we're this close! Just get myself in uh... another mess of agreements and downsides and...

Zach: Moz looks back for the tall lady and see—says—

[Laughter.]

Blake: Yeah, she's fully gone.

Zach (as Moz): Maybe I'm falling on old habits. That deal seemed uh... less extreme to me.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Well, good on you! I'm sure the lawyer will work out! How about you, Myra?

Corinne (as Myra): Well I uh... I've... have a few enemies?

Corinne: And she kind of looks at Bonesaw to see if he notes what she had told him a while ago about her being in the business of running people off land.

Gale: Bonesaw picks up on the look, and says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh! From your bad old day—oh! From... before...!

Corinne (as Myra): Yeah!

Gale (as Bonesaw): D—...and... things that—I don't—! Know— Nobody knows ab—

Corinne (as Myra): Yeah, when I was really—

Gale (as Bonesaw): —I don't—never mind!

Corinne (as Myra): Yeah!

Gale: Bonesaw takes another drink.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Bonesaw, master of subtlety!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: She goes—

Corinne (as Myra): Yeah, I uh... There's some people I pissed off. I don't quite remember who, but apparently they're... Apparently they're coming for me. But, honestly? It's been a while while coming. So I'm overdue for this.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Well they can fucking try! You've got friends now!

Corinne: She... She looks at all three of them, and she says—

Corinne (as Myra): To be honest? Because I don't remember who's after me? I'm honestly giving you an out. Because if it turns out that the person coming after me is... well, really big and powerful? Then... you don't have to be pulled into that. If it's just some... you know,

someone who is pissed off about, you know, some shitty action I did, that's, that's something I can—I can handle with them. But if it gets to be in way too deep, I—I don't want you guys getting hurt.

Gale (as Bonesaw): You're talking absolute horeshit, Myra!

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): If we have to, we can all run away together!

[Blake laughs.]

Zach (as Moz): You seem to forgive that we pissed off the Blackburns, the Pinkertons, the Railroad...

[Laughter.]

Corinne: That's a good point!

Zach (as Moz): —Just about everyone who's got money in these parts. So, I don't think you got to be worrying about big and powerful people. We got your back.

Corinne: She nods, and goes—

Corinne (as Myra): Okay. Yeah... Yeah, how bad could they be?

Keith (as Jasper): Oh, do not ask that question!

[Laughter.]

[Music fades out to allow tavern ambience back in.]

Blake: Throughout the evening, more people come in and out. Once again, you all aren't feeling hungry or tired or any sort of the normal indicators of the passage of time here, so you can stay here as long as you want, talking, reminiscing. Renard will occasionally come and check on you, see if you need anything else to drink. He has now set three full tubs of water in front of Smokey—

[Laughter.]

Blake: —and Smokey is still not drinking anything.

Keith: Hm.

Corinne (as Myra): Smokey, you okay there?

Keith (as Jasper): Uh...

Gale (as Bonesaw): Yeah, what's up with that?

Keith (as Jasper): I'm not sure... Ah, god dang it!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Don't you speak horse?

Keith (as Jasper): No, I do not know what is going on... Uh, hey! Uh... Renard?

Blake (as Renard): Yes?

Keith (as Jasper): Uh, I noticed you've been taking uh, a gander or two at uh... my uh, my horse, Smokey, there. Do you speak... horse? Do you understand her?

[Gale laughs.]

Blake (as Renard): [stammering] Of course!

Keith (as Jasper): Oh!

Blake (as Renard): What kind of bartender would I be if I couldn't look at a customer and say, 'Well, why the long face?'

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): Oh...

Blake: —and Smokey snorts at this—

Corinne (as Myra): That's why she's not drinking!

Keith (as Jasper): Hold on, I have—I have to—I have to let that one settle a moment, there.

[Laughter.]

Keith: Okay... Moving on! Uh, yeah, um... She seems to be off her uh, off her stride here since we have uh, come into the fae lands. Do you know what's on her mind?

Blake (as Renard): Well... I mean she was definitely hungry when she first came in. Something about... 'Way too long between seeing you.' I offered her some food. She said she ate. And then I said, 'You want anything to drink?' [Hesitant] Might have... told a joke or two...

[Gale laughs.]

Blake (as Renard): ...and now she kind of is refusing to drink. Something... It's not my fault, I swear.

Blake: Smokey snorts.

Keith (as Jasper): Uh... I wonder if it is something to do with uh, with fae food. You wouldn't mind if I gave her some uh, food from the mortal lands here within your establishment, would you?

Blake (as Renard): No, of course not!

Keith (as Jasper): All right, just asking to be polite.

Blake (as Renard): Maybe it'll make her thirsty enough to drink!

Keith: All righty, I'll uh, I'll offer her another feed bag.

Blake: She takes it, eats it happily, eating some of the sweet grain and alfalfa that you have.

Keith (as Jasper): Can I have an empty bucket, please? Or a bowl?

Blake (as Renard): Yes, of course!

Blake: —and he pulls out a huge bucket and sets it down.

Keith: I will tip out my canteen into it and see if she'll drink from it.

Blake: She pointedly looks at Renard, leans down, and drinks it, and then lifts her head up, lifts her front lips, and squirts some water at him—

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): Woah!

Corinne (as Myra): Like a llama? [spitting sound]

Blake: Yeah, and he says—

Blake (as Renard): Okay! It wasn't that bad of a joke!

Keith (as Jasper): Aha!

Blake (as Renard): Just a little something about leading a horse to water and can't make him drink!

Gale: Ahhh!

Corinne: Ahh!

Blake (as Renard): Just... [sighs]

Keith (as Jasper): I see, well uh... Apparently Smokey has a uh... a bit of a sensitive side, there. I appreciate your candor, sir. Uh, Smokey? Let's go take some air, we'll... Should we? Should we? Thank you kindly, are we settled up here? Uh, I think I just uh, was uh, paying for the bush there, with the recitation and all.

Blake: Renard walks over and pulls out, like a really old-style calculator, pulls out one of those green visors—

[Gala laughs.]

Blake: —puts it on his head, starts punching in numbers—[typewriter sounds]—

Keith (as Jasper): Wow, I'm terribly curious now what the exchange rate is!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Just keeps doing this, and then finally tears it off, looks up, looks around.

Blake (as Renard): Ah, looks like... you four still have at least one drink apiece!

Blake: —crumples it up, tosses it behind him.

Zach (as Moz): Well, one for the road then!

Keith (as Jasper): Thank you kindly! Uh... tell you what, uh, give mine to uh—Moz, Moz? Drink on me!

Zach (as Moz): Ah! Thank you, Jasper!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Is Moz your favorite? Is—is that why? You chose him?

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): Uh, no, it's just I think that Moz has more capacity than anybody else.

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): Very observant, and I won't forget this, Jasper!

Gale (as Bonesaw): You know what? Fair...

Keith: All right, and I am—

Gale (as Bonesaw): [slurring] He can ssstuff a lot of drinks in for being so small!

Keith: Uh, and I am going to uh, lead Smokey uh, out into the open air of uh...

Keith (as Jasper): God dang it! It's still twilight. That is just unnerving!

Zach: Moz will double fist two shots and take 'em back to back. Uh, and then he will mosey on over to The Sheriff to see what he's been up to.

[Gale laughs.]

Zach: Um... what condition does he find him in?

Blake: Roll me 1d100, please!

Gale: Oh my god!

Zach: One d1...? Oh... Oh no...

[Laughter.]

Corinne: He's going to be five-hundred dollars in debt!

[Dice rolling.]

Zach: Twenty-six!

Blake: You see that he is sitting on a chunk of gold about the size of your fist—

[Laughter.]

Blake: —that on quick estimation, you think is worth about twenty-six dollars.

Zach: Oh...

Corinne: Wow!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Sheriff's a hustler, man!

Zach: Moz... Moz will scoop up The Sheriff and uh, say—

Zach (as Moz): Excuse us!

Zach: Uh, and—and pull him aside and say—

Zach (as Moz): Now, you weren't back dealing again, were you? You ran us out of three towns with that!

[Laughter.]

Blake: One of the frogs definitely looks like it is... You've never look—Seen a frog that looks depressed?

Corinne: Aw!

Gale: Aww!

[Laughter.]

Blake: But one of the frogs is definitely looking a bit depressed.

['Awwws' and laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): You—you did good there, Sheriff. Made me proud. Just so long as you didn't get caught! Let's get out of here.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Do you have any Essence of Chicken?

Blake (as Renard): Uh...

Keith: [laughing] Chicken bouillon?

Blake: Are you asking this of Renard?

Gale: Yeah.

Blake (as Renard): Uh... I think I have some... You know, if you go upstairs and talk to the uh... we have an alchemist who's around here somewhere. Uh, I mean unless you want to drink that's an essence of chicken which...? I mean, I can make that, but...?

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh, you know, to be honest, he just likes it really wriggly.

Gale: Bonesaw plops Goiter on the counter.

Blake (as Renard): Oh!

Gale (as Bonesaw): A little reward for the show earlier!

Blake (as Renard): This fellow! Uh, yeah! If you uh, go around back, we keep some of the animals for some of the uh... more exotic guests. Go ahead and grab one of the chickens, you earned it.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh, wonderful! Thank you so much! Goiter, I know you're probably a bit full right now. Do you want me to take it to go?

Blake (as Goiter): [excited blobby sounds]

Blake: You hear—

Blake (as Goiter): Uh... no, want it now!

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh, wow! You recovered your appetite quickly! All right! Uh, go take your pick! Only one! Goiter, look at me! Eye here, eye here.

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): Only one chicken. All right?

Blake (as Goiter): [wheedling] Are you suuuure?

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): If I have to, I'll go get it for you, but I know you like to pick.

Blake (as Goiter): ...we go together?

Gale (as Bonesaw): Yes, we can.

Keith: Aww...

Corinne: Aw... I love all of our children.

Gale: I'll go in the back to... to get a chicken for Goiter.

[Goiter's theme fades and the Witchmarket exterior ambience returns.]

Blake: You go out, you're going to find a chicken, couple of minutes later, Bonesaw returns. Do you all go out to join Jasper out front?

Zach: Yeah!

Blake: All right! What do you guys want to do next? You have, you can see the Clocktower pretty close, that tall building off in the distance, the domed building. Now that you spotted it, you can actually tell where that weird columned building was...

Keith: Are we feeling tired?

Blake: Once again, you guys aren't feeling tired. You're not sure how much time has gone by, but fatigue hasn't really set in.

Keith (as Jasper): Well, friends, I'm... I'm a-feared that uh, either, when we get back, twenty years will have passed or no time at all. Uh... time seems to be uh, put on its head here.

Gale (as Bonesaw): You know, that's an excellent point! We should leave, we should go now. It's about time we wrapped things up.

Zach (as Moz): Uh...

Keith (as Jasper): Uh, we still got stuff we got to—

Corinne (as Myra): Yeah, we got to meet with the lawyer!

Zach (as Moz): Why—yeah!

Keith (as Jasper): Yeah, we got to talk to the lawyer-folk.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Right! Lawyer, then—! Then, we'll head out!

Keith (as Jasper): ...sure.

Corinne (as Myra): Yeah, that sounds good.

Zach: With a healthy sway to his gait, Moz will proclaim—

Zach (as Moz): I think I'm ready to sign some contracts!

[Everybody laughs.]

Corinne (as Myra): Atta boy!

Keith (as Jasper): Should have made that last drink a cup of coffee...

Blake: This is going to go swimmingly! You all begin to make your way to try and find Dred Dost, Esquire. As you all approach the Clocktower...

Gale: Oh!

Blake: It is this beautiful intricately made Clocktower, absolutely massive, you can see the inner workings of the gears going back and forth, a giant pendulum that seems like it goes too far for how wide the clock is each time? It just keeps going and going and looks like it should be at almost a forty-five degree angle, but isn't sticking out of the side of the clock? Which is just weird.

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: You all notice that the second hand is actually running counterclockwise—

Gale: Oo!

Blake: —from what you typically see. Moz, you see the time is 1:37. Jasper, it looks like you actually see two hands; One is at 2:37, the other one is at 12:37. Myra, you see one hand that is at 12:37, and Bonesaw, you see one hand that is at 6:37. Jasper is the only one seeing two sets of hands.

Zach: Oh!

Gale: Huh...

Keith: He'll be covering one eye, and then the other.

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: Otherwise, it seems to be running perfectly normally.

Zach (as Moz): Well!

Keith (as Jasper): That is an unusual looking clock! Can anybody read the time on that? It's got way too many—

Gale (as Bonesaw): How do you mean? It's 6:37!

Corinne (as Myra): What? No! It's 12:37!

Keith (as Jasper): No, it's... 2:30.

Zach: I think Moz is having difficult reading the clock because vision is doubled.

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): I think it's about time we had another drink!

Keith: 'It's a perfectly ordinary pair of clocks!'

Gale (as Bonesaw): What do you... What do you mean, pair?

Keith (as Jasper): I uh... I see enough hands to make it 12:37 and 2:37.

Gale (as Bonesaw): You didn't even have any drinks!

Keith (as Jasper): And that second hand appears to be a'sweeping backwards!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Huh...

Blake: And everybody does see it going counterclockwise, so...

Zach (as Moz): Well.. I think we should get out of here as soon as possible, once we've concluded our business.

Keith (as Jasper): Yeah.

Gale (as Bonesaw): I wholeheartedly agree! It's about time we left! Got back to the Mortal Realm, you know.

Keith (as Jasper): ...yeah. I—I agree. Let's uh, let's go find the lawyer.

Blake: You all look around a little bit. Moz, you, as you're holding the card, feel it kind of start to tug, as if there was a stiff wind (though the fog is not disturbed in any way by any such wind) pointing you towards a small wooden door off to the side.

Zach (as Moz): Hm. I think we got to go this way.

Zach: Moz will uh, approach the wooden door.

Blake: Printed on a small metal plaque, it says: 'Dred Dost, Esquire,' and underneath it, it says same thing in a couple of different scripts, you see Cyrillic, Arabic, the Sylvan script, the draconic language, several different languages.

Zach: Moz will take take longer than ordinary to read the English translation, and uh, eventually just push his way through the door.

Blake: Inside... it's the intersection of lavishly mediocre. Like, it looks very plain, but everything about it is very expensive, like you... It has very rich-looking leather seats that are just not very well-decorated. The wooden end table is absolutely gorgeous ebony wood, but is, just not decorated very nicely... it—it's a weird disconnect of 'very expensive' and 'very utilitarian.'

Zach (as Moz): I'd like to speak with my lawyer!

[Laughter.]

Blake: A small pixie pops up—

Gale: Aw!

Blake: —flies over, and says—

Blake (as Pixie): Yes! Oh—!

[Gale makes cooing sounds.]

Blake (as Pixie): What is your name?

Zach (as Moz): Moz!

Blake (as Pixie): [thinking] Moz, Moz, Moz...? Do you have an appointment?

Zach: Moz will look at his wrist, which does not possess a watch, and say—

Zach (as Moz): ...no.

[Laughter.]

Blake (as Pixie): Oh! Um...

Keith (as Jasper): [New England accent] We were recommended by Wesglen.

Blake (as Pixie): Oh! Yes, of course! My apologies! Uh, come, come, come! All of you come in! Uh, would you care for anything to drink? Uh... I could perhaps...? Um, I could get some water? Uh...

Zach (as Moz): Whiskey on the rocks, if you have it.

[Laughter.]

Blake (as Pixie): Yes, of course! I'll be right back with that!

Blake: —and she flits over, and you see a small desk that's her size sitting on a little shelf. She flies over to it, opens a small door behind it, and goes inside—

Gale: Oho!

Blake: —and you hear some clattering of glasses as she settles. Everybody give me a Perception check!

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: Twenty-four!

Gale: Twenty-eight!

Zach: Oo! Nat twenty!

Corinne: Natural twenty from Moz!

Gale: Oo!

Keith: Oh, look at Moz!

[Gale laughs.]

Keith: The eagle eyes of uh, looking through those beer goggles!

Zach (as Moz): With double vision I can see twice as good!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Everybody in here, you overhear some of the things being said in the next room. A deep, kind of gravelly voice, saying—

Blake (as gravelly voice): Well, as was I discussed with you many, many times, you technically made the offer for the firstborn after the devil did—

[Laughter.]

Blake (as gravelly voice): However, that doesn't mean we don't have a case, because she made the contract with you after fully knowing that she owed it. I think we're going to be able to do this...

Blake (as Pixie): Um, uh, Mr. Dred, your next appointment has arrived!

Blake (as Dred Dost): Oh, yes, uh, thank you. I appreciate it. Uh, go ahead and head back in, Mimsy, and I'll take care of them in just a minute.

[Lots of Awws and cooing.]

Gale: Mimsy!

Corinne: Mimsy!

Keith: [Referencing *The Jabberwocky*] Mimsy 'the borogove!'

Blake: Moz, with a nat twenty, something doesn't feel right.

Zach: Hmm...

Blake: You don't know what it is. It's not something you were looking for, but something... something isn't there, something's missing, something is wrong in this room,

Zach: Okay. Moz'll keep it to himself, but he'll blearily look around the room.

Blake: Nothing seems to be out of place, but there is definitely—

Keith: Oh my god! He has a law degree from 'Horvard!'

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): [joking] I'm doomed!

Blake: Actually, you do see hanging up on the wall? A framed diploma that says 'Oxford University.'

Gale: Ooh!

Zach: Huh!

Blake: After a minute, Mimsy comes flying back in, carrying a glass that is taller than her, and kind of balancing it, barely able to keep it steady, definitely spills a few drips as she flies down and sets it in front of Moz, and says—

Blake (as Mimsy): [out of breath] Uh, Mr. Dost will be with you in just a second, sir! Um... I'll be... let me know if you need anything else!

Zach (as Moz): Well, thank you for the beverage!

Blake (as Mimsy): Of course!

Zach (as Moz): Like the way you do business!

Blake (as Mimsy): Of course! We—we always aim to please, especially those who come so highly recommended!

Zach (as Moz): [laughing] Ain't that the truth!

Zach: And M will down the whiskey in one gulp.

[Laughter.]

Blake: You see Mimsy just, gets a little bit shaky when you do this, and is just—

Blake (as Mimsy): [trepidacious] Oh... would you like another?

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): No, uh, I think we reached the limit for tonight...

Blake (as Mimsy): [breathless] Oh, thank goodness! I mean, uh—

Zach (as Moz): Thank you, Mimsy!

Blake (as Mimsy): Yes! Uh... Mr. Dost will be right with you!

Blake: And she gives a little bow and flies up and sits at her desk. A few minutes later, the door opens, and you see what appears to be a old crone come out, just long hair over her face, bent over, ancient-looking woman. Honestly? Looks like she could be the younger sister to Aggys, and she lifts her head as she enters, gives a sniff—[sniffing]—

Blake (as Crone): [creepy] Good evening, children!

[Gale cracks up]

Corinne: Oh my god! Nope, nope no!

Keith: [sarcastic] Oh, I feel so much more at ease now!

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): Pleasure!

Corinne: Oh, it's the child-catcher!

Blake: Mimsy flies down and says—

Blake (as Mimsy): Thank you so much! I—we'll see you for your appointment next week! Remember to send in your uh, payment, and we'll take care of it!

Blake (as Crone): Very well... Good day my little morsels! [terrifying cackle]

[Laughter.]

Gale: Bonesaw pops up and opens the door for her, bowing a little bit, and says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Ah, good day to you, my lady!

Blake: [chuckles]

Blake (as Crone): What a polite young person who knows where their place is! Mhmm! Delicious little boy!

Blake: —and she pats Bonesaw on the cheek, and steps outside. You all hear calling from inside the office—

Blake (as Dred Dost): Come in, come in!

Zach: Moz will stumble into the office.

Blake: Sitting behind a tall desk is... probably somebody you were not necessarily expecting to see.

Gale: Oh!

Blake: A short gnome, a shock of red hair and a neatly trimmed red beard, wearing some fancy green clothes with a wide white popped collar, a pair of pince nez at the end of his nose, and a massive ledger open in front of him. He has a small quill pen next to him that is just constantly writing and taking notes as he speaks to it, and along the back, you see a plethora of books—everything from ‘Common Law of England, 1825 to 1830.’ You see ‘Laws Passed in the Underdark, 1630 to present.’

Gale: Wow!

Blake: You see ‘Dragonlands,’ and that’s all it says on it, just Dragonlands.

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: —and then, ‘Devil Contracts 1.1.3 through 1.1.275—

[Gale cracks up.]

Blake: —that take up most of the rest of that wall.

Gale: Hooo!

Corinne: Wow...

Keith: That’s kind of depressing!

Blake: He sits, crosses his fingers, steeples them a little, and says—

Blake (as Dred Dost): Now, I believe we have a discussion on our hands...

Blake: —and with that, we’re going to end our session—

[Cheering]

Gale: Yaay!

Corinne: Yaay!

Keith: Woohoo!

Blake: —except—!

Gale: Oh!

Blake: —outside of Dred Dost's door, stepping out of the shadows, munching on an apple, watching the door, a slight smirk on his face—

Gale: Ahhh! [laughing]

Blake: —Jack Spring—

Corinne: Oh, the fucker's back!

Blake: —smiles... and *that's* where we're ending our session!

Gale: Ooo!

Keith: Woah!

Corinne: Oh, no!

Keith: Oh my goodness...

[Main theme kicks into gear.]

Dust and Blood is a Rolling Path production, featuring Corinne Hill as Myra Sting, Blake Alfson as our GM, Zach Parker as Moz Copernicus Prior, Keith Curtis as Jasper Graves, and myself, Gale Parker as Bonesaw.

Our theme song is *Dust and Blood* by Arne Parrott, and other music throughout this recording is provided by Kevin Macleod, Tabletop Audio, Dark Fantasy Studios, and the Desperados 3 Original Game Soundtrack by Filippo Beck Peccoz.

Transcripts, detailed sound credits, and more can be found on our website at DustAndBloodPod.com. You can follow us on X and Facebook at DustAndBloodPod, or support us through our Patreon at Dust and Blood, where you can join our community discord and get perks like our behind-the-scenes discussion show, The Roundup.

We are so grateful for the support of our fans, people like Steve McDichael, Ms Blevins, Hazz, and Hylen!

Dust and Blood releases monthly on the first, and the next episode is coming at you on March first!

Content warnings can be found in every episode description, and we hope you enjoy exploring this fantasy western with us. Thanks for listening!

[Dust and Blood main theme vocals cut in: My eyes shoot open to the early morning sun. I feel that aching, pounding, poking of a bullet in my lung. Skin is sealed and bones a-crunch, and I feel that wretched itch and something drag me up to face that coward son-of-a-gun! His face grows white as he fumbles for his holster. I feel the lead pierce my shoulder, neck, and chest. I scream that I have died a hundred times and lived a thousand years, and I'll be damned if a boy like you is gonna beat the best. Yes, I'll be damned if a boy like you is gonna beat the best!]

Blake: Sorry, I'm... editing this text 'cause I genuinely didn't think you were going to take this deal!

[Laughter.]

Gale: Do you...?

Zach: I genuinely didn't expect to get a natural one, so we're all surprised!

Keith: The dice have spoken!

[Main theme continues.]

Blake: —hair done up in a bun with long-running trestle... trestles along the side—

Gale: Tresses.

Blake: Uh, tresses, thank you!

Gale: A trestle is a kind of table, I think.

Keith: Or railroad bridge!

[Laughter.]

[Main theme continues.]

Blake: This is—This is what ADHD does to me!

[Laughter.]

Blake: I go down these fucking rabbit holes of like. 'Oh, what's something fun I can put in Rey's? Oh, I remember Fiddler's Green! Let's look up Fiddler's Green! Oh, this is cool history! I can add all these details! Ooh, I wonder if I can add people going into Fiddler's Green! I wonder... for the day, if there were any big shipwrecks?'

[Laughter.]

Blake: Well, there we go!

Corinne: Those are the best kind of rabbit holes, though, especially for D&D, 'cause the attention to detail is just so much fun!

Blake: Yeah!

Gale: Yeah!

[Zach laughs.]

Gale: Oh!

[Cassette End sound.]