Leigha/Pugface: Mythic Thunderlute is brought to you with support from 11th Hour Theatre Company, Philadelphia's only All Musical Theatre Company. Visit 11thHourTheatreCompany.org for more information. If you want to support Mythic Thunderlute, join our Patreon by going to Patreon.com/MythicThunderlute.

(*MYTHIC THUNDERLUTE THEME PLAYS*)

Leigha/Pugface: Hello and welcome to (*sings*) Mythic Thunderlute—

Jake/Edgar: Heh!

Leigha/Pugface: A D&D Podcast Musical. I'm Leigha Kato…
Jake/Edgar: I'm Jake Blouch…
Lillian/Jocasta: I'm Lillian Castillo…
Michael/Gamemaker: I'm Michael Doherty…
Steve/Roscoe: And I'm Steve Gudelunas.

Leigha/Pugface: Ooo, and that's the team, and what's up family? How we feeling?

Jake/Edgar: Good!
Lillian/Jocasta: (*sung*) So Good!
Steve/Roscoe: Fantastic.

Michael/Gamemaker: I'm feeling more relaxed than ever this week.

Leigha/Pugface: No, we're fuckin' pros now, right?

Jake/Edgar: Yeah, yeah.

Steve/Roscoe: Yeeeah…

Leigha/Pugface: I—I feel the same way. I—I used to be so scared and now I'm just a little bit scared. Just a little bit. I feel good. I'm—I'm excited.

Jake/Edgar: I don't fear anything.

Michael/Gamemaker: Oh my God.

(*Leigha laughs*)

Michael/Gamemaker: Also, I got a little bit high and I slept *for hours*.

Leigha/Pugface: FOUR hours?

Jake/Edgar: Wow!

Michael/Gamemaker: Not four hours, but…

Leigha/Pugface: Oh, FOR hours.

Lillian/Jocasta: F'r hours.

Steve/Roscoe: Wow, so four whole hours, huh Mike? That's in-that's incredible.

Michael/Gamemaker: Hahahaha! Yeah—well!

Leigha/Pugface: Gang, are we ready to play?

Lillian/Jocasta: (Lillian sings) We're always ready to play!

Leigha/Pugface: Oh fuck yea. So, I'm gonna take this opportunity to hand it over to our favorite boy, Michael Doherty…YES!

Michael/Gamemaker: Thank you!

Steve/Roscoe: He *is* our favorite boy.

Leigha/Pugface: He's our favorite boy!

(*group laughter*)

Michael/Gamemaker: Thank you, thank you. Today on the pod, we have stage and screen actor Wayne T. Carr. Wayne's got a heck of a resume: He's known as John Stewart aka the Green Lantern in the Snyderverse- that's the extended cinematic universe of Zack Snyder's Justice League- and he recently wrapped filming The Tragedy of MacBeth, directed by Joel Coen and starring Frances McDormand and Denzel Washington. Big doings! Wayne, congrats and welcome to the Pod!

Wayne T. Carr: Thank you, thank you, Michael. I, so appreciate it, man.

Michael/Gamemaker: It is so nice to have you here man. Now you've had such a wild little quarantine, uh, what can you tell us about your Justice League experience?

Wayne T. Carr: Oh there's so much I can tell you about it, but, uh, I guess to like jump right into it, I put myself in a situation where I was like, able to help Zach complete his vision. And he enjoyed what I did so much that he said I want to put this in the movie and then of course when Warner Brothers saw it they had their own ideas of what they wanted to do with the John

Stewart character and they cut me out, unfortunately. But when the movie dropped on HBO Max there was a concept art photo leaked and all of a sudden I became a very popular man.

Michael/Gamemaker: That's so incredible. Now this leak was specifically, Zach Snyder himself?

Wayne T. Carr: Oh yeah, yeah, he-he-he leaked this photo. Absolutely.

Michael/Gamemaker: That's amazing. So, who knows what will come of this, but for now you've got like a little surge of popularity and an exciting little…

Wayne T. Carr: Yeah the DC fans are amazing, and they welcomed me, even though I didnt' make it in the movie, just because I got-I got validation from-from him. He went on a podcast, he said "Wayne T. Carr is my Green Lantern, he's my John Stewart and-and then, he just made it official. And the DC Fans welcomed me ever since so it's just been an awesome, awesome ride.

Michael/Gamemaker: SO cool. And so you fully filmed a sequence at Zach's place?

Wayne T. Carr: Yes, uh, he had a whole set up, green screen, there's pictures online and everything. And it-it-it was the scene that Martian Manhunter did. And so, uh, lines were different, ya know even when we were shooting it in his driveway he would throw lines to me and I would read them, so he was changing the script on the spot.

Michael/Gamemaker: Fucking crazy.

Wayne T. Carr: And so it was a completely different thing from what Harry Lennox and his Martian Manhunter did.

Michael/Gamemaker: Yeah…

Wayne T. Carr: So yeah, unfortunately we weren't able to see that.

Michael/Gamemaker: That just sounds so cool. I will just forever enjoy that in my imagination instead.

Wayne T. Carr: Ha ha, me too! (chuckles)

Michael/Gamemaker: Now as a huge Coen Nerd myself, truly, I could not be more excited about MacBeth. What was filming that like?

Wayne T. Carr: Well, um, I don't know how much of the story I've talked to you about, Doh--uh…

Michael/Gamemaker: Not much…

Wayne T. Carr: Sorry can I call you “Doh” on this podcast?

Michael/Gamemaker: Of course!

Wayne T. Carr: I CALL HIM “DOH” EVERYONE!

(Mike begins to laugh)

Wayne T. Carr: Um...Many of us do! So, um, yeah that was an-an incredible, um, ride. Uh...so many of the Coen films I love, I’m sure, like...

Michael/Gamemaker: I mean I”m completely obsessed.

Wayne T. Carr: But I mean the experience of it was amazing. Because I’m sitting there with Oscar Award winning...

Michael/Gamemaker: Right!!

Wayne T. Carr: ...people, ya know, talking about Shakespeare. I geeked out every day, it was incredible.

Michael/Gamemaker: So what was exactly your-uh-position on the set?

Wayne T. Carr: So I was basically the consultant, the Shakespeare consultant and they gave me the role of Murder #3. I went in and I started helping with rehearsals and filling in because half the cast was coming from uh, London. And Denzel Washington said “I think he’s great. I think he needs to, you know, help other actors as we move forward with this, and he should be on set everyday.”

Michael/Gamemaker: So he fully, like, extended your contract.

Wayne T. Carr: He got me a job, basically, for the entire shoot.

Michael/Gamemaker: Cool man. Well, Wayne, that is such an amazing story. Uh, it sounds like it’s going to be incredible.

Wayne T. Carr: Oh my gosh, uh, I can't wait!

Michael/Gamemaker: Friends be sure to catch The Tragedy of MacBeth, which premieres September 24th at the New York Film Festival. Wayne, thank you so much for being here man!

Wayne T. Carr: Oh man, this was my pleasure. Thank you for having me.

Michael/Gamemaker: Alright, we've gotta get this party started. Friends, if you want to hear the full interview with Wayne, you can do so by joining our PATREON and checking out Episode 4 of *Shoot the Lute* which will drop next week. In the meantime, I'm gonna explain how this works…

Michael/Gamemaker: *Here's the deal*: Our four players will improvise their way through a fantasy-style role playing game of my making. After we record, we add sound effects, underscoring, full-fledged musical numbers, and special guest voices! And boom.

Jake/Edgar: Sca-BOOM!

Michael/Gamemaker: There you have an episode. Sound good?

Leigha/Pugface: Yea!
Steve/Roscoe: Sure
Jake/Edgar: Yes.
Lillian/Jocasta: So good.

Gamemaker: Then let's play MYTHIC THUNDERLUTE!

Lillian/Jocasta: Bow bow bow

Leigha/Pugface: Waaaoo!

(Intro music plays.)

Jake/Edgar: Previously on Mythic Thunderlute…

Gamemaker: After creating a genre of music called "folk rock" to unite the city of Redfir, Jocasta, Edgar, Pugface, Roscoe, and Herman are escorted into the Elven Keep by Gutendel, the local Sheriff, who insists on helping them if they ever need anything. They quickly gain counsel with the Queen, who agrees to grant them access to the Sanctuary of the Gods in exchange for their never returning to Qar'Qatara again. Once inside the Sanctuary, they plead with the elven gods to not exterminate the people of Edennia and are given a chance to convince their king to change their nation's ways. They are then warned of the plagues and apocalypse that will unfold if they fail, and the music god Domino restores magic to Edgar's Thunderlute. As they make their way out of the elf nation, they bid farewell to the kind General Alvar and hear an ominous threat on Edgar's life from Colonel Tarsk. At the Edennian border, the gang is about to be placed under arrest by the King's Guard of Boarstead, when Edgar decides to use his newfound magic to vaporize fifty soldiers. Pugface takes out two of the Guard as well, just before the entire group is sedated and thrown in prison. The next morning, they

meet their defense attorney Simon Crabb, send a kay wren to Sheriff Gutendel to be their character witness, and are summoned to begin their trial.

Pugface: Nice.
Roscoe: Wow. We've done a lot in 72 hours.
Jocasta: So much.

Gamemaker: We begin. A burly guard stares intensely as he waits to escort you, when Crabb the Lawyer turns to you and says…

Crabb: "Alright, don't try anything funny, otherwise they'll just add another count of Resisting Arrest to the charges."

Edgar: "Resisting arrest, I—I—??"

Jocasta: "Yea, I—I think that that's what we did!"

Edgar: "Don't say that when we're up there!"

Jocasta: "I'm just embarrassed that not a one of us, even for a second, thought, *Oh, maybe running away? Or maybe trying to escape??*"

Herman: "We also could've just complied with the law I suppose."

Edgar: "Herman?"
Roscoe: "Herman!"

Jocasta: "Listen—"

Roscoe: "Ya know, I gotta tell ya, this is not the time."

Pugface: "Herman, no."

Edgar: "I suppose the people that I vaporized were, in fact, people?"

Pugface: "Yeah."

Edgar: "Had families and like, were someone's child?"

Roscoe: "Yeah, I mean, some of them had kids."

Pugface: "You have blood on your hands."

Jocasta: "I mean, as long as it was an accident."

Pugface: "It was an accident!"

Edgar: "Well, it wasn't an accident that I—"

Pugface: "Self-defense."

Crabb: "Alright, alright. This is the exact kind of story we can get straight when we get to the court room."

Edgar: "Alright…"

Jocasta: "Alright."

Edgar/Jake: "Alright…Bernie."

Gamemaker/Michael: "Yeah. He's definitely slowly morphing into Bernie Sanders."

(*the group laughs*)

Roscoe: "Yeah, there's no question."

Gamemaker: "The burly guard chimes in…"

Prison Guard: "Please do follow I shall bring you to the courtroom."

Pugface: "Hah."

Gamemaker: As soon as you exit your cell, you see several dozen soldiers lined up down the hall to your right. The guard in front of you takes a hard left and heads down toward the end of the hall.

Pugface: "Haaa."

Jocasta: "Ooo, this is a lot of soldiers."

Pugface: "Roscoe, hold my hand. I don't like this."

Roscoe: "No problem, I got you."

Gamemaker: You follow the guard, who leads you through a door and up some stairs, with the platoon of King's Guard following closely behind. After passing through several more corridors, the guard in front of you opens a set of double doors that leads into a lavish marble courtroom. Rows of seats are filled with spectators, some of whom you

recognize from the Square two days ago. As you're led to the looming Bench at the front of the room, the humans start to notice and murmur about you. Mentions of "dead gods," "King Cyrus," and "murder" can be heard.

Pugface: "Oh god."

Edgar: "Oh."

Roscoe: "They're gonna kill us."

Pugface: "I don't like thiiiiiis—"

Roscoe: "This is it."

Edgar: "Ah—"

Roscoe: "This is the end."

Pugface: "I don't like it."

Roscoe: "This is how we go."

Jocasta: "Maybe we could convince them that we have a bigger thing that we have to deal with, and then we can come back later?"

Pugface: "Oh, that's good."

Roscoe: "Wait, Jocasta, a bigger thing than killing fifty of their men!?"

Herman: "That's the tough one. That's—that is the toughy."

Roscoe: (*to Jocasta*) "I mean…I—I—normally I'd agree with you, ya know, but…"

Edgar: "We don't know how that happened though."

Crabb: "Precisely my thought, Edgar."

Gamemaker: When you reach the front of the room, you see- to your right- a box filled with twelve nervous-looking humans, and a man in a blue robe with white hair and tiny spectacles sitting at a table right next to you. Crabb sits down at a table on your left, and gestures for you to join him.

Pugface: "Oh."
Roscoe: Okay, yeah, we sit down.

Edgar: Alright

Crabb: "Okay, now, let's go. Before this thing starts, I'm gonna make sure we've got our story straight. So, that the thing that killed them, your-- what do you call it?"

Edgar: "Er, the Mythic Thunderlute."

Crabb: "Now, I've never seen one of those things before! I don't think anyone in this courtroom has ever seen any one of those things before! You pickin' up what I'm putting down, here? Murder is all about intent. Right? As long as you didn't know what the Thunderlute was capable of, OR if you intended something *other* than to kill those men."

Edgar: "Absolutely. In fact, I asked the soldiers, 'Do you boys like rock and roll?'"

Pugface: "Oh you did!"

Roscoe: "He did, he did."

Pugface: "That's—That is true!"

Jocasta: "He did do that!"
Roscoe: "He did do that!"

Crabb: "Okay! Okay! So you were actually intending…"

Edgar: "To play rock and roll! It's—To engage in my life's work!"

Crabb: "That's fantastic. Okay! Maybe my first time outta the gate but uh…"

Roscoe: "Bu—What? What. Your first time?"

Jocasta: "You've never done this before?"

Pugface: "Wait, what?"

Crabb: "This *is* the first time we've had a trial where the defendants are allowed to plead their case. Yes."

Edgar: "Ohh."

Crabb: "Up till now it's been: You're hung by your toes…"

Pugface: "Toes?"

Crabb: "…and they stick a rat up your keister and—and the RAT, if it LIVES then you're found GUILTY!" (Steve breaks into laughter) "It's nuts!"

Edgar: "Could we go with that option?"

Jocasta: "No!! Why??"

Roscoe: "Edgar, that's enough."

Crabb: "Alright, so if we feel like we've got our story straight, I can explain how this is all gonna go down.

The Trial of the Trial of the Century

Crabb: (*sings*)
GIVEN THAT WE HAVEN'T HAD A WHOLE LOT OF LUCK
IN DEALING WITH THE PUBLIC, WHO BELIEVE THAT WE SUCK
FOR TORT'RING THE ACCUSED WITHOUT A REASON OR RHYME
AND DETERMINING IF THEY WERE, IN FACT, GUILTY OF THEIR CRIMES.

SO THE KING DECIDED HE'D APPOINT A FEUDAL LAW JUDGE
AND CALL A JURY OF ONE'S PEERS WHO HADN'T A GRUDGE,
A PROSECUTOR AND DEFENCE ATTORNEY, YOU SEE,
TO SHOW A KINDER, WISER PENITENTIARY.

SO...IT'S...A…
TRIAL OF THE TRIAL OF THE CENTURY
THE TENETS OF WHICH ARE STILL RUDIMENTARY
AND HOPEFULLY, THOUGH IT CAN BE QUITE SED...ENTARY,
THE SUM OF IT'S PARTS WILL BE COMPLIMENTARY!

STEP ONE!

Courtroom Attendees:
OPENING STATEMENT!

Crabb:
THE JUDGE WILL TELL THE GOOD LORD PROSECUTOR TO RISE,
WHO'LL ARGUE THE DEFENSE IS FULL OF MALICE AND LIES,
SO THAT THE JURY BRINGS TO PASS THAT EACH OF YOU DIES
FOR SENDING A DEAD ELVEN GOD RIGHT INTO THE SKIES!

WELL THEN, MY FRIEND, WE'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO SAY OUR OWN PIECE,

AND, IF NEED BE, DISCOVER JUST WHAT PALMS WE SHOULD GREASE,
EXPLAINING WHY THIS GODFORSAKEN TRIAL NEEDS TO CEASE,
TO BRING ABOUT YOUR RIGHTFUL AND IMMEDIATE RELEASE.

Courtroom Attendees:
FOR IT'S THE TRIAL OF A TRIAL OF THE CENTURY
THE TENETS OF WHICH ARE STILL RUDIMENTARY.
AND HOPEFULLY THOUGH IT CAN BE QUITE SED...ENTARY,
THE SUM OF IT'S PARTS WILL BE COMPLIMENTARY!

Crabb:
STEP TWO!

Courtroom Attendees:
TIME FOR THE WITNESSES!

Crabb:
THE PROSECUTOR WILL CALL THE AGGRIEVED TO THE STAND
WHO WILL ATTEMPT TO IMPLICATE YOU, SAYING FIRSTHAND,
WHY ALL OF YOU DESERVE THE UTMOST REPRIMAND,
PROVIDED THAT IT ALL GOES JUST ACCORDING TO PLAN!

WHY THEN WE'LL GET OUR CHANCE TO PAINT A SCENE OF OUR OWN
AND PROVE TH'EVENTS THE JURORS HAD HEARD WERE NOT AS THEY'D SHOWN
AND STRIKE A SYMPATHETIC AND BELIEVABLE TONE
UNITING US, REMINDING US THAT WE'RE NOT ALONE!

Courtroom Attendees:
FOR IT'S THE…
(*whispered*) TRIAL OF THE TRIAL OF THE CENTURY
THE TENETS OF WHICH ARE STILL RUDIMENTARY.
AND HOPEFULLY THOUGH IT CAN BE QUITE SED…
(*back to full voice*) ...ENTARY,
THE SUM OF IT'S PARTS WILL BE COMPLIMENTARY!

Crabb:
STEP THREE!

Courtroom Attendees: (*slowing*)
THE CLOSING ARGUMENTS, AH...

Crabb: (*Out of tempo*)
WE'LL EACH HAVE ONE LAST CHANCE TO MAKE OUR CASE TO EACH JUROR,
AND ILLUSTRATE THE MORAL WEIGHT A WRONG VERDICT COULD INCUR.

AND LEARN THE EMOTIONS LEFT WITHIN THEM THAT WE CAN STIR.

(*Back to tempo*)

THEN THEY'LL DECIDE, OH WHAT A RIDE, IT'S DONE IN A WHIR!

+ Courtroom Attendees: (*Gearing up for kickline*)
FOR...IT'S...THE...TRIAL OF THE TRIAL OF THE CENTURY
THE TENETS OF WHICH ARE STILL RUDIMENTARY.
AND HOPEFULLY THOUGH IT CAN BE QUITE SED...ENTARY,
THE SUM OF ITS PARTS…
YES THE SUM OF ITS PARTS…
OH, THE SUM OF ITS PARTS WILL BE COMPLIMENTARY!

THE TRAIL OF THE TRIAL OF THE CENTURY!

(*music ends*)

Crabb: "Now! I can technically call any of you to the stand to testify, but since Edgar and Pugface are the most culpable for the alleged crimes, I'm gonna recommend that you two take the stand."

Edgar: "I will if you will, Pugface."
Pugface: "H-ha—okay."

Crabb: "Jocasta—"

Jocasta: "Yea?"

Roscoe. "Roscoe, you both seem very likable. I don't want your talents to go to waste. Now, anyone on the side of the defense is allowed to give statements and cross examine witnesses. So, I'm gonna recommend that one of you give our opening statement and the other be our cross examiner."

Roscoe: "Okay."

Jocasta: "Oh, Gosh."

Roscoe: "Jocasta, what do you feel more comfortable with?"

Crabb: "Which one of you is a good orator? Who can weave a tale? Who can spin a yarn?"

Jocasta: “I don’t really feel—"

Roscoe: “Oh, that would be Jocasta.”

Jocasta: “Oh, God—are you sure? You know how sometimes I say things and I’m not suppose to say them-“

Pugface: “JoJo, you can weave. You can weave a tale.”

Roscoe: “Hey, Jocasta, do you think that I could tell a story with—without getting angry?”

Edgar: “Who says you don’t have to get angry?”

Crabb: “Maybe that’s better used for the cross-examining...”

Jocasta: “Okay.”

Roscoe: “I think you’re right.”

Herman: “Now, what can I do?”

Pugface/Roscoe/Edgar: “Herman!”

Pugface: “Just, you gotta--sit this one out.”

Roscoe: “Nothing, Herman.”

Gamemaker: At this point, the King’s Herald enters through a door in front of you and addresses the room…

Harold the Herald: “Hear ye! Hear ye! The trial of the Boarstead 5 is now called to order. All rise!”

Gamemaker: Everyone stands up.

Harold the Herald: “The right honorable Judge Lionel Judy presiding.” (*giggles from the group*)

Gamemaker: An older, disgruntled gentleman in a long black robe enters through the same door…

(*giggles continue, Jake is heard saying “Ohhh!”)*

Gamemaker: …and takes a seat behind the bench. He towers over the entire room.

Harold the Herald: "Be seated. Your honor, the defendants stand accused of Incitement of the Apocalypse, False Impersonation of the King, Obstruction of Justice, Resisting Arrest, and 52 counts of murder most foul."

(Steve cackles at Michaels performance of Harold)

Gamemaker: The herald turns and bows toward the judge and leaves back through the door. The Judge speaks…

Judge Judy: "We are to begin with Opening Statements. Lord Prosecutor, the floor is yours."

Gamemaker: The blue-robed man stands gracefully and says,

(*the group giggles throughout this monologue at Michael's impersonation of the Southern Lawyer trope*.)

Lord Prosecutor: "Thank you, your honor. Kind people of the jury: You are to hear a tale today of negligence, trickery, and homicidal lunacy. There are not only countless witnesses who can identify these five people at the three crime scenes, but when you hear the extent of their crimes, and- indeed- the foolishness of their misgivings, you shall not believe your ears. I ask that you find them guilty on all counts. *I'm* certain of it... My only quandary is: With so many acts of deceit and violence that have so *recently* come to light, what other abominable deeds have they done that we don't even know about? Your honor."

Gamemaker: He bows to the judge and takes his seat.

Judge Judy: "Thank you, Lord Prosecutor. Mr. Crabb, the Opening Statement for the Defense?"

Crabb: Okay. You're up, Jocasta! Knock 'em dead!

Jocasta: "Right, right, right." (clears her through) "Judge Judy." (huge laugh from the group) "Members of the Jury. People of the court room. My name is Jocasta Stormwood and I am here to tell you the truth of our tale. That we four have been trying to do what is right for the people of Edennia. It started one day while we were…spending time together (*snickers from the group*), and a lovely wood nymph informed us that the—the forest of Stormwood was going to be in grave danger and that we needed to talk to the God Maress. So, we traveled across this country to the temple of Maress and we told him what happened. He went BANANAS. He was out of control! He decided that the only solution was to DESTROY everyone in Edennia. Now I tell you ladies and

gentlemen, we tried. We TRIED to stop the God Maress from deciding that this was the only course of action. But we are mere mortals. We are simple people. We were thinking only of YOU and your well-being. And so, I say to you Judge Judy. And Jury. And people in the court. I ask you today to listen to our story and come to the only verdict that makes any sense: Not Guilty."

Gamemaker: The jury is nodding—uh--at you, Jocasta, in agreement. Several people in attendance break into applause and the Judge interrupts…

Judge Judy: "Order!! Order. There will be none of that today."

QUIT TIL ACQUITTED (Part 1)

Jocasta: (*sings*)
I THINK THAT DID IT
OOH I REALLY THINK THAT DID IT
LET'S SEE THAT PROSECUTOR
TRY TO COME BACK FROM THAT.
THEY DIDN'T GET IT
SO I LAID IT RIGHT OUT FOR 'EM;
GAVE IT TO 'EM STRAIGHT MAN
NOTHING BUT FACTS!

WHEN WE WALKED IN HERE,
IT WAS PRETTY CLEAR
THAT WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE…
NOW IT'S ON, AND WE'RE
MAKING IT APPEAR
LIKE IT WAS ALL JUST HAPPENSTANCE.

WE CAN'T EXPLAIN, ALL THE PAIN
AND GRIEF FROM JUST THESE LAST THREE DAYS
BUT IF WE PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER
IT'S GONNA BE OK.
SO NOW I'LL GO AND SIT, BUT WE AIN'T GONNA QUIT
'TIL ACQUITTED!

Roscoe, Edgar & Pugface:
QUIT, QUIT, QUIT TIL ACQUITTED

Jocasta:
QUIT TIL ACQUITTED!

Roscoe, Edgar & Pugface:
QUIT, QUIT, QUIT TIL ACQUITTED

Jocasta:
QUIT TIL ACQUITTED

Roscoe, Edgar & Pugface:
QUIT, QUIT,

Jocasta, Roscoe, Edgar & Pugface:
QUIT TIL ACQUITTED

(*music cuts out*)

Gamemaker: As you return to your seat, Crabb says…

Crabb: "That was great! Those dumb jurors didn't know what hit 'em!"

Jocasta: (*whispering*) "Don't call them dumb!"

Judge Judy: "We can hear you, Mr. Crabb."

Crabb: "Oh, sorry! Oh God, gotta be more careful! Huh-huh!"

Judge Judy: "At this time, Lord Prosecutor, you may call forth any witness you wish to present to the jury."

Lord Prosecutor: "Thank you, your honor. I'd like to call Major Maynard Mayfield of Mayberry to the stand."

(courtroom attendees gasp)

Gamemaker: From the back of the room emerges the King's Guard soldier who not only was duped by Edgar dressed as King Cyrus, but who led the arrest on the five of you last night.

Judge Judy: "Major Mayfied. Do you swear before Vanitious to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

Major Mayfield: "I do."

Judge Judy: "Please, be seated."

Lord Prosecutor: "Major Mayfield… May I call you Maynard?"

Major Mayfield: "You may not."

Lord Prosecutor: "Major Mayfield… Do you have a relationship with the defendants?"

Major Mayfield: "I do…"

Lord Prosecutor: "Could you please elaborate on that?"

Major Mayfield: "Well, two days prior to today, I was tasked with arresting said suspects for the explosion in the square. I thought I'd found their horses when *that man*--"

Gamemaker: He points furiously at Edgar.

Major Mayfield: "...disguised himself as King Cyrus and tricked me!"

Gamemaker: Gasps and hubbub erupt once more!

Judge Judy: "Order! Order! There will be *order* here today! Major Mayfield, do proceed."

Lord Prosecutor: "Tricked you, you say?"

Major Mayfield: "He convinced me that he was our sovereign and sent me and my fellow men away."

Lord Prosecutor: "What deceit! What knavery! So these folks not only had told spectators that they had awoken a dead god, but made a mockery of his majesty when asked to answer for it?"

Crabb: "Uh..Objection, your honor, leading the witness."

Judge Judy: "Sustained. Keep it on the rails, Lord Prosecutor…"

Lord Prosecutor: "Very well. Did you encounter them after that?"

Major Mayfield: "Well, we tried to pursue them once we realized our mistake, but the trail went cold at the Qar'Qataran border. So, we staked out until yesternight when we made our arrest."

Lord Prosecutor: "And how did that go?"

Major Mayfield: "Not. Well! Not only did each of these peasants say that they refused to surrender to the law, but that same deceitful elf… (*overcome with emotion*) That same, cruel being proceeded to ask if we liked rock music. Before we could answer, a strum of his lute sent a tidal wave of elven witchcraft toward us, which laid waste to half of my men!"

(*gasps*)

Gamemaker: The courtroom is a-twitter once more.

Judge Judy: "Orderrrr! Orrderrrrrr!"

Gamemaker: The spectators eventually calm.

Major Mayfield: "As we began our attempts to sedate the lawbreakers, the gnome fired an additional two arrows, which slew another two of my finest men."

Lord Prosecutor: "For shame! No further questions, your honor."

Judge Judy: "Do the defendants wish to cross-examine?

Roscoe: "Uh…Yes."

Jocasta: "Roscoe, he has no way of knowing that that was Edgar."

Roscoe: "No. He doesn't at all."

Crabb: "Give 'em hell, Roscoe!"

Roscoe: "How you doin', Major?"

Major Mayfield: "Not particularly well to be talking to you *presently*!"

Roscoe: "No, I can-I can see that. You seem tense. You seem overwhelmed. You seem overcome with emotion, Major. Would that be correct?"

Major Mayfield: "Indeed, I am!"

Roscoe: "So maybe you're not seeing the situation as clearly as you could be, now."

Major Mayfield: "Oh."

Roscoe: "Isn't that right?"

Major Mayfield: "Is that so?"

Roscoe: "Well..."

Major Mayfield: "Do explain."

Roscoe: "Sir, how can you prove definitively that my good friend, Edgar Hawke here, was indeed your sovereign?"

Major Mayfield: "Well he was surrounded by the four of you, of course."

Roscoe: "But how can you prove that it was him?"

Major Mayfield: "Because you're a party, you said so yourself!"

Roscoe: "No, Major, see what I don't understand here is that... you're a high-ranking officer in this sovereign's army, are you not, sir?"

Major Mayfield: "I am a Major, sir."

Roscoe: "And you did not recognize your commanding officer, otherwise known as your sovereign King."

Major Mayfield: "I admit that I am embarrassed of this fact. But it only speaks to the treachery and deceit of your friend Edgar."

Roscoe: "No, sir, I think it speaks to the fact that you're overworked. You're underpaid. And I believe you're very tired. All I'm saying is there is no definitive proof and you're going to take one man's word over an entire band. It's really a shame what this world's coming to these days. No further questions, your honor."

Judge Judy: "Thank you Mr. Chubb and thank you Major Mayfield, you may return to the audience."

Gamemaker: Major Mayfield leaves the stand. He is bright red fuming, just like, staring daggers into Roscoe Chubb as he passes.

Roscoe: Roscoe winks at him. (*clicks his cheek*)

QUIT TILL ACQUITTED (Part 2)

Roscoe: (*sings*)
HEY THERE BARRISTER

SORRY TO EMBARRASS YA.
JUST A LITTLE QUICKER ON YOUR TOES
NEXT TIME, BUBB.
BUT THAT WAS REALLY KINDA LAME.
GOTTA BRING YOUR A-GAME
IF YOU"RE GOING HEAD TO HEAD WITH ROSCOE CHUBB!

I DID MORE THAN PASS;
IT WAS A MASTER CLASS
IN MY MENTAL AGILITY.
A HUNG JURY AT LEAST
CAUSE I"M SERVING UP A FEAST
OF PLAUSIBLE DENIABILITY!

THEY THREW EVERYTHING
THEY GOT AT US,
AND WE'RE STILL STANDING HERE.
THEY AINT GOT THE GOODS
TO TAKE US DOWN;
THAT'S BECOMING MORE THAN CLEAR.
IT JUST TAKES A LITTLE WIT, AND WE AIN'T GONNA QUIT
TIL ACQUITTED!

Jocasta, Edgar & Pugface:
QUIT, QUIT, QUIT TIL ACQUITTED

Roscoe:
QUIT TIL ACQUITTED!

Jocasta, Edgar & Pugface:
QUIT, QUIT, QUIT TIL ACQUITTED

Roscoe:
QUIT TIL ACQUITTED

Jocasta, Edgar & Pugface:
QUIT, QUIT,

Jocasta, Roscoe, Edgar & Pugface:
QUIT TIL ACQUITTED

(*music ends*)

Judge Judy: "Lord Prosecutor, any more witnesses to bring forth?"

Lord Prosecutor: "No, your honor."

Judge Judy: "Mr. Crabb the floor is yours."

Crabb: "Oh, thank you, your honor. I would like to call to the stand, Edgar Hawke."

Edgar: (*clears his throat*) Edgar stands and sort of uh—floofs his clothes, you know?

Gamemaker: Edgar, as you make your way to the stand people kind of gasp in horror at seeing you, still reeling from the Majors testimony.

Judge Judy: "Mr. Hawke, do you swear before Vanitious to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

Edgar: "I do."

Judge Judy: "Be seated."

Crabb: "Mr. Hawke. What a day. Huh. Lots of a—lots of assertions leveled at you today, we could say. Uh. Let's talk about your arrest. Now, t-tell me about this thing, y-y-y-your thunderlute."

Edgar: "Oh yes."

Gamemaker: Crabb grabs it from the table and the crowd recoils.

Edgar: "Careful, careful, careful….

Crabb: "Relax relax, I'm not…ehh…just relax."

Edgar: "Hold it by the neck!"

Crabb: "Edgar, could you tell the jury what this is?"

Edgar: "Oh, that's the uh, the Mythic Thunderlute that the bands named after."

Crabb: And what's it supposed to do?

Edgar: Oh, it makes the best guitar tone that you've ever heard.

Crabb: So, what was your intention when you strummed it last night?

Edgar: When I strummed the lute, I asked the soldiers beforehand 'Do you boys like Rock and Roll' as a-ah-a way of- sort of- calming the situation.

Crabb: I see! So you were merely trying to entertain these gentlemen of the King's Guard.

Edgar: Yes.

Crabb: "Remarkable. No further questions, your honor."

Judge Judy: "Lord Prosecutor, the witness is yours."

Lord Prosecutor: "My honor, your honor. Mr. Hawke. When you were tasked on your so-called epic quest did it never occur to you to bring your problem to *Vanitious*, the one true *Edennian* God?"

Edgar: "The wood nymph, uh, that appeared to us instructed us that we really needed to get in touch with the old *Eleven* Gods to uh—"

Lord Prosecutor: "So, you took the word of an *Elven* spirit instead of using your own better judgement to contact the God which serves us all in *Edennia*?"

Edgar: "I don't know that I'd go that far, I'm not the (chuckling) really religious type myself."

Lord Prosecutor: "BLASPHEMY! Slanderous, Elf-Made, Anti Edennian BLASPHEMY!"

Crabb: "Uhhh, objection, your honor, badgering the witness!"

Judge Judy: "Sustained!"

Edgar: "Is it a crime to go to the, uh, Temple of Maress?"

Lord Prosecutor: "The Temple of Vanitious does lay just across the street of the Eleven shrine does it not?"

Edgar: "I don't know what to tell you counselor, we didn't decide to go there because that wasn't where our information led us."

Lord Prosecutor: "Mm. Taking the word of an elven wood nymph over the sound logic that should lay in *any* Edennian, remarkable. Mr. Hawke, could you explain to the jury why you dressed up as King Cyrus?"

Edgar: "I didn't dress up as King Cryus."

Lord Prosecutor: "Your friends were positively IDed alongside the false King according to the court report, which has been, in fact, corroborated by his majesty. So, unless you are calling our sovereign a liar…"

Edgar: "Not at all!"

Lord Prosecutor: "Are we then to believe that there just happened to be another person your height, dressed as the King, shortly after the explosion, and in your absence with your friends?"

Edgar: "Well, it's the duty of the prosecution to prove that there was, prove it."

Lord Prosecutor: "I merely highlight the absurdity. Just one last quandary, your honor. This murder weapon, this "Thunder-Lute," as you call it. What magic flows from it which now lays dormant in it's bout?"

Edgar: "The magic of the God Domino."

Lord Prosecutor: "I see. So, you fiddled with it, knowing full well that powerful Elven Magic lay within."

Edgar: "Oh no, I didn't fiddle with it. My finger slipped."

Lord Prosecutor: "Your finger slipped? Now this contradicts something you said earlier, when you claimed to be trying to *entertain* the King's Guard."

Edgar: "Oh very—of course, I was! I mean—eh—the Thunderlute, as you can see, um, eh, Crabb could you hold it up…"

Crabb: "Yes, yes, here it is…"

Edgar: "By the neck, by the neeeck!"

Crabb: "Okay. Sorry! Sorry..."

Edgar: "As you can see there's a volume knob on it. Uh—To play rock and roll the certain way that I like to play it you've got to get that volume knob up a little bit. So, was I fooling with the volume knob, yes, yes I was, I didn't intend for it, my finger to slip and for it to go all the way up to as you can see that little Elven letter 'T' there."

Lord Prosecutor: "So, you're suggesting that by bringing the dial all the way up to the max, *that* is what caused the explosion."

Edgar: "Ehh-yeah."

Lord Prosecutor: **"**And so am I to believe that in all the time you spent wielding that instrument, the centuries you spent playing lead guitar for ElfMother, you never once had an incident or any indication that something like this might occur."

Edgar: "Did I go out to certain… parts of the wild and turn it all the way up and see what it did? Uh—yes. But I was in an open field where I was--"

Lord Prosecutor: "So, you knew sir! You knew that a wave of Elven Magic would pursue if you strummed it turning it up to the max!"

Edgar: "Yes, but it wasn't my intention to turn it up to the max."

Lord Prosecutor: "I see. No further questions you honor."

(Jake laughs.)

Gamemaker: The Prosecutor returns to his seat.

Judge Judy: "Mr. Hawke you may return to your chair."

QUIT TILL ACQUITTED (Part 3)

Edgar: (*sings*)
WELL LA-DI-DA…

(*music ends abruptly*)

Judge Judy: "Any other witnesses, Mr. Crabb?"

Crabb: "Yes, yes, I do. I would like to call Pugface Doodleop to the stand!"

(*giggles*)

Roscoe: "You got this."

Jocasta: "You're wonderful!"

Roscoe: "You got this, kid."

Jocasta: (*whispered*) "You got this!!"

Herman: "You got this, kiddo."

Edgar: "You can do this."

Judge Judy: "Ms. Doodleop do you swear before Vanitious to tell the truth and nothing but the truth."

Pugface: "I do."

Judge Judy: "Be seated."

Crabb: "Hello, Pugface. Tell us about last night. What was going through your mind when you were asked to surrender to the Kings Guard."

Pugface: "Well, th-there were so many guards. And there's only five of us. And for me, fear was a big factor."

Crabb: "You were terrified. Of course! As anyone would be in that situation. And now, when Edgar's lute went off and killed all those people, tragically, how did that make you feel?"

Pugface: "Shocked. More scared."

Crabb: "Perhaps remorseful?"

Pugface: (*emotionally*) "Definitely."

Lord Prosecutor: "Objection, your honor. Leading the witness!"

Crabb: "Okay! Alright. Sustained, of course… What happened then, Ms. Doodleop?"

Pugface: "Fifty men go down, and then, arrows come shooting at us! And what would you want me to do? My friends were already down, so I was protecting my friends."

Crabb: "Her friends were already down, she was just. Protecting. Her friends. Thank you, your honor, I have no further questions."

Judge Judy: "Lord Prosecutor the witness is yours."

Gamemaker: Pugface, the blue robed prosecutor stands and swaggers toward you.

Lord Prosecutor: "Tell me, Ms. Doodleop, By the time you were asked to surrender to the King's Guard and the moment those first 50 soldiers were killed, what did you say or do?"

Pugface: "What did I say and do? What *did* I say and do?"

Lord Prosecutor: "Well, Major Mayfield claims that you all verbally refused to surrender."

Pugface: "Well, we were scared—"

Lord Prosecutor: "So you did?"

Pugface: "No! Wait..nooo…I don't remember doing that."

Lord Prosecutor: "Did you or did you not respond when Major Mayfield asked you to surrender!?"

Pugface: "I just don't remember…so-so much happened. A LOT happened. You know when—when death is staring you right in the face, you kind of just—you kind of just black out?"

Lord Prosecutor: "So it stands to reason that Major Mayfield himself would remember- much more clearly than you- what happened?"

Pugface: "I—no."

Lord Prosecutor: "No?"

Pugface: "Yes?"

Lord Prosecutor: "Yes?"

Pugface: "I buckle under pressure…I don't know."

Roscoe: "Judy, you gotta…de-- Look, she's clearly under duress! Get her off the stand Judy!"

Judge Judy: "Well—I'm going to see this through, Mr. Chubb."

(*group giggles*)

Pugface: "Okay. Look at me. Do you not understand that we are all under a lot of pressure? We have to save Edennia. We have to SAVE you people. So, in order… That—that's why we didn't comply! That's why we didn't!"

Lord Prosecutor: "So, you admit not complying with the law!"

Pugface: "AAAH I'm sorry!"

Lord Prosecutor: "Thank you, your honor the prosecution rests!"

(*Laughter from the group*)

Pugface: "I'm a terrible liar."

Judge Judy: "Ms. Doodleop you may return to your chair."

QUIT TIL ACQUITTED (Part 4)

Pugface: (*sings*)
I THINK I BLEW IT
NO, I KNOW I JUST BLEW IT
THERE'S NO WAY WE'RE EVER GONNA
COME BACK FROM THAT.
CAN'T LIE WORTH SHIT
NOT JUST A LITTLE BIT.
WE'LL BE HANGING FROM THE GALLOWS IN NO TIME FLAT.
I THINK I NEED SOME AIR

Roscoe:
SHOULDA NEVER GONE UP THERE,
GIVE HER SPACE!
SOMEONE GET HER SOME WATER STAT.

Pugface:
I LET DOWN THE BAND
UP THERE ON THE STAND
HOW CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME?

Edgar:
OH DON"T BE BEREAVED

Jocasta:
WE JUST GOTTA BELIEVE
THAT THE TRUTH WILL SET US FREE.
WE MIGHT NOT KNOW WHAT OUR FATES WILL BE
BUT WE'LL HAVE EACH OTHERS BACKS.
NO MATTER WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS
LISTEN, THAT'S OUR SOLEMN PACT.
HOWEVER BAD IT GETS
Sing it with me!

Jocasta & Pugface:
WE AIN'T GONNA QUIT
'TIL ACQUITTED.

Roscoe:
QUIT, QUIT, QUIT TIL ACQUITTED.

+Edgar:
QUIT, QUIT, QUIT TIL ACQUITTED.

+Jocasta:
QUIT, QUIT,

+Pugface:
QUIT TIL ACQUITTED.

(*music ends*)

Judge Judy: "Now then Mr. Crabb if you've no further witnesses…"

Crabb: "In fact, your honor I do! I would like to call to the stand Sheriff Gerald Gutendel of the Redfir City Watch!"

(*gasp*!)

Gamemaker: Everyone turns to the back of the room! No one enters.

Crabb: "Crap, I guess he's still not here."

Pugface: "No."

Edgar: "Jocasta, I'm just spitballing here…but if a tree... were to just suddenly grow in the middle of this courtroom, they'd probably have to call a recess, certainly in enough time for, uh—Gutendel to get here."

Jocasta: "Oh…uhhhh—"

Gamemaker: The Judge bangs his hammer, he's like…

Judge Judy: "May we move on to closing arguments?"

Pugface: "Ah—"

Judge Judy: "Mr. Crabb?"

Edgar: "Ahh—"

Jocasta: Jocasta starts moving her hands under the table and as she does that a Upright Bass shaped tree starts growing in between the two tables, because frankly, she doesn't know how to grow a plant that doesn't look like an instrument.

Edgar: Hahaha!

Gamemaker: People start to get alarmed and murmur in the audience. The Prosecutor stands and says…

Lord Prosecutor: "Witchcraft! More Elven Witchcraft!"

Judge Judy: "Order! *Order*!! Can any of the defendants please explain what's happening in my courtroom?"

Roscoe: "No."

Edgar: "None of the defendants know what's happening in y—What is that??! OH MY GOD IT LOOKS LIKE A BASS!"

Crabb: "I'm so sorry your honor, I—I—I truly don't know..."

Judge Judy: "Can we get the situation under control?"

Jocasta: Jocasta puts her hands up.

Gamemaker: Is it continuing to grow?

Jocasta: Until—until we have a sizable tree, essentially.

Gamemaker: Okay, great. So! There is now a large upright bass. Everyone is now murmuring quite loudly to one another.

Judge Judy: "Order! Order!!"

Lord Prosecutor: "Your honor, I can only assume that the defense is trying to stall for their character witness to arrive."

Jocasta: "You wanna talk about stalling?"

Roscoe: "Yeah, seriously."

Jocasta: "You talk so slow, we coulda been outta here 2 hours ago if it weren't for you."

Judge Judy: "OrDER! There will be *order* here today! We are to move forward with the closing arguments. I will assume the defendants do not know why this large instrument appeared. Giving you the benefit of the doubt. Lord Prosecutor, you may go first."

Lord Prosecutor: "Thank you, your honor. Distinguished peers of the jury, there you have it! Heathen betrayers of our beloved God of Self, Vanitious. Turned to the elven pantheon to bend our nation to their beliefs. And so, they incited an apocalypse. They claim not by their own hand, but that is simply their word. And whether they knew what they were doing when they summoned this red god is beside the point. They turned away from Vanitious, and in so doing endangered us all. Ashamed of their crimes, they donned disguises, deceived our law enforcement, refused arrest, and maimed and *killed* 52 innocent soldiers."

Pugface: (*nervously*) "Heh…"

Lord Prosecutor: "Try as they may to subvert our attention to ulterior motives, or ludicrously try and deny some of the claims, the fact remains, they did it. I ask again for you to find them guilty. On all counts. Thank you, your honor."

Judge Judy: "The defense may now give their closing argument."

Crabb: "Alright, alright, alright, that was pretty good. But, but! Here's what I'm thinking… uh, Jocasta, you just grew this big ole instrument in the middle of the courtroom… uhhh…"

Edgar: "It wasn't Joscata…"

Crabb: "I know, I know, and, uh, Edgar... you said that you were a singer— are any, are the rest of you musicians as well?"

Pugface: "Yes, you know this!"

Roscoe: "Yea, we are."

Crabb: "Ok, ok then I think we need to wow them through song."

Pugface: "Our music IS powerful..."

Crabb: "Perhaps Edgar we—we don't use the Thunderlute for this little performance?

Pugface: "Better not."

Edgar: "You know I have to say the Thunderlute has a really nice acoustic quality to it as well—"

Crabb: "I—I would not suggest grabbing the murder weapon, personally."

Jocasta: "But wouldn't it help to make that Thunderlute look more innocent if we played something on it?"

Roscoe: "She makes a good point…"

Crabb: "Look, I work for you guys. I say, go for it! My friends…wow them."

Gamemaker: Alright, everyone give me a performance check to see how this closing argument goes.

Jocasta: I got a 17!!

Roscoe: 21 for Roscoe.

Pugface: 24.

Edgar: That's an…8.

Pugface: Ohhohoho, NO!
Roscoe: (giggles)

Gamemaker: OK. SO you guys play a pretty bangin' tune.

THE CLOSING ARGUMENT

Roscoe: (*sings*)
GOOD PEOPLE OF THE JURY
THINK ON THE EVIDENCE YOU'VE HEARD.
THE PROSECUTION SAYS WE"RE NO GOOD CROOKS,
BUT YOU'LL FIND THAT'S JUST ABSURD.
USE A LITTLE COMMON SENSE FOLKS,
DON'T GIVE INTO THEIR GAME,
CAUSE IF YOU WERE IN OUR PLACE
YOU'D HAVE DONE JUST THE SAME.

IMAGINE MINDING YOUR OWN BUSINESS AT HOME
AND A WOOD NYMPH APPEARS
SAYS IF YOU DON'T WAKE UP A LONG DEAD GOD
JOCASTA'S FARM IS GONNA DISAPPEAR.
SO YOU GO TO THE SHRINE OF MARESS, AND
PLAY A SONG OF SACRIFICE.
HOW COULD WE KNOW OUR MUSIC
BROUGHT DEAD DEITIES TO LIFE?

IS IT OUR FAULT THAT MARESS AWOKE IN AN ANGER?
AND THE CROWD THAT GATHERED WAS AWARE OF THE DANGER?
NO WE DIDN'T"T TELL 'EM WHY, IT'S SO EASY TO BLAME.
BUT STANDING IN OUR PLACE YOU WOULD HAVE DONE JUST THE SAME.
DONE JUST THE SAME.

Pugface:
WHOAAA- DONE JUST THE SAME!

IMAGINE WALKIN' DOWN A PITCH BLACK ROAD
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT:
YOU SEE TORCHES AHEAD, THINKING IT'S BOARSTEAD
BUT YOUR IN A FOR ONE HELL OF A FRIGHT.
WHAT YOU COULDN'T SEE, THROUGH THE TREES,
AND WHAT'S NOW COME TO LIGHT:
ARE THE PEOPLE MOVING IN THE DARK--
OH, SOMETHING AIN'T RIGHT.
OH, SOMETHING AIN'T RIGHT!

SO YOU AIN'T QUITE SURE WHO'S UP AHEAD
AND A VOICE CALLS OUR "HOLD!"
AND YOU'RE THINKIN' THESE COULD BE BANDITS NOW;
WHO'S TO SAY YOU SHOULD DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD?

IS IT TIME FOR FLIGHT, OR IS IT TIME TO FIGHT?
WELL, FORTUNE FAVORS THE BOLD.

Edgar:
ALL I DID WAS ASK “DO YOU BOYS LIKE ROCK AND ROLL?”
EVERYONE LIKES ROCK AND ROLL!
Well...

Pugface & Roscoe:
OOO, BUT THAT LITTLE SLIP OF THE HAND…
OOO, FOR THAT SHOULD WE BE DAMNED?
OOO, WOULD YOU BE SO QUCK TO BLAME,

Pugface:
CAUSE IF YOU WERE IN OUR PLACE, YOU’D HAVE DONE JUST THE SAME…
DONE JUST THE SAME.

Roscoe:
WHOA! DONE JUST THE SAME!

AND THE THING AT THE BURGER JOINT, JUST TO SHED SOME LIGHT:
ALL WE DID WAS STOP IN FOR A BITE.
RIGHT?

Edgar, Jocasta & Pugface:
RIGHT!

Pugface & Roscoe:
OOO, SO THE EVIDENCE IS CLEAR,
OOO, WE’RE NOT THE ONES TO FEAR.
OOO, SO IT’S TIME TO CLEAR OUR NAME
‘CAUSE IF YOU WERE IN OUR PLACE
YOU’D HAVE DONE JUST THE SAME.
DONE JUST THE SAME.

Gamemaker: Edgar, despite your best efforts to not alarm the courtroom…

Pugface & Roscoe:
DONE JUST THE SAME.

Gamemaker: ...Domino’s magic comes through as you sort of shred on this solo that goes super electric.

Pugface & Roscoe: (*getting faster*)
DONE JUST THE SAME.
DONE JUST THE SAME.

Gamemaker: Everyone becomes rather alarmed and scared for their lives for a minute.

(*screaming and panic break out in the courtroom*)

Pugface & Roscoe:
DONE JUST THE SAME.
DONE JUST THE SAME.

Gamemaker: By the end of the song the courtroom is awed into silence.

(*music ends*)

Roscoe: "We just ROCKED their FACES!"

Edgar: "Yea!!"

Jocasta: "We are Mythic Thunderlute!"

Pugface: "They should be cheering."

Judge Judy: "Very well, we will now take a brief pause for the jury to deliberate..."

Sheriff Gutendel: "I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY!"

Gamemaker: You turn around and see none other than Sheriff Gutendel coming down the aisle from the back of the room. Hubbub ensues!

Judge Judy: "OrDERRRR!"

Sheriff Gutendel: "Your honor, I rushed here as soon as I was summoned. I came all the way from Redfir. May I just say a few words?"

Judge Judy: "Mmmmmm… Given the nature of the alleged crimes, to not give audience to an officer of the law would seem indecent. Say your piece, Sheriff."

Sheriff Gutendel: "Fanks, your honor, I will. (*giggles of delight from the group*) Hello, my friends."

Pugface: "Hi, Sheriff!"
Jocasta: "Hi!"

Sheriff Gutendel: "Distinguished members of the jury: I don't know what these five heroes are on trial for, but I can assure you, you've got it all wrong. And yes, I said heroes. When the city of Redfir was on the brink of revolution- a rock music revolution, mind you- it would have been easy for this fivesome to stoke the fire one way or the other. But instead, they came in, and they united us. Because deep down, the way I see it. They're just tryin' to make the world a better place. I know they're innocent. Not because I've got all the facts, but because I have seen the true nature of their hearts. Do what's right. Because the world needs people like them. They're not just heroes, they're my friends."

(*Big laugh from Roscoe*)

Sheriff Gutendel: "Thank you, your honor."

Crabb: "Holy shit, did you *pay* him!?"

Roscoe: "No."

Judge Judy: "Enough! Thank you, Sheriff, for your time."

Gamemaker: Sheriff Gutendel proceeds to go towards the back of the room and he… gives you guys a thumbs up of-of encouragement

Pugface: Love you.

Roscoe: Good job, buddy.

Edgar: Thank you Gutendel, we love you.

Jocasta: Thank you!

Judge Judy: "The jury *will* now deliberate. We shall take a short recess while they do."

Gamemaker: Judge Judy bangs his gavel and leaves out the door he came through as the jurors file out a door on the other side of the bench.

Crabb: "Well, now, no matter what happens my friends, we gave it our best shot."

Roscoe: "I think we got this, I think we're just fine."

Jocasta: "I hope so, but I don't know... There were some stumbles there."

Pugface: "I'm sorry. I'm SORRY!"

Jocasta: "It's alright, Pugface!"

Pugface: "I get nervous. I buckle under pressure. I'm sorry."

Edgar: "I know, but you played the bass so well during the closing argument."

Pugface: "Thank you. I just wanna say, whatever happens; I love you guys."

Herman: "I'm gonna break my vow of silence to say; I love you too, Pugface!"

Roscoe: "Herman."
Edgar: "Shut UP! SILENCE!"

(*laughter*)

Pugface: (*worried*) "My family…"

Edgar: "Gods as my honor, you will see your father again. I promise you."

Gamemaker: After not long at all, the doors on either side of the bench fly open as the Judge and Jury return to their seats. The room quiets. You could hear a pin drop.

Judge Judy: "Has the jury reached a verdict?"

Gamemaker: An old, old lady stands among the jurors.

Juror #1: "We have, your honor."

Judge Judy: "You may now read it".

Juror #1: "We, the jury, have reached the following verdicts: Of the charge Incitement of the Apocalypse, we find the defendants… Innocent."

(*Sighs of relief*)

Juror #1: "Of the charge, False Impersonation of the King, we find the defendants… Innocent."

(*Gasps and sighs*)

Juror #1: "Of the charge, Obstruction of Justice, we find the defendants… Innocent."

(*Pugface starts panting with excitement*)

Juror #1: "Of the charge, 52 counts of murder most foul, we find the defendants… Innocent."

(*Huge sigh of relief, some laughter*)

Juror #1: "Of the charge, Resisting Arrest, we find the defendants…

Roscoe: "Come on mama…"

Juror #1: "Guilty."

Roscoe: "WHAT?!"
Pugface: "HUH!"

Edgar: "OAAWWW"

Gamemaker: Commotion has erupted among the spectators once more!

Judge Judy: "OrDERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR! Order! Now then, the defendants have been found guilty of said crimes…"

Jocasta: "We were found guilty of ONE crime."

Judge Judy: "…they are to report before his majesty for sentencing immediately."

Gamemaker: And he bangs his gavel.

Edgar: "Ohhh…"
Pugface: "Nooo."
Roscoe: "This is—we—no…"

Herman: "Well, this—this could be good! We kind of wanted to see his majesty anyway…"

Roscoe: "HERMAN!"

Gamemaker: The next thing you know you are surrounded by Kings Guard waiting to escort you to King Cyrus.

Crabb: "Okay, I think this is our moment."

Jocasta: "Y'all I did not realize how tense I was. I was puckered tighter than a ducks butt."

(*giggles*)

Roscoe: "That's tense!"

Pugface: "Let's go."

Gamemaker: You are led out the jury door and down several more corridors. Before long, you reach massive doors which creak open and reveal: The throne room. It is somehow the most opulent room you've seen yet, with portraits and marble statues of past sovereigns everywhere. A door opens from the back room, and through it steps a crowned man of about 60 with a scepter and a long, red cape trailing behind him. As he looks upon you with his wild eyes, you suddenly feel the gravity of being in the presence of your sovereign, King Cyrus! And THAT'S where we'll end our episode!

Jake/Edgar: Wahhhhhh!

Lillian/Jocasta: Oh my God…

Leigha/Pugface: Ahhhh

Jake/Edgar: Oh MY.

Leigha/Pugface: My LORD!

(Credits music plays.)

Michael/Gamemaker: Tune in in two weeks, on Monday, September 27th for Episode 5: The Temple of Vanitius. And don't forget to rate, comment, and subscribe. Mythic Thunderlute was conceived by Jake Blouch, Michael Doherty and Steve Gudelunas. Jake Blouch serves as our guitarist, and the voice of Edgar Hawke. Lillian Castillo is the voice of Jocasta Stormwood. I'm Michael Doherty, the editor and head writer, aka the Gamemaker. Steve Gudelunas is our resident drummer and the voice of Roscoe Chubb. Leigha Kato is the voice of Pugface Doodleop. Dan Kazemi does our underscoring, arranging, synth, keyboard, mixing, and mastering. Alex Keiper is our co-producer and chief story editor. She did the sound effects for this episode. The writing consultant for this episode was Chris Boutilier.

The Trial of the Trial of the Century was written and performed by Michael Doherty and Dan Kazemi, with additional vocals by Alex Keiper, and drums by Kanako Omae, which were mixed and tracked by Dan Kazemi. Quit 'Til Acquitted was written by Jake Blouch, with Harmonies by Michael Doherty, and drums by Steve Gudelunas, which were mixed and tracked by Tyler Blanchard at GoodKat Productions. And, The Closing Argument was written by Jake Blouch.

Our Production Manager is Molly Foy. Social Media assistance from Sarah Royds. Marketing consultation from Judd Mellinger-Blouch, imaging by Lee Cortapassi and Daniel Kontz, and web design by Campbell O'Hare. A shout-out to our newest Patreon supporters: Stephen Scott Stark, Meghan Winch, and Jeremy Gable. Join us on Patreon to get an early glimpse of our next episode! Or, find us on Bandcamp. We'll catch you next time on... Mythic Thunderlute.