

Dad Then There Were None: A Dadatha Christie Who-Dad-It

Dungeon Master: Anthony Burch

Billy Millions: Freddie Wong

Sledge Valet: Matt Arnold

Straighten Arrow: Will Campos

Haus Emdee: Beth May

Belinda Nightingale: Amanda Schuckman

Dorothy "Dot" Brady: Riley Rose Critchlow

Barbra Boopsie: Elyse Willems

Beth: Dungeons & Daddies is a rowdy, horny, violent podcast for grownups. Content warnings can be found in the episode description.

Freddie: Hey folks! Freddie here. For this week we're taking a break from our regularly scheduled season 2 programming to bring you part 1—and a little bit of part 2—from a Patreon exclusive miniseries, Dad Then There Were None: A Dadatha Christie Who Dad It, which is a murder mystery set on an airship featuring the Daddies cast along with special guests Amanda Schuckman, Riley Rose Critchlow, and Elyse Willems. This is just one of many miniseries that we've done on our Patreon. Our first was a prequel horror campaign called At the Mountains of Dadness that's hella cthulhu; we did a Star Wars miniseries called All That Jizz—which is what they call jazz music in Star Wars, and Disney tried to say that's not what they call jazz music, but they're wrong, we, the fans, decide that. And guess what? It's call jizz. We also did a hysterical regency romance miniseries called Sons and Sonsability that somehow went even more unhinged than even we—who are, y'know, internet perverts—have anticipated.

Freddie: You can find all those at patreon.com/dungeonsanddads, where you can download them for a digital download fee— or! If you're a smarty pants, you'll simply join the patreon at the \$5 tier and get all those miniseries as well as hours upon hours of bonus content as part of you subscription. Support the podcast directly, get adfree episodes, patreon.com/dungeonsanddads. And oh! Beth! Beth has something say.

Beth: Thank you Freddie. Well, um, I'm here with some tea, some hot goss, the low down. No, nobody's getting divorced, nobody's pregnant. But I am doing a one woman show! Here in LA. That'll be November 10th, 11th, and 12th at the Lyric Hyperion. Tiny little theater, so tickets going fast.

Beth: Maybe you're like, "Beth, what the frick are you doing a one woman show about?" Well I will uh... pull up the little blurb here. "Join Beth May as she takes you on a rip-roaring comedy adventure all about, dot dot dot, killing herself. This autobiographical one woman show puts you in the splash zone of death and

delusion as Beth journeys through her struggle with Bipolar Disorder, but, like, in a funny way. Through the bizarre highs and perilous lows, Beth knits parody and drama together to find the scariest thing of all: a future full of hope."

Beth: So yeah! Maybe you're like, "Wow, that sounds like it's not for me!" Go with God, live on, rock on with your bad self, that's totally fine. But if you're like, "Oh, that sounds tight!" You can check out the link to tickets, I think will be in the description for this episode. So if you click on that you can get tickets. Again, this is November 10th, 11th, and 12th. It will be funny, I know it sounds like it's not gonna be a funny thing at all, but I think it will be very funny, really fun, and um. I'm super proud and excited to be doing it, so... Hope to see you there!

Freddie: We're back to our usual schedule after this, so our next season 2 episode will be November 7th. And now: Dad Then There Were None: A Dadatha Christie Who-Dad-It.

[a simple theme tune for a classic mystery plays]

Anthony: Welcome. To. Dad Then There Were None.

[gasps and laughs]

Anthony: It sounds weird when I say it that way. Dad Then There Were None. Okay.

Matt: Say it.

Anthony: Welcome to Dad Then There Were None: A Dadatha Christie Who Dad It, a podcast that we're doing for you for your enjoyment. It's a whodunit...

Will: Not for ours.

Anthony: Not for— No.

Will: Just to be clear.

Anthony: This is— You better be thankful. So. The year's 1935 and a blimp is about to lift off. And on that blimp will be a murder. And we are going to meet the murderer and the other non-murderers very quickly.

[chuckles]

Will: This is just like Alfred Hitchcock—

Beth: Yeah!

Will: —when he introduces his movie.

Anthony: So, so, there's a guy. And he's got a hotel.

[laughter]

Anthony: And this girl, she steals money. She's not the main character. I mean, she seems like she's the main character.

Beth: I roll to stop the murder.

[laughter]

Riley: It was over really fast.

Anthony: So why don't we really quickly introduce the cast we have, because it's more than just the normal stupid Daddies cast that you've grown so tired of. It's new sexy guests that you've actually heard on other episodes of the podcast before, but you'll be so happy to have them back.

Matt: Hi. My name's Matt.

[group laughter]

Anthony: Off to a low start!

Beth: Who is that? Oh my God.

Elyse: You were a guest this whole time?

Freddie: This is Freddie. It's me! Freddie's here too, everybody.

Amanda: Hello. Amanda Schuckman, from that other thing we did that was good. Yay!

Riley: I'm Riley Rose Critchlow. I've never been here before.

Anthony: But you have been on your own D&D podcast that is trying to fucking chomp our audience, bite by bite.

Will: Seems like I know who's going to get murdered!

[laughter]

Riley: I'm here from Real Housewives of Dungeons & Dragons and also Anime Crimes Division.

Matt: Anime Crimes Division! I was about say—

Will: Yeah...!

Beth: I'm Beth May, one of the sexiest Beth Mays to ever be on this podcast.

Will: I'm Will Campos, some may say the sexiest Will Campos. There's another guy that was a councilman somewhere, but he got arrested for taking bribes. So he's on my goog searches.

Anthony: That is kinda sexy though.

[laughter]

Will: It is sexy.

Matt: He's actually sexier.

Will: Unfortunately, he is—

Beth: Uh-oh!

Will: —sexier than me.

Elyse: I'm Elyse Willems. I've been known to give out a bribe here and there, perhaps to a councilman.

[laughter]

Elyse: And I have been on Dungeons & Daddies before and really love it.

Anthony: Erica Drippins.

Elyse: Erica Drippins.

Anthony: All right.

Elyse: The drip don't stop.

Matt: Erica Drippins.

[chuckles]

Anthony: So we're using a bespoke, made up, system for this murder mystery. I don't know how long it'll last. My suspicion is that this will last for about three episodes. This is going to be a trilogy.

Will: Ooh!

Anthony: And I'm just going to go ahead and jump right into it and I will explain the rules as we go.

Will: Oh, it's like a tutorial in a video game where it's like...

Anthony: Yeah.

Matt: Love it.

Anthony: So the first thing all of you need to do is jump over a—

Beth: Skip.

Anthony: ...a waist-high...

[laughter]

Anthony: ...barricade.

Freddie: Oh, there's a thing that falls in front of you. You got to crouch under it.

Anthony: The second thing you need to do is crouch under a head-high barricade.

[mysterious string music plays (gonna be a lot of 'mysterious' music, they nailed the vibe)]

Anthony: The lights of London flicker in the darkness of the eventide, the brisk wind bringing it chill to your face. You stand on a launchpad owned by Hailes Airways, a blimp transportation company on its very last legs. The most comfortable and attractive blimps are generally filled with dozens upon dozens of guests all of the upper crust, the creme de la creme. But on this midnight voyage from London to Greece, there are only 10 passengers, two of which are NPCs and don't matter, and one of those will be soon dead anyway.

[group laughs and giggles]

Anthony: Some of you are aboard the blimp already and some of you are stepping aboard for the first time. Who would like to describe themselves and where they are first?

Will: Speaking into a Dictaphone, which is a thing I think, brooding on the edge of the dock you hear the steely-jawed voice say—

Straighten: Memorandum. United States Postal Inspector Service Agent Straighten Arrow on the case. As I stare out at this brooding, mysterious night, I can think only of my mission and the way that I want to make sure it gets done. For the good of the USPS itself. So much hangs on the balance tonight, and I'm so glad that I have my Colt .45 revolver with me. Packed with ammunition ready to dispense justice at a moment's notice for the greater good of the United States Postal Service. God bless America and the mail.

Elyse: Thank you for your service.

Freddie: You just walk on with anything back then, huh?

Will: Yep.

Freddie: You know what I'm saying? Lighters?

Will: The TSA does not exist yet.

Freddie: Yeah.

Will: And even if they did, the Postal Service has jurisdiction over them.

Elyse: [*narrating with a gentle passion befitting a novel*] Dorothy Dot Brady, star of the silent picture, she stands at the dock looking out over the misty water. Holding a script with torn, tattered pages in her hand, twisting it between her white gloves. Her scarf blows from her neck toward the horizon. And from her bag, she pulls another scarf. Ties it around her neck...

[*chuckles*]

Elyse: ...to replace it. Dorothy's a little bit nervous. After a string of box office bombs, she's at risk of being dropped by her studio.

Matt: Oh, no.

Elyse: This balloon... may very well save her career.

Matt: You'll see a tall, scruffy, ragged-looking guy. He's holding a adorable puppy, trying to talk his way—

Elyse: What kind of puppy?

Matt: It's an Alopekis.

Elyse: Oh, great.

Matt: It's very important.

[*chuckles*]

Freddie: Matt asked everyone how to pronounce that before we started recording.

Matt: And he goes—

Sledge: [*character voice is gravely and slightly British*] Look, I'm supposed to be on this plane. My name's Sledge Valet. That's right. Sledge Valet. Last name Valet, because I don't have a last name. That's just what I am. I was dropped off at a fire station when I was a kid with nothing but a blanket and a sledgehammer. That's how I got my name. Sledge. Middle name, Baby.

[*laughter*]

Sledge: But don't call me that because I'm not a baby anymore. Unless you want one right between your eyes. That's right. I'll hit you with a

sledgehammer, but I have to find one because I don't carry sledgehammers anymore. I only carry: this little pup. This beautiful little pupper. Named Aster. It's an Alopekis.

Freddie: Wait. Named what?

Elyse: Asta?

Matt: Asta.

Beth: Asta?

Elyse: Like la vista?

Matt: Like Ast-ah.

Anthony: He's British. It's Aster.

Matt: Like from The Thin Man.

Will: Yeah.

Matt: It's the dog from The Thin Man.

Elyse: Oh.

Sledge: Cute little—

Elyse: Does he say that?

Matt: Yeah.

Will: [*with the accent*] This is me dog Aster. Aster Powers.

Matt: He says that.

Sledge: From Thin Man. Look, it's not my dog. I know I don't look rich. This is the dog of my masters, Mr. And Mrs. Downton Abbey, and I'll tell you what. They just want this little Greek puppy—because it's Alopekis, which is a rare Greek dog. And they want—

[*group laughter*]

Sledge: And they want this dog to taste the air and the ground from which it came. And I'm a dog walker. That's what I am.

Anthony: So the—

Sledge: I'm just a dog walker for rich people up in Sunderland.

Beth: On a blimp.

Anthony: Before we started recording, Riley was like, "I don't know how I'm going to get all my backstory out." That's how you do it, ladies and gentlemen.

[laughter]

Will: Take notes!

Freddie: That's how you do it! Learn, take notes, amateur!

Anthony: You just say it all, one after another.

Sledge: So please...

Will: Take those notes back to Housewives!

Riley: Huh.

Sledge: So please!

Riley: Noted, thank you!

Sledge: Let me on this blimp.

Anthony: You're welcomed on this blimp because you have a ticket.

Sledge: Oh.

Anthony: It was bought for you by Mr. and Mrs. Downton Abbey.

Matt: It's actually Downton Abbey. Because they're Italian.

Anthony: [*Italian lilt*] Downton Abbee'ah

Matt: Yes. Thank you.

Elyse: [*Italian lilt*] Adownton Abbeya.

Amanda: This is so multicultural. That's really fun.

Anthony: All right.

Amanda: Speaking of *culture*! Belinda Nightingale is a imposing woman dressed in the spirit of the grande dames of the 1920s, a lot of long flowing robes, an extremely tasteful and only slightly problematic turban.

[giggles]

Anthony: Who arrives...

Matt: Slightly? Okay.

[laughter]

Anthony: It is. Let's not pretend it's not, it is.

Elyse: It's Sunset Boulevard.

Anthony: But only a little.

Elyse: Turban...? Got it.

Amanda: No longer the great beauty she was in her youth but still a handsome woman of some stature. She is a vocal coach who has been sent by a movie studio to make sure that when she touches down on the other side...

Belinda: *[character voice is dramatic and eloquent]* Dot Brady is ready to move gracefully and grandly onto the next stage of her career.

Amanda: Or disappear. Not in a murder way, just in a 'from the silver screen' way.

Anthony: Okay.

Freddie: Okay, so this is how I want to introduce myself because my character's rich.

[laughter]

Freddie: Okay?

Beth: Oh, okay.

Riley: We couldn't tell.

Freddie: And as you know—

Anthony: Classic Freddie.

Will: And hot.

Freddie: And hot and really cool.

Anthony: Big ding dong. A big, swinging Ding dong.

Matt: Super smart.

Freddie: And super smart! Okay, no, because—

Matt: No complaints.

Freddie: As you know, this is a holdover from this era. First class gets to board first, right?

Beth: So you should have gone first?

Riley: I think that's still true.

Will: Yeah.

Matt: Yeah, it's still true.

Elyse: Does that even apply to blimps, too?

Freddie: Why can't blimps have classes? Which is what Billy—

Elyse: Does this blimp have a class? Have classes?

Freddie: —Millions would say! That's right—!

Will: The name of one of Karl Marx's less well-known works from his time.

[group laughter]

Freddie: It was a series of one of—

Matt: What was your character's name?

Billy: [the voice of an eccentric radio host from the '20s; the actual accent will be inconsistent] Billy Millions! Hey! It's me!

Freddie: Now, here's the thing. Here's the thing. You don't see Billy Millions, you just hear rumors. You hear whispers, because Billy Millions, as he'll no doubt get into, is perhaps a distant Vanderbilt cousin. He has [*in character voice*] literally millions of dollars! [*normally*] And if you squint, you look back at the blimp, you squint, you see a well-dressed, three-piece suit guy waving at everyone.

Elyse: Well, but can we hear—

Beth: Guy.

Elyse: —him because of the coins shaking in his pockets?

Freddie: No, no, no. It's just the jingle. It's very, very metallic. But you can see a guy with a martini already enjoying himself in the—

Will: The dining car?

Freddie: In the dining car!

Elyse: Yeah!

Freddie: But the first class section of the dining car.

Elyse: It's little table.

Riley: Is that a section that he's just established for himself and is like, "This is where the first class section is?"

Anthony: He made it up.

Riley: Or it actually exists on this blimp?

Elyse: Yeah.

Matt: So you're just you just waiting at us?

Elyse: It's a folding card table.

Freddie: Yeah. Billy Millions has already boarded, but you get whispers and hints.

Will: Question. Do blimp have cars?

Anthony: Yeah.

Riley: They have compartments.

Anthony: They have compartments.

Will: There's a compartment. Okay.

Beth: Oh, wow.

Will: I guess that makes sense.

Matt: I pet Asta. I say—

Sledge: Someday, pup. You and me, that's what we're going to be like. Just rich.

Freddie: The guy in the window flips you off.

[laughter]

Sledge: ...Oh.

Elyse: So does Matt's character then have to go below deck on the blimp? And if we hit the ground, he hits it first?

[laughter]

Matt: Yeah, I'm with the luggage actually.

Will: Yeah.

Matt: They bought me a really cheap ticket. Yeah.

Freddie: They bought you a big bag.

Matt: Actually, they bought me—

Freddie: They got you a big bag!

Matt: I have one of those tags. No, I have one of those tags for luggage, is what I have.

[laughter]

Anthony: Okay. Would you rather not be in one of the sleeping cars then? You want to be in the luggage car?

Matt: Can I be?

Anthony: Yeah!

Will: There is a luggage car.

Anthony: Everybody just make sure to cross out...

Matt: Great.

Anthony: ...his name and write it into the luggage car then.

Elyse: Great. Excellent.

Anthony: So to explain before we meet our intrepid detectives—who will meet each other for the first time on this blimp—[we are all actually looking at a little map that we will probably post to the Patreon](#). It's not super complicated. Just imagine a clock that's divided into six segments. Basically, this blimp is a circular map where each slice of the pie connects to two adjoining slices. There are two sleeping cars, a dining car, a balcony car, a luggage car, and an engine room. And... you're not going to have to worry too much about the specifics until they become obvious, but we are going to be referring to the map on occasion, so worry not. Now, without further ado, let's meet our detectives who will, as per the rules of old classic Agatha Christie stories, will not be the killers and you can trust whatever they say.

Matt: Ooh.

Beth: Yeah, you can.

Riley: That's nice. For once.

Beth: There is a stoic figure outside the blimp getting ready to board... emotionally. Staring out...

[giggles]

Beth: ...at the open water and a bridge. And some smoke stacks. There was a lot of like, not good for the environment stuff going back on 1935, as I recall. His name. Is Haus... Emdee.

[chuckles]

Anthony: Can you spell that for me?

Beth: H-A-U—space! E-M-D. E-E.

Anthony: Perfect.

Matt: German?

Beth: No.

[laughter]

Beth: He's American. Yes, he looks out at the water and then his eyes catch what's in his hands: a piece of a note pad if you will. A little scribble. Nothing much. It looks to the naked eye maybe a, like a fish. But you think, "Hmm, it resembles the blimp in a way, doesn't it? Hmm. Yes. It does. Curious." And before Haus's eyes flash the departed dead face of his ex-partner, Wilson... Phillips.

[laughter]

Beth: Haus decides to board the blimp, and there's a person outside collecting tickets. And the person—

Anthony: That's— Yeah, his name is Porter.

Beth: And his name is Porter.

Anthony: I'm sorry, his name is Cole. He's Cole the porter.

Freddie: Ah.

Beth: He's named Cole the Porter. And Cole asks, um...

Cole: Hi!

Anthony: Go for it.

Cole: Hi, hi, sir! How are you?

Beth: And Haus says—

[to properly transcribe just how Beth speaks each line as Haus Emdee would be a task of artistry and time; for the sake of brevity: Haus's voice is intentionally comedic via overdramatization, obviously trying to sound smart and insightful and missing the mark]

Haus: I'll be asking the questions.

[laughter]

Anthony: Great. And Porter Cole once again realizes he needs to find a better job. And the final detective.

Riley: Ah yes. Off in the distance running to... She's late for the takeoff, which you don't want because once it's up there, y'know.

Will: You can't.

[laughter]

Riley: What are you going to do?! So it's Barbara Boopsy, who...

[laughs]

Riley: ...for most of her young adult life went by Bootlegger Barb.

Elyse: Ooh.

Matt: Love it.

Riley: She's big in Prohibition, which, y'know, since is no longer, so she's a little bit lost. She's well dressed in upper crust, latest fashions, skirt suit situation, but looks really uncomfortable in it. Like that is not the type of thing she normally wears. Curly, frizzy, red hair sticking out of a little hat, dragging a very, very heavy trunk behind her that thunks and dust comes out of it as she's like, hurrying to make this blimp. She comes running up. She's got big coke bottle glasses. And she notices, entering the bridge just ahead of her and she—

Barbra: *[character's voice is a tad nasally, in a cute way]* H-hello! Hi Barb Boopsy. So nice to meet you.

[sounds of voice acting appreciation]

Barbra: You might be familiar with my father? Famed Detective Bernard Boopsy.

Haus: Ah, Betty Boop. Yes.

Barbra: Oh, um, close. I think that's my mother, maybe, that you're referring to? But it's so, so nice to meet you. I just, I just wanted to introduce myself and say if there's anything you need, anything at all, I'm right here.

Haus: You a cop?

Barbra: Oh, well, [*nervous laugh*] y'know, I never really got into the family business. It just, uh, my father said it didn't suit me very well, so um. I wasn't invited in like all of my brothers. But since I found myself on hard times, he said maybe I could come to—

Haus: Boopsy, let me give you a tip, babe.

[*laughter*]

Haus: Why don't you talk less and ask more questions?

Barbra: Oh, yeah. Sure! No, absolutely. You're so right. It's like you really need to get to know people if you want them to like you. So what's, what was your name again? Where are you going? Where were you just? Have you been here before?

Haus: I said I ask the questions.

[*group laugh*]

Anthony: Well, great. All right, so. This...

[*plucky mystery music starts*]

Anthony: ...murder mystery is going to follow the 10 rules of murder mysteries as written by Ronald Knox in the early part of the 20th century. I'm going to very quickly recite them to you.

Freddie: Do we write this down?

Anthony: And I apologize for number five.

Riley: We know them, but—

Will: Uh-oh.

Riley: —remind us.

Will: [*laughs*]

Anthony: You do not have to write— You do not have to them down. They're just going to be easy things that are going to remove possibility space for you in terms of figuring out who the murderer is. Number one: the criminal must be someone

mentioned in the early part of the story, but must not be anyone whose thoughts the reader has been allowed to follow.

Freddie: Ah.

Anthony: As in first person perspective. Number two: all supernatural or preternatural agencies are ruled out as a matter of course. Number three—

Will: No werewolves.

Anthony: No werewolves.

Will: I throw my silver bullets off the, uh...

[*chuckles*]

Riley: Ah, fuck.

Anthony: Number three: not more than one secret room or passage is allowable. Number four: no hitherto undiscovered poisons may be used nor any appliance which will need a long, scientific explanation at the end.

Will: I do... I am carrying the Big Book of Hitherto Undiscovered Poisons with me.

[*chuckles*]

Anthony: Well, you can read it, for fun.

[*laughter*]

Freddie: As a reference manual. Yeah, yeah.

Anthony: [*very quickly*] Number five, no Chinaman may figure into the story.
[*normally*] Number six!

[*music cuts*]

[*laughter and uproar*]

Freddie: Wait, really?! Wait, wait wait—!

Anthony: No accident—!

Will: What?!

Anthony: Must ever help—!

Freddie: wai- wai— Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa—

Matt: Wait. Anthony.

Freddie: —whoa, whoa. Slow down.

Matt: Wait—

Will: What, is that a real rule?!

Anthony: That's a real rule.

Amanda: Because you're too shady.

Elyse: [*uncomfortable*] Ah...

Matt: But. Alright. Freddie?

Freddie: Well, okay. I guess I'll just record engineer this one.

Will: Yikes!

Amanda: [*laughs*]

Matt: Damn. Could've just skipped that one, Anthony.

Anthony: I apologized in advance!

Freddie: I tell you exactly why. It's because we were too good at fucking killing.

[*laughs*]

Anthony: Yeah, it's like the audience was like, "Too easy. The Chinaman, clearly."

Freddie: Those masters of assassination!

[*plucky music restarts*]

Anthony: Number six: no accident must ever help the detective, nor must he ever have an unaccountable intuition which proves to be right. I mean, we're going to be rolling dice, so that will probably still happen.

Freddie: So the detective can't ever just get lucky.

Anthony: Just get lucky.

Matt: Mm.

Anthony: Number seven: the detective must not himself commit the crime.
Number eight: the detective must not light on any clues which are not instantly produced for the inspection of the reader.

Riley: So that means we can't find anything and keep it to ourselves?

Anthony: Yes, which wouldn't even be possible in this structure, so don't worry.

[laughter]

Beth: Speak for yourself.

Anthony: Number nine, and I guess you get to decide who this is referring to detectives: the stupid friend of the detective, the Watson, must not conceal any thoughts which pass through his mind. His intelligence must be slightly, but very slightly, below that of the average reader.

[group laughter]

Barbra: It's you. It's obviously gonna be you.

Haus: Hm.

Freddie: This is an incredible list.

Riley: Durr...!

Anthony: This guy was a priest.

Barbra: We can thumb wrestle for it.

Haus: Hmm, I wonder who it's going to be.

Anthony: Number 10, and final: twin brothers and doubles generally must not appear unless we have been duly prepared for them.

Beth: Mm-hmm.

Riley: Or prestige.

Anthony: Yes, no prestige-ing.

Beth: Yeah.

Riley: Yeah. Can we all agree here? No prestige-ing?

Will: All right.

Matt: Okay.

Beth: Yes. All right.

Will: Twins on the table, everyone. Who's got a, who's got a hidden twin?

Riley: Show us now.

Matt: I was going to reveal that I was actually the dog.

Riley: It's a dog! Two puppies?

Haus: My first question... is that a werewolf?

Anthony: No.

Matt: What?

Anthony: Can't be.

Haus: Oh!

[laughter]

Sledge: Alopekis. It's name's Asta. It's a cute little boy.

Straighten: I can plug it with a silver bullet if you want to make sure.

[ad break]

Anthony: Porter Cole takes your luggage to the luggage car and ushers you all, which ones of you are here anyway, into the dining car.

[clack of the latch on the door, and then classy male singing from a phonograph plays; fades after a short time]

Anthony: In the dining car, you see the most German man you've ever seen in your entire life drinking a big beer out of a glass boot.

Matt: Is it Hitler?

Anthony: No—

Freddie: No!

Anthony: —he's not the most German guy you've ever seen.

Freddie: He's Austrian!

Riley: He's like the opposite.

Matt: Okay!

Amanda: Okay. Well that was—

Anthony: He is—

Will: Valid question!

Matt: Valid question!

Anthony: He is ple—

Matt: I think I know who the murderer is.

Anthony: Okay. He is pleasantly rotund. He is balding. He has a monocle.

Riley: It doesn't look—

Anthony: He has a haughty attitude that—

Freddie: Huge, thick mustache.

Anthony: Thick mustache. He exudes a sense of like, "Please don't talk to me." And he's drinking a beer. And he sees you all coming in, and he stands to attention very quickly and nods and then sits back down as if to welcome you in, but then does not continue talking to you.

Will: Mhm.

Anthony: Shortly after that, another man walks in, a man in a three-piece suit who carries himself with a great deal of arrogance. He is waving at you and he says—

Man in Suit: Ah, welcome! I was waiting for you to get on board so we could take off, finally. Dinner's about to be served. Uh... Let's eat!

Anthony: And he sits down, and Porter Cole is going to start fixing the food because he's the only guy who works, here other than the captain on the bridge and the bridge hands and the people in the engine room.

Anthony: While you are in the bridge, if you would like to perform a scene or anything like that— Because as the audience should know, each of you has some sort of goal—that is not murder-centric—that you are trying to accomplish while on this blimp, to make the mystery a little bit more confusing. Because you might be doing shady things for your own reason or it might be for the murder. So, if there is something you want to do, people you want to meet, something you want to say before we get properly underway and somebody gets got, feel free.

Amanda: Well, Belinda strides immediately over to Dot and sot of tosses one of several scarves over her shoulder and says—

Belinda: *[clears throat]* Miss Brady.

Dot: *[baseline anxiety for this character voice is above average]* He- hello. Hello.

Elyse: Dot's keeping a very low profile on this blimp and her voice is low.

Dot: Oh, do I know you?

Belinda: You will very soon. The studio has sent me to get you ready for your next role in a hope of saving your career. As much as you can have a career in film. But that's neither here nor there! I want you to know that this is not going to be a pleasure cruise, miss.

Anthony: [*delighted chuckle*]

Belinda: This is going to be a working trip. I am going to retire to our cabins and make sure that we are supplied with a reasonable amount of salt water for gargling...

[*various giggles as she speaks*]

Belinda: ...and a lot of lobster pots of boiling water to act as humidifiers because they haven't really invented those yet. And you, my dear! Are going to be a real star. When I am done.

Dot: Well, that all sounds delightful [*pronounced: dee-ligt-ful*]. Um.

[*group laughter*]

Dot: I uh, [*nervous pant*] yes, I'm quite interested in revitalizing [*re-vit-uh-lize-ing*] my career. You know the transition from the silent films to the talkies [*tack-ies*] has been quite difficult for me.

Anthony: Hot cheetos and Takis.

Dot: The nuns that raised me certainly didn't prepare me...

[*laughter*]

Dot: ...for speaking in the midst of their vow of silence, and uh...

Will: [*delighted little giggle*]

Dot: ...it's been quite a dreadful [*dree-add-ful*] experience.

[*laughter*]

Anthony: Holy shit.

Freddie: This is so good.

Belinda: I'm also going to get quite a lot of whiskey. ...For me. And I will see you later. Oh, God.

Dot: [*nervous pants*] Make it, uh, two glasses [*glass-ees*]. Oh, what did you say your name was?

Belinda: Belinda. Nightingale.

Dot: Oh. Belinda [*Buh-leen-dah*], it is so wonderful to meet you. I am so grateful for your help.

Anthony: Okay!

Belinda: Yeah, sure. Uh! Yeah, well. Yes. Well. Hmm. Yes. Whiskey. Mm.

Anthony: Delightful.

Belinda: Eat something!

Amanda: Then she throws a different scarf around her neck the other direction and heads off for our sleeping cars to really question her life choices.

Dot: Good [*go-ahd*] night!

Elyse: And then—

[*laughter*]

Elyse: Dot catches herself. She says—

Dot: [*quietly*] Keep it to yourself, Dot. Keep it to yourself.

Beth: [*quietly giggly*] Oh my God.

[*whirring of propellers*]

Anthony: As the blimp takes off, Porter Cole serves dinner to all those guests who are remaining in the dining car.

Sledge: Oh, excuse me. Can you just... Sir, can you just put this in a bowl for my pup? And maybe just two bowls would be nice. Just one for me and one for the dog. And can I get to the luggage room as soon as possible, if you don't mind?

Cole: You wish to get to the luggage room? Uh, what—

Sledge: Yes. I need to take my pup and my bag here. Just this big, heavy bag. Nothing's in it.

[*laughter*]

Sledge: Just get to the luggage room as soon as possible. And I just feel safer in a place that feels like a back alley, which is where I was raised.

Cole: Well, uh— okay. That's a lot of information.

[*laughter*]

Cole: According to the rules of air transport, I must be the one to take your luggage to the luggage car.

Sledge: Well, you can come right with me. That's fine.

Cole: Uh you— yes. You may join me as I take your things to the luggage—

Sledge: Well, I'll hold onto to it as well.

Anthony: Go ahead and give me a roll.

Matt: [*dice roll*] 16?

Anthony: All right. So he goes—

Cole: Of course. It's... I'm not paid enough to argue this much. So yes, we shall. We shall away.

Anthony: And he heads with you into the luggage car. Is there anything you'd like to do while you're in there? Or you just want to drop the stuff off?

Matt: I put the bowl down and I go—

Sledge: Oh, Aster. Enjoy that meal. It's been a while. We don't get meat this good this often.

Matt: And I start also eating from the bowl next to my dog.

Freddie: Oh my God.

Riley: Sweet.

Elyse: What's the dogs read on the situation?

[*laughter*]

Matt: Oh, dog's happy. Dog's wagging his tail.

Anthony: Porter Cole goes—

Sledge: So that's how it is in their family.

[*laughter*]

Anthony: And he walks away.

Will: Can I do a thing?

Sledge: Excuse me?

Matt: And I stand up. I go—

Sledge: What did you say?

Cole: Uh, I said, "Oh, that's how it is in their family."

Sledge: I don't have a family!

[laughter]

Sledge: I've never had a family! It's just you and me, pup.

Matt: And I go back to eating.

Anthony: He just maintains eye contact with you as he closes the door behind him.

Freddie: And you... open mouth kiss your dog.

Matt: No! I just love my dog.

Will: Straighten Arrow is going to approach Haus Emdee. Where is Haus right now?

Beth: Staring wistfully out the window, but also staring at... the note card in his hand. The one that looks like the blimp or maybe a fish.

Will: Interesting.

Beth: With a little bit of blood on it.

Will: So Strai—

Beth: A single tear rolling down his cheek.

[laughter]

Will: Straighten is going to sidle up and light up a cigarette and say—

Straighten: Haus Emdee?

Haus: You think you can smoke in here?

Straighten: Can I? I think so. Can—

Haus: I think, I think so. Yeah.

Straighten: Oh, well then I'm going to ahead and smoke.

Haus: I think you're all good. I think you're good to go.

Straighten: Well, well, well. Mr. Haus Emdee, I just want you to know I'm a big fan of your work.

Haus: *[flattered laugh]* Oh! And what work is that?

Straighten: I read your book, Criminal Forensic Investigation for the Average Gumshoe Detective, published by Random House last year.

Haus: Bold of you to assume I can write. But yes, I did. I did. I published a book.

Straighten: I thought your insights into the criminal mind were quite fascinating. We studied them a lot over at the—

Will: And I casually flash my badge.

Straighten: —United States Postal Inspection Service.

Haus: Mm. Yes, yes, yes. Is that the female body inspection?

[laughter]

Straighten: All right, Fritz, I'll cut it short! I don't like you. You don't like me. We Postal Service guys don't have time for you two-bit gumshoes snooping around the place. And I just need you to know I'm on an official Postal Service inspection business. There is a German stamp counterfeiter by the name of the Dead Letter. And he's on this blimp somewhere. And I'm going to hunt him down.

Elyse: That's a good name.

Straighten: So you just stay out of my way... Haus!

Haus: Well.

Straighten: Or we're going to have a problem.

Haus: As it happens, I'm here on an investigation of my own.

Straighten: Really?

Haus: Yes. My partner, my partner Wilson, he died. Tragically.

Straighten: Well, unless he died in a manila envelope and was sent to Cancun, then Postal Service business takes precedent, bucko.

Haus: Is this not paper I'm holding?

[chuckles and giggles]

Straighten: Is there— I don't see a stamp on that paper. I don't see a signed, sealed, addressed envelope on that piece of paper.

Haus: Do you not write letters on paper?

Straighten: If you want to write a letter and mail it, then you can do that.

Haus: Mail it to your mother.

Anthony: This is like His Girl Friday!

[group laughter]

Straighten: My mother is Lady Liberty. And she works for the United States Postal Service.

[laughter]

Haus: Maybe so. Maybe so.

Straighten: I just want you to know—

Haus: Just know that I have a very tragic backstory.

Straighten: Okay. Well, you're not the only one, pal.

Haus: Okay, bub.

Straighten: All right. I think I begrudgingly respect you now. But watch out! And don't get in my way. And if you see me asking any questions trying to suss out whether anyone's German—

Haus: I'll be asking the questions.

[laughter]

Straighten: I'll be asking the questions!

Elyse: Sorry, I have a quick question.

Anthony: Please do.

Elyse: Who—

Straighten: We'll be asking the questions.

Haus: I'll be asking—!

[group laughter]

Elyse: Who does have jurisdiction in the skies?

Anthony: Uh, God.

Beth: God. Yeah.

Elyse: Okay, okay, okay.

Anthony: Do the angels.

Will: God, and God works for the United States Postal Service.

[laughter]

Anthony: The very German man hears this conversation. He seems the turn beet red, and he stands up and goes—

German Man: [grunt] I say good day.

Anthony: And he walks away out of the dining car and heads—

Will: The—

Haus: Sounds like that man had to do a poopy.

Straighten: Sounded like that man had to do a German poopy.

Will: And I go off to follow him to the bathroom.

Anthony: Great.

Freddie: And I think both of you bump into, like, without even realizing, [in voice] Billy Mil— [normally] And I go—

Billy: Hey, I'm walking here!

[chuckles]

Freddie: And my drink gets [sloshed].

Billy: I'd like another drink.

Straighten: Go take it up with the porter... rich boy.

Billy: What are these [offended stutters]—?

Straighten: Listen, you think because you're flashing your gums and you're a egg and butt—

Will: I had it! Hold on, hold on.

Freddie: Ah'aight.

Will: Let me give it another try.

Freddie: Go ahead. Take it again.

Straighten: Listen, you think just because you're flashing your gums and you're a butter and egg man, you can push the rest of us around? We don't go for that, over here at the Postal Service. Everyone pays 13 cents for their stamps where I'm from, mister. So take your three-piece suit and your million-dollar smile and get out of my way.

Anthony: Will has a website open called Dirty 30s, which is not what I expected.

[group laughter]

Haus: As a member of the Postal Service, you must be familiar with heights great such as these. Such great heights, if you will.

[laughter]

Freddie: God!

Amanda: Augh!

Freddie: Billy Millions just scoffs and he runs his fucking hands through his perfect hair and he goes like—

Billy: Eggs and butter? Yeah, I haven't had eggs and butter for, in ages! We rich people don't have any of that shit.

Haus: What do rich people have?

Billy: Better eggs. Quail eggs.

[chuckles]

Riley: Whale eggs?

Billy: Ostrich eggs from the deep dark Africa.

[few seconds of chuckling]

Straighten: ...Careful there.

[laughter]

Billy: There's nothing to be careful about, it's the 1930s!

Elyse: Everyone on the boat turns and looks.

Freddie: They're like, "What, what? What's the... What?"

Elyse: We're not on a boat. We're on a blimp. We're on a blimp!

Riley: It's a ship. It's a ship.

Matt: It's a airboat.

Billy: Whale eggs.

Elyse: Cut all that.

Billy: And yak butter. From deep dark Tibet.

[laughter]

Straighten: I'd have a butter time yakking with someone else, so...

Amanda: Oh...!

Freddie: [off mic] Holy shit!

Straighten: ...I'll bid you good day. But wait, are you German?

Billy: No. Oh God. Not of the Germanic... Not the ones who started World War I.

Freddie: Did they?

Straighten: Hm...

Amanda: Yeah.

Anthony: Yes.

Billy: I will have—

Straighten: Mm, I'll be watching you, Fritz.

Billy: I have nothing to do with the kaiser.

Will: And I walk away.

Anthony: Porter Cole approaches you, Billy Millions.

Freddie: And I gesture for another drink.

Anthony: And he goes—

Cole: Yes, of course, sir. But did you want me to lock those rubies of yours up in the safe? Those—

Billy: Oh, yes.

Cole: Your jewelry. It seems to be rather...

Billy: Yes, yes.

Cole: ...garish.

Billy: Yes, I need you— You're going to need to hang on to— Yes, the best safe you have. And then take that safe, put it in another safe.

[cough/laugh]

Cole: We don't—

Billy: Double safe!

Cole: We don't have multiple... safes.

Billy: That seems like an oversight on your part. I'll have a word with the captain.

Cole: I'll come back.

Billy: I will have a word with the captain!

Cole: I'll come back for them later.

Billy: I will have a word with the captain.

Freddie: And I'm right on your heels.

[laughter]

Anthony: Okay. He's walking, he's trying to walk away to the bridge. At that, the remaining guy in the three-piece suit, nobody's talked to him so he just goes back to his sleeping car. The blimp...

[whirring of propellers]

Anthony: ...is in the air.

[laughter]

Riley: That's good.

Anthony: But you see, through the windows, you see that you are heading towards a thunder cloud.

[*rumble*]

Anthony: And you hear the voice of the captain through the loudspeaker, who's on the bridge, which is basically a floor above all of you and all the spaces you'll probably spend most of the time in.

Haus: How is it that we're on a bridge when there's no water, bub?

[*snort*]

Anthony: Uh...

Freddie: You hear Billy Millions just being like—

Billy: I can't hear anything. Is this normal?

Anthony: ...What?

Freddie: Because when you get higher up, your ears. The pressure.

Anthony: Oh.

Matt: Oh.

Freddie: You know what I'm saying?

Anthony: Then he goes—

Captain: [*over intercom*] I would recommend chewing a good bit of Wrigley's gum, my friend.

Billy: [*loudly*] What?

Captain Falcon: [*over intercom*] This is Captain Falcon up here in the, on the bridge, and I just wanted to give everybody a great how do you do for being on this maiden voyage of the— Oh shit, I didn't even name the blimp. Well, you're on the blimp.

[*laughter*]

Freddie: What's the name of the blimp? Quick, quick. Quick, team.

Captain: [*over intercom*] Blimpy's.

[*laughter*]

Catpian: *[over intercom]* I'm so glad you're on Blimpy's. Just to let you know, we're heading for a little bit of a rough patch in the sky. If the power goes out for a while, worry not. We still got our boys working in the engine room. We've got three generators all around the ship keeping us powered, so the light show will only be for a little bit—

[rolling crash of thunder]

Anthony: And as he says that, lightning strikes. And all the lights go out.

Amanda: The blimp?

Beth: Hmm.

Anthony: It doesn't hit the blimp. So! The rules for this are going to be...

[curious low-reeds-centric music starts]

Anthony: You are all in different parts of the cabin. I've given you a little figurine so you can mark where you are in the blimp. Go ahead and mark where you think you start once the lights go out. Everybody can move two spaces and do one action or three spaces. You can spend that extra action on a move.

Anthony: Basically, a space is any connected part of the blimp. All the parts of the blimp are connected to each other. I'm looking now on the map, and I forgot to put a door on the balcony. There should be a door there. So you should be able to go between the dining car and the balcony. That's my bad.

Matt: Mokay.

Anthony: The only doors that are locked are the ones to the engine room. Which you will find out if for some reason you wanted to go there.

Anthony: What we are going to do is because if you are a murderer, I don't want you saying what you're doing aloud to anybody, you are going to Discord me what you are going to do while the lights are out. And then if you're in the same room as somebody else, we will do a scene of it because somebody is witnessing you.

Elyse: We all tell you what we're doing.

Anthony: Yes, you are all going to discord me...

Elyse: Okay. Over Discord. Okay.

Anthony: ...what you are doing, where you move to, and then what you do while you're there.

Beth: Except for...

Anthony: Except for the detectives. The detective, you can tell me right now, actually, while everybody's typing, what you intend to do when the power goes out. So take it away, detectives.

[music finishes]

Beth: I think that when Captain Falcon said like, "maiden voyage," Haus is like—

Haus: Interesting! I saw men on this ship.

[laughter]

Haus: No maiden voyage, indeed. Something is afoot. I am going to go to the engine room.

[chuckles]

Anthony: You— uh. Okay! So—

Beth: And so I try to do that.

Anthony: Okay, so you go from the dining car to the luggage car, where the door to the engine room is and you're going to try to open the engine room door and you find that it is locked.

[clicks of quick, repeated, tries to open a locked door]

Haus: Even more suspicious.

Riley: Barbara Boopsy has been in the dining car this whole time. She was kind of trying to strike up a conversation with somebody, but nobody really seemed to want to talk to her. So she's just been sitting at her own table going—

Barb: *[stuttered]* O-o-ah—!

Riley: As people walk past her.

[laughter]

Elyse: Oh, no!

Riley: And then... the lights all go out, and she remembers that her dad told her to watch out for anything suspicious. But it's like, she's a pretty anxious person, so it's hard to really tell what's suspicious or what just makes her anxious. So she's second guessing herself a lot. The lights go out. Like, is this a thing that my dad warned me about? Is it not? But she decides in the darkness to try and go into the kitchen because she would like to snoop in the larder.

Anthony: Which means that you are going to see... as you move through the kitchen, just barely through the dimness of the kitchen, you can see Dot moving

from the sleeping car into the dining car. And you can't quite make out what she's doing, but you see her very notable, visually beautiful, audiolly horrific visage walking through...

Riley: I think Barb's going to try and be like—

Barb: Hey...!

Riley: But not really loud enough. As she goes by.

Dot: Is someone there [*theer-uh*]?

Barb: Oh yeah, it's me, hi! Barb Boopsy. Wow, it's pretty dark in here, huh?

Dot: Oh, yes. Uh, [*quick breathing*] I was in my, my sleep car and... [*pants*] Oh, well. My lungs are so sensitive, so I, I had to come back here to get my prescription cigarettes.

[*group laughter*]

Barb: Y'know, I just so happened to be in the kitchen. I'm assuming you're just in a different room and we're yelling to each other. But little known fact! Potatoes are actually a pretty good medicinal... They've got medicinal properties. So if you wanted to get off the cigarettes and try some potatoes, I would make that recommendation.

Dot: Oh! Well, that's quite wonderful to hear! I love a potato [*po-tah-toh*]. Or a potato [*po-tay-toh*]. I'm not sure!

[*group laughter*]

Anthony: All right. In the luggage room, currently both Sledge and Haus are in that room. So if there's anything you want to do— Sledge, you are woken up when Haus comes in trying to open the door to the engine room.

Matt: I was sleeping on top of my big piece of luggage and curled up next to Asta.

Amanda: [*whisper*] Sledge.

Haus: Hey, what's...

Sledge: Oi...

Haus: What's the dog's story?

Sledge: What? It's a dog. Trom Greece.

Haus: I'll be asking the questions.

Sledge: Oh, okay.

Haus: Hey! Who's a good boy?

[giggles]

Sledge: Oh... Aster's a good boy. Aster's the best boy. Aster's the best boy I've ever had. Aster's such a good boy! Every day, I look at Aster and I think it should just be me and this boy.

Haus: Hmm.

Beth: Haus writes down in his notebook—

Haus: Dog not answering. Human answering for dog. Suspicious? Question mark.

Sledge: What are you doing here?

Haus: [mirthless laughing] Well... [speaking] my partner died.

Sledge: Oh.

Haus: I'm on the lookout for a new partner.

Sledge: That's rough.

Haus: This is a crime-solving thing. And you see, my uh, partner left a note.

Sledge: Did they mean a lot to you? This partner of yours?

Haus: Not really.

Sledge: No?

Haus: No. But between you and me.

Sledge: Mhm.

Haus: I asked the questions, he solved the crime.

[group gasps and surprised vocalizations]

Haus: So he was vital to my process, you see.

[group laughter]

Sledge: I see.

Will: So good!

Freddie: Incredible.

Anthony: That's really funny. Okay. So everyone else, all the other players are either with an NPC, which doesn't count, or completely alone. So... some things happen that you are not going to know about. And then the lights come up.

[reverberating, short, clunk!; the gramophone music from earlier plays again, from another room]

Anthony: And everything seems relatively chill until you hear, specifically both detectives, you hear, coming from the adjoining sleeping car, the one that's between the both of you...

[music fades out]

Anthony: ...Porter Cole scream. And he goes—

Cole: *[muffled through the wall]* Oh, dear Lord! Oh, no! What's happened here?

Riley: Well, that to Barb really definitely seems like a red flag.

[laughter]

Riley: Like the lights thing was borderline, but this seems not great. So she's going to rush on in there.

Anthony: Okay. You see the corpse of the man in the three-piece suit.

[dreadful and tense mystery music plays]

Anthony: He is dead. There's an empty suitcase next to him. We're in his room. His name was Jules Asner, you could see on his passport. If you searched for his passport, which I assume you would. He has been stabbed in the throat. And he is dead as a doornail. And again, there is a suitcase next to him that is empty and open. If the rest of you would like to come and see it, you may. But if you don't want to, that's also fine.

[music fades out]

Riley: Instinctively, as Barb lays eyes on this terrifying corpse, she just goes—

Barb: *[calling out]* Dad!

[laughter]

Anthony: And Porter Cole goes—

Cole: That's your dad?

Barb: Oh no, sorry! Um! It was— Oh, it's me. Dad's not here. *[pants]* You've got to do this on your own, Barb. *[more frantic pants]* Oh, God!

Riley: And she's just pacing back and forth holding her head, just sort of outward monologuing as opposed to inner monologuing.

[laughter]

Will: Straighten Arrow action rolls into the room, .45 caliber pistol drawn.

Amanda: On a blimp?!

Will: And sees the body on the ground and says—

Straighten: Holy moly! Oh, wow! Whoa! There's a dead body here! I mean...
[more put together] hey, what's going on? Looks like a crime scene. We better lock this down. What do you think?

Barb: Me? Oh, yeah! Let's do that.

Anthony: Porter Cole says—

Cole: How do I lock down the cri—? Do you want me to just lock the door with you inside, or, or—? What should I do?

Straighten: Well, usually we'd shut down the mail right now at the mail—

[group laughter]

Sledge: —at the Postal Inspector Service. So I'll go secure the in-out box of the blimp mail.

Will: And I walk off.

Anthony: Great.

Beth: Haus is looking at the dog.

Haus: I could talk to you all day. Get more information out of you, you little...

Anthony: So you heard the scream and you stay there to talk to the dog?

[laughter]

Matt: No, Sledge walked out with him. Are we in the room? Or are we...

Riley: Everyone's in this-

Anthony: It's up to you.

Haus: Hey, I was talking to that dog.

Sledge: Oh, sorry.

Haus: Come back here— Okay, I'll follow you, then. Oh my God, is that a dead body?

Matt: I lean over. I go—

Sledge: I've seen a lot of dead bodies on the streets, that's definitely a dead body.

Haus: [*humorless laugh*]

Sledge: Yeah.

Haus: So you're something of a d— [*stutter the likes of Porky Pig*] detective as well.

Freddie: [*cackles*]

Sledge: Naw, just... you live on the streets of Sunderland, you see these once or twice. But it doesn't mean my pup's got to see it.

Matt: And I cover my puppy's eyes. And I go—

Sledge: Come on. Back to bed, little pup.

Matt: And I walk back to the luggage room.

Haus: There's blood here. This man must've bled.

Elyse: Dot bursts in. She's got four cigarettes between each index finger...

[laughter]

Elyse: ...and middle finger in hand.

Dot: Is something happening? I heard a commotion.

Haus: Easy, gal. Easy. I'll be asking the questions. Does anybody know who this person was?

[laughter]

Anthony: So Porter Cole says—

Cole: Yes. He was Jules Asner. He was a jeweler. He was a jeweler, he asked for privacy in his room and... I don't know, he must've been murdered sometime after dinner, or before— He was the one with the three-piece suit who left. But there was so much time between then and the lights going out, it could've been anyone. It doesn't matter if you were in the room with them when the lights went out, they could have done it before the lights went out, hypothetically.

Freddie: *[laughs]*

Haus: Was he the one with the rubies?

Cole: Sorry?

Haus: Was he the one with the rubies?

Cole: No, I believe that was someone else.

Haus: Ah, because rubies are red like blood.

Dot: *[gasp]*

Haus: You think that that means something with the murder.

Dot: He's right!

Haus: Yes.

Billy: What kind of—

Freddie: And Billy Million's leaning casually, and hotly, by the door.

[laughter]

Freddie: ... costs, Porter. I'm so... I'm trying so hard to do the New Yorker accent, but I keep losing it, hold on...

Billy: 'Ey!

Anthony: Just channel Eli Roth in Inglourious Basterds.

Billy: Ey... what kind of a rinky dink operation are you running here, pal? People get murdered left and r— moidered left and right!

[laughter]

Anthony: Oh, there is is, "moidered."

Freddie: Thank you, thank you.

Anthony: He goes—

Cole: I-I'm so sorry, sir! Of course we'll refund your ticket immediately, and...

Billy: Are the— is this is the safety of the guest in question?

Cole: Sorry?

Billy: Is the safety... of the guests. Namely me, am I—

Cole: No, no, no, everything's totally fine, I'm sure this was a one-off murder. I-I—

[laughter]

Cole: I wouldn't worry too much about it at all.

Dot: Is there another blimp we can transfer to that doesn't have murder?

Cole: I'm sure when we touch down in Greece I can get you on a different blimp, but I'm afraid there's no blimp stations between here and there. Uh, launch pads.

Will: Okay, Straighten Arrow comes back into the room, ashen faced, and says—

Straighten: Ladies and gentlemen, I have bad news. There's no mail service on this blimp, we're completely cut off from the rest of civilization up here!

Billy: My god, man.

Anthony: You're trying your letter like it's a cellphone.

[laughter]

Anthony: "I'm getting nothing!"

Matt: Do like, planes stop by?

[chuckles]

Billy: You sir. You with the gun.

Straighten: Yes.

Billy: I might need a little bit of muscle here, because I don't trust all a' yous.

Straighten: Well, unless you're a first class piece of mail, I can't help you, sir.

Freddie: [laughs]

Haus: Interesting.

Billy: I am a first class male, dammit!

[group laughter]

Anthony: Wow.... Okay. Detectives, is there anything you'd like to do with the body, or people you would like to go question, or...?

Haus: Mm...

Riley: Yeah, I mean—

Barb: Interesting that a murder happened, because I'm here because of a murder. It's almost like murder follows me. Hm...

Riley: Barb's just sort of nodding and looking at him while like. Dusting for fingerprints? I think she's seen enough detecting in her home life...

Anthony: Okay.

Riley: ...that she's gonna... Yeah, that she's going to start examining the wound, and looking around for knives that have been kicked under something, or footprints, or..

Beth: Haus says—

Haus: Hey, just because you're a woman doesn't mean you need to clean. You don't need to dust.

Dot: [*gasp*] How progressive [*pra-greese-iv*]!

Freddie: And Billy Millions is like, eyeing everybody, seeing the body seeing the blimp and he's like—

Billy: I'm retiring to my room. And I better not see any of yous following me.

Sledge: Did you say Nazi?

[*group laugh*]

Anthony: Do those exist yet?

Matt: Yes.

Freddie: Technically!

Will: In the '30s, absolutely!

Freddie: '35, yeah.

Will: A young upstart named Her Hitler was shaking the tree over in Germany.

Anthony: Right, I just didn't know how long he was shaking for.

Riley: He hated the mail. [*laughs*]

Beth: I think I check the dead guy's pockets.

Anthony: Okay. So, the dead guy's pockets have his passport, all of his information, his ticket.

[light, curious, bell music plays during the description]

Anthony: You find a jeweler's loop, like a monocle, but a monocular thing for examining stuff. And beyond that, he does have a note saying, "I'll meet you in your quarters for the exchange."

Freddie: Wait, what did that say?

Haus: Barb, read this.

Anthony: The note says, "I'll meet you in your quarters for the exchange—"

Haus: God knows I can't.

[group laughter]

Barb: It says, "I'll meet you in your quarters for the exchange."

Haus: Hm...

Barb: Hm...

Haus: Exchange of what?

Barb: Maybe he bought something, it wasn't the right size, uh... maybe...

Haus: Yes, a return of some sort.

Barb: Mhm. Mhm. It's probably that. Um.

Haus: What room was he staying in?

Cole: This room, the one he's in.

[chuckles]

Haus: Ah!

Barb: Is there anything else in his pockets that maybe he was exchanging something for something else and he's got the exchange or he's got the return?

Haus: A receipt!

Anthony: A receipt? No, he does not have a receipt on him. You see an envelope; a manila envelope that is open and empty.

Riley: Does it have a stamp on it?

Sledge: An envelope!

[laughter]

Anthony: No stamp on it.

Straighten: Let me—

Matt: Oh! Somebody stole the stamp.

Sledge: I have jurisdiction over envelopes, let me see that!

Will: I examine the envelope. [dice roll] I got a 17.

Anthony: It smells like money, smells like cash.

Will: Money. Does it smell like any particular type of currency? Does it smell like dollar bills, does it smell like whatever German money is?

Anthony: Deutsche marks?

Elyse: Greek—

Will: Deutsche marks?

Anthony: If you had rolled a 20 I would tell you, but no.

Riley and Will: [thoughtful hums]

Riley: Did I find anything in investigating for footsteps and/or weapons in the vicinity?

Anthony: Oh, okay, that's interesting. Give me a roll.

[dice roll]

Amanda: Can I ask two quick questions while the roll's happening?

Riley: 11.

Anthony: Yes.

Amanda: I crossed things out and drew a lot of arrows on my sheet.

Anthony: Uh-huh.

Amanda: Which sleeping car is this dead body in?

Riley: That side.

Amanda: Okay.

Anthony: Yeah, Jules Azner is on the left side.

Amanda: Then definitely the people here can hear like, someone running vocal scales in one of the sleeping cars over there, because that's where Belinda's sleeping car is and that's what she retired to do.

Matt: Oh, you didn't stop doing vocals, you're just going, "Mi, mi, mi, mi, mi?"

Amanda: What would I stop that for? It's not my problem.

Matt: [laughs]

Anthony: So, at this moment, everybody hears the, [*singing*] "La, la, la, la, la, la, la..."

Amanda: Yeah.

Anthony: Okay, cool, from your car.

Elyse: That's nice.

Amanda: Some nice like, mood music. For investigation.

Matt: That's what it sounds like, about "mi, mi, mi, mi, mi."

Anthony: So, go on R— [*short laugh*] [*singing*] "Mi, mi, mi, mi, mi!"

[*chuckles*]

Riley: I got an 11.

Anthony: You got an 11? Okay, so with 11, I will tell you that you don't find a weapon and your skills are not sexy enough that you can tell the footprints that are going on.

Riley: Hey!

Anthony: But you can see a small hole that is in the entry wound that killed the person. You can see that that is the kind of wound that happened.

[*curious bell music plays for a moment*]

Riley: So, it was—

Haus: Postal man!

Riley: —like a stab as opposed to a slash?

Anthony: Yeah, so it is a stab as opposed to a slash.

Sledge: Yes, you rang?

Haus: You know a lot about small holes don't you?

Sledge: I do. We put mail in them. They—they're slots. We call them mail slots.

Elyse: We're getting close, we're getting real close.

Amanda: Oh, I hate this. Yeah. That's, uh. Whoof!

[laughs]

Amanda: No, go on.

Sledge: Sorry, excuse me?

[laughter]

Belinda: Did someone say slots?

Elyse: Dot does not know who Straighten is, but she can tell he has a command of the situation... So she turns to him and says—

Dot: Please, sir. Please, officer, I need my vocal coach.

Straighten: You need your vocal coach?

Dot: Please!

Straighten: Well I, uh, alright. Well write it down, and put it in an envelope...

[laughter]

Straighten: ...and give me your address and I'll make sure she gets it right away and she knows that you're safe, don't worry. I won't let anything happen to you.

Dot: [emotional gasp]

Will: And I lock eyes with you intensely.

Dot: Okay.

Elyse: Dot reaches into her nightgown and produces a little notepad and she kinda like, makes a makeshift little envelope and produces that for...

Will: And I stick it in my pocket.

Straighten: The next time we— Unfortunately, there's no mail on this blimp, as I've already established. Now, I have something shocking to reveal to all of you. I believe this person may be the very Dead Letter that I was chasing on my postal service intrigue. You see, I've been hot on the trail of a German spy who's been stealing counterfeit post office stamps and all sorts of things, and I tracked him down to this very blimp, which is why I'm here.

German Guy: Did somebody say German?

Anthony: And that German guy from the...

Straighten: Looks like you're off the hook—

Anthony: ...dining cart.

Straighten: —Fritz, you were my next suspect, but I have every reason to suspect that this is the Dead Letter.

German: Oh, lucky me!

Straighten: And he was bumped off probably due to his own suspicious intrigue, that's what I think.

Dot: How? We have no quarrel with the Germans.

[group laugh]

Straighten: Not yet, but don't you know? There's a war coming.

Dot: Oh!

Straighten: There's a dark tidings ahead, and the country can be going to a very, very dark place, very soon.

Dot: I see!

Haus: You're telling—

Straighten: And we need to be ready!

Haus: You're telling me that this person was known as the Dead Letter?

Straighten: He's the— certainly dead now.

Haus: Yes. There's no wonder, yes. Well, I mean, it sounds like—

Straighten: Ironical, if you think about it.

Haus: —nature is taking its course. It sounds like everything is where it should be.

Riley: Barb grabs Haus's sleeve and pulls him to the side and he's like—

Haus: How dare you talk to me?

[laughter]

Barb: Haus, I just had a quick thought. I don't know, maybe this is wrong, but like. He's calling him the Dead Letter and he's been calling him the Dead Letter before he died. Like, maybe he was the only one that knew he was going to die. I don't know, doesn't that seem a little bit suspicious to you, maybe?

Haus: I've just had a thought. He was calling him the Dead Letter...

Barb: Hm.

Haus: ...before he died.

Barb: Yeah.

[laughter]

Haus: I'm thinking that's a little suspicious.

Riley: Barb's totally satisfied with that, she's like—

Barb: Cool, great! Great job!

Straighten: It's a post office term. What do you know about it? I bet you've never mailed a letter in your life. Name—! Name five Postmaster Generals right now!

[laughter]

Haus: I'll name five letters, even better. A, B, C, D, E—

Straighten: I got letters for you. F, U, C, K, Y, O, U, pal!

Anthony: They hadn't invented that by the '30s!

[laughter]

[the whir of the propellers plays]

Anthony: All right, so we are once again in daytime, so if there is anybody who'd like to do some scenes, especially the detectives, if there's anybody you want to question or anything like that, feel free. Sandbox mode now.

[sound fades out]

Matt: Do we just write to you what we're doing if we're in a different room?

Anthony: I mean, if you want to do it with somebody else, you say it aloud. If you want to do it alone, you write to me.

Freddie: Well.

[laughter]

Freddie: Just very decisive typing—

Amanda: Will!

Will: Tipity, tapity, tickity, tap.

Riley: Who's still in the room? Who's still in the sleeping car with us?

Anthony: Right now I believe it was just the two of you and Straighten Arrow. And the corpse. And the Cole Porter.

Haus: Straighten!

Straighten: Yes?

Haus: Why...

[group laughter]

Haus: ...would...

Riley: Barb's like—

Barb: You're doing great! Really good work!

[laughter]

Haus: You know why someone would want to... kill? The Dead Letter?

Straighten: My guess would be that this nefarious criminal had all sorts of shady dealings going on, and it could be that there's another criminal of some sort right now on this very blimp that may have murdered the man.

Haus: It could be...

Barb: Wh—

Haus: ...that there is a criminal on this very blimp.

Barb: Yeah, I think uh, I think what Detective Haus is maybe going to ask you, is what kind of criminal do you think that would be?

Haus: I'll ask the questions.

Barb: Yes. Yep, that's what he's gonna...

Straighten: A murdering kind of criminal.

Barb: Okay, well, that's.

Haus: You read my mind.

[laughter]

Straighten: You know, Haus? I'm starting to develop a begrudging respect for you. What do you say we combine investigations and investigate this shady crime together?

Barb: Oh!

Straighten: I'll share my information if you share yours.

Barb: Um yeah!

Straighten: We keep each other abreast.

Beth: House looks off into the distance, actually looks right through Barb, and is like—

Haus: Well, I am on the lookout for a partner.

Barb: Oh, really? I mean, you guys seem just really well suited. Honestly, you should probably do this together this makes the most sense.

[laughter]

Haus: They've got to be smart. And spunky. And personable.

Barb: Mm!

Haus: And they've got to have a touch of anxiety.

Barb: Oh!

[laughter]

Straighten: It sounds like I'm your man, Haus.

Will: And I spit in my hand and say—

Straighten: Put her there.

Beth: I spit on my hand and I shake your hand.

Riley: A single tear drops down Barb's face.

[group laughter]

Anthony: That's wild.

Straighten: All right, well, I'll go shake down the witnesses one more time, see if anyone noticed anything. You do whatever you're going to do, use that genius crime brain of yours to solve the crime.

Beth: Haus is like—

Haus: Barb. Hey, Barb.

Barb: Yeah, what's up?

Haus: Great ass.

[loud group laughter]

Barb: Oh, uh, thank you.

Riley: Honestly...

Beth: It's the '30s.

Amanda: Oh my God.

Riley: ...no one has ever really paid attention to Barb sexually, so she's like—

Barb: Oh, uh, very cool.

[laughter needs a second to die down]

[ad break]

Elyse: Dot goes and knocks on the door of her voice coach Belinda's room.

Dot: Knock, knock!

Belinda: At least she said knock, knock right.

Amanda: And she throws the door open, she's like—

Anthony: *[laughs]*

Belinda: Yes, Dot?

Dot: Coach... *[pants]* there's been a *[pants]* a murder on the ship.

Belinda: *[enunciated]* Murder?

Dot: *[enunciated, a bit more like Belinda]* Mur-der.

Belinda: Better.

[loud group laughter]

Freddie: Holy shit!

Anthony: Oh my God!

Will: Holy shit!

Dot: Already you're helping me so much *[mooch]*!

[laughter]

Belinda: *[weary sigh]* Yes, Dot, you are upset, you want to put off your lessons, what? What.

Dot: Well, I'm a little concerned. I mean, the studio's already nipping at my heels, they already want to can me! Can you imagine being connected to such a crime *[creem]*, what that will do?

Belinda: Can.

Dot: *[gravely in the second half]* Ca-ahn.

Belinda: They want to *can* you.

Dot: *[like she's dying]* Can!

Belinda: I can imagine.

Dot: *[still dying]* I can!

Belinda: No, a bit much, pull back. Dot, come sit.

Amanda: So, as you enter the room, it's very like... *[chuckles]* scarfy.

[laughter]

Amanda: She has a lot of, y’know, things that a voice coach would have, a little phonograph, we have our many pots of various liquids for gargling and spitting and drinking and [*in character*] staying hydrated! [*normally*] Because it's important.

Anthony: You hear somebody walking past your room, towards the dining room.

[*footsteps*]

Belinda: Good for them.

[*laughter*]

Belinda: Dot. I need you to use this. Let the drama in. Hold it, deep. Let it power your voice. And, you know. Talking right.

Dot: Hold the drama?

Belinda: Hold the drama.

Dot: The feeling I have now is not unlike when, y’know, the sisters used to hit me with their canes. I guess I could draw on that.

Belinda: Excellent, yes! Use it.

Dot: So what do you think I should do? Murder someone else?

[*surprised wheezy laughs*]

Belinda: Eh- uh- ah- eh- mm. Here’s—

Dot: Not that I murdered the first person.

Belinda: No, of course not.

[*laughter*]

Anthony: Good save. Porter Cole boops his head and goes—

Cole: Good save!

Belinda: Thank you, Porter. Let's not kill anyone. The studio might— Well, honestly, if you did, the studio wouldn't have any trouble with that at all. Frankly. Fuck me. So—

Dot: Actually...

Belinda: Yes?

Dot: Come to mention it, the script I am currently [*some difficulty, but she gets it:*] rehearsing now...

Belinda: Excellent.

Dot: ...has me as the perpetrator [*pee-peh-trator*] of a heinous murder.

Will: [*giggles*]

Beth: [*squawking laugh*]

Belinda: "Peepetrator..."

Anthony: You hear somebody coming back from the dining room...

[*footsteps*]

Anthony: ...past your cabin again.

Belinda: What is this, a thoroughfare? I thought I had a private cabin!
[*inhale*] Dot... I want you to enter every situation you're in with poise. I want you to breathe deeply—before you open your mouth—and say anything to anyone ever, under any circumstances. Breathe deeply.

Dot: Breathe deeply.

Belinda: Practice by saying, "Of course not, officer."

Elyse: Dot lights a prescription cigarette, takes a deep inhale.

Dot: Of course, officer[*offi-cher*]...

Freddie: Office chair?

[*laughter*]

Belinda: Of course not. Officer.

Dot: Of course not... officer [*off-a-sir*].

Belinda: Better. When you speak, I want you to imagine you're blowing a smoke ring from your prescription cigarette. Of course not, officer.

Elyse: Deep inhale.

Belinda: Mhm.

Dot: Of course not, officer.

Belinda: Much better! And this is why smoking is good for you.

[*laughter*]

Anthony: All right.

Dot: I owe you a dear gratitude, Belinda.

Belinda: I think we're making real progress.

[short musical scene transition]

Riley: How close are we to the next night?

Anthony: Some people still have some stuff they want to do. So—

Matt: Well, we solved the murderer.

[group laughter]

Riley: Well, I mean, besides that.

Matt: Already.

Anthony: So, currently, you two are in Jules Azner's cabin, if there's anything you want to do.

Riley: Yeah, I think Barb, she's got to prove herself to the detectives.

Elyse: Earn that ass compliment. Yeah, girl.

Riley: Yeah, she's got to earn it. So, I think she's just going to go right into the luggage car and start looking for clues, because she wants to like, really help this investigation as best she can.

Anthony: Okay, as you enter the luggage car, you see... Sledge. His arms are stretching upwards.

Sledge: Oh, hey! What you doing?

[group laughter]

Riley: *[near hysterical frustration]* Where is he *from*?!

[laughter]

Riley: Where is he from?!

Sledge: I'm from the street.

Freddie: From the street.

Anthony: From the street.

Freddie: Obviously!

Matt: Yeah. I was—

Barb: Oh, hello, hi.

Sledge: Hi.

Barb: Barbara Boopsy, I don't think we've had the pleasure of meeting yet.

Sledge: Oh, hi.

Barb: And you are?

Sledge: I'm Sledge.

Barb: Sledge.

Sledge: Yeah.

Barb: Great.

Sledge: What are you doing down here?

Barb: Oh! Just, um...

Sledge: It's just luggage. Me, and the dog.

Barb: Yeah, just checking on my luggage too.

Sledge: Oh!

Barb: My— because everybody's luggage is—

Sledge: Okay, I can get it- Where's luggage?

Barb: Oh, it's just that big trunk over there, but that's- it's—

Matt: I start carrying it to you, like—

Sledge: Here, just—

Barb: Oh, oh! Okay! Yeah, thank you. Just this spot is perfect for it.

Sledge: All right. You leave now.

Barb: Oh, okay. Yeah, I just wanted to let you know, it seemed like, I don't know, you're maybe from the streets and like.

Sledge: Oh, yeah.

Barb: I just wanted you to know that I don't really like to talk about it, but I kind of do have a background in um, [*clears throat*] bootlegging. It was a big thing that used to happen that doesn't happen anymore. So, I just wanted to let you know, even though like, I am from a pretty important detecting family, if you need anything, or if you need someone to get you anything...

Sledge: It's mean...

Barb: You know, you just...

Sledge: It's pretty easy to get alcohol now.

Barb: Yeah, that—

[*laughter with clap*]

Barb: Yeah... I know, it's um...

[*still laughing*]

Barb: But there's still other stuff! There's other stuff.

Sledge: Okay.

Barb: I don't know if you're familiar with the potato control legislation that was just passed in this year of 1935?

Sledge: No!

Barb: Yeah, it's like the government is getting in our pockets now, because basically they're saying that people can't buy potatoes anymore, so like...

Sledge: Outrage.

Barb: ...they're going to become as valuable as alcohol was in the prohibition, I'm pretty sure. So, um, if you needed any potatoes, if you needed someone to find potatoes for you.

Sledge: You know what? Yeah. Actually, yeah. Could you go get me potatoes? That'd be great.

Riley: Yeah, Barb opens her trunk and pulls out potatoes.

Sledge: Oh, okay...

[*group laughter*]

Sledge: Well! ...mm...

Barb: These are Yukon Golds!

Sledge: Okay.

Barb: They're incredible, buttery flavor, very low starch value.

Matt: I just take— I just start biting it. I just eat it like a...

Sledge: It's a pretty good potato, I don't get potatoes this good on the street.

Will: It's real.

[laughter]

Barb: Yeah.

Sledge: It's real. It's a real Yukon potato.

Anthony: He licks his fucking lip— teeth.

[laughter]

Riley: She turns the trunk around, it's full of potatoes, she's like—

Barb: There's more where that came from, that's all I'm saying.

Sledge: Oh. Okay, I see.

Will: First spud is free.

Matt: First I see if Asta wants to eat the potato. Does my dog eat the potato?

Anthony: Yeah, dogs eat potatoes.

Sledge: Oh.

Anthony: Do dogs eat potatoes?

Sledge: Alright.

Beth: If only potatoes weren't fatal to dogs.

Sledge: Yeah, well. I appreciate that.

Anthony: Are they fatal?

Beth: [*a little silly*] They're fatal.

Sledge: You seem like a nice gal.

Anthony: They're not fatal.

[laughter]

Freddie: Hold on, hold on, hold on, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait.

Matt: Sorry.

Elyse: Potatoes aren't fatal to dogs.

Riley: No, they're...

Freddie: Don't. Do it.

Matt: What?

Freddie: Without...

Anthony: Don't feed your dog to—

Freddie: It should be baked or boiled.

Anthony: Yeah, don't feed potatoes to dogs.

Freddie: Don't like... cook `em.

Matt: Okay, so Aster doesn't eat it.

Freddie: You can cook them! And don't have—

Anthony: No, he'll eat it, it's a dog!

Matt: Oh.

Anthony: I'm just saying, if you're a responsible dog owner, you wouldn't do that, but you wouldn't know.

Matt: It's 1935, they don't know.

Anthony: You're from the street! You're from the street.

Matt: I'm from the street.

Sledge: Dogs don't eat potatoes. It's not healthy for them, do you know? Are you trying to kill my dog?

Barb: Well, you were the one who fed the potato to it—

Sledge: Fair enough.

Barb: —but it's neither here nor there. I'm just letting you know that, that first potato is on the house.

Sledge: Oh! Okay.

Barb: And if you needed anything else, you can just let me know.

Sledge: Uh, I don't. But thank you and you seem like a nice lady. Just... leave me alone.

[laughter]

Barb: ...Alright!

[more laughter]

Riley: Barb shuts the trunk, locks it, leaves the room. Goes back to the sleeping car. [laughs]

Anthony: What a great scene.

Riley: Oh my God!

[two note musical scene transition]

Anthony: Anything anybody else would like to do while lights are still on?

Haus: Straighten.

Straighten: Yes?

Haus: You want to do anything while the lights are still on?

Straighten: Maybe you and I should seize the moment and investigate some of these rooms. Here's what I'm thinking, why don't gather everybody together, I'll tell them a thrilling tale from one of my postal service inspection adventures of two-fisted, daring doos, thwarting—

Riley: Two-fisted?

Straighten: —mail fraud criminals. And you can snoop their rooms!

Haus: And I'll ask the questions.

Straighten: You can snoop their rooms, and we'll see if we can find any clues that way. While everyone's in the cabin, they won't know that you're snooping through their rooms.

Haus: Ah, yes, yes. Is there a loudspeaker system on this uh... on this blimp.

Straighten: I'm a pretty loud speaker, I could just yell down my hall.

Haus: Hah-ho! You kill me.

Straighten: Haha!

Haus: Maybe! Maybe.

Straighten: Maybe.

Haus: Maybe.

Riley: Barb comes back in and is just like—

Barb: Oh, hey, guys.

Straighten: Barb!

Haus: Barb.

Straighten: ...What do you need?

Haus: Oh! I was just down in that room, but no, you're right, I shouldn't just hang out with you guys. What was I thinking?

Riley: So, she just goes out the other door.

Straighten: That's such an interesting scent you're wearing, Barb. It smells vaguely of my home in Idaho.

Barb: Oh... really?

Straighten: You have any friends in Idaho?

Amanda: [*laughs*]

Barb: I think I know where you're going with this. I could potentially talk to some people in Idaho, if I knew that they weren't going to get in trouble with the law.

Straighten: Mm, interesting. Maybe I'll have a tall tater-tale to tell you later about that.

Barb: Aye!

Straighten: In the meantime, could you help us round everybody up here and maybe let them know that Straighten Narrow is going to be telling one of his two-fisted pulp tales of mail fraud adventure?

Barb: Yeah!

Straighten: And I'm ready to regale everyone with one of those.

Barb: You got it!

Riley: So, she first just pops her head back into the luggage cart and is like—

Barb: Hey, uh, Sle—

Matt: I'm eating so many potatoes.

[all laughing]

Sledge: Oh!

Barb: Uh...!

Sledge: I will pay for this. I'm so sorry.

Riley: Barb double checks the lock on her trunk. And is like—

Barb: Uh! Nuh! That's cool. They just wanted everybody in here really quick.

Sledge: Okay.

Barb: So, if you just want to come in here real quick.

Sledge: I'm really ashamed of what I just did.

[snorts and giggles]

Sledge: I'm really sorry.

Barb: It's okay.

Sledge: I didn't grow up with a lot of food, and if I see food, I just eat it.

Barb: Oh, yeah.

Sledge: Because I'm from the streets.

Anthony: Porter Cole pokes his head in and says—

Cole: I've told the captain to s—

Anthony: And then at that moment—

Captain: *[over intercom]* Hey, everyone, one of the detective people who might be a detective has summoned you to the dining room to explain some stuff, I guess. So, if you want to hear two-fisted tales of postal service stuff, that's something you can go do.

Freddie: Clearly reading from a note.

Anthony: Yeah, it's a note that was—

Freddie: "If you'd like to hear—"

Riley: "Two-fisted tales of postal."

Anthony: Post-al!

Riley: Barb's like—

Barb: Oh, yeah, that's basically what I was just about to tell you. But, um...

Sledge: You can punch me if you want. Just a free one, right here.

Barb: No, uh!

Barb: Barb feels bad, she doesn't actually—

Sledge: Punch me!

Riley: She's never made a friend and she's really... This is the first person she's had a connection with.

Elyse: Oh, Jesus!

Freddie: Aw...

Riley: She's like—

Barb: No, no, I could... You know what, have as many potatoes as you want. It's really fine, honestly. Like—

Matt: I'm just putting potatoes in my shirt right now.

Barb: Yeah, no, that's fine. They're going to go bad soon. I just— After the bootlegging thing fell apart, I put all my money into potatoes and I don't even know if this potato control legislation is going to be as dramatic as people say it's going to be, so maybe...

Will: [*laughs*]

Barb: ...if you could maybe just help me offload these potatoes, I'd split the profits with you.

Sledge: Do they have potatoes in Greece?

Captain: [*over intercom*] Anytime you want to, you can head into the dining car.

[*laughter*]

Barb: I don't know, but I know there's a German on the ship and I know they like potatoes, so maybe we can go that direction.

Sledge: Okay.

Barb: Let's go to the dining car!

Matt: As she walks away, I look down at Aster and just like—

Sledge: Hey, pup. I think I might have just found our mom.

Matt: [*laughing*] And I walk out.

[*laughter with claps*]

Matt: And I walk out to her.

Anthony: Uh...

Riley: Do I hear that?

Anthony: Uh— Roll.

[*laughter*]

Riley: [*dice roll*] 17.

[*chorus of "oh!"s*]

Anthony: You'll definitely hear that. You 1,000% hear that.

Riley: Once again, Barb doesn't get a lot of attention, so she's like—

Barb: [*flattered laughing*] Oh!

Riley: Straightens out her little suit a little bit more.

Will: Well, well, well!

Riley: [*laughs*]

Anthony: So, Barb, as you head back into the dining car, you see that Straighten Arrow's there, standing, sort of waiting for everybody to come in so he can start telling his stories. The German is sitting there, reading from a... What's a fun German book? Kafka! He's reading Kafka.

Riley: Yeah, that's a fun...

Matt: That's a fun one.

Freddie: Yeah, that's a fun one.

Anthony: It's also definitely not time appropriate, I think.

Will: He's like, "This is so Kafka-esque."

Anthony: *[laughs]*

Matt: It might be... it's probably one of the more fun German books though, there's not a lot of...

Anthony: Yeah. *[vaguely European accent]* "This guy is a roach? That's crazy!"

[laughter with claps]

Anthony: "Couldn't be me!"

[seconds for laughter to die down]

Anthony: All right. Who else is going to show up for the tales of daring do?

Elyse: I would venture that Dot and Belinda have headed over, scarves just blowing in the breeze behind them.

Amanda: Oh, yeah, I definitely hooked you up with two scarves.

Will: Scarves akimbo.

Elyse: Yes.

Belinda: Must protect the throat at all times.

Elyse: Yes.

Dot: *[mimicking Belinda's dramatic diction]* Yes.

Amanda: And when we go in and I see that it's this guy again.

Straighten: Please have a seat, ladies. I'd be very offended if you didn't sit and listen to me read one of my thrilling tales.

Amanda: Belinda's like—

Belinda: Of course.

Straighten: There's a bit of romance in there as well.

Belinda: *[quietly]* Oh, no.

Straighten: Just so in case that's something that interests you of the female persuasion.

Belinda: [*quietly*] It isn't.

Straighten: I've written these stories, if any of you know an editor or publisher that would like to publish my memoirs... I've taken some liberties with them, but I'd say they're a hoot.

Belinda: Oh, I'm sure we don't.

Anthony: You brought your whole bosom, but you'll only need the part that you clutch.

[*group laughter*]

Amanda: So... Belinda ushers Dot into a chair and leans down and she's like—

Belinda: Repeat the final word he says every time, with the support and gusto that it requires. You can learn something from a blowhard like this.

[*laughter*]

Dot: [*nervous pants are more excited*] I will, I will.

Beth: So, while Straighten has everybody, I'm going to go like... detect.

[*laughter*]

Matt: I love the confidence.

Anthony: And the winner...!

[*group laughter, Beth wheezing*]

Anthony: ...of the Improvisation Award 2023! Elizabeth May!

Beth: Oh, I was just happy to be here! Okay, so... so fucking...

Freddie: Holy shit.

Beth: So fucking... so fucking Haus is like—

Haus: I'm going to go do what I do best.

Beth: And then, y'know, goes out the door, and then comes back in the door, he's like—

Haus: Detect.

[laughter]

[musical scene transition]

Anthony: So, what are you going to do in your detection?

Beth: I'm going to go snoop through people's luggage, I guess?

Anthony: So, you're going to the luggage room?

Beth: Sure, yeah, I'll do that.

Anthony: Okay, all the luggage is locked.

Matt: Except for the potatoes now.

[laughs]

Anthony: Except for the potato thing, which is open. There's a lot of potatoes there.

Riley: Aw, my secrets.

Matt: They all have one bite in them.

Riley: No! [chuckles]

Anthony: If you want to roll to search the luggage room itself, feel free.

Beth: [dice roll] That's a 6.

Anthony: Yeah, not going to help you on that one then. Roll to remember which one belongs to whom, because you saw everybody as they were...

Beth: [dice roll] 7.

Anthony: Yeah, no idea.

[laughter]

Beth: [off mic] Wait, no, that's a 1. That's literally a 1.

Anthony: Yeah, not a clue. In fact, you've forgotten who was even on the ship.

Beth: Huas is like—

Haus: Wilson, I wish you were here with me.

[chuckles and giggles, Will's giggles especially]

Haus: You were always the one that did all the detecting. I just ask the questions. But I'm left with the biggest question of all: what happened to you?

[laughter]

Haus: Who killed you?

Riley: Was it Lucas?

Haus: Who changed my life? I guess I'll go investigate another room.

[more laughter]

Anthony: Whose room would you like to investigate?

Beth: I'll go to the other sleeping car, so this is the sleeping car where I'm sleeping, but I'm not there currently.

Anthony: All right.

Beth: So, the Dot Brady, and Barb Boopsy, and Sledge Valet.

Freddie: No, Sledge Valet's not in there.

Matt: Yeah, I—

Riley: He's in the luggage car.

Matt: I sleep in the luggage room.

Beth: Oh, y-y-y-yeah.

Anthony: So, there's two sleeping cars. The one that we've been doing most of the action in so far has Billy Millions, Belinda Nightingale, Straighten Arrow, Jules Azner in it. And the other one, the one that you're currently going to now, has Haus Emdee, Barbara Boopsy, it has an empty room that was for Sledge, but Sledge just decided to go into the luggage car, and then one for Dot.

Riley: Oh, Straighten did.

Will: And Straighten is reading from his book, "Security Comes With the Stamp, Two-Fisted Tales of Postal Service Adventures." Chapter one, if Al Capone had mailed his books, I would have caught him!

[laughs]

Anthony: So, Barb, you can see that, in the dining cart, Straighten Arrow is here, Belinda and Dot are here doing their voice works, Sledge has come in, and you know that Haus Emdee is going to go check out the other sleeping cars. So, Beth—

Riley: So, the only person that's unaccounted for, essentially, is Bill...

Freddie: [*in character*] Billy!

Riley: ...y Millions. Right?

Anthony: Billy is missing.

Riley: Okay.

Matt: You're missing?

Freddie: I'm not missing, I'm just in my room!

Anthony: So what would you like— who would you like to investigate, Beth? Which room?

Beth: Hm. I'm going to go into Dot Brady's room.

Anthony: All right, Dot, what does she find?

Elyse: She finds just like piles and piles of scripts. For movies that Dot's not even in. And they've all been underlined in certain places, question marks just above words. Simple words, three letter words.

[*laughter*]

Beth: Haus is like—

Haus: Oh, Wilson, if only you were here with me to read these to me. God knows I can't.

[*laughter*]

Elyse: And there is one letter that it looks like it has a broken wax seal from... You would recognize it as the emblem of a studio, a big Hollywood Picture studio, and it's been addressed to Dot, and so that's there. And then just cartons and cartons of cigarettes.

[*laughter*]

Amanda: That all say, "Prescription."

Matt: Prescription.

Elyse: Yes. Yeah, there's a little Rx and then the snake wrapped around the...

Amanda: Breathe your best cigarettes!

Elyse: Yeah! [*chuckles*]

Anthony: And that's all you find in that room.

Haus: Broken seal... huh. And it's got the little MGM lion.

[laughs and giggles]

Haus: I wonder if my detective partner, Straighten Arrow, would uh...

Elyse: Wherever she is, a single tear falls down Barb's face.

[laughter]

Matt: Damn, Boopsy.

Haus: ...find this interesting. Because I don't.

[group laughter]

Anthony: All right, anything else you would like to do?

Beth: Should I go to a different room? I don't want to monopolize too much of— I don't wanna monopolize...

Anthony: Well, you're the detective.

[laughter]

Matt: You're trying to solve a murder.

Freddie: You're the detective, Beth!

Amanda: Please! Please!

Beth: Okay.

Riley: You get to.

Anthony: You can also do this—

Amanda: The scene is yours.

Anthony: —Barb, if you wish to.

Beth: *[in character]* Maybe I've made a terrible mistake. Maybe I should've been the killer.

Anthony: Yeah, either Barb or House can do...

Barb: Yeah, I think—

Anthony: ...whatever you like.

Riley: ...Barb brought Sledge into the dining car and then has listened to a couple of chapters, probably, so far of—

Straighten: Chapter Three:

Riley: Yeah.

Straighten: What if John Dillinger wrote a bad check and sent it to someone?

Dot: Someone.

Straighten: How I would've busted him.

Dot: Busted him.

Riley: I think Barb—

Anthony: [*laughs*]

[*others caught on, laughter*]

Belinda: Bah...sted.

[*more laughs*]

Anthony: Oh, that's the perfect amount of time for me to forget. Ah!

[*group laughter*]

Freddie: Fuck.

Riley: In the sleeping cars, there are different compartments?

Anthony: Yes.

Riley: It's not dorm style?

Anthony: No.

Riley: Okay.

Anthony: Separate compartments for each of the people.

Beth: Oh, okay.

Anthony: So Beth is in the one at 3 o'clock, you're in the sleeping car at 9 o'clock.

Riley: Yes, I'm going to just bust on into Billy's room.

Anthony: Okay, so in Billy's room, what do you see and what do you hear, Billy?

Freddie: Billy's room is fairly simply adorn, but there's lots of... His suits are everywhere, he's got really expensive looking luggage hanging up. And you hear him in the bathroom, y'know, the shower is on—

Billy: *[muffled through the wall]* Hello? Is anyone there? *[singing wordlessly to himself—]* Who's there? *[more singing]*

Barb: Oh, hello!

Billy: *[muffled]* What are you doing in here? *[more singing]*

Barb: Honestly, just checking to make sure you hadn't gotten murdered yet!

Billy: *[muffled]* *[loud singing—]* I'm taking a shower, can't you hear that? *[singing]*

Will: *[giggles]*

Barb: Okay, cool, I'll just leave then.

Riley: And Barb opens the door and shuts it again, but stays in the room.

[outro music plays]

Freddie: Dad Then There were None is Matt Arnold as Sledge Valet, Anthony Burch as our DM, Will Campos as Straighten Arrow, Riley Rose Critchlow as Barbra Bootsie, Beth May as Hause Emdee, Amanda Schuckman as Belinda Nightengale, Elyse Willems as Dorthoty “Dot” Brady and myself, Freddie Wong, as Billy Millions! *[in one breath]* Brian Fernandes is our content producer, Ashley Nicollette is our community manager, Kortney Terry is our community coordinator, Ester Ellis is our lead editor, Travis Reaves provides additional editing, and Robin Rapp is our transcriber.

Freddie: Thanks to our Patreon supporters for supporting this show, making this little miniseries possible, as well as all the other bonus miniseries possible. By the way, right now, on the Patreon? Is the first show from the Do or Dice live tour we did a couple months back on the west coast, it's the Seattle show, video and audio are available on Patreon. So head on over to patreon.com/dungeonsanddads to check that out. You can also get the rest of Dad Then There Were None as well as ad free episodes, our after show, Discord access, bonus content, much much more. Check out patreon.com/dungeonsanddads to support this podcast directly. Thank you so much for listening, we'll be back to our usual season 2 shenanigans next episode, and that's coming at you November 7th, so we will see you then.

[outro music finishes]