

Dungeons & Daddies presents: The Peachyville Horror

Dungeon Master: Will Campos

Tony Collette: Freddie Wong

Kelsey Grammar: Matt Arnold

Francis Farnsworth: Anthony Burch

Trudy Trout: Beth May

Season 3 Ep.1 - Strangers on a Lane

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

[intro music plays]

Freddie: Welcome to Dungeons and Daddies, Not a BDSM Podcast, season three!

[gasps]

Anthony: Bum, bum, bum, bum!

Matt: Third time, it's still not a BDSM podcast.

Freddie: Still not a BDSM podcast.

Matt: Okay!

Freddie: Wait for number four, and we would like to present to you all... the Peachyville Horror! A Call of Cthulhu Actual Play Horror Comedy Podcast about four everyday schmoes fighting the forces of darkness in suburban 1950s America. This season is helmed by none other... than William Smi— Wi— Will Campos.

Will: Excuse me?

Matt: William Smith?

[laughs]

Freddie: Will Campos! Sorry, I got into a...

Will: Bill Smith is here!

Matt: Bill Smi— *[chuckles]*

Beth: Wow.

Freddie: I got into a whole thing. My name—

Matt: Wait, Will Campos from Dungeons and Daddies?

Beth: What?!

Freddie: That's right. Will Campos...

Matt: Wow!

Will: Huge get for this podcast.

Freddie: ...from Dungeons and Daddies. Let's welcome to the podcast, Will Campos from Dungeons and Daddies.

Beth: Wow.

Matt: Whoo!

Beth: Okay, so Anthony and Will, have you done your good luck transfer smooch?

Anthony: Yeah, we touched our dicks.

Beth: Okay.

Matt: Yo.

Freddie: Smooched them into each other.

Matt: Is that what smooching means?

Freddie: Yeah, that's what smooching means.

Beth: Yup!

Anthony: Yeah, we docked.

Will: We docked a little bit.

Matt: Oh, docked, okay.

Will: Yeah.

Matt: I get that.

Freddie: Well, you smooch first, and then you dock.

Matt: Okay.

Will: And you gotta make lightsaber noises. Like when they lock up?

Freddie: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Will: You gotta go [*lightsaber mouth sounds*]! Like that.

[*more lightsaber mouth-sounds*]

Matt: I thought you had to do spaceship sounds.

Will: Yeah.

Freddie: Yeah, yeah, yeah. My name is Freddie Wong. [*silly cadence to it*] My name. [*normally*] Is Freddie Wong. I play...

[*chuckles*]

Freddie: And I know everyone.

Will: [*laughing*] Is that “my wife?” Is that what that was?

Matt: Are we gonna introduce ourselves—

Freddie: That’s right.

Matt: —even before we introduce the world?

Will: Yeah, we're doing our normal thing.

Matt: Oh, right! Okay— I don't know! I'm just, this is so exciting! I just don't know.

Will: Yeah!

Matt: I'm just, okay.

Will: Yeah, let’s go for it.

Freddie: The world has been waiting with bated breath as to what the next Freddie Wong character will be, and I'm pleased to report the smoke is coming out of the smoke snacks, and we can announce...

[*laughter*]

Matt: The white smoke? The new pope?

[laughter]

Freddie: The white smoke! Has finally appeared as thousands around the world wait for my new character. I would like to introduce all of you in this room, and you listening at home, to the newest Freddie Wong character... Tony Collette!

Will: [chuckles]

Matt: Love it.

Freddie: A fast talking, used car salesman... with a heart of gold. I'm coming over with that as we go.

[laughter]

Will: Throwing out weeks of prep over here to accommodate this new heart of gold this character has.

Freddie: [laughs]

Matt: I feel like Freddie planned the intro about his character and then just is winging the...

Freddie: Matt, I'm gonna need you to shut the fuck up. This week's peachy fact about Tony Collette.

Will: Oh...!

Freddie: Tony spelled T-O-N-Y, by the way. [thank you Freddie]

Freddie: Call of Cthulhu, for those of you who are unfamiliar, is a system where you have a lot more... like specific skills that you can have, and we'll get into the sort of way the system differs from D&D in a second, but I would just want to point out that when you're making your character sheet, you can add skills that you add points to. Most of the time, you start with one, 1% skill. Under "theoretical physics and relativity," Tony Collette has a two.

Will: Interesting?

Freddie: Because Tony Collette once attended a scientific lecture given by none other than a Mr. Einstein!

Will: Wow!

Matt: Wow!

Beth: Wow.

Freddie: And he left it being like, "I think I understand relativity a little more." And he did, but not much. That's why there's a two.

Will: Space is curved like the beautiful hubcap of a 1957 Chevy.

Freddie: *[laughs]* Exactly, exactly.

Matt: Hey everybody, my name is Matthew Arnold. And for this wonderful season, this Peachyville season, I am playing Kelsey Grammar.

[laughs]

Matt: *[peppier voice]* I'm Peachyville's happiest and snappiest school marm. Just kiddin', I'm here to help because your kids are the future and I'm going to be there.

Will: Wow!

Beth: Wow.

Matt: Yeah. There you go.

Will: Wow!

Matt: Little fact, little fact. You see, I planned that one. I wrote it down.

Will: Yeah.

Matt: I did my work.

Will: Happiest and snappiest!

Matt: Snapiest! The first Peachyville fact for Kelsey is that, look, she loves to teach. She kind of teaches the group of kindergarten, first, second, and third grade. She's got a lot of kids under her belt. And her big goal in life, what she's trying to do is that she's not really happy with Encyclopedia Britannica. She finds it very dull and kind of British-centric. And the World—

Freddie: *[laughing]* British centric?

Matt: And the World Book is frankly just not available at Peachyville. Despite her desire to get it there. So she's decided to embark on her own encyclopedia that

she's writing to make it accessible and fun for children. And right now she is just on the letter B as she's been doing it for about seven years.

Will: Wow!

Matt: So she's gotta speed up if she's gonna make it before she dies. But she's on B. The kids know a lot about letters A to B. But, you know, that's a good chunk of knowledge.

Will: Now has she had to go back into A? To do new developments in A? Like, I don't know, atomic energy.

Matt: The atomic bomb had, uh, she has—

Freddie: Big unit on that one.

Will: She's just like, "bomb, comma, atomic, there."

[laughter]

Matt: There's been some shortcuts here and there. One reason it takes so long is that she's very hands-on. So like she doesn't write something down unless she's experienced it and done it and learned it herself.

Will: Mhm. Interesting.

Matt: That's, yeah.

Will: So—

Matt: Can't wait till we get to S, you know what I mean? Wink, wink.

Matt: ...that's sex.

Beth: Oh...!

Freddie: Haha!

Matt: She's waiting until her ecy—

Will: Finally! I'm saving mys—

Matt: She's not waiting till marriage, she's waiting till she gets to encyclopedia.

Will: I'm saving myself for S.

[laughter]

Matt: [laughing] Saving herself for S.

Freddie: ...Normally— ooh.

Matt: We're all staring at Anthony, just daggers.

Anthony: Oh, should it be me? Okay.

Matt: Well, that's when Will was, you've taken his spot.

Anthony: Okay, I'm Anthony Burch—

Matt: The body's not even cold yet!

Beth: Will never used to pause before he went. [laughs]

Anthony: I'm Anthony Burch, a player for the first time.

Freddie: Yay!

Matt: Yay!

Anthony: My job will be to play a character and wish that Will is not as good as I am.

[laughs]

Anthony: That'll be my full time job. I am playing Francis Farnsworth, [*Francis voice, which is a constant state of cracking; constant wet cat energy*] the most bullied kid in Peachyville.

[laughter]

Anthony: And his Peachyville fact is his favorite root beer float flavor is strawberry because he is a soda jerk, and that's what he recommends is a scoop of strawberry ice cream. And his least favorite is saliva because Shane, the local football player made him drink a smoothie made out of saliva and ice cream after a nice bullying session after school.

Freddie: He got a hand to Shane though, he was saving that up for weeks.

Will: Your body makes about six cups of saliva a day.

Beth: That's wild!

Will: So if he was really dedicated...

Matt: Ew...

Beth: Gosh!

Will: ...he could have just made that work, you know?

Beth: I'm over here like a, a mastiff, just salivating...!

Freddie: Guh!

Beth: ...at my chance to go! Okay, hi, my name is Beth May and I play [*Trudy voice; sharp inhales, sunny demeanor. Always.*] Trudy Trout, doting wife, homemaker and mother of 2.5 beautiful children! [*normally*] Fun fact, Peachyville fact, about Trudy, she makes pancakes perfect every time.

Will: Wow.

Freddie: Wow.

Matt: Wow!

Will: No dog waffle for her?

Beth: Nope.

Matt: Just quick pause, because I already fucked up, I already fucked up this whole season. No, Anthony, what grade are you in?

Anthony: I'm 16, I'm in 10th grade.

Matt: Oh okay, nevermi— you're in high school.

Anthony: Yes.

Matt: Okay, nevermind, we won't do that I'm your teacher then.

Anthony: Well, nevermind, I'll make him younger then.

Matt: No, no, no, I could also be that I was your teacher at one point. That's actually better.

Will: Okay.

Anthony: Yeah, sure.

Matt: I'm like, yeah. You were such a good student. What happened to you? You used to do the bullying.

Will: Hello everyone, my name is Will Campos and I'm your Daddy-o Master? Could that be it?

Freddie: Ey...!

Beth & Matt: Ey...!

Will: I don't know.

Anthony: Sure!

Beth: Daddy!

Freddie: I feel like everyone that responds to you with, "ey!"

Will: 'Ey!

Anthony: 'Ey!

Matt: Guys, let's sexualize and objectify Will just like we did Anthony. What's up, daddy-o? You look good today.

Anthony: [*chuckles*] Hey, Daddy.

Matt: Damn! Look at those jeans!

Freddie: Daddy-o, those jeans.

Matt: Dude, it's all looking tight from head to toe. You're my big papa.

Will: Thank you, Matt.

Freddie: Will's rocking his denim, all across...

Will: My denim on denim look.

Freddie: ...denim on denim look. Whoo!

Will: The Canadian tuxedo.

Matt: I've always wanted a new dad and I got one.

[*pause*]

[laughter]

Will: My peachy fact today is that your body is home to millions of foreign bacterial species. According to new research, your mouth has more bacteria living in it than there are human beings on earth. In fact, there are more foreign cells or bacteria and fungi in your colon than human cells in your whole body.

Matt: Wow.

Will: So it does, it really takes a village, everybody.

Beth: Wow.

Will: That might come up or not.

Matt: Kelsey's pretending to be interested, but she already learned bacteria because it's a B.

Will: It was a B-A, at that.

Matt: So she knew all that. Yeah, yeah.

Freddie: Yeah, yeah.

Matt: Yeah, yeah. So she's like, "Ah! Yeah, yeah."

Will: I've already experienced bacteria.

Matt: All new info.

Will: I know all I need to know about it.

[intro transition plays]

Will: So we are playing Call of Cthulhu, which is a classic of the TTRPG pantheon.

Matt: A classic for us as well!

Will: And a classic for us as well.

[ominous string music starts]

Will: This is the same system we used in Mountains of Madness, which some of you may have listened to. This is a horror-based game. Dungeons and Dragons is much more about combat and spells and stuff like that. I mean, not the way we play it, but y'know. This is a game that's all about investigating and discovering super

spooky things that go bump in the night. The way that the dice rolling works in this game is a little different from D&D. Instead of it being a d20 system, this is a d100 system.

Will: So most of the time when you're trying to do something, you've got points that are put into various skills and that is your percentage out of 100. And what your goal when you roll is, is that you're trying to roll under that percentage. So the higher your number, the better your chances are of success, but if you roll above your number, you will fail your roll.

[music fades out]

Matt: So it's like the golf of TTRPGs, you want a low number when you roll.

Will: It's just as terrifying—

Matt: As golf.

Will: —and non-Euclidean—

Freddie: White knuckle!

Will: —and scary as golf. That's right.

Freddie: Yeah, yeah, yeah. So for example, I have here Electrical Repair, is at 40? If I want to succeed in Electrical Repair...

Will: So yes, if your three channel television breaks down right in the middle of I Love Lucy and you wanna see what happens and if Lucy's gonna get that trophy off of her head or not, you would roll Electrical Repair and your goal would be to roll under a 40.

Freddie: Got it.

Will: And we can explain the rest of the rules as they come along, there's some other little bits and bobs and razzle dazzle that we will explain as we keep moving.

Matt: The low number is good.

Will: Low good, high bad.

Matt: Natural 1 in this case? The best.

Will: Yes, actually that's a critical success.

Matt: Natural 100?

Will: Very bad.

Matt: You're fucked.

Will: You're screwed.

Matt: You die instantly, I think.

Will: And you die in real life.

Matt: Die in real life.

Beth: Nice.

[narrative pause... cheery music starts]

Will: The year is 1950XX. The town is Peachyville, Nebraska. Just another hunky dory nifty fifties small town on the rise in post-war America. Everything in Peachyville... is just peachy. The lawns are green. The fences are picketed. The skirts are poodled. And the cars are big and long and thick and powerful as the American dream itself.

Freddie: I like the sound of that.

[chuckles]

Will: Looking around this peachy community, it's hard to believe that 10 years ago, it was nothing but a blighted stretch of abandoned farmland. Until eccentric real estate mogul, Jimmy J. Stubb looked out upon it and had a vision. A vision of a thriving integrated suburb where any man of any color or creed could put his family in a home, his car in a garage, and his wife in a kitchen. And so...

[laughter]

Will: ...life in Peachyville has gone peacefully and peachily on for more than a decade.

[music transitions to something a bit more quiet and uncertain, starting suspense]

Will: But tonight, it's all about to change for strange things, ancient things slumber in the shadows of Peachyville and foul deeds, even fouler than heavy petting and beat poetry are afoot to awaken them.

[music fades out]

Will: But fuck all that, it's time to bowl, baby! Down...

['50 rock and roll music plays]

Freddie: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!

Matt: Yeah!

[sounds of bowling; the low rumble of the ball down the lane, topple of pins, and drop of the pin-setters]

Will: ...at the Peachyville Lanes, the bi-monthly Bowlarama Bowling Bowl has reached its climactic final frame. Seven-time winners, the True Bowl-lievers, sponsored by the Peachyville Brotherhood of Bisons, have racked up another impressive score and seem poised to clench the trophy. The only thing standing in their way is a ragtag collection of late entrants thrown together into a team that somehow hung in there all the way to the final roll of this match.

[music fades out]

Will: So first question, you guys are on a bowling team, what's your bowling team name?

[contemplative hums...]

Beth: I like Guttrral Scream.

Will: So the team members of Gutteral Scream watch with bated breath as Francis Farnsworth steps up to take his last roll. He needs a 9 or a 10 to make this last strike and win this trophy.

Will: How's Francis feeling right now?

Anthony: So Francis is feeling [*Francis voice*] about as nervous as nervous can be. [*normally*] Because Francis desperately wants to be looked at as anything other than a loser, anything other than the complete dweeb that he has been marked as since high school began. And if he can just get a 9 or a 10 , then maybe he'll be one step close to getting the respect in the eyes of generally everybody in Peachyville, but most importantly, the girl he has a crush on, Carly, who he joined the bowling team in the first place to have something to do with her.

Freddie: Where's Carly work?

Matt: Work?

Anthony: Where's Carly work?

[laughter]

Freddie: Where is Carly? Is she in the room? Is she watching?

Matt: She's on the team.

Will: Is Carly in the room with us now?

Beth: [*with Will*] ...in the room with us?

Anthony: I think so.

Will: Yeah, no, Carly's here. Yeah, Carly—

Matt: Is she in Canada? Is your girlfriend in Canada?

[laughs]

Will: She's sipping a malt. There's a second straw on it. Who's that second straw going to be for? Who knows?

Beth: Wow!

Will: Shane is here too.

Matt: Ohpe, it's her, she's doubling it. She's going [*strong slurping*]

Will: Yeah, she's like, "I might have to double straw another malt tonight."

Anthony: The perfect woman.

Freddie: [laughs]

Matt: The perfect woman.

Will: But she's casting a glance over your way, because again, this is the climactic final frame of the match.

Freddie: From the sitting area, Tony Collette's going to offer—

Tony: Francis!

Francis: What?

Tony: You stand up a little bit straighter. Stick your finger in the holes.

Francis: Uh, okay.

Beth: What?

Tony: Deeper into the holes. You got to make sure you really huck it!

Francis: It's, I'm already up to the knuckle.

Tony: You keep going. Second knuckle.

Francis: [*sad whine:*] Oh! ...My finger's stuck now, it's not gonna come off.

Kelsey: Well, Francis, you've always been such a good... at sports. Just do your best. Hey, hey, look at me.

Francis: What?

Kelsey: When I taught you in kindergarten, first grade, second grade, third grade, and fourth grade, and let's be honest, you got held back. So fifth grade too.

[*laughter*]

Kelsey: You always, when you put your mind to something, you could do it.

Francis: I got held back just because I wanted to stay with you longer.

Kelsey: I know. I am everyone's favorite teacher. It's the curse I got to bear, but give it a shot.

Francis: All right, here we go.

Tony: Francis, if you send this one home, I got a special discount for you at the lot. For maybe you and your beau later. So add that to your list of pressures.

Trudy: Francis. The ball is round and you can roll it! [*airy laugh*]

Francis: ...Okay, thank you, Mrs. Trout.

Matt: Kelsey writes that in her notebook, round.

Will: Round, interesting.

Matt: Interesting.

Will: So here's how I thought we would do this. This all was inspired by me realizing that like, hey, the d10 has 10 sides and there's 10 pins in the thing. So.

Beth: Oh wow!

Will: So what I'm thinking is, Anthony's going to roll a d10.

Freddie: At these 10 bowling pins.

Will: At these 10 bowling pins.

[laughs]

Will: Francis needs a 9 or a 10 to knock down 10 pins. What I was thinking is you guys could each make a skill check to inspire Francis, and then he will get one more dice to roll and then that gives him a bigger chance of getting a 9 or a 10.

Freddie: Oh! Okay, okay, okay.

Will: But if you fuck up and do a shitty job, then he'll be demoralized and you won't get a chance to do it.

Freddie: Do we get a choice of what we're rolling for here?

Will: Sure, absolutely.

Freddie: Because I feel like by negging him subtly and enticing him with a rental car that he'll be able to smooch his missus in, that's a Psychology roll for me, I think.

Will: Okay.

Freddie: You know, because I'm using the mind of the teenager, something that Tony's quite familiar with, seeing as he sells and rents most of his cars to teenagers in the town.

Will: Was it also psychology when you were telling him to finger blast the bowling ball by getting his fingers in there deeper?

Freddie: Exactly, exactly. I'm trying to awaken his inner masculinity.

Francis: Oh that's just what I need as a boner right now.

[laughter]

Matt: Can I roll Persuade, then?

Will: Yes, you can.

Matt: Okay.

Freddie: So I'm going to roll for Psychology, which I have, as a 50. [*dice roll, which is a more wooden sound this season*] I rolled a 92.

Anthony: Very bad.

Matt: Yeah, you're trying to roll below your number.

Will: Oh that's bad, that's right. Yes, Call of Cthulhu, you're trying to roll under your score, and you got a 92.

Freddie: And I got a 92.

Matt: Can I roll Persuade, then?

Will: Yes, you can.

Matt: Which I have a 55, [*dice roll*] because I'm a good teacher, and I got a 45, so success.

Will: You two have canceled each other out.

[*dice roll*]

Matt: Nice. Come on, Trudy!

Beth: I rolled charm, and I got a 2.

[*gasps*]

Will: Wow!

Beth: Yes!

Will: That's an extreme success.

Matt: Trudy is charming.

Beth: Yes...

Will: So if you roll one fifth or lower under your skill level, that's an extreme success. What is your skill level?

Beth: 55.

Matt: So yeah.

Will: And you got a 2? So that's a critical success.

Beth: Wow!

Will: Which I think means Anthony gets an extra dice because it was a critical success.

Beth: Oh my God.

Anthony: So I get three dice?

Will: So now you're at three dice.

Anthony: Okay.

Matt: Three dice.

Beth: Trudy says—

Trudy: The ball is round, and... if I didn't already have 2.5 children, I'd be happy to welcome you into my home!

Freddie: Whoa.

Anthony: Francis, while trying to puzzle over what “the ball is round means,” does actually get a little bit of inspiration from the idea that Trudy would take him in as a child because, uh... his parents aren't overly fond of him.

Matt: Aw!

Freddie: Aw.

Anthony: And the idea of having a mom who loved him and can comment on whether things are round or not is appealing to him.

Trudy: Yes, you'd have a mother who loves you! I can't say the same about your father because Tucker is awful strict.

[*laughs*]

Will: Okay, so Anthony, right as you go up to roll, one more hand lands on your shoulder, and it's the 12-year-old hand of B\itannica Blue, girl detective.

Matt: [*gasp*]

[jazzy music plays]

Will: She's a local celebrity, and she's got a bit of moxie to her, a bit of sass to her, her hair is in a ponytail with a bright big bow. She says—

Britannica: Francis!

Francis: BB!

Britannica Yes, that's, that's me, BB, Britannica. I just want you to know that we're all counting on you, and! In the words of John Stuart Mill, I may know as nothing to fight for—

Francis: The Daily Show guy?

[laughter, music fades out]

Britannica: No! the founder of liberal thought!

[instrumental of the Star Spangled Banner plays]

Britannica: And one of the molding men of the Enlightenment era for which this country, our beautiful country, the United States of America was created. He once said, that a man who has nothing for which he is willing to fight, nothing which is more important than his own personal safety, is a miserable creature and has no chance of being free unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself!

Britannica: Do you have something to fight for, Francis?

[music stops]

Anthony: Francis very quickly takes a glance at Carly and then looks away before she can notice him looking at her, and he goes—

Francis: Uh, yeah.

Britannica: Then roll, goddammit.

Will: And she... kicks you in the leg.

Francis: You said goddammit, the worst curse anyone can say in 1950.

[group laughter]

Freddie: The hush falls over the crowd. "Did you hear that? Did you hear?"

Spectator: Well, but the detective, though, the kid detective gets away with it.

Will: She got a 47 on her history roll to pull that Jon Stewart Mill quote, and she has a 50 in hist— I don't need to tell any of you this!

Matt: No!

Freddie: Yeah, dude!

Will: She did a good job!

Matt: Yeah!

Freddie: This is privilege information.

Will: Alright.

Freddie: You now have...

Matt: The powers.

Freddie: DM privilege.

Will: Is there anything you want to say to yourself to inspire yourself?

Anthony: I go—

Francis: Okay, Francis... you can do this probably for the first time in your life, I guess.

Matt: You look at his scorecard—

Freddie: Yeah, what's his—?

Matt: —and he has done nothing but gutter balls this entire time.

Will: Yes, it's been 0-0. It's straight gutter balls and then he's got one chance. He's got—

Francis: Statistically, it's going to be different, right? Like, my time's got to be coming.

Will: What skill is Francis using to inspire himself right now?

Anthony: That'd probably be psychology?

[dice roll]

Matt: Psychology makes sense.

Anthony: So I got a 29, which beats my psychology score of 80.

Will: Oh, okay! So yeah, give me 5d10s and tell me if you get a nine or a 10. This is the very last frame of the match.

[several dice rolls]

Anthony: I got a 2, a 5, a 10, a 10 and a 9.

All: Ooh!

Francis: Oh, wow!

Will: Alright!

Francis: If I didn't have a boner before!

[laughs]

Will: Describe this throw to me, and then I'm going to ask you guys for something.

Anthony: So Francis, for the first time all night—instead of getting up really close to the lane and using both hands to sort of push it forward very slowly—tries to do a full run up and use one hand kind of motion. But the ball sticks in his hands and it flings him forward and he knocks his chin on the lane, but the jostling of his chin and hand hitting the floor manages to make the ball jostle loose and it goes down and while Francis is bleeding from his mouth, the ball does end up getting a strike.

Freddie: In this wild, karaming motion, like it's imparted like side spin to it, so it's like a perfect curve tone shot.

Will: Yeah, that like, twist. It's got, yeah, just a beautiful throw, a real who do you think you are, I am kind of throw.

[laughter]

Will: And why don't you guys all give me a Spot Hidden? it's your sort of go-to skill for a lot of stuff in this game. It's kind of a passive Perception for you—

Freddie: [dice roll] 76, but I needed a 25, so I failed. Tony Collette was knee deep in the drink.

Matt: [*dice roll*] Always observant, Kelsey Grammar passed with flying colors.

Will: Okay.

Beth: [*dice roll*] I failed because I'm too busy [*Trudy voice*] attending to his chin! I have such a high score in first aid.

Will: Oh, wow!

Beth: [*Trudy voice*] Because the red mystery is coming out of his chin!

Will: [*laughing*] The red...

[*laughter*]

[*dice roll*]

Will: Francis, what did you get?

Anthony: I got a 32 out of 25, so I failed.

Will: Kelsey—

Matt: Yes.

Will: —you are the only one to see this. As you watch this amazing throw, you can't help but glance to the side over to your competitor's table, the True Bowl-lievers. And you see a smirking Buddy Betts, owner of the local electronics store, Bett's Buy Electronics.

Beth: Bett's Buy!

Freddie: Bett's Buy?

Matt: Is my rival there too?

Will: Your rival? Yes.

Matt: Brian Strikes Mitchell.

Beth: [*chuckles*]

Will: Brian, sorry, what?

Matt: Brian Strokes Mitchell is Cam Winston? Come on, Will!

Will: Oh, okay. Alright, sure, yeah.

Matt: *[laughs]*

Freddie: Wait what?

Will: Good pull.

Freddie: Wait, wait, what?

Will: So yes, you see-

Matt: Brian Stokes Mitchell is...

Will: Is Cam Winston.

Matt: ...Cam Winston.

Will: Frasier's all...

Matt: Who is the rival of Frasier, and I'm Kelsey Grammar, so my rival...

Freddie: This is, this Frasier lore is too deep.

Matt: ...is Brian Strikes Mitchell.

Will: I didn't think I was going to get outgunned on Frazier lore in the first fucking episode.

Matt: By the way, it's was Brian the Librarian.

Will: Brian the Librarian, yes, Brian the Librarian is also there. You see a smirking buddy Betts discreetly fiddling with what can only be described as some sort of little gizmo, like an electronic gizmo. And as the ball...

Kelsey: Electronic?

Will: ...hurtles towards a strike! But he twists a knob on this gizmo.

Freddie: What?

Will: Hard to the right, then looks down at it, in alarm as it seems to have no effect. He looks around confused and gawks, half enraged, half astonished at Britannica Blue, who gives him a taunting smirk as she discreetly holds up two little batteries that she's apparently stolen from this guy's gizmo.

Beth: *[gasp]*

Kelsey: Oh, wow.

Will: So you see that, and then pow!

[bowling pins tumble apart, the crowd shouts and cheers]

Will: Perfect strike, knocks it in, the crowd goes wild. You're watching this absolutely amazing moment. Everyone's losing their fucking minds. Carly is swooning in delight. She was about to take a double sip out of this malt, but then she kind of spins one away, Shane is seething in the corner, and the True Bowl-lievers do not look happy. They are both upset and like a little afraid. They're a little freaked out. It feels like they really, really did not want this to happen.

Kelsey: BB. BB, dear, what's that in your hand?

Britannica: Oh, oh, these? Oh, these are just, you know, these are batteries for my little dolly.

Kelsey: Brian!

Matt: And who's the other guy?

Will: Buddy Betts.

Kelsey: Buddy, Brian, get over here!

Buddy: Whoa, whoa, what do you mean? What—?

Kelsey: Don't act like you don't know me. I taught you both, get over here!

[laughter]

Kelsey: Get over here!

Freddie: Matt just invoking teacher privilege on every character in this town.

Will: Buddy who got his GED at the age of 35.

Matt: Well, I'm 49.

Will: Huh?

Matt: I'm 49.

Will: He's an adult man. How long have you been teaching in this town that's existed for 10 years?

Matt: Oh, 10 years?

Kelsey: I taught your kids, get over here.

Freddie: *[laughs]* Got him.

Will: She walks over and says—

Buddy: Whoa, whoa, whoa, what seems to be the— congratulations guys!

Kelsey: Mhm.

Buddy: Good job! Good job on the game. Everybody did a good, great job.

Kelsey: Yeah. Your words say one thing, but your face says another, mister. Pull your hand out. Let me see what you got there.

Will: He puts his hand on, there's nothing in his hands.

Kelsey: No, but I saw the little weird thingy.

Buddy: The what? I—

Kelsey: I saw a weird thingy, sir.

Buddy: I, I don't, I don't know what that means.

Kelsey: You teach your kids to lie at school?

Buddy: I, n, of course I don't.

Kelsey: I mean at home, because I don't teach them that at school.

Buddy: I don't teach them at school, you teach them at school.

[laughter]

Kelsey: I do teach them. I teach them—

Buddy: Do you teach my kids to lie at school?

Kelsey: I teach them goddamn well, too!

Buddy: Like you're lying about me right now?

Kelsey: BB, what were you waving?

Britannica: I wasn't waving anything, honest.

Kelsey: I— you know what?

Britannica: You know that I'm honest.

Kelsey: Everybody here... you all disappoint me. I'm ashamed of all of you. I'll find out what's going on. I always do.

Will: BB... BB is going to go ahead and take a Sanity roll...

[*laughs*]

Will: ...for hearing that her favorite teacher is disappointed in her.

Beth: [*soft gasp*]

Will: So sanity is basically this game's version of psychic damage. You have a whole second set of hit points that are like your sanity points. We won't get into too much of the details now, but suffice it to say, whenever you see something spooky and non-Euclidean and terrifying, or when your favorite teacher is disappointed in you, you lose a little bit of your tenuous grip on reality.

Will: Okay, so she loses three sanity points. She's like—

Britannica: Aw, jeepers, Ms. Grammar, you don't have to come down so hard on me! I got detective stuff going on, and sometimes I need a little discretion. I need a little breathing room.

Kelsey: Okay.

Britannica: I wasn't doing anything honest!

Kelsey: Hey, I believe you. Question is, do you believe yourself?

Britannica: I...

Will: She makes another sanity roll.

Trudy: But Kelsey, why would anybody lie?

Kelsey: Oh, well, Trudy, um, hmm. Uh. Hm... Your hu— know what? You're right.

Trudy: What about my husband?

[laughter]

Kelsey: You're, you're all, it's all good.

Trudy: My husband's on a different bowling league—

Kelsey: Yeah.

Trudy: —because he wants me to be out of the house between noon and two every Tuesday.

Freddie: [laughs]

Kelsey: We—

Trudy: I don't know why.

Kelsey: We know. I've had a lot of talks with the kids about that, too. So, yeah.

Will: [laughing] You have?

Freddie: Wait, what?

Will: What?!

Freddie: What are you teaching them, Matt?

Matt: I've hadda— I've covered... for her, I've helped her out.

Beth: Oh, because A for affair.

Matt: A for affair.

[laughter]

Will: Oh, wow.

Freddie: Adultery.

Will: Mama Mia.

Matt: Adultery.

Will: The owner of the Bowlarama Bowling Bowl, Milton... what did I, I had a name for him.

Matt: Milton Friedman?

Freddie: Milton Friedman?

Will: Milton Friedman, owner of the Bowlarama Bowling Bowl, comes over to you and says—

Milton Friedman: I've just come up with a great new economic theory based on how well you've been rolling those rocks tonight. And here is, uh...

Will: And again, he looks kind of nervous and looks a little weird, but he's like, "I guess I got to go along with this."

Friedman: Here is your trophy. Congratulations, guys. I have no choice but to give this to you since you won fair and square and everybody's watching.

Francis: Yay!

Trudy: Wow!

Kelsey: Francis I think this is yours.

Tony: Hoist it up above your head, Francis. This one's yours.

Francis: [*sounds like Anthony has something in his mouth*] I can't, it's too heavy.

Tony: Get your gal Trudy to help you out.

Anthony: Trudy?

Matt: His gal Trudy?

Freddie: Hold on, wait. Yeah, Trudy, is in the...

Trudy: Oh, I couldn't possibly—

Matt: That's Trudy.

Trudy: —lift anything!

Freddie: Oh, I'm sorry— hold on, hold on.

Trudy: That's a man's job!

Freddie: Carly! Carly!

Tony: Hey Carly! Get over here!

Carly: [*Will's in falsetto*] Huh? Little ol' me?

Tony: Yes! Francis wishes to have your presents.

Carly: Oh my gosh, Francis, you're hurt!

Francis: There's the voice I fell in love with.

[*group laugh*]

Will: Carly takes out a handkerchief and dabs the blood off of your chin.

Anthony: I feel like I should have to roll lots of faint or something.

Will: Okay, yes, go for it.

Anthony: [*dice roll*] I got a 58 out of what stat would you say that is?

Will: I guess that's Constitution...?

Freddie: Constitution, it feels like.

Anthony: Then yeah, I have a 25 constitution, so I go down.

Will: Oh no! [*laughs*]

Carly: Oh my goodness! Oh no! Somebody, uh... oh my goodness!

Tony: Make sure you tend to his wound.

Carly: This fucking kid passed out! Geez louise!

[*laughs*]

Trudy: Oh no, not because of the monthly river!

[*laughs*]

Trudy: I'll tend to him!

Beth: And I roll First Aid. I'm trying to get below 45. [*dice roll*] I got a 50. I fucked up.

Will: Oh no! What do you try to do?

Beth: I get my handkerchief and I like move Carly's out of the way. And mine's far daintier and more exquisite...

[*laughter*]

Freddie: Take that.

Anthony: You hate to see women pit it against each other.

Beth: You really do. But I tap it against Francis's chin. Little did I know that my husband Tucker had been blowing his microbe nose into my handkerchief. So now he's got whatever—

Will: As we all know, there's a lot of bacteria in the human body.

Beth: Yeah there's much bacteria...

Matt: Yup. A lot.

Beth: ...as we've discovered recently. And so you have... an illness.

[*group laughter*]

Will: I'm going to have to flip through the Tome for that one later. While you were attempting to revive Francis, Milton Friedman is like—

Milton: Seriously though, do you guys just...

Tony: I'll take the trophy as the team captain. I'd like to make a little speech if that's all right.

Milton: That sounds great.

Will: So it basically looks like one of those big cheesy trophies you'd get for winning like... a kar—

Tony: It's a giant block of cheese!

Will: Huh?

Matt: [*laughs*]

Tony: A big ol hunk of cheddar.

Will: It looks like a—

Tony: What are we, in Wisconsin?

Will: It's like one of the little—

Matt: Freddie came up with a new style of improv. It's just. "Here's a trophy." "It's a hunk o' cheese!"

Anthony: Yeah, instead of "no but," it's, "instead maybe..."

Freddie: Well, he said it's a big cheesy trophy!

Will: It's a big cheesy trophy!

Matt: Oh...

Will: It is, unfortunately, not a big chunk of cheese. It's like one of those cups? Do you know one of the trophy cups? They're called a loving cup, which I did not know.

Matt: Okay.

Freddie: What?

Will: I had to Google, like, you know the trophy cup? And that's called a loving cup. It's a big cup.

Freddie: Why is it called the loving cup?

Will: I don't know, because it's for lovers or something.

Beth: Because you jizz in there, man.

[laughter]

Matt: You jizz in there, dog! Why do you think we all have one in our bathroom, dog?

Will: You have a big trophy in your bathroom?

Matt: Yeah, it was called...

Anthony: Every time I'm looking at my dick, I get to look at the award that it got.

Beth: Aww.

Freddie: Really quick, loving cup is because it has two handles on the side. It's meant for, like, ceremonial wedding banquets or meeting drinkings. So it's like a unity friendship thing.

Will: Well there you go.

Matt: I like Beth's idea better.

Freddie: Because you jizz in it. Yeah, yeah, yeah. Well, then you can use both handles to drink from it. Alright.

Matt: [*wheezy laugh*]

Will: That was originally, the band was called Limp Loving Cup.

[*laughs*]

Will: As you hold up this big, cheesy-looking... not block of cheese gold loving cup. It's like sitting on some plastic pillars, it's got a little engraving on it. It's surprisingly heavy in your hands.

Tony: Woah!

Will: You would think from looking at it, it's like kind of just a...

Freddie: I'm like a beefy guy, too.

Will: ...stupid little plastic thing.

Matt: Very beefy.

Will: But this thing's heavy. And it's kind of cold. Like, it's kind of hot in here because it's the middle of the day, AC's on the fritz. But you swear you can see condensation on this thing.

[*low, cold wind and crackle of ice*]

Will: Like it just came out of a freezer.

[*ominous music plays*]

Will: As you gaze into the cup's shiny gold lacquer coating, you see a grotesque mockery of your own face staring back at you. Maybe it's just a trick of the light, but you swear your reflection is smiling at you.

Tony: [*unsettled grunt*]

Will: That's all!

Tony: [*unsettled lilt*] Who— Someone else wants to hold this. You wanna hold this?

[*music fades out*]

Kelsey: Sure!

Trudy: What did you see, Tony?

Kelsey: Sure, I'll pick it up.

Tony: Eh, here, someone else, get this foul visage...

Trudy: Oh, Kelsey, we couldn't possibly!

Tony: Both of you, both of you.

Kelsey: Possibly what?

Trudy: You know—

Kelsey: You want to hold it with me?

Trudy: No, I couldn't possibly. I mean. Well, I... I suppose! If, if Tucker's not around, I might lift up the trophy as well. On three?

Kelsey: Uh, sure!

Trudy: A one, a—

Trudy & Kelsey: —two, a three!

Matt: We both lifted up.

Will: Okay, same goes. It's really cold and heavy in your hands. You see a weird freaky reflection of yourself.

Kelsey: Oh. Interesting.

Will: And then I think maybe, Trudy, you feel like a little bit of power that you've never felt before.

Beth: Oh wow!

Will: You feel a little bit of like, you're seeing this version of yourself in this reflection, and she's scary looking and distorted and strange, but there's something compelling about her as she gazes into your eyes.

Beth: Okay!

Trudy: My, my, is that what I look like?

Kelsey: This, this winning is wonderful. When I joined the bowling club, I didn't think we would actually win something. This feels great.

Trudy: Well, we're all winners.

Kelsey: Yeah, Francis, wake up.

Francis: Uh! Oh! Oh...

Kelsey: You just hit your chin. You can wake up.

Francis: Yeah, no, I'm sorry, I just felt, my head...

Kelsey: I think you're just sleep— hey.

Francis: I got light headed.

Kelsey: There's nothing to be embarrassed about. Just get up. You're good.

Francis: Okay, I'm up.

Kelsey: Yeah.

Friedman: Well that's a—

Kelsey: Wanna hold the trophy? You got it.

Francis: Yeah...

Kelsey: You might see a weird face of yourself smiling too. It's pretty neat.

[chuckles]

Francis: Oh! Oh, geez! That guy looks confident!

[laughter]

Kelsey: It's just a trick of the light.

Tony: Look at, hey, it looks like he has a cool mustache.

Kelsey: I haven't gotten to mirrors or reflections yet, but from what I remember, it's just a trick of the light.

[ad break]

Will: Well, that's the tournament. I mean, what did you guys have planned for the rest of the day?

Kelsey: Oh...

Freddie: [laughs] Well.

Kelsey: Just more bowling!

[laughs]

Freddie: What did they do after they'd done bowling?

Matt: What did they all do?

Francis: We could go to my soda shop and I could get malts for everybody.

Kelsey: Oh! I like that. I always love a good malt. Let's go get malts.

Tony: Malt time.

Kelsey: I'm really proud of myself! All I tell myself when I bowl is just get above my age... and it's gonna get harder every year, but I broke it. I got above a 49. I'm pretty happy.

Freddie: I love the idea the bowling score sheet was like, everyone was horrible to mediocre and then BB... Is just like—

Will: Throwin' dingers.

Freddie: ...throwing fuckin' dingers. It's just like Xs and slashes all the way across the board.

Matt: I feel like Trudy rolls nothing but strikes. I feel like Trudy is like, it's mechanically flawless.

Beth: Trudy does roll really well.

Matt: Yeah, her body moves super precise.

Beth: Yep.

Trudy: Well, as long as I'm home by 3 p.m. sharp! I can go get a soda, I suppose.

Kelsey: Uh, Trudy, Trudy. It is like 4.30.

Trudy: Oh... my... goodness. I should be home!

[*chuckles*]

Will: All right, as the four of you race out of the parking lot to either run home to your husband or go get a nice, cool malt at the, I believe it's the Jerk Shop? Is that what it's called?

Anthony: Yeah.

Matt: Yeah.

Will: While you're heading out the door...

[*tough-guy bass song with a good beat plays*]

Will: ...you see four tufts hanging out by your cars. Looking mean, lookin—

Francis: Ah! Italians!

[*laughter*]

Tony: Hey, now watch your, watch yourself there, Farnsworth.

Kelsey: Now...

Tony: I happen to be Italian myself.

Kelsey: They were on the wrong side of the war, I'll tell you what. Now they're in our town? Oh...

[*laughs*]

Tony: Now they're in our town.

Kelsey: [*sigh*] I love their food, but don't much like their faces. Or their accents.

[group laughter]

Kelsey: I'm sorry, I know you're not supposed to say things like that, just.

Anthony: You're teaching kids!

Tony: Trudy, let me just say, I'm glad that we've entrusted the youth of America to your fine keeping.

Matt: Kelsey.

Beth: Kelsey.

Matt: Name's Kelsey!

Will: This game's so racist, H.P. Lovecraft's gonna have to say we're problematic!

Kelsey: Walk past them without saying anything. They're just upset that they lost the war.

[laughter]

Tony: 10 years on and the Italians still haven't let go.

Will: So, as you—

Matt: Peachville, everybody's welcome except Italians.

[laughter]

Will: As you try to discreetly walk to your car, these toughs roll up to you.

Beth: They roll up in their Mario Karts.

[group laughter]

Will: I had a whole fun backstory for these guys, they're clearly Italian now.

Will: So they walk up to you, these four hoods, they're all like 13 years old, and they're glaring straight at Britannica. And she's like—

Britannica: Oh, gosh. It's even worse than Italians. It's the Night Gaunts. Everybody hang back. I know these guys from middle school.

Tony: Are they Italian?

[chuckles]

Britannica: I don't know, one of them might be. But I don't know which one.

Francis: Let's wait to see when he talks.

[laughs, thump]

Tony: They always give themselves away with the hands.

[music plays again]

Will: So these tuffs walk up to you guys and they say—

Tuff: Congratulations... on the big match.

Kelsey: Well, thank you.

Tony: Thank you so much!

Kelsey: We did great.

Trudy: Thank—

Tuff: [shouting] Shut up!

Trudy: Oh.

Tuff: You old broad, I ain't talking to you.

Kelsey: Excuse me! Excuse...!

Will: So that's the voice of their leader, a salty young girl of about 13 years old named Molly MacArthur, AKA the General. She shall return.

Kelsey: I don't listen to anybody—

Freddie: Tony—

Kelsey: —that young talking to me like that.

Freddie: Matt, M— listen—

Kelsey: Just because you're sad and upset—

Will: She flicks a cigarette in your face.

Kelsey: —that your parents left the war.

Trudy: [*gasps*]

Matt: I want a roll to catch it.

Will: Ooh, ooh! I think that's like—

Matt: Dexterity?

Will: That's an opposed roll. So yes, you can use your Dexterity.

Matt: [*dice roll*] [*...sigh*]

Will: Okay, what'd you get?

Matt: I rolled a 65 out of 60.

Will: [*dice roll*] Molly got a 99.

Matt: Yes!

Will: Which is a critical failure. So this 13 year old girl, I think what happens is she flicks it at your head? Like the butt bounces off of your head into her mouth.

Beth: Oh my god.

Will: She's like—

Molly: [*gagging/choking*]

Tony: Step as— step aside. Hey, step aside, Francis. I need to set one thing straight.

Freddie: Now I want to backhand her.

Matt: [*laughing*] What?

Beth: Oh my god!

Freddie: She talked to an adult! In a—

Matt: But she's a kid!

Will: [*laughing*]

Freddie: Well yeah, Matt!

Anthony: It's the 50s!

Freddie: It's the motherfuckin' 50s, baby! Guess what? Adults get to hit children with no consequences, dude! We just came back fresh from defeating Hitler and the boys, and Hirohito and his Japanese, dude!

Matt: You're right, you're right.

Beth: I actually agree with Freddie because as part of my fighting stats, I have Spanking.

Freddie: *[laughs]*

Will: Oh no, oh no!

Freddie: I would like to take two steps forward and then cock my right hand and backhand this child's mouth.

Will: All right, now she does have, before you decide to throw arms down on a 12 year old girl, I do wa—

Freddie: You said 13!

[laughter]

Matt: That's okay!

Will: She is backed up by her goons—who are also 12.

Matt: A bunch of, yeah, kids.

Freddie: Do you think Tony Collette—a man who has fought World War II—cares. Of four children in a fucking parking lot?

Will: Alright.

Freddie: He was clearing out—

Francis: But one of them is—

Freddie: —fucking caves in Guadalcanal, dude!

Anthony: One of them is Italian.

Will: And you don't know which one yet.

Tony: I guess my fist will do the talking!

Will: I guess we're in combat. I guess that's—

Matt: Is it combat or does he just slap her?

Will: [*laughing*] Okay. Alright. [*speaking*] Give me a Fighting Brawl roll. So, we'll call this a surprise attack.

Tony: Wouldn't be a surprise if you hadn't mouthed off.

Freddie: [*dice roll*] 88 for a 50, I whiff. And then as my hand careens through nothing but air, it spins my entire body around and it looks like I do a cool Michael Jackson dance move. And now all of a sudden I'm like, just combing my hair back as I spin back around, like—

Tony: Meant to do that.

Trudy: [*gasp*] Dance of the future!

Matt: And then I put my hand out—

Anthony: Your kids'll love it.

Matt: —in front of her mouth, like when a teacher collects gum, and I snap my fingers to like get her to spit out the cigarette.

Will: Molly grudgingly spits out her cigarette.

Matt: And then I relight it and I go—

Kelsey: Don't waste these things. They're heal— good for you.

[*all laughing*]

Kelsey: Now you four take your ci— [*Matt laugh*] Now you four take your cigarettes and go back home.

Molly: No!

Will: And she snatches the cigarette back and says—

Molly: Listen. That little girl, Britannica Blue, she acts like a big smarty pants, but I think she's a no good cheat. Because this match was supposed to be rigged and we bet a bunch of money on it and we didn't win our money! And I think she had something to do with it.

Trudy: Money?

Tony: Britannica.

Trudy: That's what men make.

Tony: Britannica! Did you rig this match in our favor?

Britannica: Please. As if I would defile the great spirit of America and this nation by cheating at our most honored game bowling. I was uncheating this game, good sir.

Britannica: Listen, as you all know, I, Britannica Blue, ace detective.

Kelsey: Yes.

Britannica: I'm always working cases, I'm always looking the angles.

Kelsey: That's what you say.

Britannica: And I got a tip that someone's been rigging the bowling matches at this bowling alley.

Trudy: [*gasps*]

Kelsey: Oh, my.

Britannica: And sure enough, I found evidence. I found an electromagnetic cable snaked down the gutter that was ready at the flip of a switch to pull a ball straight into the gutter and ruin a roll. And I! Saw the opportunity to steal those batteries out and save this match, and that's what I did. So...

Tony: You hear that, Francis?

Britannica: ...to you, Molly, I say, we're not gonna be giving you anything. That match was won by our good friend Farnsworth right here. Mr. Francis Farnsworth won that fair and square, and he's a big, strong adult, and he can beat you up.

Francis: I sure can!

Anthony: he says, putting up his dukes limply.

Tony: You hear that, Francis? All those gutter balls wasn't your fault.

Francis: Oh!

Britannica: I mean yes—

Francis: No, she said they are my fault.

Britannica: Well— yeah! Yeah, that's exactly what happened.

Tony: That's what I'm getting from this.

Will: So Molly and her goons are like—

Molly: Look, all I know is we're out some dough, and we want something. So why don't you guys give us that big, shiny trophy and there won't be no problems.

Tony: I don't give a shit.

Molly: And everything will be fine.

Tony: You can have it.

Kelsey: Sure, alright.

Francis: But I won that, fair and square!

Kelsey: Oh, yeah, no Fran—!

Tony: Oh, hold on, you're right. That's Francis.

Kelsey: That's Fran— that's our boy— That's Francis' trophy.

Tony: Francis, this one's yours. You guys decide what to do with it.

Kelsey: Look. Look, look. Okay, here you go. Here.

Matt: I pull out—

Trudy: And I saw my reflection for the first time.

Kelsey: Look, you can each—

[laughter]

Will: There's no mirrors in the house? Damn.

Matt: I pull out four packs of cigarettes. I say—

Kelsey: You can each have a pack of cigarettes. That's enough, okay? Now make sure you smoke those all before you go to bed.

[all laugh]

Will: Shit, that's very good.

Kelsey: Now get out of here.

Will: Give me an advantage Persuasion roll. Because these kids love smokes.

Matt: I get advantage, does that just roll again?

Freddie: Hold up, Will, everyone loves smokes.

Molly: Winston's? That's the brand Fred Flintstone smokes!

Kelsey: [sigh] It was also the brand... my brother smoked.

Matt: [laughing] I look up, longingly, in the distance.

Beth: Oh my god.

Will: He smokes Luckies now.

Matt: [dice roll] I just barely, I got a 64 out of 65.

Will: Oh, great. There's an intense huddle as all the kids—

Freddie: Hands shaking, tobacco withdrawal, clearly...

Will: She's like—

Freddie: ...rocked across the floor.

Girl: Man, we're out of smokes! We're out of smokes at the clubhouse! How can we shoot pool if we can't do smokes? Come on, we don't need a trophy! Forget this trophy, come on!

Will: And she's like—

Molly: Cool it, okay? We gotta stick with the plan. We gotta smoke these— Oh God, all I can think about is my next fix, my next nicotine fix. Alright, let's do it. Let's do it, guys.

Will: And they turn like—

Molly: We'll take those smokes and we'll let you keep this trophy. What do we care about a trophy?

Kelsey: Yeah. Okay, great.

Molly: I don't know a trophy from nothing!

Kelsey: All right, by the way, I just heard that your clubhouse is not constantly packed with smokes? What are you kids doin'?

Matt: And I hand them an extra one to each.

Molly: Wow! You're alright, teach.

Will: And the Night Gaunts run away, plumes of smoke following them off into the night.

Tony: You can always smell them coming.

[scene transition guitar riff]

Will: I feel like we jump ahead to like, you know, end of the day, nighttime. Everybody's—

Tony: Well, bye everyone, I'm off to my car dealership. Francis, come on by with Carly afterwards and we'll hook you up with a discount on a brand new Edsel.

Francis: I make minimum wage. I have like \$10—

Anthony: Enough to buy two cars.

[group laughter]

Tony: Why, you could raise a family and have a home with a front yard and a mortgage and a car with that kind of money. Don't worry, Francis, I have a new idea. It's called: rental cars. I got something that'll fit any size budget for you and your best gal.

Francis: Aw, geez, driving somebody around would be pretty impressive.

[laughs]

[gentle, swaying, music plays to the chirping of crickets]

Will: So the sun sets over Peachyville. Night is beginning to fall. The malt shops are closing. The other 1950s establishments are turning in for the night. You know, the hardware store... the bookstore that only has books on apple pie and why America is good.

Freddie: [*chuckles*]

Will: The stars are beginning to twinkle in the sky. And I want to get a sense of what home life is like for all of you. Right around the 7:30, eight o'clock hour, martini hour, in fact, for many cocktail slinging households.

[*music fades out*]

Matt: At Kelsey Grammar's house, which is the back house of her brother and sister, who she's the eldest of the seven kids of the Grammar household. And you see, she turns on the TV and she's pulling on, I don't know, the Donna Reed Show. She's just got some TV in the background.

Will: Nice, Donna.

[*TV playing in the background, voices too out of focus to understand*]

Matt: Yeah, she's got just books everywhere. She opens up her own encyclopedia she's working on. The title keeps changing, right now it's the Kelseypedia. She doesn't like it, she crosses it out. And she goes and she's flipping through. She's looking at bowling. She has a little note, round ball, very nice.

Matt: And then she turns up the volume of the TV...

[*TV volume goes up a bit*]

Matt: ...and she fucking puts her dukes up.

[*TV sound transitions to music fit for an evening training montage*]

Matt: And she turns around and she starts boxing against this like— She's got like a hanging one of those, you know.

Beth: Oh man.

Matt: Yeah, she's boxing the shit out of it.

Anthony: A speed bag?

Matt: Speed bag! She's going— [*very rapid consonant sound*] She's punching the shit out of it.

Will: Oh, wow, she's got a cannon!

Beth: Wow...

Will: Holy shit, okay.

[*sounds of padding punching and being punched adds to the soundscaping*]

Matt: And then as she's boxing, she's boxing so fast that the pages are blowing!

[*the flap of paper*]

Matt: And where does it go? It blows to the thing that she's working on.
B-O-X-I-N-G, boxing.

[*music finishes and sounds stop*]

Matt: That's the current—

Will: Wow!

Matt: That's the current thing she's developing.

Will: Holy cow. While that's going on, give me a listen roll.

Matt: [*dice roll*] I gotta beat a 50, I got 28!

Will: Okay, so in that case, you hear the knock at the door.

[*knock knock*]

Matt: [*rapid boxing sound*]

Kelsey: [*voice suddenly deep and aggressive*] What do you want?

[*group laughter*]

Matt: [*laughing*] Sorry.

Kelsey: [*normal again*] Yes?

Freddie: Digga-da, digga-da, digga-da...

Matt: And I stop.

??: *[muffled, a meek voice]* Uh, it's me.

Matt: Who?

Will: You'd recognize the creepy voice of Milton, your brother's oldest son—

Matt: Oh!

Will: —who's like a willowy wisp of a young man who's always hanging around.

Kelsey: Oh, one second! *[quietly]* Oh, Milton, he's such a weird child. Um...

[chuckles]

Kelsey: *[louder]* Okay, uh... yes?

Will: And you open the door, I assume?

Kelsey: No, hello. What would you like?

Milton: *[muffled]* I hear a, I just, I—

Kelsey: I'm indecent.

Milton: *[muffled]* It sounds like you're working up quite a sweat in there and I brought j—

Kelsey: Oh, a young man should not say that about an older lady.

Milton: *[muffled]* It sounds like you're in there and um.

Kelsey: Yeah.

Milton: *[muffled]* I wanted to come in and give you something.

Kelsey: Oh, um. Hmm.

Matt: I'm gonna lean out the side window. And be like—

Kelsey: Oh, the door's stuck. One sec.

Matt: And I go to the side window that's overlooking the front door and I wanna see if I can see what he's holding.

Will: Okay, so Milton, who's got his button down shirt buttoned all the way up and he's like, he's got that like, um...

Matt: Oh no.

Freddie: Oh, the middle part?

Will: The middle part, you know, the um... Martin McFly's dad part.

Freddie: The old Red Sea dog, the straight up Moses special, dude.

Will: He's got like a fresh baked apple pie and like a big cold glass of milk.

Kelsey: Ooh...

Milton: I just thought that maybe you— if you were—

Matt: She opens the door the moment she sees the apple pie, she opens the door.

Milton: Oh, wow, okay, yeah, well.

Kelsey: Yeah, okay.

Milton: This is for you.

Kelsey: Oh, thank you so much.

Milton: I just, I know that apple's your favorite because you're a teacher and teachers like apples. And...

Kelsey: Pies are my jam.

Milton: And, um...

[laughter]

Freddie: And what's your jam?

Matt: I love jam.

Freddie: And I love jam.

Milton: And here's a big, big cold glass of milk because I thought—

Will: His hands like, kind of shaking as he gives it to you.

Kelsey: Oh, um... okay, next time, I only want pre-packaged drinks from you.

[laughter]

Beth: Fuck.

Matt: I don't trust this open... I just take it, and I put it aside.

Kelsey: Oh, make sure to wash the pie down with this.

Milton: Oh gosh! No that's, sure, okay, okay, sure. Sure, sure, sure, sure, sure.

Kelsey: Well, thank you so much. It's really nice of you.

Milton: Yeah, thanks, Kelsey. I mean Mrs, I mean Mrs. Grammar, I mean, Auntie, Auntie Kelsey, I mean—

Kelsey: Yeah, Mrs. Grammar, that's just the proper way to say it.

Milton: Okay, yeah, okay, I just— I just— I'm just going to go.

Will: And he turns around and the right before he leaves, he goes, oh, um. There was a, someone came by to see you.

Kelsey: Oh, who was it?

Milton: He had a trench coat and a big hat on and he said that you owed him some money.

Kelsey: [*gasp*]

Milton: And he said that I should let him know—

Kelsey: Oh...!

Milton: —if you um, if came by and he said to give you this?

Will: And he gives you a business card.

Kelsey: Wow, that sounds like—

Will: It just says, "where's my money" on it?

Kelsey: That sounds like somebody that just walks around and scares people for fun. Just don't tell anybody what you saw. And... everything's fine, thanks so much for the pie.

Milton: [*suddenly so much creepier, scary calm*] You're welcome.

Kelsey: Ok, you can leave now.

Milton: Okay.

Kelsey: You're staring straight at me.

Milton: Okay.

Kelsey: I'm going to close the door. Thanks for the pie.

Milton: Okay, I'll stand here and watch out and make sure that guy doesn't come back.

Kelsey: Uh, yeah, you know what? He's probably will come from the front lawn. So why don't you wait out there?

Milton: OK, I will.

Kelsey: Good night, Milton.

Milton: Okay.

Kelsey: ...Bye now.

Milton: Okay.

Matt: I close the door. I look out the windows. Is he still there?

Milton: [*muffled*] Did you lock the door?

Kelsey: Of cour— Yes!

Milton: [*muffled*] Okay. Okay, I'm leaving.

Will: And then he leaves. [*laughs*]

Matt: Okay.

[*laughs*]

Matt: Oh, no.

Will: Let's hop over to... Tell me about the living quarters—

Freddie: Tony Collette—

Will: —of Tony Collette.

Freddie: Tony Collette lives in the back parking lot of Tony's Cars! Cars! Cars! exclamation point.

Will: *[giggles]*

Freddie: Each one has like a, more exclamation points.

[sound of a train horn in the distance]

Freddie: And this is Tony's used car slash occasional new car dealership that he runs on the edge of town. And Tony lives in a little rundown RV, Airstream situation out back. And he's right now currently in a stained tank top... smoking a cigarette and a cigarette and like a drink in one hand.

Will: A real Warren Beatty, Goodfellas kind of tank top.

Freddie: 100%.

Matt: Freddie, Freddie, it's the 50s. You can call it a wife beater.

[all laugh, someone smacking something]

Anthony: Wow... that's so good.

Beth: Fuck!

Anthony: That's so fucking good.

Matt: Sorry. Probably cut that.

Anthony: No, keep it!

Beth: No.

Freddie: And he's kind of unsteadily, because he's a little bit soused, aiming his Colt 1911...

[laughter]

Freddie: ...service pistol, at some beer cans, at some pull tabs. Pull tab beer cans that he's lined up along a fence.

Will: In his RV?

Freddie: No, outside. Outside. He's outside RV.

Will: Oh, outside. Okay.

Freddie: He's put a little seating area for his RV, like a little like lawn chair and, you know, so he's out there.

[*gunshot crack*]

Freddie: He's just taking pot shots. And he's like—

Tony: [*sloshed*] Gyawa...

Will: Alright, give me a, um. What's your firearm skill?

Freddie: With a pistol?

[*crack*]

Will: Whatever you're shooting. What are you shooting?

Freddie: A 1911—!

Will: You're Colt 1911, right?

Freddie: —Colt. 20, with the Firearms on my handgun.

Will: Okay. So— [*laughs*]

[*crack*]

Matt: They're not very good.

Will: And you're drunk, so we'll say you have a penalty dice.

Freddie: Okay. What's the penalty dice?

Will: It's like disadvantage. You roll the tens unit twice and take the worst one. So roll 1d10s. One is your tens. One's your single.

Freddie: I see. I see. [*dice roll*] Well, I'll tell you what. With a 44, that's a miss. So he's not hitting anything.

Will: Okay. S—

Freddie: And the gun jam's like—

[*spacks on the gun*]

Tony: Fuckin'... piece of shit.

Will: And then you hear—

[impact with glass, which shatters]

Will: —a window shatter.

Tony: Wah!

Will: And then—

??: *[shouting]* God! Damn it! Tony!

Will: You hear just like angry footsteps—

[footsteps on cheap stairs]

Will: —coming over and it's your neighbor, Tyrus Luo, owner of Luo's Golden Wok, the local Chinese restaurant, who Freddie insisted I play as the rival of Tony Collette. He says—

Tyrus: God damn it, Tony! I told you to stop firing guns around the whole neighborhood! You're gonna wake people up! I almost got my head blown off!

Tony: Lu-ho, you shifty Forosan. How am I supposed...?

[laughter]

Tony: How am I supposed to—?

Tyrus: It's called Taiwan! No one calls it Formosa anymore!

Tony: You and your crazy language!

[laughs]

Tony: I'll call it what I want! The Portuguese got one thing right, and that's, that's, when they colonized your asses! Listen here, how am I supposed to keep myself, my body, and my property safe if I keep my firearm skills? Tip-top!

Tyrus: Listen.

Tony: You get out of the way! You just duck your head when you hear this, when you hear old Betsy here!

[*crack*]

Tyrus: I can't duck until I hear the bullets! That's how the speed— didn't you go to a thing on relativity? The bullet travels faster than the sound. By the time I heard the gunshot, my window was already shattered!

Tony: I happen to know Mr. Einstein pretty well myself, and I'll tell you he didn't take too kindly to you, Formosans.

Tyrus: ...I keep telling you. We're both Americans.

Tony: I know that.

Tyrus: My family's been here longer than your family.

Tony: I know that too.

Tyrus: So I just, can we— look. Here's all I'm gonna say.

Tony: Yeah.

Tyrus: Unless you want. Word getting out. About your war record.

Tony: So typical of your type! To threaten me with this blackmail...

Tyrus: All I'm—

Tony: On a Tuesday night no less!

Tyrus: What unit—

Tony: I should have expected this.

Tyrus: Alright...

Tony: You... always following old Chiang Kai Shek's orders.

[*laughter*]

Tony: Old General Chiang Kai Shek, might have a thing or two to say about this kind of shiftiness!

Tyrus: I can't even begin to explain the number of things that are—

Tony: Listen here! Listen here... Tyrus. I'll keep sending the teens over there, and you keep sending those teens over here. We're good, we're square. And then if at night I have to take a few pot shots while I'm honing my killer instinct, well that's—

Tyrus: Yes. Look.

Tony: —just something you're gonna have to live with.

Tyrus: I begrudgingly have accepted that you send teenagers over to the parking lot of my restaurant to have discreet sex in your rental cars. And I get a little kickback, and I appreciate that!

Tony: Yeah, yeah.

Tyrus: But I can't have bullets flying over my property. So, unless you want people to start— what unit was it that you served in World War II in again?

Tony: This unit!

Freddie: And I backhand him.

[group laugh]

Will: [laughing] I can't... Give me a combat roll.

Freddie: [dice roll] Oh, a 13 out of 50, which means that I succeed.

Will: Yeah, he did not roll that well. So yes, you crack him one right across the face. He says—

Tyrus: That tears it. This isn't over.

Tony: You're damn right. It's a good thing I have a gun. [chuckles]

Tyrus: Well, you're just going to see what maybe I have. One of these days. One of these days, Tony! One of these days...

Will: And he stomps off.

Tony: Ah, I love that guy.

Matt: [laughs]

Tony: That's a true blue American right there.

[laughter]

Tony: That man's a man I'd probably call my American neighbor.

Will: Let's jump over to the Trout household.

Beth: Okay! Trudy...

[pleasant music plays]

Beth: ...has made a lovely four course meal. It's getting a little cold now because nobody eats until Tucker comes home from his job at... Inventor. He's an inventor! And—

Freddie: His job at Inventor?

Beth: Yep! And so Trudy's lovely 2.5 children are sitting eagerly around the table waiting to eat. That's little Tuck, Tina... a-and Timmy.

[instrument string snapping stop the music]

Beth: Yeah.

Freddie: Tuck, Tina, and Timmy.

Matt: Is, is Timmy the.5?

Beth: Yeah, yeah.

Matt: How is he .5?

Beth: Well no— nobody really cares about Timmy.

Will: So, uh...

[laughter]

Will: So little Tuck is like—

Lil' Tuck: Jeepers mom, I sure am hungry, and that pot roast looks dee-licious!

Trudy: I know little Tuck, but we've got to wait until Big Tucker gets home. [half-laugh, half-pant] It'll be any second now! [laughs] Oh, and he'll just be so delighted to see us like he always is.

Will: Timmy's like—

Timmy: Psh, yeah, I'm sure he will be, Mom.

Will: Timmy, who's—

Trudy: What? Did I hear something? Hm!

Timmy: Yeah, uh—

Trudy: I don't think I heard anything at all! Hm!

Timmy: Okay.

Will: And he just goes back to reading his copy of L'étranger. Is that, The Stranger, is that how you say it?

[laughter]

Anthony: I think so.

Will: Les Trang— Wait, how do you say it in French?

Anthony: I think that's it.

Will: He's reading, yes, he's reading—

Beth: Le Estrange. [*chuckles*]

Will: Le Trange. He's reading some Camus and flipping through his book and he just gives a wistful sigh. He's like—

Timmy: Ah... no one in this family understands me.

Trudy: Some people think they're so cool because they can read. [*chuckles*]

[laughter]

Will: So at that moment, you hear a loud bang—

[*a very muffled, echoing, bang*]

Will: —from the basement. And you hear footsteps coming up and then your husband, Tucker, comes out of the basement—

[*clack of the door opening*]

Will: —covered in sweat and grease. He says—

Tucker: All right, let's have some food, family!

[*door shuts*]

Trudy: [*still cheery*] Of course, it's a little cold, Tucker, because you're three hours later than you normally are.

Tucker: Oh, sweetheart.

Will: And he gives you a little kiss on the cheek and then he sits down and says—

Tucker: Well, I'm ready to eat. So...

Trudy: Yup!

Tucker: How was everyone's day?

Trudy: Well, I have quite a bit of news. Ah! Our bowling team, the Gutteral Scream.

Tucker: Mhm!

Trudy: We got a big trophy! Because we won.

Tucker: Say, that's pretty swell!

Trudy: Yup!

Tucker: I bet there's some big strong fellows on that team who carried you over the finish line, huh?

Trudy: Oh, yes. [*laughs*] In fact, there's a teen, a youth, Francis Farnsworth. He got his chin cut a little bit, but he was such a strong player.

Tucker: Wait. Are you saying there was some sort of fracas? Was there a fight?

Trudy: Oh, no—

Tucker: What, how did this boy get his chin cut?

Trudy: Oh no, it was nothing, honey. It was just, I mean, it was just, it was just, it was just, it was just, um, it was—

[laughter]

Trudy: It wa—

Tucker: Trudy, Trudy, Trudy?

Trudy: Yes, Tuck?

Tucker: Okay.

Trudy: Okay. He fell.

Tucker: He fell. Well, it sounds like this might be a dangerous activity that you've been going to go do down at this bowling alley.

Trudy: Well gosh, Tucker, when you put it like that, maybe my season should be over. And maybe we can, you know, be together during Tuesdays from noon to two.

Tucker: Hm... Well, I don't know about that, but maybe we can find you a safer hobby. But from now on, I don't want you talking to any of those bowling people anymore.

Trudy: Sure thing, honey!

Will: And then you hear a—

[rattly ring, ring of a classic phone]

Will: —phone call. The phone rings.

Trudy: [gasp] I'll get it!

Tucker: Okay! But if it's a man, tell him to talk to me because we don't want someone swindling you out of money or something like that!

Trudy: Of course, honey.

[ring! ring! Click as she picks up]

Trudy: Tucker residence, Tudy Trucker— Trudy Truc— T—

Beth: Fuck me. [laughs]

Anthony: Wait, so your husband's name is Tucker Tucker?

Beth: No, wait—

Will: Trout.

Beth: Trout.

Anthony: Okay.

Beth: Oh yeah.

Trudy: Sometimes I just think he owns the whole house!

[*chuckles*]

Trudy: Trout residence, Trudy Trout speaking.

Britannica: [*over phone*] [*pants*] [*whispering*] Trudy, Trudy, it's Britannica. I need help! I need an adult!

Trudy: Oh my gosh, you need an adult? Why don't you speak to my husband—?

Britannica: [*over phone*] They jumped me! They jumped me on the way home! Strange men in strange masks. Commies, probably, or beatniks! I socked their leader in the jaw and made a break for her, but they're hot on my trail!

Britannica: [*over phone*] Listen! Whatever you do, trust no one, don't even—

Will: And then you just hear like—

Britannica: [*muffled shouting through a hand over her mouth*]

[*shuffling on the other side of the phone, and something getting dragged*]

Will: And the voice of this girl getting dragged off into the woods fades away on the phone.

Beth: Trudy looks to Tucker and then back at the phone and says—

Trudy: I'm not interested, thank you!

Anthony: [*chuckles*]

Will: You hear—

Trudy: Oh, these solicitors calling all the time at dinner! Aha!

Will: You hear fumbling on the other end of the phone, like someone's picking it up.

Trudy: O-oh, ooh. But I'll listen in to see if you have another offer for me.

??: *[over phone]* Midnight. 1-9-5 Peachy Canyon Road. The trophy, bring the trophy. You're being watched. You go to the cops, she dies. If you tell anyone, she dies. We want your team and you at 1-9-5 Peachy Canyon Road. Midnight with the trophy.

??: *[over phone]* ...Did you get all that? You're not saying anything.

Freddie: *[laughs]*

Trudy: It's, it's just that, Tucker and I are normally in our separate beds—

??: *[over phone]* Don't tell anyone else.

Trudy: —by then— okay. Yeah.

??: *[over phone]* Okay?

Trudy: You can count on me... *[awkward chuckle]* to get help.

Tucker: Who is it, dear?

Trudy: Oh! It—

Tucker: Is that a man? I think I hear it sounds like a man!

Trudy: Oh, y-yes, it is a man, yes!

Will: Click. *[dial tone]*

Trudy: Oh, he must've hung up when he heard how big and strong you were as a man.

Tucker: Hm, that sounds...

Trudy: A bigger, stronger man!

Tucker: That sounds like probably something that would happen and make sense. So—

Trudy: I'm—

Tucker: —I'm gonna keep eating this kind of cold pot roast.

Trudy: Please do! I'm just gonna give a call to my gal pal... Kelsey.

Tucker: You go ahead and do that, dear. Actually, you know what? I'm feeling like I wanna take this food with me back down into my laboratory, so don't come after me.

Trudy: Oh.

Tucker: Nobody open the door!

Trudy: Yes.

Tucker: We all know that Daddy gets very mad when we open the door, don't we know that, children?

Kid: Yeah...

Will: And they're like—

Kids: Yes, dad.

Tucker: Okay, then.

[door shuts loudly]

Will: And he goes downstairs with his big pot roast.

Trudy: Will I— Will I see you tonight?

Tucker: *[muffled through the door]* Maybe!

Trudy: Okay! Honey...

Beth: Okay. Trudy frantically dials Kelsey's number.

Freddie: Four!

[laughter]

Matt: Four.

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Hello, fourth residence of Peachyville here.

[laughter]

Trudy: Kelsey... we need a man!

Kelsey: [*over phone*] Oh! Oh, okay, well, dear, you are married, but oh—

Trudy: We need a man—

Kelsey: [*over phone*] —finally have you gone to that divorce we've talked about?

Trudy: [*stutters*] W—

Trudy and Kelsey: [*Kelsey over phone*] What?

[*laughter*]

Kelsey: [*over phone*] Did he finally do it?

Trudy: Do what?

Kelsey: [*over phone*] Oh, oh, you're not ready, are you?

Trudy: I'm not ready for a lot of things.

Kelsey: [*over phone*] Okay.

Trudy: Okay.

Kelsey: [*over phone*] Well, when you say we need a man, what do you mean?

Trudy: There was a person on the phone...

Kelsey: [*over phone*] Mhm.

Trudy: ...that kidnapped our dear friend Britannica Blue.

Matt: The moment you say kidnap, Kelsey is opening up like a memory box of her brother who served in World War I and she's pulling out the Colt 1-9-1-1 and racking...

Freddie: Her Colt 1-9-1-1, huh?

Matt: What is it cal— M... I'm not—

Will: It's a 1911.

Freddie: 1911.

Matt: 1911. You know what? She reads it, she goes M-1-9-1-1. And she cocks it.

Tony: Time to call the cops!

Matt: She goes—

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Say that again, somebody kidnapped BB?

Trudy: Yes, somebody kidnapped BB and then also made threatening remarks. Said to meet them at a specific address that I cannot remember—

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Oh.

Freddie: *[loud laughter]*

Trudy: —and didn't write down.

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Okay.

Trudy: At midnight sharp tonight.

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Midnight, okay, well we know midnight—

Trudy: That is far past my bedtime.

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Oh.

Trudy: So I assume that we could talk to the boys in our bowling club.

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Oh!

Trudy: And get them to bring the trophy to this mysterious caller.

Kelsey: *[over phone]* We should definitely talk to everybody. Also, on a related question, do you know to use a gun?

Trudy: Um. And a gun is...?

[snickers]

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Um. Hm...

Trudy: Oh, that big ball of gas in the sky that's so bright.

[laughter]

Trudy: Yes! Yes, I know what a gun is!

Kelsey: [*over phone*] ...Okay Trudy.

Anthony: [*singing to Here Comes the Sun*] Here comes the gun.

Matt & Will: Doo-doo-doo-doo.

Freddie: Blam-blam-blam-blam!

[*chuckles*]

[ad break]

[*crickets chirping in the night*]

Will: Francis... why don't you go ahead and tell me what is going on? And we'll say like a little bit of time has passed, the rest of the house is asleep.

Freddie: Oh, you would know what happens at a teenage boy's house when the rest of the house is asleep.

Will: It's teenage boy in his room after a big sweaty victory, what's going on in there?

[*crickets fade out*]

Anthony: I mean, he's viciously masturbating.

[*group laughter*]

Anthony: Thinking about the fact that he actually did something good today. And he's looking at the trophy while he's doing it. And looking at the smiley version of himself...

[*group laughter*]

Anthony: ...in the reflection of the trophy.

Beth: Fuck.

Freddie: Yeah...! And the version of yourself in the reflections got like a real mean looking, fucking...

Anthony: I feel like the one in the reflections is like, "ugh."

Matt: And then your mom calls him and says—

Mom Farnsworth: [*muffled through the door*] Honey, do you want a milkshake?

Matt: And you just go, “bwuh!”

[*pause for quiet laughs*]

Matt: “Mom! Don’t talk when I’m...!”

Anthony: In my room!

Matt: “...studying!”

Freddie: I’m polishing my trophy, Mom!

[*ring!*]

Will: The phone rings in the middle of... what you're doing.

Francis: Augh.

[*ring!*]

Anthony: So I— Francis...

[*laughter*]

Anthony: Francis slows.

[*ring*]

Anthony: And picks up the phone.

Freddie & Beth: Oh, no!

Kelsey: [*over phone*] Francis?

Anthony: Francis stops.

[*chuckles*]

Kelsey: [*over phone*] Francis?

Francis: Yes?

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Oh God they got you too, you're gasping, you're out of breath! What's going on over there!

[laughs]

Francis: *[pants]* Nothin'! I was just carrying the trophy up to my room.

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Oh. Oh, hon, you gotta work out more. You gotta exercise. You gotta work on those arms.

Francis: I know. But I-I still won today, so I feel like... maybe not so much with the criticism today.

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Oh, I'm sorry, I think you're right. No, you did great.

Francis: Can I go for one, one day without thinking about how weak I am?

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Yeah, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Just, you know what they say, once a student, always a student. I just always want to look out for you. But, ignore that, like! BB! Trudy says she got kidnapped?

Francis: Kidnapped?

Kelsey: *[over phone]* From probably those Italians. Let's be honest.

Francis: *[groans]*

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Yeah.

Francis: The eyeties?

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Yeah, the—

[group laughter]

Kelsey: Only thing Trudy remembers—and let's, like you said, criticism, let's not, you know, she has a hard time with numbers and things like that—she knows that it's at midnight, but she doesn't quite know the ad— Trudy, anything you remember about the street or the address?

Freddie: Conference call?

Will: You guys are on a party line.

Matt: Yeah.

Trudy: *[over phone]* Oh! Um, yes, the address, hmm... Hm...! I think it started with a number.

Will: You wrote it down, right?

Beth: I think she would write it down.

Will: Okay.

Beth: That makes sense for the story.

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Oh, Trudy, Trudy, one sec, I just realized, are you still listening?

[cut-away swipe sound]

Trudy: Yes.

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Okay, look down.

Trudy: *[gasps]*

Will: *[giggles]*

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Do you see a piece of paper?

Trudy: Oh my goodness, and it's got the address written right on it!

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Oh my gosh, Trudy!

Beth: *[off mic, grabbing a paper]* And what does that address Will?

Will: 1-9-5 Peachy Canyon Road, midnight.

Beth: *[off mic, laughs at herself]* Yeah. Canonical, when she was writing it down, she's like *[ghastly]* 1, 9, 5...

[group laughter]

Beth: *[ghastly]* Peachy canyon road...

Kelsey: *[over phone]* So I know it's past your bedtime, but I think we gotta get the whole Gutteral Scream team together, because the Italians have asked for all of us to bring the trophy. Otherwise, they said they're gonna kill...

Francis: Oh, no!

Will: As she says that, and she says the word “trophy,” you notice the lights flicker around you...

[whirr of electricity]

Will: ...in the house, and all of a sudden, the entire—

[low tone and push of air]

Will: —world around you goes black. You're still in our reality, you're still in your bedroom, as far as you can tell. You still feel the phone up against your cheek. But you cannot see anything.

Francis: Oh no. They were telling me the truth when they said masturbation makes you go blind!

[group laughter]

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Francis? You still there?

Francis: I'm here. I just can't see anything.

Kelsey: *[over phone]* Okay. Um—

Francis: Like the lights went out or something.

Kelsey: *[over phone]* I don't know much, but I do—

Will: You hear a loud thud—

[muffled thud and pushing of air]

Will: —on the roof and the flapping of wings, like big wings, almost like an eagle landed on the roof.

[more thuds]

Will: And you hear footsteps coming down towards where, like at first you think it's a power outage, but then you realize like you can't even see out the window. Like there's nothing outside at all. But you hear these footsteps going towards what you remember being your window.

Kelsey: *[over phone]* What's happening, Francis?

Francis: [*voice cracking even more than normal*] Someone— somebody's on the roof.

[*cutaway swipe*]

Matt: Kelseys' flipping to, she's grabbing her M, volume and she goes to masturbation, which is completely blank. And she's like, "blind, question mark."

[*group laughter*]

Kelsey: What else? What else, what else are you seeing?

Freddie: Leathery wings.

Francis: [*over phone*] I just heard, I heard wings and feet and I think...

Kelsey: Oh, god.

Francis: [*over phone*] ...I'm gonna try to hide under my bed.

Kelsey: Now the next part is very important, Francis—

Beth: Yes!

[*group laughter*]

Beth: Yes.

Kelsey: They're gonna take you.

Trudy: They're gonna take you!

[*cut away swipe*]

Anthony: So yeah, Francis is gonna put the phone down and try to hide under his bed.

Will: Okay, great. Give me a...

Anthony: Stealth?

Will: Yeah, I think a Stealth roll, that makes sense.

Anthony: Francis has a 90 in Stealth.

Will: Oh wow.

Matt: Ooh, wow.

Anthony: [*dice roll*] He got a 94.

Matt: [*laughing*] Oh, no!

Freddie: [*shouting*] Oh no!

Will: Oh, no!

Beth: Aw...

Will: [*laughs*]

Freddie: Dude, the puberty growth spurt means that his feet are sticking out from under the bed.

Anthony: Yeah.

Will: You expertly dive to what would be a corner of the room, that like you could really easily hide under, but your pants are still around your ankles. From jerking off. So you trip and make a huge loud noise as you face plant into the ground.

Francis: Oh!

[*cutaway swipe*]

Matt: Kelsey's like—

Kelsey: Wait, what am I doing?

Matt: And she opens up the door and then runs next door, which is the where Francis lives.

[*group laughter*]

Will: Okay! This is good! This is good! This is good!

Kelsey: Francis!

Will: Okay, so here's how we'll do this. We'll do a little bit of his and then we'll do a little bit of yours. And then if anyone else wants to live next door, fucking go for it, I guess, that's how you'll all know each other.

Matt: Yeah, it's a small town.

Will: Do you say to anything to Trudy before you leave the phone?

Matt: Yeah, I'll say like—

Kelsey: Trudy, I'm running over to Farnsworth's!

Trudy: [*over phone*] Oh, let me, let me look behind me! Oh, they live right there!

[*laughter*]

Kelsey: Just cross the street, Trudy!

Will: Okay, yeah, you hear her starting on the phone and then you see her running across, like Ferris Buhler-ing her way through backyards and picket fences over to the Farnsworth house.

Beth: Trudy's like—

Trudy: Tucker, I'm gonna step out to go knitting, just for a second!

Tucker: [*muffled*] Okay!

Will: Your kids are like—

Lil' Tuck: Mom, what's going on?

Trudy: [*gravely*] Shut up!

[*all laughing*]

Trudy: I mean, heh! Um, just go to bed, sweetums!

Timmy: [*sigh*] Whatever. I guess I could go to bed or I could stay up and stare at the sky and the moon.

Trudy: If you continue with that attitude, Timmy, you're not going to have a bed.

Timmy: Whu—

Freddie: Woah!

Matt: Holy shit!

Will: *[laughing]* Timmy just like, backs away and goes up the stairs towards his bed. He's like—

Timmy: Okay, Mom, okay! Geeze, geeze!

Trudy: Who's my favorite point five?

Timmy: *[half-sigh]* I am.

Trudy: Okay, I'll be gone.

Will: Okay, so the two of you are running towards the Farnsworth house.

Matt: Yes. Are your parents home?

Will: Yes, his parents are home.

Matt: Okay.

Will: Everyone's in bed. Francis, in your room. You're on the ground, pants around your ankles, you hear this tapping noise—

[taps on the wood, light taps and scratches on the glass]

Will: —like something scratching at the window, like kind of fumbling around and groping.

Anthony: Francis tries to hurriedly get up and pull up his pants.

Will: Okay.

Anthony: And then he goes to his corner and feels around for the baseball bat that his dad gave him when he initially was hoping that his son would actually take up sports. And it's been gathering dust for years and years and years.

Will: Ooh, I love that. It's dark, but you know your room pretty well. Give me a Luck roll with advantage. Let's do that.

Anthony: Okay, my luck is 85.

Will: Wow, that's lucky.

Anthony: *[dice roll]* And I got a 53.

Will: Okay, great, so you find the bat. And again, you can't see this thing, but you can hear...

[*thud. thud.*]

Will: ...it pounding on the glass. And you hear the glass begin to crack...

[*thud—crackle...*]

Will: ...and then boom.

[*crash! flapping of huge wings*]

Francis: Oh, jeez! Oh, jeez!

Anthony: I'm going to start just hurriedly and panickedly swinging in front of me.

Will: Okay, great.

Anthony: Oh, I think I also shout—

Francis: Mom!

Matt: How do we get you over here, Freddie? You're just drunk driving, or as they call it back then driving.

[*group laughter*]

Matt: Around the town.

Freddie: I can do that. I'll be going off for a spin in my brand new 1958 Edsel Ranger.

Will: Okay, here's what we're going to do. Give me an attack roll with your, do you have something for this bat?

Anthony: I don't have anything for the bat. I have a Brawl.

Will: Technically, would it be like you have to have a bat specialty or something like that?

Matt: In Brawl, in the same way there's Firearms and there's Guns, I feel like a bat would be in Brawl.

Will: Okay.

Matt: I feel like if you want to, you could give yourself a specialization for bat, but otherwise you can just use whatever your Brawl is, is my guess, is what that looks like.

Anthony: That makes sense. Yeah, I think I'll just use my Brawl because he is definitely not specialized with this bat.

Will: Okay, great. So yeah, give me an attack roll with your Brawl.

Anthony: His brawl is 65... [*over phone*] and he got a 10.

Will: You got a te— oh shit.

Matt: Wow, geeze!

Will: Oh wow, okay.

Beth: Wow!

Matt: Dude, Francis is hiding a fucking killer instinct.

Beth: Yeah.

Matt: 65 Brawl?

Anthony: So that's under, uh... under a fifth.

Will: So the unseen thing is going to dodge. And it got a 91, so you swing this bat and you feel it just connect with something sharp. It's almost like you're whacking it against like a concrete wall or something like that.

Francis: Sorry!

Will: It's just like a bang. Oh, I need to actually figure out...

Matt: "I'll never masterbate again!"

[*chuckles*]

Will: Give me a damage roll, so that's 1d8 plus, what does damage base mean?

Anthony: A damage bonus. DB?

Will: Yeah.

Anthony: Yeah, my DB is zero. [*dice roll*]

Will: Okay, great. So yeah, then give me a, uh—

Anthony: 6.

Will: Oh, wow, 6 damage?

Anthony: Mm-hmm.

Will: Jesus.

Freddie: Should have gone into sports!

Will: It sounds like you're breaking through like a lobster shell. Like when you like snap a lobster shell and it's like that kind of hard sharp cracking—

[clang of the bat, crack and squelch of the bug]

Will: —sound and you hear a sort of guttural squeal—

[a completely alien scream, like a bug made man-sized and then put through an electronic filter]

Will: —unlike anything you've ever heard before, just erupt as you make this huge swing. And whatever is crawling through your window right now, you feel like you really got a piece of it.

Will: Okay, let's cut to the outside of the house now where Kelsey and Trudy are approaching the front door.

Kelsey: *[gasp]*

Matt: What are your parents' names again?

Anthony: Ed and Kamonwan. Which is my mom's name.

Matt: Okay.

Will: Oh wow!

Matt: Kamonwan?

Anthony: Yeah.

Kelsey: Ed! Kamonwan! Open up! It's Mrs. Grammar, your kid! He's, he's doing nothing sinful! But he, he called. He needs, uh, just open up!

Trudy: We should just ring the doorbell.

Kelsey: Oh, good, yeah, go ahead.

Beth: Do they have doorbells in the 1950s?

Will: They did have that technology, yeah.

Beth: Wow...! Okay.

Matt: Trudy said that. It's like—

Kelsey: Yeah, Trudy, they do.

[*laughs*]

Freddie: This thing that's been around since the 1913, since World War I!

Beth: Wow!

Will: So upstairs, you see a light switch on and Francis' parents come to the window and they're like—

Mr. & Mrs. Farnsworth: What? What's going on out there?

Kelsey: Order of operations! Number one, check on your son. Number two, could you open the door, please?

Trudy: It's midnight, do you know where your son is?

[*chuckles*]

Will: You hear footsteps going downstairs and then back in the room, Anthony, you hear the door handle rattle as your mom is trying to get in, but she can't. Because I assume you lock the door before jorkin' it.

Anthony: Yeah. Does she say anything so I know that it's her?

Kamonwan: [*falsetto voice, muffled through the door*] Francis, are you okay in there, dear? Hello?

Francis: Oh, Mom, come, come in, please!

Kamonwan: [*muffled*] I can't, you've locked your door for some reason.

Francis: Oh, geez, oh, yeah, let me get that.

Kamonwan: [*muffled*] I told you not to lock this door.

Francis: Yeah, I-I'm sorry, it was just, you were asleep, I uh, let me unlock it for you.

[*laughs*]

Will: The thing in the window is now going to get a turn.

[*gasps*]

Beth: [*almost breathlessly excited*] Mothman. [*soft whisper*] It's a mothman.

Will: It, uh...

Matt: [*whispering back*] It's what?

Will: [*whispering*] Mothman!

Matt: [*whispering*] Mothman?

Will: It— [*laughs*]

Anthony: Beth, don't get wet.

Beth: [*laughs*]

Will: All of you hear, an unearthly hum.

[*it starts as a ringing that evolves layers and waves...*]

Will: Like a screech, almost like something like the static of a three channel TV set meets like a radio tuning, but with a sort of animal quality to it as well, like the drone of an insect and it pierces your ears.

[*sound fades out*]

Will: So go ahead and give me a Pow roll.

Trudy: Oh, wow, I've been meaning to get my ears pierced.

[*chuckles*]

Anthony: [*dice roll*] My Power is 40, I got a 23.

Matt: [*dice roll*] Oh, no! I got a 99.

Will: Okay, so you got a 99, it's a critical failure. We'll deal with you in a second—

Matt: My head explodes. [*chuckles*] Because of that.

[*dice roll*]

Will: What did you get, Beth?

Beth: My rating is a 55 and I rolled a 55.

Will: I think that means you passed? The two of you hear this deafening screech. Kamonwan is gonna roll as well, and unfortunately she does not roll so well. Trudy, if you look over at Kelsey, you see that she has just gone completely catatonic. Like she's just fallen into a trance-like state. You're just staring straight ahead. Just like nothing going on out there.

Matt: I'm just doing evocative dancing. [*chuckles*]

Will: She's doing freaky evocative dancing.

Trudy: Oh my good— w-wow! Kelsey, I am so impressed, but I wish you would say something.

Will: Anthony, I feel like Francis gets the door open. You can see into the hallway, you can't see into your room, but you see your mother standing there, and she is also in a trance.

Francis: Mom! Mom!

Will: Where is the trophy?

Anthony: The trophy's in my bedroom next to my bed.

Matt: Positioned right underneath the picture of...

[*laughter*]

Will: That's what was going to fall in that cup. As all of this is going on, we cut to...

Freddie: Tony Collette!

Will: What's Tony Collette doing while all of this is going on?

Freddie: It is Ford Edsel Villager, which was introduced in 1958.

[*low hum of a car engine*]

Freddie: It's like a station wagon. It's a big old ugly station wagon. He's just kind of driving around. He's got a fat Stoge. Any type of tobacco, he's a fan of, right? And he's sitting there, he's got a drink in one hand, Stoge in the other. Steering wheel between the legs.

Matt: He likes the Stoge by shooting the tip.

Freddie: Seatbelt. What seatbelts? Y'know what I'm saying? And he's like—

Tony: [*sing-song*] Oh, oh, lovely town, lovely town. [*speaking*] What the hell's going on here?

Will: Okay, so yes—

[*car sound fades out*]

Tony: There's a commotion, there's a ruckus over here!

Will: You see your two bowling partners, Trudy and Kelsey, standing in front of this house.

Tony: Trudy, Kelsey! A little bit late, a little bit late for bowling.

Will: You're just saying this all out the car while you're driving?

Freddie: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah yeah. Well, no, I'm parked. I'm parked in an idling in a powerful American motor.

Will: Give me...

Freddie: Just rumbling and waking up everyone else down the block.

Tony: Like my wheels?

Freddie: And I rev the engine seductively.

Will: Okay, give me a disadvantaged Driving role.

Freddie: Disadvantaged? Why would I—?

Will: Because you're drunk.

Freddie: Right.

Will: So?

Matt: So?

Freddie: So?

Will: You're—

Matt: He knows how to handle his beer.

Beth: Not that there's anything wrong with that.

Freddie: I know how to handle my liquor and an American automobile, Will.

Will: Give me a fucking disadvantaged Drive Auto roll.

Freddie: I have a drive auto of 40, [*dice roll*] 56.

Will: Okay. So when you try to rev your engine, you realize your car's not in park...

[*engine revs*]

Will: ...and it careens forward...

[*gets louder*]

Tony: [*wobbly*] Ah!

Will: ...towards the house. Towards Kelsey, who's still standing there catatonically.

[*sound fades out*]

Trudy: Oh, wow, it's beautiful. It comes at me just like a bowling ball.

Freddie: It's so tragic, too, because this is how Tony Collette will die, but this will be 50 years later, and it's to be a farmer's market.

[*laughter*]

Beth: Woah...

Will: OK, let's resolve this, and then we'll jump upstairs. Trudy, you're the only hope.

Trudy: It's getting closer and closer. Hmm...! I think I'll move out of the way, and I'll take my friend Kelsey with me!

Will: Okay, we'll call that a maneuver, I guess. How big is Kelsey?

Matt: She's a pretty beefy lady.

Will: She's a pretty beefy lady?

Matt: She's like 7'4... No, no—

[*laughs*]

Matt: 7'4?

Matt: Just my character's get taller and taller. No, but she's like 5'10. Her favorite food is apple pie.

Will: But you're not moving, you're not doing anything, you're not trying to resist her obviously, because you're catatonic.

Matt: No, I'm catatonic.

Will: Go ahead and give me...

Matt: I am doing a little dance, though.

Will: Go ahead and give me a Strength roll to move Kelsey out of the way.

Beth: A strength...

Matt: Her weight's in all the right places, though. I just want to clarify.

[*laughs*]

Matt: And that is everywhere.

Will: Her massive brain.

[*chuckles*]

Beth: [*dice roll*] Wow. My Strength is a 60 and I got a 41. Like a sleeper soldier called into action by a... naughty word, Trudy springs into action spinning around daintily and with that, whipping Kelsey into a nice hug and then spinning like a tornado out of the path of the moving vehicle.

Will: Great. Well done.

Freddie: I think I just plow straight into the house with this vehicle.

Will: I was going to give you one more roll to try to stop yourself.

Freddie: No, because I'm confused.

[laughter]

Freddie: Because I slammed on the, I slammed on the, to rev, and now it's moving and that's like too much for me.

Matt: He's so calm, he's like, "somebody else must have s..."

[laughter]

Tony: Some Italian must have jimmied this transmission!

Freddie: Well so like—

Matt: Some Italian fucked up my car!

Freddie: So here's a fun detail actually about the Edsel.

[clap]

Will: Is it the one that looks like a vagina on the front?

Freddie: Well, no, no, it's instead of having like a—

Beth: Wait...

Matt: Wait, what car is that?

Beth: Let me investigate...

Freddie: Hold on, hold on! Everyone hold on!

Matt: Woah, woah, woah!

Freddie: "Edsel car, vagina."

Matt: I've been buying cars all my life and I haven't heard of this one? What car is that, Will?

Will: This was the thing. It's got like a little Fordussey in the front.

Matt: Ford— what is this?

Freddie: It does have a Fordussey.

Matt: What is this coop called?

Will: The Ford Edsel.

Matt: Edsel?

Will: E-D-S-E-L.

Freddie: He's like—

Tony: Some I-talian—

Matt: Beth you're the— okay. *[laughs]*

Beth: *[laughs]* What Matt?

Matt: *[laughing]* I was say...

Freddie: What, Matt? Go ahead.

Matt: I was going to, before I saw it, I was going to make a joke and say, "Beth, of all of us, you are the expert on vaginas." But before I could even finish that, I saw the car, it's like, "yeah, that's a vagina."

Freddie: Fun thing about the Edsel is that the transmission on these, instead of being like a steering column thing, it's like buttons on the front of the, you know, back before there was airbags. They're like, ah, that's real estate that we could use. So I think part of it is even that like, because this is a new car.

Matt: But then men could never find the button in the Edsel.

[group laughter]

Anthony: I don't think the button exists.

Freddie: I'm not sure the button even exists, to be honest, I think it's a myth! So yeah, so I think it's that he pressed the wrong button on it, right? So he's not used to it because it's a new car for him.

Will: So yes, your career— now I gotta figure out how a fucking car crash works, okay.

Matt: However you want, dog.

Anthony: Yeah, it doesn't matter.

Will: *[off mic]* There's rules for it, though. All right, we'll say that Ed opens the door to be like—

[car revving fades back in]

Ed: What in tarnation is going to— Oh!

[car gets louder and quickly fades out]

Will: And he sees this car pussy flying towards him.

Freddie: Entranced by the car-ussy.

[laughs]

Matt: And because he's never slept with his wife, to him it just looks like a car.

[laughter]

Will: *[laughing]* How does he have a son then? I don't understand!

Freddie: It's under the sheets and the lights are off.

[chuckles]

Matt: Yes, honey, you did it! This is your baby.

Freddie: *[laughs]* But I didn't see the stork!

[group laugh]

Will: We're going to cut dramatically away from that and we will go back up to the bedroom. You're standing in the d— you've got the door open, your mom's in front of you. There's a horrible monster somewhere in this darkened room behind you, what do you do?

Anthony: I'm going to try to push my mom further into the hall and slam the door shut behind me.

Will: And then as you do that you hear a car crash—

[thud, glass shatters]

Will: —through the front door of your house.

Francis: Oh God!

Will: So dad goes—

Ed: Jesus Christ!

Freddie: I do like the idea, by the way, that this is the 1950s when things were kind of like built with real timber and real construction. So the car just climbs the stairs, like it doesn't blow through the stairs like that plywood bullshit that we have today. It's just straight up like revs up. It fucking starts climbing the stairs and now all of a sudden on the second floor you have a car.

Matt: Wait, wait, hold on. Wait. I thought you were about the—

Will: Wait, you're saying it climbs up the stairs inside the house?

Matt: ...in the house?

Freddie: Hell yeah, dude.

Beth: Oh my god.

Will: [*off mic, perhaps consulting the Tomes*] I don't know, maybe we might have to roll for that, I don't know...

Freddie: Will you think they have Feng Shui back then, dude? That stair was facing straight out the front door.

Matt: You had to break through the front door though.

Freddie: But no, dad opened it for me.

Matt: [*befuddled laugh*]

Will: [*off mic*] That is true.

Matt: But your car is wider.

Beth: Come on in, car!

Matt: Come on in, car. Ah, the car is here!

[*laughter*]

Will: Honey—

Freddie: Honey, is that a car?

Beth: Honey! Car!

Will: Honey, your ride's here.

Will: Your car smashes through the front door of this house.

Freddie: Yeah.

Will: Ed dives out of the way because I don't want to murder Francis' dad in the first episode of the show.

Matt: Boo, kill the dad!

Freddie: Boo!

Anthony: [*chanting*] Coward! Coward!

Will: We'll kill— we'll give—

Freddie: I want to grind his skull into paste.

Will: We'll give Ed a Dexterity roll. That's what we'll do.

Matt: There you go.

Will: Ed got a 73.

Matt: Uh-oh.

Will: Which is lower than his Dexterity of 85.

Matt: Ah, okay. Damn.

Anthony: Ed was a dancer.

Will: Yes, Ed was a ballet man.

Matt: Ed was in both wars.

Will: He was in both wars, but it's still s—

Matt: As a ballet man.

Will & Freddie: As a ballet man.

Matt: He's in the USO.

Will: And he does a beautiful pirouette out of the way of this thing and watches in horror as a—

Matt: Him and ill Hope.

Will: ...Bob Hope?

Anthony: Bob Hope.

Matt: Bob Hope. That's right, man. You always disappointed when you got Bill Hope instead of Bob Hope.

[laughter]

Matt: Oh B. Hope's comin'!

Freddie: B. Hope's here?

Matt: B. Hope's comin' to Guatemala? Hell yeah!

Will: It's—

Matt: Aw, man, it's Bill Hope?

Will: It's Bill Hope and Biff Crosby.

[laughter]

Will: He dives out of the way. Are you trying to drive the car up the stairs? Is that what we're trying to do here?

Freddie: I'm not trying to, I'm just saying that this is American—

Will: You still haven't stopped the car is what you're saying.

Freddie: Correct. Because this was called the Teletouch Automatic Steering Wheel. Literally, you can find and look up pictures of this. They've decided to put all the buttons on the wheel and then everyone's like, this was a awful, awful idea.

Will: We're going to go ahead and say that your car crashes and you're going to have to take some damage for that.

Matt: Oh no.

Will: Absolutely.

Freddie: Seat belts were optional and you bet your ass Tony Collette didn't opt for seat belts.

Matt: When were seat belts a thing?

Freddie: Seat belts were kind of around.

Beth: Like, 80s.

Freddie: Because this is something that would happen with Edsel owners. I go to press the horn... in the middle of the steering wheel,

Will: Oh, interesting.

Freddie: But instead I just like hit neutral and reverse at the same time and you hear a horrible cranking sound from the engine as it loses control and busted the door.

Will: Truly a death trap of a vehicle, huh?

Freddie: Oh yeah. Listen to this:

Freddie: "The single circumstance under which a teletouch could be put into gear with the car moving at greater than five miles an hour, was if the neutral button was depressed first, thereby removing hydraulic pressure from the inhibitor switch and then the reverse or park button pushed. These actions would, as a result, either shear off the parking pole or suddenly set the rear wheels turning in the reverse direction."

Will: Your Ford Edsel is going to take 1d10 build damage.

Freddie: Psh.

Will: So give me a dice roll for your Ford Edsel.

Freddie: [*dice roll*] 3.

Will: 3? Not bad!

Freddie: American engineering, baby!

Will: And then *you* are going to take...

Freddie: Not American engineering.

Will: Let's give you the same thing, 1d10. This is pretty nasty, and you're not wearing a seatbelt, so give me a fucking d10.

Freddie: [*dice roll*] [*laughs*] 10.

Will: Okay? Uh...

Beth: Dude, you die.

Matt: Wait, are you dead?

Will: How much health do you have?

Freddie: 14.

Will: [*whispered with regret*] Oh, my god.

Freddie: So I blow through the windshield, obviously.

Anthony: Nothing would be more Freddie than dying in the first episode. This is fine.

Freddie: I blow through the windshield. I go—

Tony: Gyuh!

Freddie: And now I'm upstairs, dude! Ready to fight!

[*laughter*]

Will: Okay.

Freddie: Well, would you just say that it crashes into the front staircase, and then it launches me up to the second floor.

Will: Sure!

Matt: [*quiet laughs*]

Will: [*quietly*] ...it's just, ah...

Matt: What happens when you get 4 out of—

Beth: Yeah, you're like Wolverine, where he goes through the windshield, like...

Matt: I mean, he's still got HP, so he's got 4 HP.

Freddie: Yeah, I got 4 hit points.

Will: Yeah, but you're like pretty fucked up. Just give me one second.

Matt: You can rest, long rest, right? That's how it works in this game. *[No.]* You can go to the hospital. We got a hospital in Peachyville.

Will: All right. Major wound, single attack that does more or equal to 50% of max HP.

Matt: That's you.

Freddie: That's—

Will: Target falls prone and makes a constitution roll to avoid unconsciousness. So yes. Your car careens—

[huge explosion of wood]

Will: —into the house, you've mashed the buttons on the front of the Ford Edsel—

[screeching of tires]

Will: —you smash into the stairs.

[another huge crash, glass shattering; a slow creak, like a fractured piece of wood just barely hanging in there]

Will: Your car is basically fine.

Freddie: *[laughs]*

Will: But you go...

Matt: Hell yeah.

[fling of a limp body]

Will: ...flying out the window, up the stairs and...

[thud]

Freddie: This is the most true-to-the-fifties fucking podcast. Alright, so I go up the stairs, I've taken 10 damage, which means I need to do a roll here to make sure I stay conscious.

Will: Yeah.

Freddie: My Constitution is 75. *[dice roll]*

Will: Okay.

Freddie: I roll a 64, so I do maintain a hold on this reality.

Will: Okay, so that's good, 'cause that does give you an opportunity to say something pithy as you collide with Francis, who's just gone out into the hallway.

Tony: Francis, I'm so sorry, I would, wouldn't have done this if I had had another drink.

Matt: Ah, the definition of pithy.

[laughter]

Will: Francis, if you want to give me a Dexterity roll to dodge this missile hurtling towards you.

Anthony: Yes.

Freddie: Bro, this is the worst...

Anthony: [dice roll] Ew.

Freddie: ...like, post-nut...

Matt: [laughing] What?

[laughter]

Freddie: ...pre-none...

Francis: I'll never do it again, I swear!

Matt: [laughing] Never do it again!

Anthony: My Dexterity's 60, I got a 72.

Will: He basically clonks straight into you.

Francis: Ooh!

Will: Give me just a 1d4 damage.

Freddie: Bro, you know what it looks like? It looks like E. Honda in Street Fighter II when he does that one move.

[laughter]

Anthony: d4...! [*dice clack*] 2.

Will: So you take 2 damage, you're knocked prone as well.

Anthony: My mom's next to me too, she get fucked up?

Will: No, he hit you and she just watches you go down.

Anthony: Cool.

Freddie: You deflected the bullet, so to speak.

Beth: Nice.

[*humming from the bug plays, suddenly stops*]

Will: And then all of a sudden, the buzzing stops. You regain your sort of composure.

Kelsey: [*slow gasp*] Trudy, did you save me?

Trudy: I did. I hugged another woman.

Kelsey: Oh, gosh—

Trudy: I'm going to hell!

[laughter]

Kelsey: Oh no! My gosh, if you were a man, I would think about kissing you for a while.

Trudy: Wha— What?

Kelsey: Because you saved me.

[group laughter]

Anthony: And so the first ship of the season has begun.

Freddie: [*shouting from off mic*] It has set sail, as it were!

Matt: You saved me.

Kelsey: You saved me!

Freddie: Wave from the banks as— It's like the scene in Titanic, and we all wave as this ship sets sail.

Kelsey: Francis!

Will: You just, you rush inside at this—?

Matt: Yeah, yeah, I rush inside.

Tony: Russians, where?

[*laughs*]

Will: Upstairs, Francis, your mom is freaking out. She's like—

Kamonwan: [*Will drops the falsetto for her*] What's going on? Oh my gosh, where am I? What happened?

Francis: Augh, augh.

Anthony: I get to my feet. I go—

Francis: I don't know! There's something in my room! It tried to kill me and I hit it with a! I'm really scared, Mom!

Kamonwan: Stand back.

Will: And your mother grabs a shotgun and racks it.

[*gun racks*]

Beth: Holy shit.

Will: An fuckin'...

Francis: Hell yeah, Asian moms!

Will: She kicks the door down. And enters like she's doing a breach and clear and nothing is in there. The lights are back on. You can see your room. There's clearly something has been in here because you can see like—

Matt: Some porn.

Will: Some porn.

Matt: Just open porn magazines.

Will: *[laughs]* So yes, for one, the first thing your mother sees—

Freddie: Yeah, the first thing she sees is—

Will: What were you— was this a theater of the mind? What was going on?

Anthony: I was thinking it was a theater of the mind.

Matt: Okay.

Anthony: I don't think he—

Will: Okay. Phew! Bullet dodges.

Freddie: But I do think the one thing you do see moving in the room in the icy night breeze is the box of Kleenex like fucking...

Anthony: Yes.

Freddie: Flitting about like a flag.

Will: So your mother...

Francis: Trudy Trout put her husband's snot on me. I'm getting a cold.

Will: Your...

[laughs]

Matt: Oh, God.

Will: Your mom sweeps the room. You can see something has been ripping things to shreds in here. Your pillow's been torn up. And you see these puncture marks, like almost like from really sharp, big like spider legs or something like that in the carpet.

Freddie: Eh...

Beth: Oh my God.

Will: There's just a vague odor... You determine what caused the odor. But the one thing you do notice is that the trophy is gone.

Beth: *[long gasp]*

Francis: My trophy! Oh, how is Carly ever going to remember that I'm cool again?

Kelsey: She doesn't need a trophy, Francis, but the bigger thing is that we need to bring the trophy. Otherwise... BB, BB's been kidnapped.

Francis: Oh, right!

Kelsey: And the Italians, we're pretty sure it's the Italians, let's be honest.

Francis: Eyeties!

Kelsey: And they said they're going to kill her if we don't bring the trophy.

Will: If you would like to make a Spot Hidden roll, anybody who's up here, go for it.

Matt: Sure, I'll make a Spot Hidden roll.

Beth: Okay./

Matt: Why not?

Will: A;so you have a majorly wounded fucking comrade who's bleeding on the floor right now. Just to remember—

Matt: She's a man in the 50s, get up.

Trudy: Oh!

Will: *[laughs]*

Trudy: Tony's so silly.

Tony: Ah-ah!

Anthony: *[dice roll]* I got a 78 out of my 25 spot-hidden, so I failed.

Will: Okay.

Matt: *[dice roll]* I failed Spot Hidden as well. 51 out of 40.

Beth: Let me do Spot Hidden. *[dice roll]* Dammit, I failed.

Freddie: *[dice roll]* 14! Out of 25 in my drunken bloodied haze. I'm like—

Trudy: What was that over there?

Will: Okay, so as all of you are looking around this destroyed room, the boozed—

Freddie: The keen insight!

Will: ...the boozed, bleeding, concussed Tony Collette.

Matt: He's floor level, he's got his eyes at a different angle than all of us.

Freddie: That's true.

Will: Maybe it's because he's on the ground. He's able to see up through the window. And as you look up through the window, you see for just a split second, backlit against the light of the moon, a silhouette.

Tony: Euh.

Will: Disappearing rapidly into the night.

Tony: Ooh, fast.

Will: Something flying, something fast, and something bigger than you've ever seen, like that before. It's like a bird, it's like a bug, it's drawn to this glowing light, and it seems to be disappearing rapidly. What do you do?

Freddie: I point at it, I go—

Tony: Oh! Some sort of creature in the moon! Look! Look everyone, look!

Trudy: I only listen to my husband, but I'll turn around and— oh my god!

Francis: Aw, geeze, what the heck?

Matt: I look as well.

Tony: That's either a big, huge bat, or a very small bat, but closer than a big, huge one. You know what I mean.

Will: As you look—

Tony: Relativity.

Will: —into the distance, you see this thing...

[ominous, tense, string music plays]

Will: ...with these huge, leathery wings and these dangling claws and this vague, glowing face, and you can't quite make it out, it's so far away, you barely can even realize that it's real. It's... the size of a man... but it looks like a moth.

Beth: *[hopeful gasp]*

Will: It's like some sort of moth...

Beth: Oh...!

Will: ...man.

Beth: ...my gosh!

Will: In its talons and its clutches, you see that trophy. Your only hope at saving your friend.

[music becomes the outro, which plays]

Freddie: Dungeons and Daddies is Matt Arnold as Kelsey Grammar, Anthony Burch as Francis Farnsworth, Will Campos as our DM, Beth May as Trudy Trout, and myself, Freddie Wong as Tony Collette.

Freddie: Our theme song is [\[A\] Hole in the Stars by Maxton Waller](#). It's available on his Bandcamp at maxtonwaller.bandcamp.com. Brian Fernandes is our content producer. Ashley Nicollette is our community manager. Kortney Terry is our community coordinator. Cindy Denton is our merchandise manager. Ester Ellis is our lead editor. Travis Reaves provides additional editing, and Robin Rapp is our transcriber.

Freddie: Support this show directly at patreon.com/dungeonsanddads, where you join the ranks of folks like Megan McGee, Cleo Klauminzer, Eduardo Jaime, Jared Holford, BreeAnnS, Ali Cat, Anna Wood, Jared Smith, KitaKat Bar, Isaac Hadwin, Ratter Wolf, Alexandra J, Erin Rosenberry, Aaron W, Carly Cook, Rafael Dumlao, maxx kozec, Alan Hall, Kelly Paulsen, and Tess Fletcher.

Freddie: Welcome to Season 3!

Freddie: Just like in Season 1 and 2, Patreon supporters can get access to our after show for this season, which we're calling The Peach Pit, where we chat behind the scenes, process, episode insights, and where we answer listener questions. That is just one of a number of ongoing series we have going on the Patreon. Series like one where Matt and Beth talk Christian movies that we're calling The Chistereon Collection.

Freddie: Support us on Patreon, you get ad-free episodes, Discord access, the pros of being a Patreon supporter just go on and on. Support independent podcasters such as ourselves directly, starting at just \$5 a month, and you get instant access to hundreds of hours of additional bonus content. That's all at patreon.com/dungeonsanddads.

Freddie: Next month we're going on tour! Part 2 of our US live show tour, where we play the Season 1 dads hitting up cities across the Midwest and the East Coast. It's called the Areas Tour, because we're going to a bunch of areas. You can find more info about that on our website. Tickets are still available, and heads up to the West Coast! We've added a tour date on Father's Day, June 16th, back in our hometown of Los Angeles. We're playing the Wiltern! A legend tier venue. So spend Father's Day this year with us. All that info at dungeonsanddads.com. Find merch in our social media links there as well. Thank you so much for supporting us. Welcome to Season 3. Our next episode's coming at you May 21st. We'll see you then.

[outro music finishes]

Will: This is hard, Anthony. Doing two characters talking to each other? This is not so easy. I gotta be honest—

Anthony: Well, well, well!

[laughter]