

The Adventure Zone: Dust – Episode 3

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Travis: Previously on The Adventure Zone...

[theme music plays]

Travis: You see a pair of gloves on the table. They are workman's gloves. At the tips of the fingers, they're kind of claws.

Anne: If I tell you something, will you keep it to yourself? Me and Jeremiah got married.

Marcus: It sounds like the deal is beneficial for the people making it. You gotta look bigger. I'll make you a deal.

Augustus: Here we go.

Marcus: Take my place in the feeding tonight, and I can tell you who would be against it.

Gandy: I have one very specific question I'm going to ask you. I'm going to want to know who the Banshee is.

Errol: Sounds like y'all aren't giving me a whole heck of a lot of choice, so, uh...

Thug: No, no, no, please. Feel free to say no, but... our employer would be very disappointed. The Banshee's really looking forward to talking to you.

[theme music plays]

Griffin: Should we go over clues first, or do you want to just hop right into this shit?

Justin: I think it's very useful to do the clue recap.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Dad, what clues do you have, Dad? I want to start with Dad. Give me a clue.

Clint: The... the first clue, uh, the... the, uh...

Griffin: Real quick question. Are all the clues going to take this long?

Clint: Silver dust! On the twin scars across the abdomen, refined silver dust, which we have to assume is coming from the silver mine.

Justin: Okay, I—

Griffin: And the gloves, the gloves I found.

Clint: The gloves with the two blades.

Justin: I prefer order and method.

Travis: Use your little gray cells.

Justin: Use your little gray cells. The first clue - Jeremiah was confused and felt betrayed when he died. Anne didn't want Dylan to talk. Silver dust on Jeremiah's clothes. Anne grew up with Dylan and Jeremiah. Jeremiah's blood was on Dylan. Jeremiah was celebrating. He was drinking a lot.

Griffin: He was married to Anne.

Justin: He was celebrating his marriage to Anne. I did these chronologically, so that's kind of—you kind of gave away...

Griffin: Whoa.

Justin: Yeah. And Liam has claw gloves with silver dust on them.

Griffin: Uhh, yes. All good.

Justin: He was the murderer.

Griffin: Yeah, so Liam was the murderer. I kinda beefed it there. 'Cause I could've just like, werewolf attacked him. Case closed. End of arc, two episodes in, but I forgot, I guess. And that's just bad detective work, but I've got a lot going on right now, so...

Clint: This Anne is not Anna, Augustus's daughter, right?

Travis: No.

Griffin: No.

Justin: No.

Griffin: That would be fucking wild.

Travis: Why would that... [sighs]

Griffin: Another thing, I got sort of accosted by two toughs...

Travis: Approached. I would say approached.

Griffin: Well, they were nice about it, but I was accosted by two toughs working for the Banshee, local sort of criminal ringleader in town, and Gandy got... feasted upon.

Travis: Got—got fed on. Feasted makes it sound like there was like, "Oh, let's go crazy."

Griffin: Travis—you wanted a fucking hard arc, bro. You wanted a fucking dark tone. I'm trying to give it.

Travis: Yes, but I also want appropriate word choice.

Justin: [snorts]

Griffin: Okay, that's fine.

Travis: Words mean things, Griffin.

Griffin: And so, that's where we... that's where we left off.

Travis: I'm also—I have two names for said toughs. Ellis and Blackwood, named for listeners Lucy Ellis and Ethan Blackwood.

Griffin: See? Keep on tweeting folks, keep the dream alive.

Justin: Anne—Anna's full name is Anna Cardium Cash—sorry, not cashew. That'd be wild.

Clint: Cashews! [laughs]

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: Anna Cardium Parsons.

Griffin: Alright. Where are we picking up, Travvy?

Travis: So, uh, when last we left, we'll say that the feeding has just completed.

Gandy: Ow.

Travis: It was minor.

Justin: Skipping the whole feeding?

Travis: It's just like eating a sandwich, y'know what I mean? This is straight to business. People always want to romanticize vampire feeding, but this is just like, "I'm hungry, I made a sandwich, gobble gobble."

Clint: Yeah, but it's not that much fun for the sandwich.

Travis: Well...

Griffin: Maybe.

Travis: Y'know, maybe. You don't know. Maybe the sandwich is like, "Yay, my purpose!"

Justin: "I did it. I reached the culmination of all my dreams."

Travis: "I've done it, I'm a sandwich."

Justin: If you're a sandwich and you have dreams other than getting eaten, I bet your parents are like, "Oh, Jeffrey... that's... that would be..."

Travis: "Stick to what you know."

Justin: "What a wonderful world that would be. I would love for you to be a district attorney also."

Clint: "We should have never given you those participation medals."

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: "Oh, we encouraged you too much, Jeremy the Sandwich." And also, Errol has been approached by Ellis and Blackwood. I would like to resolve that first.

Griffin: Yeah sure, are they carrying heat? Are they packing heat?

Travis: Let's say, probably. They're not like, pointing guns at you or anything. They have so far been incredibly civil. They seem reasonable.

Griffin: It's kind of important, I feel like, for Errol, in this situation, to know if they're packing heat. I don't know if there's a roll I can make.

Travis: Do you have like, a perception roll you could do to see if maybe you like, smell gunpowder?

Griffin: There's Figure Someone Out.

Travis: Okay, yeah, go for that.

Griffin: This is embarrassing, I've been packing and I packed my dice up.

Travis: Oh, I thought you were gonna say like Errol's been packing heat.

Clint: He's packing.

Griffin: I mean, he is. That is a... six plus Mind, I believe? Yes. And my Mind is... zero. I failed.

Travis: Okay. You suspect that they are, since they work for a crime boss, but you cannot pinpoint where that would be, or if they are for sure.

Griffin: I say...

Errol: Alright fellas, uh... I can tell that you mean business. I've been meaning to have a—I mean, I don't want to sort of make myself sound like a big brave boy. I have been hiding out from the Banshee for a while now, so I'm a bit confused as to how the two of you found me. But gonna have to have a talk with my wizard companion about, sort of, the services she's been providing.

Look, I don't want any trouble, and I know what the Banshee's capable of, so I'll come with. I wanna warn you - I have a weapon, I'm gonna take it out

with just put thumb and forefinger, alright? On the hilt, and I'm just gonna sort of toss it away, is that okay? Don't—

Ellis: You can keep your weapon.

Errol: No, I know, but I don't wanna roll up to the ringleader's house with a gun. That's my house right there—

Ellis: You are *jumpy*, Errol. Is everything okay? What's—

Errol: I'd like to—

Ellis: Errol, what's stressing you out?

Errol: Uhh...

Clint: [laughing] "What's going on with Errol?"

Errol: I'm just trying to—I'm not jumpy, I'm just pragmatic, so I'm just gonna take my weapon here and toss it away.

Ellis: Okay...

Griffin: And I reach down, and—

Travis: Uh, I should also clarify. Ellis is doing all the talking. Blackwood seems actually fairly uninterested in you, and is just kind of looking up and down the street. Y'know, keeping an eye around.

Griffin: Sure. Oh, it—good. I reach down, thumb and forefinger like I promised, and grab the hilt of my—what's it called on a gun? Not a hilt. But like—

Clint: Grip.

Justin: A handle?

Clint: Grip.

Justin: Grip. Grip, grip grip grip grip.

Griffin: Grip, yeah, and I pull it out of my holster, and I fling it to the side of the street and... into the community watch alarm bell.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: And I think when that happens... and this is not me just sort of retroactively trying to screw you over. There is a thing on my character sheet about my neighborhood, my territory, that says, "People here work hard to keep the streets safe." And so, this is how I'm sort of envisioning that sort of being realized in the world.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: And I think when the bell rings as my revolver collides with it, I think just... even though it's a late hour, I think porch doors—or front doors open up and porch lights come on. And then there's, y'know, five or six people now, probably weapons in hand, looking at this scene.

Ellis: Errol, if you didn't want to go with us, you could have just said. I gave you the option. I don't understand—where is this... where... have we offended you in some way?

Errol: Uh, offended's not the right word. I—strong armed, might be, maybe, a little bit more accurate.

Ellis: [gasps]

Travis: He looks offended.

Ellis: I—ha—oh, you know what? I can see, uh, that we are bothering you. I apologize for that.

Travis: He offers you a business card.

Ellis: If you change your mind, and you would like to speak with the Banshee, the Banshee has lots of answers. I was just looking to help. You can find us at this address. There's instructions on the back. And we will... [laughs] Get out of your fur. Blackwood, come along.

Travis: And they head off.

Errol: Bullshit, but cool. Uh, I guess false alarm, everybody, you can go back to the house. I know that I did the big sort of meeting last week about not, y'know, ringing the alarm bell for funsies. And maybe I did—

Justin: [laughs]

Neighbor 1: Well, those guys seemed awful nice. They didn't seem like they were threatening you at all.

Errol: No, they had a threatening aura...

Neighbor 2: Really? 'Cause I—I came out here and they were just talking to you, I don't—

Justin: [laughing]

Neighbor 3: Are we still having the potluck dinner?

Justin: Are you as sure you're as well-liked as you think you are here?

Neighbor 4: Errol, was there some kind of issue that we weren't aware of? 'Cause it seemed like it was just a pleasant conversation.

Errol: No, listen, I used sort of my keen wolf senses and detected that they might probably could have possibly had guns.

Neighbor 5: I think he was just trying to get out of an awkward conversation.

Neighbor 2: Errol, do you not like small talk?

Neighbor 6: I wish I could use the bell to bounce on talks I don't wanna have with my mother-in-law.

Clint: [laughs]

Neighbor 6's mother-in-law: What'd you say?!

Neighbor 5: Apparently we're all just ringing the bell higgledy-piggledy when we don't wanna talk to somebody. When someone asks us to go to a movie we've already seen, apparently we're just throwing guns at bells.

Griffin: [laughing]

Neighbor 5: Oh, was that it Errol? Were they asking you if you would, like, house sit for 'em or something and you didn't want to?

Neighbor 3: You know, Errol, it is kind of funny if you think about it. You are now being accused as the boy that cried wolf. [chorus of neighbor laughter]

Neighbor 2: Oh Clementius, another great joke from you.

Clementius: Thank you, thank you.

Neighbor 2: You still doing stand-up at the Knuckle Hut?

Clementius: I been—

Errol: Alright, alright—

Clementius: It's open mic night down at the saloon.

Neighbor 2: We gotta go there.

Errol: This is great, uh, listen—Dad’s busy, so I gotta get back to work. I’m sorry for ringing the old bell.

Griffin: I go pick up my revolver, kind of sheepishly.

Errol: And uh, yeah, potluck is on for Thursday, remember. Somebody’s gonna need to bring some sort of gluten-free offering for Derek, so...

Clint: [laughs] Derek.

Neighbor 4: Is ambrosia gluten free?

Errol: Uh, maybe. So we’ll, uh—just do your research on that and go back to bed.

Derek: Hey it’s uh, me, Derek. Listen, I—if people forget to bring me gluten-free options, is that like a... a bell-ringing-worthy situation? Should I go ahead and ring the alarm bell?

Errol: No, don’t ring the bell for that, Derek.

Derek: If there’s no gluten-free options?

Errol: Yeah, I’ve set a real bad example here. Alright, go back to bed, bye.

Griffin: And I holster my weapon, and—

Derek: I’m actually up for the night, mate, you wanna do something? Let’s do our own thing. Come with you, right?

Griffin: I would love to regroup real quick, just so I can—I have the... what I believe, what Errol believes, I should say, is the murder weapon. I would love to get that to my companions. I know we talked about how that process

was kind of automatic, the info-sharing process, but I think it's weird that there wasn't any blood on it, and so, I'm wondering if there's something that—

Travis: That's great, 'cause I concocted in my mind, like, this whole system of kind of like, psychic paper.

Griffin: ... No.

Travis: Where like, you could write down notes, and they would get it on their notepad, but this is way better. [laughs] You guys go talk to each other, let's say.

Clint: Ohh, yeah.

Griffin: I don't want to strong arm Gandy into like, spending a beat investigating these gloves or whatever, but like, these are razor-sharp gloves with silver dust on them. It feels pretty... I don't know, it would be good, at least, to rule out Liam.

Travis: You are a werewolf with certain senses. I mean, blood, uh...

Griffin: That is true, I guess I could just—

Travis: ... is probably something you could detect.

Griffin: Yeah, but you told me that I didn't detect any blood on it though. Is that just by looking at it?

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: If I went a little bit deeper... Mmkay. I guess I could roll Bloodhound on it.

Travis: I mean, even if you just wanted to go like, basic level investigate, and check it out and look at it and just straight-up roll if you don't want to

do a corruption point. I mean, you could—you're not inept, you could do just kind of basic investigation.

Griffin: Yeah, Bloodhound doesn't give me a corruption.

Travis: Oh, excellent.

Griffin: I'll just go ahead and do that, 'cause I don't think that would take an hour.

Clint: Well, Gandy has *tracking*. She has a spell called *tracking*.

Griffin: Yeah, that would be good if I think we need to figure out—let me Bloodhound it and see if there's actually blood on it.

Clint: Okay.

Griffin: 'Cause if there's not, like, that would be wild. So I'll roll Bloodhound. That is a... six? And a four, that's a 10, plus Blood, is a 12.

Travis: Great, so here's what you can tell from it. There is no blood on it, *but*, it was recently cleaned and oiled. And, y'know, it's been thoroughly scrubbed, and it's fairly recent. Now, whether that is because it had blood on it, or because, y'know, Liam just takes care of his tools is unclear, but it does seem like it has been scrubbed clean in the recent past.

Griffin: Alright, I—what this power says is, I pick up a scent from whatever I do, and I can follow that scent to the person who has them. And I'm assuming I'm just kind of doing this in the street after putting Carrion Street back to bed, all embarrassed-like. Is this sit—

Travis: And just so you know, Derek is still watching you sniff some gloves.

Griffin: Great, great.

Travis: So just like, know that.

Griffin: No, I'm being— yeah. I'm *very* aware of that. Is that scent—are those stink lines just leading me right back to Liam on the porch of the—

Travis: Yes. I mean, these are Liam's gloves. You have no reason, especially since the stink lines, you have no reason to think that anyone else has interacted with these.

Griffin: Alright. Let's—I think let's regroup now.

Travis: Okay, so Errol heads to the town square. Now, Gandy and Gus, you do not know of Errol's regrouping plan, so I'll turn to you. The feeding has completed. It was brief. And what you found, Gandy, is as it happened — and whether this was something on your end, or something that happened during the feeding — it kind of just blanked out that time period as it happened.

You try to recall the feeding, and it just fuzzes out whenever you get close to it, um, in your memories. Now, Gus, you were there to witness. You kept an eye, you made sure it didn't get out of hand, but it was brief. It just seemed like Slate took just enough to feed and move on.

Griffin: Alright, are they still there?

Travis: Uh, yeah, so also, that's wrapping up, and they got the first information about who would be interested, and the question was asked, "Who is the Banshee?" And now! [dramatic gasp] I shall answer that question from Marcus.

Gandy: We had an arrangement. We had a deal.

Marcus: Yeah, uh... so here's what I know about the Banshee. The Banshee is, well, I—listen. If I had met the Banshee, I wouldn't tell you the Banshee's true identity, but here's what I can tell you. The Banshee has thrived in this unincorporated territory. Business has been good for the Banshee. And I don't— I can't imagine the Banshee would want that to change.

Now, that said... times are changing, and that affects everyone, so it's quite possible that this has been... uh, the work of the Banshee, but it sure don't seem like it. Seems awful sloppy, and awful loud for someone like the Banshee to have done.

Gandy: Oh, great, I gave up, what, three pints for *that*?

Travis: What, you want me to just be like, "Oh yeah, it was Steve. Steve did it! Go get him." Like, Marcus is in a cage downstairs, he doesn't know shit about shit!

Gandy: Okay...

Travis: What did you want to know?

Clint: I wanted to know if it was Steve!

Travis: It wa—listen, I can tell you right now - it was Steve. [laughs]

Griffin: Let's get him!

Clint: A-ha!

Travis: Go get Steve. But you'll never find—Steve is a ghost!

Griffin: I ring the bell again.

Errol: It was Steve!

Travis: Steve is Keyser Söze. So what are you two gonna do now? If you want to just say like, as you're heading out of Slate's home, you see Errol in the street. Save a little bit of... trying to figure out why you would go looking for Errol, but I don't know, unless you guys want to do that.

Griffin: Yeah, let's have 10 minutes where we just wander down the streets of Dry River just like...

Errol: Gandy?

Gandy: Augustus! Oh, no, I know... Augustus, do you have any cashews? I'm feeling really drained.

Travis: He's a ghost!

Augustus: Well, no, I have ghost cashews. I actually don't know what would happen if you attempted to eat them. I will make them manifest, though.

Gandy: I will—I'll take the chance, I'm starved.

Augustus: Alright. Here's a—here you go. Ooh, one packet of the finest spectral cashews this side of the Mississip.

Gandy: Ooh, ah! Salt and pepper, I love these.

Augustus: Yes, it's a new flavor what you're—

Travis: I'm gonna say that you are having an intimacy moment right now.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: So I would like you both to do what that—what happens when you have an intimacy moment.

Clint: Okay.

Travis: So for the Spectre, when you share a moment of intimacy, physical or emotional, with another person, you hold one. Whenever they get into trouble, you can spend your hold to be there.

Justin: Cool.

Clint: With the Wizard, when you share a moment of intimacy, physical or emotional, with another person, decide whether you care about them or not. If you don't, they go about their business as normal. If you do, they take negative one ongoing to escape until they get some intimacy somewhere else.

Travis: So do you care about Gus?

Griffin: This is a big decision to be made after the ghost cashews thing.

Travis: Hey, listen, you can't introduce the idea of ghost cashews and just like, and I, the GM, am like, "Meh, I don't care about ghost cashews." Of course I care about ghost cashews! We're making a moment here. And y'know, I think that that happens whenever someone has a delicious Parsons cashew. A moment is made.

Griffin: Of ghostly cashews that were murdered in a terrible passion.

Gandy: Augustus, you—

Augustus: Yes?

Gandy: You didn't have to keep an eye on me during the feeding, and I really appreciate the fact that you—you were there, just in case something had gone wrong. And mostly because you knew how afraid I was of death, and also because I think you got a little bit of a kick out of it. But you know what?

Augustus: It was both, you're correct.

Gandy: Augustus Parsons...

Augustus: Fire and ice. That's Augustus Parsons.

Gandy: I care about you.

Augustus: Well, thank you.

Gandy: I care about you.

Augustus: I suddenly feel like my ability to escape has become diminished somehow.

Griffin: [laughs]

Gandy: That's love. That—that is—

Augustus: Indeed.

Gandy: That is love in all of its forms and definitions.

Augustus: And you, Gandy, you have my marker. If ever you should need me, I can assure you I will be there.

Gandy: Well, the cashews go a loong way towards taking care of that. But I just want you to know, I...

Augustus: Do you want to see something really cool? The really neat part?

Justin: And he digs in his pocket.

Gandy: Yes! Yes.

Augustus: More! See, there are more, I just—

Gandy: Oh!

Augustus: They're spectral cashews, so you will not receive any nutrition from them, but it is a repeatable trick of mine.

Gandy: [laughs] Amazing!

Griffin: So let's go over our clues.

Travis: We did that already, so if we want to do like, the propeller spin. And that's where we're at—

Clint: [propeller spin sound effect]

Justin: What was—can we actually go over the earlier clues? My clues were just from the last episode. So if we have any, like, earlier stuff that we think might be germane...

Griffin: I think we got everything, actually.

Travis: Yeah, the silver dust, and Dylan's thing, 'she' wouldn't want him to talk. That's—well, I have actually also been keeping track of what I know versus what you find out.

Justin: Would it be worth, like... should we try to... Let me ask you this, Travis. Are we at a point now where we can have a conversation and try to piece together...

Travis: Absolutely.

Justin: Okay. I think—

Travis: I think that would make for good radio.

Griffin: Let's have that scene. Yeah. Okay, so let's regroup now that everybody's all cashewed up.

Clint: Mm!

Travis: Is that how Errol sounds?

Griffin: Uh, no that's how Griffin sounds.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: So who's cashew—so Griffin McElroy, Griffin Andrew McElroy, Andy to his friends, is saying to me, Justin, that I'm cashewed up.

Clint: Tyler to his friends.

Justin: Yes. Ty-ty Baby.

Griffin: Um... yeah. So I'm imagining, we're like, around the Black Maria at this point, sort of in the town square.

Augustus: So who—after reviewing all this information, who are our possible suspects? I think Liam is an obvious choice.

Errol: Uh, yeah, I mean, these are Liam's gloves, and I don't know, they seem to fit the, uh—seem to fit the murder weapon description as we know it, what with the razor-sharp claws and the dust from the local silver mine. Seems likely.

I haven't really pressed—put the irons to Liam yet for finding out whether or not he done it, but might be worth circling back there. Anne swears up and down that he's a good dude, but I don't know. She might be a little too close to make a judgment call.

Augustus: Good dudes do terrible things all the time.

Errol: That's fair.

Gandy: I think we need to figure out motive. It seems like every time we start to establish a motive, it gets turned around. I mean, we had this idea about the deal coming together, and how everybody will benefit from it. But... we have yet to find somebody who wouldn't benefit from it. I—I think motive is very important. We need to figure out what the motive would be for someone to kill him.

Augustus: Obviously, there's unrest. And keeping those mines separate is a huge one. There could also be jealousy of this new betrothal. I'm not sure

who that would necessarily point the finger towards. I don't have a good suggestion there.

Gandy: Could it be that—so, that would be concern of the heart, right?

Augustus: Perhaps, yes.

Errol: Here's, uh... here's what I'm stumped about. I think we can rule out the fact that Dylan just killed Jeremiah because he didn't like him. I think what we know now, Dylan probably didn't do it. At least, not for the reasons that we assumed at first glance.

Problem is, if this was a business thing, someone needed to know where Dylan was gonna be and where Jeremiah was gonna be in order to stage this thing the way they wanted it to.

Augustus: Indeed.

Errol: I don't see how this was done by anybody but somebody who was familiar with them. Somebody who would know how to set this framing up the way that it turned out. So... that's what I'm torn between. I think the business problem is probably—the business thing is probably the most likely answer for this, but it would need to be somebody who also knew the two of them pretty well.

Gandy: And speaking of business, our job here is to... find out, and to prove that Dylan didn't do it. The only way we're gonna do that is to find out who did it. We have no evidence to submit at all to get Dylan off the hook. And that's what we were hired to do.

Errol: Yeah, we ain't close. I think, at this point, two things probably worth doing. I think it's probably worth talking to the Banshee, and speaking of...

Griffin: And I um, I unclasp a pendant that I have around my neck and hand it to Gandy, and I say...

Errol: This didn't work, uh, didn't really keep me hid from the Banshee in the way that you said it would, so that is, as you might imagine, pretty disappointing to me. But, um...

Gandy: Well, if—if you remember the warranty... You know, it's—it wasn't a hundred percent.

Travis: And if I may, Griffin, so that it doesn't seem like Gandy is a shitty wizard... just because you couldn't be located *magically* doesn't mean that there isn't other, like—that's a thing that people often take for granted in this world with magic and wizards and location spells and everything is like, private eyes can just find you.

Griffin: That's fair. Yeah, that's fair. I still give it back to her and say, like...

Errol: So uh, I think we're probably square on that sort of—that sort of facet of our arrangement.

Gandy: Well, I'm sorry it didn't help...

Errol: Aw, it's fine, it's fine, it's not your fault.

Gandy: I'll give it to Uncle Oni. He can run through the specs and see... What about this glove thing? Would it be worth our time to have Uncle Oni take a look at it? I still have a couple of more questions I can ask him.

Errol: I mean, I snorted up its stink pretty good, and there's nothing on it. No blood or nothing. It's been cleaned, but the only traces I'm picking up on it is Liam. I don't know if your magic doll can figure out if it was used for a murder recently, but I think—

Augustus: I don't know how they could clean the blood and not the silver dust.

Errol: Yeah, it's a bit confusing, but let's not dive too deep into that. It might, um... might upset the apple cart. I think it's worth talking to the

Banshee, and now that we do know Jeremiah and Anne were hitched, probably worth going to talk to Dylan again, don't you think?

Augustus: Yes, I think that that might be worth pursuing.

Errol: Y'all want to split up?

Augustus: I suppose.

Gandy: [sighs]

Errol: I mean, I miss y'all. I feel like we haven't had our "us" time.

Gandy: I'm not in favor of splitting up.

Errol: Alright. Yeah. Here's the thing – I certainly don't want to go up against the Banshee without our full sort of capabilities as a crime fighting unit, as it were.

Gandy: Of course.

Errol: So why don't we go talk to Dylan, let him know what we know, and then uh, head on up to Banshee HQ. I got a business card here, I guess it's got an address on it.

Travis: Just to clarify, when you—the instructions on the back of the card do explicitly say to come alone.

Griffin: Yeah fuck off, no way.

[theme music plays]

Griffin: I mean, cool. Thank you, business card, but eat my shorts.

Errol: Let's go talk to old Dylan first and see what we can get out of him, and then go figure out a plan to take on the Banshee.

[theme music plays]

Griffin: Hey, everybody. This is Griffin McElroy, your old timey detective and your best friend, and thank you so much for listening to episode three of The Adventure Zone: Dust. We hope that you're enjoying it, because we are... and I'm gonna cuss here. We are enjoying the hell out of making it. And man, I actually feel bad about that cuss. That was unnecessary.

Um, I got a couple jumbotrons to read here. Before I get to them, sorry for being late with this episode. We were doing something very strange last week that we had to travel for, and the travel got kind of goofed up, and we apologize for that. You will be able to hear the results of what we did last week probably sometime in the next month or so.

But yeah, apologies for being late, so we have an episode up today on Monday, and then we are planning on having another episode up on Thursday. So we will keep you in the loop about that.

Um, also, one other thing before we get started – we are doing some live shows. We mentioned that in the special episode we put up last week. I think The Adventure Zone tickets are nearly gone at this point. We're doing three shows, I think, in different cities across the country for TAZ, and a bunch of shows for My Brother, My Brother, and Me. You can find out all the details at McElroyShows.com/Tours.

And with that behind us, let's get to these jumbotrons. I want to tell you all about Pipe Dream Design. Fans of the Adventure Zone podcast are invited to try their comprehensive range of design and print services, and save 20%. Pipe Dream Design is a full service design and print company run by a dedicated TAZ listener and D&D nerd.

Whether it's a custom t-shirt for a cosplay, a map for your new campaign, a unique gift for a loved one, or a logo and a website for your new business, Pipe Dream Design can help bring all your fantasies to life. Probably not all of them. [laughs] That's gross. That was me, not them.

Anyway, we're a great choice for small businesses and individuals, because we design, print, and ship straight to your door. Go to PipeDreamDesign.ca/Adventure to get a 20% discount off your first order. That's PipeDreamDesign.ca/Adventure.

I also want to tell you about a new book titled *Age of Heroes: The Witch Hunter's Gauntlet*, which is by Brett Schulte, which you can find right now on Amazon. If you enjoy comedy in your adventures, check out *Age of Heroes: The Witch Hunter's Gauntlet*, available in e-book and print on Amazon.

14-year-old Samantha Hathaway is framed for a crime that could start a war between science and magic. Now, she must team up with a monster hunter, a video game champion, an inventor, and a wannabe world emperor to stop an evil sorcerer in a book that has been compared to *Buffy* and *Harry Potter*. That long title, again... and that's not me editorializing, that's actually in here. That long title, again, is *Age of Heroes: The Witch Hunter's Gauntlet*. And again, you can find that on Amazon right now.

Thank you so much for tweeting about the show using the #TheZoneCast hash tag. If you do that, you might end up as a character in this arc, or whatever we end up doing in the future. Starting to put some plans together there, which is very exciting. Uh, and yeah, we just appreciate you spreading the word about the show. We are, y'know, we're pretty... I feel like we're making ourselves real raw and vulnerable out here on the bleeding edge of, I don't know, nerd story telling or whatever.

But yeah, we appreciate you spreading the word, and that's the only way that we get new listeners, 'cause we don't pay to advertise the show at all, so thank you so much, and keep it up, and yeah.

Hey, we have a new storefront with a bunch of new, uh, merch, and some old merch, and a bunch of really cool stuff on it. We partnered up with DFTBA for this new store, and we have a bunch of stuff that you should go check out. You can find it at McElroyMerch.com.

We got a Bureau of Balance zip up hoodie. We got a Pine Guard patch up on there. Some cool decals and pins, and all kinds of really neat stuff. There's a

neat poster for uh, TAZ: Amnesty you can find up there, also. Again, that's all at McElroyMerch.com. Go check it out. Uh, we think you're gonna like what you see on there.

And thank you to Maximum Fun for having us on the network. You can go to MaximumFun.org and check out all the great programs there. Stuff that you're just gonna love. Stuff like Lady to Lady, and One Bad Mother, and Switchblade Sisters, and Story Break, and so many others, all at MaximumFun.org.

And that's gonna do it for this ad break. It was a quick one. We're gonna get you right back to the rest of the mystery. Maybe meet some bad folks, and draw, pard'ner. I need to save this energy for the show. So uh, we'll be back here in just a few days; actually, this Thursday on March 22nd. So I'll talk to you then. Bye!

[theme music plays]

Travis: So you head into the sheriff's office. Connors is there, of course, sitting at the desk. Y'know, kind of feet up on the desk, but still very much awake, just kind of keeping an eye on everything. Do you want to check in with him, or just head on over to Dylan?

Justin: I feel like it might be worth—if we have time, like, is it worth seeing if he's discovered anything? Because they were working on it too, right?

Griffin: Yeah, we catch the sheriff up on everything we've learned so far.

Travis: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Griffin: Do we want to tell him about the marriage? I don't see any reason to keep that a secret.

Clint: I think the more that we can use him, with his prescient powers, to know if people are lying or not—

Justin: To what extent did they—I mean, he’s dead, right? I mean, what does it—I think it’s okay to—how much did he—did she want you to keep it a secret?

Griffin: Uh, she didn’t seem eager to tell me, but she didn’t tell me explicitly not to tell anybody. I think it’ll—

Justin: I think it’s fine.

Griffin: Oh no, she did. She said keep it a secret. Oh, well.

Justin: She said to keep it a secret? Okay, then don’t mention it. I mean, it’s your information to do with what you want. I wouldn’t, but it’s up to you.

Griffin: Okay. Yeah, alright, we don’t tell him about that part. But we tell him about everything else.

Connors: Well... Y’know, it... [sighs] I didn’t think—if I’m being honest, I didn’t think it was Dylan. Didn’t seem like him. Didn’t seem like he’d do it. You got any leads on who you think might’ve done it?

Errol: Well, we’re gonna go talk to the Banshee, and that’s gonna go probably about as well as you might expect. But, um...

Connors: Jesus.

Errol: Yeah, no, yeah, this one got a little buckwild.

Connors: The Banshee’s here?

Errol: Uhh, apparently, yep.

Connors: I don’t know if I’d do that, but... it’s your job. You do what you want. We ain’t been able to uncover much more than you. We talked with Silver. He said that, y’know, he couldn’t be sure, but when he walked up, Dylan didn’t—y’know, he saw Dylan from a distance, and couldn’t tell if he had any blood on him or not.

I mean, that just goes to support the theory that it weren't Dylan. And then, y'know, he saw Dylan over the body, kinda pick it up. And as he got closer, Dylan definitely had blood on him at that point. But once again, can't be sure, he'd been drinking. And so, it's not a super reliable witness, but it do—it goes into the column of support for, "Dylan didn't do it", so that's good.

But unless—I mean, here's the thing. Let me tell you about people in town here. If we don't have somebody to give 'em that did do it, the word of Silver ain't gonna cover it, y'know what I mean? It's a good—I don't mean to knock it, it's a good start, you're doing good work. If there's anything I can do to help you, let me know.

Errol: Thanks, Dad. Yeah, we're gonna keep pounding the pavement on this. Y'know, I feel like it's close. Ohh, do I feel like it's real close.

Augustus: It's right there on the tip... Okay, who are possible suspects? Who do we have? Who do we know? Liam.

Gandy: Liam.

Augustus: Any other names? Any—okay, let's rule out by class. Any Fangs?

Errol: I mean...

Augustus: That might be able to benefit?

Connors: The only Fang would be Nox right? He's the Blackwell's kind of second, but he is the most loyal—I don't even think it's worth looking into. But he's the only, like, other powerful respected Fang, but not... trust me. Wouldn't hurt Jere—he's Jeremiah's godfather. Wouldn't have—

Errol: Sheriff, I gotta—yeah, I gotta tell you. Pretty much everybody in this town has somebody who's gonna vouch for 'em and talk about what a righteous dude they are, so...

Augustus: Right.

Errol: We can't really take that into account. 'Cause somebody in this town is not a righteous person, so—

Augustus: I'm sorry, I'm taking out my spectral notebook, and I'm putting a little star next to Tommy Nox. And I'm sorry, do not take this personally against your word, sir...

Connors: Listen, fine. We just got limited time here, but it's up to you.

Augustus: Alright, first—

Griffin: What time is it?

Travis: I think at this point you're in like the three to five period.

Justin: Okay.

Augustus: First...

Connors: Well, you got... we can't... can't take Dylan off the table.

Errol: Yeah, I mean...

Gandy: We can take Johnny Mathis off the list, 'cause he's deceased.

Augustus: Indeed, he's deceased. Any other Furs that might have something to gain here?

Travis: And just to clarify, 'cause that was our first mission, Johnny Mathis was Abigail's husband previously. I don't think we had said it out loud on the show yet. I'll let everyone know at home... we've already met Jonathan... *the ghost!*

Clint: Bum bum bummm!

Griffin: Really?

Travis: Yeah. That was the ghost that—

Griffin: That was who that—

Travis: Yup.

Griffin: He seemed awfully cavalier about his son being framed for murder.

Travis: He didn't know anything about it, remember? He said he didn't know—all he knew was that the spirit had come through and had felt surprised and hurt.

Griffin: Interesting, okay. I completely missed that.

Errol: Alright, we could sit here and list names for, y'know, until the sun comes up, and then we have failed, so let's just get back to it.

Gandy: We do have an eyewitness that we really haven't gotten anything out of. Dylan?

Augustus: Yes, I believe it's time to question young Mathis again.

Travis: Okay, so you head over to the cell where he is still faced away from the cell. What do you dooo?

Griffin: First off, I say...

Errol: Sheriff, I know this is a bit strange, but would you mind giving us some privacy? I don't think he's gonna wanna talk if you're looming over him.

Connors: Yeah, yeah, yeah, you got it. I'll be out on the porch, uh... you just come get me when you're done. And don't—don't do anything I'd have

to come in and shoot you for or arrest you for or nothing like that, okay? I don't want you trying to break him out or any of that shit.

Errol: No, like, yeah. For sure.

Gandy: Never even... [whispers] Damn it.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: He leaves.

Gandy: Dylan, we know about—

Dylan: Leave me alone.

Gandy: Dylan, Anne told us about the wedding.

Dylan: Tell me what she told you.

Errol: That she married Jeremiah in secret. That you were there, and the three of you have been friends since you were just pups, so—

Gandy: Said you were best wolf at the wedding.

Dylan: I... yeah.

Errol: I can understand why you'd want to keep that a secret. I can appreciate you not wanting to talk to us earlier. But you gotta... I'm starting to see slivers of sunrise outside. You have not much time on this earth, my friend. And you gotta tell us something. You gotta give us something, Dylan. You were there. And we don't think you did it, I swear to God. We just... we just need to know who did if we're gonna save your skin.

Dylan: I loved... Jeremiah Blackwell. And... he loved Anne. And when they got married... Do you... Mr. Ryehouse, do you know... have you ever, in a

moment, been the most happy and saddest you've ever been in your whole life?

Errol: [sighs] No, Dylan, I can't say I've had something as horrible as that happen to me. I'm sorry that you did.

Dylan: I... I was—I was at the bar drinking, and Jeremiah had said he wanted to celebrate, and I told him I couldn't. I just needed to be by myself for a while, and... if I had been with him... Maybe I could've saved him. Maybe... it's... [sighs] I could've saved him, and he'd still be alive, and I deserve to be in here, Mr. Ryehouse. I...

Errol: Aw, bud, listen... Whoever wanted to kill Jeremiah Blackwell was gonna find a way to do it, no matter what. I know that's tough to hear, but there's folks in this town who are exceptionally good at doing the kind of stuff what happened to Jeremiah. So you can't take that one on the chin. You were with him at the bar? They'd kill both of you.

Dylan: Then I'd be dead too, and I wouldn't have to feel like this anymore, Mr. Ryehouse. It's hard. This is the worst—

Augustus: Do you know what, uh... makes us laugh? There isn't a lot. Once you come over to my side, um, we don't have a lot of jocularities over here. Probably won't come as much of a surprise. The thing that we find funny over here - one of the things, we have some prop comedy and what have you - but one of the main things that we find funny over here...

Griffin: [laughs]

Augustus: ... is when human beings on the mortal coil believe they have the time to punish themselves for things that are not their fault. And... you don't. Trust me - I've been over here a while, and I've seen enough of the mortal world and the spectral world to know that your time is fleeting. And your time, in fact, may be more fleeting than most.

You do not have the moments to continue to flagellate yourself for this crime that you are not the perpetrator of. Now, what is the antidote to despair?

Well, my friend, it is... it's action. And that is what we are trying to take on your behalf, and the behalf of those you care about. So, we'll ask you one last time, Dylan... who killed Jeremiah Blackwell?

Griffin: That was fucking great.

Clint: That was.

Dylan: If he knew about the marriage, Liam—he loved my sister, and he hated Jeremiah.

Errol: We can go talk to Liam. We can sniff him out. I gotta ask... you think this was because of the marriage? 'Cause this whole time, we've been assumin' it has something to do with the business arrangement that your folks and the Blackwell's folks are trying to whip up.

Dylan: I'm... [sighs] I don't know. It's hard for me to think of it as being about anything but the marriage, y'know what I mean? I guess it could be about the business, but I don't know who would have issue with that. I haven't really—

Augustus: Would Liam benefit—would Liam stand to benefit from a fusion of the Fangs and the Furs and their mining interests?

Dylan: Of course, he's the head of the workers. He's been negotiating on behalf of them, and because he's both a worker and one of us, he's kind of had an in there that's made it a little bit easier to work with and... Yeah, I mean, I don't see why he'd be against, y'know, better conditions for the workers and better pay. Everything that's been negotiated—

Gandy: So Dylan, does this—Dylan, help me figure out the timetable. So you didn't see it happen, but you found him. You saw him in this terrible condition, correct?

Dylan: I... I found him bleeding out... And I held him as he died.

Errol: Jesus.

Augustus: Alright, I think we have everything that we're going to be able to withdraw here from this scenario Mr.... uh, Mathis. Thank you for sharing that with us.

Errol: Yeah, we're gonna go, uh... we're gonna go finish putting this thing together, but.. [nervous laughter] I just decided that, while we were talking to you, that no matter what happens, you ain't gonna die tomorrow. So I don't know what that means yet. I guess we'll have to figure it out when the sun comes up, but you get some rest.

Augustus: Let's just hope there's a bell nearby wherever the—

Errol: Oh, come on.

Augustus: —the hanging is going to happen, and then you'll be able to—

Gandy: And it's gotta be within arm's reach of him throwing the gun.

Augustus: Within fling's reach.

Gandy: Yeah, fling's reach.

Errol: It's an inside joke, Dylan, we will catch you up tomorrow—

Gandy: It's not really that inside, really, Dylan, if you were down on Carrion Str—

Errol: When you are a free man. Okay, let's gooo.

Travis: Okay, so what's the plan re: the Banshee?

Justin: Going to the Banshee, right?

Griffin: Yeah, I think... I think going to the Banshee is the next thing, right? Because after we go to the Banshee, I feel like we're gonna know, if not everything, enough to know who to go for.

Travis: Cool.

Griffin: And so, we can go talk to Liam now, but like, why not go rule out this other thing first, and then we can make a call?

Justin: And I'm gonna be seen and heard, but not felt. I was going to do the invis thing, but with a name like 'the Banshee,' I'm pretty sure he's gonna be able to know sort of my whole thing. Sort of my... bag o' tricks.

Griffin: You're... what you bring to the table. Um, I mean, he told me to come solo, so I think the best thing is for me to appear to come solo and have the two of them in sort of... ready to launch a fuckin' rescue mission, as will probably be required.

Justin: Excellent.

Griffin: Gandy, I don't know what you are capable of in that department. I don't know if you have, like, stealth capabilities.

Clint: I have a—she has a spell called *veil* where you can spend one hold to make yourself invisible from sight, but it's just for a few moments, so I don't know if that's gonna be so great.

Travis: I mean, that could give you the advantage, if you want to come in and like, scope out before revealing thyself.

Clint: Well, like everything else, it's tied to one of her artifacts, so I would love to try to do that and work undercover.

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: Yeah, let's do that. Um—

Travis: Okay, so, as you head out the door towards—you pass Connors on the porch.

Connors: Hey, were you able to get much out of him? Did he say more to you than he would say to me?

Errol: Uh, I mean, we got—yeah, we got a lot. Listen, you're not gonna hang him in the morning. I know you've got responsibilities and stuff, but—

Connors: It ain't me! How many times do I have to tell you?

Errol: No, no, no, no, no, I'm not saying—I ain't putting the blame on you, I know you've got a job to do and I know this town's got needs. I'm just saying... that... it can't happen. So...

Connors: I'll keep him safe.

Gandy: Sheriff, we're—we are not of the law like you are. We're just kind of hired guns, we come in and we do our job, but you are responsible for justice. And if that young man dies... that's not justice at all. So keep him safe.

Connors: I will.

Griffin: And we head to the Banshee!

Travis: So, you approach a house. I assume you follow the instructions,. It's in what appears to be an abandoned home, all boarded up. The roof is caved in. And the instructions lead you around the back of the home to the storm cellar door.

Griffin: Fuck.

Travis: The lock is rusted, but when you try the door, you find that the actual arm that the lock is on isn't attached to the door. It opens cleanly. And as you head down you find a well-lit kind of foyer, where Ellis and Blackwood are waiting for you. And I assume... tell me the prep.

Clint: Well, I sh—I need to—yeah, I've got to channel to do the spell, so that is a nine plus two for Mind, that's 11.

Travis: You're totes veiled.

Griffin: What's that give you?

Clint: Okay, alright, alright, *veil*. "Spend one hold to make yourself invisible from sight for a few moments."

Travis: Okay, you've done that.

Clint: And so, when I channel, if I roll 10 plus, I get three holds.

Justin: There we go.

Travis: Okay.

Clint: Okay. Alright.

Travis: So you are veiled.

Griffin: Yeah, so you could just keep veiling yourself.

Clint: Okay. And is Augustus... are you invisible?

Justin: Uh, y'know, I wasn't gonna be, but if you're gonna be, it seems weird for me to not be.

Clint: Okay.

Griffin: I fucking love that scene of the two of you just like... poof! What's up?

Justin: Alright, yeah.

Griffin: I make as much noise coming down the stairs as I possibly can to hide the fact that my two companions, who definitely can still be heard creaking the floorboards, are coming down also. So I'm coming down like...

Errol: Hey it's me Errol! I'm coming down. Don't shoot, okay? I'm just coming down the stairs right now. This is a pretty nice little setup you got here, and uh, I'm excited—

Griffin: And I reach the bottom of the staircase and everybody else does too—

Ellis: Mr. Ryehouse!

Errol: Looks great. Yep.

Ellis: I'm so glad you decided to come. Also, before I lead you in to meet the Banshee, I just want to say... no hard feelings. I forgive you for not trusting me. It's something that I have been working on. I've been talking with Blackwood about it. I was very upset at first, but I know how we can come across. And I just want to say—

Travis: And Blackwood kind of lays a hand on Ellis's shoulder.

Ellis: Thank you. I forgive you. I forgive you.

Errol: Yeah, thanks, I was really concerned... about that. So uh... yep, I just—I'm here to talk to the Banshee, and uh...

Ellis: Of course, of course. Here. Right this way.

Travis: And he pulls back a curtain, and you enter a room. And there is a well-polished table... Richly decorated room. It smells nice, y'know, a little floral, but not sickly sweet. Just enough that you can tell someone took the care, y'know, to kind of spruce up the place a little bit. And sitting at the table, um, is a little old woman, about uh, 65 I would say? And she gestures for you to sit at the opposite end of the table.

Griffin: Uh... I do? Ensuring that I make a lot of noise as I like scoot the chair back—I'm very concerned that somebody's gonna hear my friends, so it's just like... [long chair scooting noise] As I scoot it back, and I sit down, and uh—

Banshee: Mr. Ryehouse. Ho! I am so glad to finally meet you.

Errol: Yeah, I bet. So uh, yeah, nice to meet you too, uh, Banshee? Yeah?

Banshee: Yeah. That—I mean, listen. I'm excited to meet—I'm not going to give you my name. Listen, at this point, I identify as Banshee more than my birth name anyway, so it's—this is fine. Would you prefer Errol, or Mr. Ryehouse, or... what should I call you?

Errol: I mean, you can call me Dave if you can help me figure out the case I'm working on right now.

Banshee: [laughs] Dave! That is funny! Fun-ny.

Errol: Yeah, you like that one.

Griffin: Before we go any further, can I actually roll Face to a Name to see...

Travis: Absolutely.

Griffin: That is a one, uh-oh! And a six. So that's a seven, and I add my... what faction are they?

Travis: Uh, well...

Clint: Spectre, right?

Griffin: Well, we don't know that. Doesn't seem like it.

Travis: They are Night.

Griffin: Night. Okay. Uhh... okay. So that is a... that's not good.

Travis: You rolled a one and a six, so that would be a seven.

Griffin: Yeah, so it's a seven, plus one is an eight.

Travis: Okay, so here's what you know about the Banshee.

Griffin: Daria Cross was the wizard who tried to transform me, and she was a part of the Banshee's like, team, or whatever and was kind of excommunicated after doing this spell to try to, uh, try to revert me back to a human. permanent human state. And because of that, I have been hiding Daria in Carrion Street, and that is why—that is what I remember to be sort of our main point of contention.

Travis: Now, here's—

Griffin: But I don't know anything about, like, their operation here.

Travis: Right. So the Banshee is kind of a fingers-in-a-lot-of-pies criminal boss. And I will say that the reason - to flesh out the backstory between you and the Banshee with what you've just given me - I will say that, maybe, the Banshee was trying to leverage the fact that they knew you were a werewolf and wanted to be a politician, to maybe try to get you in their pocket a little bit.

Griffin: Love that.

Travis: And that's why, when this spell happened to cure you of that and kind of rob them—

Griffin: Oh, that's *good*, Travis!

Travis: Hey, thank you very much.

Griffin: So it's not a like... they were upset that one of their team members did a job outside of the purview of the Banshee, but rather that, because of what Daria did, they lost a foothold.

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: That's fucking great, yeah.

Travis: Hey, thank you very much! And so, the thing about the Banshee is, nobody knows much about them. And uh, everybody knows *of* the Banshee. Everybody knows the kind of crime ex—y'know, network and web. But as far as personal information goes, nobody seems to know anything about the Banshee as an individual. But yeah, other than that you don't know much about the Banshee.

Griffin: No, but I imagine that like, criminal ringleader complicating things in town... not my fucking favorite person here. Like, I wanna explain, 'cause they have been so congenial towards me, but like, I fucking know what they do here. I know what they—I know what their stuff is.

Banshee: Well, Mr. Ryehouse, I know that you are a busy man, and I don't want to keep your time. Um, is it... uh, is it safe to assume that Augustus is somewhere nearby, maybe in the room, if we're being honest?

Errol: ... No. Uh, you told me to come alone—

Banshee: Errolll...

Errol: What?

Banshee: Errolll.

Errol: I'm not—I ain't lying.

Griffin: I am lying. I'd like to roll to deceive.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: There's a move called Mislead, Distract, or Trick.

Clint: And your rolls have been shitty lately, too.

Griffin: Yeah... That is a five and a two, another seven. I have zero mind. "On a seven to nine, pick two. You create an opportunity, you expose a weakness or flaw, you confuse them for some time, or you avoid further engagement." Um... I want to say maybe create an opportunity, and confuse them for some time, maybe?

Travis: Okay. What opportunity would you like to create?

Griffin: Is the opportunity for my friends to remain concealed on the table?

Travis: Sure, yeah, we'll go with that for some time.

Errol: Yeah, I uh, listen... we're in the middle of kind of a big job right now, and we're kind of—

Banshee: Oh, I know! Yes! I know.

Errol: So we're trying to split up, cover more ground... you probably know.

Banshee: Yes, makes sense.

Errol: You probably know what it's like on the other side. We're trying to do is solve this crime, so I think they're over at Silver's place right now? So I'm here to talk to you alone, I figure whatever you got I could probably handle.

Banshee: Okay. Well, listen... Let's get down to business. I want to help you in this. I want to help you solve this. I want the deal between the Furs and the Fangs and the workers... I want it to go through.

Errol: Now... [sighs] Okay. Is this like a... "big fish in a small pond looking for the pond to get bigger" kind of thing?

Banshee: No, well... that might be part of it, but here's the thing. I welcome structure, Mr. Ryehouse. Chaos thrives against structure. Do you understand? If everything is chaos, no one seeks me out, no one needs vice if everything's chaos. They seek structure. That's why, in times of upset and fraught tension, that's why people turn to the church and turn to leadership and seek out structure.

But when everything is rigid, that's when people seek out vice. That's when my business thrives! I want this to go—I want the territory to be incorporated, then I'll have more opportunity for vice. Do you understand?

Errol: I know the way of things probably better than you assume that I do. We... we create worlds, and then folks like you find opportunities inside of 'em, and then it's back up to folks like us to try to squash you before you can do any real irreparable harm. I—

Banshee: [laughs]

Errol: Oh, it's funny?

Banshee: No, sorry. Go on.

Errol: I, uh... I assume that something like this wasn't really your MO, slicing a guy down in the middle of the streets.

Banshee: I would never! So... ugh, obvious.

Errol: I mean, you would, let's— you definitely *would*, but you would do a better job of it.

Banshee: Yes, thank you. I do take some pride in my work.

Errol: Yeah, this—you've gotta understand, this situation's mighty uncomfortable for me. I'm not a fan of the stuff you do here.

Banshee: I—listen, I understand. I—this is—what we have here is kind of a mutual opportunity. This is—I—listen. You are an agent of order, and law, and... bleh. I don't agree with your methods. We don't see eye-to-eye on that, I understand. But this is mutually beneficial for us. I will give you information to help your investigation, and in turn, the structure will continue to grow in this area, and so, my chaos will thrive.

Griffin: The hairs on Errol's neck this whole time are fucking standing on end. Like, I—this—I want to sort of wave away any sort of narrative dissonance here because Errol's whole shit is like, trying to stop folks like this from hurting the people who they kind of prey upon. But at this point, like, he's so desperate to keep Dylan alive that I think he's probably willing to like, bend the rules a little bit.

Travis: Well, let me make it a little easier for you!

Banshee: You know what? Mr. Ryehouse, this is important to me, so I'll sweeten the pot. You agree to accept my help, and in return, I will owe you a *small* favor. *Small*. Do you understand? It will be up to me to determine that favor if you ever request it. But I will be... [laughs] In... your debt.

Errol: We're trying to solve one murder. And we're doing it to try to clear the name of a good guy who found himself in the wrong place at the wrong time. It occurs to me now, sitting here across from you, that you have done many murders. Not you yourself. I get that it's not your style. Heck, I don't know if you've ever actually killed anybody before, yourself. But what I'm doing now is trying to weigh sort of the... cost-benefit sort of analysis of what dealing with you loses me.

Banshee: Mr. Ryehouse, I can tell you're a little hesitant. So let me—I will make you an offer. We will work together on this for but a moment. I will give you the information you need, and then we needn't talk again. Or... I could, mmm... let's see... I know that there's the Black Maria sitting in town square, unguarded currently, if I'm not mistaken. I could maybe buy up all of Carrion Street and foreclose it.

Or I could take ownership of that little cashew company your friend owns and close its doors. So those are your options. One, we help each other. Two, I destroy the things you and your friends care about.

Justin: I think as Errol continues to struggle with this decision, uh, Augustus materializes.

Banshee: Oh!

Griffin: Uh-oh!

Banshee: Mr. Parsons! Pleasure to meet you as well.

Errol: I was goofing earlier, sorry.

Banshee: I—listen. If I'm being honest, I'm not surprised.

Gandy: Well, how does this surprise you?

Clint: Gandy visualizes—materializes on the other side.

Banshee: Miss Dancer! What a twist, huh? All three of you here? How could I ever have antici—anyways, what were you saying?

Augustus: Well, I—you, of course, know the fortunes of the Augustus Parsons Cashew Company have gone south under the leadership of Mr. Garrett Althiser, who has compromised the company. I, uh, understand you're threatening to buy the company, and I—at that point, if you were to do that, I would have no chance of reassuming control, which I am still fully capable of doing, even in my spectral form, of the company.

And I would love to take you up on your offer. Let us be partners in this. You seem a decent businessperson, much as myself, and I would be honored to work with someone of your caliber and gravitas.

Banshee: Excellent!

Errol: Not the other—she's not gonna buy Carrion Street, that ain't happening—

Banshee: No, listen! I just wanted someone to say yes.

Travis: And she slides an envelope across to you. And it soon as it reaches the front of you, the spirit that has been occupying the body in front of you leaves it.

Griffin: Oh, fuck.

Travis: Leaving behind the corpse of the old woman it was using to speak with you. And the Banshee is gone from the room.

Clint: Nice disguise. [laughs]

Griffin: I say...

Errol: Shit. I'm sorry guys, I blew that one. That was... I knew we came here for information. That was the closest I ever got to closing a chapter on my life that I—I let it get to me, and I'm—I'm sorr—

Griffin: Are the other two folks still there?

Travis: I mean, you can look.

Griffin: I look, are they still there?

Travis: They're gone.

Errol: Uh, I let it get to me, and I let it distract me, and I screwed the pooch on that one.

Gandy: Errol, Errol, we were all—I was pissed. She threatened my Black Maria, she threatened Uncle Oni. No, that will not stand!

Errol: Alright, I guess let's see what we got out of this.

Griffin: And I open up the envelope.

Travis: So you open the envelope. A key falls out, a house key.

[theme music plays]

Travis: You pull out the piece of paper that's in there, and on one side, is written, an address. A local address, you can tell. It's here in Dry River, not far from where you are now. And when you turn it over, it simply says...

"Don't trust Connors."

[theme music plays]

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[music plays]

Allie: Hi, I'm Allie Goertz.

Julia: And I'm Julia Prescott. And we're the hosts of Everything's Coming Up Simpsons.

Allie: [simultaneously] Everything's Coming Up Simpsons.

Julia: We are a Simpsons podcast, brand new to the Maximum Fun network, and every episode, we cover a different episode of the Simpsons that is a favorite of our special guest.

Allie: We've had guests that are show runners, and writers, and voice actors, like Nancy Cartwright. All people that have worked on the Simpsons,

and we've also had guests like Weird Al, and people that are on the Max Fun network already. And each week, we will talk to a very cool guest about their favorite episode, and it is so much fun.

So if you like the Simpsons, come listen to Everything's Coming Up Simpsons.

Julia: Alright, smell ya later.

[music plays]

Jonah: Hey, my name's Jonah Ray. You might've seen me on the latest season of Mystery Science Theater 3000, or heard me on the Nerdist podcast. Well, I got a new podcast that's about five years old, but we're moving it over to Max Fun, along with my friend, Cash Hartzell...

Cash: Hey, everybody.

Jonah: And my other friend, Neil.

Neil: Hi!

Jonah: So it's a music podcast where a lot of people just kind of hang out and talk about music, but so much more. We also take submissions. And so, you could hear your band, or, uh, music... [laughs] Or both. Or both of it.

Cash: You could do... listen to your band play your music.

Jonah: Yeah. Um, so, tune in, why don't you? You could find out about some new bands, and maybe just hear us embarrass ourselves as we drink too much.

Cash: Not too much.

Jonah: Well, it's all perspective, isn't it?

Cash: Sure is.

Jonah: Listen to Jonah Raydio on MaximumFun.org.