

The Adventure Zone: Graduation – Ep. 21, Loose Lips, Sunk Ships

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Gary: Heyyy, it's me, Gary! Previously, on The Adventure Zone: Graduation...

[theme music plays]

Gary: After a series of adventures, the Thundermen – Argo, Fitzroy, and the Firbolg – return to the school to discover that the demon prince, Gray, had been masquerading as Hieronymous Wigenstaff for 50 years. During that time, he had been preparing for a big ol' war.

He told the fellas, along with the Wigenstaff brothers, that they have six months to prepare for said war. So! Thunderman LLC started rallying troops by talking to their friends and working to acquire powerful magical items.

Early in his time at the school, Argo was initiated into a secret society called The Unbroken Chain. They tasked him with spying on Fitzroy, which Argo revealed to his friend while Fitz battled the curse. Now Argo is hoping to get The Unbroken Chain's help in the upcoming war. He's also dealing with the fact that the man he blames for his mother's death is visiting the school.

What I'm saying is, Argo has a lot going on.

[theme music plays]

Travis: So, you go looking for your Unbroken Chain connection, Argo, because you're looking to incorporate them into your war efforts. As you enter Jackle's classroom, you see the Commodore coming from outside the balcony, where I believe it is safe to assume he was talking with the Jackle. He sees you, and immediately kind of sizes you up, eyeing you up and down, and he walks directly toward you with his hand outstretched, and says...

Commodore: Ah, so this is the young spray that I've been hearing so much about!

[music plays]

Argo: Uh... [laughs] I... yes, it's... it's me. Not crazy about the terminology, but uh... hello. Uh... Commodore?

Commodore: Yes! It is I, the great nautical hero, The Commodore. [laughs] Don't mind a little bit of ribbing, young spray. It's a pleasure to meet you. I've heard so much... huh. You look... so... familiar. Tell me, young man, what is your name?

Argo: Um... well, my name is Argonaut Keene, sir.

Commodore: Ahh! You're Shebrie's son.

Argo: That's... that's right. I am. That's my mom. My... my mom, whom I'm sure you remember.

Commodore: I do. I do. Of course. It's a true shame, what happened to your mother. Such a loss.

Argo: Ah... well, I appreciate you saying that, sir. It's uh... there's not a day that goes by without me thinkin' about her and missin' her. And uh... and of course, y'know, whenever I think of her, I uh... think of you, sir!

Commodore: Ah, well that's an honor. It was such a pleasure, workin' beside her, and ah... it's a shame more couldn't'a been done to save her. Ah... couldn't have seen that ambush coming.

Argo: No, no... that was, uh... that was a sad—sad time. Um... I uh... I'm—I always appreciated that you did the best you could. That you did everything you... you possibly could to keep the situation from uh, from happening. I'm still, y'know... it's still tough for me to talk about after all these years.

Commodore: Aye. Well, you seem to be doin' well for yourself.

Argo: Ah, very happy here, sir! It's a wonderful place. And to be honest, the who—you're the whole reason I'm here. [laughs]

Commodore: Oh! Well. That's flattering. Are you studying to be a hero, or perhaps... a villain? [laughs]

Argo: No, no sir. Um... to be honest, you're the whole reason I'm here. I... I have dedicated my life to working with you. I've—I went into the henchmen, uh, program here, specifically hoping that I would get the opportunity to... well, to serve by your side, sir. Very, very close by your side. Or maybe even a little behind you. A little bit.

Justin: [laughs]

Commodore: Well, I've never had a spray as a henchman before... but I can definitely see the advantages! I'll keep that in mind.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to go prepare for one of my incredible lectures.

Argo: Yes. Yes sir, I love the non-ironic tone of your self-promotion, sir. It's always fun, the things that I have admired about you.

Commodore: Ah, thank you so much. Sorry I didn't get to talk to your friends much, but there'll be time. I'll be around for a while. Pleasure meetin' ya, young man.

Argo: Yes sir. Pleasure... seeing you, too.

Travis: And The Commodore makes his way out of the classroom.

Griffin: I fuckin' smash him with my maul! Got'im! Arc over!

Argo: [mockingly] Oh, you spray. Ohh, you spraaay. That's such a bastard... what a... oh. Alright, I've changed my mind again, I'm back to wantin' to kill him.

I'm kiddin'. I'm kiddin' fellas.

Griffin: Yeah, I don't—I didn't really smash him over the head. I feel like Travis got—Travis got quiet there, 'cause I think he thought I really did smash him over the head.

Travis: No, I just thought you guys would like—one of your best friends just encountered his mortal enemy.

Justin: Do we know—okay, do we know about the whole thing with the Commodore?

Travis: You do. Yes. So, when he was introduced, uh, last episode, uh, you guys asked Argo about it, and he told you what was up.

Justin: Right right.

Firbolg: Heee... seems like a dick.

Argo: [laughs] He is. He's a giant dick. You see... my mom... Shebrie Keene... was a privateer for him. Worked for him. It—y'know, a privateer, y'know, is basically a pirate that's workin' for the crown. And in this case, she was workin' for him. And uh... and he betrayed her. He turned his back. She was set up, and he's the one that set her up, and that's how she died. So... it's... his freakin' fault, and the fact that he's such a giant asshat... that's—that's just extra on him.

Fitzroy: I mean, it seems like we're going to do a smash on him at some point. And I do think we have our... like, I don't want our murder eyes to be bigger than our stomachs. So...

Argo: And we have a lot of murderin' to do, don't we?

Fitzroy: It seems that way! So maybe we should put that... on the sidelines for—I mean, it's your—it's your revenge quest. So like—

Argo: No, no, I agree. I agree. Y'know, back burner. Let's back burner that one. But I'm tellin' ya... it's not a coincidence that he's here. There's gotta be... he's gotta have some kind of connection.

Fitzroy: Well, apparently, we do have a demon on the inside somewhere. So... y'know, could be your mother's betrayer. That seems like a good candidate for a secret demon, but... again, let's uh—eyes on the prize.

Argo: Absolutely. Yeah. I'm... I'm willin' to keep an eye on him, but... but no need to snuff him quite yet.

Travis: Go ahead, uh, Fitzroy and Firbolg. Make a... let's say history check for me, I guess?

Griffin: Oh, I'm—I'll fail that.

Travis: It's not hard.

Griffin: Well, I got seven, and then I got a minus one. So that's a six.

Travis: Ooh. Oh yeah, you really did.

Griffin: What am hitsory?

Travis: [laughs] Forbolg?

Justin: Mm, we got a 14, all told.

Travis: Yeah, so I think that...

Justin: I don't want your charity.

Travis: I'm not gonna give you my charity.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Um, you guys saw Argo—

Justin: Plus seven! 21.

Travis: Oh shit! Oh. Okay.

Griffin: Are you sure?

Justin: Yeah, it seems weird, right?

Griffin: It does!

Travis: Okay!

Griffin: Are you—are you looking at Taako's character sheet?

Justin: No sir. I'm looking at the—his wisdom is 18.

Griffin: But history is an intelligence.

Justin: I'm sorry, that was not a perception check.

Travis: Nooo.

Justin: Plus zero. 14.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Let it lie!

Travis: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Um, so, both of you saw Argo bristle every time the Commodore used the word 'spray.' But neither of you know why.

Justin: Hmm.

Griffin: Uh, I mean, I assume it's some sort of... Genasi racial slur?

Justin: [whispers] Ask him about it.

Fitzroy: Um, hey, you seemed to be upset every time he called you that—that one word.

Argo: Ah, it's a uh... it's kind of a backhanded... joke. You see, when um... Genasi... y'know, have kids, the joke is that the mother must've gotten pregnant from the spray of the sea. Which is a really—it's nasty to visualize.

Firbolg: Yucky.

Fitzroy: Yeah.

Argo: But it's even nastier in intent.

Fitzroy: It's not even really a joke, as much as it is some sort of like—

Argo: No, it's not!

Fitzroy: —weird folklore.

Argo: Okay, was he tryin' to piss me off? Did you get that read?

Fitzroy: Uh, yeah. I think he definitely... listen, you—your subtle 'I want to hurt you' game is pretty strong. I think his might even be a little bit stronger. I was pickin' up a little bit of what he was layin' down on the down low. So uh, yeah. I think he was definitely trying to get under your skin.

Argo: I hate that bastard. Boy!

Fitzroy: Yeah, we'll get him. We'll get him.

Argo: [sighs]

Travis: You make your way, um... Argo, you have met with the Jackle many times on the balcony. You know that there is no Gary there, that it is a pretty safe place for conversations. So, that is always the best place to check, whenever you want to have a conversation with the Jackle.

And as you poke your head through the door to the balcony, sure enough, there he is, surveying the sky as he often does. Seemingly, waiting for your approach.

Griffin: Do we—we need to establish this, right? 'Cause we've been doing all this prep stuff the past couple episodes together. We're not there, right? This would be a wild... this would be a wild sort of breach of the Chain circle of trust, right? If you were just like, "Hey, here's the guys, including the one that you told me to investigate."

Clint: Part of the intention of this scene, at least the way I'm kind of envisioning it... when I suggested all along that we try to bring in The Unbroken Chain, the plan, at least in my brain, was to try to get The Unbroken Chain to accept Fitzroy and the Firbolg as members. And thereby telling them...

Griffin: So you have brought us here without telling us why you're talking to the Jackle. We do not know the words, The Unbroken Chain.

Argo: Okay, look. Uh, I'm gonna go in and talk to Jackle. Um, he is... another member of this... secret society that I got in—involved in when we—like, almost after we first came to the school. And yeah, you remember, Fitzroy, when I was tellin' ya that I was lookin' into your past and trying to find out about your magic and stuff?

Fitzroy: Um... yep, I do. Do recall that. Surprised we haven't, uh... circled back, but it seems like maybe we are about to.

Argo: Well, it's been—there's been a lot goin' on.

Fitzroy: That's true. That's true.

Argo: A lot happenin'. But listen – at no point was I ever gonna do anything that hurt you or damaged you.

Fitzroy: Hurt my fee—hurt my feelin's.

Argo: Hurt your feelin's. Yeah. Well... let's face it, you're feelin's are pretty big out there, so... y'know...

Fitzroy: True.

Argo: It be pretty easy to hurt 'em. So—

Travis: What—what beautiful phrasing, Dad. That was lovely. Your feelings are big out there. I like that.

Clint: Yeah, they are.

Fitzroy: They're big and they're tender.

Argo: Um, but... but here's the thing. The whole purpose for this organization... I'm gonna go ahead and tell ya. It's called The Unbroken Chain. Ah! I just broke it. Ha.

Fitzroy: Pretty cool name?

Argo: Their whole thing... their whole mission that they got goin' on, right now, is to investigate the magic that's comin' out of the Godscar Chasm. And since your magic was comin' from that, that was their reason for wantin' me to, y'know, look into what was goin' on with you. So... if their mission is to investigate the Godscar Chasm... it just would make sense to me to get them involved in our efforts here.

Fitzroy: Sure, sure.

Argo: Does that make any sense to ya?

Fitzroy: Yeah, no! Definitely. As long as they don't try to... cut me open to find the ma—like, if they think I have magic bones that they want to dissect and study... we've talked about this.

Argo: I hadn't really thought that part through. Uh, but I'm pretty sure they won't? Um...

Firbolg: I will not permit this dissection.

Argo: No.

Fitzroy: Thank... thank you. Solid.

Argo: Yeah. I won't either.

Firbolg: Unless... there is very good reason.

Fitzroy: Well...

Argo: Sure. Yeah.

Firbolg: I... will hear them out. But I would not wish... to see you... dissected.

Fitzroy: Excellent. That's a true mark of friendship.

Firbolg: But... if... it must happen...

Argo: [laughing]

Fitzroy: Yep...

Firbolg: We will discuss at length.

Fitzroy: Sure. Um, okay. So I guess, are you going to go ask for permission? For... us to be looped in? 'Cause I don't see how—it would be a real act of, uh, subterfuge in order to get them to help us out without letting them know that we know about them.

Argo: Well, here's the thing. I think that we have already shown how much we suck at subterfuge.

Fitzroy: True.

Argo: And that's what's really hittin' the B in it. Subterfuge.

Travis: That's how bad it is. You can't even be silent on the B.

Argo: See, I can't even—we're not good at subterfuge. You're better than Firbolg and I are, but... man, I think we're to the point where we just... let's stop playin' all these little games and mysteries, and let's just see what happens.

Firbolg: I... have a... worry.

Argo: Okay?

Firbolg: This is a... secret group. Ah?

Argo: Right.

Firbolg: I... [sighs] Do not... do... well with the secrets.

Argo: Oh.

Fitzroy: I mean, it sounds like it's just secret from me. So I think all pretenses of secrecy might be dropped as soon as we uh, reveal...

Firbolg: Argo? Is this a public... [laughs]

Argo: Secret society? [laughs]

Firbolg: Group?

Argo: Um... no. But I don't think... there's any dishonesty in keepin' a secret. Is there?

Fitzroy: We need to just—we need to just have this conversation with—see, this is getting extremely complicated.

Firbolg: I will do my best.

Argo: Okay. I'll go in and talk to Jackle real quick, and get a read of the room, and... and you fellas do something.

Firbolg: Mm.

Fitzroy: Sounds good.

Griffin: As soon as he goes inside... like, I'm—we have a uh, a certain bond of trust now with Argo. But I also did just learn how to use an invisibility spell when I just leveled up, and... I think I'm—I think I'm gonna wanna sit in on this conversation, uh, in the background.

Travis: Tell me about this—tell me about this invisibility spell. What does it cover?

Griffin: “Any creature you touch becomes invisible until the spell ends. It lasts for up to an hour. Anything the target is wearing or carrying is invisible, as long as it's on the target's person. The spell ends for a target that attacks or casts a spell.”

And I look at the Firbolg. Uh, with this sort of glowy effect in my hand, and I say...

Fitzroy: Hey, I'm gonna sneak in there and be invisible and listen to what they're talking about. Do you want to come with? 'Cause I can juice you up, too.

Firbolg: Uhm...

Fitzroy: It's not really lying, right? You just have to not say anything.

Firbolg: I can remain silent.

Fitzroy: Okay!

Griffin: I use my new meta magic, which is a sorcerer thing that I've been waiting to get for a while. Uh, and use some of my sorcery points to, uh, use Twinned Spell. Where I can double the amount of targets that my spell hits.

Travis: Oh, cool!

Griffin: So my invisibility spell is on me and on the Firbolg.

Travis: Why don't you go ahead and roll on that wild magic table for me?

Griffin: Really? For this?

Travis: Yeah. Yeah.

Griffin: I feel pretty—I feel pretty—like I got it pretty well hemmed up! Okay... let's see...

Clint: Justin, could you build a wild magic table?

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: That was a good joke.

Justin: I like that joke, Dad.

Clint: Thank you.

Griffin: That was really good.

Justin: Also, it depends on how many bevels and miters it's got, y'know?

Travis: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Three bevels and two miters.

Justin: Now we're in business!

Griffin: Okay, so I rolled a 49.

Travis: Uh-huh. Good number.

Griffin: And on a 49, you can't speak for the next minute. Whenever you try, pink bubbles float out of your mouth. That's great!

Justin: Beautiful.

Travis: Nice.

Griffin: I love it!

Justin: Perfect.

Travis: I like that one. Okay, great! Argo, you approach Jackle. His back is still to you.

Griffin: [laughing] Sorry. The very next one is, "For the next minute, you must shout when you speak." So it's good that we—

Travis: Oh, you got lucky.

Justin: Wow, okay.

Griffin: [laughing] Yeah.

Travis: You approach Jackle. His back is to you, and he says...

Jackle: Aye. Hello, Argonaut. I've been waitin' for ya, boy.

Argo: Um... you have? Okay...

Jackle: Well, ever since I heard you were back to school, and you haven't checked in with me.

Argo: I know. Listen, as I was just sayin' to somebody else, it has been nuts. It has been so nuts. Uh, over the last few days. Y'know, here, there... everywhere. Listen, I got something really important I need to talk to you about.

Jackle: Aye?

Argo: Um... okay. I uh... I think we need to uh... first of all, let me tell you a little bit about what I found out about Fitzroy. Um... for one thing, I learned that he's... he's a solid dude. He's a good egg. Um... he can be a jackass, um, on most occasions. But uh, other than that, y'know, I trust him. He's my friend. Um... and... and I think that there's a definite connection, like you theorized, between his magic and the magic that's comin' out of the Godscar Chasm.

Jackle: Have you been able to determine a source of the magic?

Argo: Yeah... I think so. Um, I believe... we got us a demon prince. On—on campus. Here. Look, listen, this is gonna sound like a lot.

Travis: Okay, now, Dad, let me stop you there real quick. Because what I want to clarify is, uh, his source of magic is Chaos. Capital C, Chaos, right?

And the demon prince is also connected to Chaos. Uh, so, are you obfuscating the source of Fitzroy's magic, or are you lying to Jackle?

Clint: Um... no, I don't think—I think it's obfuscation. I don't think he's lying. I mean, in a way, I mean, I think it's splitting hairs a little bit. But I'm about to hit him with a whole thing about a demon prince. I don't know if I wanted to bring in Chaos as well, make it even more outrageous.

Travis: Absolutely. Just wanted to clarify. I wanted to see if I needed to make you make a check. [laughs] Okay.

Clint: Well, I'm willin' to try a check.

Travis: No, because nothing you said wasn't true. You said, yes, and there's a demon prince on campus. Both of those things are true. There is no lie in there whatsoever. Just checking. Go on.

Clint: Okay. Whew.

Argo: So, look... we have discovered something incredible, and really hard to believe. But if you think about it, it's gonna make sense. The Godscar Chasm popped up, like... what, 50 years ago? Out of nowhere. And all of a sudden, this wild magic started seepin' in. Also, we have discovered that 50 years ago, a demon prince named Gray put a curse on Hieronymous, and... Higglemas. And... and the person that you know of as Hieronymous is the demon prince.

Higglemas used a spell on his real brother, turned him into a... really adorable dog. You should see—

Griffin: Are you saying adorable Doug?

Clint: Dog! He's a dog.

Travis: Ya like dugs!

Argo: He's a—no. And so, this demon prince has been runnin' the school! For all these years! And... and we're gonna try to stop him. And... y'know, the whole Unbroken Chain... y'know, when somebody needs help, when something needs to be done, when somebody needs stopping... all three of those are Broken Chain directives! Y'know, I... everybody needs the help. And stopping this monster... is a prime imperative.

And to be honest with you, we've already got a couple of members of the Unbroken Chain – one that realizes it, but y'know, like, three people are already workin' on our side to make this happen. Mosh and Crabtree and Sabour. It's... it—there's no way we can pull this off without help. It's just us three goobers, and... I need The Unbroken Chain to help.

Jackle: Argonaut, I'm gonna ask ya one question, and I... I don't want you to lie to me. You understand? I want you to be honest.

Argo: Well... I'll try.

Jackle: How much... do Fitzroy and the Firbolg know about us?

Argo: They know that uh... they know that you exist. They know The Unbroken—they don't know... they don't know who is in it. Uh... but they know that there is an Unbroken Chain.

Griffin: I thought the Firbolg was the one that couldn't lie. I'm—

Travis: What?

Griffin: Nothing. I made a joke, because he uh, just said something very honest, that I did not expect.

Travis: That's fair. Well, to be fair, I mean, the Jackle did say, "I don't want you to lie to me." And apparently that worked.

Griffin: Sure, yeah!

Travis: I didn't know that that worked.

Clint: And to be fair, Argonaut just said a few minutes ago, he's tired of all the lies and deception and games...

Travis: Listen. We're all fair. I think if there's the one thing we can agree on, this is all fair. Uh, Jackle says...

Jackle: Yeah... I've heard a little bit about this. A little of this from Sabour... uh... we had actually called an emergency, uh, meeting tonight. And it looks like—

Argo: Oh, and I wasn't invited?

Jackle: I was gonna come look for ya, boy.

Travis: It's—remember—hey. This is Travis, reminding you, it's been two weeks since we recorded. But it's only been ten minutes since you talked to Sabour.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Sooo...

Jackle: Uh... it looks like... there's gonna be another item on the docket tonight. Looks like... [sighs] We're gonna need to have a tribunal.

[music plays]

Argo: A tribunal. Wow. And what is that, exactly?

Jackle: It's gonna be a trial, Argonaut.

Argo: Oh. Yeah. We'll teach that demon prince to mess around with us! Right?

Griffin: [laughs]

Jackle: Argonaut, you're missin' the point a bit. The trial is gonna be for you, and the Firbolg, and Fitzroy.

Argo: ... now, when you say for... you mean for us to—

Jackle: You're gonna be on trial, Argo.

Argo: We're gonna be on trial. Okay. Okay. And what's the crime?

Jackle: Argonaut, do I really need to spell that out for ya? You're in a secret organization, which you swore not to tell people outside of the organization about us, and what did you do?

Argo: Mmm... well... I didn't name any names...

Jackle: You told them about The Unbroken Chain. You did pretty much the number one thing you're not supposed to do about a secret society.

Argo: Yeah. Well... okay. Fine. Fine. Let's have a triumphal. Let's do that, and...

Jackle: Tribunal.

Argo: Fine. It's a—tribunal. That's—if that's the only way that I can make my case, and convince you that what's goin' on and to get your help... then fine.

Jackle: That's not... what the tribunal's gonna be about, Argonaut. You... [sighs] And I'm only tellin' ya this as a favor to your mother. You and the Firbolg and Fitzroy... are gonna have to prove that they're worthy. Or else... all of this – the memories of The Unbroken Chain – are gonna be removed from ya. And you're gonna be out.

Argo: ... Alright. What time?

Jackle: We'll come collect ya when it's time.

Justin: No, no, no no no. I want them to work out the specific details of the timing and location of the meeting in the recorded podcast that people listen to with their human lives.

Jackle: When are ya free? Let's check our—[laughs] Do you have your planner on ya? We can, uh...

Griffin: [laughing]

Argo: I got a... six o'clock...

Jackle: Six isn't good for me. That's dinner. If I miss it, I get hangry.

Griffin: [laughing]

Argo: How long does it take you to eat dinner? How long is dinner?

Jackle: It depends on what the meal is. I mean, if we're talkin' something fast like pizza or burger, but is it sit down...

Justin: We got pizza in this world?

Jackle: Oh yeah, there's fantasy pizza.

Argo: Fantasy pizza.

Jackle: Yes. With fantasy [heavily accented] pepperoni.

Griffin: [bursts into laughter]

Argo: Seven? Seven? Seven okay?

Jackle: Seven doesn't work for me.

Argo: Or, wait wait wait! We could do—why don't we—let's combine them. Let's do six, and I'll bring pizza.

Jackle: Oh, that's very temptin', boy. No.

Justin: Pizza tribunal. I've heard about this.

Griffin: [laughing]

Argo: To the tribunal. I'll bring pizza.

Justin: This is less threatening.

Jackle: Tell you what – we'll come get you when it's time, so that way, no one will—

Argo: Fine.

Jackle: 'Cause otherwise, we'll have to talk about splittin' the cost of the pizza, and it gets dicey.

Argo: Yeah. Okay. That's fine. See you then!

Jackle: For now... I need some time to think, Argo, if you would please excuse me.

Argo: Yeah, fine. Yeah.

Griffin: Can we uhh...

Travis: [bubbling sound] Bubbles pop out of your mouth.

Griffin: Bblblbl! Uh, no, this is me, Griffin, talking. Can we uh... can we hang back, and just see what he does? See what the Jackle does after Argo leaves?

Travis: Sure.

Griffin: Yeah. I mean, the spell lasts an hour. I'm not gonna follow him for an hour, uh, but... seems like...

Travis: You see him breathe deep. And under his breathe, he begins singing, uh, a song. And it's nothing you recognize, and it's in a language that you can't understand. But as he does, he takes a step up onto the edge of the balcony wall. But there's nothing tense about what he's doing. He just stretches his arms out to the sun, raises his face to it, lets the breeze blow against his clothing, just for a moment, as he sings quietly. Takes a few deep breaths, and then steps back off the edge, and walks in and leaves his classroom to head down the stairs.

Griffin: M'kay. I don't want to follow him the whole time. That seems like it would get very tedious.

Travis: So—

Griffin: I just realized that me and the Firbolg probably can't see each other, or talk. [laughs] To coordinate when to—

Travis: I mean, is the—I'm going to give you the ability to end spells when you wish. 'Cause usually, they're for a duration.

Griffin: Oh yeah, of course. Okay. It is concentration, so I stop concentrating. Boop!

Fitzroy: [bubbly sounds]

Travis: And it's been more than a minute, so I think you're cool to...

Griffin: Oh, okay.

Travis: Unless you just want to do that from now on. It's a silly thing, but...

Griffin: No, that's fine.

Travis: We're a silly podcast.

Firbolg: I... do not like this.

Fitzroy: No. I mean, it seems quite, um... it seems quite bad. Uh, it seems like if we have his memory erased, uh, I guess our memory erased as well, it will uh... not aid us in our fight against the demon—I think it's a question of establishing priorities for this secret society.

Firbolg: Yes... yes. I... just don't like tests.

[music plays]

[advertisements play]

Travis: So you've got a little while to kill before it's time for the tribunal, you assume. What would you like to do in the interim?

Griffin: My magic glasses wouldn't be done yet, would they?

Travis: Uh, no. Same day.

Griffin: Aw.

Justin: And similarly, Sabour probably doesn't have anything.

Travis: Correct.

Justin: Takin' a nap then, baby.

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: Nap seems cool.

Justin: Narrative nap.

Griffin: Yeah, I mean...

Justin: Narrative nap. Rest up.

Travis: You take a nice nap. It's good. Nice long rest.

Justin: That's the one problem with ignoring all the rules about spells and rests and stuff, is it doesn't give you enough opportunities. Like, I should be able to just be like, "I have to sleep or I can't do no magic."

Travis: Listen, you can take a nice long rest if you want. That's good. Y'know? It's—

Justin: I don't know who else...

Griffin: Um...

Justin: Oh, y'know what? Um... The Unbroken Chain is like, secret enough that they probably wouldn't have any books in the library about them, right?

Travis: Yeah, especially since Sabour is a member. He's probably been pretty diligent about keepin' those off the shelves.

Justin: Uh... let me go try him real quick. Let me go try my boy real quick.

Travis: You walk in. Sabour is sitting in his office.

Sabour: Can I he—I've just started researching. Can I help you, Master Firbolg?

Firbolg: I need to know everything about The Unbroken Chain.

Sabour: The what?

Firbolg: [sighs] The Unbroken Chain is a group. They are testing me tonight to see if I get in.

Sabour: Never heard of it.

Firbolg: Well, I don't believe you.

Sabour: Mm. Well, I don't know what to tell you. I've never heard of The Unbroken Chain.

Griffin: [laughing]

Firbolg: Sabour...

Sabour: Yes?

Clint: [laughing]

Firbolg: You know how important our work is.

Sabour: Yes, of course.

Firbolg: If you do not help give me an idea of what I need to prepare... it could all be undone.

Sabour: Well, I have no idea what you're talking about.

Justin: I don't even get to roll a persuasion?

Travis: Okay, listen. Make a very difficult persuasion check.

Justin: You're not supposed to—don't hint. Don't hint. Don't ever tell—hey, Trav? Hey, Trav? Hey, Travis? Hey, Travis? Travis? Travis?

Travis: Yeah?

Justin: Never tell me the odds.

Travis: I didn't.

Justin: I rolled an eight. I rolled an eight.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: I rolled an eight. So I didn't... I don't think I... plus one!

Travis: Oh, well!

Sabour: Let me tell you everything about—

Travis: [bursts into laughter]

Sabour: A nine, you say?

Clint: [laughing]

Sabour: I'm convinced.

Justin: Alright. Well, it was worth a shot.

Sabour: Okay. I'll see you tonight at the tribunal.

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Uh, is Althea Song here at the school? Or is she like, licking her wounds somewhere from the demon battle from last night?

Travis: The last, uh, plan you had with Althea, the last time you spoke with her—

Griffin: Oh, she was going to go to the Heroic Oversight Guild.

Travis: Correct. She is going to uh, list the infractions she has spotted, and get a team of investigators to come and try to catch up...

Griffin: Slow him down at least. Okay. Sure. Uh...

Travis: You had mentioned to me, at one point, wanting to talk to Rainer. Is that still on the table?

Griffin: Yeah. I don't—I just didn't want to interrupt this like, sequence, 'cause I don't think it would come in handy for tonight. But uh, yeah, I'll go talk to Rainer. There is something I need to sort of set up with her that maybe we should get the wheels moving on. Um...

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: And the others are welcome to join me. It doesn't—we all are buds with her.

Travis: You make plans using the Notebooks of Farspeech to meet her out by, y'know, the big tree. Y'know, every school has the big tree that everybody meets by. Y'know the one.

Griffin: Mm-hmm.

Travis: You guys meet there. You see her in her floating chair, playing fetch with some of her skeletons. It's both cute and off-putting. And she's waiting for you.

Griffin: As always.

Travis: Yep, as always. And she's waiting for you there by the big tree.

Fitzroy: Do you—can you *please* put them away? Or like, make them wear, like, a little cape or something? Just so the amount of exposed bones...

Rainer: That is such a good idea! How have I never thought of capes?!

Fitzroy: I don't know. I can tell you a thing or two about cloaks, if you want. And now I am realizing, Rainer, we are establishing an incredibly lucrative side business for just pet cloaks. I think we could do a lot, and— Snippers, come here! Snippers—

Snippers: [crab sounds]

Fitzroy: Snippers. Tonight, clear our schedule.

Snippers: [crab sounds]

Fitzroy: Except for the... except for the big thing we kind of have to do.

Snippers: [crab sounds]

Fitzroy: Daddy's making crab cloaks. Anyway—

Snippers: [gasps and more crab sounds]

Justin: Am I hearing this? Am I here? Did I come along?

Travis: That's up to you, Justin.

Griffin: It's up to you.

Justin: I just didn't want to barge in. Okay, I'm here.

Firbolg: Thunderman LLC is not looking to expand our business at this time. We wish to focus on our core competencies.

Fitzroy: Ah, shoot. Okay. So... Rainer. Gonna ask you a question...

Rainer: Wait, hold on! Are you taller?

Fitzroy: By a good eight inches, yes. I did—I cast a spell, and it went kind of silly. And I did grow...

Rainer: Whoa!

Fitzroy: Yeah. So I have... my magical powers are pretty buckwild inside me, and that's sort of germane to the topic of conversation that we are engaged in, currently. I do need to know – and by the way, I just found out that this works – I want you to tell me the truth.

Rainer: Okay?

Fitzroy: Are you in league with the demon prince, Gray?

Rainer: Y'know, why do people always ask necromancers if they're in league with demon princes?

Fitzroy: I—this is not a necromancer thing. This is a... just gotta—just gotta cross my Is and Ts.

Rainer: Um... did you say Greg?

Fitzroy: Gr—Gray.

Clint: [laughs] Demon prince, Greg!

Rainer: I—no. I've never... no? Not—let me check... no.

Fitzroy: Okay. I'm not even gonna roll insight on that, because it would almost certainly be a, uh, an embarrassing failure. I trust you, and I also trust you to be discreet about what we're telling you.

Rainer: Of course!

Griffin: And I fill her in. I'm not gonna do the whole...

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: The whole kit and caboodle. Maybe not about The Unbroken Chain, because I don't—y'know, I don't know how wide this memory wipe goes, and I don't necessarily want her to go through that if she doesn't have to.

Travis: I think you can safely assume that anyone else you tell is probably gonna get caught up in a tribunal of some sort.

Griffin: Yeah. So, let's not, yeah, make her party to that. But everything else. Gray, fake Hieronymous, everything everything everything.

Rainer: Holy shit!

Fitzroy: Yeah, no kiddin'. Um... yeah, also, we all had temptation dreams from Chaos, the source of all this wild power. You had proposed marriage to me, which is...

Travis: And she blushes.

Fitzroy: Yeah, it's something. It's something.

Rainer: Oh.

Fitzroy: Wasn't expecting that energy.

Rainer: Huh.

Fitzroy: Yeah. Caught me outta left field, too. Um, and I—I'll be honest with you—

Rainer: I did?

Fitzroy: Yeah, for sure. And I'll be honest with you – I did not mean to bring it up in this conversation. But there I go. Runnin' my big mouth.

Rainer: Oh. Huh.

Fitzroy: So... yeah, I guess we'll unpack that when, um—in peace time. But uhh... we need... some... muscle. If we're going to take on Gray. And when I say—

Rainer: O—okay.

Fitzroy: And when I say—I'm not describing literal muscle, because I know that you specialize in bone. But I was hoping that you might circle the wagons, maybe call up your, um, powerful lich father, and we can maybe have a little, uh... a little tête-à-tête?

Rainer: You wanna meet my dad?

Fitzroy: I wanna meet your dad! Yeah! Uh, I think that's a—

Travis: And she blushes again.

Fitzroy: Yeah, okay. Yeah, no, I mostly want to ask him to use his incredible necrotic powers to, uh, help us destroy a demon, but uh... yeah, I do—I do need to—

Clint: Not her hand in marriage.

Fitzroy: No, no, that would be uh... that would be wildly irresponsible at this point, I feel like. So! Do you think we could make that... happen?

Rainer: Um, well... I mean, yeah. I could probably... get... see if dad has any free time. Y'know, The Undying Lord is pretty busy. Um...

Fitzroy: Oh, sure, sure sure sure!

Rainer: But I can... I can probably see if he's free? See if, I mean... y'know... this isn't really his kind of... thing. But I mean, he does have the army of the undead, so...

Fitzroy: That's—what you just said was amazing. I'm sweating now, actively, from what you just said.

Rainer: What, the army of the undead?

Fitzroy: Oh! That sounds so good to me. Yes. Sign me up. I mean, I don't want to look at, uh, bone monsters or whatever, but if those bone monsters are destroying the demon prince Greg... see, now you got me saying it.

Rainer: Well, yeah. I mean, you said it first, I'm pretty sure.

Fitzroy: Okay. Anyway, um, yep. Just wanted to put a bug in your ear that, um, one, I'd love to speak with your father, and two, um, everything you know about this school is a lie, and we are all in constant extreme mortal danger.

Rainer: Okay! Well, I mean... huh. That's a lot to process.

Fitzroy: We're about to go get tried in a court of law, uh, for reasons—

Rainer: What?

Fitzroy: I can't—again, I shouldn't have said that one, but uh, you... take 'er sleazy! [pauses] [sighs]

Rainer: Okay... I'll send you a message, I guess? With like, an update on the whole talkin' to my dad thing?

Fitzroy: Cool. I may not remember this conversation, depending on how things go tonight.

Rainer: What... ?

Fitzroy: Again, I can't say it.

Rainer: Okay...

Fitzroy: It's like... yeah. This has been one of our worst conversations yet, I would say.

Rainer: Yes, but always a pleasure, Fitzroy.

Fitzroy: Yeah, of course. A delight.

Travis: So, you go on about your business the rest of the day. You have a nice dinner. What do you guys have for dinner? We've talked about breakfast a lot on this show, but what's a regular Thunderman dinner like?

Griffin: [sighs] Sashimi.

Travis: Oh!

Griffin: No, that's probably not true.

Clint: Have you ever heard of slumgullion?

Travis: No, but please tell me about it.

Clint: [pause] I'm not sure what it is, I just...

Travis: Okay.

Clint: Really love the word.

Travis: Okay, great. Great great great.

Firbolg: Nacho cheese berries.

Travis: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Alright.

Clint: Is that nacho cheese with berries, or berries that taste like—

Justin: No no no, they're berries that have been blasted by nacho cheese flavor.

Travis: Oh, nice. Uh...

Clint: That does sound pretty good.

Travis: I would like all three of you to make a constitution saving throw for me, please.

Griffin: Ooh, that's a crit! That's a crit save! 20 plus five. 20-fucking-five!

Justin: I have a critical, too.

Travis: Hmm?

Justin: Critical failure! That's a one.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: Uh, I have an eight plus one, which is a nine.

Travis: Okay. So, Argonaut and Firbolg, you are out.

[music plays]

Griffin: Oh, you're kidding me.

Travis: You are sleepy boys, and you have fainted well away. Now, Fitzroy...

Griffin: [whispers] Fuck. Yeah?

Travis: Perhaps it is your half-elven constitution. Perhaps it is the wild magic surging within you. But you are weakened. You are uh...

Griffin: A 25? I'm strong—on a 25, I'm stronger. The poison made me stronger.

Travis: You feel, uh, like you are not in control of your limbs. But... you are awake and aware, as uh, six hooded figures enter your room, and begin dragging the three of you, with arms over their shoulders, towards the school. And as soon as they pick you up, you see a shimmer across them, much like the invisibility spell you used this afternoon. And the nine of you make your way across campus.

And they lead you downstairs. Now, during this time, you are with it enough to speak a little, if you are interested in saying anything.

Griffin: No way. I—I want to, to the best of my ability, play dead. Like, I wanna—I want to—like, I want to know where we're going and how to get there, 'cause that seems like cool information. But I am not going to like, give away that I am not unconscious.

Travis: They bring you into the school, the main building, and down into the lower floors. Uh, and they bring you into the forge. They lay you gently on the ground, as you see one of them draw back their hoods, and it is Mosh, the blacksmith. And he dons the special gloves with the engraved runes that allow him to reach into the flaming forge, pull the handle that shuts off the fire, and opens the way into The Unbroken Chain's secret headquarters.

When the flames of the forge die down, the hooded figures lift your body once more. Fitzroy, at the end of the passage, you see a shimmering

doorway with a large stone chamber beyond. As you pass through the shimmer, the air changes. It is cooler and cleaner than the air of the forge. The hooded figures place you carefully into three chairs, and then they take their place behind you.

You're facing a dais on the far side of the room. On it are three more chairs. The most elaborate and impressive is in the center. One robed figure lowers their hood, revealing the school medic, an elven woman with silver hair named Marie. She steps forward and administers a potion which wakes the three of you. She then moves to sit in the chair on the right.

Another person steps forward. They lower their hood, revealing the goliath blacksmith, Mosh. He addresses the room, saying...

Mosh: The responsibility of judging this tribunal falls to the senior member present. Normally, that would be myself, but as chance would have it, a member senior to me is currently visiting the school.

Travis: He then seats himself in the left hand chair.

[music plays]

Commodore: Alright. Now, let's see if we can get this trial underway. What do you say?

Travis: And the Commodore comes around the podium to sit in the regal chair, and says...

Griffin: Oh no.

Commodore: Let's begin the tribunal of Argonaut Keene, Fitzroy Maplecourt, and the Firbolg.

Travis: And a giant smile crosses his face.

[dramatic music plays]

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