

The Adventure Zone: Graduation – Ep. 22, Open and Shut

Published on August 20th, 2020

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

[theme music plays]

Gary: The Thundermen are preparing for war! They attempted to get the clandestine group, The Unbroken Chain, on their side, but they've hit a bit of a speed bump. See, The Unbroken Chain didn't like Argo sharing their secrets with non-members. Now Argo, Fitzroy, and the Firbolg have been called to a tribunal for judgment. If they're judged as being unworthy of membership, their minds are gonna be wiped of all memories of The Unbroken Chain.

Argo and the Firbolg were knocked unconscious, but Fitzroy was able to stay frosty and see what was happening. The boys were in for a rude awakening, because sitting in judgment is Argo's mortal enemy, The Commodore.

[theme music plays]

Travis: Alright, so just to remind everybody, including the players, 'cause it has been a grip of time since we recorded...

Justin: I remember all of it. Would you like me to...

Travis: Yeah, y'know what, Justin? Do it!

Justin: Uh, so, at this—in the last episode, in an effort to try to win over, uh, the secret organization, The Unbroken Chain, to win them over to their side, uh... he let it slip—uh, Argo let it slip about the group to the Firbolg and Fitzroy, about the group's existence. And then, he went to The Unbroken Chain to talk to them about helping with the whole thing with uh, Hieronymous and everything. And in the course of that, he admitted that he had told those two. Uh, told Fitzroy and the Firbolg about the group.

This enraged, uh, the Jackle, and told him that—

Griffin: And enraged feels...

Justin: Enraged is probably a bit strong of a word. He was not happy about it.

Travis: He was PO'ed.

Justin: He organized a tribunal to see if they could join up, or if they were gonna have their memories wiped when they got to the... they were stolen in secret, uh, away from the tribunal. Everyone except, uhh, Fitzroy was unconscious. And when they awoke, they found the school's nurse was among The Unbroken Chain, but also, more importantly, the—a senior member of the group, The Commodore. And he said he was about to start the proceedings. That's where we left off.

Travis: Very good! It should also be noted, uh, The Commodore, uh... one might describe him as Argo's mortal enemy.

Justin: Yeah. That's worth noting.

[music plays]

Travis: Fitzroy, because you were able to fend off the drugs and able to, uh, maintain consciousness, you can identify—you know who all is present. Now, Firbolg and Argo, you cannot, because they are hooded and behind you. But uh, they were not aware of your state of awareness. Nah, that's a terrible way to say that. They didn't know you were awake, Fitzroy.

Griffin: `Kay.

Travis: And so, you know The Commodore, Mosh, and Marie – Mosh, the blacksmith, and Marie, the school nurse – they are sitting at the tribunal. They are the three in front of you that you all know. But also present behind

you are Jackle, Sabor the Turtle librarian, Dakota, social teacher... the drinking teacher, uh, and Ramos, the shield work teacher.

Griffin: M'kay. So there's a council of seven, then.

Clint: Did you mention Crabtree?

Travis: Oh, and of course—yes. Thank you. Crabtree.

Griffin: Council of eight, then.

Travis: Yes. Crabtree, the artifice teacher. The artificing teacher.

Griffin: M'kay.

Travis: And so, The Commodore settles himself into his chair and says...

Commodore: Yeah, so this shouldn't take very long. Uh, just... what, we should be in and out in say, five minutes. Pretty open and shut.

Fitzroy: Objection!

Clint: [laughs]

Commodore: Uh...

Firbolg: Seconded.

Commodore: This is not—

Argo: Thirded.

Commodore: Okay. Not only is this not a court of law, it's also not a board meeting. Uh, we don't need things to be second—we don't vote on things. Especially you don't. Uh, but before we begin, I guess, uh, I should say...

any questions? Any confusion? Anything we need cleared up before we get on with it?

Argo: Sure. If it's not a trial, then what is it? How does this work?

Commodore: It's a tribunal.

Argo: Right.

Commodore: We're going to ask you some questions. Some other people will, uh, speak. And then we'll decide what to do.

Argo: Okay. So...

Commodore: That's the boiled down version. Did you get that? Was that clear?

Argo: Yeah. I got it, boss. I just, uh... 'cause you say it's not a trial, but it kind of sounds like one? I just wanna know what the rules—

Commodore: Well, a trial usually has like, a jury. And uh, it's about laws and stuff.

Argo: Sounds like you.

Fitzroy: You're splitting hairs. Yeah. There's—there is a sort of jury-like thing pre—do we get to call witnesses, or... it's liter—'cause, can I be honest? Sounds more like a quiz.

Commodore: We get to call witnesses.

Argo: Okay...

Fitzroy: This doesn't feel super fair if I'm being like, perfectly honest.

Commodore: That is why I specified the difference between tribunal and a trial. Because a trial is about justice. And this is about our decision, you see.

Argo: Sure. Okay.

Fitzroy: Sure...

Argo: Let's get it started, and we'll play at a disadvantage.

Fitzroy: Permission to approach the bench?

Commodore: ... Denied.

Fitzroy: Permission to treat the tribunal as hostile?

Commodore: ... Okay. We're going to move on. Uh, I—y'know what? Mosh? This is your chapter. This is your HQ. Uh, please feel free to proceed, and I will sit as the head of the tribunal.

Travis: Uh, and you see Mosh, the goliath blacksmith, stand and say...

Mosh: Uh... yes. Um, now... we do, uh, first... have some questions. Let's—we can start off generally. Why don't the three of you introduce yourself, and tell us... things about yourself that you think we would need to know.

Um, Argo, as... more or less, a current member, why don't we begin with you?

Argo: Well, uh... okay. You invited me in to join this group. And... it was a great honor. Especially when I found out the connection that me mom had. Uh, as a—I guess I was a legacy, so to speak. And when you told me all the things that you stood for, it just sounded like something that... I could really get behind. And... and so, I joined your group freely. I sincerely took on the charge that you gave. Uh, I honestly embraced what you stood for, because... you said that this group... uh, takes responsibility when they think somebody needs help. That something needs to be done, or that somebody needs stopping.

And the first mission you gave me—you gave me a mission to prove myself. To show I was worthy. And you asked me to find out all I could about the source of Fitzroy's magic. Well... okay. Here you go. Mission accomplished. Here he is. Right... right here.

Fitzroy: Hey.

Argo: And I feel like I've done what you asked me to do. And... it's just—the circumstances have kind of changed a little bit.

Mosh: I see. Okay, um... well, Fitzroy, since you've already been introduced, and we are aware of you here, how about you go now?

Fitzroy: I mean, y'all know what I'm all about. Uh, I have uh... outrageous magical powers. Uh, a righteous 'tude. I'm a student of some of yours. Doin' okay in the classes. Sabor. Don't hit the books as hard as I probably should. So we're like, new friends.

Travis: When you name somebody who is not visible to you, you hear a bit of a murmur, and everybody...

Griffin: [bursts into laughter]

Travis: ... grows a little bit tense.

Clint: [laughing]

Fitzroy: Oh, sorry. Should I—this is—I want us to all be on equal footing. And right now, I feel like we are at the disadvantage. So uh, y'know, Jackle, Sabor, Dakota, Ramos, Crabtree... you all can just go ahead and sort of... plop on out here.

Mosh: [sighs]

Fitzroy: Like, let's put all the cards on the table. If we're going to do a thing about us knowing too much information, the true extent of how

completely bad you are at this needs to be... outed. So, um, yeah. Anyway. Uhh... I am a super powered, super cool sort of knight in training, and uh... trying to uh, put together a war effort to stop someone who is bad. Who some of—we don't know who's working for them, so that's all I'm gonna say about that. Nice try. And um... [snaps] Yeah, think that's it.

Mosh: Well, um... since it seems that our efforts to maintain anonymity were not successful... Sabor has already informed us of what the Firbolg told him this afternoon, about the threat of the oncoming war, and uh... the research that needed to be done. So we are aware of that. Master Firbolg, if you would introduce yourself to the tribunal.

Firbolg: I... am... here.

Mosh: That... that's all you have... you're not going to attempt to justify yourself, or endear yourself?

Firbolg: Mmm... ah. No.

Clint: [laughs]

Mosh: ... Okay.

Firbolg: I am... Firbolg. I... um... am trying to join a secret organization. Which would present some... challenges. I am done with my statement.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Uh, and Jackle steps forward. Uh, and Jackle says...

Jackle: Uh, excuse me. If I might, uh, offer a suggestion...

Travis: And The Commodore starts to speak, and Mosh quickly says...

Mosh: Now, normally, this is highly irregular. We would not take, uh, suggestions from anyone. Not on the tribunal, or questions, but uh... this is

clearly an unusual scenario. So Jackle, please. You are very familiar with Argo. We would welcome... your input.

Travis: And the Jackle says...

Jackle: Uh, as we are determining the worthiness of all three, instead of just an individual... and the three of them have worked together... perhaps it might benefit us to let them speak about each other.

Travis: And you hear murmur of ascent, and Mosh says...

Mosh: Perhaps it would be a more objective take on things, if we were to get, uh, your opinions about each other. So... let's begin. Argonaut, why don't you tell us about Master Firbolg?

Argo: Um... I honestly think he's... not only the most honest... person... on the—in the world. I think he goes even beyond that. I think he personifies honesty. I think sometimes, to his detriment. Sometimes, y'know, to our detriment. [laughs] But you can't get past the point that he hates any kind of, uh, any kind of subterfuge. He hates anything that's a lie.

Jackle: This isn't really helping.

Justin: So this is the pitch for why I should be allowed into the secret organization.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: I can't tell lies, and I'm honest to a fault.

Argo: Well, I—I mean, okay. I'm a rogue...

Justin: You can lie! You realize that, right?!

Argo: Yeah! And look how bad I am at keeping secrets! I just think that... if... he is the kind of person that you need if you're gonna take on these big challenges like this organization is supposed to take on. Somebody who

needs help, somebody who needs... something needs doing, or somebody needs stopping, you need somebody here whose word you completely and totally trust. Doesn't mean you're always gonna hear what you want to hear. But when Firbolg is involved in the process, it forces everybody to be better, and to think about other people, and to make decisions based on that honesty. And he's—and he's just a good dude.

He's just a good dude. I can't imagine any kind of organization not wanting somebody there who is the touchstone for honesty. If you don't want him, if you're worried about him spilling the beans, then... then y'know, don't put him in situations where he's gonna tell anybody. He has become very good at avoiding the truth. 'Cause if he doesn't want to talk about it, he doesn't. [laughs] So... yeah. He's... okay, let me back up a little bit.

Jackle: I think we've heard enough. Uh... Argonaut. Thank you.

Argo: Alright. Okay.

Travis: Argonaut, I want you real quick to make a persuasion check. I almost forgot to include Dungeons & Dragons in here.

Clint: Uh, 14 plus two. That's a 16.

Travis: You hear murmurs of, "Ah, mm. Well, hm. Hmm." Around, and you feel like maybe you might have uh, won a few folks over regarding the Firbolg.

Jackle: Now, Master Firbolg... why don't you tell us what you think about Fitzroy Maplecourt?

Fitzroy: This should be great.

Justin: [snorts]

Firbolg: [pause] When... it came time... for the Thunderman organization to have a leader... we both decided to follow Fitzroy Maplecourt. He is... dependable. Motivated. Results-oriented.

Clint: [laughing]

Firbolg: And the kind of leader... one could only dream of. He... has... his challenges. Sometimes, his spells don't go his way.

Fitzroy: [chuckles] Yeah.

Firbolg: But we all... struggle. Hm? This is Fitzroy.

Travis: Uh, Master Firbolg, now you make a persuasion check. And I feel like that was a fairly convincing argument, so I'm going to give you advantage.

Justin: Ooh, well. Ha ha ha! 14... or a 13. [laughs] It's ladies' choice between 14... or 13.

Travis: And you have nothing to add?

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: I'm gonna go... well, I'm kind of debating between these two, but y'know what? I'm gonna go 14.

Griffin: [laughing]

Travis: Uh-huh.

Justin: Plus one... 15.

Travis: You hear, uh, some murmurs, too. "Well, uh, meh-meh-meh." Pretty convincing. Pretty convincing stuff.

Jackle: And uh, let's see... Fitzroy, I think that leaves Argonaut.

Griffin: Um... I stand up. And... just very discreetly... cast *Enhance Ability* on myself. Channeling, specifically, Eagle's Splendor. The target has advantage on charisma checks...

Fitzroy: [in a strange voice] Your honor...

Travis: [bursts into laughter]

Griffin: No. [laughs]

Travis: Now, I might be a simple country knight...

Justin: Do it, coward! Commit!

Clint: Do it!

Griffin: Um, no. I'm not going to do the voice. I feel like that would be a, uh... too much.

Travis: Yes, because we've always shown restraint here on The Adventure Zone.

Fitzroy: [in a southern accent] Your honor... my client, Argonaut Keene... is about a standup a rogue as one could possibly conceive of. Now, does that make him a bad rogue? Yes.

Clint: [bursts into laughter]

Fitzroy: [in a southern accent] Yes, he is not good at being a rogue. There is a certain amount of maliciousness that is mandated by the job, and he does not possess even an ounce of malice in his body. In fact, I would say, he possesses much less malice than he deserves. Than he rightfully should be able to possess, given his lot in life. And the certain betrayals that were... laid at his feet.

Griffin: I sort of throw that at The Commodore.

Travis: And you see—you see The Commodore's nostrils flare, just a little. If you weren't looking at him, if you weren't looking for it, you might not have noticed. But this might be the first time that you see his veneer break. Of just very slightly, away from the—y'know, the larger than life, uh, big blustering kind of figure, and you see just a touch of rage.

Fitzroy: [in a southern accent] I am a knight in absentia in the realm of Goodcastle. Which means, of course, you can believe what I say. My path is true and righteous, and yet, I do find myself here upon the villain track at the, uh, Hieronymous Wigenstaff's School for Heroism and Villainy. And it's funny. You would look at our organization that we have here – a rogue, a Firbolg, and a knight in absentia – and you would assume the rogue would be the master villain, and I would be his unwilling accomplice.

But the opposite is true. I have never known a more heroic person than... mister Argonaut Keene. The fact that we are all here – this trial is a sham. We are all facing off against an apocalyptic foe. And the fact that you all would do anything to hinder our efforts to thwart them... proves that maybe you don't know quite as much as you think.

But let me say this... if any of y'all try to touch a hair on Argonaut Keene's head, I'll explode the room. And I don't know how to do that. I don't know how I'm goin' to do that, but that is the sort of loyalty that he demands. And has earned, and he's, uh... he's good—he's a good guy.

Travis: Make a persuasion check with advantage.

Griffin: It almost felt like an intimidation check at the end. [laughs]

Travis: Well...

Griffin: Uh, okay. That was a two. Which is not a good roll.

Travis: Not great.

Griffin: Uh, that is much better. That is an 18 plus seven. 25!

Travis: Oh, yes. Like, everyone—the sound of nodding is audible.

Griffin: [laughing] Necks popping in chorus.

Travis: You hear like, everybody’s head rubbing against the inside of their hoods as they're going, “Mm-hmm! Yesss! Urgurh!” They are agreeing so hard. That was great.

Firbolg: May I say something on my behalf?

Mosh: Um...

Travis: And Mosh looks up at The Commodore, and The Commodore nods.

[pause]

Firbolg: If you know Firbolgs, you know that we cannot lie. This would seem an ill fit for your organization. While I cannot offer you... mendacity... what I can offer you... is silence. I cannot pledge to lie for you. But... on my life, I will stay silent when needed.

Travis: Marie, uh, speaks for the first time, and says...

Marie: We are well aware of the Firbolgs. And their strengths in certain areas, including their painful honesty. But... as you are already aware, among our number is one of the most skilled artificers in Nua. And I'm sure... we would be able to figure out something.

But... that was well said, and will be taken into account. But... there is... something else... that must be taken into account.

Travis: And she looks at you, Fitzroy. And says...

Marie: I treated several students when your powers ripped chaos through the battlefields during what was meant to be a practice of, uh, shield work

and dodging. And you unleashed a wave of thunder on your fellow students, and several teachers. You... are not... a paragon of control. I do not know that you... would make a good fit... for our organization.

Firbolg: Objection, I already stated he was the bad boy of magic! This is known.

Fitzroy: Thank you. Not sure if that's helping in this particular... um, okay. I'll come clean about something. Um... Ramos, you were there. Leading the class. Yes?

Ramos: Yes.

Fitzroy: Um... I... emitted a thunder wave intentionally. I was frustrated with my performance in the class. I am a knight in training. My shield work, I thought, was exemplary. I faltered. I was embarrassed. And... I wanted to assert myself to the class. So um, as much as I am embarrassed to say it now – I think I've grown as a person – that was, uh, not a chaotic use of my powers. I would never, ever allow something like that to happen, uh, without my controlling it.

Griffin: [whispers] This is a lie.

Travis: Yeah. How about a deception check there, Fitzroy?

Clint: Wait, wait!

Griffin: Oh, I still have advantage Dad, don't worry. It's gonna be fine.

Clint: Okay.

Griffin: I mean, that was a ten, which is not great.

Travis: Yeah. Confident words from Griffin McElroy.

Griffin: Uh, that's a 15 plus seven, 22.

Travis: Uh, convincing! Ramos makes a deferential nod. Ramos doesn't talk a lot. Ramos is not a big talker. But her body language and her movements convey, uh, like, that is... okay. That is an acceptable answer. But... you see that, with that answer, The Commodore smiles. And it's not a warm smile. And he says...

Commodore: Well, yes. That would go along with another report we have from the centaur camp.

Fitzroy: Oh... hold up. [laughs]

Commodore: Where you... I believe... violently...

Travis: And he checks his notes.

Commodore: ... tore the hand... off of a wizard named Calhain... and used magic and intimidation to cow a large group of centaurs. And basically, got your way through blood and fire. Is that correct? Would you call that a correct assessment of those events?

Argo: When you say 'you,' you mean all three of us? Because I believe—I believe I'm the one that initiated the hand removal.

Fitzroy: Yeah, he loosened the lid on that particular pickle jar.

Commodore: Yes, but I believe, as stated, you are the leader, are you not?

Fitzroy: Oh yeah. The CEO is actually the title that I prefer.

Commodore: Ah.

Fitzroy: I mean, you use the tools you've got. We were in a thorny situation, and you had to, uh, assert yourself. Surely, you would know something about that, *Commodore* of the seas. Surely, you know something about leadership through force occasionally? Yes?

Commodore: Yes, but that is in my public role as the leader of the Naval forces. In my role as a member of The Unbroken Chain, I operate in secrecy. I operate with restraint. Can you tell the tribunal here that you have shown restraint in your dealings? In your operations?

Fitzroy: I think I'm showing quite a bit currently, at this exact junction. Don't *you*?

Commodore: Mm. So... threats. Is that what you're going to bring to the tribunal?

Fitzroy: Like I said, Commodore, you use the gifts you got.

Commodore: I see. Are there any current members here who would like to speak on behalf of these three?

Travis: And Jackle steps up and says...

Jackle: Aye, I'll speak on behalf of Argonaut. Argonaut... is a good kid. He has helped me. He's grown in his skills. Though he may not be a master of deception, his rogue skills have improved immensely. His sneakery, his lock picking, he is growing adept. And more than that, he reminds me of his mother. And we all knew Shabbie. She was a valued member of The Unbroken Chain, and she was our friend.

And if Argonaut is half the member that she was, we would be lucky to have him. And aside from bringin' in his two best friends... which, let's remember, I did the same. Mosh wouldn't be here if I hadn't brought him into the group. And... [sighs] Y'know, normally, I am senior to Mosh. I would be up there, too, but... I had to recuse myself. Because of the connection I have to Argonaut, and to Shabbie.

And that's how important this is. It matters enough for me to recuse myself, so that there's no question that Argonaut belongs. I'd stake my membership on it.

Travis: And he throws you a smile, Argonaut. And Mosh smiles, too.

Justin: And I smile.

Travis: And you smile. Anybody else?

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: I'm gonna like, one of those little mysterious half smiles.

Travis: Oh, yeah yeah yeah. I got that.

Justin: I love that. Mona Lisa style.

Clint: Which nobody can see because of the handlebar mustache.

Griffin: Um, I think I want to not break a full blown stink eye lockdown with The Commodore. I am surpris—I, Griffin, am surprised at how much he has gotten my hackles up. So I don't think I can interrupt that with a smile.

Travis: Um, and Sabor steps up. And Sabor says...

Sabor: I will speak on behalf of the Firbolg. In my dealings with him, and with the Firbolgs I have met, I have found them to be deeply committed to their principles and their morals. And they are the epitome of restraint, and they operate for the good of the many. Just as we do. I think the Firbolg would represent a valued asset to our organization.

Travis: And The Commodore says...

Commodore: Is there anyone willing to speak on behalf of Sir... Fitzroy... Maplecourt?

Fitzroy: Crabtree... come on! We spent some time in the shop! Crabtree knows what it's about!

Crabtree: Uh, I—we did, uh...

Travis: Why can I never remember Crabtree's voice?

Griffin: 'Cause you wanna do the voice of Crabtree, the character that Dad used to do on the radio show?

Travis: That's true.

Clint: [in a silly voice] Jackie Crabtree!

Travis: That's absolutely true. I do.

Justin: Hell yes. Where is that TAZ arc?

Clint: [laughing]

Crabtree: Uh, I have worked with the boy, but I—I... I'm sorry, Fitzroy. Not enough to stake my reputation on it.

Fitzroy: Aww. But I haven't done anything to necessarily like, bone you during our time. Like, you know me! You know what it's about. Come on.

Crabtree: [sighs] I'm sorry.

Fitzroy: Forget—Dakotaaa? Dakota has seen it!

Argo: Uh, point of order. Could I bring up a point of order?

Fitzroy: Yeah. Yes you can.

Argo: I'll speak on behalf of Fitzroy.

Fitzroy: Thought we already did that.

Argo: I am still—I'm still a member of The Unbroken Chain.

Fitzroy: Oh, bazinga. Yeah.

Argo: Correct?

Travis: And Mosh says...

Mosh: I... yes. Um... I—I—

Argo: Here's my endorsement. Here's my endorsement statement of Fitzroy. I nominate him to become a member of The Unbroken Chain. Officially, the whole give him the coin. Because one person, one member, can invite one member. So I am officially inviting Fitzroy to join The Unbroken Chain.

Fitzroy: That's great, and then I'll... I'll invite the Firbolg, and this whole thing's over with, baby!

Jackle: It still has to be approved. Though, that does carry some weight.
[sighs]

Fitzroy: I mean, are we wrappin' up here, or... 'cause it feel—this is feeling a bit climactic.

Argo: Well, I—I have a closing statement to make.

Firbolg: Mm.

Argo: Since I called—since I'm the focus of this whole problem. May I—may I make a statement?

Travis: And The Commodore gives you a deferential nod.

Argo: I am inspired by my friend, the Firbolg. And I'm inspired by my friend, Fitzroy. And I think... I am inspired to say this. And this is coming from the heart, because you already know how much I suck at deception.
[laughs] If you want to kick me out of this group, and redact my memory of this whole organization... fine.

Because if you're not willing to help us, and fight against this humongous, crappy threat against us... then you're not of any good to us in our efforts anyway, and neither are any memories of you. Because you haven't contributed a damn thing, as far as I can tell.

Fitzroy: Ohh!!

Argo: So... I ask that if you decide to kick me out and chop out our memories, that's fine. But if you do, please, please, please... look into what we've told you today. Check out the things that we've mentioned to you today, because that's more important than any memory of a fraternal organization that won't support its members would mean to me.

Travis: And The Commodore says...

Commodore: Well. It seems like it's time for the tribunal to rule. And I know how I feel... but first. Mosh, Marie... if you would like to speak.

Travis: And Mosh says...

Mosh: I came into this, prepared to continue the membership of Argonaut Keene, willing to allow the membership of the Firbolg, but I was not prepared to extend the invitation to Sir Fitzroy Maplecourt. But seeing the lengths to which his friends are willing to go to defend his worthiness... it's hard not to take that into account. Because that's what The Unbroken Chain is about. The bonds that we form with each other, and our willingness to operate as a cohesive unit. And that is what I see before me. A cohesive unit.

Travis: And Marie says...

Marie: I feel the same. I see before me three equals that do not allow titles, or positions, background... their lot in life, as you said, to get in the way of that. And that is what we are all about. And I move to extend membership to all three.

Travis: And Mosh says...

Mosh: Aye.

Travis: And The Commodore says...

Commodore: Well. That is not... how I feel. But I... seem to be... outvoted. And as this is... your chapter, and I am just a visitor here... I will have to defer to your judgment. Henceforth, all three of you will be full-fledged members of The Unbroken Chain. But... try to keep it to yourselves.

Fitzroy: Yeah, that seems like something we're *definitely* gonna do super good. So we're mem—are we fully members now?

Commodore: Yes.

Argo: We won?!

Commodore: The tribunal voted in your favor.

Argo: [laughs]

Fitzroy: Oh, that's great news.

Firbolg: Yes.

Fitzroy: So, the full—we now have the full power?

Firbolg: In the words of my dear friend Gary, suck it!

Argo: [laughing]

Firbolg: This is what Gary says when a moment is triumphant. He says, "That's right! Suck it!"

Travis: Has Gary ever said that?

Griffin: I don't think—

Firbolg: This is what my—the one Gary I know well.

Griffin: [laughing] Off screen, cool Gary.

Travis: Oh, cool Gary. Cool Gary.

Clint: Cool Gary. I can say—

Firbolg: Cool Gary says “suck it.” When people get in Cool Gary's—on his last nerve, he tells them—he says, “Look at this joker!” And then once he triumphs over them, he says, “Yes! Suck it! Joker!”

Clint: [laughing]

Firbolg: He always—Cool Gary always puts people in their place. He is a great inspiration!

Argo: Hey, you ought to invite him to join The Unbroken Chain.

Firbolg: I will never speak of this group.

Argo: [laughs]

Fitzroy: [laughs]

Firbolg: Ever again. I am trying to get my triumph finished, so I may... uh... begin never speaking about it. Ever.

Griffin: Um, I uh... I say...

Fitzroy: Can the three of us have a quick sidebar real quick? Just a quick one. And we don't want to be rude. We'll be right back. Just a quick sidebar.

Griffin: I do a huddle with you two. Uh, and I say...

Fitzroy: Argo, I um... kind of have an idea, and I kind of want to go after The Commodore. But I'm not gonna do it unless it's something you want, and... it's not something I'm going to do unless I know you're going to back me. So...

Argo: I will 100% back you. I am with you, whatever you want to do. What are they gonna do, kick us out again? [laughs]

Fitzroy: That's a great point. I feel like we have a sort of immunity for at least, what, an hour or so? Uh, and Firbolg, um... I don't really know how this is gonna go down. But your emotional support is, as always, much appreciated.

Firbolg: Yes.

Travis: And The Commodore says...

Commodore: Now, if you three are done, we do have the second matter to discuss. This so-called upcoming war that you are seeking our support in.

Fitzroy: Yeah. I mean, are we members? Can we add to the agenda?

Commodore: Yes.

Fitzroy: Cool. Um, Jackle...

Jackle: Aye?

Fitzroy: Tell me about the uh, tribunal rules. Like, what do you have to do to get a tribunal called against ya? Something bad?

Jackle: Um... yes? Um, you would bring it to senior members, like myself or Mosh, or... uh, y'know, Marie, or in this case, Commodore. And one of us would have to call the tribunal.

Fitzroy: M'kay. What if one member of The Unbroken Chain was responsible for the death of another member of The Unbroken Chain? That would be... pretty bad, wouldn't it?

Jackle: Uh... yes.

Fitzroy: One might call that a qualifying event for a tribunal, yeah?

Jackle: ... Aye.

Fitzroy: Well then, I think we should probably call a tribunal against The Commodore. Just like, if we're being fair, and we're all doing tribunals today, and we're all here, and we already have the pizza... and The Commodore is visiting. Like, he's here. When else are we gonna get the opportunity?

Commodore: [laughs] Ex—excuse me? This—how dare you! What... what possible reason could there be? [nervous laughter] I—you have been a member all of two minutes! And your first action is... [scoffs] ... to insult me? Insult a senior member?

Fitzroy: I mean, it's only an insult if it's not true. Actually, no, that doesn't—that's libel. I'm thinking of libel. Um, but yeah, I guess that was my first order. I was gonna get some pizza, and then insult you, but it sounded like you were making moves. So, uh... yeah. Jackle, what do you think? You think that's tribunal worthy?

Jackle: Uh... I—it could... be. What's your... what are you gettin' at, boys?

Fitzroy: Argo?

Argo: Basically, The Commodore is responsible for me mum's death. He betrayed her. He was the one who... set up the ambush that got her killed. And... he is responsible for her death.

[somber music plays]

Argo: It's my whole reason for bein'. It has been, up until very recently, the only reason I had for livin'. He betrayed her. He was responsible for her death. And... if this organization can be the tool for me gettin' him, fine. If not... I'll figure out another way to get him. But... Commodore... you lyin' sack of shit. You're the reason my mom is dead. And... I think... it's time for you to answer for your crimes.

Fitzroy: You're about to get tribuned!

Travis: And as you've been saying this, Argonaut, you can see The Commodore growing red in the face, and beginning to splutter, and standing. But before he can speak, the Jackle turns to him. And you've... you realize that you've never seen the Jackle stand to his full height, and make himself present. It's just never occurred to you how he moves through scenarios, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. Y'know, his whole existence is based on sneaking, moving through. And so, he always tries to make himself as slight as possible. But not now.

He stands to his full height, and makes himself... there. And he turns his eyes, full of rage and hatred, looks at The Commodore, and says...

Jackle: [angrily] I... as a senior member... of The Unbroken Chain... call The Commodore to tribunal. *Now.*

[music plays and fades]

[ad break 46:28 – 49:47]

Travis: As soon as this proclamation is made, this group, uh, whose entire ethos is based in order, erupts into chaos. The Commodore is on his feet, and he is moving towards you, Argonaut, saying...

Commodore: How dare ya, you little spray! I'll crush ya beneath my boot!

Travis: As Ramos steps between the two of you. And she doesn't say anything, but her physical presence is enough to break his stride. And she says, finally...

Ramos: Return to your seat.

Travis: And he stares at the goliath, having to look up to make eye contact with her. He begins to speak, but then looks around and realizes... all eyes are on him. And he moves to return to his chair, but Mosh says...

Mosh: Not that seat.

Travis: And he gestures to the seat that, up until now, has been occupied by Fitzroy Maplecourt.

Fitzroy: Kept it warm for ya.

Argo: Farted in it.

Fitzroy: Lots of farts.

Commodore: I... [laughs angrily] I don't... have to stand for this. I... I am—

Fitzroy: No, you sit. You sit in the chair.

Argo: I thought we made that clear. You have a chair.

Fitzroy: We like, did a whole thing like, five seconds ago about the chair.

Travis: Uh, let's say Firbolg, make a perception check for me.

Justin: Uh, 18... plus seven.

Griffin: Zesty!

Travis: As all this is happening, you... have noticed something out of the corner of your eye that no one else seems to have noticed. Winding between your feet, and the feet of your friends, a cat is flickering in and out of existence, as it moves between your feet, nuzzling against your legs.

Justin: The cat?

Travis: Yep.

Griffin: Is it the cat that...

Travis: It is the cat that you have seen so many times, hanging out in your dorm room, uh, buddying up to the three of you.

Griffin: Fuck.

Justin: Uh, y'know what? I'm gonna try to use... [laughs] I don't want anybody to panic, but I'm gonna use a magical spell.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Whoaaa!

Justin: I know. I've been hiding my incredible powers from you.

Travis: Wait, there's magic in this game?!

Justin: Only me.

Travis: I thought it was just court cases!

Justin: I'm the chosen one, and I have the incredible ability to cast magical spells. I'm just looking for the one about animals, 'cause I know that I got it.

Travis: Yeah. It's in there, for sure.

Justin: Hold on. Ah, here it is.

Griffin: I think it's called Animal Good Friend.

Justin: Uh, I cast, uh, first level divination. Speak With Animals. Uhh... and I mean, I can speak with the... the animal.

Travis: Can you tell me what the text of that spell says?

Justin: "I gain the ability to comprehend and verbally communicate with beasts for the duration. The knowledge and awareness of any beast is limited by their intelligence, but at minimum, beasts can give you information about nearby locations and monsters, including whatever they can perceive or have perceived within the past day. You might be able to persuade a beast to perform a small favor for you at the GM's discretion."

Travis: Great! Great great great. Alright. Well, now you can talk to this kitty.

Firbolg: What brings you to the—

Justin: This is in cat.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: So nobody knows my shit. I just sound like an absolute maniac.

Travis: Well yeah, we could just subtitle it. So if you want to just say it in cat..

Justin: Okay. Uh...

Firbolg: What brings you to the tribunal?

Travis: [pause] [laughs] I had to decide what a cat sounds like!

Griffin: Well, Trav, I feel like that's pretty well established at this point, what a cat says.

Cat: Mrow? Meow? Want treat?

Justin: Damn.

Firbolg: Um... would you like... a berry?

Cat: Fish jerky!

Firbolg: Fish... jerky. Argonaut? I require fish jerky and no questions!

Clint: He hands over a—like a half foot. Like six inches of fish jerky.

Firbolg: This is too much jerky. It will kill the cat!

Clint: Three inches.

Firbolg: Perfect.

Argo: It's tilapia.

Justin: I chuck the tilapia jerky—the three inches of tilapia jerky right at that silly cat.

Cat: Mrow! [eating sounds]

Travis: What do you want from this kitty?

Justin: I don't fuckin' know! You threw it in my path!

Clint: [bursts into laughter]

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: I have no quarrel with this cat! You just put a cat there! I talked to the cat! I know—I have nothing for this cat!

Clint: [laughing]

Justin: I mean, so far, I'll say, Travis, in the transaction, the cat's up! The cat's up some jerky!

Travis: Yep. The cat is up. So let's bump back over to what is going on in, uh, the second tribunal of the day, where The Commodore now sits before Marie, Mosh, and Ramos. Because once again, the Jackle... is a little too invested in this to be able to sit the tribunal.

Griffin: Sure.

Travis: And Mosh, now sitting in the tall seat, says...

Mosh: Uh, perhaps, Commodore, we should begin by explaining your involvement in the death of Shebrie Keene.

Fitzroy: And don't lie!

Commodore: I had nothing to do with the death of Shebrie Keene. It was a complete unavoidable accident. She... she sailed on her own. It was supposed to be through calm waters. It ended up being an ambush, but there's no way I could have known.

Travis: Mosh turns to you, Argonaut, and says...

Mosh: What evidence do you have to the contrary?

Argo: Well... [pause] She was... she was involved in this whole process. She got this whole job from The Commodore. Do you admit the fact that you were her supervisor? That you were the one that gave her her orders, and—

Commodore: I admit freely that I was her privateer contract, that she worked directly under me. But that doesn't mean I knew there was going to be an ambush! How could I have known? That's the very definition of an ambush, boy!

Argo: Well, otherwise, how would the ambushers have known where she was going, except for the fact that you sent her there? Nobody else would know. Nobody else would know where she was goin', and yet, they knew the exact right place to ambush her. You're the only other person that knew where she was goin'. She didn't even tell us!

Commodore: I... the ambushers could have been there for any number of reasons. The seas are dangerous. You know that! Jackle, you know that! [laughs] I—one doesn't need to be told where someone's going to be for pirates to attack!

Travis: Do you have any counter for that, Argonaut?

Clint: Really... really should've thought this out ahead of time.

Griffin: I mean, it was my boner, if I'm being honest. I really... I got a little excited for justice, and...

Travis: Y'know what? Let's—

Griffin: I forgot about the sort of—

Travis: Let's bring a little bit of Dungeons & Dragons back into it. Argonaut, you have had a lot of time to think about this. You have had, what, how long since your mother died?

Clint: 20 years.

Travis: Make an insight check.

Clint: I have advantage because of the Monocle of Misdirection.

Travis: Well, there you go. Make that roll and see how it goes.

Clint: That's 15... minus one. That's a 14.

Travis: Mm-hmm.

Clint: And that's a 19 minus one, an 18.

Travis: With that 18, you have looked at it again and again. And the thing is, it's always been tough for you to figure out, why would The Commodore do this? Because your mother was an incredible captain. And she made The Commodore look good on countless occasions. And seeing him here now, it clicks. He was jealous. She... was better than him. The crew liked her better than him.

And perhaps, you would be willing to guess, his higher ups. His commanders liked her. And he felt threatened. Threatened like he is now, and you can see that when cornered, when threatened, The Commodore gets angry. And probably, you're willing to bet, is willing to kill to protect himself.

Clint: Okay. Um... I want to make a deception check. 14 plus five. That's 19.

Travis: Pretty good.

Argo: I know... for a fact... that The Commodore wanted my mother to fail. I have proof. I have a letter that she wrote to me, expressing concerns... that The Commodore felt threatened by her, her success, and that she would eventually threaten his position as The Commodore. He had made open threats to, uh, to her, and those around him, that... he felt threatened, and he would do anything he could.

Because he wasn't getting the credit for all these great things. And... he... basically... is a coward, who has always hid behind the accomplishments of those that worked for him and around him, taking the glory, taking the credit, when he has never really had his own success. He's always contracted with all these other people, without fighting a single battle of his own, and certainly without winning a single battle of his own.

Fitzroy: [laughing]

Argo: And for that reason, that is why he wanted to get rid of me mom, and... he's a coward. And he is basically a failure at everything he's tried to do, except... steal the credit from everybody else.

Justin: Y'know, I love a—Dad ratcheting up the already solid deception roll by adding to that. And I also have physical, demonstrable proof in my possession, should anyone need to see. He had already tricked them, and his trick was, "I have this thing I can show you whenever, just let me know."

[music plays]

Travis: And The Commodore says...

Commodore: You lie! I am the greatest Naval hero that has ever lived, boy! And... [laughs] No such letter exists, because I never threatened your mother, and I would never do that!

Travis: And the Jackle, without looking away from The Commodore, says...

Jackle: Argonaut does not lie. I have seen the letter.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: What?

Argo: Yeah!

Travis: And suddenly, The Commodore... his body language shifts. And he says...

Commodore: Don't you see what's happening here? These... boys... this liar!

Travis: And he points at Jackle.

Commodore: They're turned against me! This is some kind of vendetta! They come in here lying about some kind of war, just to make their way in here! Because... he...

Travis: And he points at you, Argo...

Commodore: ... is looking for blood, because of an unavoidable event that happened to his mother! Don't you see? This is all lies, from the demon war, to this accusation! None of this! None of this is true!

Travis: And Mosh says...

Mosh: I... think you're going... to need to come with us.

Travis: And... Crabtree steps forward with a set of manacles. And The Commodore reaches into his coat, and withdraws a vial. And inside the vial is a dark, ink-black, smoky liquid. And he raises it and says...

Commodore: If any of you take one step towards me, I'll smash this on the ground, and you'll all be dead before you can take another!

Griffin: Can... The Commodore make a wisdom saving throw?

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: 'Cause I'm gonna cast *Hold Person*, so he doesn't—so he doesn't do that.

Justin: Yeah, he shouldn't have announced it.

Griffin: He shouldn't have said it.

Justin: [laughs] He did announce his intent.

Griffin: 'Cause now I'm gonna make him—I'm gonna make him not do it with a *Hold Person*.

Travis: Uh, that is 18.

Griffin: Now, but hold on.

Travis: Uh-huh?

Griffin: 'Cause I have a thing. I think.

Justin: A thing.

Griffin: I have a thing. Okay, uh, it's *Heighten Spell*. When you cast a spell that forces a creature to make a saving throw to resist its effects, you can spend three sorc—do I have three sorcery points? I think so. Uh, to give one target of the spell disadvantage on the first saving throw made against this spell. Uhh... I do! I have four sorcery points. I will spend three of them on this.

Travis: So he has disadvantage, and he failed on the second one. What does *Hold Person* do?

Griffin: I mean, this is like, the oldest DnD spell. I feel like I should just know this. Uh, "Choose a human you can see within range. They must succeed on a wisdom saving throw, or be paralyzed for the duration." Y'know, if we're going by one round of battle, we have six seconds of paralyze time, which should...

Fitzroy: He's frozen! Uh, get the thing!

Travis: And you hear him mutter a word as you all step forward, and... coming through the shimmering doorway is Gray the demon prince.

Justin: Ah, shit!

Griffin: What doorway?!

Travis: Who says...

Gray: You called?

[theme music plays]