The Adventure Zone: Dust Season 2 – Episode 3

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Travis: Previously on The Adventure Zone: Dust.

Augustus: Are you telling me that Flint Chittles sits on the board of Cashewniverse?

Jackson: This is my brother, Matthias. I murdered him in cold blood.

Roust: Well, howdy there. Name's Roust.

Lulu: We're looking to be on the train, two days from now.

Indrid: How are we actually going to get in there?

Micah: The engine ain't warded.

Roust: Probably the easiest way is to just try to walk in and make sure no one sees you.

Callan: I need work.

Wyatt: Be here tomorrow morning. I got work for ya.

Lulu: Maison could use some muscle, but with brain behind it.

Eudorah: If you give me that job and I don't get in trouble, I'll help you out.

Griffin: So, I'd like to talk to my buddy Micah.

Indrid: I'm just saying, I have to jump off a moving train, is what it's looking like.

Micah: Mm-hmm?

Indrid: And if I could unfurl two big, beautiful, silky wings...

Micah: Are we in agreement that you owe me one? **Indrid**: I think I owe you two.

Eric: So, I can add a crate. One big enough for one of you.

Lulu: I think that would have to be you, Indrid?

Callan: Somebody familiar with acupuncture. Is it possible that you still have someone that serves in that capacity?

Lulu: Well, absolutely.

Travis: Join us again for episode 3 - Spa Day!

[Dust theme music plays]

Travis: Callan, you're stretched out on a comfortable spa bed at the Maison Nihon. Your acupuncturist has already kind of started going through and making you comfortable. And made sure that you felt safe, that you felt secure, all these things. And she says:

Isabella: Yes? Is there anything specific you'd like me to focus on?

Callan: I have a lot of pain and this is the only way I can actually function. If I go too long without this, I'm no good to anybody. So, I just really need you to give me some relief, so I can continue.

Isabella: I understand. Absolutely, Mr. Callan. It will be my pleasure. Any areas in particular?

Callan: Well, can you see scars?

Isabella: Yes. Quite a few.

Callan: Yeah, that would be about it. That's the main thrust. The only place I have pain is from the base of my neck to the bottom of my feet.

Isabella: Got it.

Callan: I never get headaches.

Isabella: Okay. Well, you relax, breathe deep. You're gonna feel a couple of punctures, as is the nature of the beast. And pretty soon, I think you are going to fade away to sleep. And if you need anything, my name is Isabella. You can just say the word.

Travis: And she is not wrong. She comes around the front of the bed, brushes her red hair behind her ear. You feel a couple of punctures and that's all it takes. And you are out like a light. As you all entered, Lorelai was waiting there for you, Lulu. And you two are talking now. And she says:

Lorelai: Yes, Pearl just wanted me to let you know that since we had the extra people here, she is riding under the cover of darkness tonight for Stitchton, to try to get there for support. But we arrived to let the workers know that we've moved forward with the plan. So, she should be there. So, I wanted to make sure you knew about that. What all do you have planned? What's gonna happen tomorrow morning?

Lulu: Well, it seems that we have a man on the inside now, in Callan. And that also, Eudorah Line will be keeping eyes and ears out for us. I believe that our fine flying friend... Or, no. He's no longer flying, I guess... Will be handling the wards. I think the only thing left is a means of escape. But Lorie, what are you getting from this?

Lorelai: Oh, you know, I'm just happy to help. And you know, I, of course, love you and Pearl. And you know, you asked for my help and I'm happy to. And it's just the right thing to do.

[ambient music plays]

Lulu: Heh... You always know the right thing to do, don't you?

Lorelai: Well, I learned it from you two. You know, you're good friends and good people, And you've always been an inspiration to me.

Lulu: [exclaims] Oh, Lorie...

Lorelai: Now, we don't need to get all teary and everything. I mean, it's not like we're going off to war or something.

Lulu: Well, that's just the thing, is things could get rough. And just in case something should happen to me, I gotta come clean about something. And I know this not the best time... But you know how a couple seasons back, your family farm hit some hard times?

Lorelai: Yeah?

Lulu: That was... that was my doing...

Lorelai: What do you mean?

Lulu: I mean, I put a curse on your farm 'cause you were supplying livestock to a rival of my patron. The one that got me the Maison. And he said that if I didn't do it, that he... that this would all go away. I just couldn't do that to my parents. So, I made you sacrifice yours and I'm so sorry.

Lorelai: Oh... Yeah... Well, you know, no hard feelings. It's okay.

Lulu: No! No, it's not okay, Lorie.

Lorelai: Well, I really appreciate you saying something. But it doesn't change anything between us. You know, business is business. And I understand how much you love the Maison and your parents, and such. Thank you for telling me... I'm sorry, there's just so much going

on. I'm having a hard time processing everything, I think? And I understand it...

Lulu: Yeah, I'm sorry. This was the exact wrong time to tell you, I'm so sorry. But when we're done with this job, I'd really like to make it up to you and Mama and Papa Horn. Please, I'll do whatever it takes, you know? And not just business wise. I mean, really make amends.

Lorelai: Well, I'd like that. Thank you.

Lulu: All right. Thanks, Lorie. Whew. All right. Well, I'm gonna go check in around the bar.

Erika: And I sort of sweep away.

Lorelai: I'll see you tomorrow.

Lulu: Yeah.

Lorelai: I'll be in the passenger section 'til we get to Stitchton if you need me, okay?

Lulu: Yeah. Thank you.

Travis: And when you head to the bar, Selena, behind the bar says:

Selena: Oh, is there an Augustus with you?

Lulu: Oh? Yes. Mr. Parsons is, I believe, in the vicinity. Who's asking?

Selena: Somebody, a messenger, came by early today. Said they heard he was staying here, left a note for him.

Lulu: Oh? Well, sure. I'll take that. Who was this courier?

Selena: I don't know. Just somebody from the Express.

Lulu: All right.

Erika: And I hold my hand out for the letter.

Travis: Yeah, hands it to you. It's address to Mr. Augustus Parsons.

Erika: Hmm. All right. And I go to move to find our incorporeal friend.

Travis: You find him. He's watching the show. It's an early version of How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying.

Erika: [laughs]

Travis: So, he's making notes. Saying like, "No, that wouldn't work." [laughs].

Erika: [laughs]

Travis: No, it's whatever you want. It's just a fun—

Griffin: You have to try at least a little bit harder than that.

Travis: What about Long Term Plans?

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Yeah, you find him watching the show.

Lulu: Mr. Parsons, it seems a missive has come for you.

Augustus: Shh. I hate this part.

Travis: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Augustus: [exclaims] God, it's chilling, isn't it? Worst show I've ever

seen in my life. Sorry, I'll take any excuse to get out.

Lulu: Well...

Augustus: You wanna join me outside?

Lulu: Yes.

Augustus: Begging your pardon. Excuse me. Excuse me. Begging your pardon. Excuse me.

Lulu: Oh, sorry.

Travis: "Oh, yeah. Yeah, it's fine. Oh, watch my drink. Oh, sorry. Oh, sorry. My drink."

Lulu: Ooh.

Augustus: I can't knock your drink over, I'm incorporeal.

Travis: "Oh, okay. Oh, no, she did, though."

Erika: [laughs]

Travis: "It's fine, she owns the place. She'll clean it up."

Lulu: Sorry, that's me.

Travis: "That's fine."

Clint: "Hey, watch it!"

Griffin: "Ow, my foot! Ow! Ow, my other foot."

Travis: "Oh, oh, sorry. Sorry. Now I have to go the bathroom too. Well, as long as he's—"

Clint: "Down in front! Down in front"

Lulu: Shh, shh, shh, shh.

Justin: What a rich fucking tapestry.

Griffin: "Oh, shit. My tablecloth's on fire!"

Travis: "I'm gonna shoot into the ceiling like they do in all the movies. Wooo-ooo!" Bang-bang.

Erika: [laughs]

Augustus: What was it that you needed?

Lulu: Well, I-

Augustus: How may I be of service?

Lulu: It just seemed clearly, we needed an intermission in that show.

Clint: [laughs]

Lulu: But other than that, there's a letter that came for you.

Travis: You opened the letter so that he can read it, because he is currently visible and audible. And it is from Kerf—

Justin: I will read it.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs]

Kerf: Dear Mr. Parsons, I heard that you were in town. So much is happening over the Augustu—

Travis: And then it's marked out and says 'Cashewniverse' in quotation marks.

Kerf: I need direction. What do you want me to do? Please, if you have a moment free. I'll be at the church tonight. I'll see you there. I'll wait for you.

Travis: Signed a Kerf Ridgerock. And then there's a P.S. scrolled across the bottom.

Kerf: A friend here heard you were traveling with Callan. If he's free, he'd love to see him.

Justin: Okay.

Augustus: Well, Lulu, I have to visit a compatriot of mine about a business matter. You understand?

Lulu: Well, I certainly do.

Augustus: You are, of course, welcome to join. Or you can enjoy the rest of this here program. It is, I will warn you, atrocious.

Lulu: Well... I'll make sure to give it to the director for the postmortem then.

Augustus: Right.

Lulu: I'm a little, I'm a little flustered trying to-

Augustus: They thrive on feedback. [laughs] One thing I always loved when I was treading the boards in my college days, is when audience members would find me after the show, to tell me about parts of it they thought could be improved.

Lulu: Well, we'll be certain to give your, a dead businessman's, opinion to all of the professional actors.

Augustus: And I thank you very much for that. I'm sure they will appreciate it.

Erika: [laughs]

Travis: Callan, you come somewhat stumbling from the spa area. You had a deep sleep. It was only about 20, 30 minutes. But you are lightheaded, you feel no pain. You feel great. Maybe one of the best acupuncture sessions you've ever had.

Clint: And I come stumbling up to Augustus?

Travis: Just, you come outside to catch some fresh air. Maybe clear your head a little bit. You're having a hard time. You know, when you— Have you ever had that feeling when you wake up in a new place and you're like, "Wait, what? Where's my—Huh? What's go—" It's that kind of feeling, you're still clearing your head.

Erika: [laughs]

Clint: Okay.

Callan: [deep inhale and exhale] Hey, ghost.

Augustus: Well, hello my friend. Don't you look relaxed? What have you been up to?

Callan: Just getting little therapy.

Lulu: Ah, yes. Iz, working her magic.

Callan: Isabella is extremely talented.

Augustus: Gross! So, I'll be heading on over to the church to meet with Mr. Ridgerock, an associate of mine, to discuss a business matter. You may, if you wish, join me. They asked for your presence,

specifically.

Callan: Who?

Augustus: Mr. Ridgerock. He was my... a close compatriot when I was at the helm of the Augustus Parsons Cashew Company.

Callan: I don't know anybody named Ridgerock. He asked for me?

Justin: Travis, is there some connection that he would know about or that I would know about?

Travis: It was that there was someone there who said, "Hey, if you talk to him, if you talk to Augustus—"

Justin: "There's someone there?"

Travis: Yeah.

Augustus: I know nothing further, apologies. They just... There's someone there asking for you. I know you're an obstinate man, but if it could help the Cashew Company at all, I would appreciate the help.

Callan: Oh. Okay.

Travis: Give me a name to a face roll, Clinton.

[sound of dice being thrown]

Clint: d4 and a d1. What do I add to it?

Travis: You add, in this case, Wild.

Clint: Well, that's a minus one then.

Travis: Oh, boy.

Clint: So, that's a four.

Travis: Yeah, you don't know who would be asking for you.

Clint: But in his line of work, anybody that's asking about you, you're gonna be curious about. So...

Callan: Yeah. I'll go with you.

Travis: Yeah. And I'm gonna say like normally you would be able to figure it out. This wouldn't be a hard one. But you've still got some wicked brain fuzzies.

Callan: Yeah. Let's go.

Lulu: Well, you gentlemen ring me on the pocket telegraph if you need anything. I'm going to be checking up on this establishment and perhaps confer with your compatriot about the plans for tomorrow.

Callan: May I?

Griffin: I'm just sitting there just like gulping down cashews, like, "Yeah! And I'm here too!"

Travis: Well, Indrid, you went to bed early because you have to get to the warehouse by five o'clock.

Griffin: Oh, that's fair, that's fair.

Travis: So, you're in bed, dreaming. And we'll get to you in just a moment.

Justin: Wait, I wanna end the scene.

Travis: Yes.

Clint: Okay.

Augustus: Lulu?

Lulu: Yes?

[ominous music plays]

Augustus: Promise me something. And I mean this with all sincerity.

Lulu: I'll do my best.

Augustus: When they begin, Happy To Keep His Dinner Warm, you must promise me that you will look away.

Erika: [laughs]

Augustus: I'm not sure we can recover from that particular number. From choreography to singing, to staging, to lighting, to sound, it is a failure on every level, that you may not be able to recover from. Promise me you'll look away. Perhaps a visit to the facilities?

Lulu: Well, sir, I give you my womanly word.

Augustus: I'd tell you the same about Coffee Break, but I assume everyone will be dead by then.

Travis: [laughs]

Clint: And Juice, when your friend, Matthew Broderick, finds out about this, he's gonna be so pissed.

Justin: I hate that fuck'n show so much.

Erika: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: I didn't pick it at random. I was like, "What's a show that I also think Augustus would hate?" And so, any show titled How to Succeed a Business Without Really Trying, I was like, "I think Augustus would hate this show."

Justin: You nailed it 'cause I fuck'n hate that show. Anyway...

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: It sucks ass. It's neither here and nor there, my feelings about it.

Lulu: Perhaps the revival will do better.

Augustus: [laughs] We can hope. We can all hope, can't we? Maybe they'll rewrite all the songs and lyrics and music, and come up with something better. [laughs]

Travis: The two of you approach the church. You have been here many, many, many times, Augustus. You have made quite a few deals with the church. And this is also where your daughter, Anna, is being cared for by leader Green, first name Janet.

You make your way in. And as you enter, this is like the Prime temple of the church in the Crescent Territories. And so, it's done... It's not overly designed. It's pretty clean lines, not a lot of like fancy accents. But just it's scale and scope.

That alone is enough to make it seem ostentatious in the West. As everything still being developed in most buildings struggle to top two to three floors. Just the size and the ability to welcome a large congregation makes this building impressive all on its own.

As you enter, you see Kerf sitting in one of the front benches. Kind of looking around anxiously. And he sees you. And you see him like relax, visibly. And he like waves you over. Now, Callan, you enter. Your head is clear at this point, the walk gave you a chance to do it. And you're pretty sure, by this point, you know who you're looking for.

[Old Western style guitar strums]

And sure enough, there, leaning against one of the back walls, is a well-built, beautiful man. With long, curly blond hair. He's got a beard that you would say probably is about a month of growth. He wears it well. His eyes are so crystal blue as to almost be white. And he is staring directly at you. And you recognize Uriel.

Callan: Hey, boss.

Uriel: I heard you were in town.

Callan: Side mission.

Uriel: You didn't come see me.

Callan: Well, I don't really enjoy your company all that much. So, I don't think that's that big a surprise.

Uriel: I see. Well, I just wanna let you know, I've been in touch with my wayward brother and it seems it has been some time since you have followed through on any deliverables. And I got some names here whose time is running out. And we're gonna need to make those swaps pretty soon, or that's gonna be on your head. Do you understand?

And I wanna make it clear, because we've had this conversation before, this isn't a threat. This isn't me like trying to bully you. I'm just stating facts, that's what I do. There are facts, there are things that I cannot change that have already been put in motion. You understand this, yes?

Callan: Yeah. How many? How many are getting close?

Uriel: Three in the next 18 months. Okay?

Callan: Yeah, I understand. I can... I can deliver on that. I may even have a chance on this little side mission.

Uriel: Okay. Once again, this is not meant to be a pressure thing, but simply a statement of fact. You're the one who sought this job, once you knew what was at stake, yes?

Callan: You made your point. I don't think you need to keep repeating it.

Uriel: Excellent. Well, best of luck.

[ominous sound clip plays]

Travis: And he turns and exits. Now you, Augustus, you sit down next to Kerf.

Kerf: Oh, uh, sir.... Mr. Parsons... I am glad you are here.

Augustus: Well, Kerf, it is nice to see. How are you? I assume, better than I.

Kerf: I am at a loss, Mr. Parsons. I don't know how much you know about the Cashewniverse thing. What do you want me—

Augustus: That, unfortunately, no longer concerns me. For I have joined the incredible unemployed. I, Augustus Parsons, am without a career. I am, if you'll pardon the expression, a bum. This is how I should live out, or perhaps not live out, the rest of my days. I shall purchase a couch. I shall read Little Orphan Annie.

Clint: [laughs]

Augustus: And I shall exist. But my working days are behind me.

Kerf: Mr. Parsons, if this is a joke, I'm not quite sure-

Augustus: Please, call me Gus.

Kerf: No.

Augustus: I love to lay around and listen to the phonograph.

Clint: [laughs]

Kerf: Mr. Parsons, I am not alone in what I am about to tell you. I've been waiting for some kind of missive from you of how to handle this. Mr. Altheiser is... He's giving more and more of the company away to people. And it's starting to worry many of us about our futures with the company. And we were kind of hoping you would know what to do?

Augustus: Unfortunately, that is typical for the cutthroat world of business in which I have been bested for the last time. I no longer am concerned with the struggles of the working man. For I, myself, am relaxing.

Travis: And you hear a smaller voice behind you say:

Anna: Well, Father, if you don't mind me saying so, I think that is absolute bullshit.

Augustus: Anacardium, you will watch a language when I am present, or rather not present, in the room.

Anna: Oh, I'm sorry. It's just that I have spoken with Mr. Ridgerock many times, as well as leader Green.

Travis: And you turn and you see a 12-year-old girl. You can see some elements of her mother in there, but she is the spitting image of Augustus Parsons.

Anna: It's just that I was told that my father, Augustus Parsons, was a titan of industry. And now, I could see that those were all

exaggerations, of course.

Augustus: No, Augustus Parsons is a titan of industry. Or perhaps was. I am Gus P, local lay about.

Anna: Oh, I see. So, when you died, all of your drive and your ethics, which I heard made you tower among the common man, all those must have died with you. Is that it?

Augustus: No, Anacardium. They died when my company was rested from my cold dead hands to become the Cashewniverse.

Anna: Ah.

Augustus: There is no Augustus Parsons Cashew Company. And soon, there will be no Augustus Parsons.

Justin: It's worth noting that, interestingly, the Augustus Parsons Cashew Company is one of my four anchors.

Travis: Correct.

Justin: So, I'm less connected, at this point, to the world, than I would've been beforehand. So, I'm trying to reflect that because he's not all there, because one of his anchors is gone. One of his pieces in the world.

Travis: Yes, absolutely.

Kerf: Now, I have been studying my business, as I have hoped to make proud of the Parsons name. And I believe, if I'm not mistaken, what that means is, if they have switched the title of the company, wouldn't that mean the Augustus Parsons Cashew Company name is free and available for use?

Augustus: No, that's not how business works. They own the rights to that name.

Kerf: Oh, they own your name?

Augustus: Believe it or not. Wait a minute... Wait a minute, Wally Amos. Wally Amos. You ever heard of Famous Amos Cookies?

Kerf: Of course, they're famous.

Augustus: They stole—They took the company from Mr. Amos. And he started his own cookie company.

Kerf: Oh, okay? So, you're going to start your own cashew company?

Augustus: Well, is there room in the market? That's the question. [laughs]

Kerf: Well, yes. Everybody loves pizza blasted cashews.

Augustus: You will not—Those are not cashews! That is a tiny, crunchy poison!

Kerf: So, I guess what the question is, is do you think that there's room in the market for the perfect cashew, lovingly chosen for the consumer? Versus, you know, whatever pizza blasted poison Garret Altheiser is putting out into the universe?

Augustus: Are you talking about real, organically grown, unflavored cashews? The kind-

Kerf: The only, yeah.

Augustus: The kind that old-

Griffin: Is dad eating pistachios in the background of this cashew conversation?

Travis: How fucking could you? You Judas!

Justin: How could you, dad? You're eating pistachios while I'm trying to talk about cashews!

Clint: I got hungry listening to you describe the delicious cashews.

Justin: Yeah, dad. They're a great nut.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: They're one of the top seven, easy. Okay?

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: So precious, you don't even put 'em in the mix. No one puts pistachios in, it's gotta stand out.

Erika: Cashews, almonds, hazelnuts...

Justin: Is this a power ranking or a loosely ordered top five?

Erika: Loosely ordered.

Justin: Okay.

Erika: 'Cause you said top seven?

Justin: Yeah, top seven.

Erika: Yeah, yeah, yeah. I'm gonna say cashews, almonds...

Travis: You haven't even said peanut yet?

Justin: Peanuts are bad, almonds are bad.

Erika: Peanuts...

Travis: Peanuts are not bad.

Erika: What?

Travis: You can't say peanuts are bad in a power ranking. Peanuts are in everything. They're the cranberry nuts.

Erika: If you are allergic to peanuts, you cannot—

Travis: But even then, you have to respect their reach.

Justin: Cashews –

Clint: Coconuts.

Erika: Yeah, they're the only that's like a given in so much cuisine?

Justin: Cashews.

Clint: Donuts.

Justin: Pistachios.

Erika: Donuts!

Justin: [laughs] This is stupid. Okay, no...

Travis: Okay.

Augustus: Yes, Anacardium, you're right, I can't give up now. The market needs an interruption. Shade grown, ethically sourced, delicious cashews. And that will be the name of my new company, my new venture. Delicious Cashews.

Kerf: It's pretty good.

Griffin: [laughs]

Kerf: It's right there in the name.

Augustus: It lets you know what kind of cashews they are. That's business.

Kerf: And that they're cashews.

Augustus: And that they're cashews. It covers all the available information about the product contained therein.

Kerf: Now all we need—You're going to need to find, of course, a location and a workforce. People looking for jobs. Anything like that?

Augustus: Well, Kerf...

Kerf: Yeah?

Griffin: [laughs]

Augustus: I think I know just the man for the job. An adult, you see, Kerf, an adult would wanna run everything their way.

Clint: [laughs]

Augustus: But I can trust you to run Delicious Cashews.

Griffin: [laughs]

Kerf: I'm 32?

Augustus: I can trust you, Kerf. I can trust, my young-

Griffin: [laughs] You have assassinated our father.

Clint: [laughs]

Augustus: I can trust you, Kerf. To run Delicious Cashews in the way it's always been run, the Augustus Parsons way. Fine, ethically sourced, organically grown cashews

Kerf: Of course. I understand. Yes. Uh-huh?

Augustus: And you know what else we'll be adding to our product line?

Kerf: What?

Augustus: Nothing.

Kerf: Oh? Okay.

Griffin: [laughs]

Augustus: Just cashews! No flavors! One size of bag. [laughs]

Kerf: That will make choosing which kind of delicious cashews you want very easy.

Augustus: Well, you have to limit your number of skews when you're beginning in business, you see. If that product does well, we'll expand the line. But you don't wanna rush out too many products at once. That's just business.

Kerf: Well, shall we meet tomorrow to discuss the finer points of this plan?

Augustus: Sounds perfect, Kerf. You take care of yourself. And start working on a logo.

Anna: Now, father, I expect at least 30%.

Augustus: Anacardium... You can have 32%. And Kerf-

Anna: No.

Augustus: Kerf...

Clint: Aww.

Augustus: 10% for you.

Anna: Oh, wait—

Augustus: And I will have a poultry, 58%.

Anna: Okay. We can figure it out tomorrow.

Augustus: This is one of the finer points.

[theme music plays]

[ad read]

[theme music plays]

Travis: Now, we see Indrid wake into a dream. In front of you, Indrid, you see a park bench and a tall, slender woman sits on the bench. And she is watching a kind of garden of trees. It's not quite an orchard. There's about five or six and they're not full grown.

You would guess they're about like 15, 16 feet high. And moving between it, you see in the wind, these gigantic spiderwebs. Stretched between the trees and they flow in the wind. And you hear her say:

Weaver: Oh, Indrid, my love. Please, come join me.

Indrid: Sure.

Griffin: I go and sit down.

Weaver: Oh, so easy going. I enjoy that.

Griffin: Do I recognize her?

Travis: No, but there is definitely, like... I will say this, that same kind of nerve tingle you get when you like touch somebody or when you feel that feeling of like, "Oh, something's about to happen. There's something going on."

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: You feel it.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: And she says:

Weaver: Now, I know I have been lack in our face-to-face meetings. As you might imagine, I'm very busy. But it did become very important for me to talk to you, my darling. You see, hue, Indrid... And don't get me wrong, this is one of the things I love about you. But you are far too trusting.

Indrid: Is that so?

Weaver: Yes. Let me just check. There is a voice that appears at your ear that you have never met, that you have never seen and you tell them everything.

Indrid: Yes... Normally, I would not be quite as easy going with strangers. Especially in this strange new world I find myself in. I am at a slight disadvantage in that I can no longer instantly tell if people are going to try and royally bone me from 50 yards away.

Weaver: What?

Indrid: Perhaps if I possessed this, my beautiful second sight, this would not be an issue. But I'm just trying to figure this thing out as I go.

Weaver: Then what do you call my gift, if not some form of second sight?

Indrid: Hmm... It's okay. It's all right.

Weaver: Oh, oh, oh, playing hard to get, huh? Indrid... I will ask you to speak to me with respect, please.

Indrid: Hmm... Okay.

Weaver: Now Indrid, you need to be more careful. I would not have you harmed for the world. We are having so much fun and getting so much important work done.

Indrid: What kind of work are you talking about?

Weaver: Oh, the game! The visions? The future? We're building it together?

Indrid: I'm sorry, I wasn't aware that I was collaborating on the future.

Weaver: Oh, sorry. I'm may have given you a little more credit than perhaps was applicable. So, I will now—Hmm, this isn't normally my way. But I do adore you. So, I will just tell you. So, you are my... I hate to use this word 'cause it does seem reductive... but my tool? Yes?

[dramatic tone plays]

Indrid: That is news to me.

Weaver: Well, so you already have this proclivity towards future, towards vision, towards knowing. And so, I simply tapped into that. And I show you either the things that will happen, or I show you the things that you need to see to make the things I want to happen, happen.

Indrid: Oh, that would've been nice to know.

Weaver: Well, I figured it doesn't make a difference because you'll never know which one is which.

Indrid: [laughs] All right.

Weaver: They're practically the same thing, don't get it confused. Because either it is the future or simply by you acting on it, it becomes the future.

Griffin: I stand up from the park bench.

Weaver: You weren't excused.

Travis: And with that, her fingers elongate to a completely inhuman length. Spindly, but very strong as they press you back down to the bench.

Indrid: Sorry, I thought I was about to wake up. Oh...

Weaver: When I'm ready.

Indrid: Usually, there's a hot air balloon and I'm in it. And I'm late for school for some reason.

Weaver: Mm-hmm, yes. I like that one.

Indrid: And then there's a stiff wind and I fall out of the basket. And I tumble down, down, down, down. And right before I hit the ground, I awaken. And what's weird is while I'm falling, the whole time I'm just

so stressed out about the school thing. So, I thought that—is that—I don't like this.

Weaver: Well, I don't want you to think that this is all bad. Just because we have work to do, doesn't mean we can't have a pleasant working relationship. And maybe, someday, more. But that, you know... I'll give it time, no pressure.

But listen, I know that me asking you not to trust your so-called friend, Micah, is going to grate on you. You are so caring for your friends. So, let me show you that I am a friend. And let me give you a gift.

Travis: And she presses one of those spindly fingers to your forehead and there is a searing pain behind your eyes. But as this happens, burned into that moment, you see a shape, a symbol. A sigil, a specific sigil. And she says:

Weaver: Remember that one. I think that will help.

Indrid: I can't do anything here then? 'Cause like any sort of supernatural thing I could try to do, they are warded against. Because they have defenses against my site.

Weaver: Correct.

Indrid: Thanks for that. A note would've also been fine.

Weaver: Mm-hmm. I work in mysterious ways.

Indrid: Okay. You have been nothing but extremely ominous this entire conversation. And then you're like, "Te-he-he, use this sigil. You're gonna love it."

Weaver: Well, you'll just need to recognize it.

Indrid: Okay. Okay. You wanna tell me what it is or is this-

Weaver: That's not really what I do.

Indrid: Okay. All right. May I be dismissed, please?

Weaver: Ooh, very polite. I like that. Yes, you may. And if you need my help, ask me instead of this Micah.

Indrid: And what should I call you?

Weaver: I'll tell you... you can call me Weaver.

Indrid: Sure. Okay, Weaver, I'll be in touch.

Weaver: Okay.

Indrid: Thanks for the help.

Weaver: Sweet dreams.

Griffin: Can I do something?

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: I would like to awaken with a start and go to Dallas Grayson's house, where Dallas Grayson lives.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: And just start pounding on the door.

Travis: Yeah. It's about 3:00 AM at this point.

Griffin: Yeah, yeah.

Travis: Yeah...

Griffin: Yeah, I don't care.

Travis: You hear his dog barking inside and he comes down.

Dallas: Oh? Indrid?

Indrid: You need to fix my shit. Like, now.

Dallas: Okay? And this had to happen at 3:00 AM? This important update on the situation?

Indrid: You're gonna go back to bed. I have work to do. And if I'm gonna do that work, I need you to take the bindings off. Like, right now. Or it's gonna real bad for a lot of people.

Dallas: I've told you, it's intricate. It's intricate, Indrid.

Indrid: It's Indrid. Oh, sorry.

Dallas: No, the bindings are intricate. Right?

Indrid: Yeah.

Dallas: I can't just undo—Okay, I got something. It's not done. It ain't tested. It's like a disruptor, right? I'm trying to make it permanent. That's why I haven't told you about it yet. But it currently has like a single charge.

Indrid: I'll take whatever you got.

Dallas: Like I said, ain't tested.

Indrid: Yeah.

Dallas: Ain't tested. Theoretical, theoretical, theoretical. Do you wanna test it?

Indrid: Right now?

Dallas: I mean-

Indrid: Or is it one of those like in the heat of the moment situations?

Dallas: You can field test it, yeah.

Indrid: Okay. I'd rather do that, 'cause I don't want something to knock me out for the next six hours. And then I miss my—

Dallas: Well, yeah. And I wanna go back to bed.

Indrid: Okay.

Dallas: So, how about I give this to you and you promise not to pound on my door.

Indrid: What is it, a pill? Is it a...

Dallas: It's a bracelet. It's a bracelet.

Indrid: Okay. I'll take it.

Dallas: Like I said, single charge. Maybe three to five minutes. All right?

Indrid: Okay. And then maybe figure out something a little bit more permanent?

Dallas: I'm working on it! Clearly, I'm working on it.

Indrid: Okay. I'll take it.

Dallas: Good night.

Travis: And he slams the door in your face. [laughs]

Justin: Travis, did you just make up a bracelet for pretend that didn't exist before?

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: But then when Griffin said he wanted to go there, you just made it up?

Travis: Yes, Justin, I did.

Erika: That's the job of a GM, mostly?

Justin: That was amazing.

Travis: Thank you.

Justin: So, wait. You can just do that?

Travis: Yeah, man. I wove it together out of my mind stuff.

Justin: I gotta try this. This sounds amazing.

Travis: Yeah, dude. It's pretty badass.

Justin: So, if you're the boss, you can just say whatever garbage you want.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: And everybody's like, "Oh, thanks for the garbage."

Travis: Oh, wait. look over there. Seth Meyers just showed up and he says, "I think Travis would be a better Late Night host than me. Give it to him, everybody." "Woah! Seth Meyers? What?"

Erika: [laughs]

Griffin: "Wow."

Clint: And you made a one charge tiara that'll give you that job.

Travis: Yeah, it's amazing.

Griffin: Yeah. All right, I guess I start trudging over toward the cargo yard.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Since I'm probably not going back to sleep now.

Travis: So, by the time the rest of your party wakes up, you're sealed inside this box. It's not comfortable, it's not uncomfortable. They left a couple gaps in the boards and everything. On the side of the box is put, "Bobbins." Just a little extra Bobbins box swapped in there.

Griffin: Okay. Can I say that I brought a pillow to sit on? This is important for me, Griffin McElroy.

Travis: Yeah, you know what?

Griffin: To know that I'm sitting on a pillow.

Travis: For your own player comfort, yes. You're sitting on pillow.

Griffin: Yeah, I want a pillow. I think I have a family sized bag of pizza blasted cashews.

Travis: Well, you gotta be careful, man. Those things stink to high M. And you don't want 'em to think they got a bad box of Bobbins.

Griffin: Well... And the bag is really loud too. But I'll figure out—I'll put it—I'll muffle it with the pillow. And a crowbar, 'cause nice try.

Travis: Hey, can I just say. Imagining a grown adult person hiding the fact that they're eating a pizza blasted anything by muffling it under a pillow, is one of the saddest images I've ever had. [laughs] Okay.

Erika: A snack silencer.

Travis: The other three of you, you wake. Now, you know Lorelai would've gotten there early. She would've traveled with the livestock to load them up when it's time, in the livestock cars. Callan, you need to check in with the guard. And as for you, Augustus and Lulu, what is your plan?

Justin: I have a plan to get on. It'll be easy for me to get on.

Erika: Right. You can just-

Justin: Right? I mean...

Lulu: Materialized through the engine car, perhaps?

Augustus: That's what I was thinking.

Lulu: That seems pretty simple for you. And I have my... Well, you know...

Erika: And I make little devil horns with my fingers, on top of me.

Augustus: Yeah!

Justin: Do I know that?

Travis: Yeah, you know it from the handshake, from the dark bargain.

Justin: Oh, right.

Augustus: Yes, yes, yes. I assume this will be well within your skillset. I assume it will get—Now, I've not personally met this other

side of yours. Are we in for a mess?

Lulu: Could be. I can't always control it. I think that's the trade off, right? Is that I get all this incredible power and I get to be my worst self. [exclaims] How do you do it with business? Balancing your morals and your ethics, and good business?

Augustus: Ah. Well... I have found that when one lives their life by a certain set of standards, with character, it doesn't matter what you are applying that character, those skills to. Because every part of your life will be imbued with nobility, with rigor and with, if you are so bold, compassion.

I have not known you for long, Lulu, but I have seen this other side of yours. And I can tell you that I am not worried for my own safety around you in the slightest. Well... I am a ghost.

Lulu: Ah. He-he... Yes.

Augustus: Shall we?

Lulu: Yes. Let's. All right. I guess we'll start heading towards the train yard.

Augustus: I'm gonna stand on the fuck'n tracks.

Clint: [laughs]

Erika: [laughs]

Travis: Now, am I right in thinking... And you can choose to be one of them. Let me see...

Justin: "Regular people can't sense or interact with you unless you manifest. Supernatural creatures and perceptive mortals usually know you're present, but can't affect you without magical tools or special powers—"

Travis: Yes, you may mark a Trauma. Well, because we're not using Trauma, we can call it Corruption. To instead choose one or all three.

Justin: Okay. Got it. Okay, yeah. I'm going to then, in that case, I will mark that Corruption. So I can manifest inside the train car and be both silent and invisible.

Travis: Yes. So, you cross to the track and then we see Augustus go invisible. But also, the wind sweep the leaves and dirt through him. And no one else can see this, but I can see this because I am omniscient. I see you striding down the track at, let's say a gentleman's pace. And you encounter the engine car. What do you do?

Justin: Is the train in motion or it stopped?

Travis: Not yet.

Justin: Yeah... I'm just gonna... How big is the engine car? They got room in there to like chill?

Travis: Yeah. I mean, you're incorporeal. People can walk through you, do their jobs.

Justin: Yeah, I guess that's true. Yeah, I'll just... I'm just gonna float inside the engine car and just like chill... And just chill. 'Cause what'll happen in there? I don't know but I wanna see.

Travis: Yeah. So, you enter the engine car and you take a spectral seat. Just kind of like in the middle of the room, on nothing.

Justin: I do that fucking sick ass Alec Guinness sitting on midair, from Scrooge.

Clint: Oh! Yeah!

Travis: Yeah.
Clint: And if anybody asks, tell 'em you're the ghost of Casey Jones.

Justin: If anybody ask, I'm fucked 'cause they see me. [laughs]

Travis: [laughs] An excellent point.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Well actually, to be fair, I'm a ghost. You're fucked. [laughs]

Travis: Yeah, that's true.

Justin: I don't care. I'll float my ass right off of there, go make some cashews. [laughs]

Travis: The engineer and, I don't know, probably deputy engineer are moving around the engine, getting everything ready. Stoking the fire, all of these things. As they pass through you without any notice. Every so often, you see one of 'em like, "Ugh... Aah..." And like, maybe tighten his shirt a little bit. Like, "Oh, is there a breeze?" But they have no suspicion that you're there. Now, we see Callan approach Wyatt Lincoln.

Clint: Wait, wait. May I throw something in real quick?

Travis: Yeah. Does it have to do with the game or is this just like an observation?

Clint: Yes.

Travis: Okay.

Clint: With the game. Could Callan make a quick stop before he goes to see this guy?

Travis: Gotta go to the bathroom?

Clint: No.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Justin: I respect it.

Travis: You know that I love when player characters go to the bathroom. That sounds weird, doesn't it?

Griffin: Yeah...

Clint: This is not going to the bathroom, this is... Okay, a little background, I based Callan on all of these, you know, anti-heroes from Spaghetti Westerns.

Travis: Sure.

Clint: And they always have some kind of sneaky device to help them in the grand scheme of things.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: So, this is what that is leading to. And I think you'll know where I'm going with it, Trav, pretty fast.

Travis: Yeah. Okay. An atom bomb?

Clint: Before he goes to meet with Wyatt, he stops at the milliner shop, Chapo Chateau.

Justin: Haberdashery.

Clint: Haberdashery! It's actually a milliner. And approaches the counter and the person working at the milliner—

Botas: [in silly voice] Yes?

Clint: And he says—[laughs]

Callan: Yeah. I need a gift for a lady friend.

Botas: Yes, of course. What kind of gift for a lady friend? A hat, I assume? He-he-he.

Callan: Ribbons.

Botas: Ribbons?

Callan: Ribbons, for her hair.

Botas: Ribbons for her hair? Now this is a hat shop. We have ribbons, but they are mostly used as hat accessories.

Callan: Can you not just sell me a ribbon?

Botas: Oh, I can sell you anything, young man.

Callan: Yeah... And I don't know what her favorite is. So, if you could just give me an assortment.

Botas: So, how well do you know this woman if you don't know what her favorite ribbon is? That's a first date question if I ever heard one.

Callan: She's mercurial.

Botas: She's what? She's your curial?

Callan: Mercurial.

Botas: That's a lovely name. Well, you tell Mercurial to enjoy these ribbons. That will be three monies, please. No, I'm just joshing you.

That'll be three marks.

Clint: So, he puts three marks down on the counter. Stuffs the ribbons in his pocket.

Botas: Okay. Now if you ever need anything else, sir-

Callan: Thank you for your custom.

Botas: ... You come and you visit Botas Gato. That's my name.

Callan: Right. Oh, I'm glad I could set that up for you. [laughs]

Botas: I'm glad you could too. I was afraid we wouldn't get to me.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: Sorry, what's that name again?

Botas: Botas Gato.

Erika: [laughs]

Justin: [laughs] Sorry, it's—One more time. If you could just...

Clint: You're welcome, Trav. [laughs]

Justin: If you could spell it?

Travis: If you just type into Google translate 'boots cat' in Spanish.

Erika: [laughs]

Travis: It's Botas Gato.

Erika: Botas Gato.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: I swear to God—

Erika: At the Chateau Chapo.

Travis: Yes.

Clint: That did not cross my mind.

Travis: [in silly voice] It's Botas Gato.

Justin: Botas Gato, Chapo Chateau. [laughs]

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: [laughs] Okay.

Callan: Yeah. I don't think I'll be back.

Justin: [laughs] That's, that's funny. That's what every customer says.

Botas: That's what they all say. Some of it's true. Okay, bye! Tell your friends.

Callan: Mm-hmm. I'll let you get back to your lasagna.

Botas: Oh, no. I hate the stuff.

Griffin: Stop it.

Clint: "Squawk." That was squawky, by the way.

Travis: Oh, I see.

Clint: "I'll let you get back to your lasagna, squawk."

Travis: So, now, let's get back to—You approach Wyatt and he says:

Wyatt: Yeah, I was wondering if you're gonna show up. You're late! where you been?

Callan: Picking up a little gift or a lady friend.

Wyatt: Okay, man. You have work to do! You're lucky I don't fire you right now. Should I fire you right now?

Callan: Well, I guess you could try.

Wyatt: Oh, I'm sorry. Was that a threat?

Callan: Won't that leave a little gap in your security plan?

Travis: I'm gonna have you...

Callan: Just, let's... You're making-

Travis: Roll to persuade an NPC.

Clint: All right. And that's against what?

Travis: With Heart.

Clint: Ooh...

Justin: Not Callan's strong suit, I would guess.

Clint: That's my other minus one... [sound of dice shaking and being thrown] Oh, but it's okay. It's a 10.

Travis: 10. Minus one?

Clint: Minus one, a nine.

Travis: Okay, great.

Wyatt: Okay, yeah. You ain't fired. But you know what? I got the perfect job for you. How you feel about cows, Callan?

Callan: Cows?

Wyatt: Yeah. I'm gonna have you... I got a very special guard duty for you. I'm gonna put you... You're gonna keep an eye on the livestock for me, okay? Make sure everything stays safe back there.

Callan: Yeah.

Wyatt: Okay. If you need me, I'm gonna be in the guard car, just behind payroll. Try to keep out of trouble. Make sure nobody comes at us from the back. Okay?

Callan: I will... I will make sure nobody bothers you.

Travis: Okay. Lulu, what about you?

Erika: All right. I would like to mark a Corruption for fringe benefits, to do an additional city move while this time has been passing. And I will be trying to put out the word. So, through my copious connections and networks, getting word out to the town. To those who would be receptive to it. To just have eyes and ears and to be there, should things, as they say, pop off amongst the workers. So, I suppose I've got to roll with status?

Travis: Yeah, you're gonna roll with your status.

Erika: In which circle? Mortalis?

Travis: So, it depends on who you're trying to pull, you know what I mean?

Erika: Mm-hmm.

Travis: There's just your regular, everyday human folk...

Erika: Yeah.

Travis: Are you trying to pull connections with Furs or Fangs, or... Who you trying to contact?

Erika: Anyone who will listen. Anyone who's sympathetic to the cause of freeing the town.

Travis: I'm gonna say... Let me take a look at your sheet, real quick.

Erika: Yeah, I've got one in Wild... One in Wild and... none others. But with my Corruption marked, I get plus one to the roll, with circle status.

Travis: Okay. Yeah. So, with your fringe benefits. Got it, got it, got it. So, let's see... Let's say that since you are pulling against your connections. And most of your connections are made through your influence with your connection to your patron. Let's call it a plus one from the Wild, and then that plus one from fringe benefits. So, you can roll with plus two.

Erika: 11.

Travis: Okay, great. Sure. So, are you wanting them there now?

Erika: Um...

Travis: You want everybody nearby now?

Erika: I want... You know, should things go south, that big scene where all of the everyday folk rise up against their oppressors.

Travis: Okay, cool.

Erika: To swelling reprise of the main theme.

Travis: Great. So, I'm gonna call this... We're gonna pay this forward to when Pearl went to contact everybody in Stitchton, right?

Erika: Yes, perfect. Yes.

Travis: Basically, that was very successful.

Erika: Yes!

Travis: So, the people of Stitchton are like on board. They are ready. They're all finding excuses to be near their little train platform for this very reason. Just in case like something goes off.

Erika: Mm-hmm.

Travis: And you know, that when that train pulls into town, y'all are gonna have some backup.

Erika: Yes!

Travis: Nice. Okay. So, how do you get on board the train, Lulu?

Erika: All right. I'm going to surreptitiously make my way to... And are all of these cars still warded? Except for the engine car.

Travis: Still warded?

Erika: Warded. Except for the engine car.

Travis: They are warded. But you do currently have... Callan is now basically at the back of the train, by himself. So, he could possibly gain you access through the caboose, if you can reach that. And then I would say, if you want to utilize your connection to Eudorah, there is, right behind guard three, that kept empty car.

Eudorah could possibly let you slip in there if you can reach to the car that's kept empty between guard three and the dining car. So, I would say like, through the two connections you have on the train right now, those are your best bets.

Erika: All right, I think that I'll probably head to the empty car. Just 'cause it's closest.

Travis: You sidle up. We're gonna put you at the connection between the car that's kept empty and the dining car.

Erika: Mm-hmm.

Travis: So, Eudorah is sitting there and she goes:

Eudorah: I'm gonna step in the other car and have a smoke real quick. I'll be right back.

Travis: So, she steps into that kept empty car. So, she's there waiting for you, when you can get to that opening.

Erika: All right.

Travis: Now, I will say, it's gonna benefit you—Either you need some way to get to that opening unseen, or if you can figure out some kind of distraction. Or something that's gonna give you a moment, is all you need to get over there.

Erika: In the train yard, I'm going to distract... for mislead, distract or trick. I'm going to distract... Cause a distraction. And that will take the form of a fire in the train yard.

Travis: Ooh, excellent.

Erika: There's you know... the track changers that-

Travis: Oh yeah, the switch.

Erika: The switcher, the track rail switcher. That part just goes up in flames. [fire sounds]

Travis: Ooh, boy. Some terrifying shit, dude. Magic, man. What are you gonna do?

Justin: One of those has to be the canonical name for that thing. You know, the...

Travis: It's a switcher, yeah.

Erika: The switcher, the rail changer.

Justin: Train changer guy...

Travis: You know.

Erika: The doohickey.

Travis: The thing that's always in like the cartoons where it's like, "We got to... The track, it ends. We gotta..." You know. You know things, you get it.

Erika: So, all right. So, I gotta roll with Mind?

Clint: Please don't hurt fan favorite character, Roust, while you're at it. Please.

Erika: Look, if I did, he'd just forget it.

Griffin: I love Roust.

Justin: The fans don't get any favorites. They listen to... It's all recorded already. I don't care who they like.

Erika: [laughs]

Travis: Yeah, that's true. Beautiful.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: I like Roust. Roust is my favorite character so far.

Erika: All right. So, I squeaked through with a seven.

Travis: Okay, yeah. So, you get to pick two.

Erika: I create an opportunity and avoid further entanglement.

Travis: Well, there you go. That's all you need.

Erika: Yeah.

Travis: So, basically, yeah... You see this switch just basically burst into flames. And you hear a couple guards and other workers saying like:

Workers: Oh, damn it! It's another... You gotta... Rail riders need to learn to put their butts out in the tra—we put the trays out there for this very reason. You can't—There's oil all over. God damn it! Somebody, get the sand! Get the sand!

Travis: And they're all rushing to put it out. And as they're going, you basically walk quickly, but with purpose. And you are able, through this distraction, to avoid any notice. And you get up to that empty car there, give a little knock on the door. Eudorah lets you slip in.

Eudorah : Okay, you're on. I don't know how much more I can do. But if you see a chance for me to help, and I can't stress this enough, without me getting in trouble, just give me some kind—Do you wanna do like a code word or something? **Lulu**: Yeah, yeah. A code word... What's good for you? Does it gotta be something that don't come up in conversation much? Like, I don't know, banana? Or we could use the stoplight system of like, "Red. Red." You know?

Eudorah: I like banana. But Wyatt actually surprisingly says banana a lot.

Lulu: Ah, shit.

Eudorah: What about like coconut?

Lulu: Coconut? That seems... Well, I don't know. It feels like that might come up in—

Eudorah: Well, that's one of favorite kind of nuts.

Lulu: That's true.

Eudorah: It's just up there. Top seven, I would say. Maybe top five, even.

Lulu: It sounds too close to cashew nuts, too.

Eudorah: Oh yeah.

Lulu: So, I don't know. There's gotta be some disambiguation somewhere there.

Eudorah: How about succulent?

Lulu: Succulent. I like it. It's got good mouth feel.

Eudorah: Yeah, excellent. Okay-

Erika: Succulent...

Eudorah: Okay, if you see it, you work it in, and I'll do what I can.

Clint: Guys, there are vampires on this train. I don't think I'd go with succulent.

Erika: [laughs]

Travis: Well, maybe, it's like I'm looking around my mind room to see what's on my desk.

Clint: And succulent is there? [laughs]

Travis: Yeah. I got a little stuffy succulent that sits here on my desk.

Erika: Oh, [laughs]

Travis: I don't know what to tell you.

Clint: [laughs]

Erika: That's so cute!

Eudorah: How about mischief?

Lulu: Mischief...

Eudorah: Yeah.

Lulu: All right, I think—I cannot see how that one could possibly go wrong.

Eudorah: Ah, great.

Travis: So, she heads back. We see, just kind of moving down the train... If this was a movie, we'd get this sweeping shot of a spectral Augustus, sitting just in the middle of the engine compartment. As everybody moves through him, getting it ready.

We see Lulu, hunkered down in the corner of an empty car, ready. We see Lorelai, anxiously waiting in the passenger car, ready for everything to go off. We see Callan, moving through the livestock car. And there's a cow bumping up against his head and Callen's like rolling his eyes.

But then, maybe reluctantly, like patting the cow on the head. Like, "Yeah. Just... Okay." And then finally, we end on Indrid. Still stuck in his box. The box of Bobbins, clearly labeled. We see maybe like one red lens up against like a hole in the wood.

That box is unfortunately stacked under a couple boxes. He's probably gonna need some help out of there. But everybody's on the train. And then, in the shuffling madness of the locomotive's breath, it pulls out onto the tracks. Out into the Crescent Territory's desert. Towards Stitchton, towards adventure, towards mischief.

[theme music plays]

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