

ALLWHEAT: [Beano and The Emperor's voices overlapping] Yes... The final phase nears. The last ingredient is about to be sent right to us. He doesn't know what he's doing.

PLECK Final phase? Last ingredient? Oh my Rodd, it's the device!

[Pleck runs off]

ALLWHEAT: And now, we wait. [Beano dominant] Uh, Beano bored of menacing and plotting and waiting. Beano wanna hear the story of Beano! [Ballwheat dominant] Now now, Beano, we're just waiting patiently for the final phase. [Beano dominant] Beano wanna hear the story of Beano! [Emperor dominant] Beano, no. [Beano dominant] Yeah! Beano know!!!

[As Beano screams, we enter into the Allwheat. The voice that was once unified separates into two]

BALLWHEAT: Whoa, whoa, whoa, my bean! You're making the whole shebang unstable! Okay, okay, okay. Beano? Alright, I'll tell you the story of Beano. [snap, peaceful music plays as the Emperor flips through book]

BEANO: Ooh..

BALLWHEAT: 400 years ago, you were put in a box and sent to live with a man named Chad.

BEANO: That story boring! Beano wanna hear an older story.

BALLWHEAT: That... I mean, there are so many stories.

BEANO: Beano wanna hear an ancient tale of adventure of Beano! [farts]

BALLWHEAT: Okay, fine.

BEANO: With elegance.

BALLWHEAT: Totally.

BEANO: Beano wuv elegance. And drama.

BALLWHEAT: Of course.

BEANO: And Beano wuv blood.

BALLWHEAT: Oh, there's some blood, my dude. [flipping] Okay. So this was what? 20,000 years ago, when the--

BEANO: Beano want commitment! Beano want production value!

BALLWHEAT: Fine! Fine!

[Ballwheat snaps his fingers and we are transported to a world of myth and legend, a world unlike any we've seen]

BEANO: Ooh, Beano wuv the theater.

[Crowd applauds, medieval mix of the usual intro music plays]

BALLWHEAT: It is a period of sorcery and heroism. Many thousands of years before Telurians explored the stars. On a planet half a galaxy away, a paladin and a ranger rush across a charred moor. Pursued by a marauding horde-

BEANO: Drama.

BALLWHEAT: -entrusted in their care is a relic of almost unimaginable power.

BEANO: Elegance.

BALLWHEAT: Now, our heroes must form a sacred alliance, safeguard their precious artifact, and slay weird demons and stuff.

BEANO: Ooh, blood!

BALLWHEAT: This is the story of Beano.

BEANO: Yay!

[medieval intro music]

[A small creature skitters across the ground, dodging arrows. Our heroes are racing through the night! Arrows whiz past them and impale creatures on the ground as they ride their steeds and dodge projectiles. Fast paced, exciting, music plays!]

KARM: There's another one!

QUARIEL: Put your head down, Karm!

[Quariel clashes blades with the monster]

KARM: Quariel, protect me!

QUARIEL: I'm doing my best, Karm! Through the light of Rodos shall we see it through.

KARM: Quariel, my most trusted friend, if for some reason I don't survive, you must not let the relic fall into the wrong hands!

QUARIEL: Karm, hear me now. As strong is my belief in Rodos the Sunlighter. I shall not let you perish. This is my-

[An arrow pierces Karm]

KARM: An arrow! [whiz] Two arrows!

QUARIEL: No! Karm! No!

KARM: Egh...

[Karm falls off his steed. Dozens of arrows whiz into Karm's body]

QUARIEL: A second barrage! Why?

[Smaller projectiles thud in Karm's chest]

KARM: Ow! Oh!

QUARIEL: What are these? They're too small to be arrows!

KARM: Darts!

QUARIEL: What is the purpose of these?

[A straight up harpoon crashes into Karm's chest]

QUARIEL: Oh, come on! Had you not done enough, you monsters!

KARM: Quariel!

QUARIEL: Karm!

KARM: Quariel!

QUARIEL: I have failed you.

KARM: No, never. Quariel, this burden, you must take it. [Karm presses the legume into Quariel's hands]

QUARIEL: No, Karm, I cannot. Karm, you are the Chosen One, destined to bear the legume.

KARM: Not anymore. I was chosen to take it this far, and now you must...

[A ballista slams into Karm's throat]

QUARIEL: We were having a conversation!

KARM: Right at backa my throat-

QUARIEL: By Rodos!

[Quariel pulls the blade out]

KARM: Quariel, hear me. The legume must be returned.

QUARIEL: Yes, but take it where?

[Oh Rodd, a flaming cannonball flies into Karm now]

KARM: AH!

QUARIEL: No! Alright, alright!

[transition]

BEANO: Ooh, Beano wuv starting in media res.

BALLWHEAT: Yeah, I'm sure you do, Beano.

BEANO: What happens next? What happens next?

BALLWHEAT: We turn now to a quiet temple in the countryside.

BEANO: OOo!

[transition]

SAMESIES: [singing] In the merry time of Zistarkitarn, the ladies dance to and fro. They go about the fair lookout as the wind will blow.

BOOKET: Oh, I've got you all some pints of juice. Share em around, share em around.

SAMESIES: Does anyone want to.. That's the Merry Wives of Zistarkitarn...

DWAYNNE: Can I take two of the juice?

BOOKET: Aright, here you go.

DWAYNNE: Because I'm a very big girl.

[Samesies plucks]

SAMESIES: Does anyone want to hear the ballad of Hay Fair Market? [singing] 'Twas a market day in Hay Fair Square, there was a blowing wind.

DWAYNNE: Wait, I'm sorry, you don't just sing the same song every time?

SAMESIES: What? No.

DWAYNNE: It's just that they all sound the same? Gigli, will you back me up here?

GIGLI: [grabbing juice] Yes, Samesies, you've got more than one song?

SAMESIES: My name may be Samesies the Bard, but my tunes are very different.
[singing and playing] With a hey, non and ho, and a hey, not a no, and a triddle-dee-dah-dee-day.

GIGLI: I swear it's the same one.

SAMESIES: No, I'm singing different songs. I pass down folklore and oral history.

BOOKET: All right, all right, enough of this tittle-telling. It's time for us to give an update about what we've done this week to prevent ourselves from drinking the vice that is known as the mead.

[Quariel bursts down the door, a storm behind him]

BOOKET: What?

GIGLI: Mama!

QUARIEL: Illustrious Rodos, eternal light in the darkness, I come before you to confess my sins. I was foolish and broke a promise I should have kept. Absolve me of my sins and know that I accept your retribution so I may bask in your glory anew.

GIGLI: Know that your last vision shall be your own reflection in Gigli's ax! [raises ax]

QUARIEL: Oh, I'm so, so sorry, I thought the basement of this church would be empty.

BOOKET: All right, it's OK, there's a free seat right over there. Say your name and tell us how many days it's been since you last 'ad the mead.

SAMESIES: It's Mead Anon. We meet here every fortnight and kind of tell our tales. And occasionally... [plucks] A tune.

GIGLI: Quiet off.

SAMESIES: [singing] A tra-la-lo, a tra-la-la-lo, How ribbons blow in the wind...
[smashing]

QUARIEL: I must rid myself of you sinners.

DWAYNNE: Wow, you crushed his weird guitar in your hand.

SAMESIES: Sir, sir, allow us to introduce ourselves. My name, of course, is Samesies the Bard, and this is Gigli the Dwarf.

GIGLI: I'm Gigli of Clan Benefer.

SAMESIES: And this, of course, is...

GIGLI: Born in Ebimlulul, the Transparent Mountains in the 23rd Age. My father was Groin, the former companions of the giant rabbit. I wanted to accompany...

SAMESIES: Oh, go on, you have to kind of nip it in the bud. And then, of course, we have Dwayne the Orc Johnson.

QUARIEL: Hmm.

DWAYNNE: [wipes mouth] I'm an orc.

QUARIEL: Yes, no, I was able to see that.

SAMESIES: She's gigantic. And rounding out our merry band is Booket.

BOOKET: That's right, you might have heard of me. I used to be the princess of these lands, but I refused to get married to that prince! So instead I became a witch.

SAMESIES: We are a merry band of misfits, and because of that...

QUARIEL: I will not stand around and listen to this filth. I am a paladin of Rodos, the Sunlighter, he who ignited the very orb in the sky!

[The door bursts open with a clap of thunder and a raven flies in]

RAVEN: Caw caw caw! The legume must be destroyed by the Chosen One, or all is lost! The Chosen One is in this room!

BOOKET: Huh?

RAVEN: Ga-ga! [raven exits]

DWAYNNE: Wait, that...

GIGLI: That raven was looking right at Gigli of Clan Benefer.

DWAYNNE: But I was right behind you, so...

GIGLI: A dwarven Chosen One...

BOOKET: Now, clearly he was looking at a former princess, now witch!

SAMESIES: [plucking] Take that stories are really the lifeblood of civilization, I do think that maybe it was looking at me.

QUARIEL: Where did you get a second lute from?

SAMESIES: I always carry a spare.

QUARIEL: You're all being ridiculous. He was obviously looking at I, Quariel, paladin of Rodos, the Sunlighter. I was with the previous Chosen One when he died, so I think it just... went straight into me.

[Raven enters again]

RAVEN: Ga! Ga! In case I wasn't clear earlier, you, the Fellowship, must take the legume.....to the...

[Quariel snatches the bird]

QUARIEL: Tell us more, raven. You speak in riddles.

RAVEN: I was pretty clear.

DWAYNNE: Hey, let me hold the bird.

RAVEN: AHGHGH[squash]

DWAYNNE: Oh.

GIGLI: Ah, Dwayne.

QUARIEL: Ugh.

BOOKET: Oh, it shattered to bits!

SAMESIES: I've got guts on me.

DWAYNNE: The bird did that on its own...

[Raven flies in again]

RAVEN 2: Cawcaw! Cawcaw!

BOOKET: Oh, it's a second bird.

SAMESIES: A second bird?

GIGLI: What luck.

RAVEN 2: I'm a different bird, and I'm telling you... You, the Chosen One, and their protectors, are the Fellowship of the Legume, and must deliver the relic to Mount Dew!
Caw caw!

[Raven exits]

QUARIEL: I was given this mission by Karm the Blessed, and thanks to that raven, we now know the legume must be thrown into the lake below Mount Dew. It is a treacherous journey.

GIGLI: Where is this Karm? He sounds amazing.

QUARIEL: Yes, he was...

GIGLI: I hope he lived.

QUARIEL: He was slain in front of me by a legion of minions set by an evil wizard.

GIGLI: Drat.

QUARIEL: Yes, drat, indeed. [praying] Gracious Father, my keeper and guardian, I have strayed from your noble path. I wish to repent, bring light to my darkened soul. I await your command.

[Quariel prays in the background]

DWAYNNE: Wait, wait. Can someone tell me what a legume is?

SAMESIES: It's like a...

BOOKET: Like a little...

SAMESIES: Like a little squiggy. It's like small. It's not a grape.

BOOKET: Small-ish.

SAMESIES: But it feels like a...

QUARIEL: You wish to see the legume.

DWAYNNE: Oh.

GIGLI: Oh.

QUARIEL: This... This is the legume. The most holy relic that has ever existed.

[abrupt shift]

BEANO: Ooh, is that Beano?

BALLWHEAT: Yes, Beano. Obviously.

BEANO: Beano wuv the story of Beano.

BALLWHEAT: Great.

BEANO: Beano wuv it!

BALLWHEAT: Yeah. Uh, okay. Where was I? Thi-

[back into the action]

QUARIEL: This is the legume. The most holy relic that has ever existed.

BOOKET: It looks warm.

QUARIEL: It is warm. Touch it.

DWAYNNE: I shouldn't touch it because I made the bird explode when I touched it.

QUARIEL: No, you do not touch it. The witch may touch it.

BOOKET: Thank you. As the Chosen One, I feel it is our responsibility...

SAMESIES: Have we decided the Chosen One?

BOOKET: ...to take this legume.

QUARIEL: I'm pretty sure we all agreed that I am the Chosen One.

SAMESIES: I feel like...

BOOKET: No, I don't feel like...

SAMESIES: It's still up in the air.

QUARIEL: [drawing sword] Illustrious Master, I beg your protection for this fellowship.

SAMESIES: For now, we are the Fellowship of the Legume! [singing and plucking] A brave band of travelers, a fellowship of the legume. [stopping] Oh, there's not a ton that rhymes with legume. Does anyone...

QUARIEL: Are you serious right now? We're in a room.

BOOKET: Tofu, little broom, vroom...

SAMESIES: Ah, so I'm in a room.

DWAYNNE: Room.

[raven enters]

RAVEN 2: The Chosen One is in this room! The Chosen One is in this room!

QUARIEL: Tomb, broom, fwoom.

SAMESIES: Okay, too many cooks right now. Too many cooks. A little too many cooks in the kitchen.

QUARIEL: Broom if you're in the kitchen.

SAMESIES: No, I can do it. I just...

BOOKET: Baby boom.

SAMESIES: It's hard to make it up on the spot, is what I'm trying to say.

[transition, the Fellowship is riding steeds across the land]

QUARIEL: Gigli, son of Groin, it is comforting to know I will have another brother of battle at my side.

GIGLI: Ah, Quariel, you've seen the notches in my axe.

QUARIEL: Indeed I have. Does each one represent a foe you have vanquished?

GIGLI: Almost all of them. This one, I just... I dropped it.

QUARIEL: Yes.

GIGLI: I shower with it, of course, and it gets slippery...

QUARIEL: Naturally.

GIGLI: But otherwise, yes, the skulls of foes. [pats ax]

QUARIEL: Excellent.

GIGLI: Oh, actually, this one, when I was having it repaired, the normal guy wasn't available, and they just messed it up.

QUARIEL: Oh, no. -

GIGLI: Yeah.

QUARIEL: This one's sort of an unusual-shaped notch.

GIGLI: Oh, that's, uh...

QUARIEL: Is that a bottle opener?

GIGLI: Ah, from my days of mead.

QUARIEL: Mm, yes.

GIGLI: Ah, no more.

QUAREIL: Gigli, son of Groin, not to... be pedantic about this, but how many of these are actually foes you have slain?

GIGLI: Well, it's getting late, so...

QUARIEL: It's midday.

GIGLI: Anyway... Good talk.

QUARIEL: Be well, Gigli, son of Groin.

[steed whinnies]

QUARIEL: Witch.

BOOKET: Yes?

QUARIEL: I have need of you.

BOOKET: What?

QUARIEL: We've been riding for many days. My... inner thighs are chafed.

BOOKET: I got a spell for that. [rummages through package]

QUARIEL: Yes, this is what I was hoping for. I have prayed to Rodos the Sunlighter, but he has granted me no relief.

BOOKET: [distorted] Zyrteckia!

[Thunder booms]

QUARIEL: [coughing] I'm not sure that spell did what I had asked for. The moisture is-

BOOKET: It took all the moisture in your body, put it on your tongue.

QUARIEL: That's very... My mouth is so wet. I was a fool to trust a witch! Ah... Samesies.

[steed whinnies]

SAMESIES: Ah, greeting, Quariel.

QUARIEL: Yes, it's fine to see you.

SAMESIES: And you, my friend, and you.

QUARIEL: Yes, I see you have fixed your tambourine.

SAMESIES: [jingling] Yes, yes, it is fixed. Fantastic. It keeps breaking in the night while I sleep.

QUARIEL: Yes.

SAMESIES: But I keep putting it back together.

QUARIEL: How unusual. It's very annoying.

SAMESIES: [singing] When in the sun the metal shines, and in the metal the sun shines. Both are shining at the same time.

QUARIEL: Obviously.

SAMESIES: And that is why it's summertime!

QUARIEL: That is redundant. [rides away]

SAMESIES: A nonny non no-wait, wait, where, where, where are you going?

QUARIEL: Yes, finish it for me later, Samesies.

SAMESIES: But I have a whole other verse about maidens. Fair maidens.

QUARIEL: Makes no difference. Dwayne.

[carriage rumbles]

DWAYNNE: Hi, Squirrel.

QUARIEL: Quariel.

DWAYNNE: Okay.

QUARIEL: Dwayne, I admire your strength. The way you are able to pull this entire wagon of provisions.

DWAYNNE: Oh, it's nothing.

QUARIEL: What looks to be hundreds of instruments...

SAMESIES: Those are mine. Be careful about the harps, please, please.

QUARIEL: Multiple harps.

SAMESIES: Different ranges, different scales.

QUARIEL: Dwayne, Rodos the Sunlighter has granted you a great gift with the strength.

DWAYNNE: Hm. Remind me who that is again.

QUARIEL: I would only be happy to. Rodos the Sunlighter is the one who lit the very sun itself. That celestial orb above us would be dark and black as the bottom of the sea were it not for Rodos the Sunlighter.

DWAYNNE: So, have I met him before, or...?

QUARIEL: If you were to meet Rodos the Sunlighter, you would be obliterated instantly.

TRAVELER: Travelers, please!

SAMESIES: What ho!

TRAVELER: Travelers, please!

GIGLI: Alright, who goes there?

TRAVELER: Someone help!

QUARIEL: Dwayne, cease your jogging.

DWAYNNE: Okay.

TRAVELER: You must help me.

QUARIEL: Rodos the Sunlighter has seen it fit to send this man our way. We must help him.

TRAVELER: A band of marauders came to my farm and razed it to the ground!
[sobbing] My wife, my child, my livestock, all of my crops burned.

SAMESIES: That's awful. Did the farm have a name?

TRAVELER: Of course.

GIGLI: Don't tell him. He'll make it.. he'll rhyme it.

SAMESIES: [quietly] Just... wondering...

QUARIEL: Wretched man, I ask you to allow Rodos the Sun-

BOOKET: I'm a witch. I can give you a spell. I can fix it real fast. You want your wife and child back?

QUARIEL: Oh.

TRAVELER: Oh, is that a possibility?

BOOKET: Yeah, I can do that.

DWAYNNE: [rolling carriage up] Oh, Booket's really good at this one.

BOOKET: Thank you.

QUARIEL: Witch, you would commit necromancy?

BOOKET: Yeah, I'm not saying it's gonna be nice, but it could happen.

SAMESIES: How burned were they? Like, really burned, or...?

TRAVELER: Are you writing-

QUARIEL: Samesies.

TRAVELER: Are you writing the lyrics?

SAMESIES: No, I'm just right now. I mean, Booket, I-

BOOKET: He has a little book out.

DWAYNNE: He does have his book and his quill out.

QUARIEL: His quill is very visible.

SAMESIES: [scribbling] These are just for me and for everyone. Booket, when she does do these resurrection spells, it is grisly.

TRAVELER: Please, witch, I need not your curses.

QUARIEL: No, indeed you do not.

BOOKET: Rude.

TRAVELER: All I need is a single seed with which to restart my crops. Maybe perhaps then I could begin to rebuild. If you have with you a seed, a grain of any kind.

[abrupt shift]

BEANO: Ooh, Beano is a seed. Give him Beano!

BALLWHEAT: Do you want me to stop reading?

BEANO: No.

[into the action!]

TRAVELER: A seed, a grain of any kind?

DWAYNNE: Oh, yeah, no, we have this legume in his little pocket right there.

[shift]

BEANO: Beano told you.

BALLWHEAT: Ughhh..

[action]

TRAVELER: Oh, wonderful.

QUARIEL: Dwayne.

TRAVELER: Could you bear to part with it?

QUARIEL: One does not throw aside a holy task, Dwayne. The legume must stay with us. We must bear its burden.

TRAVEL-OH SHIT NO THAT'S A DEATHWRAITH: [growling] Well, then you shall die!

[Hellish fires engulf the Fellowship]

SAMESIES: What are we calling this? Is this a demon or something?

QUARIEL: It is an agent of Rangus the Wizard, that foul creature. You may tell your master that there shall be no legume for him today. [draws sword]

DEATHWRAITH: Stand back, paladin, the legume shall be mine.

BOOKET: Seems like they've got sort of the situation between themselves.

SAMESIES: No, Booket, you have magic!

QUARIEL: You are too late. I have rebuilt my fellowship.

DWAYNNE: Gigli, wait, I'm confused because they were a farmer who needed a seed and now they're a big, scary demon?

QUARIEL: Will no one help me in this battle?

GIGLI: Quariel, I shall lend you my axe as soon as I've explained this simple idea to Dwayne.

QUARIEL: Very well. I shall strike at you with the rays of Rodos. [exchanges blades with the monster]

GIGLI: Dwayne, this deathwraith sent by Rangus the Wizard was pretending to be a wretched farm man.

DWAYNNE: So there is no dead wife and kid?

GIGLI: Right.

DWAYNNE: Why would someone say that? That's really sad.

DEATHWRAITH: My cursed blade shall bind you! [clashing]

QUARIEL: Only through the grace of Rodos the Sunlighter am I able to withstand these blows!

SAMESIES: Booket, tell me you have a plan.

BOOKET: Um. I do have a love spell. I can make them all fall in love with the wrong person.

SAMESIES: No, that seems overly complicated.

BOOKET: Oh! I know. I can switch their clothing. Then it's a mystery, who's who.

SAMESIES: You tell me how that would help things.

BOOKET: Not good. Everybody knows who's who.

SAMESIES: Yeah, one's a giant wraith in kind of tattered robes, you know.

BOOKET: Oh, I know. I know! It's called the Ek-Sema. In which I give the villain a rash.

SAMESIES: Oh, Booket.

[The wraith growls and knocks the sword aside]

QUARIEL: My sword! Curse you, Rangus. I swear I would not fall before you, but here I kneel. Rodos, I have failed you.

DEATHWRAITH: Rodos is dead. Only Rangus lives! [hissing]

DWAYNNE: Okay.

DEATHWRAITH: Cease your approach, orc! Agh!

[The wraith squirms in Dwayne's hands]

DWAYNNE: You shouldn't have lied. If I learned anything, lying is bad. And you lied.

[Dwayne grabs the Deathwraith]

DEATHWRAITH: It was a means to an end! AGH!

[The Deathwraith explodes into ash]

QUARIEL: Merciful Rodos! What a blow.

SAMESIES: He disappeared into smoke and ash.

BOOKET: I didn't get to give him a rash!

SAMESIES: Oh, that rhymes! [Singing] He disappeared in smoke and ash, Booket was unable to give a rash. Hey, diddly-ho, hey, nonny-no. Farty-lo, bitty-do, bitty-do.

GIGLI: You handed that to the idiot.

BOOKET: It's my own fault, I blame myself.

QUARIEL: Dwayne the Orc Johnson, you struck a powerful blow in the name of Rodos the Sunlighter today, and for that... [kneeling] I kneel before you.

DWAYNNE: I just meant to tell him that he was misbehaving. I really have to get a handle on how tight I hold stuff.

BOOKET: Clearly the wizard wanted that legume.

SAMESIES: That's right.

GIGLI: Ay.

QUARIEL: Yes.

SAMESIES: Well, it's a good thing that the Chosen One was here.

[Quariel whistles for their steeds]

QUARIEL: Yes.

GIGLI: Thank you.

BOOKET: Right, the Chosen One right here.

QUARIEL: The Chosen One was here.

SAMESIES: Right, yes.

PETRA: Or me!

BOOKET: That's my roommate, Petra.

QUARIEL: I had wondered who this was in the caravan. Hello, Petra.

PETRA: Just tagging along, could have been me.

SAMESIES: No, you were--

QUARIEL: No, it's--

SAMESIES: You're the only one who's not the Chosen One.

DWAYNNE: You weren't in the room when it happened.

QUARIEL: These other four at least have a claim. They're wrong. It is, Quariel, paladin of Rodos the Sunlighter, who is the Chosen One. But they were in the room.

PETRA: I was supposed to be in the room.

QUARIEL: Well, that doesn't make any difference.

PETRA: I fell off the wagon.

QUARIEL: That's not my problem.

PETRA: Quaffing the mead I was!

SAMESIES: Then also you literally fell off the wagon to the church.

PETRA: Indeed.

QUARIEL: Eh.. double entendre.

[The Fellowship distorts and fades as we see that Rangus the Wizard is spying on the with his crystalline ball]

RANGUS: So it seems that Quariel has formed a new fellowship. But no matter. I, Rangus the Wizard, shall have the legume soon enough. Soon enough!

[Abrupt snap to restaurant ambience]

CORYNTHIA: So, like, are you just gonna stare into that ball?

RANGUS: Yes.

CORYNTHIA: This entire...

RANGUS: Listen, I am so sorry. I just have to real quick-- This is a work day for me, so I have to just real quick check in on the seeing staff.

CORYNTHIA: It's just that we were, like, right in the middle.

RANGUS: I get it. I get it. Listen, I'm the one who owes you an apology right now.

CORYNTHIA: And I feel like we should be strategic about what we order so that we don't get the same entree. We should get--

RANGUS: [absently] Yes. Good. Great.

CORYNTHIA: You're not even listening. You're just staring in the ball.

RANGUS: I just-- I don't-- Yes. Okay. I don't know how else to explain to you. When you look into the crystalline ball at the top of my staff that's being clutched by the carving of a flagrance claw, what do you see? Nothing, right?

CORYNTHIA: Nothing...?

RANGUS: Now, when I look into it, I see, yes, every minion that I have across the planet and what they're doing. What sort of evil they're up to. What they're disguised as.

CORYNTHIA: 'Cause when I get really close, all I can see is, like, my pores.

RANGUS: Well, non-magic users can't really see much in the seeing globe. So, uh, that's sort of the difference between us in a lot of ways.

CORYNTHIA: What do we have in common, though? Like, what-- what is our common ground?

RANGUS: Oh, boy. Are we doing this already? Listen, I'm-- I'm sorry. I-- I got this date off on the wrong foot. Okay, I'm gonna put my staff away and you and I can have a nice time. Okay? [puts away staff]

CORYNTHIA: Okay.

RANGUS: So, like, what are you up to these days?

CORYNTHIA: So, no, so I started making my own jewelry, which, you know, is something that I wasn't sure that I actually really wanted to do. But I'm just so inspired by it.

RANGUS: It's great. You've got a knack. You've got an eye right there. I think, yes. Yeah.

CORYNTHIA: Oh, thank you. That's so sweet. I love that you're wearing the bracelet that I made you.

RANGUS: I wear it every day. I love it. And I think you should keep making those. [grabs staff]

CORYNTHIA: 'Cause, like, I-- I-- I think-- -

RANGUS: Ah, cruck me! Oh! Sorry. I'm sorry. I just got a notification. One of my wraiths just got vaporized and I-- I-- I-- I'm sorry.

CORYNTHIA: Bummer.

RANGUS: That's my bad. Go ahead.

CORYNTHIA: No, no. Do you need to take this?

RANGUS: [pauses] It's just that finally the legume is on the move and it's getting closer to Mount Dew all the time. Let me just reassign a couple of these wraiths and then I am all yours for the evening.

CORYNTHIA: It's just that... You said you were self-employed? So I just don't understand why you're not--

RANGUS: Yeah, well, that's the thing.

CORYNTHIA: --giving yourself the time off.

RANGUS: Yes, totally. But see, that's-- that's the rub, though, right? Because I'm my own boss, but also I give myself the hardest time. And so if I don't get the legume, how am I supposed to bring the-- the Nine Kingdoms under my rule? You know? Just-- just one second. [puts head under tablecloth and murmurs]

CORYNTHIA: Sure, if it's only gonna be a second.

[pause]

WAITER: So have we made up our minds yet on appetizers or--

RANGUS: Just one second, please.

WAITER: Okay.

[transition]

SAMESIES: [singing] ♪ For the tale of Bali, the barroom cat is one that might excite ♪

GIGLI: Oh, this one I like. This one I like.

SAMESIES: ♪ With a tee and a ho and a nonny tee-ho, Bali went pet to the night ♪ ♪
And a fee and a fie and a ninny nigh-fie, Bali went on today ♪ ♪ Hide-a-ho,
dee-dee-lee-ho, Bali, the bar cat played ♪ - ♪ A dee-doo-doo and a-- ♪

QUARIEL: Cease your singing of cats! Don't you ever give it a rest?

SAMESIES: Ha ha ha. Musical joke. Very good.

QUARIEL: Ah no-- I hate that you interpreted that as a pun.

SAMESIES: What, well then. If no one wants to hear a song, what do you want to do?

DWAYNNE: [scratching] I mean, I don't-- I wouldn't mind learning more about the legume.

QUARIEL: If you wish to know of the legume, I shall tell you. The legume is a magical artifact. Nearly as old as Rodos the Sunlighter himself.

DWAYNNE: Who's that again?

QUARIEL: I will tell you many times--

DWAYNNE: He's your dad, right?

QUARIEL: No, he's not my dad.

BOOKET: Is he like 60 years old? 65?

QUARIEL: No. So much older. It's like tens of thousands of years old.

SAMESIES: As old as a fair maiden.

QUARIEL: No. That's like 18, 19.

GIGLI: That's young.

SAMESIES: [singing] ♪ And the fairest maiden was also old, 22 years old ♪

QUARIEL: Listen. Allow me to open the vessel. Put your hand upon the legume and feel the heat granted to it by Rodos the Sunlighter.

[Fellowship feels the bean]

SAMESIES: 'Tis warm.

QUARIEL: Yes, far warmer than a legume should be.

GIGLI: 'Tis a big hot bean.

QUARIEL: Yes, an accurate assessment, Gigli son of Groin.

BOOKET: Now, let me bring this up once and then never again. Can I use it in one of my spells?

QUARIEL: No, you may not.

BOOKET: All right. Just wanted to ask.

QUARIEL: No, it's a fair question, WITCH. If it is not cast into the lake below Mount Dew before it falls into the hands of Rangus the Wizard--

GIGLI: Then what?

QUARIEL: Then all we hold dear will be gone.

BOOKET: My father the king told me if I didn't marry the prince it would destroy the kingdom. And look, everything is fine. Right?

GIGLI: Uh... It's not great.

QUARIEL: It's not good.

BOOKET: It's not great, right, I regret it every day.

GIGLI: Kingdom really fell apart.

BOOKET: He honestly wasn't that bad of a lad either.

QUARIEL: Yeah, Booket, why didn't you want to marry this young lad?

BOOKET: We didn't like the same music.

QUARIEL: Well, that can be a problem.

SAMESIES: Absolutely. What was-- Who were his bards?

GIGLI: Samesies....

BOOKET: Daveth of Matthew.

QUARIEL: Hmm.

BOOKET: He loved the Creedses.

SAMESIES: Ah, the Creedses! Fantastic. I knew a few of those bards, but--

GIGLI: This is very interesting, but, Quariel.

QUARIEL: Yes?

GIGLI: What happens when we cast the legume into Mount Dew?

SAMESIES: Oh yes! Avoiding the destruction of our world, yes! I mean, shall it be the Chosen One that casts it in?

QUARIEL: Well, of course the Chosen One will cast it into Mount Dew.

SAMESIES: Well, I must prepare myself.

DWAYNNE: What if I don't want to?

BOOKET: I've got to do a few stretches, then, innit?

QUARIEL: Some say within the legume resides a creature of incredible power.

SAMESIES: But like what kind of creature? With-- like, walks with arms and legs?

GIGLI: Has it nipples?

QUARIEL: [furious] A bean with nipples? You speak sacrilege. Oh, herald, master of every living creed, I need you now on my time of need. [praying]

GIGLI: Everybody give him a second.

SAMESIES: Yeah, let's just let it go through.

GIGLI: [draws blade] Sharpen my axe. [sharpens]

BOOKET: So should we just let him go? He's getting a little bit more paranoid each time.

SAMESIES: But can you believe that one of us, one of us, we could save the world? The entire planet! Hey, Booket, what would you do if you saved the world? What would be the next thing you did?

BOOKET: Well, that's a good question. I guess I would, uh, I would do the ultimate spell.

SAMESIES: Yeah? What's that?

GIGLI: Become a princess again?

BOOKET: No!

DWAYNNE: Oh, because you talk about doing that a lot.

SAMESIES: Yeah, it's, yeah.

BOOKET: I just, you know, you've got to know where I came from to know where I am, you know? I'm a complicated character.

SAMESIES: We do know, yeah.

BOOKET: I guess I would finally get rid of all my boils.

SAMESIES: Right.

BOOKET: Well, Samesies, what about you?

SAMESIES: Well...

GIGLI: Oh, he was fishing for us to ask him the whole time.

SAMESIES: Oh, me? Oh, well, I don't know. I don't know what would I...

GIGLI: Just sing the song.

SAMESIES: Okay. [singing] Traveller's brave and true, one for me and one...

QUARIEL: The legume is gone!

SAMESIES: What? What? [stows lute] Oh, wait, but I was just getting in. Okay. All right.

BOOKET: What do you mean it's gone? But it was right in that box.

QUARIEL: Indeed. And now it is gone. Which one of you? [draws sword]

SAMESIES: Not I.

BOOKET: Not I.

QUARIEL: I shall strike you down.

DWAYNNE: Do you think maybe you dropped it somewhere in the grass?

QUARIEL: No, that's impossible. [sheathes sword]

GIGLI: Retrack your steps.

QUARIEL: Okay, well, I was here. [wandering] I was sort of just doing a big circle. I don't know. Is this it?

GIGLI: Is it?

QUARIEL: Does this look like it?

BOOKET: That's a rock. Let me ask my roommate. You seen it?

PETRA: [in the distance] What?

QUARIEL: The legume.

BOOKET: You know that thing I told you looks like Larry?

PETRA: Oh! You talking about Larry?

BOOKET: What?

QUARIEL: No, we're not talking about Larry.

GIGLI: I don't think so.

SAMESIES: What's that? Is that a... Is that goat on fire?

QUARIEL: [draws sword] Yet another agent of Rangus the Wizard! That goat has stolen the legume.

SAMESIES: It's- I mean, really?

DWAYNNE: That's a really smart goat.

QUARIEL: Well, it's not just a regular goat.

[transition]

BEANO: When are we going to take a break?

BALLWHEAT: What?

BEANO: Beano want to go to the lobby and have himself a snack.

BALLWHEAT: Okay, fine.

BEANO: Beano need to go to the little bean's room.

BALLWHEAT: Okay. Yeah, well, what am I supposed to do in the meantime?

BEANO: Can you play an ad?

BALLWHEAT: What? Why?

BEANO: Beano wuv monetizing content.

BALLWHEAT: Okay.

BEANO: Beano wuv avoiding the paywall.

BALLWHEAT: Okay, we'll do an ad. Fine.

PHEENIS PETERSON: [beeping scooter] This is Captain Pheenis Peterson with a mission report. What a day of captaining! I'm not sure which count was higher. The number of sentients we saved or the number of foes dispatched. Anyhow, the day is done and now I will settle into my favorite pastime which really lets me take off my captain's hat, lay down my horn and chill right out. Playing Star Trek Online, a free-to-play online game on PC, Xbox One and PlayStation 4. You create your own captain, customize and fly unique ships and experience an epic story alongside iconic characters from across the Star Trek TV universe. While I'm in the game, I completely forget the stress of captaining my ship. In the game, I'm Captain Pheenis Fry. And get this, Star Trek Online is offering you a chance to win the Federation Elite Starter Pack including a starship, item slots, equipment, uniform and more to help you put your best foot forward in the final frontier. From now until September 24th, you can enter this giveaway by heading to startrekonline.com/mission. The giveaway is only open to new

players and only Starfleet characters can redeem the pack. Oh look, some of my fellow captains are coming online right now.

TEALBEARD: Ahoy! Captain Tealbeard reporting to the bridge. Or should I say, Captain BlueGreenbeard in this dazzling interweb game, says I!

STOFFINGTON: Captain Stoffington here. Now Captain Diane Windex.

PHEENIS PETERSON: Ho ho, hello!

CEREBULON: And it is I, Cerebulon, nemesis of all captains but now a fictional captain myself. Captain Nice Guy!

STOFFINGTON: You invited Cerebulon and not Jerkins?

PHEENIS PETERSON: [angrily] Jerkins is too good! Well, we hope to see you in game, captains. That's startrekonline.com/mission for the special giveaway. [Startrekonline.com/mission](http://startrekonline.com/mission). Live a lengthy and prosperous life, they say.

[transition]

BEANO: Ah, Beano ready now.

BALLWHEAT: Okay, now where were we? Okay.

[transition, restaurant ambience]

RANGUS: [sitting down] Is the burrata here yet?

CORYNTHIA: I ate it.

RANGUS: Oh, that's fine.

CORYNTHIA: You've been gone for like 20 minutes.

RANGUS: Sure, yes, I am sorry. But listen, it was worth it, okay? [excited] I got a worm to steal the legume, pass it off to a roach, who then crawled it over to a bat, and the bat flew it over to a goat, which caught on fire and ran straight back to the castle, and I've got it, baby! I've crucking got the legume! [laughs] It's mine!

CORYNTHIA: Well, I guess I'm happy for you. So, like, I was thinking maybe we could go back to my place tonight?

RANGUS: Listen, I... would love that, but--

CORYNTHIA: But?

RANGUS: Can we just real quick stop by my inner sanctum back at the castle and then--

CORYNTHIA: So you can do more work?

RANGUS: It's not work! It's a ritual, which is--I mean, if you love the rituals that you do, you never work a day in your life, they say. So if we just swing by the sanctum real quick, I'm just gonna bang out this quick ritual, and then we are golden.

CORYNTHIA: [standing up] Excuse me?

RANGUS: I'll say--what?

CORYNTHIA: Bang out in your sanctum?

RANGUS: We're banging out the ritual, and then we'll head back to your place?

CORYNTHIA: I'm just not that type of wench!

RANGUS: No, the ritual has nothing to do with you.

CORYNTHIA: I mean, sure, I... I MAY have been that type of wench before, but I've changed, and now in this year of my new life, no!

RANGUS: It's not-

WAITER: I'm so sorry to interrupt, but your credit scroll has been declined. I'm so sorry.

RANGUS: [standing up] How dare you! I am Rangus the Wise, High Wizard of the Fourth Kingdom, and anointed Sorcerer of the Gilded Tower of the Elven Council! I sit at the right hand of the king himself in Castle Braid!

CORYNTHIA: [unzipping purse] I guess this means I'm also paying for dinner.

RANGUS: It's--yeah. Listen, I will make it up to you, I promise.

CORYNTHIA: Just not right now. Mmhm.

DINER: I'll have what she's having!

[transition, fast paced chase music plays as the Fellowship races on their steeds]

SAMESIES: Are we nearly there?

QUARIEL: Indeed, Samesies. We shall be able to spy Castle Braid as soon as we crest this ridge.

GIGLI: If I stand on something.

QUARIEL: Ah, yes. Gigli, son of Groin.

DWAYNNE: Here, I gotcha. [lifts Gigli]

QUARIEL: Ope, there you go.

GIGLI: Thank you, Dwayne.

DWAYNNE: Next time, you have to put me on your shoulder.

GIGLI: Absolutely not, Dwayne.

QUARIEL: It will not end well.

SAMESIES: There's been a lot of banter on our journey, but what will we do when we actually reach Castle Braid?

GIGLI: I, Gigli of Clan Benefer, son of Groin, shall hoist my axe up and cleft it to the lock holding shut the doors of Castle Braid.

BOOKET: And I, Booket the Witch, will use me ancient spell! Plus, Petra and I are gonna check out the scene, see if there are any singles.

PETRA: [rattling] Singles?

QUARIEL: Quariel, paladin of Rodos the Sunlighter shall cast the legume into the boiling liquid of Mount Dew, destroying it forever.

DWAYNNE: I'll probably look for the bathroom, 'cause I've had to go for quite a while now.

GIGLI: Dwayne, just go in the--

BOOKET: So did that answer your question?

SAMESIES: I guess it did, yes. [singing] A band of merry warriors climbing to their fate! They want to smack a wizard clean across his pate! But when they find a--

QUARIEL: Silence, bard! The ridge of Castle Braid lies below.

SAMESIES: I might just sing.

QUARIEL: Don't. Don't.

SAMESIES: Oh, okay.

QUARIEL: Just don't. Don't.

SAMESIES: Can I just play? [ringing tambourine]

QUARIEL: No.

SAMESIES: Can I just play dramatically? We don't want any scoring under this at all.

QUARIEL: Fine.

SAMESIES: No scoring.

QUARIEL: If you must.

GIGLI: Just keep it ominous.

SAMESIES: It'll just-- how's this, ominous? [jingles]

GIGLI: Oh no.

QUARIEL: Merciful Rodos, where is the castle? I see nothing.

[Steeds halt]

GIGLI AND BOOKET: Oh no.

[A hum, one very much like the Allwheat, emanates]

GIGLI: Look upwards of the horizon.

BOOKET: In the sky?

GIGLI: Just a--

QUARIEL: Smoking ball of ruin.

GIGLI: 'Tis like nothingness burns. And it's huge.

DWAYNNE: See, I had never seen Castle Braid, so, you know, to me this could have been Castle Braid. [scratching]

QUARIEL: Yeah, but-

SAMESIES: Dwayne, how could it?

GIGLI: The idea of a castle.

SAMESIES: You've been to a castle.

DWAYNNE: Maybe, you know, this big, round, fiery, scary thing is like a modern take on a castle.

QUARIEL: I... I think even in the most ambitious designer's plans this would not qualify as a castle.

GIGLI: Looks like a donkey's grundle, but huge. You know what I mean? Like the nasty part of a donkey.

BOOKET: It's like if the plague got dysentery, and then the dysentery got a bit more of the plague.

QUARIEL: Yes.

GIGLI: Just the likeness.

QUARIEL: Have you ever milked a cow? But the teat is infected?

SAMESIES: It's like a bread roll that's been burned and still on fire.

DWAYNNE: Yeah, yeah, yeah, no, it's like a bad dream, but bigger.

BOOKET: Right, yep. Yep!

QUARIEL: Yes, okay, that's good.

GIGLI: I'm on board.

SAMESIES: So I feel like we've gotten what it is, right? My brave friends, shall we advance?

QUARIEL: Yes, you are right, Samesies. We must move forward and find the hated wizard, Rangus. [draws sword] Holy Rodos, guide us with your divine light. Take us to the land where we must find, illustrious god, eternal soul.

SAMESIES: Do we have to... the whole time?

GIGLI: Do this out loud, always?

QUARIEL: Watch out for me in my hardships. Absolve me with your glorious grace.

THE ENTITY: [Rangus and Beano simultaneously] You're too late!

SAMESIES: What was that?

BOOKET: Who's speaking? I'm a witch.

THE ENTITY: The ritual is nearly complete. There is nothing you can do.

GIGLI: Well, shit.

BOOKET: That voice kind of adorable, isn't it?

DWAYNNE: I love it.

QUARIEL: This voice speaks, but there is no body. [angrily] What sorcery is this?

THE ENTITY: The legume proved even more powerful than legend would tell.

GIGLI: Side note, does it have nipples or...

SAMESIES: Why would that be even-

GIGLI: -stuck out in my...

SAMESIES: -in the...first hundred questions?

QUARIEL: Gigli, son of Groin, you shame yourself with this question.

GIGLI: Sorry.

QUARIEL: [draws sword] Show yourself, wizard.

THE ENTIT-OH NO, THE RANGUS DANGUS: Rangus, the wizard is no more. He has fused with the lagoon. And now is the all-powerful Rangus Dangus.

GIGLI: Should we give it a redo? Or is that...

BOOKET: What?

QUARIEL: Is that the name he chose?

BOOKET: It's not really...

GIGLI: Are you sure you want to go with that?

RANGUS DANGUS: It's... it's a powerful name.

QUARIEL: Well, but is it like a prophecy name where you didn't have a choice in the matter or... ...you PICKED Rangus Dangus?

RANGUS DANGUS: I picked it my- Rangus picked it himself.

BOOKET: Wait, what's a Dangus?

RANGUS DANGUS: A mighty weapon, it is...

QUARIEL: A Dangus?

GIGLI: I don't...

QUARIEL: I've never heard of such a weapon.

SAMESIES: It sounds like you just made it up because it rhymes with your name. And hey, I've been there. I've been there. I've just been Samesies... ...Wamesies? You know, I've been there, but...

GIGLI: Just as bad.

SAMESIES: You know, it's not... This isn't...

QUARIEL: Yeah, no, Samesies has a point. It's a real first draft sort of name.

SAMESIES: Well, heroes, shall we do battle now? I mean, what should we do?

GIGLI: I... [draws ax]

RANGUS DANGUS: Your puny weapons are no match for the Dangus!

GIGLI: What? This axe was forged on the block on which I was born! I'm still Gigli from the block.

QUARIEL: We should not be fooled by the axe that you got. You're still Gigli-

GIGLI: I'm still Gigli from the block.

CREW: [laughs]

DWAYNNE: Do you think there's still a bathroom?

SAMESIES: No, Dwayne, there won't be a bathroom now. There won't be one.

RANGUS DANGUS: Your pitiful fellowship can do nothing to stop me!

QUARIEL: My compatriots, I know fate has cast us as unusual partners against evil, but our meeting was defined by Rodos himself. So I ask you now, lend me your strength, and we shall save the relic from the hated Rangus.

DWAYNNE: [pulls down pants, pee stream]

GIGLI: Oh, Dwayne, don't piss right here.

DWAYNNE: Don't look! Don't look at me right now.

GIGLI: Oh, Dwayne, you're going really...

QUARIEL: Dwayne, this is-

DWAYNNE: No, I get stage fright. I get stage fright.

QUARIEL: Well, it's a very inappropriate time to be doing this.

DWAYNNE: Honestly, actually, um, Samesies, could you play something while I go?

SAMESIES: Sure. [flute]

QUARIEL: There is no time for this! I will lead a charge. Follow me if you seek glory. Lord Rodos!

[Quariel dashes off]

SAMESIES: I haven't even got on my dunkey!

QUARIEL: Lead me by my hand so I may repel the forces of evil! [shouting]

SAMESIES: He's just going. He's not even waiting for any of us.

QUARIEL: Glorify me with your gracious power.

SAMESIES: I guess we go now.

GIGLI: Could've given us a warning. I guess we follow him.

SAMESIES: Yeah, let's just go.

[steeds ride]

RANGUS DANGUS: Yes, yes. The final phase here. The last ingredient is about to be sent right to us.

[steeds halt]

QUARIEL: Wh-wh-what. Hold it, hold it.

RANGUS DANGUS: They don't know what they're doing.

SAMESIES: [panting] Did he just say that...

QUARIEL: Yeah, we all heard his-

SAMESIES: We all heard it.

BOOKET: Yeah.

QUARIEL: The last ingredient is coming right to him. We don't know what we're doing.

GIGLI: It seems like you want us to come in.

RANGUS DANGUS: But I... I do. And so do you. So, perfect.

QUARIEL: Well, we should not want the same thing as this evil ball, right?

RANGUS DANGUS: We... do! We do want the same thing!

GIGLI: What?

RANGUS DANGUS: To battle each other! And figure out who's... better!

QUARIEL: Uh...

GIGLI: No, you... you should have wanted to finish the ritual already and have us not need a battle, but you invited us in.

QUARIEL: You sort of implied that you were finishing the ritual and if we were to come in we'd mess it up, but then you just said you were getting what you want.

SAMESIES: Wait, yeah, we shouldn't go in. He wants us to go in.

RANGUS DANGUS: Don't overthink it. Just get in here!

QUARIEL: Yeah, see, now that...

GIGLI: We're thinking it the right amount.

QUARIEL: That sounds very suspicious.

BOOKET: Yeah.

SAMESIES: Why don't we all just...

QUARIEL: Yeah, what happens if we just...

SAMESIES: Back up.

RANGUS DANGUS: No, no, no.

BOOKET: Alright, he's floating away.

RANGUS DANGUS: No, come back. Come back. Enter me! [fading slowly]

QUARIEL: No, see, now that's...

SAMESIES: Yeah.

DWAYNNE: No, thank you.

QUARIEL: I don't like anything about it.

RANGUS DANGUS: No, it's important. It's an important part of the process.

QUARIEL: Well, yeah, but your process.

SAMESIES: The... process? Yeah.

RANGUS DANGUS: No, we're all...

BOOKET: We're good, thank you.

QUARIEL: Resplendent, Rodos, light of all lives. I thank you for giving us the sight to see the tricks of this evil wizard.

SAMESIES: We heard it. It wasn't a seeing thing.

GIGLI: It was right obvious.

SAMESIES: Guys, don't worry. I'm not keep- I'm not putting Rodos in the song. Don't worry about it.

[steeds ride off]

RANGUS DANGUS: No, no, come back. I mean, wait, hold on. If you leave, that's what makes me super powerful. And if you come in, that's what I don't want. Come back. No, don't. No, you're making a mistake. You're making a mistake. Cause this is the part... This is what you really don't want to do is ignore me. Boy, ooooh boy.

GIGLI: Now it's very obvious.

QUARIEL: Yes, it's...

RANGUS DANGUS: [shouting] Crucking come back here!

DWAYNNE: Nice meeting you!

RANGUS DANGUS: [angrily] Ooh!! Agh! The ritual! My dominion! I was so close!

[The Rangus Dangus fades into the background]

SAMESIES: I mean, can you believe that that monstrosity thought one of us would be stupid enough to go in it?

GIGLI: Yeah.

SAMESIES: I mean...

BOOKET: I've been called many things, including a princess, but not stupid.

GIGLI: No.

DWAYNNE: Oh, I've been called stupid a lot.

GIGLI: Right.

DWAYNNE: But I'm not that stupid.

SAMESIES: Who would actually listen to a giant flaming ball?

GIGLI: Who would blast themselves right in there?

SAMESIES: Yeah, just go in.

QUARIEL: I mean, you saw me. I was really moving. I was ready to go in there.

SAMESIES: But you stopped. The point is you stopped.

QUARIEL: Yeah, as soon as he said that thing, I was like, "Whoa."

GIGLI: The point is, you didn't.

SAMESIES: Yeah. Well, we will sing songs for ages about this almost thing that happened.

GIGLI: Or just talk.

SAMESIES: [singing] Beware the Rangus Dangus, beware its evil pull. Don't go to a giant hole that's on the— [stopping] I'll figure something out.

QUARIEL: Started well, Samesies. We have completed a holy task as ordained by Rodos the Sunlighter. Does anyone else feel hungry or anything?

BOOKET: A little peckish, to be honest.

SAMESIES: Oh, I could eat.

DWAYNNE: I could eat.

QUARIEL: Perhaps celebrate our achievement by breaking bread.

SAMESIES: I thought there was a tavern...

GIGLI: I'd take a bite before going out to hunt goodwill.

SAMESIES: Yeah, there was-- the Three Fawns back there, does anyone--okay with that?

GIGLI: Sort of mixed reviews.

BOOKET: I'm on a non-fawn diet right now.

SAMESIES: I mean, I'm sure they don't just serve fawn, right?

GIGLI: It's what they--

[fade out, medieval intro mix]

BALLWHEAT: And so the Rangus Dangus burned for many years in the crater of Castle Braid. Until one day, the Dangus finally faded away altogether, leaving only a warm legume in its place.

BEANO: Oh, that's Beano!

BALLWHEAT: The people of the kingdom swore to always remember the story of Rangus the Wizard. History became legend, legend became myth, and eventually the people forgot why the area was known as Rangus. They started calling the whole kingdom Rangus, then the planet. And that is the planet now known as Rangus I.

BEANO: The twist!

BALLWHEAT: But the legume, of course, went on to have many, many more adventures. [snaps, soft nursery music plays] The end.

BEANO: Yay! Beano wuv that story of Beano.

RANGUS: So, Beano, what is the lesson of this story?

BEANO: Don't ignore your date?

BALLWHEAT: No, Beano, the point is--

BEANO: Mead is bad?

BALLWHEAT: No, the point is that Rangus--

BEANO: That a story within a story is an effective narrative device?

BALLWHEAT: [huffs] Beano. The point is that Rangus needed the Chosen One to enter--

BEANO: As you wish?

BALLWHEAT: Ugh, never mind.

BEANO: Beano wuv the story of Beano. Elegance, drama, blood. Beano fuse with the Emperor again!

[Beano screams and energy crackles]

ALLWHEAT: Not much longer now...

[outro music]

[theater ambience plays over a jaunty medieval track]

CREEDITIS: I, Creeditis, have here the scroll of every player's name for our sweet interlude before the king at night, which shall be called "The Story of Beano," or "The Most Lamentable Comedy of Rangus the Wizard." Jeremy Bent, you are hereby charged to play Sir Quariel, paladin of Rodos the Sunlighter.

JEREMY: Sure, no problem.

CREEDITIS: Alden Ford, take upon you the role of Karm the Blessed, and Rangus, a wizard most sinister, and a series of ravens who are murdered by our heroes in a church basement.

ALDEN: Great, okay.

CREEDITIS: Allie Kokesh, take you the part of Dwayne the Orc Johnson, a great beast, ponderous slow of wit, and Corynthia , the lady Rangus must love.

ALLIE: Okay.

CREEDITIS: Moujan Zolfaghari, you shall play Booket the Witch, that conjurer of hexes most foul.

SETH: All right.

CREEDITIS: Seth Lind, you are to play Gigli, the dwarf of Clan Benefer, son of Groin.

SETH: I will.

CREEDITIS: And Winston Noel, take you these three scrolls, Samesies the Bard, the Beano, and the Emperor.

WINSTON: Can do.

CREEDITIS: Seth Lind, you shall also edit this play.

SETH: Sure.

CREEDITIS: And Shane O'Connell, you shall bemix our play with all manner of noises and music to fall on the ears in equal measure sweetly and obscenely as you see fit. Brendan Ryan, you shall write all manner of cantos and roundels for the lute, taber, and pipe to be performed by Ophira Zakai, Peneli Miller, and Cynthia Ann Sutton. And here, I hope, is a play fitted to the Maximum Fun Theater!

[applause]

GRAHAM: Hi, my name's Graham Clark, and I'm one half of the podcast Stop Podcasting Yourself, a show that we've recorded for many, many years. And at the moment, instead of being in person, we're recording remotely, and you wouldn't even notice. You don't even notice the lag.

[long pause]

HOST: That's right, Graham. And the great thing about this--

GRAHAM: Go ahead.

HOST: No, you go ahead. Okay, and–

GRAHAM: Okay, go ahead.

HOST: And you can listen to us every week on MaximumFun.org.

GRAHAM: Or wherever you get your podcasts.

HOST: Your podcasts.

JOHN: Hi, everyone, it's me. John Hodgemen of the Judge John Hodgeman podcast.

ELLIOT: And I, Elliot Kailan of the Flophouse podcast.

JOHN: And we've made a whole new podcast! A twelve episode special miniseries called I, Podius. In which we recap, discuss and explore the very famous 1976 BBC miniseries about Ancient Rome called... I, Claudius! We've got incredible guests such as Gillian Jacobs, Paul F. Tompkins, as well as star of I, Claudius Sir Patrick Stewart and his son, non-sir Daniel Stewart.

ELLIOT: Don't worry Dan, you'll get there someday.

JOHN: I, Podius is the name of the show. Every week from MaximumFun.org for only twelve weeks. Get 'em from MaximumFun.org or wherever you get your podcasts.

MAXIMUM FUN: MaximumFun.org. Comedy and culture. Artist owned. Audience supported.

JEREMY: And protecting it is Rangus's minions, hordes of them surrounding it.

WINSTON: They're just sort of bones.

JEREMY: Yes, they're skeletons.

SETH: They're getting closer.

MOUJAN: The minions are doing something.

WINSTON: They're coming toward-- yeah, we gotta--

[Rattling noises]

MOUJAN: Ow!

JEREMY: [roaring] I draw my sword, the ray of Rodos. Away, you beasts!

WINSTON: Bones and bones and stones and thrones and-- Ah! Get away!

SETH: Eat axe, minions!

JEREMY: Careful, Gigli son of Groin. "Eat axe" sounds very similar to something horrible.

SETH: Why are they behind me?

ALLIE: I love to eat axe.

SETH: Why are they all behind me? They're all behind-- get away from there.

WINSTON: Whoa.

SETH: Why are they pulling me behind this rock? I don't want to -- oh, boy. Booket.

MOUJAN: All right, I can do a spell. I can make it happen.

SETH: Make it happen.

MOUJAN: One inch of flesh. Two sprits of sprots. Oh, no, I don't have a-- Petra, where's me sprits and sprots?

ALDEN: I used it!

MOUJAN: What'd you use them for?

ALDEN: Well, I didn't know they were gonna be skeletons, didn't I?

MOUJAN: I need to use my sprits and sprots!

WINSTON: Whoa, Dwayne, you are--

SETH: Oh, Dwayne just belly flopped him.

WINSTON: Dwayne just took out an entire--

ALLIE: This is fun. It's like being in a ball pit, but the balls are bones.

SETH: Let's just-- should we let Dwayne kind of do it?

JEREMY: Dwayne, cut me a path to that terrible orb, and I shall destroy Rangus.

ALLIE: Uh. Buh. Uh. Bah. Uh.

JEREMY: You serve a false master. I serve Rodos, the Sunlighter!

WINSTON: They're sharp!

MOUJAN: Zip zap zop!

WINSTON: The shield of battle won the-- Ah! Okay, okay, jeez.

SETH: That's good, Samesies. They're fleeing you out of boredom.

WINSTON: And I myself did hit the bones, and every time I-- [CHOKING]

MOUJAN: I've got a potion for you here. Fall in love! Fall in love now!

ALDEN AND WINSTON: [skeletal moaning sounds]

JEREMY: They're just mashing their jawbones together. Despite the overwhelming odds, we are succeeding, friends. Move closer and we shall defeat Rangus.

WINSTON: Ah, they took my recorder! They took my recorder!

JEREMY: Ah, sweet Rodos.

SETH: Not all bad.

WINSTON: [mock flute noises] Give me that back!

JEREMY: The skeleton's playing the recorder. It makes no sense. Where does the air come from?

SETH: Pretty good.

JEREMY: It's not bad.

SETH: Someone get this skull off my backside.