

The Adventure Zone vs Romeo vs Juliet: Live in Tampa!

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Griffin: [as Dracula] Dear diary! Of all the works of the great bard Shakespeare, I confess, tonight's show is... not my favorite. For one thing, only like six people die in the whole story. Boring! Give me a Titus Andronicus, that dude knows how to spill some blood. Also, if I wanted to spend two hours watching teenagers be sad, I'd buy a ticket for Dear Evan Hansen. Alas, this evening, our patient ears must attend to Romeo and Juliet!

[crowd cheers]

[The Adventure Zone vs. Romeo vs. Juliet: Live in Tampa theme music plays]

Griffin: Jesus Christ!

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Thank you all so much for coming to our show.

Justin: That will be the greatest TAZ Verses. We're not there yet.

Clint: Is the Bible public domain?

Justin: Someday! [titters]

Griffin: KJV is public domain, not NIV, we're waiting on that one. Thank you all so much for coming to The Adventure Zone Versus Romeo Versus Juliet. We're so excited to be here, back—

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: In the lovely Tampa Theater. If you are not familiar with this particular season of The Adventure Zone, maybe we could go down the line and introduce your characters. The plot of that season is not going to be

crazy important tonight. [chuckles] So don't worry if you missed that one. Let's start with my personal hero... Travis McElroy.

Justin: Oh my gosh.

[crowd cheers]

Travis: Thank you very much.

Griffin: Travis, you're too humble to say this. Travis is playing hurt tonight, he's—

Justin: He begged us not to say anything, folks!

Griffin: He's quite sick tonight. And so like the heroic Cal Ripken and the bloody sock, he's gonna put on a great pitching performance, I guess?

Travis: Mm-hm.

Griffin: Anyway—

Clint: That wasn't Cal Ripken.

Griffin: Was it not?

Justin: He begged us not to say anything, though. He was like, "Guys, please. Don't say anything. I'm gonna go out there and deliver." And we we're like, "Travis, please. We should say something."

Travis: No, I said you should say something because the energy is gonna be noticeably off!

Griffin: Yeah.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: We're telling you he's sick so you don't go over the show like, "Travis must be going through some shit."

Travis: "Travis is really phoning it in."

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: "He seems so sad."

Justin: I will say, Travis is going through some shit, as you can tell from—

Clint: Actually, some shit is going through Travis.

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: You know, a lot of shows don't have the fucking guts.

Clint: Yeah, come on!

[crowd cheers]

Justin: A lot of shows don't have the guts to put a full value sized bottle of Pedialyte in front of one of the hosts. Well, we are that kind of class act.

Griffin: Travis, introduce your character, please.

Travis: Thank you, my name is Travis McElroy and I—

[crowd cheers]

Travis: Oh, thank you very much.

Crowd: Woof! Woof! Woof! Woof!

Travis: I embody the role of Crawford Muttner. Call me Mutt, everybody does.

[crowd cheers]

Travis: I'm a ranger, I hunt monsters. Oh, and one other thing that you need to know about me. I did pull Xcalibur from the skull of a giant god, and I became the king of England.

Griffin: Yeah.

[crowd cheers]

Travis: So I'm like now part time like mountain man, monster hunter, part time the king of England.

Griffin: Yeah, for sure. What about you, Mac?

Clint: My name is Clint McElroy.

[crowd cheers]

Clint: Let me read my notes, pause for applause, okay.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: I... my through line is pretty straightforward. I was a priest, a monk, who got turned into a puppet. Who—

Griffin: Specifically Pinocchio, the famousest puppet of all.

Justin: The most famous puppet.

Clint: Yeah. And then became the turbo cardinal.

Travis: Interim.

Clint: Interim turbo cardinal.

Griffin: And if you want to say your character's name at any point...

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: Phileaux! Brother Phileaux!

Griffin: Thank you, Brother Phileaux.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: And Justin, down there at the end, hey.

Godwin: Hey, my name is Lady Godwin.

[crowd cheers]

Godwin: I was a lady of high society. I was tragically be-bodied in a car accident that was beyond my control, and I got attached to a new body, this muscular thing you see before you tonight. I... I killed Dracula for his misdoings and then I retired to a life of relative relaxation, save when...

Justin: The McElroys need to line their pockets with a few more bucks.

Griffin: Yeah.

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Then we gotta drag her back out, you know what I mean?

Griffin: It's also important I clarify, you killed a Dracula. Just to leave some room open for future seasons—

Justin: Yeah, that's true. He has continued to manifest in future—what do you mean leave some room? He's always in it. [titters]

Griffin: Yeah, that's a fair point. I'm—

Justin: I'm wearing the cape now! [titters]

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: I'm wearing the cape and—

Justin: Oh, wait, is that a Shakespeare cape? [chuckles]

Griffin: It's a Dracula cape with a Shakespeare neck ruffle. I've got a lot of—

Justin: It's very Deadpool! [titters]

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: I've got a lot of shit going on right now from like my chest up. There's too much... too much stuff happening. I'm Griffin McElroy, I'll be DM'ing this evening and—

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Thank you so much. With your permission, I would like to get started.

Travis: Permission granted.

Griffin: It is sweeps week in the city of Lumino, and the theater district is poppin'. Every opera house black box arena and stage is putting up their best, most audacious, most ambitious productions of the year in a gaudy celebration of the dramaturgical arts. One theater in particular, the Golden Globe, has been teasing an exhibition that promises to, quote, "Blast this city's ass right out of its shorts."

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: A short run series titled Shakespeare Comes Alive. The three of you have received exclusive VIP passes to this experience from its clandestine coordinator. Dressed to the nines, kind of—[laughs] I guess. I don't know how much better it gets for Mutt than—

Travis: I only got the one set of clothes, man, I don't know what to tell you.

Griffin: Yeah, that's fair.

Justin: He's a king, fashion follows him.

Travis: That's right.

Griffin: It's a good point. You have approached the stage door of the Golden Globe, and before you can even knock, it swings open, revealing a short, wild-eyed man wearing an old-timey doctor head mirror thing. Lady Godwin, you recognize him right away. This is Igor, Dr. Frankenstein's former assistant who was present during your revival in this new body. He says...

Igor: Yes? How can I help you?

Justin: What's my feeling on Igor? Have we run into each other since the—

Griffin: Kind of crazy you're asking me that! I...

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Well, it's like—

Travis: I'll field this one, Griffin.

Griffin: Sure, sure.

Travis: I think you have!

Justin: Thank you, Travis. [chuckles] Yeah, wait, no—

Clint: I think you haven't.

Justin: Okay, wait...

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: I don't know—wait, do I get to decide who I've met?

Griffin: You have met Igor. Igor was there in your first episode—

Justin: I also met a genie. Then a wish-granting genie. I mean, if I could decide who I met, I decide I met a genie!

Griffin: In the first episode of TAZ Versus Dracula, canonically, you met Igor. He was there as you woke up in your new body.

Godwin: Oh, it's so nice to see you again, Igor!

Igor: Ah, yes, I remember you. I put your head on your body.

Godwin: And a fine job you did, it stays beautifully put.

Igor: How is that life going for you, by the way?

Godwin: Minimal scarring, exterior speaking.

Griffin: [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Igor: Do you want to talk about it?

Godwin: Not with you, Igor, I hope you understand.

Igor: Ah, of course, of course. You three, tonight, will be my assistants! Come in, come in!

Griffin: He gestures you inside to follow him back into the backstage area.

Muttner: Wait, man, are we in the show? I thought we had to watch the show?

Igor: It's not a traditional show, it's sort of a one-hander. You'll see, come with me.

Muttner: Ah, I was so excited to watch—

Godwin: Oh, no, is this a new act of—

Muttner: Gnomeo and Juliet.

Igor: [titters] Sorry?

Godwin: Is this like Cats? Are they going to come out, are we part of it?

Igor: Oh, you're part of it, all right. Though, the adventure this evening will be far beyond the scope of what Cats can—you know, I say that...

Clint: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Igor: Cats really gets you going.

Muttner: Yeah.

Igor: Once they get out there. Anyway—

Godwin: You see the right production, you're in the right head space, it's transformative. It is.

Igor: I went to the production where they brought me on stage and turned me into a cat. I got to pick my own cat name and everything, it was the greatest hour of my life.

Muttner: What was your cat name, man?

Igor: Eh, fuckin'...

[crowd chuckles]

Phileaux: Thimble Thumbs. Wasn't it Thimble Thumbs?

Igor: It was Pimple Dukes.

Phileaux: Pimple Dukes!

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: [chuckles] Fuckin' Pimple Dukes Thimble Thumbs!

Igor: I was [sings] Pimple Dukes the airplane cat.

Clint: [laughs]

Igor: Anyway... As you may know, the Lumino Chamber of Commerce slashed their budget for scientific funding, so I've had to pivot somewhat into the realm of the arts, where that sweet grant money still flows like the River Thames.

Justin: Nice.

Clint: There's—that—that'll never go away.

Griffin: No. [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: He leads you away from the stage, down a winding corridor and through a large steel door, into a room that resembles the lab of Dr. Frankenstein. A room you three have all been in when you kicked his ass clean. If said lab was furnished on like a quarter of the original budget. He says...

Igor: Putting up a new play isn't really my whole bag, but I do know a thing or two about... revivals.

[crowd chuckles]

Godwin: We'll allow it.

Griffin: Thanks. [titters]

Justin: Griff, on—does this look like a bad, cheap, like hardscrabble recreation of these tools that will actually work? Or does this look like a cheap recreation for like scenic effect? Like they're just trying to make it look aesthetically like his lab.

Griffin: Give me an investigation check, please.

Justin: Okay, definitely.

[crowd cheers]

Justin: Yeah, man, I love investigating stuff too. I don't blame y'all for getting pretty worked up. That's a 16.

Griffin: Wow.

Justin: Plus my native skill with investigation, which, like a good barbarian, is zero.

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: 16.

Griffin: 16, yeah, a fantastic roll. If you haven't played DnD before—
[chuckles] there's a dice with 20 numbers on it, so 16's up there!

Justin: One of the good ones.

Griffin: One of the better numbers to get on there. It's a little a of column A, a little of column B. A lot of this stuff looks sort of familiar from Igor's sort of clinic, where you were revived. But there is some stuff that is clearly like, maybe Cirque du Soleil came through here a few seasons back and just left some shit behind.

Justin: Okay. All right.

Griffin: There's a tower of feathers where you're like, that's probably not actually involved—

Justin: Functional but maybe more theatrical.

Griffin: Exactly, yes, yes.

Clint: Is there any chance that the helmet that transfers minds into different bodies is there?

Griffin: You would keep your head on a swivel for that at this point. That is how you became Pinocchio, so I understand that no, there is nothing like that.

Clint: Ah...

Griffin: There is a skull laying on a plinth in the center of the room, kind of between all of these pieces of equipment.

Justin: Human?

Griffin: Yes, human, you would assume. And—

Muttner: Igor, may I?

Igor: Yes, of course.

Muttner: Okay. Alas Poor Yorick.

Igor: I wish gonna—ah, go ahead.

[crowd cheers]

Muttner: I knew him, Horatio. You guys are from Hamlet.

Godwin: Yeah, it's good. It's—

Muttner: I had to learn about all this Shakespeare stuff when I became king of England. They're real proud of him over there.

Clint: [laughs]

[crowd chuckles]

Godwin: I can imagine.

Muttner: I'll tell you what, I mostly just watch movie versions of it.

Clint: Yeah.

Muttner: Like 10 Things I Hate About You and like She's the Man.

Godwin: Lion King!

Muttner: Lion King, Gnomeo and Juliet.

Griffin: [laughs] Gnomeo and Juliet is actually a pretty huge betrayal of the plot of—I don't know if you've seen—

Muttner: Oh, man, I'm gonna be so confused!

Griffin: [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: He says...

Igor: Yes, yes.

Griffin: He takes the skull out of your hand and starts to kind of wipe it a bunch. He says...

Igor: Yes, thanks to some tireless grave robbing efforts from yours truly, we're reviving a big one, the alpha dog of clay acting, the original theater kid.

Griffin: And then he—

Muttner: Samuel Beckett?

Igor: No... couldn't find his grave. Looked for it. No—

Clint: David Mamet?

Igor: No, not Mamet. He's still alive, I think.

Griffin: He holds up the skull like a little puppet and he's like...

Igor: It's me, William Shakespeare!

Muttner: Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Godwin: Oh, yeah, of course!

Igor: Anyway, I'm gonna bring him back to life, and I need a few steady hands to help around the lab. And to be there on the off chance he comes back as a mindless ghoul, hell-bent on devouring human flesh.

Muttner: Okay!

Igor: You could maybe make him dead again with violence.

Muttner: Yeah, you got it, man.

Igor: All right.

Godwin: I say let's roll the dice.

Muttner: Oh, I get it.

Godwin: Let's bring him back to life, absolutely!

Griffin: I thought you were making some weird meta joke about...

Justin: Oh, wow. Yeah, Griff, I can see that now.

Griffin: I shouldn't have drawn attention to it. He places the skull—

Justin: Whoa, hold on, man. [chuckles]

Griffin: Back on the plinth. [titters]

Justin: Sheesh!

Griffin: [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: He angles a few antennae mounted on the ceiling downward towards the skull. And he slaps on a pair of goggles, and he puts on like a heavy lead vest. And he steps behind some—

Muttner: Should we have one of those? Hey, man.

Igor: What's that?

Godwin: Should we have...

[crowd chuckles]

Muttner: The vest and the goggles and stuff?

Igor: Oh! Yeah, don't look directly into the electro coils.

Godwin: Now, which ones are the electro coils?

Igor: Turn your body side profile to the plinth.

Godwin: To what? Relative to what?

Igor: Just to minimize the radiological exposure!

Godwin: To what? Relative to—

Igor: To, yeah, ah—

Griffin: He flips a switch and...

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: The room ignites with brilliant blue light. And for just a moment, you feel your fillings hum as your bones become briefly visible through your skin. And then the light is gone. And as your eyes re-acclimate, you no longer see a skull on the plinth, but a full nude man, balding with a wispy beard, just perched on the plinth like a gargoyle. And—

Travis: Well, don't leave me hanging, Griffin! You told me what his head hair is like, what his face hair was like, keep going, bud!

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: Oh? You want to know about his... about his tempest.

Clint: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Clint: Is he hoist on his own petard?

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Lady Godwin looks over and says...

Godwin: Ass, I like it.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: [laughs] He looks at you three and he says...

Nude Man: [aggressively hisses like a cat]

[crowd chuckles]

Muttner: Nice bush, man!

Clint: In a ghoulish way, is he saying—

Griffin: He shakes his head.

Nude Man: [clears throat] Eh-heh! Oh... Sorry about that... frog in my throat. Hey! Who are you guys and where am I? And why is my penis just out?

[crowd chuckles]

Muttner: You want some pants, man?

Griffin: Do you have spare pants?

Travis: I give him my pants!

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: I'm a good king!

Justin: Travis, you should call 'em pantaloons. He won't know—

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: What pants are.

Nude Man: Yes, what are they? Oh—

Justin: He's gonna freak about it, he's gonna go insane. [chuckles]

Griffin: He looks at them and he says...

Nude Man: I wear a size 100 of pantaloons, sorry.

Griffin: And hands them back to you. Igor runs up with a lab coat and wraps it around him for some modesty. And he says...

Nude Man: So, who are you? Where... where am I?

Muttner: My name's Crawford Muttner, you can call me Mutt, everybody does. I'm the king of England.

Nude Man: Wow!

[crowd chuckles]

Phileaux: I'm Brother Phileaux. I used to be a monk, and then I put on this helmet—

Nude Man: Holy shit, a talking puppet!

[crowd chuckles]

Phileaux: And now I'm not.

Nude Man: Ah...

Godwin: I'm Lady Godwin.

Nude Man: Ah, lady—

Godwin: Just usual stuff here.

Nude Man: Lady Godwin, thank you for your compliments of my bush!

Justin: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Godwin: You're very welcome.

Nude Man: So looking around, it seems like it's the future?

Muttner: I'm not sure, actually! I guess so, because you've been dead for a while, but I don't know that we've canonized like what day it is.

Nude Man: I thought I remembered dying, yes!

Clint: I make a perception check to see if it's the future.

Griffin: Yeah, okay, make a perception check.

Clint: That's an eight.

Griffin: Here's—you have this thought and it kind of takes you out of shit for a little while—

Travis: Minus—sorry, minus one.

Griffin: Minus one. Thank you so much, even worse. You have this thought that kind of takes you out of it for a while, which is that it's never, nor will it ever be the future. It's only ever now. And you go through like a little existential wormhole for like 30 good seconds. He says...

Nude Man: So what was it that got me, that danged bubonic plague?

Godwin: Oh, actually, I don't know, Igor. What was it?

Nude Man: Of course, bees!

[crowd chuckles]

Muttner: He can't see a thing without his glasses! I've never seen the movie. I'm not sad about it.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: He hops up from the plinth and he says...

Nude Man: So, what'd you bring me back for? Time to do one of my big shows, was it?

Muttner: You ever thought about doing Romeo and Juliet, get this, with garden gnomes?

[crowd exclaims]

Nude Man: I'm not... familiar. Romeo and Juliet, you said? That, I'm not quite familiar with what that is.

Muttner: He wrote—he wrote it.

Phileaux: Do you know Leonardo DiCaprio?

[crowd chuckles]

Muttner: Personally.

Nude Man: No, because I died in the past.

Godwin: Okay, what about Hamlet?

Nude Man: Hamlet?! That's a pretty boring name for a show!

Godwin: Okay, what did you write?

Nude Man: I thought you brought me back because you loved my works. Surely, you're familiar with Bona Boys' Big Verona Road Trip?

[crowd chuckles]

Muttner: That was you, man?!

Nude Man: Yes—

Muttner: I'm being polite.

Nude Man: Maybe you're more of a fan of King Wizard's Island Vacation?

Godwin: I missed that one—

Nude Man: Mr. McBee's Scottish Snafu?

Godwin: No.

Justin: [titters]

[crowd chuckles]

Nude Man: Slamlit?!

Phileaux: Yes! Yes, yes!

Muttner: Do you have eight more?

Griffin: [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Sorry, Griff, was one of those Mr. McBee's Scottish Snafu?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Okay, I just want to make sure I heard you right. All right.

Griffin: I won't make you do a history check. You've never heard of any of these plays.

Justin: Have we—oh, man, this is really—have we heard of the ones that we just mentioned to you?

Griffin: [laughs] Yes. I would say all three of you would have a familiarity.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: A person of high society, a learned cleric and someone who had to, as homework, be king, which is cool. You all are familiar with Shakespeare's works.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: These are not among them.

Justin: But we understand them to be the same as I, Justin McElroy?

Griffin: Yes. Yes.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: He looks at you all confused, because you haven't said anything to him in response to the shit he just said.

Phileaux: Have you any experience with multiverses?

Nude Man: Multiverses?

Phileaux: Do you know Dr. Strange?

Nude Man: No, man. Again, I died a wicked long time ago.

Phileaux: I thought there was no past or no future!

Godwin: What's your name?

Nude Man: My name?

Godwin: Yes.

Nude Man: It's Shakespeare.

Godwin: Eh?

Nude Man: My name is Thrilliam Shakespeare!

Godwin: Okay, there it is! Okay. I thought—so do you know a William Shakespeare?

Thrilliam: There is no William—

Godwin: Okay, okay.

Thrilliam: I have no brother? I have no sibling or other family member named *William*?! Boring name!

[crowd chuckles]

Godwin: Thrilliam, what was the last thing that you remember?

Thrilliam: Oh, I was in the park playing Frisbee with my dudes, and one of 'em hit a big ol' bee's nest! And I looked and I said, "Well, that's none of my bees nest." And then I died.

Griffin: [titters]

[crowd laughs]

Muttner: So it was—it was your beesness.

Shakespeare: Turned out it was, in fact, my-they made it my bee's nest—

Godwin: You made it my beesness, yes!

Phileaux: To bees or not to bees?

Godwin: It was like a—

Thrilliam: It was like a million—

Godwin: Million bees!

Phileaux: A million of 'em!

Thrilliam: Way more than two.

Godwin: So not two bees.

Justin: [titters]

Griffin: He picks up a book of one of his shows. There's a big pile.

Justin: I don't think you gave dad enough credit, Griffin!

Clint: No, really!

Justin: That was extremely good.

Griffin: It was really good.

[crowd cheers]

Justin: You don't know how many more chances you're gonna get to appreciate him, man. You gotta make every one—

Griffin: What?!

[crowd laughs]

Travis: He just means you don't tell a lot of good jokes.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: No, I don't—now hold on. [chuckles] This whole thing's getting away from me.

Clint: It's kind of grim, isn't it?

Griffin: He's flipping through a pile of his works in the lab, and he stops with Romeo and Juliet. He says...

Thrilliam: Bad news. Someone's done a mess about with all my kick ass plays. I... I don't write tragedies.

Muttner: You write sins?

[crowd cheers]

Travis: I was thinking about this the other day, we need to get the thing they have on like QI whenever a really obvious joke comes up and it just flashes on the stage.

Griffin: [chuckles] I should start getting those ready beforehand. He says...

Thrilliam: You think I wrote a show about dead kids? That's so fucked up, man! I wrote sexy comedies with babes and kick ass murder fights, and silly dudes going on sex romps across Western Europe. Not this sad shit!

Justin: What is—what is Igor making of this?

Griffin: Igor seems stunned. He is on the phone with the board of directors, explaining that the show might not be able to go on tonight.

Muttner: No! The show must go on.

Phileaux: Must go on.

Thrilliam: Ah, so you understand. You see, there is magic in a bard's plays.

Muttner: All right.

Thrilliam: And I am a great and magical bard. And some sort of dark, nefarious entity has corrupted my amazing magical works! And you know what that means, don't you? You three are gonna have to go into my famous stories!

Muttner: Yeah.

Thrilliam: Then stop these foul invaders and put right the tragic fates of these... star-crossed lovers? The fuck does that even mean?!

[crowd chuckles]

Thrilliam: Any questions?

Muttner: How do we get in?

Thrilliam: With my magic of bard stuff—

Muttner: Ah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Phileaux: Ah! Yeah, yeah!

Godwin: Ah! Right, of course.

Muttner: Okay.

Thrilliam: Everyone ready?

Phileaux: Yeah.

Thrilliam: Are you familiar with the plot of Romeo and Juliet?

Muttner: Sort of.

Godwin: Ish.

[crowd chuckles]

Thrilliam: Okay, well, all you have to do is make sure that all the sad stuff that happened in that book doesn't happen!

Muttner: Okay.

Phileaux: Right!

Clint: Hold on real quick. Hey, Merlin!

Griffin: Shit, okay. [spoofs teleporting sounds] Bshh-wshh! Merlin appears out of nowhere. He's in gym shorts and a tank top, and he's like...

Merlin: Whoa, man!

Muttner: Sorry, bud. I just had two quick questions.

Merlin: Yes, of course, my liege!

Muttner: We're about to be transported using bard magic into Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare, who's alive again.

Merlin: A little Pagemaster stuff happening, yes!

Muttner: Yeah, man.

[crowd chuckles]

Muttner: When I'm in there, do I got diplomatic immunity?

Merlin: My liege, you have diplomatic immunity anywhere you go. You're the king! And for some fuckin' reason, they've decided that's how that works!

[crowd chuckles]

Muttner: Okay.

Justin: It's in—it is in—

Muttner: Do they—

Justin: Italy.

Griffin: What's that?

Justin: It's in Italy, so I don't know why Travis would have immunity in the play.

Griffin: As a diplomat.

Travis: Yeah, I'm visiting.

Justin: So, wait, are we suggesting that Travis—

Travis: Of course I'm immune in England, I'm the king!

Justin: Right, so you're like, so you're saying in the play, you'll show up and be like, "Actually, in another reality, I am the king. And so I can steal this money or whatever."

Travis: Yes.

Justin: Okay, I just want to make sure I understand the concept.

Muttner: Second question, do they have diplomatic immunity?

Merlin: They do not, my liege.

Muttner: Got it.

Merlin: Was there anything else I was—

Muttner: When I get back—

Merlin: There's a new season of Love Is Blind!

Muttner: Oh, no shit, man! Really?!

Merlin: Yes!

Muttner: You said we were gonna watch that together?!

Merlin: Hold on, my reception on my stuff is... getting weird.

Griffin: And he disappears. Thrilliam Shakespeare says...

Thrilliam: Who the fuck was that?!

Muttner: It's Merlin.

Thrilliam: Cool! Ready?

Muttner: Yup!

Phileaux: Yeah!

Griffin: Swish! He throws open the book and closes his eyes. And the pages sticking outward towards your party, they start to flip as though blown by a stiff wind. And your feet leave the ground as you're sucked closer and closer into the book!

Godwin: Whoa-oh!

Griffin: *Whoa!* You land in a courtyard.

Godwin: Thud.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: Of a lofty, palatial estate currently in the throes of some manner of grand ball. Based on your knowledge of Romeo and Juliet, this is the Capulets' ball, where Romeo first meets Juliet and they fall in love. Inside, you see red clad nobles waltzing and mingling before a dais where prince Aeschylus of Verona sits having his ear talked off by Lady Capulet. There's a grumbling red clad young man watching the proceedings, just with a permanent wary scowl stuck on his face. Outside in the courtyard with you three are two guards in red uniforms who are standing in front of the door into the ballroom. Each of them are holding a halberd and a torch at attention. What do you do?

Justin: I want to talk to the person in the red jacket. I wanna see what their story is.

Griffin: Okay, there's two guards there. You approach them. They say...

Guard: Invitation, please.

Godwin: Oh...

Guard: You're here for a Capulets' ball?

Godwin: Yes, I am. My name is Lady... Lady Godwin, and I'm supposed to be in there. Oh!

Guard: Your name is Lady Lady Godwin?

[crowd chuckles]

Godwin: It's a family name.

Guard: Crazy! So, if you can produce your invitations, I'd be happy to get you along on your way!

Muttner: I'm the king of England.

Travis: And I draw Xcalibur and like make the like gems and stuff light up on it like as a He-Man sword.

Griffin: Cool flex. Roll an intimidation check for me, please. Unless you're trying to inspire them with your big, magic sword. [chuckles] No?

Travis: No, it's a two.

Griffin: You got a two?

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: It's a two.

Griffin: So, if you've never played DnD before, that's actually one of the worst numbers you can get.

Travis: Yeah.

[crowd chuckles]

Guard: That's a cool sword, partner! We're all sort of about halberds now, they're way longer!

Muttner: Fair.

Phileaux: Hello—

Guard: Holy shit, a talking puppet!

[crowd chuckles]

Phileaux: Actually, I am a turbo cardinal.

Muttner: Interim.

Phileaux: And I was asked to do the opening prayer before the big function tonight.

Griffin: Give me a deception check, please, brother Phileaux. Because you were not, in fact, asked to give the opening prayer in Romeo and Juliet, the book.

Clint: It sounds like that might be a religion check.

Travis: Especially for a party that, as far as I understand it, is already underway.

Griffin: If you were giving the prayer, I would let you roll a religion check to tell how kick ass a prayer you gave. But this is a lie and not a prayer.

Clint: All right, I'll do it. Here's my deception check. I would say a nine was good enough for that.

Griffin: Well—

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: Do you add anything to it? Or is that including the—okay, one of them says...

Guard: Oh, yeah? Prove it! Do a prayer on me right now!

[crowd laughs]

Justin: [laughs] "I bet you don't even have enough religion power to do a prayer at me!"

Clint: So should I roll?

Griffin: Yeah, make a religion check for me.

Clint: Religion check.

Justin: You better really pray his nuts off though, Mac!

Griffin: Pray your nuts off.

Justin: Pray that guy's—

Clint: That's a 10.

Justin: Balls right off.

Clint: That's a 10.

Justin: Oh, now he's in trouble!

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: With his deity of choice.

Phileaux: [yells] Oh! Holy father!

Justin: Put it—I don't like that, put it down.

Phileaux: Oh, holy father—

Justin: Put it down on the table or I won't do any more podcasting.

Phileaux: Oh, holy father—

Justin: I'm not going down like that, Mac. Put the—put it on the table.

Travis: You're gonna stab yourself.

Griffin: You're gonna stab your wiener, Mac.

Justin: You're gonna stab your own dick. Give me this.

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: I'm not living in a world where I have a Nerf axe and you have this fuckin' insane little sting here going—

Clint: So when you said—

Justin: No, thank you—

Clint: Lower, you didn't mean my voice?

Griffin: Yes, yes.

Justin: Yeah, I'm gonna snicker-snack this right over here, Mac. Thank you.

Griffin: [laughs]

[crowd chuckles]

Phileaux: [yells] Oh! Holy father—or mother, if you're if you're more progressive—above.

Griffin: [chuckles] Okay.

[crowd laughs]

Justin: So cool. I love it.

Phileaux: [yells] Please bless this dolt in the red jacket! Grant him wisdom, grant him intelligence. But most of all, grant him trust.

Justin: He was shooting for a 10 out of 20 prayer.

Griffin: I'll say on a 10 out of 20 prayer, the guard says...

Guard: Yup, sounds legit to me. Go on in, father.

Phileaux: Bless you, my son.

Guard: You two, not so fast.

Phileaux: Or daughter!

Justin: I did—

Phileaux: Depending on how progressive—

Guard: Thank you so much, thank you.

Phileaux: A daughter.

Justin: Sorry, I was about to say I was hiding in his robes. You didn't let me finish.

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: Oh, yeah.

Justin: You didn't let me finish—

Griffin: [chuckles] Give me—

Justin: To say the whole time I was hiding in his robes because he's so small. So the whole time I was hiding in his robes, he was on my shoulders, he was six feet tall.

Clint: Should we demonstrate how that would look?

Justin: I should have mentioned that.

Griffin: I don't know why you'd volunteer that, Mac.

Clint: Well, I think we should! I mean, this is a live performance?

Griffin: I'm... I'm...

Justin: I don't...

Griffin: I'm too... I'm too aware of your spinal idiosyncrasies to recommend you—

Clint: And the fact that I'm not wearing any underwear under—

Griffin: Gross, Mac! Jesus.

Justin: Gross, man.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: That's a joke. Go ahead and roll a stealth check for me, please, Lady Godwin. To hide in the robes of the puppet.

Justin: That is a nine on that one. But with the stealth plus two, 11.

Griffin: You guys gotta start rolling funnier fuckin' numbers.

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Can I use a do over point?

Griffin: Okay, no, no, no, on an 11, you get under there. And you walk through, and the other guard goes:

Guard: Whoa, wait a minute! Look at the dump truck on that priest!

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: Are they both distracted now?

Griffin: They are distracted.

Travis: I bonk their heads together real hard.

Griffin: [chuckles] Okay! Give me an attack roll. I'll grant you advantage because of how distracted they are by this fucking priest with the generous cake!

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: That's a nat 20.

Griffin: Jesus.

Clint: Yeah!

[crowd cheers]

Clint: They're dead!

Travis: No, I don't want to kill them.

Griffin: No, on a nat 20, you bonk their heads together really, really good. They both come back from the bonk, stand up, stone faced, they look at each other and they look at you. And then they turn and they walk into two adjacent bushes and then fall down unconscious.

Clint: [laughs]

[crowd chuckles]

Phileaux: Good conking, son!

Griffin: You did something crazy to their brains, but you managed to knock them out and get them out of sight, giving you free access to the ballroom. Inside, the grounds are just a dizzying flurry of activity. The party has really hit full-on critical mass. People are out on the dance floor just twirling in synchronized loops while the prince claps rhythmically with glee. Looking around the room, you see a few folks who stick out like sore thumbs from the rest of the party goers.

There's a young man on the dance floor who's just tearing shit up, not really in step with everyone else. One table of guests is engaged in a particularly raucous conversation led by a young man who appears to be pretty blotto. Seated in a corner, surveying the room nervously, is a monk dressed in brown robes with a tight as hell tonsure up on top of his head. And of course, you see the prince watching the party with a young Capulet behind him, grimacing and peering out over the crowd. You have to stop Romeo and Juliet from happening. What do you do?

Travis: I'm gonna challenge the young man on the dance floor to a dance battle.

Griffin: Okay. You—

[crowd cheers]

Clint: Are you sure you feel up to it?

Travis: Well, I'm not really gonna do it on the stage, dad. I'm gonna do it in the stage of the mind.

Clint: I keep trying to add physical bits and nobody goes along with me!

Travis: I'm sick as shit!

Griffin: He's sick, why would you give him a physical bit? He's physically hampered right now by his illness.

Clint: Because I believe in him.

Griffin: [chuckles] Okay, Mac.

Travis: I don't!

Clint: And McElroys are not quitters!

Justin: That's right.

Travis: Incorrect.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: You all—I heard that cheer, and then I also heard that moment of reflection after the cheer like, "Wait, do I want to cheer for that parenting style?"

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: "Do I want to cheer into that grim window into the McElroy family?"

Clint: Worked for Cal Ripken Junior's parents?

Griffin: [titters] That's...

Justin: Wow.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: [titters] I guess?

Justin: You've chosen the exact audience for sports humor.

Griffin: Yes.

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: Okay, Mutt, you approach this wild man out on the dance floor. You notice he's not dressed in the same crimson garb as everyone else sort of has. He has the look of a party crasher about him, and he, right now, appears to be the subject of this watchful Capulet's eye upon the dyus. First of all, if you can give me either a dexterity check—sorry, a dexterity saving throw, or a performance check. Just to reach him is going to involve a little bit of like getting around all of the dancing that's happening right now. You're sick, so I'll show it. It'll look something like this.

Travis: Thank you! I'm gonna do a dexterity saving throw because I have a plus seven to that.

Griffin: Okay, cool.

Travis: Mm-hm. Mm-hm. It's an 11.

Griffin: Total?

Travis: But I'm gonna roll again.

Griffin: Why?

Travis: Because I'm sick?

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: No.

Clint: 'Cause he's sick!

Travis: I want to have a dance battle with Romeo!

Griffin: With an 11, you get out there. But on your way, there's one couple who is like really, really way too into it. They hit you and knock you down on your butt and this guy sees it.

Travis: Then I do that move where I kind of wiggle and jump to my feet from the ground, like no hands.

Griffin: Okay, give me an acrobatics check. You can't just say shit.

Travis: No, I want to do...

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: I want to do a dexterity check, please.

Griffin: No, give me an acrobat—I know you're sick, but it's not gonna mean anything if we bend the rules.

Travis: Hm, God damn it.

Griffin: What happened?

Travis: It's a six plus four.

Griffin: [chuckles] You fuckin' kick your legs up and like almost land it and—whoa! Right back down on your butt. The guy comes up and is like...

Guy: Do you need help?

[crowd chuckles]

Muttner: Yeah, handsome.

Griffin: He hold...

[crowd chuckles and cheers]

Griffin: He holds down a hand and claps yours and pulls you up. He says...

Guy: I am Benvolio.

Muttner: Wuddup, dude?

Benvolio: What's your handle?

Muttner: My name's Mutt... volio.

[group laugh]

Benvolio: Ah, forsooth.

Muttner: Ah!

[crowd chuckles]

Muttner: Let's give 'em something to talk about!

Benvolio: Yes, I... can't help but notice you're a ne'er-do-well like myself, here to crash the party and feast on the good vibes of these loathsome Capulets.

Muttner: Yeah, man.

Benvolio: Would you care to dance?

Muttner: Yeah, dude!

Griffin: Okay, he joins you in a dance. Give me... now just give me a dexterity check, because right now you're just trying to mirror this guy's movements. You do not know what dance he is—unless you want to make a history check to see if you know the old dance that Benvolio is—

Travis: That's a 17, plus seven, 24.

Griffin: Perfect, you match with him...

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Perfectly. He says...

Benvolio: My name is Benvolio, servant of the house of Montague and Romeo Montague's very best friend.

Muttner: Ah, sick, bro.

Benvolio: Is it weird I introduce myself like that?

Muttner: Nah, man! I'm the king of England!

Benvolio: Wowzers.

Muttner: Yeah, bud! Wait, is Romeo here?

Benvolio: Is Romeo here?

Muttner: You can tell me, bud.

Benvolio: Ah, why would Romeo Montague be at a Capulet—hold on.

Muttner: Oh, yeah, right.

[crowd exclaims and cheers]

Justin: [titters] Whoa. Hey, Griffin, that was really good dancing, man.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: He says...

Benvolio: You match my—

Justin: Hey, why are you guys laughing? I saw several of you laughing.

Griffin: [laughs]

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: That's weird, okay.

Griffin: He says—

Justin: Sheesh!

Benvolio: Wow, you matched my crumping beat for beat!

Griffin: And he said:

Benvolio: Why would a Montague be at a Capulet function?

Muttner: It seems like you guys are a bunch of bad boys, you know what I mean?

Griffin: Hm, give me a... hm... maybe just a charisma check. You're laying it on here trying to ingratiate yourself—

Travis: I'm good at that.

Griffin: With Benvolio.

Travis: It's cocked.

Griffin: We'll respect it.

Travis: Okay, now that's good. It's a one.

[crowd laughs]

Justin: That's, hey, listen, that is funnier. You gotta say that, Griffin.

Clint: You said funny!

Justin: You said you wanted funny numbers.

Griffin: Mm-hm. He says...

Benvolio: I've never even heard of re... Remoeo? What? Don't even know anyone by that name.

Muttner: All right. Cool, dude. Hey, I found out about an after party.

Benvolio: No?

Muttner: Yeah, man, if you want to get some folks together.

Benvolio: Of course, it's probably the after party I totally know about.

Muttner: Yeah, 100%, man.

Benvolio: The one at...

Muttner: The church.

Benvolio: The church!

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: [laughs]

Benvolio: Which is the one on Elm? Or—

Muttner: No, no, no.

Benvolio: Which one is it?

Muttner: The one on Elm East.

Benvolio: Oh! That was weird. A weird exchange we just had. Of course, and what—like what time?

Muttner: Well, I mean, here's the thing—

Griffin: You've thrown this guy off. He is off his groove. He is concerned that there's a party happening he does not know—

Muttner: Yeah, don't spread this around, man, but there's people over there now. Like, I heard they've got drugs you've never even heard of, man.

[crowd chuckles]

Benvolio: Drugs?!

Muttner: Yeah, it's called like Queen Mab.

[crowd chuckles]

Benvolio: Sorry, friend.

Griffin: This is your one. Your one charisma check.

Benvolio: I'm straight-edge!

Griffin: And he dances away from you.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: Let's jump over to you two. What do you—

Justin: Do I see any young ladies in the crowd?

Griffin: You do. You see a lot of Capulets, a lot of—

Justin: Oh, great!

Griffin: You assume.

Justin: I'll wander over to some of the young ladies.

Godwin: Excuse me, I hate to be a bother, do any of you know a Rosaline?

Griffin: Eh... [titters] okay. One of them looks up from her little fancy finger cakes and says...

Young Lady: Yes, I'm Rosaline. What do you want? I don't recognize—
Forsooth, I don't recognize you.

Godwin: I've got some bad news, Rosaline, there's a hurricane named Juliet
and she's coming for your man.

[crowd exclaims and cheers]

Godwin: It's time—it's time to batten down the hatches, sister. We've got
to get everything shipshape and we've got to get that man.

Justin: [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Godwin: It's a sentiment very popular and cool. We're going to go get that
man.

Justin: [chuckles]

Godwin: Do whatever it takes.

Griffin: This is not a lie, so I'm not going to make you roll deception.
However, you, with all of your knowledge of like high society politics and
stuff, you know that you just walked into the hornet's nest and were like,
"What's up? I'm in charge." And so I'm going to need a... persuasion check
from you. It is something you are sort of familiar with in this space, I will
grant you advantage.

Justin: Excellent. That's not the right die. I'll do the one with 20 numbers
on it, thank you.

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: That is a 16, plus three, 19. Or an 18 plus three, 21.

Griffin: Oh yeah.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: With a 21, Rosaline sets down her tiny cake and stands up and walks close to you and says...

Rosaline: Forsooth, you mean to tell me that my own kin is trying to swoop my bow?

Godwin: It's not intentional, we need to support women. I'm just saying...

[crowd chuckles]

Godwin: There's you to look after too.

Rosaline: So, what—I mean, what should I... what should I do, matron?

Godwin: Tell her—tell him about it. Tell him all the ways you feel.

Griffin: [laughs]

Godwin: Give him every reason to accept that you're for real.

[crowd laughs]

Rosaline: It's simply not—

Godwin: Let's give them something to talk about! Go to Romeo. Tell him how you feel.

Rosaline: My kindly old maid, I... it is simply not—

Godwin: Let's be careful, hm?

[crowd laughs]

Godwin: We can always be kind, can't we? There's always time to be kind.

Rosaline: Have I been unkind—

Godwin: Well...

[crowd chuckles]

Godwin: Far be it for me to call out the misbehavior of others, that's rather rude. But I'm just saying, maybe everyone in the room should think about how often they're calling others old.

[crowd chuckles]

Rosaline: Of course, madam. Forsooth and anon. I will—

Godwin: Say forsooth one more time. Say it one more time!

[crowd laughs]

Rosaline: I... I will go find my suitor and remind him which side upon which his bread doth be buttered.

Griffin: And she walks away. And then she walks back and she's like...

Rosaline: That was a gross metaphor.

[crowd chuckles]

Godwin: It dies with me.

Rosaline: Okay. Sorry, who are you? This is a Capulet function and I do not recognize you.

Godwin: Yes, that's—

Rosaline: Lovely young matron!

Godwin: Yes... my name is Sarah. Jessica. Parker.

[crowd laughs]

Rosaline: Ah.

Godwin: Lady... Sarah Jessica Parker.

Justin: [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Rosaline: It is, I will say—

Godwin: The third!

Rosaline: Verily—

Godwin: Okay! Of Debonchurch!

[crowd chuckles]

Godwin: Okay! My name is Lady Sarah Jessica Parker the third, of Debonshire. For real, and that's it, and that's all there is in it. I'm sure. I've thought about it, that's it!

Griffin: I hate to do this to you, but I do—at this point, you're lying so hard, I will need a deception check from you. If you just lie about your name, I'll let that slide. If you lie really hard about your name—

Justin: Okay, so that is a nine plus zero.

Griffin: [titters] Okay.

Rosaline: I think, my fair madam, you added some shit on there at the end. But I will go and track down my man and remind him of which bread he—
no...

Godwin: No.

Rosaline: Well, I—

Godwin: We're just going to tell him that we like him and we'd like to kiss him on the mouth.

Rosaline: And I will—

Godwin: That's it, just regular stuff.

Rosaline: And I must away forsoo—eh... I gotta—bye!

Griffin: And she goes running off. You see her run outside. She goes outside.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: And runs away.

Godwin: She seems nice.

Justin: [titters]

Griffin: You hear her shouting from outside, you hear:

Rosaline: [yells] Romeo!

[crowd laughs]

Clint: [chuckles] Get your ass in here!

Rosaline: Romeo!

Justin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: What about you, Brother Phileaux? What are you doing?

Clint: Brother Phileaux makes a beeline for the person dressed like him.

Griffin: Okay, great! You walk over to the corner, where you see this humble, garbed monk, who, at a glance, appears to be very uncomfortable in this party surrounding. He is definitely not joining in the revelry, and you can't help but wonder what a man of the cloth is doing at a rager like this in the first place. Which is, I had that written down, actually a pretty hypocritical thing of you to think, I will say.

Justin: Wow, dad, that's messed up. [titters]

Travis: Yeah, man. Judge not, brother!

Griffin: He says...

Friar Laurence: Ah, greetings, my child. Comest thou to give thine—wait a minute... you look like me!

Phileaux: [chuckles] Yes! I am... I am Brother Phileaux.

Friar Laurence: Ah?

Phileaux: And I am like you.

Friar Laurence: Ah, my brother in Christ!

Phileaux: An umble—yes—

Friar Laurence: Right?

Phileaux: I'll show you my cross, but he took it away from me.

Travis: Is Friar Laurence also a puppet?

Griffin: No, sorry, hold on.

Friar Laurence: Holy shit, you are you are a puppet! Sorry.

[crowd chuckles]

Phileaux: Yes, I know.

Friar Laurence: Oh, hold on, hold on, hold on. Sorry—hey, Jesus. Eh... sorry... sorry about cussing. It's been a—it's been a minute. I feel like I'm owed one. Anyway, amen, thanks.

Phileaux: I... I don't think that's enough. I think I need to take your confession for you saying shit. Ah, shit!

[crowd chuckles]

Friar Laurence: Ah! You did it twice.

Phileaux: Let us take—

Friar Laurence: So by the rules, I take your confession now.

Phileaux: All right, let's do a mutual confession. I can tell that you're not particularly comfortable here in these circumstances.

Friar Laurence: A party?

Phileaux: Yes.

Friar Laurence: Not my thing.

Phileaux: Is there a vestibule anywhere where we could sit and mutual—

Friar Laurence: You know, as luck would have it, they have a confession vestibule on the grounds at the Capulet manor.

Phileaux: Please, let us go. Let us go and confess to each other.

Friar Laurence: Sounds good to me, man! Left booth or right booth?

Clint: All right, so we go into the—

Griffin: Sure, yeah! I mean, he asked you a booth—you don't answer, so he just kind of looks weird and goes in the left booth.

Clint: Okay.

Friar Laurence: So, who's gonna go first, my brother in Christ? You're—

Phileaux: I shall.

Friar Laurence: On board with Christ, right? Like that's your—

Phileaux: Oh, yeah!

Friar Laurence: Cool, cool!

Phileaux: I'm down! I'm down with—

Griffin: That hasn't ever been established in TAZ Versus Dracula. [chuckles]

Phileaux: I'm down with JC! He's just all right with me.

Travis: You're actually Order of Saint Tancred.

Griffin: Yeah, give me a deception check, man. You're lying about what god you're—

Clint: I'm not lying!

Justin: You gotta be real careful about jokes, dad. Griffin's getting to be a real stickler—

Clint: Yeah, I can really—no, I—

Justin: He'll make you roll for jokes now, it's messed up. [chuckles]

Griffin: We'll roll a charisma check in a bit.

Clint: Okay.

Griffin: You're in the booth, he says...

Friar Laurence: So, you're at two cusses, why don't you go first? Give me the confession and I'll—

Phileaux: Very well.

Friar Laurence: Do my best.

Phileaux: Will... can we join hands?

Friar Laurence: No, we're in two different booths.

[crowd chuckles]

Friar Laurence: You asked for this!

Phileaux: No, you never—

Travis: No, there's a glory hole in the middle!

Clint: There is a—

[crowd exclaims and cheers]

Travis: For God's glory!

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: No, there is aa slot—

Griffin: Can I have some more wine, Paul, please?

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: There is a slot.

Friar Laurence: Okay, yeah, it's the hand slot for holding hands, I guess.

Phileaux: Oh, thank you.

[crowd cheers]

Friar Laurence: What do you have to confess, my... brother?

Phileaux: I will tell you.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: Thank you, Paul.

Phileaux: I am—

Justin: Griffin just called for that when—I'm looking at a timer that says we're supposed to break in two minutes, so—

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: No way. [titters]

Justin: So, this—

Griffin: We're going way—

Justin: This act is going way long!

Griffin: Over that, baby!

Justin: All right. Hope y'all are comfortable. [titters]

Clint: I take his hands and I look at him and say...

Phileaux: I am about to commit a sin.

Clint: And I cast shocking grasp.

Justin: What?!

[crowd cheers]

Justin: Heck yeah, dude!

Griffin: You're certainly—

Travis: Non-lethally.

Griffin: You're—yeah.

Travis: Non-lethally.

Clint: Non-lethally.

Griffin: Make a melee spell attack roll against the target. You have advantage on the attack roll if the target's wearing armor made of metal. I'll say he does have on a metal cross, so take advantage on your roll. That's not what the traditional read of the spell is, but—

Travis: He also has a lot of fillings.

Clint: So what am I rolling?

Griffin: You're rolling a D20, plus your spell casting modifier.

Clint: 13 plus three, 16.

Griffin: 16, yeah. Okay, you shock him... really good. He's gonna go ahead and take one D8 lightning damage and he can't take reactions until the start of his next turn.

Justin: Whoever thought that Friar Laurence would have a turn in Dungeons and Dragons?

Griffin: So roll one D8 lightning damage, please.

Justin: [titters]

Clint: One D8...

Griffin: I'll roll it!

Clint: I'll—no! Whew.

Travis: What was that noise, Mario?

Clint: Seven!

[crowd cheers]

Clint: Which knocks him out! Right?

Griffin: No! It doesn't—

Clint: Look at the timer, it does!

Griffin: He goes:

Friar Laurence: Ow, fuck! Shit! Ow, fuck! Shit!

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: It's just shocking grasp, Mac.

Griffin: He goes:

Friar Laurence: Why did you do that, my brother? That hurt a great deal!

Phileaux: It was static from the robes.

[crowd chuckles]

Phileaux: I'm sorry.

Friar Laurence: I mean, I guess we're here to confess stuff to—can I go now?

Phileaux: I am sorry. I apologize.

Friar Laurence: That's fine. It was—

Travis: It is your turn in the turn order.

Griffin: Yeah, right! He's like—he holds his hands through the hole and he's like...

Friar Laurence: Okay, time for me to give my confession, I suppose.

Phileaux: I wasn't done?

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: But turn order does dictate—

Phileaux: I have other sins.

Justin: Yeah, but now it's his turn. I mean, it's just combat. Now you initiated—

Clint: Oh, right, right.

Justin: You initiated combat with Friar Laurence from Romeo and Juliet, so now he's got to take his turn in the combat against you, in Gary Gygax's Dungeons and Dragons.

Griffin: [laughs] This is—do not put his name on what's happening on this stage tonight.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: He takes your hands and he says...

Friar Laurence: Okay, my turn. Let me think, ps-ps-ps-ps-ps. Oh, okay, one little thing. I have given unto Juliet council most unwise in fearing for her arranged betrothal with the count Paris. She inquired of a means of... looking dead, so she can't flee with her beloved Montague by birth. Who she only met like eight minutes hence!

But I gave unto young Juliet a full-hearted tincture whose potency you may find difficult to believe. With but a drop upon thine tongue, thou slippest into a slumber most deep. To a passing eye, thou wouldst appearest graveyard dead. Other than that, though, I'm doing pretty—I cussed six times!

Justin: So he's already done—so he's already done the stuff in the play?

Griffin: He did his stuff, yeah.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: He's already done it?

Justin: Because I was getting pretty excited, because I thought dad was about to toast his ass and then we were going to make the leap home. Because if he's dead, they can't kill each other, no sad stuff.

Phileaux: Do you have any more of the sleeping draft left?

Muttner: You're holding?

Griffin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Phileaux: I assume you do, because you, you know, didn't know how many people you'd have to administer it to, correct?

Friar Laurence: I always carry a little bit of feign death potion around with me where I go. It gets me out of a lot of scrapes with Johnny law, if you know what I'm saying.

Phileaux: Yes.

Friar Laurence: Sure, you want a little bit of tincture, brother?

Phileaux: No, but your penance will be to drink that draft.

Justin: What?

[crowd exclaims]

Justin: That's crazy, dude.

Friar Laurence: Maybe—

Phileaux: Trust me.

Justin: I love it. No, I do trust you implicitly.

Friar Laurence: But you do,—you promise you'll tell someone I'm not really dead, right?

Phileaux: I will tell—

Friar Laurence: Because they'll put me—

Phileaux: Absolutely!

Friar Laurence: They'll throw my ass—

Phileaux: Drink up. Drink up, shriner.

Friar Laurence: I don't want to go in the, like the fire—

Phileaux: No, I will tell everybody that you're not—

Justin: They'll put him in the black death—

Phileaux: As a matter of fact—

Justin: Trash can.

Friar Laurence: If they put me in a Black Death trash can, you promise to say something?

Phileaux: No. No, I promise—no, no, no—

Friar Laurence: Okay!

Phileaux: Just to be sure, show me the antidote, so I'll know to give it to you.

Justin: Why is he doing—

Friar Laurence: Antidote? The antidote is two nights of the best fuckin' sleep you'll ever have, mister! Seven times, sorry. Sorry, Jesus.

Justin: [laughs]

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: Make a persuasion check to get this vial of sleeping draft off of him, please.

Clint: Okay. A persuasion check would be... oh, that can't be [yells] right!

Griffin: What do we do?

Clint: I'm gonna—I'm gonna use—

Justin: It's a one.

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: It's a one, so let's move forward with that.

Clint: Everything hinges on this. [chuckles]

Justin: I know, that's why it's so funny that it's a one.

Griffin: He starts to drink it, and the vial drops out of his hand and smashes on the floor.

Travis: I run over and I jam a chair under the handle of the confession so he can't get out.

Griffin: Okay. [chuckles]

Friar Laurence: Oh, that's weird. Sorry, I dropped my thing. But the door is stuck on my confessional, could you get out and help me out?

Muttner: Oh, sorry, I was gonna say, I prefer briar—Friar Tuck. And then I was gonna shove the chair underneath.

Griffin: Okay.

Friar Laurence: That's weird. I don't know why you would say that, person outside. So if you could just let me out, because I did drop the potion and I can't drink it unless I lap it up like a nasty dog.

Phileaux: Yeah, hm...

[crowd chuckles]

Friar Laurence: And I'm not gonna do that no matter what!

Phileaux: No, yeah, I understand that. I tell you what. This is a confessional, so I assume it is soundproof.

Clint: So instead, as a bonus action, I cast altar self.

Griffin: Okay?

Clint: On myself.

Griffin: Okay?

Justin: Now we're cooking.

[crowd chuckles and cheers]

Griffin: I thought you took—dad, backstage, Amanda told you, without a moment's hesitation, that you look like a penis right now.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: And I thought you took that off.

Justin: That's someone—dad, I want to say, that's someone we pay. Like technically, she works for us. And she told our dad, "You look like a penis."

Griffin: [titters]

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: So I thought you had taken that off, okay.

Justin: I mean, when you asked Amanda—this is true. Amanda asked—helped him put it on. And she looked at him and dad said, "How's it look?" And Amanda said, "Well, it looks stupid."

Griffin: [laughs]

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: And he said, "Uh?" And then she said, "Well, you wanted it to look stupid." And he said, "Yeah." And she said, "Well, it looks stupid."

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: And so now, how stupid do I look? Since—

Justin: Very stupid.

Clint: I now have a tonsure!

Griffin: Yeah, no—

Clint: Just like father Laurence.

Griffin: Yeah. father Joey Laurence. He says—

Clint: Whoa!

Griffin: He says...

Friar Laurence: I do like... I do like your cut. So, if you could just get out and let me out of my confessional. This potion, actually, some of the vapors are starting to float up here. And they are—

Phileaux: Yeah.

Friar Laurence: Getting a little funky!

Phileaux: No... I'm... out of here.

Griffin: Okay, you—

Clint: And he leaves.

Griffin: You leave the confessional. You hear the door rattle outside, Mutt. The chair wiggles a little bit, and it's making quite a bit of noise. What do you do?

Travis: I set the confessional on fire—no.

Griffin: Jesus Christ.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Take that.

Travis: I say...

Muttner: Shh!

Griffin: [chuckles] Give me... give me a fuckin' persuasion check. The most terse persuasion I've ever heard. A 'shh' is just a request for someone to be quiet.

Justin: It is—it does depend on the tone of the shush too on what roll it is, right? Like an intimidation shush.

Travis: 19.

Griffin: 19. [titters]

Justin: Okay.

Friar Laurence: Okay!

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: That—was that—so that was a persuasive, argumentative shush.

Griffin: Yes.

Justin: Not a scary shush.

Griffin: You hear silence from inside the booth for a moment, and then you hear:

Friar Laurence: Ah, fuck...

Griffin: Buh-juh-boom! As he falls down to the ground. Father Joey Briar Laurence is... friar Laurence is out of commission. Now it's—

Travis: Now I move the chair.

Griffin: What's that?

Travis: Now I move the chair.

Clint: Or is he?!

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: No, it is. It is.

Clint: Alter self to look like father Laurence.

Griffin: Is that what you're doing?

Clint: [yells] Yes!

Griffin: Okay.

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Please don't yell in the mic anymore.

Griffin: Friar Laurence steps out, it's you, of the confessional booth. The other one is on the other side of the booth. You've moved the door. Now, I guess just hope no one goes in to do a—

Travis: I hang an out of order sign on it!

Clint: Yeah.

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: "Men confessing," it's got one of those yellow things—

Travis: No, it's—

Clint: That goes down the hallway.

Travis: The connection to God is loose. We've gotta tighten that back up.

Griffin: Your reception is being weird with the lord.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: You step away from hanging up this sign. I will say, you kind of put the last English on this ball of changing the story of Romeo and Juliet. As that happens, does an 18 beat your AC?

Clint: Who are you speaking to?

Justin: It does—

Griffin: I am talking to—

Justin: Mac—

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: Mutt.

Travis: Yes, it does.

Griffin: An 18 beats your AC. What were you looking at as you stepped away from—

Travis: The bright future ahead of me, baby.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: You were just looking ahead of you?

Travis: I was looking at the table of raucous party boys.

Griffin: You were looking at the table of raucous party boys, okay. You are going to take eight points of piercing damage.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: And you feel that, just for a moment. And then that pain is like whatever, man. Was there even any pain to begin with? Looking over at this table of raucous party goers, you see this raucous, drunken man who looks rather tipsy. And you look over there and you find yourself just entranced, charmed by them. Brother Phileaux... does a 13 beat your AC, Brother Phileaux?

Justin: Yes.

[pause]

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: He didn't even have his character sheet loaded. I...

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: I did!

Griffin: What the fuck—what kind of like...

[crowd laughs]

Justin: It's literally, I want to record for history, his iPad right now, at this moment, is just pictures of snowflakes. I wish...

[crowd laughs]

Justin: I wish...

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Justin, can you un-fuck whatever—like that's crazy. Mac, that's a new low, man. That's crazy. You can't be on stage with a Windows 95 screen saver.

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: Look!

Justin: It's not a bit! It's not a bit, it's just pictures of snowflakes.

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: And it won't go away!

Justin: I'm looking at real people in the crowd. Real people that paid real money to be here. And I'm telling you, my dad's iPad is just snowflakes, guys.

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: It's just snowflakes.

Clint: Let's just say no, that it didn't hit.

Griffin: Okay. As punishment, it does hit.

Clint: Oh.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: Perhaps because of your unique material composition. You hear a sound, a foow-yoo-yu-ying sound. You do not feel any other ill effects, aside from four points of piercing damage. Lady Godwin...

Justin: Yup!

Griffin: That is a three. Does not beat your AC, I am assuming.

Justin: It doesn't. Mine is 14. I know that as well as I know my own name, Griffin.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: You look around and you see one of the women that was part of sort of Rosaline posse sort of reacts with a start, and then stands up and looks around the room. And then you see kind of walks towards the prince out of nowhere. From outside—everything okay over there? Because it looks—

Justin: It's all—

Griffin: Like you're trying to hack dad's—

Justin: It's all—it's all—

Griffin: Fuckin' files.

Justin: It's all good stuff, Griffin! I'm almost through the ICE, baby. [titters]

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: You all see Rosaline run back in the room, and she is weeping. She is so bummed out. And she runs up to you and she's like...

Rosaline: [groans] Uuh-eeh-uuh! I found him! I found him, Lady Sarah Jessica Parker the third—

Godwin: Yes?

Rosaline: Of York... Yorkshire?

Godwin: Sorry? Of Debonshire.

Rosaline: That was a test, you passed!

Godwin: What a relief!

Rosaline: I found him but he said he's, quote, "All about Juliet now."

Godwin: Oh, no.

Rosaline: And that I should take a hike!

Godwin: Oh!

Rosaline: But anyway, if you want to find him, he's over by the balcony for some reason!

Griffin: We'll take a break here. We'll be right back after a brief intermission. There's posters in the lobby, please go check them out, they're very cool. We'll be back in a few minutes.

[theme music plays]

[ad reads]

[theme music plays]

Griffin: Hello, thank you for coming back. Before we get going with act two of our show, we moved—

Justin: I'm sorry we didn't have enough music for you to triumphantly walk on stage, dad. We made you saddle on in silence, I apologize.

Griffin: [laughs] We have posters out in the lobby. You can grab them after the show if there's any left. Thank you to Maddie, who designed the posters for us. They're amazing. We also have some Challenge coins out there for MBMBaM listeners, with both year themes, you really get your money's worth. And all proceeds go to Feeding Tampa Bay. We don't have a confidence monitor out here this time, so... let's get right back into it. The—

Justin: Absolutely. So we're at the balcony, right?

Griffin: You have made your way toward the balcony, following Rosaline's tip. You make your way out through the courtyard and you are standing at the foot of a 10-foot-high stone wall. Beyond it, you can hear two voices engaged in passionate conversation. The balcony scene that you all know is happening right now some 20 feet beyond the wall. What do you do?

Justin: Ugh...

Griffin: There is nothing these clowns hate more than a wall that gets in their way. The way their minds work is they're always inventing the most preposterous solution to any problem, so a wall really throws them for a loop.

Justin: Yeah.

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: We heckle.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: You heckle the wall?

Justin: I'm—

Clint: No, we heckle the speech.

Justin: Okay, I'm going to—check this out. I'm going to use my athletics skill to climb the wall. [titters]

Griffin: Whoa!

[crowd cheers]

Justin: Listen, no, no, no, this is important. Because you're probably thinking, because of my heritage as a barbarian and some of my physical attributes, I have a talent for athletics. So that's reflected in an increased score when I roll.

Griffin: [chuckles] If you've never played DnD before—

Justin: If you never played DnD—

Griffin: Okay, give me an athletics roll, as you start to climb—

Justin: Son of a bitch! I mean...

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Okay, I rolled an eight plus six, 14 to get over 10 foot wall?

Griffin: Absolutely. With your barbaric might, you are able to find grooves in the cobbles to climb over. You drop down into the bushes on the other side of the wall.

Justin: I didn't say that.

Griffin: And—oh, okay?

Justin: I throw a rope down that I also have in my adventure gear, to help my fellow adventurers scale the wall.

Griffin: You reach—

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: You reach into something the three of you all have, which is, at this point, a cobweb-covered adventurer's kit with a bunch of shit in it. You move—

Justin: Is this hemp and rope? Ha-ha-ha!

Griffin: You open up a tinder box and 12 cockroaches climb out of it like, "Oh, fuck!"

Justin: [titters] These are material components for Mordecai's magical watch dog. How did this get in here?

Griffin: [chuckles] And you hand down some rope. Your two compatriots now have a much easier way of getting up over the wall.

Travis: I summon a gorilla.

[crowd laughs]

Travis: Using summon beast.

Griffin: Travis said to us backstage, "We don't have to move at rain pace, but I am feeling pretty bad, so don't stretch it out." [chuckles] And your solution for climbing the wall is summon a fuckin' gorilla! I love it.

Travis: I've done it before—

Justin: So he doesn't feel that bad, is what you're saying.

Griffin: A gorilla appears in front of you. But—

Travis: A spiritual gorilla.

Griffin: It is a—he's—yeah, he has that vibe—

Justin: He's so soulful—is a deeply—a deeply—

Griffin: He lands in front of you and he's like, "Hm..."

Justin: Hm... Yeah.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: He is looking towards you for... any kind of—he immediately goes fuckin' crazy and starts just tearing shit up.

Muttner: Take me—take me over the wall, man.

Griffin: Give me an animal handling check with advantage, this is your own spirit gorilla.

Justin: [titters]

Griffin: I don't know if that's how this works, but it's how it works today, baby. Really taking your time with these rocks.

Travis: I have advantage. Thank God. Okay, so, what was it, animal handling?

Griffin: Yes, please.

Travis: So a 13 plus...

Justin: [titters] There's a rope.

Travis: 13 plus seven, that's a gentleman's 20.

Griffin: A gentleman's 20. The gorilla looks at you, looks at the wall—

Justin: Don't cheer, there's a rope! [titters]

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: He says...

Gorilla: No problem, boss!

Griffin: And he scoops you up and throws you over his shoulder. Leaps over the wall without using the rope. He looks at the rope, he says...

Gorilla: Not for me!

Griffin: And he goes up over the wall.

[crowd chuckles]

Muttner: Thank you, Sir Bananers.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: He sets you down in the bushes on the other side of the wall, hidden from the scene taking place. And then looks at you like...

Gorilla: What other stuff you got for me?

Justin: Listen, he's gonna blow our cover, so I tackle him.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: What, the gorilla?

Justin: I tackle the gorilla.

Godwin: Shh, be quiet!

Griffin: Okay, make an attack roll against the spiritual gorilla.

Justin: God, if you had a dollar for every time you said that, huh? That's a 10. Man...

Griffin: Total?

Justin: Just like 10—no, it's 10 plus six. 16.

Griffin: Okay. Yeah, 16, you swipe your axe downward through the head of the gorilla and he—

Justin: Non-lethal!

Griffin: He disappears into a puff of ether. He's... not real.

Justin: Okay, I just was trying to get it in there.

Griffin: All right. Now you're—

Travis: I summon him back.

Griffin: He reappears.

[crowd laughs]

Justin: [laughs]

Gorilla: 'Ey, boss! What's that lady's deal?!

Muttner: Just be chill, man.

Gorilla: What?!

[crowd chuckles]

Muttner: Okay, go over there and kind of distract them for a while, while we figure out what to do.

Gorilla: No problem!

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: Before that happens, Brother Phileaux, you're alone.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: And you look like a—you look like a human—

Justin: Before you there are two choices, a rope and a gorilla. You can beg the third—

Griffin: No, the gorilla is off doing his own thing now because of Travis' choices and actions.

Clint: Okay. Then I'll do the obvious thing and cast levitate.

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: You levitate right next to the rope. You go up over it.

Clint: I'm using it like a guide, so I know what direction to go.

Griffin: Okay, that's great. Well then—

Clint: Which is up.

Griffin: That is—

Justin: I reach into my adventurer's kit. I get the oil from my lamp and I use it to set the rope on fire. [titters]

Griffin: You hit him with the old Kevin McCallister burning rope trick, but nothing happens because he is levitating.

Justin: Right.

Griffin: So your rope is destroyed. It's great purpose in the universe fulfilled.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: You hover over the wall, I will say, with the guiding rope before it burns up. Aou don't have to worry about going too high and blowing your cover. You do, as you mount the wall, see a gorilla just run over there and he is going to attack Romeo. On the ground, you see Romeo say, "With love's light wings did I o'erperch—"

Muttner: No killing, Sir Nanners!

Justin: That will be very distracting.

Griffin: You hear, as he is going on, you shout that, he says...

Romeo: Sorry, is this—oh my God, a gorilla!

Griffin: And the gorilla's gonna attack him. I'm gonna pick—

Travis: But I said no killing.

Griffin: Okay, you do say no killing. He'll hear that. He is a gorilla...

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: Give me an animal handling check as you shout out to him, "No killing." I'll grant you advantage on this roll.

Travis: It says—it says, "It obeys your verbal commands."

Griffin: Okay, well then fine, he won't kill him. But he is gonna hit him.

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: Okay.

Justin: And if he dies as a result of that, that's kind of out of his hands. He's a gorilla.

Griffin: I don't know—I don't have Romeo's AC written down here, but it's almost certainly lower than 14 plus gorilla strength.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: So you see Romeo go:

Romeo: For stony limits cannot hold love out. And what love can do that—wah!

Griffin: And the gorilla just grabs him by the ankles and swings him overhead and smashes him down into the ground. You hear Juliet from the balcony shout like...

Juliet: What the fuck?! What?!

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: I see Juliet on the balcony and I reach for my rope.

Godwin: No problem!

Griffin: It's gone. [titters]

Godwin: Oh no!

Griffin: [titters]

[crowd chuckles]

Godwin: Godwin, you fool!

Juliet: Who's out there?! Gorilla! Guards, guards!

Griffin: What are the rest of you doing?

Clint: I run to Romeo's side.

Griffin: Okay. By this point, the gorilla has called off the attack. Knowing he can't kill, it's not fun for him anymore. So he just kind of walks up. Do you dismiss him or how long does your gorilla last?

Justin: [titters] He just walks off into the forest.

Travis: Yeah, I send him home to the spiritual realm.

Griffin: Okay. He walks off into some nearby corn, Field of Dreams style.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: She—sorry, what were you doing, Friar Laurence?

Clint: Runs to his side.

Griffin: Okay, as you run into view of the torch light, Juliet says...

Juliet: Is that—Friar Laurence, Friar Laurence, what's happening?! A wild ape beast has attacked my love, Romeo, anon!

Phileaux: Oh, yes, I—

Juliet: Why are you speaking in such a strange manner?

Phileaux: That's how I remembered his voice from the first act of the show.

Juliet: No, my friar in Christ, it was nothing like that.

[crowd chuckles]

Phileaux: Hold on!

Clint: And I run ahead, kneel at Romeo's side.

Griffin: He looks up at you.

Romeo: Is Juliet still there? Did I shit my pants?

[crowd chuckles]

Phileaux: Hold on, let me check.

Romeo: Okay.

Phileaux: Oh! God—

Griffin: Give me either an investigation or a medical check as you look over Romeo to see if he shit his pants.

Clint: Boy, this is one I don't want to do well.

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: Medical... that would be...

[crowd exclaims]

Travis: That's a nat 20.

Clint: Nat 20!

[crowd cheers]

Clint: Just when I needed it most!

Griffin: You did.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: With a nat 20—

Clint: Show me that shit!

Griffin: As he climbs to his knees, you can see he did not soil himself. You do notice, as you are giving him a look over, there is something wrong with the back of his head. There's something strange happening there that you can't quite put a finger on, but—

Justin: I put my finger on it.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles] Wit a nat 20 medical check, you reach to kind of feel what's going on there. Your hand touches something invisible. As it does,

the illusion breaks. There is the... the shaft and fletching of an arrow sticking out of the back of Romeo's head.

Clint: Wow!

Griffin: That was invisible just a moment ago. Now you feel it there and he says...

Romeo: Thank you, friar. I am feeling right as rain. So anyway, alack, there lies more peril in thine—

Phileaux: Wait, wait, wait, wait—

Romeo: Yeah?

Phileaux: Hold it. Do you know that you have an arrow sticking out of the back of your head?

Griffin: He looks at you like you're off your fuckin' nut, man.

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: I pull it out.

Griffin: Okay!

[crowd exclaims]

Clint: The arrow, out of his head.

Griffin: Yeah, no, Mac—

Justin: Yeah!

Clint: Ah!

Griffin: It didn't—

Justin: Ah! You're embarrassing!

Clint: Get your mind out of the gutter!

Justin: Some of you have parents.

Clint: You vassals!

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: Describe the manner in which you're removing this arrow.

Clint: [chuckles] With love.

Travis: You gotta push it through the other side.

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: Oh.

Travis: No.

Clint: I'm just gonna jerk it out?

Griffin: Jerk it out!

[crowd laughs]

Clint: No, stop it!

Griffin: You fucking freaks!

Travis: Show me jerk it out.

Griffin: I'm gonna say straight up strength check then, please. Give me a straight up strength—

Justin: Euh... ow.

Clint: Wow. Okay... Couldn't I heal him or something—no? No, no, okay, strength check.

Griffin: I mean, if you want to heal him, yeah, man, it's Dungeons and Dragons. That would be a more normal-ass thing for you to do.

Clint: But the arrow will still be in there?!

Griffin: Yeah, good point, the—

Justin: He's got a great point, Griffin.

Griffin: Healing—

Justin: No matter—no matter what healing is about to take place, job one is getting this fuckin' arrow out, man!

Griffin: All right, give me a strength check.

Clint: Strength! Here we go! That's a six!

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Okay. You jump up on his back and grab this arrow and tug it backwards. And he goes—[titters] he says...

Romeo: And but thou love me, let—[yells] Aah! What?! What the fuck was that?! What are you doing to me back there?!

Phileaux: I am punishing you for your... lust!

Romeo: My—

Griffin: [titters]

Romeo: Is that how it works?

Phileaux: Yes! In my order, yes.

Griffin: He looks around and is like...

Romeo: Man, that hurt a lot. I don't know if all this is worth it!

Phileaux: Hm... well, let me—let me tell you something, you—there is something wrong with you. In the fact that you have an arrow in the back of your head—

Romeo: Heh, an arrow in the back of my head. Eh... [yells] Aah!

Griffin: And he starts screaming bloody murder. And Juliet looks down. Now that you've said that, the illusion breaks for her too. And the other two there, you can see it now, there is a big arrow sticking out of the back of his head. He is screaming, running around the yard. Juliet doesn't know what to do like...

Juliet: Get it out! Get it—or don't get it out. I don't know, I'm not a—

Justin: Okay, I'll—I'm the strongest one, I'll pull it out of his head.

Griffin: Okay, give me a strength check, please. [chuckles] As he sees you walking towards him, he's like...

Romeo: [yells] No, don't it again! Don't do it again!

Phileaux: Shh. Shh.

Godwin: It's okay, no big deal.

Phileaux: It's all right.

Godwin: No problem, I rolled a 17 plus three, 20.

Griffin: Yeah.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Shhew-pah. You hear one last shriek and then—

Romeo: Ah... That's actually a lot better now, thank you.

Griffin: He stands up and he's like...

Romeo: Whoa, that hurt a great deal. I should probably head to the... Italian hospital and—

[crowd chuckles]

Godwin: Yes, of course.

Romeo: Get this seen too. Thank you so much. And you up there, I guess thanks. Whatever, man!

Griffin: He starts to just walk away nonchalantly, away from Juliet who's like...

Juliet: But wait, my fair Romeo... thou art the east and—nah, fuck. Wait, no. Where are you going? Don't just walk—

Griffin: She seems really upset. Romeo is just kind of fuckin' dipping, no problem.

Justin: I mean, okay... It's better.

Clint: I'm gonna walk with him.

Griffin: You start to walk towards him. I need, actually, all three of you to make a dexterity saving throw, please.

Justin: 15 plus two, 17.

Griffin: With a—okay, yeah, cool. The other two?

Travis: 11 plus seven, 18.

Griffin: Yeah, absolutely.

Clint: Eight plus one, nine.

[crowd cheers]

Justin: Hey, dad? You didn't even hesitate, dude, you added those together instantly. Nice going.

Clint: I'm good at math.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: You—

Clint: I'm just not dexterous.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: The two of you see shadows cast by the moonlight overhead, it seems like a flock of passing birds. You recognize, "Wait, there's no birds. These are dangerous and we need to move." You step out of the way instinctively and you hear tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh, and see the grass at your feet bend and break, as a flurry of something just crashes into the ground next to you. Brother Phileaux, you are not so quick. You are struck by these arrows.

You take nine points of piercing damage. However, you stand—from being struck—you look down, you can see the arrows sticking out of you. You can see from the little gaps in your wooden body, little pink secretions coming out from where the arrows are sticking into you. There appears to be no other ill effect. I'm gonna make a dexterity saving throw for Romeo! That's a three. He gets hit by all of these arrows and, unfortunately, he looks over at you, Brother Phileaux, who was walking with him and is like...

Romeo: Friar Laurence... what's your story, man?

Phileaux: Well, I am from the Order of Saint Tancred. We are probably the best of all of the orders. And I would think that it would be probably a good idea for you to join us.

Romeo: Hah-ho... with daddy O's like yourself in the order, I shall get me to a nunnery!

Clint: [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Godwin: More like a—

Phileaux: No, that one—

Godwin: More... more like a funnery, it sounds like, am I right?

Griffin: [chuckles]

Phileaux: With your struggle with lust, perhaps a vow of chastity would not be the worst thing—

Romeo: Or maybe all I need is a little relief?

Griffin: I'm gonna step away from this scene immediately.

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: Oh, are we still pink secreting?

Griffin: Eh... no.

Clint: Okay.

Justin: I, okay, I see the pinks—can I clock the pink secretions?

Griffin: Yes, you can.

Justin: Okay, thank you. I'm gonna go over and like dip my finger in the pink and like put my—like see—

Griffin: Make a constitution saving throw for me, please.

Justin: 16 plus two, 18.

Griffin: Okay, with a 16 plus two, 18, you dab your finger in it, you taste it. It has a cloyingly sweet taste to it. You feel like a shiver pass through you that, at first, feels kind of good. And you're looking at Romeo like, "Hm, I wonder what Romeo is up to right now." And then that feeling, your strong, barbaric constitution pushes it aside. You realize there is the act of some sort of psychic poison, some sort of psychotropic emotional poison that has just acted upon you, that you've just fought off.

Justin: I'll look at the arrow that I have, does it seem to be—the one that I pulled out. Does it seem to be... denatured or depowered, or whatever?

Griffin: It has delivered its... stuff.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: Didn't wanna say payload, did you?

Justin: Yeah, you didn't wanna say payload.

Griffin: You all hear a scream come from back inside the ballroom and a bunch of voices screaming, as some kerfuffle has brewed in your absence. Romeo says...

Romeo: What soft—what scream from yonder ballroom breaks?

Griffin: And he takes off running. He runs to the wall and he opens up a little gate that you guys just didn't see.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: And runs through it, and you see him disappear into the ballroom. And Juliet looks pretty bummed out. And she just kind of walks off back into her bedroom. You hear more screaming from inside. What do you do?

Travis: I go into the ballroom.

Justin: Do I see the gate?

Griffin: Yeah, everyone can see the gate now.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: And you all feel like assholes.

Justin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: Okay, you all race back into the ballroom. You find a gory scene. You see a man on the ground, dead. It is the drunk party goer that you saw earlier and thought, "Hm, lookin' pretty good." It was Mercutio. You didn't meet him, but he's dead now.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: And—

Justin: I just—sorry, I just saw six of you all nodding like, "I thought it was Mercutio."

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: And you see standing over him, that grumpy looking Capulet from the stage, holding a rapier dripping with his blood. You assume, hey, that's probably Tybalt, since he famously kills Mercutio. He shouts:

Tybalt: Let it be known, kinsmen! This knave didst attend this party with the son of a Montague, and drew his blade upon me when I talked shit about said Montague. Ah, there's the devil now. Romeo, I shall—

Griffin: But Romeo just runs in and just like—with sword forward, runs him through. And Tybalt falls to the ground, dead. And everyone's looking around like—

Travis: Oh, wait! Griffin, I was gonna do something.

Griffin: Yeah?

Muttner: Romeo, don't!

Griffin: [titters] Okay.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: Give me a persuasion check. He's running forward like...

Romeo: [yells] Aah!

Travis: No.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: What was it?

Travis: It's like a six plus something.

Griffin: He looks at you like...

Romeo: No, I want to!

Muttner: Okay!

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: He runs Tybalt through. And everyone's standing up, some people are just like running for the entrance, others are like running to attend to Romeo. You hear another shrill scream. You see Juliet standing in the middle of the ballroom. She surveys the situation for a moment, sees that Romeo has just killed someone. Romeo looks at her and is like, "Whatever, man." And she looks around. She pulls out the vial of poison and drinks it, and gulps it. Then, bff, falls down, seemingly dead on the ground. And Romeo looks at her and is like...

Romeo: That was weird. Anyway!

[crowd laughs]

Godwin: Can I say one thing?

Romeo: Yes, go ahead!

Godwin: Rosaline looking good, don't you think—I thought.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: He looks over at Rosaline. You see him... look down at the ground as an arrow, pftwing, shoots and sticks into the ground. He says...

Romeo: Wow, that was weird.

Griffin: The second arrow does get him—

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: In the back. And then he's like...

Romeo: Ugh...

Griffin: He looks over at Juliet and he's like...

Romeo: Oh, [yells] bummer!

Griffin: And he walks over, and he pulls out his own little leather flask of poison and he's like...

Romeo: This shit's real.

Muttner: No, but that one's not! That's not real, she's not really dead, man.

Romeo: Look at her! She's—

Justin: I spin kick it out of his hand.

Griffin: Make an attack roll!

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: I... spin kick. It could be a defensive spin kick. [titters]

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: I'm not—

Justin: I'm just saying, not all spin kicks are attacks. There are defensive spin kicks.

Griffin: This is a life-saving spin kick.

Justin: There are romantic spin kicks, to woo.

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: There could be a lot of different 'to be' verbs that the psin kick is serving.

Griffin: Sure, sure, sure. Yeah. Give me that. Please make it high.

Justin: Oh, good news, Griffin. It is a 14 plus six, 20.

Griffin: Yeah.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: With a 20, you spin kick the flask out of his hand. Even though it was a leather bag, with a 20, it shatters. [chuckles] As it hits the wall. And it just leaves like a burning sort of splotch of acid and he's like...

Romeo: Jesus Christ! I am—

[crowd chuckles]

Godwin: Yes, it was no good. Yes.

Romeo: So glad I did not put that in my body.

Travis: Griffin, can I track where that arrow that hit him, the direction that it came from?

Griffin: Ooh! Very good. Give—

Travis: By using locate object.

Griffin: Sure, yes. Give me a... yeah, I guess that's not a roll or anything like that.

Travis: Yeah. So, I describe the object. So, if they fired that, they must have a quiver of other area—other arrows. So, I'm looking for similar arrows.

Griffin: Okay, yes, that's great. Because you can see this arrow and you know what it looks like, your keen ranger tracking senses allow you to see other arrows in this room. You can see them in little jangly bundles floating around. There's about a half dozen of these bundles of arrows now just kind of floating around through the air. Their means of conveyance you cannot quite identify. Anything else you want to do?

Travis: Yes, I'm going to then cast ensnaring strike.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: And fire my crossbow—

Griffin: At the arrows?

Travis: At the arrows.

Griffin: Fantastic, I love that so much. You will incur no penalty for this, since you have a pretty good idea of where you are aiming. I believe this is just a ranged attack roll—

Travis: Correct.

Griffin: That you are making. When you do this, you see, as the crossbow comes out, all of the arrows come to an immediate, panicked stop. I'm going to give you advantage on this roll for catching whatever is happening here by surprise.

Travis: The first one is an 18 total.

Griffin: Yes.

Travis: And the second one is—

Griffin: You're firing off a couple?

Travis: Well, you said I got advantage.

Griffin: Oh, yes, you're right.

Travis: So 11.

Griffin: Okay, 18. We'll do the 18, with your permission.

Travis: Thank you.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: You fire out an arrow and it sticks in the air right in front of one of these bundles of arrows. And you hear a [garbles] wlghl. As that happens, all of you look up and see the crossbow bolt floating in the air. And then you see what is around it.

Travis: Well, I cast ensnaring strike—

Griffin: Vines first, I guess. You see vine—the vines—the resulting vines of the ensnaring strike.

Justin: You just see vines and vines and vines. And you think, "There can't be anyone beneath all these crazy vines."

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: So, you need to roll a strength save and beat a 15.

Griffin: That's a five, so no. You see these vines reach up and grasp around where this crossbow bolt and the bundle of arrows is floating in the air. The arrows that you hit were the largest and most sort of threatening-looking of all. Vines reach up, pull them down to the ground. As that happens, all things invisible in this room come into view. First of all, all the other bundles of arrows, there's six of them floating in the air. You see appear in front of them, wings and chubby little bodies.

Justin: Ugh.

Griffin: And you think at first like, oh, it's like little cherubs. But instead of faces, they have anatomically correct hearts for heads.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: And there's a half dozen of them surrounding the vines where you can see ensnared an actual angel on the ground. They have a shit ton of wings, like way more wings than you'd think they'd have. And a massive, longbow that dwarfs the shortbows held by the cherubs surrounding them.

Godwin: Oh, no... it's my one fear... biblically accurate angels!

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: You hear a choir of voices come out of this entity. It says...

Entity: You have spoiled everything. When I found this work by Thrilliam, it was lacking in message and purpose, and now it has purpose. An object lesson that sometimes love gets a little toxic! That's something to aspire to—how can you truly love another person without being willing to die for someone you literally met like two days ago?

Godwin: No, but you made this story all crazy and bad?

Entity: What do you mean?

Godwin: They're just children! I mean, it's terrible!

Muttner: Yeah, Juliet's 14!

Godwin: There's a version of the story where it's all happy and everything's great, that sounds excellent!

Griffin: The sky tears open. You see Thrillium Shakespeare's face fucking appear and poke into the room and he says...

Thrillium: Actually, in this version, everyone's a fully grown adult. It's fuckin' weird any other way, I think! And in Bona Boys' Road Trip to Verona, everyone's a grownup. That's important for—okay, I gotta go!

Griffin: Pshew-pshw.

[crowd cheers]

Godwin: So, I was actually really confused about one thing, and I do want to touch on that real quick, I—they are fully grown adults. That was my mistake and I do apologize.

Griffin: [titters] He comes back in.

Thrillium: Every time I come in to talk to you, it's so—it hurts my body so much and it uses so—

Godwin: Are you in you? That's what I'm try—you're like reaching into your own consciousness?

Thrillium: I'll explain later! It hurts so bad to do this!

Griffin: He disappears back into the light fold.

Justin: Wait, why did he—[titters] that time, he just bumped in to say how much it hurt! Why did he do that?

[crowd chuckles]

Phileaux: Why did you do that?

Thrillium: Because it... did you guys figure out who's doing all this bad stuff?

Muttner: Yeah, it's an angel.

Godwin: Six Cupids, I think.

Thrillium: Cupe—

Griffin: As you say, the name the angel looks at you like...

Cupid: You know my name? Now you have power over me. Them's the rules!

Griffin: He draws his longbow, as do his fellow cherubs. Let's roll initiative, please.

[crowd cheers]

Justin: Oh, 18.

Griffin: 18 for Lady Godwin.

Travis: I got a five total.

Griffin: Not great. Not great. How are we looking there, Phileaux?

Clint: Oh, of course, 19!

Griffin: Okay! [titters] With a 19—

Justin: Dad, I love that. Phileaux's like, "Stand back, guys. I know exactly what to do. I've been in situations like this before, let me go first."

Griffin: All right, first in the order is, of course, Brother Phileaux. Brother Phileaux, what do you do?

Clint: Phileaux casts Melf's Acid Arrow.

Griffin: Great.

Clint: At Cupid.

Griffin: Okay, at what level?

Clint: Second.

Griffin: Okay, that's—

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: That's a one spice—

Clint: Didn't think I knew that, did ya?

Griffin: No! I would assume you would know what that means, Clint.

Clint: Yeah!

Griffin: Give me your ranged spell attack roll, which I hope you know how to do after talking shit just now. [laughs]

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: 19.

Griffin: Yes, a 19 absolutely hits. Give me the damage roll on Melf's Acid Arrow. And I want to congratulate all of us for not making a milf joke. This is the, literally, the first fuckin' time we ever made it through that without it.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: 11 years, I think we're finally growing, guys!

Justin: I know.

Griffin: It feels so good. That was a lot of vamping, dad, to get you to—

Clint: I know, it went away while I was waiting for—

Justin: Yeah, there's just more snow now. It's just snow and snow and snow.

Clint: Oh, that can't be right?

Justin: 11, yeah.

Clint: 11!

Griffin: 11 points of acid damage. You blast Cupid right in the chest with a bolt of acid. You see some of it gets on his left wing and starts to sizzle through some of the feathers.

Clint: Stupid Cupid!

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: He looks hurt. Lady Godwin. you're up next, what do you do?

Justin: I am going to throw Jennifer Myers at the damaged wing.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Oh, okay?

Justin: And yeah, all right, it's the only axe Target had. Like you don't have to be mean about it, it's—

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: It's a Minecraft axe, okay? It's the only one Target had. All right?

Griffin: [laughs] Okay, Justin. Okay, so give me an attack roll, please, with your stats on Jennifer Myers. An axe most potent.

Justin: Not a Lego axe from Minecraft.

Griffin: [chuckles] Okay, no, not a Lego axe from Minecraft. Your roll.

Justin: I rolled a 14 plus six, 20.

Griffin: Yes, a 20 hits Cupid.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: He is also restrained, it is not the most difficult target to strike.

Justin: Eight damage with that.

Griffin: Okay, you chop it right in the wing where some of the acid had melted away. Now there's a pretty good chunk taken out of that wing. It screams in a thousand voices, and you all go insane. [chuckles] No, just kidding.

Justin: Is it still flying?

Griffin: No, it's been pulled down to the ground.

Justin: Okay, thank goodness, all right.

Griffin: But—oh, wait, you have another attack, if you would like to.

Justin: Yes! I'm gonna do the exact same thing to the wing—I really want to get that wing off.

Griffin: Sure, sure, sure. I should point out, biblically accurate angel, more than two weeks. [chuckles]

Justin: Oh, that's true, okay—

Griffin: Between five to six wings, it's crazy.

Justin: Let's go—let's go for a quick spin kick to the head of Cupid.

Griffin: Perfect. The wing of the neck, as I always say. [chuckles]

Justin: The head is really—

Griffin: The body's most important wing, the head.

Justin: That is a five... plus six.

Griffin: An 11 does not do it.

Justin: I didn't think so, okay.

Griffin: The head is way smaller than you thought it was gonna be, and your foot passes right over.

Godwin: Wow, your head is small!

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: It shrieks in a thousand voices, you go insane and die. [chuckles]

Godwin: Yah... ow!

Griffin: Next in the order is Cupid. First of all, Cupid's gonna take some damage. Roll one D6 for me, please, Mutt.

Travis: That's five.

Griffin: A five, all right... Not quite bloodied yet. Cupid does look pretty bummed out at the mini hits it has taken in the last two and a half seconds. It, however, is going to make a strength check to try to free itself. Does a... 16 beat your spell—

Travis: Yup!

Griffin: Okay. It pull itself—

Travis: Spell save is 15.

Griffin: It pulls itself out of the vines and lifts back up off into the air. A little bit unsturdy. It is going to take a shot at—who has hurt it the worst? It's going to take a shot at Lady Godwin.

Justin: Fair enough.

Griffin: Lady Godwin, you see it pull back one of its huge arrows on its longbow and fire it off at you. That is a two, that's not going to—simply not going to hit.

Justin: It's just not going to hit.

Griffin: You see it as it hits the ground, it shatters the tile that it smashes down into. It is going to then use its multi attack to take another shot at you, Lady Godwin. Travis, I mean, I'm not gonna make you get up and look

because you're sick, but it's another fuckin' two. Like exactly, exactly a two again. So, that one misses. So—

Travis: More like too good.

Justin: So say something else that's entertaining for everybody—

Travis: Okay, wait—

Justin: But then with the exact same parameters again, okay?

Travis: I'm so sick. More like Tupid. Ugh...

[crowd exclaims]

Justin: Ah...

Griffin: Okay. Multi attack, the Cupid makes three arrow attacks. So, the third attack is going to come at you, Mutt, just for being the way you just were. Unfortunately, that is a 15 plus seven, a 22, is going to hit you for... two d8 plus four... For 13 points of piercing damage, this arrow gets you. Who are you looking at as this arrow hits you?

Travis: The mirror.

Griffin: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Clint: You give him a door, he's gonna step through it.

Griffin: I mean, if you know Cupid logic, I'll say—

Justin: You didn't say, "What are you looking at? And don't say mirror."
[titters]

Griffin: [chuckles] You're right. For every other future time I have to ask this question, I will include the mirror in there. You get shot. As you get

shot, you look into a nearby well-polished window and see your own reflection. Thunk! "You're looking pretty good these days, man! Being the king agrees with you." These feelings are confusing... Or maybe not—[chuckles] at all confusing. Before you can really reflect on it, a salvo of arrows from the six cherubs are going to come flying at your party. Let's get a dexterity saving throw from all three of you again, please. [chuckles] Big yawn there, we will forgive.

Justin: Oh, no, Trav!

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Hang in there, buddy. You're doing great. Eight—no, 10 plus two. 12.

[crowd cheers]

Travis: Thank you. 12 plus seven, 19.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: 19, yes.

Clint: 13 plus one, 14!

Griffin: Okay, Phileaux and Mutt, you're able to tuck and roll out of the way as this just flurry of arrows comes flying out of these two sort of regiments of cherubs. However, Lady Godwin, you are not so fortunate. You are struck by three tiny arrows, and you take a grand total of... 11 points of piercing damage. You look down, you have all of these little about dart-sized arrows sticking out of you. Make a constitution saving throw for me, please, Lady Godwin.

Justin: Wait, let me take that damage. Okay...

Griffin: You see that pink stuff. Don't...

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: 16.

Griffin: You fight off that pink stuff. Congratulations! [titters] You're better than at. This time, you're looking at—I mean, what? Not a mirror.

Justin: Cupid.

Griffin: You're looking at Cupid and thinking like, "I bet it would be hard to make that work, what with it being a sort of celestial entity and all."

Justin: As long as we keep making new holes, we'll figure out something eventually.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: That horrible thought leaves your mind as quickly as it enters it, as you fight off the intoxicating effects of Cupid's arrows. Next in the order is Mutt. What do you do?

Travis: That's a great, great question, Griffin, thank you. I'm gonna pull out Xcalibur.

Griffin: Great. Being in Italy, its powers have waned. [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: I'm gonna put Xcalibur away.

Griffin: Okay! [titters]

Travis: And I'm gonna pull out my crossbow.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: And aim for Cupid.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: And shoot him.

Griffin: Your crossbow is of Italian make, so weirdly enough—no.

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: Make that attack roll, please.

Travis: You got it, bud.

Justin: [chuckles]

Travis: Getting there.

Griffin: If you do it good enough, you'll shoot him in the brain, and then he'll die. And then you can go to sleep.

Travis: I want to so bad.

Griffin: [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: It's a nat 20.

[crowd cheers]

Justin: Oh my God, guys, Gary Gygax is real! Thank you, Gary!

Griffin: We are in the same DnD Beyond campaign, I can confirm it has appeared on my screen that a natural 20 has occurred on this stage tonight. Jesus Christ.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: All right, roll double damage on your attack roll. You get him right between the eyes, and it shouts now with two thousand voices. It thought all the wing stuff was bad? Whew boy... Okay, that is 17 damage total.

Justin: Yes.

Griffin: As you hit it right between the eyes, it does not fall over dead. However, it looks up and—much as Romeo did when he discovered his own tragic head projectile wound, he reaches up and in five thousand voices screams the loudest scream any of you have ever heard.

Travis: And I do my second attack.

Griffin: [titters]

[crowd cheers]

Travis: Nine plus six, 15.

Griffin: That will hit this screaming, screaming angel.

Travis: So another nine points of damage.

Griffin: With nine points of damage, you put one sort of in a nice triangle pattern with all of the other stuff sticking out of this Cupid.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: It does not go down. It is looking pretty rough. It is not quite able to maintain a steady flight pattern. We're back to the top of the order with Brother Phileaux! What do you do?

Clint: Brother Phileaux casts Skywrite.

Griffin: Buckle the fuck up, everyone!

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: I've been doing that with this man for 11 years, and usually this is the portents of something pretty fuckin' wild about to happen.

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: You cause up to 10 words to form in a part of the sky you can see.

Griffin: You're *indoors*.

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: There's still sky, isn't there?

Griffin: There's one window in the corner. You see Friar Laurence climb out of his booth like...

Friar Laurence: Uuh... aah! You—everyone, look outside!

Griffin: And everyone walks—even Cupid walks over to the window like, "What the fuck?"

Clint: Yeah. And it says, "You cherubs, cut this shit out right now. Sincerely, God."

[crowd cheers]

Clint: That's for you, Travvy.

Griffin: Give me a deception check with—

Travis: You could have just—

Clint: No! No!

Travis: Dad? You could have just stabbed him.

Justin: [laughs]

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: Don't be like, "That's for you, Travis," when I just shot him with a bunch of arrows and you're like, "I know what I'll do, some dumb shit."

Clint: It's a spell!

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Hey, Trav, it's a spell! I thought you—

Griffin: It's a spell.

Justin: Like magic?!

Griffin: When you cast a magic spell, it always works, as we all know! I'll say deception check with advantage. You are leaning on a lot of stuff with which you are familiar. So, that means you roll two 20 sided dice and take the higher result. Surely, [sings] this is the moment.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: [sings] Your shining hour.

Justin: Good job, dad. 27.

Griffin: What the fuck?!

[crowd cheers]

Justin: Good.

Griffin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Clint: Never before in the history of TAZ live!

Griffin: I mean, you did it wrong. But...

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: The cherubs, the—I know, he's so sick. The cherubs, the tiny cherubs look up and they look at Cupid like...

Cherubs: We can't get in trouble with the big man. Sorry, boss.

Griffin: And six cherubs all flutter away out of the windows, up into the sky. Only Cupid remains. Lady Godwin, you are up next.

Justin: I pick up the two arrows on the ground from your two misses earlier that didn't discharge. Because if you miss, the pink stuff wouldn't come out right?

Griffin: That's what I learned in health class. [titters]

Clint: [laughs]

[crowd laughs and cheers]

Clint: [chortles]

Justin: [chuckles] I'll pick up the two arrows and leap at Cupid with the double attack to plunge the arrows into Cupid.

Griffin: Give me two attack rolls, please.

Justin: Perfect number of them.

Griffin: [sings] This is the moment.

Justin: 19 plus six, 25.

Griffin: Yeah, of course. Absolutely.

Justin: And a six plus six, 12.

Griffin: 12 does not hit. One of 'em hits his neck kind of weird. Roll one D10 damage for me, for these wayward bolts. And then I'm gonna roll a constitution saving throw.

Justin: Eight.

Griffin: Okay. You stab him. Where do you put it?

Justin: In his eyeball.

Griffin: [titters]

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: You asked me where, that seems like a very good place.

Griffin: It looks up at you and—fthuw! You stab it into its eye.

Justin: Do I see love flooding its eye?

Griffin: You do see—well, first you see it shriek in 25,000 voices.

[crowd chuckles]

Godwin: Oh, dang!

Griffin: It is not quite dead. However, the Cupid looks up at you and is like—and in like 30,000 voices is like...

Godwin: Looking pretty good right now, my fair elderly matron!

[crowd exclaims]

Godwin: I'm nothing compared to Rosaline!

Justin: And then I use Jennifer Myers to cut his head off.

Griffin: [chuckles] Okay, give me one last attack roll, please.

Justin: Yeah, that's a 13 plus six, 19.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: You... roll damage, but—

Justin: Yeah, of course, it's—

Griffin: It's not gonna take much. [titters]

Justin: It's six.

Griffin: Okay, yeah.

Justin: Sorry, six—no, nine. Nine. Nine plus three, 12.

Griffin: A nine will get you there. You swing downwards in a wide arc.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: And Cupid's head goes flying off its body. Its many-winged form crashes down to the ground, and it disintegrates into a pool of pink goo. As that happens, you see the world of Romeo and Juliet begin to change. The sort of drab walls of the Capulet estate begin to take on sort of a colorful, bright, neon esthetic. Everyone dressed in these boring-ass red cloaks. They're all wearing like cool clothes that a cool party person might wear.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: You see Juliet jump up from the ground and is like...

Juliet: Who wants to go on a sports car drive?

Griffin: And Romeo is like...

Romeo: Yeah!

Griffin: And they get off into the car and drive off into the sunset.

Clint: Was it an Alfa Romeo?

Griffin: Jesus Christ, man...

[crowd cheers]

Justin: Wow!

Griffin: And you see prince Escalus, who's now wearing like a cool wind breaker and a cool hat. He stands up and says...

Escalus: No kick ass story has less woe than that of Juliet and her Romeo!

Griffin: Thank you so much everybody for coming to our show tonight! Grab a poster outside! You've been amazing!

Justin: Thank you!

Griffin: Good night!

[crowd cheers]

[The Adventure Zone vs. Romeo vs. Juliet: Live in Tampa theme music plays]

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