

# FAST TIMES AT D&D HIGH, Episode 5: Hudson's Handsome House

## CONTENT WARNINGS

Player Swearing - Mention of Fantasy Narcotics - Sexual Humor (mention of pornography, mention of sexual implements)

*[FIRST GOOD BOUNCE, Derrick B Perry and Ashley Abbot]*

PERSEPHONE: Welcome to Fast Times at D&D High where the times are fast and so are Cecil's panic attacks. I'm your DM Persephone and I'm joined by our players, Nuance;

NUANCE: I play Suri, a sad duckling.

PERSEPHONE: Wren;

WREN: I play Cecil...shit! Why...?!

CAST: *[laughing]*

WREN: I'm all like customization is easy until I have to fuckin' do it! *[laughs]*

CARO: Actually? That intro is kinda perfect for Cecil.

NUANCE: Yeah, it really is.

CARO: I think Cecil is--

CAST: *[laughing and talking in unison]*

PERSEPHONE: Fine. This is fine. We're moving on. Elise;

ELISE: I play Hudson, an elven barbarian himbo.

PERSEPHONE: Caro;

CARO: I am Caro, and I play Ollie who is a paladin. Just kidding. He's a rogue.

CAST: *[more laughing]*

PERSEPHONE: Right.

CARO: Assigned cop at birth?

PERSEPHONE: Okay, let's get started. Derrick, you are not to cut that one. That was funny. And they can be funny. So nyah.

ELISE: Yeah, Derrick.

PERSEPHONE: Yeah, *Derrick*. I'll fight you.

CAST: [*continued laughing and crosstalk as we harass our poor audio editor. Yeah, Derrrrriick*]

HUDSON: Hey, it's me, Hudson. Last time at *Fast Times*, we all decided to keep Cecil company in detention. Apparently, it's against the rules to turn into a turtle in the hallways here, which is so weird. Once we got out, we met Elmer and Kenneth! Elmer invited us to a sick party this Friday at the Train Graves and, as usual, Grange and his posse had to show up and ruin it for everyone. I *hate* that guy. Kenneth didn't hesitate to step up to confront him, though. You know, Kenneth seems like a real great guy. It's weird that the two of them used to be friends. Anyways, Elmer took a stand and scared off Grange, who, honestly? Was kinda homophobic about it. Super uncool.

Once Grange was gone, we all made a plan to go to the party so we could go underground and see if we could learn anything more about that magic techno-box we found. Well, Ollie and I wanted to go to the party because it sounds like fun. But Suri and Cecil needed some extra motivation, so we compromised. I mean, even Ned said he was coming, so you know this party is gonna be lit! The best part about last episode though? Is that I found out that Suri *lives at my house!* How cool is that? Anyways, hope to see you at the party!

[*AIR PRELUDE, Kevin Macleod*]

PERSEPHONE: It has been four days since you all started school. Not Ollie, of course. Ollie was there the previous week; this is the second week of school. And things have gone relatively normally...or normal for Varnum, anyway. You haven't found any other secret doors, or hidden meanings, or anything like that. You've gone to class. You still have detentions next week, but that's next week's problem. And it's now Friday at school. But before we get to that, I want to discuss what everyone has been doing in this time. So, let's start with Oliver. Oliver, have you been going to the library to research what had happened? Or are you just going there to hang out?

[*INSPIRED, Kevin MacLeod*]

CARO: Definitely a bit of both. He's going to start by trying to find that image with the diamond with the dragon around it. Start searching; you know, just first doing a general search and then eventually probably asking the librarian for help with it.

PERSEPHONE: Are you at the school library or the town library?

CARO: Town library.

PERSEPHONE: Okay. So first, could you do me a favor and give me an insight check?

CARO: Sure. [*die roll*] Yeah, that's a total of 3. [*laughs*]

PERSEPHONE: You have the image of this dragon wrapped around the diamond. And you feel like it's something you've seen before, but you have no idea where. So you go to the town library, not the Varnum library, to go research it. At the library, which is the Blue Petal Library. You know that this library was founded by the Blue Petals, who are a rich family that lives in town, on the outskirts at Blue Petal Manor. Incredibly wealthy, old, blue-blood family in Cadence. And you go in. It's this old converted building; a historical landmark that used to be a mansion of a wealthy landowner here in Cadence that was donated after his death. So it's big old stone and towers. There's a clock tower in it. And it's in the town square across from town hall.

When you go in, you see there's a woman behind the front desk, standing underneath these old gas light fixtures that aren't on because they've been replaced with electrical lighting that's above it. Because it is a historical landmark, they kept the fixtures from the old building from remodeling. Underneath there, you see a blue-haired teenage girl talking to an older elven woman with wrinkles around her eyes and laugh lines around her mouth. She is about 5'4 and has graying curly hair. You also see coming down a staircase, holding a tower of books, is a red-haired teenager. This sort of bird-like looking girl, she is elven but looks like she's been pulled thin. Like she was originally shorter and someone just grabbed her by the hair and pulled up, stretching her out to be sort of like a Pez dispenser. She's very tall, straight, and long; has punkish, side-swept orange hair that's clearly dyed and side-shaved. And she looks like she is about to fall under the weight of these books. And as she takes the first step, you see it start to wobble.

CARO: I use Mage Hand to steady the books.

PERSEPHONE: You cast Mage Hand out and you steady the books.

OLLIE: Hey, it's Honora, right?

HONORA: Uh! Oh-oh! [*breathless laugh*] Ollie, right?

OLLIE: Yeah.

HONORA: Ollie, it's Ollie. Thank you. Was that your Mage Hand?

OLLIE: Yeah.

HONORA: [*relieved sigh*] Thank you.

OLLIE: Uh, d'you - do you need help?

HONORA: I-I would not say no. If you wouldn't mind.

OLLIE: Yeah. No, I-I'd love to help you.

HONORA: Oh, okay, thank you. Thank you so much. Um..

CLAIRE: Yeah, go on help her because it looks like she's really struggling.

PERSEPHONE: You see the old woman behind the desk sort of laughs a little bit. You see Honora rolls her eyes.

HONORA: Claire. Claire, why are you like this?

CLAIRE: I'm sorry. I just like seeing havoc in my old age. You know how I am.

PERSEPHONE: The girl that's next to her with blue hair, has this fringe that falls over one eye. She blows it out of the way.

BLUE-HAIRED TEEN: You're a really bad person, Claire. Like, why are you like this?

CLAIRE: I'm sorry; when you get to be my age, you get really bored. Really, really bored. I mean, I'd feel bad if she fell, but if she just dropped the books, it would have been hilarious.

OLLIE: Well, I'm sorry for your, uh...old?

HONORA: Just ignore her, Oliver. Or is it Ollie? I'm sorry. I don't actually...

OLLIE: I mean, both are correct. So, uh, whatev-whatever you like.

HONORA: Okay, Ollie. Claire is just a little bit, you know...

OLLIE: Mischievous?

HONORA: Sure. Just ignore her.

OLLIE: Sure.

HONORA: She's not even the head librarian; she's just a volunteer.

CLAIRE: I could have been a head librarian.

PERSEPHONE: You see the blue-haired girl rolls her own eyes and says,

BLUE-HAIRED TEEN: You're not allowed to be a head librarian because you're awful. And you don't have a degree.

CLAIRE: Who needs a degree to be a librarian?

PERSEPHONE: You see Honora and the blue-haired girl look at each other, as if they have suffered for a very long time. And then the blue-haired girl gets up, lifts something from behind the desk - it's a nail file - and just walks away.

HONORA: We deal with a lot of volunteers here, especially some people who don't have anything better to do with their retirement. So let's just - let's just go put these books away.

OLLIE: Yeah! I mean, huh, what kind of a loser has nothing better to do than hang out in a library?

HONORA: Oh, that's different! Claire just comes here to cause problems. You're here to...why are you here? I'm assuming you want to read a book.

OLLIE: Yeah, that's, that's...yes. That's true.

HONORA: Cool, that works. But if you could just help me carry these to the cart that's down on the first floor? These were all placed in the wrong section.

OLLIE: Yeah, I'd be happy to.

HONORA: Thank you.

CARO: Ollie takes, like, all the books.

PERSEPHONE: Okay, make a Dexterity save to not fall down yourself.

CARO: This should be okay. [*die roll*] Please, please--nooo!

PERSEPHONE: What did you get?

CARO: I have a 10 total, so maybe I succeed?

PERSEPHONE: You take the first step and you wobble a little, but you make it.

OLLIE: Whoa!

PERSEPHONE: It's the second step that gets you.

OLLIE: Shit!

PERSEPHONE: And you drop the books down. [*books falling*] You hear Claire's raspy laugh.

Claire: A ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

PERSEPHONE: As Honora sighs, looks at you.

OLLIE: Sorry.

HONORA: I...I really...I cannot judge you because I tried to do the same thing. Just let's just pick these up, okay?

OLLIE: You got it.

PERSEPHONE: You pick up the books and you move from the main entrance to one of the side rooms. The books you're carrying are mostly history and geography, and you go towards the history and geography reference section. You put those books on a cart that Honora gestures to.

HONORA: Thank you so much. Is there something that you need help with? I mean, you helped me and it's kind of my job.

OLLIE: Yeah, actually, um. I am doing some research on a symbol that...I feel like it's real familiar, but I'm not sure why. But, uh, I sketched it out if, uh, you might may be able to help me? Uh, point me in the right direction anyway?

HONORA: Sure, show me it.

PERSEPHONE: And at this point, I'm going to have you make a Performance check to see how good your drawing is and if it's legible.

CARO: [*die rolling*] Aw yeah. With Performance...so I have a 15.

PERSEPHONE: It's a very nice sketch. You definitely captured even the light coming off the diamond. You hand the sketch over to Honora and she looks at it and then looks back at you.

HONORA: Um, you go to Varnum, right?

OLLIE: Yeah.

HONORA: This is the school logo.

CAST: [*snickering*]

HONORA: You know?

OLLIE: ...oh.

HONORA: It's-it's like--it's like on the front of the school. It's-it's also--

OLLIE: Right, but--

HONORA: It's like--it's like Isidiah Varnum's seal.

OLLIE: Ohhhh....

HONORA: The hero? Y-you know about Isidiah Varnum, right?

OLLIE: I...

HONORA: I mean, you went to grade school--

OLLIE: Yeah, I--

HONORA: --I assume?

OLLIE: Yeah, I-- Sorry, I'm really embarrassed now.

HONORA: No, I don't--I don't mean to make you feel bad. I just-- I mean, it's-it's-- That's what this symbol is. Was there something you were looking up related to it? Is this, like, a project?

OLLIE: Well, yeah. I'm looking for, like, legends about um, like, strange things that might happen..surrounding the legend of Isidiah Varnum. And, like, maybe a group of four companions who have been chosen by magical rocks...

HONORA: Four companions?

OLLIE: Yeah.

HONORA: You know with Isidiah Varnum there were nine heroes, right? Eight companions?

OLLIE: *Nine* heroes? Wow. Okay.

HONORA: Yeah. You know, the founders of most of the schools? I mean, Baledwin didn't found a school, but he was in there, too. Um, do you-- do you need, like, some information? It seems like you're very lost. Um.

OLLIE: Yeah, I would, uh... I'm really embarrassed to say this, but I don't know a lot about history. And so if there's a book that I could read about this?

HONORA: Okay, um. I'm going to be very nice and not send you to the children's section. Uh, sorry, that was a joke! That was a joke. There are definitely a lot of records about the heroes. The heroes of Aria? Th-they're worldwide famous for the war with the Fell. Uh... You sure you don't remember this?

OLLIE: Yeah, I-I just-- I grew - I grew up in a-- I didn't grow up in - in Aria. I-I grew up in a different country.

HONORA: Oh, but they know who they are, too! After what happened with Eras...

OLLIE: I mean like...

HONORA: Oh, y-you know what, I'm - I'm sorry. I'm - I'm - I'm being unkind. I don't know what your background is, I don't know anything about where you went to school or stuff like that. Um. Why don't I just, I'll help you out. Come with me.

OLLIE: Yeah. Uh, totally. Uh, thanks.

PERSEPHONE: So she brings you over to the side of the history section and you see that there is an entire bookshelf-- and when I say bookshelf, I mean, two aisles are filled with books. And you see a sign over it saying "Isidiah Varnum and Companions." And that both sides are devoted to this.

HONORA: You see, we actually have a pretty small collection about them. It's nothing like they have in bigger cities like Requiem or even the capital. But, I mean, we have a lot.

OLLIE: Yeah, no, this is great. Uh, this'll - this will get me started, at least. Uh, thanks.

HONORA: You're welcome. If you're looking for a primer, I suggest this book--

PERSEPHONE: And she pulls out...It's a thin volume about an inch thick. It's a relatively recently made book or recently received, because there's no dog earring, there's no damage that might have happened from other patrons. And the name of the book is *Holy Shit! The Story of the Heroes* by Thaddeus Burnstock.

ELISE: That's the actual title?

PERSEPHONE: Yes.

ELISE: *[laughs]*

PERSEPHONE: Honora hands the book to you and says,

HONORA: I mean, this guy's written a lot of books in this series. But it's -- despite the title and despite the fact that he's kind of eccentric -- uh, he's written some of the most interesting things about the heroes and their related accessories or partners or whatever you want to call them. Though, I mean a lot of it's contested, but it's personally my favorite.

OLLIE: Thank you. I-I really appreciate it.

HONORA: You're welcome. Is there anything else?

OLLIE: Uh, no. No, thanks. Appreciate it.

PERSEPHONE: Honora walks off.

CARO: After she leaves, I'm going to open the book to the back jacket to read about Thaddeus Burnstock.

PERSEPHONE: So you see a photo of a human man, with a thick like brown beard and very thick, very long hair that's tied back in the same color. He has his arms crossed and is looking stern at the camera, wherever the photo is being taken. And underneath it says, "Thaddeus Burnstock, controversial scholar and historian. Known for his revolutionary works on the Heroes of Aria, as well as research into the archaeology of Shiraco and other countries. Has written over thirty books of history and research that he has released over the past twenty-five years. Considered the most controversial scholar in all of Aria's history, some of the things that he has published have caused waves within the academic community, many calling his work, 'Fake,' or 'Foolish,' or 'Inappropriate.' To which he responds that "History cannot be history, if we do not have a realistic view of both the winners and the losers. And there are always winners and

losers. And I will be the one to enlighten that whether anyone likes it or not. That is why I wrote the *Oh Shit!* series." Currently, he lives in Requiem with his pet dog, Oliver."

OLLIE: Aww. That's a great name for a d--oh shit.

CAST: [*snickering*]

CARO: Okay. I'm gonna go check this book out of the library. Take it with me.

PERSEPHONE: Cool. You go up to the front desk where Claire is still there.

CLAIRE: Getting a book, are we?

OLLIE: That's the idea.

CLAIRE: I need your library card.

CARO: Ollie hands over his library card.

CLAIRE: Are you sure this is your library card?

OLLIE: Uhh...

CARO: I look at it. Realize that it's a fake one.

OLLIE: Oh, no! Hold on!

CARO: Put the real library card down.

CLAIRE: Are you sure this one is your actual library card?

OLLIE: That one is, yeah. That-that one is.

CLAIRE: Okay, I shall put it through. But I'm not convinced. Are you trying to be fraudulent in the library? You look like trouble.

WREN: [*laughs*]

Nuance: [*In Suri's voice*] Library fraud is an arrestable offense, Ollie! Don't commit library fraud!

ELISE: You wouldn't download a book!

WREN: [*laughs harder*]

CLAIRE: I don't trust anyone that has that many markings on their skin.

OLLIE: But--! You have people who work here who have this many markings on their skin.

CLAIRE: I don't approve of them either!

OLLIE: All right, listen, can I just have the book please?

CLAIRE: No!

OLLIE: All right. Uhh...that sounds fair.

CARO: I am going to take the book and leave. *[laughs]*

CLAIRE: You--y-you have to check that out!

OLLIE: *[exasperated noise]*

CARO: I stop. I go back in.

OLLIE: Alright, my card is there. Can you check that out from-for me, please?

CLAIRE: First, say you're sorry.

OLLIE: I'm sorry.

CLAIRE: Do you know you're sorry for?

OLLIE: Making you angry.

Claire: No, you're apologizing for the markings on your skin. I do not approve of them.

OLLIE: What?

CLAIRE: I don't approve of them!

OLLIE: It's just pen!

CLAIRE: It doesn't matter.

OLLIE: It just says, 'duck fick.' I don't really know what the problem is.

CLAIRE: Is that a swear?

OLLIE: No!

CLAIRE: I can't up with your kids' lingo.

Ollie: A duck is an animal--

CLAIRE: I can't stand looking at you anymore. I-I can't. I'll just--

OLLIE: Okay!

CLAIRE: Here you go. If you steal it, I'll come back to haunt you.

OLLIE: Uh, okay?

CLAIRE: Get out.

CARO: Ollie leaves.

CLAIRE: Don't come back!

PERSEPHONE: And you leave the library. And at some point in the same week, you go see your dealer. So you go to the Heaven Deluxe Apartments.

[*COVERT AFFAIRS, Kevin MacLeod*]

PERSEPHONE: These apartments are in the southeast part of town, overlooking the docks. It's a rougher part of town, not too far from where you and Cecil live--though you don't know where Cecil lives at the moment. You see that the front is strewn with trash. There are a few notices left by the Homeowners Association telling them that they need to clean up, but they do not. And this place has never been clean anytime you visited. You go in the third building and take the elevator up to the 14th floor and go to apartment 142B and knock at the door. [*knocking*] And when it opens, you see Griz, your half-orc, half-elf drug dealer. In his mid-30s, who looks much, much older. Has a scar over his right eye, wrinkles around his eyes, looks very hardened.

OLLIE: Hey!

GRIZ: You're back already?

Ollie: Uh yeah. Uh, there's a party this weekend; I thought that, uh, we could make money.

GRIZ: You've already sold your stock from last time?

OLLIE: Yeah. I'm--I sold it to this kid of, uh--from, uh..uh, whatever that jock school is.

GRIZ: You didn't sell him too much, did you? You know you're supposed to only sell a certain amount.

OLLIE: He wanted all of it!

GRIZ: Ollie, we've been over this before. Too much and they will overdose. What did you sell him? Elysium?

OLLIE: Yeah, I sold him Elysium. I told him not to!

GRIZ: Oliver.

OLLIE: He said he was going to pass it on to his friends.

GRIZ: Oliver, shut up. Here is a reminder of our deal. I provide you with drugs. That makes me a bad person. I know this, I accept this. I live with that. You sell the drugs. I told you how much you can sell to a single person. And it's always enough to get them high, but not enough for them to overdose. And you sold your entire stash to a kid?

OLLIE: All right.

GRIZ: A fucking child?

OLLIE: All right, message received!

GRIZ: Get in here. We're-we're gonna have a conversation.

OLLIE: Fine!

GRIZ: Get in the room.

PERSEPHONE: Griz's apartment looks like a college kid after they get out and get their first apartment, but he's definitely much older. There's a threadbare futon that is folded out completely with a flannel bedspread. It's a studio apartment; you can see that there are dishes in the sink and that the TV is on, but it's an older model and it just has white fuzz on it. He gestures for you to sit on the bed, because there's no other place to sit - there's no table or anything or chairs - and then sits across from you.

GRIZ: Ollie, you need to take this shit seriously. People start looking when people die from drug overdoses and you're not as slick as you think you are.

OLLIE: Okay. I-I-

GRIZ: I trust you to be circumspect with this shit.

OLLIE: All right.

GRIZ: It's not just that you could get in trouble. Do you want someone's death on your conscience?

OLLIE: No, I--

GRIZ: Do you?

OLLIE: No!

GRIZ: Okay. It is not okay to sell that much Elysium to someone. If you want to sell Lycis Root? That's fine. That's shit's normal, I can't believe it's still fuckin' illegal. That is fine. But you can kill someone with Elysium.

OLLIE: I just really needed the money. I...*[frustrated sigh]*

GRIZ: There's always buyers. It's illegal. That means people want it!

OLLIE: I know but it's like--they were-- *[sighs]*

GRIZ: Look. If you need an advance on your cut, come to me first. You don't risk someone's fucking life. Especially not someone that could name you if they survived the overdose. It's not just on your conscience, it can get you in fucking jail.

OLLIE: W...No one overdosed. If--everything's *fine*.

GRIZ: I don't think you're taking this seriously.

*[NIGHT ON THE DOCKS, Kevin MacLeod]*

OLLIE: I was in a tough position, okay? I--They were going to shut off our power if we didn't pay. I had--I had to sell it fast, and he was the only one I-I could find who was willing to pay that much.

GRIZ: You cannot let bills be the reason you've risked someone's life. Take it from me; it's not fucking worth it. You might have paid the bills and kept the lights on at your place, but that doesn't mean that you won't feel like shit if the news comes on and you find that someone died of a drug overdose because of shit that you've sold them!

OLLIE: I know, but it's easy for you to say! You live in this really nice place, okay? I...

GRIZ: I live in a slum hole because I don't want a paper trail.

OLLIE: Yeah, well, you should see where I live!

GRIZ: I have seen where you live, Ollie. You think I didn't look into you when you came to me to sell? I take care of my people. Okay?

OLLIE: Okay.

GRIZ: Come to me next time, I'll give you an advance.

OLLIE: Okay.

GRIZ: Don't risk someone's fucking life. Who was this person you sold to? Are they one of the regulars?

OLLIE: Yeah, his name is Chad.

GRIZ: Cool, I'm going to go send someone to watch over them. Sit here a second, I need to make a phone call.

[*COVERT AFFAIRS, Kevin MacLeod*]

PERSEPHONE: He reaches into his pocket and very clearly pulls out a burner phone. And starts talking, moves over to the kitchen, but you can still hear what he's saying.

GRIZ: Hey, it's Griz. Yeah, I need you to do something for me. Yes, I'm gonna pay you, what the fuck do you think I am? Yes, right now, I need you to do something right now. I don't give a fuck if you're with your kid, this is serious. Good. I need you to go look over someone. Yes, just look over. No, you're not doing a sh--actually. Only do the shakedown to get the product off of them. Don't do it otherwise. Don't hurt them, don't do anything else. Trusting you here.

OLLIE: You could hurt him a little bit, he's kind of a dick.

GRIZ: Shut up, Ollie! No, it's-it's just my sister's kid. Ignore. No injuries, you got me? And if you can't do that, just make sure to watch them for awhile and make sure that they aren't overdosing. You got the antidote? All right, stop by my place and then head out, okay? Good.

Persephone: He hangs up. And he looks back at you.

GRIZ: You're off Elysium duty for the time being.

OLLIE: *What?*

GRIZ: I have to. You can't. Until I can rely on you, you cannot sell.

OLLIE: [*disgruntled sigh*]

GRIZ: I can give you Lycis Root.

OLLIE: Yeah, I'll take it.

GRIZ: Maybe some doubloons. But that's it.

OLLIE: Okay. Take what I can get.

GRIZ: Cool.

PERSEPHONE: So he walks over to the TV. And you see him poke at the air, and the TV disappears, and the wall opens and splits down the middle with light and opens up. And you see cold air starts to blow out of it, and there's this incredibly high-powered, illuminated LED-ridden crystal refrigerator that is the size of the entire apartment. And you see rows and rows of canisters and also plants and other things arranged in there.

GRIZ: All right, what kind of party is this?

OLLIE: Uh, it's going to be a really big interschool par-party, uh, down by the train... train...uh.... Yeah, just you know, mostly Lycis Root. You know, noth--party drugs, nothing... nothing crazy.

GRIZ: Uh...so low-power psychedelics, relaxants, stuff like that. Okay.

PERSEPHONE: So he goes in and he starts pulling at things, and hands you a bag of stuff. There is about a quarter of a pound of Lycis Root, which you know to basically be the Cisternian equivalent of pot. There are doubloons, which are tiny drugs that are shaped like gold coins that are basically mushrooms; they produce a very short, psychedelic effect. He also hands you a

bottle. And you know that this is filled with Dragon's Blood. Dragon's Blood is a distillation of the herb by the same name that produces a fog that makes people relax.

OLLIE: Thanks so much, man. I--I owe you.

GRIZ: Yeah, you do. Okay? You're lucky that I'm not cutting you.

OLLIE: Thank you.

GRIZ: You've been a good employee for now. Don't fuck it up and maybe you can prove that you're worthy of selling the other stuff later. Got it?

OLLIE: Got it.

GRIZ: Cool. Get going. I want you out of here before he comes.

OLLIE: All right.

GRIZ: Ain't no one you need to meet.

CARO: Ollie takes off.

PERSEPHONE: And we move from the Heaven Deluxe Apartments back to Varnum where we see Cecil who is right about to go and speak to Gel. Cecil, you know that Gel keeps her office hours in the same classroom that she teaches in, the outdoor one with the garden. As you approach you see that Gel is meditating in the middle of the room. Across from her is Unk, who is standing there, staring at her as if waiting for her to stop, with their arms crossed looking impatient.

[*MARTY GOTTS A PLAN, Kevin MacLeod*]

GEL: Oooooooooooooooooom. Oooooooooooooooooom.

WREN: Cecil will walk up to Unk and kind of sidle on up next to them.

CECIL: Has she been like this for a long time?

UNK: Yeah, for awhile. Oh! H-hey Cecil. Missed you at lunch the other day. What was that about?

CECIL: I, I got-I got really turned around and and then there were these two popular kids that were kind of following me, and I think they wanted to give me a hard time or

something. And, and, and then there was this weird conversation by a locker and I couldn't get away, and I didn't even get to eat lunch that day.

UNK: Oh, I see. What's wrong with popular folks? Well, I mean, some of them are assholes, but so are other people. I know plenty of unpopular people who are assholes.

CECIL: I mean, it was just like, you know, this-this--these two--It..it...I'm sorry. Heh.

UNK: I mean, I don't wanna--I don't wanna--if they did something to you, I don't wanna, like, put you down or victim blame. Like, uh...I'm sorry. I shouldn't ask what's going on. It sounds private. Yeah?

CECIL: Oh, it's-it's fine. It's fine. We're, uh, I...It's fine.

UNK: Well, are you okay though?

CECIL: Yeah!

UNK: Lots of things are fine, but not okay.

CECIL: Yeah, yeah.

UNK: Uh, well, I, uh, am resisting the urge to, uh, do a violent act against Gel and poke her to see if, like, she'll respond? And that's just not okay. So I'm gonna go and try again. Later. Maybe you can get a better response?

CECIL: Is...is it...does it usually take this long?

UNK: I don't know if it does or if she's just ignoring me.

GEL: Ooom. Ooom.

UNK: It's like, I just need to ask her what chapter the readings on because I forgot to write it down. Do you remember cause that would be a lot easier for me.

CECIL: I...I don't remember. I didn't do the homework, either.

GEL: It's page forty-two.

PERSEPHONE: You see Gel opens her eyes.

GEL: Now can you go because you're interrupting my flow of energy. *Unk.*

CECIL: Yeah. Hi. Hi. Hi. Uh. I-I have it--

GEL: Can I help you?

CECIL: --written down that your office hours are right now? Heh. So I--

GEL: Oh. Mostly people don't come, right? What do you need from me?

CECIL: Uh.

GEL: That you can't just get from the plants.

CECIL: Well, that's the thing actually. I, well, so hi. I-I transferred schools, I don't know if you-- if all of the teachers get the files or whatever. Uh, but I, uh...

GEL: I don't follow memos. They're a waste of the flesh that nourishes the earth.

CECIL: I...

GEL: So memos and I just don't vibe together.

UNK: I think that, like, I'm gonna go, Cecil?

PERSEPHONE: Unk leans in.

UNK: There's something about talking to Gel that just sort of riles up the energy within me? And makes me want to do something bad. Like stomp my feet or something, like a child? And that's just not what I'm about. You know? You feel me?

CECIL: [*mumbles*]

UNK: Unless you need my support here. And I can--I can definitely silence the--the intrusive thoughts for that.

CECIL: No, no. Y-you know, what's your--what's your locker number?

UNK: Oh! 35B.

CECIL: 35B. 35B. 35B. 35B. 35B. 35B. Alright, I'll, uh, I'll slip a note in there in a--in a bit. And maybe we can, uh, hang out later.

UNK: Right, we should totally hang out. Totally gotta meet my other friends, I think they'd really like you. You should come to lunch next time.

CECIL: Yeah, yeah, absolutely.

UNK: Well, good luck with everything that you're dealing with. I'm sorry that you've had a difficult time.

GEL: Are you done yet?

UNK: [*resigned sigh*]

CECIL: No! A-a-actually, I-I need... [*mutters*] All right, 44B 44B. [*in normal voice*] Uh, er, so...

UNK: Bye.

CECIL: Bye. So, uh, what I-I had wanted to talk to you about was a-actually kind of like along the same lines of what you're saying with the vibing? Uh, i-in that I have...Plants are great! Uh, but I have more of a vibe with rocks? And earth? An-and I was just wondering, since I have-- Uh, I mean, uh, I've already read--so in my freshman year, I think, is the equivalent of-of this Botany 101 class? And I-I'm not saying that I know everything, cause I-I really, clearly don't. But I-I...Well, um. What I had wanted to, uh, really sort of, uh, get, uh, off-off here was-- er, *out* here, I--hmm. Plants are great. I was just mostly wondering if there was room in the-the rubric or the curriculum or...I don't know the teaching terms? Um, but for an independent study.

PERSEPHONE: She raises her fingers and just puts them in front of you. Doesn't touch you, but it's clearly a call for silence.

GEL: You need to let the words flow from you and ease your mind and center. That will help you get your point across more clearly. So you wish to study the Earth Mother. Yes?

CECIL: Yes, I think that's-that's where I'm...I'm

GEL: That which nourishes things to grow. That's a vibe I can get behind. We can arrange something for you, if you want to study that.

CECIL: I do!

GEL: Alright. Well, why don't you let me come up with an assignment and I'll talk to you after school on Monday about it. Is that cool?

CECIL: What time on Monday?

GEL: After our class.

CECIL: Uh, all right.

GEL: Okay, now I'm going to regress to the stage where we were all plants. And flow with the wind. You can go now.

CECIL: Great. Uh...have...good r-regression.

PERSEPHONE: She raises her hands above her head, steeples them, and then sinks into a low crouch.

CECIL: Ah...

GEL: Plant me within the earth. Let me blossom and grow.

CECIL: Thanks!

WREN: And Cecil kind of looks around and wanders away.

PERSEPHONE: Okay. With that we move to Hudson. You have been working out like crazy; going to the gym mad early to prep yourself, to get yourself amped up for tryouts next week to try and get on the wrestling team at Varnum. And you've also been looking into things on the internet, conspiracy theories, that may or may not be related to what actually happened to you. So what do you think Hudson types into Scry, our version of Google

*[BUMMIN ON TREMOLO, Kevin MacLeod]*

ELISE: Uh. Magic mirror. Color box. Then he'll probably type in, like, just the random words that he heard. Secret room. Favorite color.

PERSEPHONE: Please give me an Investigation check.

ELISE: *[dice rolls]* That is a 10.

PERSEPHONE: So you start entering tangentially related things to what happened to you in the glass room. And with a 10, you find a site that says, "Conspiracy Theories of a Madman."

HUDSON: Whoa.

PERSEPHONE: And you click on it. And when you open the site, you see that the screen flashes and then fizzles out. And when it comes back on again, there is an error message saying, *[robotic voice]* "Error 96421. Virus scan in effect. Infiltration is near."

HUDSON: Whoa! I must have stumbled on something real good!

PERSEPHONE: And then the porn ads start to flash up.

[*ULTRA POLKA, Kevin MacLeod*]

HUDSON: Huh.

VARIOUS ADS: "Click here for good time!" "Click here for a *great* time." "Please touch my butt!"

HUDSON: I think Grange is into that. Uh.

PERSEPHONE: And then you see just a bunch of ads for gay porn. Just naked dudes just all over the place.

HUDSON: So maybe the porn industry is what's underground and that's what we've got to look into. I gotta tell the other people!

ELISE: Furiously starts texting the group:

HUDSON: Guys! Guys. I found this website and it was *Conspiracy Theories of a Madman*. But then when I clicked it, all these, like, porn ads came up and I think we're onto something. I think maybe the porn industry is related to this, like, magic that we found in the secret room.

ELISE: And then Hudson, like, types out the link. That's the text message that everybody gets.

PERSEPHONE: How does everyone respond to this?

ELISE: It's in all caps.

CARO: I think Ollie's going to spend, like, at least an hour finding the perfect dragon dildo gif and then text back to Hudson.

PERSEPHONE: Within the group chat or just in general?

CARO: Just straight to Hudson.

PERSEPHONE: I dunno how straight that is, but, y'know.

WREN: What Cecil will do is write down everyone's phone numbers and then do a hard reset of their phone just because...no.

NUANCE: Suri looks at it, pulls up the site, throws her phone across the room - fortunately, it's her own room - with kind of like,

SURI: Uh, no!

NUANCE: Um...

VARIOUS ADS: Hit me up for a good time.

SURI: No no no no no no no!

VARIOUS ADS: Come to Daddy, baby!

SURI: No! No no...

VARIOUS ADS: Harder! Harder! Harder!

SURI: No no no no no.

ELISE: Hudson also texts Ollie back and says,

HUDSON: What is that? I think I found it in the dishwasher one time, but I don't know what it is.

PERSEPHONE: Surississah, roll a pure luck check to see if it's loud enough for your parents to hear. [*die roll*] What did you get?

NUANCE: I would prefer not to answer. Guess who rolled a 1.

ELISE: Oh no!

CAST: [*groaning and laughing in sympathy. Or maybe 'sympathy'*]

CARO: Oh, brutal.

PERSEPHONE: Surississah--

ELISE: Oh shit. [*laughing*]

PERSEPHONE: --as you're desperately trying to get these to close and more just keep popping up, you hear a knock on your door [*knocking*],

ZALMIRASZ: Surisissa, are you alright? I thought I heard squealing.

VARIOUS ADS: Harder, Daddy, harder!

ZALMIRASZ: Surississa, what's happening?

SURI: [*panic noise*] I--I'm fine! I-I just, um, I--uh, spam pop up. I-I think I clicked a link and vir--I'm fine!

ZALMIRASZ: Are you sure?

SURI: Everything's okay! Yes, absolutely, I just--

ZALMIRASZ: Are you looking at anything inappropriate?

SURI: Uh, no? Um. But I think that, uh, being on the Varnum, um, Wi-Fi uh...

VARIOUS ADS: I love it when you do it, baby.

SURI: Uh, I think--I just--I'm, uh. Yeah, no, everything's fine! I just got a little startled. Uh... Uh...

ZALMIRASZ: Alright well. Behave yourself.

SURI: Y-yes sir. Yes sir.

PERSEPHONE: And you hear footsteps going downstairs.

NUANCE: Yeah, Suri had actually picked up a pillow, put it on top of the phone, and is lying on the pillow, just to make no noise, like, come through. Just like,

SURI: Please just shh...

[*BUMMIN' ON TREMOLO, Kevin MacLeod*]

HUDSON: Anyways guys, I think I'm onto something because otherwise this website wouldn't be so well protected.

OLLIE: Wow.

CARO: That's all that Ollie texts back.

OLLIE: Wow.

PERSEPHONE: Hudson's the kind of guy that if this was explained to him what was happening, would try to put a condom on his computer to protect it from viruses.

ELISE: Probably. What Hudson's gonna do with his laptop is, like, probably just bring it to his mom and be like, I don't know what happened and she's like, we'll just gonna get you a new one, it's fine.

TYPHESEA: Oh honey, you know you shouldn't look at those kinds of sites on your computer. They just aren't safe. You should really use the subscription we pay for at the house.

HUDSON: Yeah, but like, I went to a different website. I didn't think it was porn and then I got porn! So weird.

TYPHESEA: Oh honey, that happens sometimes. It just does.

HUDSON: Also, Ollie took a picture of your toothbrush.

TYPHESEA: What?

ELISE: He shows his mother the picture of the dragon dildo that he one time found in the dishwasher and was told it was a toothbrush.

TYPHESEA: Oh! Oh, you mean--oh. Oh, honey, no. Um. Um, that's, um, yes, that's my, um, toothbrush. Yeah. There are just things. Um. You have your alone time and I-I don't need to know about that. And well, just do it in a safe and healthy way. And and, uh, don't talk about my toothbrush. Oh, I should've never left that out in plain sight. Oh, it was embarrassing enough getting Dougie to wash it in the dishwasher. Oh...

PERSEPHONE: And with that, we leave Hudson and his virus-ridden pornputer to go to Surissiah.

[*SUMMER DAY, Kevin MacLeod*]

Suri, who has been going to wizardry class - even though she's very clearly not any flavor of arcane caster whatsoever; who has been struggling with the fact but has so far managed to keep things under the radar - also racking her brain about whether or not to go to this party. So Surississah, you're in your room, you've managed to shut off your phone, and hard reset it so there's no more porn pop-ups. And about an hour later you're sitting in front of your computer thinking about the problem, when you message Ch1nCh1llax, your friend from fan-love.net. What do you say?

SURI: Uh...Ch1nchy, I need some advice. I do not know what to do. Uh, and the deadline is coming close to where I have to make a decision, and I don't know if I can in time. A-are you around? Please just...I just need somebody to talk this through.

PERSEPHONE: You get a message instantaneously back.

CH1NCH1LLAX: Yeah, I'm here. How can I help? W-what do you need advice on?

SURI: There's a party this Friday. I was invited at my new school, and, umm...uh...my new--I think they're my friends? I guess, classmates? Asked me to go, but I don't know. Should I even go? And if I do go, how do I explain to my parents that I'm going to a party, or better yet how do I go but without explaining to my parents, but without also sneaking out or lying because I don't think I'd be very good at either of those. And if I did go and I did manage to find a way to convince my parents that it's okay, what do I wear? Because like, my clothes are just--they're not party clothes. I-I've seen TV and I am not TV.

PERSEPHONE: There's dots in the messenger app. And the first thing that appears just,

CH1NCH1LLAX: Breathe, I can feel you hyperventilating through the screen.

SURI: [*deep inhale*] Okay fair.

CH1NCH1LLAX: Now breathe again, cause I know you're still holding it.

SURI: [*deep exhale*]

CH1NCH1LLAX: Okay, Suri--

PERSEPHONE: Oh, sorry. They don't know you as Suri. What do they know your name as?

NUANCE: Oh, um. So my pseudonym is ScalesOfSilence. I figure that probably if I call them like, Ch1nchy, they might call me like, Scales or Si something like that.

PERSEPHONE: Scaly?

WREN: SOS

NUANCE: SOS. Oooh, that's a good one.

CH1NCH1LLAX: SOS, you're in distress. Please take a breath before you hyperventilate. I can feel you not breathing through the screen. Now take another breath because I know that you're still holding it.

SURI: [*deep breaths*]

CH1NCH1LLAX: Okay. SOS, I think you should go! I mean, you know, there's only so many times we get to experience new stuff. I think it'd be good for you to get away from your parents and maybe do something, you know, not the norm. I've been to a few parties myself. They're fun!

SURI: But I'm not as cool as you are.

CH1NCH1LLAX: You're plenty cool. You're just different from me. You're really talented and fun to talk to. So, I don't think there'd be any problem with you going to a party.

SURI: Thank you. I just...

CH1NCH1LLAX: Now your parents are remi--I shouldn't even ask, but they're still being awful, aren't they?

SURI: I mean, it's not that they're awful, it... [*sighs*]

CH1NCH1LLAX: It's that they're awful, SOS. Some of the times--sometimes you say things and you're, like, trying to tell a joke about this time that your family did something, and I don't laugh because it's not a joke, it's actual trauma. And, like, abuse. Like--

SURI: You don't underst--

CH1NCH1LLAX: --they're not okay.

SURI: You don't understand. It's just all the ways that I, like, I make things so much harder for them and, uh...

CH1NCH1LLAX: No one should tell that to their--Okay, look, I-I never have ever claimed to be like the most, like, aware person in the world? Cause I'm not. But, you know, I don't think good parents consider you a burden? And even if they do, they love you anyway. Your parents act like you are a leech on their leg that they can't get rid of and that's not okay. We've talked about this before, I d-- Sorry, I'm. I'm lecturing you again, I-I know it's not your fault. And I know you can't do anything about it. It's just--

SURI: I appreciate that you care and I know it's hard and I just... It's just a couple more years, and then I'll go to--away to college, and-and then maybe...and then things will be different. I'll be-- I'll be different.

CH1NCH1LLAX: [*sighs*] Knowing your parents, if they're paying for your schooling, I'm not sure things will be different. You're gonna go to the school that they choose for you too, again.

SURI: I mean, if that's how they're going to pay for school, I don't really have....

CH1NCH1LLAX: Look, I say go for it. Find a way to sneak out or something. You know that, honestly, if you're not causing problems or being quiet, they mostly ignore you until they have to acknowledge you, so.

SURI: Which isn't as bad as I think you think it is. It's actually, you know, kind of nice. And I do have the trellis that leads down. Um, sometimes I-I used it to go down. Out. And and and t-to the backyard when I didn't wanna--when the twins are being the twins, you know how they can be, but um.

CH1NCH1LLAX: Well, tell you what. I'm going to a party on Friday, too. So, like, if we both go, we can just report back about what we did and we'll have more stuff to talk about. It'll almost be like a shared experience, right?

SURI: Kind of! That would be really cool. Maybe one day we can even--we'll finally have a chance to meet in person and we can go to a party together.

CH1NCH1LLAX: Totally.

SURI: Oh, but what do I wear? I don't have, um. Uh. Ummm... I could just wear, like, a sweater and a--like it's a normal day, right? Like, people don't actually get dressed up for parties, right? That's, that's not what people do?

PERSEPHONE: There's a few dots on the screen, then there's no dots. Then there's a few more dots and then there's dots and then no dots.

CH1NCH1LLAX: Um. Depends on what you mean by 'dress up'. But people usually look different? And usually better than in everyday life, um. But you know, you know, whatever--i'm sure whatever you'd wear is fine!

NUANCE: I will actually send a picture of tomorrow's outfit because, of course I have already picked it out. It's on a hanger. There's a cardigan and then a blouse underneath it with one of those big Peter Pan collars, and a dress that's beige, that goes down to, like, my Oxfords. And it's hanging up on the back of my closet. And I just take a picture and I will send that to our chat messenger app, Cryschat.

CH1NCH1LLAX: Oh, I see! It's a costume party! Yeah, that'll be fine.

SURI: W-wait, what do you mean a costume party?

CH1NCH1LLAX: I mean, that's like a schoolteacher or a nun's outfit right? Costume!

SURI: That's what I was wearing to school tomorrow.

CH1NCH1LLAX: That's a really funny joke. Sure whatever you actually are wearing will be fine. Anyway, I-I gotta go eat dinner with my parents so, uh, send me a photo of what you're actually going to wear, if it's not a costume party, and you're just messing with me later. Bye!

PERSEPHONE: And Ch1nch1llax logs off.

SURI: ...bye.

NUANCE: My 'bye' comes after Ch1nch1llax logs off.

SURI: Oh no.

*[INVESTIGATIONS, Kevin MacLeod]*

NUANCE: And so, I think about it for, like, a good, probably, 20 minutes - you know, way longer than it actually, I should. And then I send a picture of tomorrow's outfit to the group chat. Because Ollie might have ideas. Hudson is probably the kind of person who would have ideas. And I don't want to make Cecil feel left out like, I'm deliberately cutting them out of the conversation. So I will send them a picture of tomorrow's school outfit. And-- I could just wear this to the party right? Question mark. Sent.

HUDSON: Wait is this a costume party?

SURI: Oh, no, my other friend said that.

WREN: Cecil leaves you on read.

CAST: *[laughter]*

ELISE: Cecil, what a dick!

WREN: Look, I am modeling Cecil's texting habits after my own.

NUANCE: I mean, it's fair.

WREN: It's not like I do it on purpose. I just think, Oh, well, I will respond to that later once I know what to say. And then I don't.

CARO: Ollie texts back,

OLLIE: You can wear anything you like. If this is what makes you happy, then that's what you should wear. But if you want to dress really cool, here!

CARO: And he starts sending you links. All really cool, punky looking stuff. Plaid skirts, cute little black tank tops, things with little snake-themed things on them, scales, snake print pants. Like, it just keeps coming.

HUDSON: Oh, you can borrow something from my mom.

SURI: I, uh--your-your mom? I don't want to go dressed like a mom...

ELISE: Hudson, like, goes to his mom's closet and takes pictures of, like, different dresses in varying degrees of, like, either crazy over the top fancy silk gowns and then, like, tiny little club outfits. Like, almost nothing in between.

SURI: Why are you showing me a belt? What am I supposed to do with a *belt*?

WREN: Cecil opens up their phone, looks at all of this, and hits 'mute notifications for eight hours'.

CAST: *[laughter]*

NUANCE: So Suri does have plaids, but all of her plaids are, like, just ridiculous length. The shortest dress she has is probably, like, three inches below her knee.

HUDSON: Suri, just show us what you got and then we can pick out an outfit for you.

NUANCE: So she goes to her closet, and it's variations on the same. There is a lot of beige and gray, khaki...there is are...

HUDSON: Are you an explorer?

SURI: ...No?

NUANCE: There are some various plaids.

HUDSON: Ollie likes the plaids, so pull out the plaids.

OLLIE: Do you have anything black?

SURI: Oh, umm..

OLLIE: Black looks good on everyone.

NUANCE: She pulls out an oversized sweater with pearls down the front.

OLLIE: You could rip out the neck. That'd be cute.

HUDSON: Or you just wear the sweater, with a pair, like, tights and some little boots and that'd be real cute!

OLLIE: Oh, yeah! Good idea!

HUDSON: Yeah.

OLLIE: And rip out the neck!

HUDSON: Just--just the sweater though, because I'm pretty sure that'll cover you to your knees.

SURI: [*panicked sputtering*] Just the sweat-- But, uh--!

HUDSON: If it helps, I'll dress to match you.

ELISE: And then, like, Hudson takes a picture of, like, a little black button-up shirt he's got with little pearl mother-of-pearl flat buttons. It fits very snugly and if he tried real hard, the buttons would clearly go flying.

SURI: Maybe I should just bring a couple of outfits and is there s-s-somewhere we can go afterwards to get dressed? Because also I still don't know how I'm going to bring this up to my parents, but if I leave the house looking like I'm just wearing a sweater...Um.

HUDSON: Well, Suri you-you basically live here too, right? So you could just come over.

CAST: [*laughter*]

SURI: I still don't actually...yeah, you know, I guess. I guess?

OLLIE: There's locker rooms at school if you want to change there.

HUDSON: But you have two houses. Why wouldn't you just come here?

SURI: I-I don't really have--okay. Um. Also, I don't really know how to put on makeup. Ollie, do you?

OLLIE: Yeah, but like, only kinda messy. I hope that's okay.

SURI: ...Oh.

HUDSON: My mom could help you with your makeup. Or my mom's makeup artist could help me with your makeup.

SURI: Your mom has a makeup artist?

HUDSON: Yeah. He's like real good.

SURI: I don't wanna, umm--

HUDSON: And he loves me, so he'll do anything I asked him to, so...

SURI: I-I don't want to put your mom out. I mean, like, sh-sh-she has about a-  
abo-about a thousand better things to do than t-t-to help your weird classmate put m-makeup on  
or anything.

HUDSON: Well, then I could ask her makeup artist, like...

OLLIE: So wait, Hudson, are we pregaming at your place?

HUDSON: Yeah! Well, no, it's our place because Suri also lives here.

SURI: I-uh-I don't really. I-I really don't. O-okay, um, I guess then all I have to do is  
come up with a way to convince my parents that I should be able to go, or a thing to tell my  
parents where I can't. [*sighs*] I can't. I have to do it over text, though. I can't tell them that to their  
face, because if--oh, man. No, cause they would look at me, and then if they looked at me, oh  
*no*.

HUDSON: When my mom has to go to parties, she always says that she's gonna go do  
public relations so maybe that'll help you.

NUANCE: Just a real long silence. Just a real long. And then finally, dot dot dot, "I think they  
would know."

SURI: I-I-I could. Maybe I could say that I am studying late. And then...What time does the party end? I mean, it probably won't end later than, like, ten, right? [*Flustered noises*] I can say that I stayed till closing at the library, and-and then be back by ten.

HUDSON: The library's open until ten?

SURI: I mean...

OLLIE: Yeah, mate.

HUDSON: Wha--?

SURI: That would work, right? We'll be home for ten.

OLLIE: I think so.

SURI: Okay, good! Yeah!

HUDSON: Yeah! Cecil, what are you wearing? For the party. Do you need help, too?

WREN: The last thing you see the little like circle icon that 'Cecil has seen this' was way up in the thread.

HUDSON: I think Cecil has really bad reception where-whenever they live.

OLLIE: I think Cecil doesn't like us.

HUDSON: What? No! Cecil and I go way back. They're just quiet.

SURI: Thank you so much for helping me out. This is my first party and I don't want to, like, ruin it. For forever.

HUDSON: Bro, you're gonna be so good. You're gonna love it.

[*INSPIRED, Kevin MacLeod*]

PERSEPHONE: So you have this text thread going. You start forming plans for tomorrow night because today is Thursday. And you figure out that you're going to go to Hudson's to pregame; not sure that everyone in your party knows what that means, but some of you do. And so you all go to school the next day, go to your classes as normal. And it's pretty uneventful. And before you know it, it's after school. You know that the party starts at eight o'clock in the Train Graves. So you have about six hours to kill before then.

SURI: That's not a very long party.

CAST: *[laughter]*

OLLIE: Don't worry about it. I'm sure we'll figure it out. Uh, hey, uh, ca-can we walk to your house or do we need to take, uh, a car?

HUDSON: Oh you just-just hop in the car, bro.

OLLIE: All right. Uh...

HUDSON: Technically, you could walk anywhere.

OLLIE: Does Ce-Cecil know what we're doing? I-I don't know if they ever read it.

WREN: I was gonna say. So by the time the eight hour notification mute has gone off, Cecil has noticed that there's like upwards of 100 messages and they just scroll to the bottom and then leave you all on read. Social anxiety! Cool...

HUDSON: So, like, I haven't heard from Cecil. And every time I see them in the hall, they kind of walk really fast. And it's hard to look cool when you're walking fast, so I don't follow, but, uh...

OLLIE: I know, I've been trying to, like, send them, like, things that I think they would like? But they haven't responded.

WREN: Actually that was my next question, was whether or not those things you were sending me, you were sending me in the group chat or in a different text.

CARO: No, private.

WREN: Okay, then Cecil will send you something back.

CARO: Okay.

WREN: Let me find something.

CARO: Okay.

ELISE: *[singing, to the tune of "Secret Agent Man"]* Secret messages...

CARO: It's just memes. Ollie's just sending pictures.

NUANCE: Suri's gotten a lot of snakes in hats.

ELISE: Sorry, is Hudson getting memes?

CARO: I found anything for Hudson yet. I was thinking, like, footballs?

CAST: *[laughter]*

ELISE: Just pictures of footballs?

CARO: Just really nice pictures of football. Ollie hasn't quite figured out what Hudson likes yet.

NUANCE: Suggestive sports memes.

ELISE: Oh my god, like the ones that are, like, screenshots from gay porn with, like, different-- Like the alternative subtitles.

CARO: And use different dildo attachments, like--

ELISE: Or like "When me and my bro are looking for my contacts that fell out' and it's just like...

CAST: *[continued laughter]*

ELISE: Hudson's like, "I've never worn a contact before but, yeah; that'd be really cool if you help your bro look for one."

OLLIE: So I, uh, I-I have been texting a little bit with Cecil but, uh, not a lot. Uh, I-I could see if they're still interested in coming. I think I know where their locker might be. Uh, do you guys mind waiting here? I'm going to try find Cecil

SURI: That sounds good.

CARO: I go look looking for Cecil in all the usual haunts.

WREN: Cecil right now is wandering around in the region of lockers 30 through 50, with a note in their hand because they forgot which one was Unk's locker and they're trying to remember.

CECIL: Was it 44B? Or 32A

PERSEPHONE: Cecil. Please give me an Insight check and Ollie, give me an Investigation check.

*[two dice rolling]*

WREN: It's a dirty 20.

PERSEPHONE: Cecil, you think really hard, trying to remember this number, and then it comes to you and you remember that it definitely is 44B.

WREN: They're gonna walk up to 44B

CECIL: Shoot, I think I'm wrong. I'll just find them in lunch.

WREN: And they'll stick the note back in their pocket.

PERSEPHONE: Ollie, what did you get?

CARO: I only have an 8.

PERSEPHONE: You look for Cecil, but you're unable to find them.

CARO: Ugh, I head back outside.

OLLIE: I can't find Cecil.

HUDSON: All right, well, Cecil said they were interested in researching that, uh, weird box thing.

OLLIE: Yeah, I-I've got a book also, I kind of wanted to talk to everyone about that. Um, could--could we just text them your address and they could meet up with us?

HUDSON: Yeah! Well, Cecil knows where I live.

OLLIE: Oh, yeah! I keep forgetting you're friends.

HUDSON: Text Cecil a picture of the book! Cecil loves books.

CARO: Ollie does it.

HUDSON: Or tell Cecil that you found a bug! And then, uh, look up the name of a weird bug that...

CARO: I'm just going to text in the group chat: *Cecil, looking for you. Going to Hudson's. Have some research.* And it's a picture of the book.

WREN: Cecil's phone goes off. They look at this.

CECIL: What time?

OLLIE: Now to 8pm.

WREN: They put the phone back in the pocket and they start walking to Hudson's. But they have to leave the school, so they probably run into you guys.

CARO: Yeah, you'd run into us outside.

PERSEPHONE: You walk to the front and you see all three of them are right in front of the school after you open the doors.

WREN: There's a pause, and they look at everyone that's gathered. And they sigh, straighten their vest - cause at this point, they can't wear their old school blazer so they're sort of dressed like a Junior Wilderness Explorer. Because that's really all they've got for casual wear. They go to walk up to all of you

SURI: Cecil! Hi!

HUDSON: Hey, buddy! Ollie was starting to think that you didn't like us. Everything okay?

WREN: Cecil briefly lets their eyes flick to Ollie and then to the floor.

CECIL: I never...I never said that or anything.

HUDSON: Yeah, that's what I said. But, you know, he's sensitive.

OLLIE: No I'm not! Let's go.

PERSEPHONE: So you all pile into Hudson's car and go to his house.

CECIL: *[groans]*

PERSEPHONE: Hudson, please describe what your car looks like. In the first episode you were going to school with Chad Morris, your 'friend' who you haven't heard from since you got kicked out of Carthwright. What does your own car look like?

ELISE: Hudson probably drives what is closer to like a higher end Honda something that looks like it could be raced but probably hasn't been. Um it's all black, very shiny. The inside is actually, like, meticulously clean, which might be surprising for somebody that looks like Hudson but like his car is just like pristine inside.

PERSEPHONE: It still has a new car smell?

ELISE: Still smells like new car. And when it turns on [*car engine starting*] it immediately starts playing like boppy pop music--

[*WERQ, Kevin MacLeod*]

ELISE: --or like top 50s kind of stuff. It has a sunroof, but it is not a convertible.

OLLIE: Nice car. Shotgun!

SURI: I don't mind sitting in the back with Cecil. Cecil, if you don't mind?

PERSEPHONE: So you all pile into Hudson's car and he starts driving towards his house. It takes you about fifteen, twenty minutes with downtown traffic to get through to the more ritzy part of town. Surississah, you recognize the same route that you went when you were going home to Hudson's house that you now apparently also live in. And Cecil you know this, too, that Hudson has lived in this house for as long as you've known him. But Ollie, this is the first time you get to see exactly how wealthy Hudson's family is. You roll up to a gated mansion. The sides of it are painted light pink with white trim. There are white marble columns all over the place. There's even a fountain of a beautiful elven woman spraying water out of her hand in front, with circular, perfectly-placed cobblestones around it. And gardens with bright vibrant flowering trees. There's even an apple orchard on the other side. It's possibly the biggest house you've ever seen.

CARO: Ollie looks increasingly angry the further in they drive.

HUDSON: Oh, do you not like this music, bro? You could change it. That-that's, like, shotgun rules.

CARO: Changes the radio. [*radio noise*]

[*THE WHIP, Kevin MacLeod*]

HUDSON: I know that like Taylor Smith is usually pretty polarizing for a lot of music listeners, so, y'know. I won't take it personal.

OLLIE: Yeah, polarizing. Yeah. What do you need all this for? Like, y-you really seriously need an apple orchard, a fountain...?

HUDSON: Well, where you gonna get apples from?

OLLIE: Oh my god. You know, you could have spent any of this money on, like, helping other people. Never mind.

PERSEPHONE: So you pull up to the front in your car, and I assume Hudson just jumps out.

ELISE: Yup.

[*WHOLESOME, Kevin MacLeod*]

PERSEPHONE: Immediately. You jump out and throw your keys in the air and instantaneously a man appears, grabs them out of the air, and says,

VALET: In the usual spot, sir?

HUDSON: Yes, please. Oh, these are my buddies. I want to introduce you to my friends.

VALET: It is lovely to meet Sir Hudson's family. I am the valet.

WREN: Cecil has a recollection of how this all goes. But still, is uncomfortable.

NUANCE: Suri had gone through this just a few days ago and you know what? Still weird.

PERSEPHONE: So the valet gets into the car and drives it off. And you see that down the path is a massive garage in the same colors as the house, and the doors automatically open and you see rows and rows of cars before the Honda - the *not*-Honda - walks

ELISE: The Ponda.

PERSEPHONE: You see the Ponda zooms in, get a view of a bunch of other, fancier cars, and then the doors close. You walk up to the front doors, these massive white, gold-trimmed things, and before any of you can reach for the handle, they just automatically open and Hudson just walks in.

CARO: Ollie's having a really hard time containing the look of disgust on his face.

PERSEPHONE: The front entryway, the foyer, has a white spiral staircase that reaches up to the top floor where you can see that there's definitely a balcony. The floors are white marble. There's a gold statue to the left of the staircase that you're not sure if it's real, but it definitely looks like it is. There are two standing guards wearing pink uniforms. They have swords and guns by their side, but are wearing pink uniforms. And don't say anything to you when you enter. They just stand there and then close the doors.

HUDSON: Hey guys!

ELISE: Hudson says hi to everybody.

GUARDS: Hello, sir.

PERSEPHONE: They say in unison.

HUDSON: These are my friends!

GUARDS: It is nice to meet you. friends of Sir Hudson.

TYPHESEA: Oh, darling. Are you home?

PERSEPHONE: you hear your mother call from upstairs.

HUDSON: Yeah, ma!

[*TANGO DE MANZANA, Kevin MacLeod*]

PERSEPHONE: And you three see coming across the balcony to the edge, leaning over--you first see the ample bosom popping out of a teddy. There's a long pink robe trimmed with marabou, and you see a cascade of perfectly waved silver hair and this gorgeous woman with a perfect face, elven features, looks down at you with turquoise eyes.

TYPHESEA: Oh sweetie, you brought guests!

PERSEPHONE: And she walks down the staircase but it's more of a glide. You see the robes follow her effortlessly and sort of float on the air and she's wearing heels that have feathers on the toe, in this white, pinkish sort of cream color. And that she's moving with the kind of grace that someone only has when nothing can faze them.

TYPHESEA: Are you Hudson's friends from his new school? It's lovely to meet you.

HUDSON: You remember Cecil, right?

TYPHESEA: Cecil? Oh, your friend from way back when!

WREN: Cecil is deeply uncomfortable by the bosom.

TYPHESEA: Cecil, sweetie, it's been so long. What kept you away?

PERSEPHONE: And Typhesea, Hudson's mother who you know, gets up to you and wraps you in a big old hug. Breasts just poking against you...if a man wrote this as a novel. Anyway.

WREN: No, you need to give the breasts a personality.

NUANCE: They boob boobily.

ELISE: They need to have their own story arc.

CAST: [*chuckles. Because we're twelve.*]

PERSEPHONE: Okay, I should probably rephrase that. So Typhesea comes over to you and wraps you in a big, tight hug. And because you're--

WREN: Ang her friendly breasts press against me.

NUANCE: [*laughing*] Massagingly.

PERSEPHONE: Oh my god, don't say that. We're gonna get railed on the internet by some white dudes and I just don't wanna deal with it.

ELISE: Yeah, we're not into that.

PERSEPHONE: Okay--

CAST: [*laughter and crosstalk*]

WREN: Yeah, we're not into getting railed by white dudes. Or dudes in general.

PERSEPHONE: Okay. So, Typhesea glides over to you and wraps you in a hug with her heels. You know that she's normally probably about your height, but you've never seen her without heels. So she's about three or four inches taller than you? And your head just rests against her bosom.

ELISE: Wait, how tall is Cecil?

WREN: I think like five-seven.

ELISE: Oh, okay. Oh I am the tallest!

PERSEPHONE: Typhesea is almost six feet in these heels. They're very high.

TYPHESEA: Oh honey, it's so good to see you around Hudson again. Where have you been? I thought your family moved away or something. So good to see you again.

HUDSON: Yeah and, uh, this is Ollie and this is Suri.

PERSEPHONE: Typhesea lets go of Cecil and looks over to Ollie and Suri, and just walks over to both of you and wraps her arms around both of you and pulls you in.

TYPHESEA: How are you, dears?

OLLIE: [*slight gasp*]

SURI: Um...

OLLIE: [*Still gasping*]

SURI: Uh...uh...

OLLIE: ...I'm very confused.

TYPHESEA: Oh, sweetie, is something the matter?

SURI: Uh...thank you?

TYPHESEA: You look upset. Do you need some water? A nice cold beverage? Maybe a frozen drink--non-alcoholic, of course. I'm not a monster.

HUDSON: Oh! Oh! Wait, no. Uh, Suri wanted help with her makeup. And I don't know how to do that, but I didn't know if you did.

TYPHESEA: Oh, you mean Brian?

HUDSON: Uh yeah, if he's around. Uh...

TYPHESEA: Of course he's here, honey. You know he and his husband moved in a little while back.

HUDSON: This's Suri's first party so we're, like, really excited to take her.

NUANCE: Suri is having a problem. It is a mix of "Oh my god, I will never look like this. I will never be--this is just a pinnacle of womanhood that is shut to me forever," "Oh my god. Hudson's mom is really hot. I can't think Hudson's mom is really hot. That's incredibly rude, but she's super really hot." And then just, "I don't think my mom has ever been that warm ever in her entire life. To me, nevermind to random strangers. I'm having so many parental feels." So Suri is just having so many thoughts and so, like, just it's very loud in her head. And now she kind of understands Hudson a little better; like, she's not forming words.

PERSEPHONE: You see that Typhesea looks at your clothes and looks at your face.

TYPHESEA: Oh, I suppose you'll be needing an outfit too, hmm?

SURI: I brought an outfit?

NUANCE: And Suri pulls out an outfit, including the black button down.

TYPHESEA: Oh. Well. I mean. That's very nice, Suri dear. But. Well. Perhaps we can get something that suits your figure a bit better.

SURI: ....Oh.

PERSEPHONE: You see that she walks over to you and starts pulling your clothes back so they're more fitted.

TYPHESEA: Oh, well that's a surprise! This is quite good. We can work with this.

SURI: ...oh

TYPHESEA: Well, I can work with anything, but this is a really good start.

WREN: Cecil looks at everything but what is happening.

SURI: Uh...uh...uh...uh...?

TYPHESEA: Oh, well why don't you all make yourselves at home? Suri, was it?

SURI: Y-Yes, ma'am.

TYPHESEA: Why don't we take a trip to my closet and see Brian? He's a magician!

SURI: I-I-I wouldn't want to take your clothes that--I don't want to be rude.

TYPHESEA: Oh darling, don't worry about it. This is absolutely wonderful! I can't wait to do this!

SURI: O-o-okay?

HUDSON: Thanks mom!

NUANCE: Suri does sort of look to the others for help, but she has a feeling nobody's assisting.

TYPHESEA: Come on, Suri. Let's make it happen!

SURI: O-okay?

TYPHESEA: Oh, wait. Oh, but James is still upstairs. I hope he figures it out. Those ties can be complica--you know, I'll just send Dougie up later.

PERSEPHONE: At this point I would like Ollie to make an Insight check--as well as Cecil and Surissah.

[*three dice rolls*]

WREN: 13.

NUANCE: 10

CARO: I have a 14.

PERSEPHONE: So all of you pass this roll, because it wasn't very hard. Surississah, as Typhesea takes your hand to pull you up the stairs and she looks back at you as she's about to go up and says, "This is going to be delightful." You remember, a magazine cover on this exact same staircase with that exact same pose, with her hair more curled, wearing a diamond encrusted gown. And the title of the article was "Noble CEOs of Ma'Herisham: Interviewing the Controversial Figure of Typhesea Eilauver: Heiress, Noblewoman, And Now Expat of the Elven Homeland." And Ollie and Cecil--Cecil you may not have realized this as a kid, but you put two and two together and you realize that this woman has appeared on multiple TV programs, has appeared on different shows. She was a judge on *Cisternia's Next Top Model*. She's been a judge for different beauty pageants. You know, now that Hudson's mother is Typhesea Eilauver, the former CEO of Eilauver Industries, based out of Ma'Herisham, who left her company and her country to come to Aria. You also know that she gave up her noble standing when she left Ma'Herisham, and now resides in Aria. It was all over the news a few years back and the royal family of Ma'Herisham refuse to do interviews about, so no one really knows why. She's been in and out of tabloids since.

OLLIE: Yeah, sounds awful. So!

HUDSON: You have a book right? You're gonna share the book with Cecil?

OLLIE: Yeah. Yeah.

DOUGIE: Can I interest any of you in a refreshment?

PERSEPHONE: You see the butler walks up, Douglas Fern. He is the butler of the family. He is a human, graying-brown hair, kind of handsome in a distinguished sort of way. Has a very well kept beard, pretty tall.

DOUGIE: May I interest you in a refreshment of any kind?

HUDSON: Dougie, hey!

DOUGIE: Hello, Master. Forgive me my manners. How are you doing?

HUDSON: Aw great. These are my friends. You probably remember Cecil. And this is Ollie.

DOUGIE: Of course I remember Cecil; I remember all your friends. Even the ones that are--well. One does not say rude things in polite company. This is lovely to see you again, Cecil. I'm so glad that you've returned. Now if you will follow me to the parlor, I can see about getting you some refreshments.

HUDSON: Thanks, Doug!

NUANCE: Maybe it will be apples from the apple orchard.

*[BUMMIN ON TREMOLO, Kevin MacLeod]*

PERSEPHONE: Douglas - or Dougie - brings you down the hallway and walks into this lavishly-appointed parlor room. There is a fireplace which isn't on, because it's September and it's pretty warm, but it's made out of marble. There are two golden statues on the top of it of cherubs. And there is a couch--the real-life equivalent of a Victorian couch with plush pink velvet with sort of heart designs into it. There's a fur carpet that looks faux, but it's clearly very expensive. And there are different cabinets that are edged in gold filled with awards and trophies and other things. A lot of them have Hudson's name on them. There's also a family portrait hanging over the mantle, which has Hudson and his mother and the butler next to her.

OLLIE: Wow.

DOUGIE: Now if you'd like to be seated in one of the seating areas, I would be happy to provide you with some refreshments. Is there anything you'd like to request in particular?

HUDSON: Uh, I remember that Cecil was a big fan of vegetables. Ollie, I've seen eat, like, a lot of candy.

CECIL: Uh, a-a-a water sounds great.

DOUGIE: Acceptable. I shall bring assort--an assortment of all the things you've requested.

PERSEPHONE: And Dougie walks away, after bowing.

OLLIE: An assortment of water? There's more than one kind of water?

HUDSON: Uh, yeah, there's, like, the kind with bubbles in it. And then there's the kind with flavors in it.

OLLIE: Okay, uh, stop.

HUDSON: And then there's the kind...

OLLIE: Ah, you know, that's good. Ah, you know what? Let's, uh, let's look at this book!

PERSEPHONE: So, you sit on the couch and you open up the book and skim through it. Can you give me an Investigation check, since you're looking through it now, not with any particular purpose or aim?

CARO: [*die rolls*] That's a...

ELISE: Cecil could probably assist, right?

PERSEPHONE: Yes.

CARO: Sure!

PERSEPHONE: Or Hudson. Anyone can give the help action if you're looking over, too.

WREN: I love how you assume--

CARO: Sweet.

WREN: I love how you assume nerd means smart.

PERSEPHONE: Do you give it, Cecil?

WREN: Yeah, I'll help.

CARO: With the help action, I have an 18.

PERSEPHONE: So you and Cecil pour over the book, looking at it, and Cecil sorta starts pointing things out. And you come across the symbol that you were looking at before, which is indeed the sigil of Varnum, both the school and the hero. You learn a few things that you recall from school but had completely forgotten, particularly that the names of the 10 heroes were: Isidiah Varnum, the greatest hero of the group and their leader. There was Cariman Hostef, a Dwarven Paladin from the north. There was Lizabeth Harkin, who was an arcane scientist and magical researcher, who is known for having lost her natural sorceress abilities and regaining them through the use of her alchemical abilities. There's Eris Bladesworn, who's the most mysterious of Isidiah's companions and the one that people know the least about. You learn that the author has formed a few theories about who she may have been or may not have been, but most of it's just supposition. You also see that there is a mention of Elias and Hecate Lothmorin, who both founded Lothmorin School of Enchantment and Magic. And they were half-elven twins from Ma' Herisham, who relocated and were the first to join up with Isidiah Varnum, when he was forming his group together, before the war with The Fell, which I'll get to after. Learning that the remaining companions are Oriana Soretooth, a dragonborn general from Eras, who founded Carthwright; there's Lizabeth Harkin, who was a founder of Havisham, who regained her powers as I said before; then there was James Callum, the founder of the Conservatory and a famous bard, and Cariman Hostef, who was a dwarf from the north. You also learn about the final companion, who was known as Lightbringer, who is said to have joined with Isidiah in the last part of his journey, and then fell in the war itself.

CARO: As we're kind of paging through these things, and Cecil is helping me, I'm like,

*[INVESTIGATIONS, Kevin MacLeod]*

OLLIE: Has...has, uh, has Hudson always been this rich?

CECIL: I mean, yes, I...

WREN: Cecil will not look at Ollie after Ollie asks this and just continue to kind of like continue to kind of point at words that look important on this page.

CECIL: Well, yes. I sort of forgot. It's weird, right?

OLLIE: It's really weird.

CECIL: I'm kind of worried about Sarah.

OLLIE: ...You mean Suri? Her name is Surississah.

CECIL: Have I been saying it wrong this whole time?

OLLIE: Yeah. Yeah, I think you have.

CECIL: Should I go...Should I go check?

OLLIE: Check on what?

CECIL: Suri?

OLLIE: On Surississah? I dunno, mate, she's getting changed. I don't know if that's a good time.

CECIL: I didn't-I didn't-I didn't-I didn't mean it that way! I-I-I...I-I just meant because, yeah, no, I...that's not--not what I meant at all.

HUDSON: Hey, what are we whispering about?

[*BUMMIN ON TREMOLO, Kevin MacLeod*]

OLLIE: Uh, books.

PERSEPHONE: Has Hudson just been watching them this entire time?

ELISE: Kind of? Like, he's in the room. He was trying to be polite, but I think he was just like,

HUDSON: Sh-should I be whispering, too?

OLLIE: Yeah. It's whispering time.

HUDSON: Oh, okay. Uh.

DOUGIE: Should I also be whispering?

PERSEPHONE: You see that Dougie has come back, holding two trays; one with drinks and assortment of different types of water and juice. And the other one has a vegetable plate, an assortment of charcuterie, and a few other things that he lays on the coffee table in front of you.

HUDSON: Oh, thanks, Dougie. That's really nice of you. We're reading!

DOUGIE: D-Do you always whisper when you're reading?

HUDSON: I don't know.

DOUGIE: Is that something the youth do now?

HUDSON: I don't read a lot, so...

DOUGIE: I wish you luck in your game. I will be only in the kitchen if you need me.

HUDSON: Thanks, Dougie. You're the best, man.

DOUGIE: Of course, sir.

CECIL: Thank--thank you so much. For the--for the water. We, uh--thank you.

DOUGIE: You're welcome.

OLLIE: [*mumbling, mouth full.*]

CECIL: We can definitely get drin-drinks ourselves if we need to.

DOUGIE: Oh no no no no. Please, it's perfectly fine.

CARO: Ollie has already stuffed his mouth and can't even say thank you as Dougie leaves.

PERSEPHONE: There's also a bowl of candy; assorted candy that looks very expensive in there. And Dougie walks off. After bowing, of course.

HUDSON: Okay. Wait a minute. Does this book talk about any of these people's favorite colors?

OLLIE: Uhh, we haven't got to that part yet. Ah...

HUDSON: Oh, okay. Cause I--I feel like the color thing is, like, kind of important? You know?

OLLIE: Yeah, it seems like it's important. And it seemed like there was like, uh, some kind of like...err, that-that voice that was talking to us. It was talking about, like...like sort of computer things, right?

HUDSON: Yeah, like a broken computer!

OLLIE: Yeah, it's really strange, right?

HUDSON: It just kept saying, like, words?

OLLIE: I mean, was--I don't really know much about how the technologies developed in, uh, this part of the world, but would they have had that kind of tech back then?

HUDSON: I don't know anything about tech today. I don't know that I can help you with tech from like...then.

OLLIE: I guess I'm asking Cecil an-and not you. Cecil, do you know anything about...?

CECIL: I...honestly really don't know anything about tech, either. I...I mean, I know a lot about theoretical, science-fiction kind of tech. But like, but I don't know how my phone works. It just does.

OLLIE: Oh.

PERSEPHONE: From upstairs, you hear

TYPHESEA: Oh, don't worry about the pain darling. It'll go away shortly.

SURI: [*yodel of pain*]

CECIL: ...Ohhh.

BRIAN: Just breathe!

SURI: [*another yelp*]

ELISE: *The Princess Diaries* is just happening upstairs right now.

CARO: Are we about to have a moment? Are we about to have a "Suri descends the Staircase" like a teen movie?

WREN: What's that song? What's that song from *She's All That*? I feel like it was The Cardigans or something?

ELISE: [*singing "Kiss Me"*] Kiss me...out of the bearded barley

WREN: That one!

ELISE: [*still singing*] Nightly...

CAST: [*laughter*]

PERSEPHONE: Don't get us copyright striked. So I'm going to say that you three are in the room looking through this book and also arguing amongst yourselves for like two or three hours.

It's now about six o'clock. The sounds from above you have only gotten periodically quiet and then louder again as more things have been visited upon Suri that she was not prepared for.

OLLIE: How long does it take to get ready for a party?

HUDSON: Well, like, if my mom's doing a PR event? It'll take, like, all day.

OLLIE: *What?*

HUDSON: Yeah. Because--

OLLIE: What is your life? How do you live this way? You have no idea what the world is like outside of here do you?!

HUDSON: I mean--

OLLIE: You poor, sheltered little animal! Gah!

HUDSON: Is Ollie okay?

OLLIE: I'm not okay.

HUDSON: Is he having a stroke?

CARO: And he eats more candy.

TYPHESEA: Don't worry about it, Surississah. The aloe will help with the burn, promise.

SURI: [*another drawn-out wail*]

CECIL: That's it.

WREN: And Cecil gets up and goes upstairs.

PERSEPHONE: So Cecil storms up and out of the room, clearly worried for Surississah's well being and goes upstairs. You very quickly find the room that they're in because, one; the sounds from coming from it are more and more worrying. And also because it's the only room that has circular doors that say, in gold font across the front, 'Dressing Room,' with a star and Typhesea's name in front of it.

WREN: So Cecil stops in front of this door, and they kinda grit their teeth, sigh again, and knock. [*knocking*]

TYPHESEA: Oh, who's there?

BRIAN: We're--we're kind of busy in here.

CECIL: I-I--Hi, it's Cecil I just wanted to-to check on S... Well, well, I just wanted to check on Suri. Everyone has clothes--clothes on?

TYPHESEA: Yes, we're fully clothed.

CECIL: All right.

SURI: [*pathetic noise*]

TYPHESEA: Suri, you have clothes on darling. Do you feel like you're naked?

SURI: I-I mean, a little bit? Ah. This is...short.

CECIL: I won't come in if you don't want me to!

SURI: It's--no. It's-it's Cecil, you can come in. It's okay. I mean, like. Salient bits are covered. I'm just. A little. [*clears throat*] Not my sty--this isn't how I--come in. It's okay. You can tell me what you think.

WREN: Cecil comes in, but is covering their eyes. Kind of just like looking down at the floor.

CECIL: I just wanted to--there was some--there were s-some sounds of distress. Maybe? We thought?

PERSEPHONE: So you walk in. And you're looking down at the ground, covering your eyes. But you managed to see that the layout in here has changed. When you were much younger. There was pink shag carpeting; it's now white. And you sort of start peeking up a bit and you see rows and rows of clothes, and then a central circular vanity that looks like it can spin to different sections depending on what is necessary. You also see display cases reaching about 30 feet back that are filled with shoes that probably cost more than your house. And when you finally sort of peek out fully from under your hands, you see that Typhesea and Brian, the makeup artist, who is a water genasi with swirling hair that goes from pink to blue to green to purple, and is in a cascading wave to the side, very highly-styled. And they both turn and look at you over their shoulders. Typhesea is wearing a smile; Brian just looks like he's curious who you are.

TYPHESEA: Oh, honey, are you here to see the transformation?

CECIL: Only if Suri is alright with that.

SURI: Uh, er, yeah. I-it's okay. I'm no longer in the shoes that I, uh, thought I was gonna die in? So...

TYPHESEA: Oh honey, they were only six inches.

SURI: Uh-huh!

TYPHESEA: That's like the base of what I own.

SURI: ...yeah.

TYPHESEA: You have such wonderful thighs and you're--

SURI: [*squeaks*]

TYPHESEA: Oh, I'm getting carried away again. Forgive me. I swear. Perfect figures are wasted on the self-conscious. Why don't you show your friend what you look like? Then take a look in the mirror, sweetie. You're gorgeous!

BRIAN: This is the most incredible transformation I've ever done. This is--thank you for bringing--I-i feel inspired to do--Are you looking for any modeling work, darling?

SURI: [*verbal flailing*] Um! I don't...

WREN: I feel like both Cecil and Suri squeak at that.

SURI: I...gah...

WREN: So so Cecil sort of starts peeking between their fingers.

TYPHESEA: Oh, don't put any pressure on the girl, Brian. She can barely handle her shoes.

PERSEPHONE: So they move away from you. And you, Surississah, are sitting in a plush velvet chair. Please describe what has happened to you.

[*ANGEL SHARE, Kevin MacLeod*]

NUANCE: Surississah is no longer wearing her hair in two long braids. It is not down, because if it were just down it would be a truly ridiculous length. It has been pulled up to the top of her hair in kind of a tall top knot and then left to stream down over her shoulders and down her back. The bottom has been curled. As for a dress? She is in a dress; it is even probably

conservative on the scale of Typhesea? It goes down to... It is a deep green bodycon dress that goes down to almost to her knee, with a very deep-cut square collar that shows off far more bosom than Suri ever has in her entire life since she's grown them in, like, seventh grade. With gold strappy sandals on, that have a slight heel but were not the six-inch tall heels that one of the screams had been from when she was walking and fell. She's also wearing an impressive amount of undergarments, which she had not come in with. But Typhesea's like--

WREN: Saucy!

NUANCE: Typhesea's just like, "Oh, I haven't even worn these yet!" Like, they all still have tags on them and she's just like, "Here darling, you need good foundation support," and Suri's just like, "Umm?" Suri also does not understand how Typhesea lives, and Suri, you know, her family's doing well for themselves. But yes, so when Suri is not dressed like somebody hung a sheet over her and painted it drab; as Typhesea mentioned, she actually has quite a figure with very, very long legs. And her expression is still classic Suri, though. It was really hard for them to get a good color foundation for the makeup because they had to get her to stop blushing first. And that took some time. Very, very dark smokey eyes though. And bright red lips.

SURI: Uh Do I? Look. Okay?

CECIL: Y-yes, you-you look. I-I-I'm not the right person to--are you comfortable?

TYPHESEA: Oh honey, you look divine. Come look at yourself.

PERSEPHONE: Typhesea takes your hand and pulls you up out of the chair and puts you in front of one of the many mirrors in the room.

TYPHESEA: Just look at this!

PERSEPHONE: She gestures; she doesn't touch you, but she gestures to the curve of your waist and the length of your leg.

TYPHESEA: Honestly, it's a travesty to cover this up! If I had a figure like this at your age, I could have ruled the world. Or at least a small country.

SURI: Y-you're beautiful. You're just so beautiful.

TYPHESEA: Oh, honey. Thank you. But look at you. Look at yourself. You look amazing. Brian, what do you think?

PERSEPHONE: And you see Brian walks over.

BRIAN: You have a perfect face for makeup.

SURI: Oh, th-thank--thank you. I-I-I mean--I can--I could imagine--this is--I've never even--my mom has never--this is just--and I love the way you kind of...I don't normally like the way that my scales look cause they...You've made them look really pretty and shiny and I appreciate that. Thank you very much.

BRIAN: Well, of course I did. Yuan-ti coloration - well, for *some* - may be a challenge to match, but every makeup artist should know how to work with skin other than their own. So you were an absolute delight. Despite the crying. That was a little difficult. But I'm sure you'll adjust.

SURI: And I'm sorry for the three--four? Four? Five. I'm sorry for the five times that I ruined the eye makeup because this looks very good and I didn't--and the time that I sort of--I accidentally--with-with the mascara brush. Umm, thank you. Sorry.

ELISE: Hudson has been texting you. The last like couple of minutes.

PERSEPHONE: What have you been texting?

ELISE: It's in the chat.

PERSEPHONE: No.

ELISE: Want me to say it out loud?

PERSEPHONE: You have to say it out loud because we are a podcast.

ELISE: Well i didn't know if you wanted it in the podcast or not.

CAST: *[laughter]*

PERSEPHONE: If you mention it, it has to be in the podcast.

ELISE; All right. Hudson has been texting Suri the last like couple of minutes or so it says,

HUDSON: Yo, Suri. Come down the stairs.

ELISE: Pause.

HUDSON: Make a grand entrance, bro! Suri! Suri! Suri!

ELISE: And then clap emoji. Fireworks emoji. Eyeglasses emoji.

TYPHESEA: Suri. I am about to impart some knowledge upon you. Knowledge that has been a deeply-kept secret for a long, long time. I am going to teach you something that not even my son knows.

*[THE DESCENT, Kevin MacLeod]*

TYPHESEA: Something that not even the most powerful sorcerers know the true power of. I, Typhesea Eilauver, am gonna teach you the secret...

...of how...

...to make...

...an Entrance!

SURI: Oh...okay?

PERSEPHONE: And that's all we're gonna do today. Sorry about it!

ELISE: Better be the fucking bend and snap.

NUANCE: This is the secret to make everyone stare at you. Suri's like, I do not want this secret. This is the last secret I should ever be informed of.

*[THE DESCENT, Kevin MacLeod]*

PERSEPHONE: This has been Fast Times at D&D High. I'm Persephone, you can find me @Persephiroth everywhere online.

CARO: Hi, I'm Caro, and you can find me on all the things @Car0mur, spelled with a zero.

NUANCE: I'm Nuance and you can follow me @shadowravyn, -ravyn, on Twitter and booksomewench on Twitch. Check out Dun-gyms and Dratinis, my Pokemon homebrew.

WREN: I'm Wren, and I live on twitter @AtomicFirebird. I'm also at make\_believe\_ on Twitch where I run indie system one-shots and do weekly interview show.

ELISE: I'm Elise, several sentient otters, and I'm not on the internet. Don't @-me.

PERSEPHONE: You can also find all of us on Twitter @FastTimesDND. That's Fast Times D, the letter N, D. If you want to support us, please visit us at [patreon.com/FastTimesDND](https://patreon.com/FastTimesDND). Again, Fast Times D, the letter N, D.

NUANCE: If you want to know more about the world, the players, or the characters, check us out at [fasttimesdnd.com](http://fasttimesdnd.com). In case you didn't get it last time, that's Fast Times D, the letter N, D dot com.

CARO: Written transcripts of our episodes are provided by Nuance Vivian.

WREN: Fast Times at D&D High is an ArcanaCast Production, copyright 2020, all rights reserved. Our editor is Derrick B. Perry, our theme song was produced by Derrick B Perry and Ashley Abbott. Their background music is courtesy of Kevin MacLeod, licensed under Creative Commons. Find individual track listings in our show notes

ELISE: And that's all of the things. Still don't @-me.

PERSEPHONE: That's all folks. Tune in next time to hear the story. And also, you can totally at Elise. Like we keep saying this, like, totally @-her. It's like @Otter\_nonsense\_ on Twitter.

CARO: Otter\_nonsense\_

PERSEPHONE: Yeah, go bug her.

CARO: She's super hot.

PERSEPHONE: Okay. Okay. We're all super hot. You're just dating Elise.

CARO: Elise is my partner.

PERSEPHONE: They're lovers.

CARO: I win.

PERSEPHONE: *[fake kissy noises]*

CARO: Ah, mockery, the highest form of humor.

WREN: WE'RE DONE WE'RE DONE WE'RE DONE WE'RE DONE!

PERSEPHONE: We're totally using that. That was really cute.

CARO: *[mockingly]* Oooh, look at me! I love Elise, oooh!

PERSEPHONE: It's all going in. Okay, so some customized intros are fun.