



GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER

EPISODE 304

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Written by

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The Roleplayers

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Based on CHALDEA by

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22 BEATRICE (V.O.)
I am inconsolable. 22

23 ARCHIBALD
 Her lost beau is a side quest for
 another time. The primary quest
 however, highly successful. 23

Cass whips out the SHOVEL OF THE DEAD, a proud owner anxious
 to share his new plaything.

Tenacious recoils from the close proximity, like a vampire
 from a glorious sunrise.

24 TENACIOUS
 Wait. Wait. Whoa! WHOA! Don't
 bring that... 24

(Circle of Protection hand
 gesture)
 25 Keep that thing away from me. 25

26 BAHATI
 What's wrong? 26

27 TENACIOUS
 It's cursed. 27

28 CASS
 Huh? 28

Cass DROPS IT like a hot potato.

29 TENACIOUS
 No. Not you. You're already dead. 29

30 SAOIRSE
 It might be pious and commune with
 the ground, but as magical items go
 it ain't that special. 30

31 TENACIOUS
 It's a Ma'at Shovel of the Dead.
 The curse only affects the living.
 Why do you think I sent you to
 retrieve it? 31

32 CASS
 Couldn't've mention that earlier? 32

33 TENACIOUS
 It should lead you to Brân's skull. 33

58 ARCHIBALD 58
 Fine. Fine. Fine. Yeah. Okay.
 So, what do we do?

 CASS
 (giggles like a boy
 pulling wings off a fly)
 59 You're going to mutilate yourself. 59
 Devilish and diabolical.

Archibald irritably pushes Cass away from him.

60 ARCHIBALD 60
 Will it hurt?

Saoirse stomps hard on Archibald's foot.

61 ARCHIBALD (CONT'D) 61
 Ouch!

62 SAOIRSE 62
 It's gonna hurt.

63 TENACIOUS 63
 I could try to ease the pain with a
 spell, but once your stump is
 attached to the shovel there is no
 telling how you'll feel.

64 ARCHIBALD 64
 Stump?

Archibald attempts to flee the situation.

65 SAOIRSE 65
 Get back here, stumpy. I'll cut
 it.

Bahati turns him around and pushes.

66 ARCHIBALD 66
 It's gonna hurt.

The friends loving and tenderly escort Archibald to a
 Tombstone, helping him stretch out... THE SACRIFICIAL HAND.

67 SAOIRSE 67
 Hold him still now, I'd hate to
 miss and take too much of the arm.

68 ARCHIBALD 68
 Mommy.

Reluctantly, with aid from his friends he slowly extends...

78 TENACIOUS 78
The fabric between parallel and
adjacent worlds is thin here.

79 ARCHIBALD 79
The voices. They... they're
everywhere, calling to me.

80 SAOIRSE 80
This is freaky.

Saoirse and Bahati hug for support.

81 TENACIOUS 81
Quickly now, you must enter the
Necropolis. The voices will guide
you.

82 BAHATI 82
Hold on. Can't we relax for a
moment? We've been going nonstop
since stepping out of the grave.

83 SAOIRSE 83
Yeah. Fighting that mummy, plumb
tuckered me out.

84 TENACIOUS 84
No. Time is paramount. I can heal
you, even restore your life--
(stops, thinks)

85 Wait. You fought a mummy? 85

86 SAOIRSE 86
Ah-huh.

87 CASS 87
*'Deep within the pyramid brig, a
tomb under Gravers Dig.'*

88 BEATRICE (V.O.) 88
*Cass mon garçon, you're my prize
pupil.*

89 SAOIRSE 89
Where did you think we got the
bloody shovel?

Tenacious fights off internal intrigue and urge to know more.

90 TENACIOUS 90
These voices. From the dead, may
affect his sanity.

(MORE)

TENACIOUS (CONT'D)

While I can restore his body I
can't vouch for his mind. You
really should hurry.

Everyone turns to Archibald who is kneeling, talking to an
invisible friend.

ARCHIBALD

91 I don't know where your dog is. 91

Saoirse and Bahati gather Archibald by the arms.

SAOIRSE

92 We're going now. 92

BAHATI

93 Come with us, Archibald. 93

CASS

(to Tenacious)

94 We might be dead, but we still have 94
feelings. Shameful.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. DBU WOLD NECROPOLIS - DAY

A suffocating dense supernatural fog hangs over the
landscape. The tombstones residents dance like phantoms.

The Nearly Departed slog slowly into view.

BAHATI

95 How you feeling Archie? Still 95
hearing voices?

Bahati gives Saoirse a playful wink.

ARCHIBALD

96 Stop calling me that. 96

SAOIRSE

97 He's fine. 97

CASS

98 My auntie Roza, she was a spirit 98
medium in the old country. All
them dead living rent free in her
bone noggin took a toll. In the
end she was batshit crazy--my uncle
put her down. Sad day.

99 BAHATI Is batshit really crazy? 99

100 CASS Can be, depends upon what kind of guano dust you snort. Marn Microbat...
(kisses fingers with gusto)

101 Mucho madness. 101

Archibald stops, bracing himself from a DIZZY SPELL.

Saoirse and Bahati steady their friend.

102 ARCHIBALD The ghost voices are much louder. 102
And more of 'em. A lot more.

103 SAOIRSE Can you ignore them? 103

104 ARCHIBALD Aye, not too difficult. Its like 104
being in a crowded city. Din of
people talking all at once.

105 BAHATI Let's hurry, I don't like this. 105

THE URNFIELD - A WHILE LATER

The Nearly Departed find themselves amongst the oldest tombs yet, time worn nubs yellowed with age.

They stop to take in the pockmarked ruined cemetery.

106 CASS This is some pre-Claw Hammer War 106
shit.

Archibald stumbles, grabs his head doubling over in pain.

107 ARCHIBALD It's like a million voices are 107
crying out in terror.

CLOSE ON ARCHIBALD, eyes widening in horror.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIBALD'S MENTAL FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Archibald stands alone in a cavernous black void.

Everywhere otherworldly WHISPERING VOICES chatter madly, desperate for his attention.

SOMETHING ominous startles him, he spins, searching. Whatever IT IS, it's just beyond his periphery.

ALL THE VOICES suddenly RETREAT, scared into silence by--

	BRÂN (O.S.)	
108	Who are you, wanderer?	108

THE VOICE, strong and commanding has a distinct old-world Gaelige flavor.

Archibald chews his lip, thinking.

	ARCHIBALD	
109	Do I have the honor of addressing Brenhinol Brân, the high king of Mag Mell?	109

	BRÂN (O.S.)	
110	You know me?	110

	ARCHIBALD	
111	Aye! I'm employed by your mother, Orddu Fab.	111

	BRÂN (O.S.)	
112	<u>COME TO ME!</u>	112

IN THE REAL WORLD

Cass waves his hand in front of a blank faced Archibald.

	CASS	
113	I don't think he's home.	113

Archibald suddenly blinks, then takes in the anxious faces.

	ARCHIBALD	
114	What?	114

	CASS	
115	You were mind-tripping there, partner. Dancing in the poppies.	115

	BAHATI	
116	You okay?	116

129	<p style="text-align: center;">BRÂN (V.O.)</p> <p>Find me, NOW!</p>	129
130	<p style="text-align: center;">ARCHIBALD</p> <p>(pained clenched teeth)</p> <p>Aye. The nagging bad company in my head is quite insistent.</p>	130
131	<p style="text-align: center;">BEATRICE (V.O.)</p> <p><i>Fish and company stink in three days.</i></p>	131
132	<p style="text-align: center;">SAOIRSE</p> <p>That's ironic coming from you.</p> <p>Cass chokes back a wave of nausea and urge to vomit.</p>	132
133	<p style="text-align: center;">CASS</p> <p>I reckon we finally located the ass end of the world.</p> <p>Bahati points.</p>	133
134	<p style="text-align: center;">BAHATI</p> <p>I see a path in. Let's go.</p> <p>They move.</p>	134
135	<p style="text-align: center;">BEATRICE (V.O.)</p> <p><i>Abandon hope all ye who enter here.</i></p>	135
	<p>EXT. THE FULEPET - CRATER FLOOR - A WHILE LATER</p> <p>A thick gangrenous green fog sits in the bottom of the pit like sludge in an outhouse, obscuring up, down and the edges.</p>	
136	<p style="text-align: center;">BAHATI</p> <p>The end of the road. What now?</p> <p>They mill around searching, like zombies locked in a pit.</p>	136
137	<p style="text-align: center;">SAOIRSE</p> <p>Time to put that shovel to work?</p>	137
138	<p style="text-align: center;">CASS</p> <p>Cass' first Law of Holes: When you find yourself in a hole, keep digging.</p>	138
139	<p style="text-align: center;">BEATRICE (V.O.)</p> <p><i>Nor would a wise man, seeing that he was in a hole, go to work and blindly dig it deeper.</i></p>	139

140 BRÂN (V.O.)
 Find me! Use my name. 140

141 ARCHIBALD
 And yet, that's exactly what we're 141
 gonna do. Time to exhume, Brân.

The warlock SLAMS THE SHOVEL INTO THE GROUND.

DIRT EXPLODES!

The other three fall back, staggered by the shockwave.

142 SAOIRSE
 Who is wielding who? 142

Indeed. It's impossible to tell which is the tool and which is the operator.

Archibald is being flung around like a hapless ragdoll pulled by the energetic shovel going down, DOWN, and D-O-W-N!

Dirt ROOSTER TAILS fly high into the air and before the debris hits the ground it FADES INTO OBLIVION.

CLANG! A massive metal on metal series of clangs ring out.

143 ARCHIBALD
 Paydirt! 143

Everyone gathers around, peering down at--

A large CIRCULAR METAL DOOR deep in the ground.

Archibald *Tap, Tap, Taps*, the shovel on the door.

144 ARCHIBALD (CONT'D)
 Anyone home? 144

145 BRÂN (V.O.)
 I'm here! 145

146 SAOIRSE
 Pry it open. 146

Archibald slams the shovel with a tremendous crack into the edge of the door--

BREAKING IT FREE to hinge open.

A RUSH OF STALE air buffets Archibald as it escapes the tunnels below.

ANGLE DOWN - CIRCULAR STAIRWELL

147 SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
 Let me guess, we have to go down? 147

148 ARCHIBALD
 The other option is to return to 148
 Orddu Fab's zombie military corp.

INT. CIRCULAR STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Cass' PRESTIDIGITATION on Beatrice gives off warm light

Saoirse leads the way down, holding up Beatrice

149 BEATRICE (V.O.)
 While I am in the world, I am the 149
 light of the world.

150 BAHATI
 Thank you, Beatrice. 150

The stairwell widens with each revolution. Wider and wider
still, increasing in width, mass, and weight.

And everywhere there is darkness. The light of the world,
illuminating ONLY the four explorers.

One-hundred stairs turns to two-hundred, then three... five-
hundred and six.

Finally, they hit the last rung opening into--

A vast cavernous stone void.

151 CASS
 666 stairs. Huh. That's not odd, 151
 is it?

152 BAHATI
 Odd is counting stairs. 152

153 BRÂN (V.O.)
 Come. Come. Come to me. 153

Archibald points the shovel.

154 ARCHIBALD
 Brân this way comes. 154

The Nearly Departed walk in silence for a time. The weight
of the world above suppresses sound. Not even the rough
scrap of boot on stone can be heard.

AN HOUR LATER, possibly hours, maybe a day, longer?

They approach a black WROUGHT IRON FENCE, and above that--

An antique ORNATE ARCHED GATE, a portal leading to--

A VICTORIAN MANSION, surrounded by rich succulent gardens vibrant with trees, topiary, flower beds and water features.

CLOSE ON CASS, quite overtaken by emotion. The beauty and elegance of the home and garden is almost beyond words overwhelming our ladle wielding bard. With passion and emotion, his lips burst out in praise, SINGING:

There's a pit.

There's a hole in the bottom of the pit.

There's a stairs in the hole in the bottom of the pit.

There's a cave in the stairs in the hole in the bottom of the pit.

There's a mansion in the cave in the stairs in the hole in the bottom of the pit.

155	ARCHIBALD (CONT'D)	
	And what's inside the mansion?	155

Bahati cranes to read an inscription on the gate.

	BAHATI	
156	What does that say?	156
	(sounding it out)	
157	Vrykolakas Manor?	157

EXT. VRYKOLAKAS MANOR - FRONT DOOR - LATER

The troop approach the front door of a truly magnificent and professionally well-maintained opulent palace.

Archibald pulls up sharp, having not noticed--

A MAN standing silent as a ghost at the front door.

The House Butler by the looks of his professional, impeccable pressed livery.

	RADARNO	
	(nods respectfully)	
158	Greetings, travelers.	158

	CASS	
159	Good day.	159

	RADARNO	
160	I am Radarno, I am the great house, butler. The master is expecting you.	160

The doors behind him open automatically. He wheels and enters.

SAOIRSE

161 Any bets the master's missing 161
 parts? Maybe all of 'em except the
 head.

Cass steps back to allow the others to go first. Saoirse steps back to allow Bahati who steps back to allow Archibald.

ARCHIBALD

162 Sighs! I'll go. 162

INSIDE VRYKOLAKAS MANOR - CONTINUOUS

The exterior is merely hum-drum compared to the kingly opulence inside.

The Butler leads the troop through the lobby, down marble halls, past galleries, rooms big and bigger, past formal stairs leading up and less so leading down and finally--

INT. THE FELLOWSHIP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RADARNO

163 The Fellowship Room 163

The friends file into a friendly dining room, comfortable with a congenial homey quality relaxing the visitors.

RADARNO (CONT'D)

164 Please, take a seat. The lord of 164
 the manor will be with you
 presently.

The table is dressed elegantly with place settings for four. Each take a seat.

RADARNO (CONT'D)

165 May I bring you a refreshment? 165

SAOIRSE

166 Who is the master of the house? 166

RADARNO

167 In time, all questions will be 167
 answered.

168 SAOIRSE 168
We're curious to know if your
master has a body? Or maybe he's
just a talking head?

169 RADARNO 169
The master is of sound mind and
body, milady.

Cass raises his ladle.

170 CASS 170
Wine, whatever you got.

INSTANTLY, Radarno hovers near Cass holding a WINE GOBLET.

171 BAHATI 171
Tea, please.

INSTANTLY, Radarno hovers near Bahati holding a TEA CUP.

172 RADARNO 172
Oolong, milady. From Pan Erindi
Isles.

173 BAHATI 173
Oolong to you.

INSTANTLY, Radarno hovers near Saoirse.

174 RADARNO 174
What may I bring you, milady?

175 SAOIRSE 175
You have health potions in stock?

INSTANTLY, Radarno holds out a glass.

176 SAOIRSE (CONT'D) 176
What's this?

177 RADARNO 177
Health Potion, milady. Cranberry,
vodka, pomegranate, grenadine, and
a twist of lotus.

Astonished, Saoirse takes the glass and sips.

178 ARCHIBALD 178
Is there a name and honorific we
may use to address your master?

INSTANTLY, Radarno stands at the head of the table.

RADARNO

179 The master is here. 179

He steps aside, revealing--

VRYKOLAKAS (human, male, young), appealing in every regard.

The Nearly Departed, (both men and women), lean close, drawn in by the man's tantalizing allure.

VRYKOLAKAS

180 Good evening. 180

His sultry voice sings hypnotic and enticing, commanding, yet pleasant. He laughs gaily when he speaks.

VRYKOLAKAS (CONT'D)

181 I am Count Vrykolakas. Welcome to 181
Vrykolakas Manor, my home and
castle.

SAOIRSE

182 Fine place you have here. 182

ARCHIBALD

183 Indeed. It's a pleasure. 183

CASS
(sotto singing)

184 There's a vampire *in a mansion in* 184
the cave in the stairs in the hole
in the bottom of the pit.

BAHATI

185 I'm quite undone by all the fine 185
cutlery. Impressive.

VRYKOLAKAS

186 Shall we put them to use? Yes? 186

Cass twirls his ladle.

CASS

187 You don't mind if I use my own? 187

Vrykolakas nods.

VRYKOLAKAS

188 My home is your own. A refuge from 188
the outer world.

189 BEATRICE (V.O.) 189
*A home is not merely a building but
 requires inhabitants and a friendly
 atmosphere.*

190 VRYKOLAKAS 190
 Hear, hear! Get the lady a drink.

INSTANTLY, Radarno hovers near Saoirse holding a WINE GOBLET.
 Saoirse slowly takes the goblet, unsure--

191 VRYKOLAKAS (CONT'D) 191
 All creatures great and small may
 relax and enjoy the fruits of my
 domain.

Saoirse dips the tip of Beatrice into the goblet, who
 immediately erupts in orgasmic SQUEALS OF DELIGHT.

192 BEATRICE (V.O.) 192
*Sweet, soft, tender and smooth.
 Bless me, but this vintage has been
 lost for centuries.*

The COUNT LAUGHS gaily.

193 VRYKOLAKAS 193
 Radarno, I'll have [my unusual].

He swivels and--

INSTANTLY, Radarno holds out a WINE GOBLET, anticipating all
 that his master requires.

194 RADARNO 194
 Your usual, master.

Count Vrykolakas holds up his goblet in toast.

195 VRYKOLAKAS 195
 To your health.

When he smiles, SHARP PEARLY WHITES sparkle.

Everyone SLOWWLY drink, (OR fake drinking) as hairs on their
 neck stand erect.

196 VRYKOLAKAS (CONT'D) 196
 Enough pomp, eh? You must be
 famished after such a tremendous
 dig.

(MORE)

VRYKOLAKAS (CONT'D)
 (he turns, snapping
 fingers)

197 Radarno, [please serve our guests]. 197

INSTANTLY, Radarno steps forward with food trays.

198 RADARNO
 Dinner is served. 198

Vrykolakas sits. He takes his napkin and with an outrageous foppish flourish shakes it open and then delicately dabs the corners of his mouth before placing it on his lap.

Radarno moves like the wind, EVERYWHERE AT ONCE, delivering SOUP, but--

NO ONE IS PARTAKING.

199 VRYKOLAKAS
 (raises glass)
 Kali orexi. Good appetite. 199

Beat. Awkward silence. Beat.

Archibald breaks the silence, dropping the shovel on the table loudly.

200 ARCHIBALD
 Pardon my lord, it's a war wound. 200

201 VRYKOLAKAS
 Savage. 201

The Count inspects the spade closely, licking his finger and rubbing away grit; intrigued as an archaeologist finding the rarest of gems.

202 VRYKOLAKAS (CONT'D)
 My compliments to the surgeon. 202

Across the table, Cass is busy masticating merrily on a massive chunk of cheese.

203 CASS
 This is the most exquisite cheese I dare say, I've ever had. You must tell me where your monger gets it. 203

204 VRYKOLAKAS
 Tannaluvian Imports. 204

The count reclines sprawled, laughing, holding up his goblet.

VRYKOLAKAS (CONT'D)

205 Refill [Radarno]. 205

INSTANTLY, Radarno looms, refills the goblet with thick red juicy liquid.

EVERYONE STARES UNMOVING.

VRYKOLAKAS (CONT'D)

206 Why is no one else eating! My 206
 table serves only the best delights
 from all over Chaldea and beyond.

Cass continues to enjoy the cheese.

CASS
(mouth full)

207 No lie. This is ffycin great 207
 cheese.

VRYKOLAKAS

208 Lord of gold. Five gold sovereigns 208
 a pound.

Cass chokes.

BEATRICE (V.O.)

209 *Cut me some of that cheese.* 209

Saoirse gives Cass a disapproving glare.

SAOIRSE
(to Vrykolakas)

210 Your man servant said, you were 210
 expecting us.

Vrykolakas casually swivels his gaze to the Celt.

VRYKOLAKAS

211 Aye. True. When you broke the 211
 great seal.

BAHATI

212 Seal? I don't remember... did 212
 anyone [see a seal?]

VRYKOLAKAS

213 The door, my dear lady. When you 213
 opened the door.

BEATRICE (V.O.)

214 'And I saw and behold a white 214
 horse: and he that sat on him had a
 bow;

(MORE)

BEATRICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*and a crown was given unto him: and
 he went forth conquering, and to
 conquer.'*

215 BAHATI That sounds really bad? 215

216 VRYKOLAKAS Oh no, quite on the contrary. 216

He snaps his fingers and Radarno once again, fills his goblet.

217 VRYKOLAKAS (CONT'D) I owe you a debt of gratitude. 217
 This feast is the least I can do,
 even though you insult me by not
 partaking of it.

Complete and utter *awkward* silence fills the room.

218 SAOIRSE Sir. We mean you no disrespect. 218

Vrykolakas scoffs, a harrowing soul lurching guffaw.

219 VRYKOLAKAS Why of course you do. And how 219
 should I respond to your thievery?

220 BAHATI Cass, put the spoon back. 220

Cass sheepishly empties his pockets of spoons.

221 VRYKOLAKAS Orddu Fab sent you here for the 221
 skull. Don't think I don't know
 why you're here.

222 SAOIRSE Do you have the skull? 222

The Count stands abruptly.

223 VRYKOLAKAS Of course. Fools! 223

224 (giggles manically) You know the irony. That stupid 224
 witch imprisoned me in this
 oubliette and in so doing, locked
 away the very thing she desired
 most.

Archibald immediately kneels, bowing his head.

	VRYKOLAKAS	
	(heavy sigh)	
233	Alas, banter is all that I have to look forward to these days.	233
	(bored)	
234	What do you want?	234
	ELDER SIGN	
235	What my servant wants.	235
	ARCHIBALD	
236	The skull of Brenhinol Brân.	236
	ELDER SIGN	
237	Hand it over.	237
	VRYKOLAKAS	
238	Piss off. No.	238
	ELDER SIGN	
239	It is blasphemous to succor the essence of a god, even a ruthless one such as Brân. Hand it over and I may yet let you live.	239
<p>The Count slowly takes in the room memorizing faces and names. Plotting revenge and reprisals? Or just adding flavor to the drama unfolding?</p>		
	VRYKOLAKAS	
240	What to do? What to do, huh? Shall we play a game of escalation? I have many friends and just as many favors to call.	240
	ELDER SIGN	
241	As do I. Viskon, you awake?	241
<p>A disembodied young man's voice echoes loudly.</p>		
	VISHKON (O.S.)	
242	Hey Vrykolakas. You still vamping about?	242
	VRYKOLAKAS	
243	Lord, please not Vishkon.	243
	ELDER SIGN	
244	Mirithian, then?	244
	VRYKOLAKAS	
245	Bullshit, Mirithian's dead.	245

