



WHERE IS ARMANDO?
SOMARRIAN HUNT
EPISODE 2

V. 5/10/21

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Based on CHALDEA by
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1 EXT. GRAVERS DIG - MARKET DISTRICT - NIGHT 1

Sun salutes a fond farewell to the warm day, giving Warrior the evening stage.

Shoppers burdened with heavy packages quickly vacate the market district, leaving our heroes alone in the now silent streets.

Aggee verifies everyone is present and accounted for.

AGGEE
We have prepared a special dinner,
in your honor. Come. Follow.

2 EXT. GRAVERS DIG - STREETS - CONTINUOUS 2

Aggee leads the companions through Gravers Dig's darkening streets, shadows grow long as noise withers.

SHADOW VOICE (O.S.)
Torgrum. Is that you?

Torgrum squints, craning his neck skyward to the voice and a torchlit balcony, where he spies--

SERAKKA CLOUDFORGE, aristocrat, princess, heir to Clan Cloudforge, and Torgrum's favorite first cousin.

SERAKKA
Wait right there.

Dare he wait? Torgrum considers running.

MOMENTS LATER

The Inn doors, in front of which he stood burst wide.

SERAKKA (CONT'D)
TORGRUM.

Serakka closes the distance with thunderous footfalls gathering him in a viscous hug.

TORGRUM
Thor's forked beard, girl. Your
looking fine.

Behind her trudge five Dwarven Host Axe Bearers. Bodyguards clad in mithril plate, led by HIGH COMMANDER Z'HURG.

Torgrum groans.

SERAKKA
It's been so long.

TORGRUM
Two decades by my recollection.

SERAKKA
It's high time then, that we had a
drink. Busy?

TORGRUM
Sure. I could use a frothy.

Aggee motions to Jfray, to keep a watchful eye.

CALSIMEER
Don't be too long Torgrum.

Aggee and the others leave Torgrum to his reunion.

3 EXT. MARN MAX KEEP - NIGHT 3

Serakka leads Torgrum to a small STONE KEEP neighboring the
Casino, the oldest structure in Gravers Dig.

More axe bearers stand guard, warding off vagrants and graver
undesirables.

TORGRUM (PRELAP)
Baldur's balls, Serakka. What are
you doing in this shit hole?

4 INT. MARN MAX KEEP - FOYER - NIGHT 4

Guards stamp feet and axe loudly as she enters the foyer.

SERAKKA
On a mission.

TORGRUM
A mission?

She mounts wide sweeping stairs leading to a mezzanine.

5 INT. SOLAR - CONTINUOUS 5

Serakka motions to servants who quickly dart off to bring
pitchers of ale and food delicacies.

Torgrum's eyes float from the vast wealth festooned on
Serakka and about the luxurious surroundings.

TORGRUM

I see you're slumming as usual.

She hands Torgrum a stein of frothy ale.

SERAKKA

It's sad to see how far you've fallen.

TORGRUM

I've nicknamed it freedom. I do what I want, when I want, how I want.

SERAKKA

I'm sad, not only for me. But for the clan. Sad for the strong spirit we lost.

TORGRUM

Shit. Don't be sad on my account. I love my life.

SERAKKA

If you ever wanted to come back...

TORGRUM

If the clan took decisive action, instead of endless talk. By Heimdal's hairy arse, I'd be there swinging sword.

SERAKKA

There might be legal ways, but...
(she tugged on his beard)
You might want to improve this monster a bit.

TORGRUM

My beard?
(feigning outrage)
It's a glorious work of art.

She giggles, patting his silky-smooth bald head.

SERAKKA

Cloudforge owns Gravers Dig. Or what it sits on.

TORGRUM

The land?

SERAKKA

An investment. Buy, lease, land management, that sort of thing.

TORGRUM

Boring.

SERAKKA

We eked out a profit for a while before Emperor Kordaava, before he exiled our tenant, off world.

TORGRUM

Rough negotiator.

SERAKKA

Brighthwyna, the person who runs this place. Know her?
(off confused stare)
She calls herself the Mistress of the Hunt. A Fomorian Celt.

TORGRUM

Sounds like a savage ride.

SERAKKA

Don't be fooled, she's a sower of chaos and destruction. Now that the emperor is dead, she's returned.

TORGRUM

I'm sure you give a shit what she sows.

SERAKKA

Not as long as she pays rent. I'm here to remind her, clan contracts are binding.

Serakka ruminates about Saratof and the politics of the day, especially the momentous times surrounding the emperors death and Drasildar chaos that followed.

Servants bring in dinner and for the next hour or so, Serakka tries to convince Torgrum to return home.

6

INT. GRANADA PALACE - RAHAT'S DREAM CHAMBER

6

RAHAT sits at a table alone, the gray smoky surface covered in FATE CARDS. She twirls her index finger, an elongated claw, twirling the cards in telekinetic circles.

PRODIGAL *flips* and she picks it up, inspecting it close.

Razin drifts quietly in on a smoky dream.

RAZIN

Malika.

Rahat sighs. Dismissing the cards with a wave.

RAHAT

Darn irritating century.

(stands)

I often think, it might be less
stressing, to sleep for an eon.
Wait and see how the next god
treats the place.

RAZIN

Awake or sleep, I serve at your
pleasure, Malika.

RAHAT

Beauty sleep can wait. First, I
need you to go to Somarria. Put a
physical eye on that group I just
sent there.

RAZIN

Trouble?

RAHAT

(shrugs)

They've gone missing.

RAZIN

How? Brighthwyna?

RAHAT

It's Somarria. Who hunts the
hunters? Find them. Right that
ship and get 'em on task.

RAZIN

As you command, Malika.

She SNAPS sending Razin across the world on smoke tendrils.

7

EXT. SHEOL - OHKO'S STONE BRIDGE - NIGHT

7

A black COLUMN OF SMOKE touches down like a tornado on Ohko's
Stone Bridge. The smoke clears revealing Razin.

He glances casually skyward at Warrior before disappearing
into the night.

Aggee escorts the Ballbarian companions to "The Field"; a flat piece of barren earth indiscriminately organized in camp sites with fire pits and minimal essentials.

The Somarrian Hunt attracts all walks of life, not just thrill-seeking gravers, but also trappers, fur traders--

And animals: mules, horses, camels, elephants, dogs. All of which combine to create a pungent barnyard fragrance.

AGGEE

The morning sun sneaks up very quickly. Best we get food and rest.

The Field is a cacophony of revelry and obnoxious behavior. People are eating & drinking, dwarves singing, angry lovers screaming, and two men brawled over a drunken dispute.

CLAW

Rude. Humans. Am I right?

CALSIMEER

I'm beginning to see why you do not like my kind. Honestly, I'm not a big fan of them right now, at the moment, either.

EXT. CAMP BALLBARIANS

Aggee spreads his arms wide and bows graciously.

AGGEE

Dinner is served.

Four young guides scurried forward, to relieve Armando, Claw, Calsimeer and Pansy of their possessions.

AGGEE (CONT'D)

Please enjoy.
(kisses his hands)
Arushan cuisine.

The food arrayed consists of: grilled goat meat, dates, wild rice wrapped in green broad leaf. Each are handed bowls of strange tropical fruit.

The famished companions eagerly accept and sit quietly eating.

Claw observes The Field, quiet is the new loud. Bombastic revelry washes over them as people excessively drink and eat and talk with unpleasant outdoor voices.

PANSY

(to Aggee)

We should save food for Torgrum.

Armando digs into Torgum's fruit bowl.

ARMANDO

The food eaten first, lasts the longest in Armando.

A couple of streakers run through the middle of camp putting an exclamation point to the meal.

CLAW

Wonderful.

(removes bedroll)

The Field is cheaper and more adventurous.

Calsimeer joins Claw.

CALSIMEER

I think I will rough it as well.
Get acclimated to what we'll probably be experiencing.

ARMANDO

And we will certainly not miss the dawn.

CALSIMEER

Pansy?

PANSY

Yes, I will join you.

Aggee directs the other guides as they clean up the dinner.

AGGEE

Then its settled, you stay here tonight. The field is cheap and festive.

Exhausted and bellies full, the Ballbarians bed down for the night and reap much needed sleep. Or at least that was the plan.

ON NEIGHBORING CAMP -- Two dwarves, (fraternal twins, male and female), lounge lazily by the fire, drink and serenade the campers.

RHODNEE / RHONDDA
 A lonely dwarf ain't too lonely
 with a beer stein in his care.

The barmaids come to fill it up,
 when he raises it in the air.

We're generous with gratuities,
 ("Yet stingy with the gold!")

Us dwarves we don't feel lonely, or
 so the story's told.

TWO HOURS LATER

The Field is quieter, only marginally so.

Pansy wakes with a start, to find Aggee leaning over her.

AGGEE
 (whispering)
 Pansy. Pansy. Last night a dagger
 was stolen in the market.

PANSY
 What?

AGGEE
 Authorities think you did it.

PANSY
 What dagger?

AGGEE
 They are coming. Quick, give it to
 me. They will search you, but not
 me.

Groggy, Pansy rolls up on her elbow, just as--

PIERRE DE CLEMENT plows the scene.

PIERRE
 Where is my dagger?

Pierre yanks Pansy out of her bedroll.

FOUR AIMIAN MEN (dressed in Aimilian hose and finery with
 rapiers at their belts), flood the camp, kicking butts and
 bedrolls, waking everyone.

PIERRE (CONT'D)
 The dagger, return it now.

He hurls pansy, discarding her like a piece of trash and launches into her belongings, searching.

DOG, DOGGO, and more DOGGIES come alive, barking wildly.

ON CALSIMEER, reveals vial of MIRACLE WINE to the Aimian man standing over him.

CALSIMEER

Friend. There is no worries here.

He casts a spell: COMMAND.

CALSIMEER (CONT'D)

Drink.

The man takes the vial, pops the cork and drinks. His stomach expands grotesquely large, he GROANS, BURPS, eyes roll and topples over unconscious.

ON ARMANDO, who bursts loudly into song.

ARMANDO

*Go to sleep my brigands. My
brigands. My fashion challenged
brigands.*

The closest man, lulled by Armando's sweet lullaby, eyes droop and then snores before he hits the ground, right on top of the unconscious drunk.

Calsimeer and Armando give each other a Chaldea Solute.

CALSIMEER

Well played.

LONJI (O.S.)

Pierre stop.

A Targonian woman, LONJI, (Chan street boss), athletic in high style byzantine overcoat, drops out of the sky.

Was she flying? No, JUMPING--

She leaps again, fifty-feet across camp, performs a high wire acrobatic flip and lands next to Pierre dragging him off Pansy's belongings.

LONJI (CONT'D)

I said, stop.

(to camp at large)

Everyone, just back the hell down.

Pierre shakes free, half-crazed and spitting foam.

PIERRE
Lonji, that halfling stole my
dagger.

CALSIMEER
What proof do you have of this?

PIERRE
The shopkeeper saw her.

CALSIMEER
These shopkeepers, they are not the
most honest bunch. I would be
suspicious of anything they tell
you.

Armando steps close, seeing his friends words working their
magic on Pierre.

ARMANDO
Money is all they care about. I
think you may have been made the
fool, friend.

PIERRE
No. I want me dagger.

Pierre tries to get at Pansy's belongings, but Lonji mirrors
his efforts.

LONJI
No. No. No.

Pierre's companions exchange nervous glances.

LONJI (CONT'D)
You don't want to mess with us.
You know, you don't want to mess
with us.

Pierre spits on Pansy's gear.

PIERRE
You have not seen the end of this.

PANSY
Yeah, yeah. Just your end, as you
leave.

Pierre motions to his remaining allies to gather the two
unconscious friends.

The Aimians disappear angrily into the night.

ARMANDO
 (calling)
 It's always in the last place you
 look.

Aggee who had remained at a distance, approaches Lonji.

AGGEE
 Pansy doesn't have the dagger. She
 wouldn't lie. It's not here.

LONJI
 Uh-huh.

Lonji escorts a crestfallen Aggee away from camp as Torgrum returns.

He bends down to assist Pansy fix her things and adjust her bedroll.

TORGRUM
 You okay, missy?

PANSY
 Sorry for the trouble.

TORGRUM
 Ain't no trouble, my sword isn't
 happy to remedy.

9 EXT. GRAVERS DIG - THE FIELD - MORNING 9

Our tired and beleaguered heroes stir to the smell of BACON, EGGS and KOFFIE.

AGGEE
 Free breakfast to anyone registered
 for the hunt. Did I not say?

Aggee dumps five pounds of eggs & bacon onto a platter.

Claw tosses stink-eye and Doggo's RULE BONE at Aggee.

CLAW
 When advertising field
 accommodations in the future,
 friend. The field might be free,
 but there is no sleep to be had.

Pansy and Calsimeer gather around for morning chow.

PANSY

Thank you, Aggee. You deserve
better than just a tip.

She hands Aggee ten casino chips, as does Calsimeer.

AGGEE

I count my blessings.

Aggee hands Calsimeer a MAP.

AGGEE (CONT'D)

A map of the hunting grounds.
Memorize it and don't get lost.

CALSIMEER

Thank you. What do we owe you?

AGGEE

Have a successful hunt. Return
safe and sound, so that I can earn
more money.

10 EXT. HUNTING LODGE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING 10

The HUNTING LODGE is a hulking log long house decorated with
wild animal remains: mounted heads, antlers, skulls,
skeletons, rugs, and pelts.

At this early morning hour, the Lodge is abuzz with frenetic
energy, hundreds of people scurrying about like ants getting
ready for the launch of the next HUNTING TOURNAMENT.

11 EXT. HITCHING POSTS - MORNING 11

Beyond the Hunting Lodge, on a vast traffic beaten prairie
stands a series of ornate Celtic carved HITCHING POSTS.

The Ballbarians wade onto the field.

AGGEE

We're over here, at the Eagle.

He leads them over to a hitching post carved into the
likeness of a large eagle.

HUNTING PARTIES, eager for the tournament, gather with
hunting gear, mounts, pack animals at their assigned posts.

The DEATH KNIGHTS, the most famous of the hunting parties,
are heavily armored knights in plate, on destriers, with
swords, shield and lance.

The FLYING CIRCUS are five haflings on giant bumblebees. They sit casually astride their bees, smoking weed and devouring pastries.

The BADGERS are dirty, mountain folk--bonifide hunters & trappers. They own pack mules, camels and a miniature pygmy elephant that are heavily laden with traps and nets.

The two dwarves, from the previous evening are passed out and lashed like so much luggage to the side of mules.

Pierre de Clement in field plate, sits on his horse in barding with his four foppish companions.

Mysterious something or another is going on at the last hitching post. A referee converses with someone, (a man?) Momentarily and then, he fades away. Invisible?

MOMENTS LATER

A hunting official approaches our heroes.

RASHIDI, distinguished Targonian, well-groomed, head raised, poised with erect business-like posture, wears rich black and silver robes.

AGGEE (CONT'D)
(whispers to Calsimeer)
This is your referee, a Pentavalo.

He carries an air of sophistication, wise and worldly. Neither young nor old; his piercing eyes reflect strange things few have witnessed.

RASHIDI
Welcome to the hunt.
(bows)
I am Rashidi. I will be your
referee.

For the next little while, Rashidi explains the rules of the hunt. Going into exacting detail, a well-prepared lecture no doubt retold many times.

With rules sufficient explained, he revels a BLACK SATIN BAG.

RASHIDI (CONT'D)
I am responsible for carrying your
hunting trophies. Dead or alive,
they go in here.

PANSY
That little thing?

RASHIDI

Don't be fooled by its size. It is a magical stasis construct that can easily hold hunting trophies in vast volume.

CLAW

Fascinating. A magical bag of holding stuff.

RASHIDI

Extremely useful and important.

TORGRUM

I don't relish the thought of dragging rotting carcasses in this heat.

RASHIDI

Anything you captured alive is worth double points. Dead or missing members of your party, results in twenty percent reduction.

CLAW

So don't die, you guys. Okay?

ARMANDO

We should adopt a strict no dying policy.

RASHIDI

I am a referee, not a guide. I cannot provide guidance or advice. My presence here is to make sure the rules of the hunt are strictly honored.

CLAW

Saddle up, Rashidi. We're going to play: Flee, Capture, Kill.

RASHIDI

Don't worry about me, I'll keep up.

Rashidi begins to rise, walking on air.

Aggee, nudges Calsimeer in the ribs, nods--

LONJI APPROACHES

AGGEE

It's okay.

Rashidi, Aggee and the other guides move to a respectful distance, giving Lonji privacy to speak.

LONJI

Aggee and the other guides work for me. I want to confirm he and the others are meeting your satisfaction.

PANSY

Ten out of ten.

All of the Ballbarians answer at once, talking over each other: "Excellent", "I'd hire them again", "Wonderful", "Yes, good job".

CLAW

Ignore me. I didn't actually hire anyone.

LONJI

Good. Aggee is one of my best.

CALSIMEER

Wonderful customer service. Truly. I hope they are treated well.

LONJI

So you understand the business arrangement. Guides work for tips only. The fees you pay go to me.

PANSY

We tipped Aggee last night.

LONJI

And I appreciate that, as do they.

Lonji pulled on Pansy's arm, her voice dropping

LONJI (CONT'D)

This is more than just a kind visit, to make sure Aggee is performing.

PANSY

The dagger?

LONJI

Aggee said you don't have it. Of course, we know better, don't we?

(MORE)

LONJI (CONT'D)
 When you return from the hunt,
 Kingala, the Reeve, will likely be
 sober and will be looking to
 question you.

PANSY
 So?

LONJI
 So. Mr. Pierre de Clement is
 offering four-thousand tortes for
 its return.

Pansy's eyes bulge and she glances over at Pierre.

LONJI (CONT'D)
 If I was you, I would take the
 aforementioned weapon on the hunt,
 get some use out of it.

PANSY
 Before?

LONJI
 Before returning it.

PANSY
 Reward, huh? That's an idea.

Lonji smiles impishly.

LONJI
 I thought as much.

PANSY
 And why don't you claim the reward?

LONJI
 Part of my job is keeping commerce
 flowing in Gravers Dig. I settle
 problems, you know, before they get
 out of hand.

Pansy works her jaw not speaking. Lonji had given her food
 for thought.

LONJI (CONT'D)
 Who knows, perhaps on the hunt, a
 tragedy will befall de Clement.
 (pats Pansy's hand)
 You can keep your little toy and
 Aggee's next tip will be all the
 richer for it.

Pansy and the others watch Lonji return to town.

ARMANDO

I'm confused, did Pansy steal something?

12 EXT. STARTING LINE - DAY

12

The Hunting Parties gather at the STARTING LINE:

HUNT OFFICIAL
(supernaturally loud)

GO!

Like the land rushes of old, the parties SURGE.

The Death knights put heel to flank and are gone in a cloud of dust, their horses at a full gallop carry them swiftly across the plains.

The Flying Circus rise in a buzz, circle a few times gaining momentum and soon are gone over the first rise.

Pierre de Clement and companions sit motionless, hands cradled on their pommels waiting--

a thousand-yard stare at Pansy.

With their ORANGE SAFETY FLAG prominently at the top of Claw's shillelagh quarterstaff, The Ballbarian move out, following Aggee's map North by Northwest.

Pansy glances back at Pierre who is shadowing them at a distance.

PANSY

Is it legal to follow other teams?

Rashidi flies gracefully alongside the party.

RASHIDI

Sure. As long as you keep your flag on display, they cannot attack you.

Pierre also maintains his flag not wanting to fight, yet.

EXT. JUNGLE BORDERLANDS - MIDDAY

After hours of flat grassland plains, our heroes approach the edge of a jungle -- thick and towering mahogany and gaboon canopy fill the horizon.

No sooner did they arrive at the first tree, then a herd of RHINOS, spooked, burst forth from the thick undergrowth.

Three BULL RHINOS hooves churning sod, direct their dire ire at the Ballbarians.

TORGRUM

I say we turn tail and lead these bastards to Pierre.

PANSY

I second that.

Claw yanks the reins and wheels their horse around.

CLAW

Motion carried.

WIDE ON PLAINS - MOMENTS LATER

The heroes at full gallop pursued by enraged Rhinos, head directly at Pierre and the Aimian duelists.

CALSIMEER

(yelling)

Pincer maneuver.

(to Torgrum and Pansy)

You go left. We'll go right.

TORGRUM

Meet up on the other side.

Calsimeer, Claw, and Armando veer right.

CLAW

Team tall versus team small.

Torgrum and Pansy go left.

Pierre avoids the quick advancing Rhinos, turns and follows Torgrum and Pansy.

The Rhinos in the tall grass lose their quarry and continue straight.

Pierre catches up to Pansy on her slow stubby legged pony, lowering his flag.

PIERRE

Drop your flag, and let's deal with this once and for all.

PANSY

NO. Leave us alone.

Rashidi flies close, watching the encounter intently.

PIERRE
(growls irritated)
Your dead.

He peels off leading his companions toward the jungle.

13 EXT. JUNGLE - LATER

13

Everyone reconvenes following the pincer maneuver at the jungle tree line, Armando arriving late to the party.

ARMANDO
There be some scary beasts in these
pride lands.

Suddenly the horses prance skittish, NEIGH and buck.

CLAW
What's wrong?

Doggo BARKS!

The ground SURGES, pushing up like a fat belly full of
Miracle Wine.

Dirt and grass shoot skyward.

TORGRUM
What in Heimdall's hairy ass is
that?

Rashidi flies away, quickly, getting out of the way--

A TUNNEL TERROR, a giant spider monstrosity, eight twelve-
foot tall, spiked legs and a circular maw with rings of
serrated teeth, bursts from a hidden tunnel.

Claw, Calsimeer, Pansy, and Torgrum all manage to dismount
bucking broncos.

Armando's horse rears and then... BOLTS!

ARMANDO
Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

PANSY
Armando, come back.

CALSIMEER
We need you.

CLAW
Unbelievable.

Torgrum ain't got time for Bard's with less riding skills than a dwarf.

TORGRUM
KILL THE BEAST.

ACTION SEQUENCE

The spider goes after the Ballbarians, seeking dinner for the next week.

A hairy barbed leg sideswipes Calsimeer, driving him harshly to the ground, blood gushing from a deep slash to the chest.

CALSIMEER
Arghhh!

Pansy is slashed across the leg.

PANSY
Oh, my gods.

Torgrum disappears behind thrashing spider legs and comes out bleeding on his neck and arms.

TORGRUM
Smash the bug.

A prehensile tongue disgorges from the spiders maw, missing Pansy but dousing her in sticky goo.

CLAW
(nearly vomiting)
That is so disgusting.

Claw uses nature's life giving essence, (a Healing Word), and saves Calsimeer from dying from the near mortal strike.

Pansy, looks quickly to see if Pierre is near? Watching?

Apparently no... she pulls out THE DAGGER.

Slashing at the gawd awful tongue. But its too fast and she misses.

The Tunnel Terror is fast on eight legs and every attempt to strike the beast ends in failure--weapons hitting nothing but air.

Soon the DAWGS--Dog, Doggo, Doggio--every damn canine is in the fight--JUMPING, BITING, and SNAPPING.

Soon, Claw, Calsimeer, Pansy, and Torgrum are all covered in blood--

BLOOD PAIN from friend and foe.

TORGRUM
A hundred tortellini to whoever
kills it.

TORGRUM RAGES.

The Tongue slithers around, like a demented snake and wraps its sick stickiness around Pansy.

She deftly rolls free.

PANSY
I'm frightened.

Calsimeer manages to disengage from the frenetic thrashing legs, pulling back and heals Pansy with a warm delicate hand.

ON CLAW

CLAW
How about a thunderwave.

A wave of THUNDEROUS FORCE sweeps out from Claw impacting the Tunnel Terror, pummeling his body and pushing him back--

PANSY SCREAMS!

Pansy goes down under a mountain of thrashing spider legs.

CLAW (CONT'D)
PANSY?

A BEAT later, she ekes out from around the side.

PANSY
C'mon, you guys.

She pulls out a BAG OF BALL BEARINGS and tosses them under the spider--

PANSY (CONT'D)
Slip on that, you--

They land and sink harmless into dirt and webbing.

She SIGHS!

Doggos FIGHT AS A PACK, getting in more and more bites, breaking one, and then two and then three legs.

The gimpy bleeding spider more fearful of the dogs, lashes its tongue looking to eat dog meat.

CALSIMEER
It's done for.

The Tunnel Terror bleeding with multiple legs broken and inoperable, retreats into its hole.

TORGRUM
I say we go in and capture it.

PANSY
Put it in the bag.

TORGRUM
Double points, bitches.

Torgrum looks down the hidey-hole, cracks his neck.

TORGRUM (CONT'D)
Someone brush me up, I'm going in.

Calsimeer manages to heal Torgrum just as he leaps in.

Pansy follows, then Calsimeer and Claw and the pack of doggos.

LATER--

The spider mortally wounded has little fight left. Torgrum and the others manage to pin it's good legs--

Rashidi opens up the BAG OF HOLDING and scoops the spider, as it touches the EVENT HORIZON, the spider shifts, turns gaseous and disappears.

Their fist critter locked down, they turn their attention to the nest and...

PANSY
I wonder if there is anything else interesting in here.

TORGRUM
Say for instance... *previous victims?*

Claw scans the dark tunnel, searching.

CLAW
Where is Armando?