

INT. ROOM IN AN INN - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

REGAN

So. Something important that happened to me, huh?

I guess now's a good time to tell you about the biggest job I ever pulled.

I ripped off the Bank of Armstrungard. All by myself. It's probably the gutsiest thing I ever heard of. Up until this sheer fucking lunacy we got planned for tomorrow.

Now the Bank of Armstrungard is where all the rich assholes keep their money. Or at least some of it. If you think your neighbor's gonna invade and they might win, it's smart to keep some gold outside your walls. You could bury it somewhere, or build another castle, but then you gotta send a bunch of guys to guard it, and that gets expensive. So all the rich assholes just kinda came to this agreement, where they'd establish a bank, and it'd be guarded just enough that the other rich assholes couldn't come in and take their shit, and then they'd know it would be safe until they needed it. And the bank gets some off the top, that's the deal.

So anyway. At some point, word gets round about a big withdrawal happening. A BIIIIIIIIIG withdrawal. One of the Houses, I don't even remember which. Who's got the black banners? Ironhurtz, I guess? ...The fuck am I asking you for? Bet if I told Brennen when this was, he could tell me exactly who was taking out money and why. But all I knew at the time was they were sending three whole carriages to cart all the gold and silver.

Now, supposedly, the Bank is protected by the City Guard. But the Great Houses don't trust the City Guard. I mean, nobody trusts the City Guard. They work very hard to maintain that kinda distrust. Needless to say, the Great Houses send their own troops when something important needs doing. And for their part the City Guard don't trust any outside forces. I guess they figure, if anyone's gonna get paid to beat the shit out of the people of Armstrungard, it's gonna be them. And to be fair to the City Guard - which isn't something I ever thought I'd say - the Great Houses' armed goons do walk around like they're better than the city folk armed goons. And, it's the same fucking gig, right? Somebody rich picks a few guys out of the rabble who look like they can scrap, gives 'em weapons, and pays them juuuust enough that they'll fuck up their fellow rabble. Anyway, point is they don't like each other. That was my in.

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REGAN (cont'd)

Day of, I make my way to the Bank square. And I find a certain City Guard captain. I'm gonna call him Captain Cuckold. For reasons that'll soon be clear. And I start making chit chat, you know, asking what's going on like I don't already know. And then I start complaining about the rich country assholes - really spinning him up, right? How they throw their money around, act like they own the place...and how they're always screwing the local girls. Now that last one was bait, and Captain Cuckold swallowed it whole.

"What do you mean?" he says. So I point out one of the Ironhurtz guys, and I say "I seen him creeping out a window early this morning." And Captain Cuckold says "no shit." And he's really getting red now. So I say, "Yeah - on Miller's Lane. The little corner house with the green door." And he goes "THAT'S MY HOUSE." So now I'm acting all shocked, like I feel his pain and shit. And he says "are you sure?" And I ask "does your wife wear red ribbons in her hair?" And he says "how'd you know?" And I say "he was all joking about it before, put a ribbon on his donkey's tail and talking about the best ass in the city."

So now Cuckold looks like his head's about to burst. And storms over to look at this Ironhurtz guy's donkey. And whaddaya fucking know? Red ribbon on its tail. He busts a pipe - sucker punches the nearest Ironhurtz guard. In five seconds it's an all-out brawl. And while the professional shit-kicker-outers are kicking the shit out of each other instead of the peasants for once, I sidle up to a carriage, fill up a couple sacks with gold and silver, and then skip my ass away.

Now, you might be wondering how I knew all that shit, about the donkey and about his house and his wife. Or - you're pretty smart, maybe you figured it out. Well, anyway. It was me that put the ribbon on the donkey - real sneaky like, just before I started talking to Captain Cuckold.

Also - and this was the key to the plan - I was very *much* fucking his wife. And I was doing a wicked good job by any standard, but especially by the standard she was used to. And that's the thing about City Guard. No one puts in a hard day's work beating the shit out of people, and then comes home like "oooooh honey, I love you so much, let me express it in a kind and tender way." No. Those fucks always treat the people closest to them like garbage first, before they turn it around on their neighbors.

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REGAN (cont'd)

So I guess the moral of this story is, if it's ever useful to you, you can always fuck a guardsman's wife. He'll probably try to kill you for it, so plan for that. But the Ironhurtz goons took care of that for me. If I remember, Captain Cuckold took a flail to the jaw not long before I made off with my haul. It was pretty far away, but I think I saw a tooth come out his nose.

What was I saying? Oh yeah, his wife. She was a sweet girl. Grew up in the old neighborhood. We used to call her Sunshine. Didn't really know what she was doing in the sack, but she was very grateful that I did. And that kind of gratitude goes a long way.

Hm. Dawning on me that you probably didn't wanna hear that part.

Anyway, I gave her a pretty generous cut for her trouble. Her husband taking a dirt nap was gravy, far as she was concerned. And last I heard, she got out. Bought a tiny piece of land somewhere and never looked back, far as I know. And I say good on her. Now you might be wondering why I didn't split too, seeing as I had the bigger share. But that's just it. After a high profile job like that, you can't just throw a bunch of money around right away. So my plan was to sock it away somewhere, and lay low for a bit.

And then I kinda...well, you know how it is. Spend more than you mean to on whiskey, lose more than you planned playing cards...after about a year or so I realized there was a lot less money left than I thought.

You're probably thinking I'm some kinda idiot for pissing away a fortune like that. And maybe I was, but maybe it was also for the best. See, you gotta understand. Armstrongard killed my kid sister. That piece of shit city deserved me. It deserved the chaos that seems to follow me around. And if I left before I'd really got my pound of flesh, it'd kinda be like letting 'em off easy. And trust me, those fuckers do not deserve *anyone's* mercy.

Then again...ma's last words were "look after Catie." And...I didn't. So, maybe I deserved Armstrongard.

Beat.

Looking back it really was good that Sunshine got out when she did. See, she was an orphan, like a lot of us. Probably a bastard too. Where I grew up, it was so common that you didn't even bother wondering.

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REGAN (cont'd)

And if you remember, right before I met yous all a bunch of my old acquaintances had been dying. Natural causes of course. Like how it's pretty fucking natural to die when you catch four crossbow bolts in the back. I knew something was rotten - it was too many, too fast. Even for Armstrungard. That's why I took that meeting with Keith Kelly, even though I knew for sure his slimy ass would set me up. Only reason I was in the Bloody Rat the night we met.

So...I don't know. I forgot what I was trying to get at. Someone could probably say something about fate, or the will of the gods or some shit. I dunno, ask Nia.

Another beat.

I gotta go. Maggie and Catie could probably use a sharpen before tomorrow. All this talk has got them very fucking thirsty.

RECORDING ENDS.