

The Adventure Zone: Holiday Brawl in Chicago!

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[techno holiday music plays]

Griffin: 'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the bar, not a creature was stirring, save for three travelers far. They're no wise men or kings or tourists abroad... they are here on a mission – an unscrupulous squad, who have forged all their passports, greased the right palms, and smuggled brass knuckles, tazers, bullwhips, and bombs... to an unwelcoming climate, old central Siberia, in the cold city, Norilsk, which fits their criteria: the northernmost outpost of civilization, just a skip and a jump from their true destination.

The bar's doors swing open and let in the cold. The trio look for their ticket. The next stop: The North Pole. With hearts unforgiving and knuckles of brass, meet the three who spent Christmas... beating Santa Claus' ass.

[audience cheers]

Travis: That was beautiful.

Griffin: The door to a bar—

Travis: Oh, thought he was done.

Griffin: —in dark, uh... it's a dark, chilly night in Norilsk, a city in Siberia that I found on Wikipedia. As the aforementioned poem suggested, it's a seedy bar, late afternoon. It's December 24th, Christmas Eve, and it's as cold as a yeti fart.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: The bar's half asleep patrons show signs of life as the door into the establishment swings open, admitting a gale of blustery wind and sleet, as well as a trio of folks who are clearly not from around here. Yeah, we'll go

down, uh, in this order. Travis, you enter first. Tell us about your character tonight.

Travis: Uh...

Griffin: Uh oh.

Travis: No, it's fine. I was just debating whether I should do it in character voice or not.

[audience cheers in approval]

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Well, hold on. You're telling—

Justin: I vote yes.

Griffin: Yes, okay.

Travis: [in a gruff voice] My name is Derek Jingles.

Griffin: Did you—[laughs]

[audience laughs and cheers]

Derek: Sorry. It's supposed to be Dirk Jingles.

Griffin: But you said Derek Jingles, so that's what it is.

Justin: It's canonical!

Dirk: Dirk is a nickname for Derek.

Griffin: Okay, Derek.

Dirk: Dirk Jingles, and I'm an angry thief.

Griffin: Yes. Those are the tags that you have chosen.

Dirk: Yes.

Griffin: Uh, where do you fall on the naughty to nice spectrum? Which—

Dirk: Very naughty!

Griffin: Okay, fantastic.

[audience cheers]

Dirk: In fact, across my knuckles, it says N-O-T-Y, L-I-S-T.

Griffin: Oh, that's good.

Dirk: Thank you.

Clint: No... noty...

Dirk: naughty list.

Griffin: I bet a lot of people ask that. Noty? Not—

Dirk: naughty. It's—I know, the spelling. It's just, the conservation... it's like when you do a license plate.

Clint: He's got an S on his thumb, so...

Dirk: Not—no—what? No.

[audience laughing]

Clint: Took you a second though, didn't it?

Griffin: Following immediately behind, uh... Mac, tell us about your character tonight.

Clint: [in a lilting, feminine, British accent] Um, hello, I'm Cecilia Scrooge.

[audience cheers]

Cecilia: I am a research scientist, and my great, great, great, great, great... great grandfather was Ebenezer Scrooge.

Griffin: This is confusing, because you are playing a character who is extremely scientific... and is also fictional, I guess? The descendent of a fictional character?

Travis: No, it's based on Ebenezer Scrooge.

Griffin: Wh...

Travis: The historical figure?

[audience laughing]

Griffin: I'm not gonna... show my ass.

Clint: He was buddies—he was buddies with—

Griffin: I am not going to show my ass on stage like this.

Justin: Wait wait wait.

Travis: No no no! Griffiiiiin, play with me!

Clint: Buddies with King Arthur.

Travis: Yeah!

Clint: And Captain America.

Justin: Sherlock Holmes...

Clint: Sherlock Holmes. Those guys?

Griffin: And finally, bringing up the rear is, uh, Justin. Your character. Tell us all about him.

Justin: [in a soft and mumbling child's voice] Hi, my name is Randy Randsbottom. I'm seven years old.

Griffin: Randy. Now, Randy... now, Justin warned us he was gonna be method out here, so prepare for that.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Am I talking to Randy right now?

Clint: [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Randy: I did it—I did it when you said to, Mr. Griffin. Um, I'm Randy Randsbottom, I'm seven years old, and I'm... [trails off mumbling]

Travis: Randy, I thought you were eight.

Randy: What?

Griffin: Does it matter?

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Does that one year qualify him for going on a Santa ass beating mission?

Travis: Fair.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: In third grade, you really learn ya what ya need to go on a Santa ass beating mission.

Randy: Can I go ahead now, Mr. Griffin?

Griffin: Uh, yes.

Randy: My name is Randy Randsbottom, I'm seven years old, and I'm fixin' to beat Santa Claus' ass because I heard that if I beat up Santa Claus, then I get to be the new Santa Claus, is what I heard.

[raucous audience applause and laughter]

Randy: Shhh! Please be quiet.

Griffin: Derek.

Dirk: Dirk!

Griffin: Derek, uh, I should—

Travis: Derek is his full name. His friends call him Dirk.

Griffin: Dirk, I should've asked you and Cecilia. What is your, uh, reason for wanting to beat Santa Claus' ass tonight?

Travis: Well, Dirk's birthday is December 25th.

Griffin: Oh, that's rough.

Travis: And all his childhood, being denied, like, twice the presents is what drove him to a life of crime, uh, to reclaim what he believes he is owed. And so, he is going to beat the shit out of Santa, so that he can steal presents to make up for all of those birthdays – or Christmases, whichever one you want to look at – that he missed out on.

Griffin: Right. Okay. Uh, and Cecilia?

Travis: Someone in here with a Christmas birthday, huh? Heard one person clap. Yeah. Not me. I'm in November.

[audience cheers]

Clint: On the same day as your brother.

Griffin: Yes. Okay.

Travis: Well, yeah.

Clint: Um... actually, Cecilia feels very strongly that, uh, Santa Claus, in the guise of the ghost of Christmas present...

Griffin: Of course.

Clint: Uh, ruined Scrooge's life, and the rest of the family.

Travis: Think of how rich you would be!

Clint: They were rich. He was successful.

Griffin: Right.

Clint: People feared him, they respected him, and then he starts givin' shit away, and hoisting kids up on his shoulders, and the family never really

recovered from that, so... She is out to prove that there's still some bad in the Scrooge family.

Travis: Good.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Okay. Uh, the three of you have come to this bar this afternoon, Fyodor's I Love This Bar and Grill, to seek a contact you discovered after paying a pretty Bitcoin on the dark web... a man calling himself the Musk Ox. Rumor has it that he can get you to the North Pole – the *real* North Pole, not the bullshit geomagnetic convergence point – if the price is right.

Unfortunately, his location today is all you have to go on. What this man looks like is a complete mystery to you. I'm going to say, as the three of you walk into this bar, the bartender looks up and says...

Bartender: [in a Russian accent] How old are you?

Dirk: I'm about thirty—

Bartender: No, the boy!

[audience laughter]

Cecilia: I'm about 37.

Bartender: The boy!!

[audience laughter]

Dirk: He's old enough. He's with me!

Bartender: [suddenly in a British accent] That's not how—why am I Brit—you made me British!

[audience laughter]

Cecilia: Sweetheart...

Dirk: That's how powerful I am!

Cecilia: Darling, when we agreed—

Dirk: Why are you touching me?!

Cecilia: When we agreed to bring Randy on this little trip, we knew that there were gonna be some people questioning us.

Dirk: Oh right, cover stories.

Cecilia: Cover story. Remember? Randy... answer the man's question.

Randy: My name is Randy Randsbottom, and I'm seven years old. [pause]
Teen.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Randy, why don't you roll nice with this lie that you are trying to give the bartender here? You get to roll one dice, uh, for... what—what are the rules? Roll one dice, just to see how it goes. Roll one if you're prepared, and one if you're an expert.

Justin: I would say not prepared, considering that I amended my answer mid-sentence.

Griffin: Yes.

Justin: I would say I'm not prepared.

Griffin: Uh, what are Randy's descriptors here?

Justin: Hold on. Let me get a sip of white wine real quick.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Did you say white wine?

Justin: Yeah, it's White Claw mixed with vodka. It's a white wine.

Griffin: White Claw mixed with...

Justin: White Claw mixed with wine. It's a white wine.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Yep.

Griffin: Uh, what are Randy's tags, so we know whether or not he's good at the—okay, you're just gonna take another...

Justin: I thought you were about to go into one of the long sort of explanations of the mechanics. Uh, Randy is a... on the scale, Randy's a two, which makes him pretty nice.

Griffin: You get to choose a description: angry, dangerous, merry, shrewd, et cetera, and uh, a role. Driver, grifter, hacker, priest, scientist—

Justin: He is a hacker. We settled this.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: He's a hacker.

Travis: Kids are good with phones.

Griffin: Alright, I'm gonna say this is one dice, then, to try and roll above your number, which is two.

Justin: Social hacking.

Griffin: Yeah, sure. [laughs]

Justin: No? Okay. It's a two.

Griffin: Hey, you got your number exactly! That's good. That's a success, or a merry Christmas.

[audience laughter]

Justin: We'll go with success, I think. Yeah.

Griffin: Uh, and he looks at you and says...

Bartender: I do not believe you, but uh... it is late. So... come on in, child!

Randy: I'm real tired, actually, on the count of me being 17.

Bartender: ... Sure. It's—yes. Probably jet lagged. You three don't appear to be from around here.

Dirk: Are you Dracula?

Clint: [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Justin: You fuckin'—you fucking ramped off the Russian bridge and are tumbling into Dracula ravine, never to be seen again. [laughing]

Griffin: [laughs]

Bartender: I am... I am Fyodor, of Fyodor's I Love This Bar and Grill.

Justin: [laughs]

Fyodor: Please wait to be seated. We are in the middle of our dinner rush. I am just kidding, my business is failing spectacularly.

[audience laughter]

Dirk: Alright, here's 20 quid. You don't bother us while we look for the mucksuck—musk—

Clint: Muck socks.

Dirk: I'm drunk.

Clint: The socks you wear when you muck around in stuff.

Dirk: Musk Ox. What is my accent?

Fyodor: You three...

Clint: We're all havin' issues!

Fyodor: You three are um... looking for the Musk Ox?

Dirk: Yeah.

Randy: Yeah.

Fyodor: You uh... wouldn't perhaps... be here to... beat Santa Claus' ass, are you?

[audience laughter]

Randy: That's my plan, because I heard that if I beat Santa Claus' ass, then I get to be the new Santa Claus and I get all the toys.

Fyodor: That's how it works, yes. You've heard correctly, child.

Randy: [mumbling] I was gonna beat him...

[audience laughter]

Randy: If I can beat his ass, then I get all the toys, so I'm fixin'—

Fyodor: You're going to have to speak up, child.

Randy: [voice cracks] I'm fixing to beat his ass!

[audience laughter]

Griffin: He looks into the middle distance, just sort of... just glass-eyed for a second, and says...

Fyodor: How many have found their way here, chasing the Saturn song of beating Santa Claus' ass?

Justin: [laughing]

Dirk: I don't know, how many?

Fyodor: I was actually asking. I have lost count. It's been quite a few.

Dirk: Ten?

Fyodor: More than ten, yes.

Dirk: Twelve.

[audience laughter]

Fyodor: Most people want to be—you're aware, most people want to beat Santa Claus' ass?

Dirk: Of course. I live in the world.

Fyodor: The parts of the brain that process holiday cheer and wanting to beat ass are right next to each other.

Travis: [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Fyodor: It's basic neurochemistry.

Justin: [laughing]

Fyodor: But I will tell you what I tell everyone else. Go home. Find a more attainable ass to beat. It is late. It's Christmas Eve! You don't have family! Office party. Heyyy.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Suddenly, everybody in the bar just starts doing this.

[audience laughter]

Dirk: Oi. I'm gonna beat Santa's ass or die trying.

Travis: And then he smashes a glass over his head.

Fyodor: Oh, don't do that. Hey. You heard about my failing business, yes? Glasses do not grow on trees?

Travis: And then he just... puts a tenner down on the counter and says...

Dirk: Sorry about the glass.

Fyodor: It's not ten—it's not a ten dollar glass. I'll get you change.

Dirk: No, that's a tip.

Fyodor: I'll get you change.

Griffin: He goes and uh, takes it back—backstage. [laughs] He goes into the back room of the establishment, and the three of you hear, uh, one of the figures sitting at the bar lifts his head, and you hear a deep voice say...

Voice: I couldn't help but uh, overhear that you three are looking to beat Santa Claus' ass.

[pause]

Dirk: Yeah.

Randy: That's right.

Clint: Everybody's doin' it.

Justin: Oh, Dad's at the bar. Cool.

[audience laughter]

Travis: Clint McElroy leans over from a corner booth.

Justin: [laughs] "Hey, y'know, I used to be—"

Travis: "Everybody's doing it!"

Justin: "I used to be a space janitor." [laughs] "Now I'm here on earth."

Travis: "Until Santa ran me out of business!"

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs] Uh, this big, burly adult with the face of a toddler, sitting in this chair next to you, just makin' love to his tonic and gin, he uh...

Travis: Literally. [laughs]

Griffin: He—it's gross.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Uh, he's got these two nearly identical companions of his that are just fully passed out at the table next to him. But he looks up at you and he says, uh...

Adult: Me and my associates may be able to lend you some help in finding the Musk Ox, if you're uh...

Dirk: Are you him?

Adult: No, but I can get you to the Musk Ox.

Randy: What's your handle, partner?

Adult: Uh, my name is Tinsel. [pause] What's yours, little fella?

Randy: My name is Randy Randsbottom, I'm seven... teen years old...

[audience laughter]

Dirk: Noice.

Randy: Gettin' pretty—gettin' pretty excited about voting.

[audience laughter]

Tinsel: So important. Well, why don't you three, uh, come with me outside? We don't want the wrong parties to overhear, and uh, we'll get you there. How about that?

Cecilia: Who are your two, uh, associates here?

Tinsel: Oh, these are my uh, these are my friends. That's Sugarplum and Carl.

[audience laughter]

Cecilia: One of my favorite '80s groups.

Tinsel: Sure.

Travis: Y'know what? I'm going to say... uh, Dirk is going to rely on his thief's intuition.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: And he's going to attack these two.

Griffin: Okay!

[audience laughter]

Justin: Wow! Okay!

Griffin: I would say, Travis, this is a pretty naughty move!

Travis: Yes. And I would say that, because it is naughty, and I'm doing it in surprise, I'm prepared for it.

Griffin: Sure.

Travis: Uh, and would you say I'm successful in it, since it literally says naughty involves action and violence?

Griffin: Yes. So uh, roll 2d6. You want to roll under your number, which is a five, so this should be fairly easy. Let's see.

Travis: I'm very naughty.

Griffin: Let's see.

[audience laughter]

Travis: That's a six. Uh, yeah. A six is one of them.

Griffin: A six is a failure. You want to roll under your five.

Travis: What? Oh, then I have two successes! A four and a one.

Justin: Wait.

Griffin: Did you roll three dice?

Justin: Did you roll three?

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: It's fine. In the future—

Travis: 'Cause I was prepared, and I'm an expert at it, and I was doing—

Griffin: At beating ass? You're a thief!

Travis: Yeah, but I'm very naughty. A thief beats ass!

Griffin: Okay, that's fine.

Clint: Have you not picked up on the Jason Statham theme?

Griffin: Okay, that's fair.

Justin: Not a—

Travis: The only options are driver, grifter, hacker, thief—

Justin: Not a good thief, though.

Griffin: Two successes is—

Justin: No good thief is like, "Well, I'm gonna have to fight my way out."
[laughs] Like, that's never—like, at the end of Ocean's Eleven, they're like,
"And then, we'll all get katanas, and we're gonna kill everybody."

Travis: That was plan B!

Justin: "Until everybody stop—"

Travis: Y'know, if the truck thing doesn't work, just start punching!

Justin: "Eventually, the cops will be like, "They're too good at katanas. We have to let them take the art.""

Griffin: Uh... Dirk, you notice that this, uh—that Tinsel here has a uh, a candy cane, like, nightstick on him, and you see that, and that's all you need to see, and you lay into him. Are you—are you just beating Tinsel's ass, or are you just sort of like, dishing—

Travis: The other two are passed out?

Griffin: Yeah, they're still out. He—

Travis: Uh, I'm going for Tinsel.

Griffin: Okay. Uh, yeah. I mean, you handily beat Tinsel's ass into the ground. Uh, and at this point, the other two start to rouse and stand up and say...

Sugarplum and Carl: Oh, I thought we were gonna do a trap outside!

[audience laughter]

Sugarplum and Carl: Well, shoot! I guess now we...

Dirk: Oh, I knew it!

Travis: And I kick one of their stools out from under them!

Sugarplum: Whoa!

[audience laughter]

Travis: I didn't have to roll?

Griffin: No, we're gonna let that last ass kicking ride.

Travis: Okay, and then I pin—I grab the other one!

Carl: Whoa, you're doin' everything!

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: Hellooo? Hi!

Dirk: Oh, I'm sorry! Do one of you want to take over—

Justin: Clint McElroy wants to get in on the brawl! [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Hey, kick Clint's ass!

Travis: Okay!

Griffin: What do you do to Dad?

Travis: Uhh, I slam his head down on the table.

Griffin: Oh shit, Dad! Did you hear that?

Travis: And it smashes his glass of Rumchata!

Griffin: Oh nooo!

Justin: [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Clint: Ow. We're really workin' out some issues in front of you folks tonight.

Justin: Dad—and then, Dad's dead, and he's back to playing his character now.

Griffin: Okay. Cecilia and Randy, are you doing anything to get involved in this?

Cecilia: Well, listen. Little, uh, Sugarplum... I think that you have been exposed, and uh—

Travis: You're really good at this. You should do character voices more.

[audience laughter]

Travis: See, that's what I like to do. Compliment, it's the old rope-a-dope. Come lookin' for you. Whap!

Griffin: Alright.

Clint: It's really workin'.

Cecilia: Why don't you help us out? Um, obviously, your trap has failed. Uh, your associate who fell off the stool accidentally, um, also—

Dirk: I kicked it.

Cecilia: Said—shh. I know. I'm trying to—

Dirk: I mean, he saw me kick it.

Cecilia: I'm trying to smooth waters here.

Dirk: But I want him to be scared.

Cecilia: My—my friend here will offer you—

Dirk: We're not friends.

Cecilia: —a great deal of money if you will, uh—

Dirk: No I won't.

Cecilia: —where—who employed you to trap us.

Dirk: I don't have money.

Griffin: Uh—

Cecilia: Steal some.

Dirk: That was my last ten quid!

Cecilia: Steal some.

Dirk: I guess I could steal back the ten quid.

Griffin: Uh, this is—you're trying to convince, uh, Sugarplum here to—

Clint: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay. Go ahead and roll nice there, Cecilia. You're trying to roll over your number, which is...

Clint: Three.

Griffin: Okay. Uh, I'm gonna say, uh, you are a scientist. I think this is a logical argument. I'll give you one extra dice there, and uh... yeah, 2d6. Let's see what you got.

Clint: Five and a two!

Justin: Yay!

Griffin: Uh, that's one success. Okay. Uh, with the one success, he starts to pull out his candy cane nightstick, and then he just waits and is thinking about your offer. And while he's thinking about it, Fyodor comes out from the back room, and he says...

Fyodor: Enough. Enough. Enough of this.

Randy: Lucky for you guys.

[audience laughter]

Randy: I was about to beat an ass. I was about to beat their asses.

Fyodor: Do you want to beat some ass, little child? I can go back out. I don't know them from Adam.

Randy: I'm playin' Fortnite right now and I can't do it. But I was about to... do it. I was about to beat... all of 'em.

[audience laughter]

Randy: I got a sword.

[audience laughter]

Dirk: What?!

Randy: It's not a big deal.

Cecilia: Is it a Nerf sword?

Randy: No, it's a regular sword.

Fyodor: Child...

Randy: I'm gonna stab Santa with it.

Fyodor: Child, you have—

Randy: Put his ass in the ground.

Fyodor: You have charmed me, child. [laughing] I... I am the Musk Ox.

Justin: Now wait, we asked him if he was earlier, and he said no, so what's up?

Clint: Did he lie?

Justin: That's a fucking—he broke the law.

Travis: And here's the thing, Griffin – if he lied to us, that means *you* lied, too.

Griffin: I know, I'm so sorry.

Travis: How are we to trust you ever again?!

Fyodor: I did not want to send three more weary travelers to their deaths at Santa Claus' hand. But seeing how you have roughed up these unemployed elves here...

Griffin: And the three pop their hats off, and sure enough, they have elf ears, and the whole deal. Curled up shoes. The whole deal!

[audience laughter]

Griffin: He says...

Fyodor: I have... I have stopped ferrying people up to the North Pole. It doesn't seem sporting. Santa Claus is an old man, yes? I uh... I have—

Dirk: Well, he's immortal, isn't he?

Fyodor: It's complicated.

Griffin: His eyes go glassy, and he looks in the middle distance.

Fyodor: Ugh. If only... Anyway, I have in my possession a decommissioned—

Dirk: Wait, hold on. [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Cecilia: Are you—well, he's lied once. Are you Santa Claus?

Fyodor: No. I am the Musk Ox. I can't have more than one nickname.

Cecilia: Well, you lied before, so you could, theoretically.

Fyodor: Lying people can tell the truth. You're a scientist, yes?

Dirk: Oh, I get it! You always lie, and he always tells the truth!

Travis: And I point over at dead Clint McElroy.

[audience laughter]

Clint: Thank you, Travis.

Fyodor: I have in my possession a decommissioned sleigh. I spray-painted it with a NASCAR racer. Some of my favorite—

Dirk: Oh, hell yeah!

Fyodor: I love Jeff Gordon. And... I can take you up there, if—

Randy: Jeff Gordon sucks.

[audience laughter]

Fyodor: Randy, you're going to have to speak up.

Randy: I like—I like—I like Dick Trickle.

Clint: ... Dick Trickle?

Randy: I like Dick Trickle. Jeff Gordon sucks.

Fyodor: You are joking with me, Randy. There is not human being named Dick Trickle.

[audience laughter]

Randy: He's just a real guy that—

Fyodor: Like a—like a—like a pee falling out of a...

Cecilia: I have his NASCAR plate, so he's telling the truth, yes.

Fyodor: I need to read up, I guess. It takes a while for NASCAR news to reach our shores in Siberia. We don't really have traditional shores to speak of, but... anyway, I'll take you up there for five Bitcoin? Is that a lot? I don't—I honestly—

Dirk: Oi! That's a lot of Bitcoin!

Fyodor: Is it?

Justin: [laughs]

Fyodor: It doesn't sound—it's five of something. It doesn't sound like it's a great deal.

Dirk: Like, .05 is a lot.

Fyodor: Oh, shoot.

Dirk: Yeah.

Fyodor: Okay. Whatever you've got on you, I guess. I honestly am about to close up. I don't have much else going on tonight. Fyodor's... Fyodor doesn't have much family to speak of.

Dirk: I don't have anymore—I don't have any more money.

Fyodor: I'm just going to sort of, um, talk about my backstory. But you all go ahead and do your own thing.

Randy: Why don't I ha—I'll, um—I hack some—

Fyodor: Fyodor is so lonely.

Randy: I'll hack some Bit—

Fyodor: His business is so unsuccessful.

Randy: I'll hack some Bitcoin—I can't talk over him.

Fyodor: Why did I open a bar in Siberia?

Randy: I'll hack some—I'll hack some Bitcoin into his a—

Fyodor: Why am I open on Christmas Eve?

Randy: I—he's too loud. I can't talk over him.

Fyodor: It's like I've made the—

Dirk: What was that?

Randy: I'll hack some Bitcoin—

Fyodor: Sorry, go ahead.

Randy: I'll hack some Bitcoin into his account, and he'll have some Bitcoin to spend on whatever he wants.

Griffin: [laughs] Okay. Roll, uh... yeah...

Justin: Fuckin' prepared?

Griffin: Yeah, you're definitely prepared.

Justin: Definitely my talent.

Griffin: This is definitely 3d6. Uh...

Justin: You left the Bitcoin door wide open. This is 3d6!

Griffin: Yes. It's just a question of its—is it naughty or nice, what you're doing right now.

Travis: I feel like he's giving Bitcoin to you. And probably taking it from some kind of financial sexist douchebag.

Justin: This is six.

Griffin: That's a—

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: That's super nice.

Justin: That's super nice.

Travis: No nice people have Bitcoin.

Justin: It's the nicest you could get.

[audience laughter]

Justin: So I'm trying to roll... equal to, or above?

Griffin: Above. Equal to or above.

Justin: That's two fours. Two successes.

Griffin: Okay, that's a full success.

Travis: Wait, and a two.

Clint: Merry Christmas!

Griffin: Oh yeah, that's three successes.

Justin: Oh, alright.

Griffin: He looks at his phone and he says...

Fyodor: You just hacked 400,000 Bitcoin into my account!

[audience laughter]

Fyodor: This is a great deal of money, yes?

Randy: I don't have much perspective on that.

[audience laughter]

Travis: Yeah, it's all from Martin Shkreli's account.

Fyodor: Okay!

Cecilia: Imagine—imagine, dear—

[audience cheers]

Cecilia: If the tooth fairy came 400,000 times...

Dirk: Oi! Bitcoin isn't worth one dollar!

Fyodor: But it's called coin! How could it be worth more than one thing?!

Dirk: Where do I start? [laughs]

Fyodor: Everyone get out! This bar sucks and has always sucked! I do not need it anymore! Let's go!

[audience laughter]

Travis: And I imagine Fyodor sets fire to it as he walks out.

Griffin: Yes.

Travis: Leaving dead Clint McElroy inside.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: Kind of a Viking funeral.

Justin: We took—we took time to take Clint's corpse out to the ocean.

Griffin: He chips a side of Siberia off around his bar and just kind of pushes it out to...

Clint: Is this the last we've seen of Clint McElroy?

Justin: Interdimensional traveler, Clint McElroy? [laughing] He's always popping up where you least expect him!

Griffin: The three of you fly over—well, the four of you, with Fyodor, fly over the arctic sea on Fyodor's sleigh, which both flies and creates a survivable atmosphere for its inhabitants, thanks to Christmas magic, so don't ask about it.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Several hours pass.

Cecilia: This is one of the things I have an issue with, is this—a flying sleigh?

Fyodor: Yes.

Cecilia: Pulled by...?

Fyodor: Christmas magic.

Cecilia: Deer?

Fyodor: No, not this one. This one's pulled by Jeff Gordon alone.

[audience laughter]

Fyodor: Hi Jeff!

Cecilia: I accept that. I accept that.

Fyodor: Keep it up! He's very strong, and he can fly. So why couldn't my sleigh fly? Hold on, I have to give him carrot.

[audience laughter]

Clint: That was Griffin, as Jeff Gordon, eating a carrot.

Jeff Gordon: Hey, thanks for the carrot! I'm Jeff Gordon, I think!

[audience laughter]

Justin: [laughing] Okay, I have a very important question. Uh, first, Paul, do you still have that White Claw? Thanks, bud. So here's my—here's my question. When Jeff Gordon is pulling the sleigh...

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Uh-huh. This ol' chestnut.

Griffin: He does have the reigns in his teeth.

Justin: No, okay, but is Jeff Gordon—he obviously has the reigns in his teeth.

Griffin: He has a bit.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: That's the real Santa Claus, there.

Justin: Thanks, Paul.

Griffin: Oh, Santa... Claws!

Justin: Whoa!

Griffin: That's something. There's something there.

Justin: That's huge. Um, so, Jeff Gordon has the thing in his teeth.

Griffin: Yes.

Justin: Is Jeff Gordon...

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Thank you. Uh, yeah.

Justin: Is Jeff Gordon...

Griffin: Thank you, Paul.

Justin: ... running? Through the air?

Griffin: No, he's—

Justin: Or flying—

Griffin: Arms behind him, like—

Justin: Flying like Superman?

Griffin: Like Ultraman, arms behind, just sort of...

Justin: [laughs] Okay. Alright. Okay.

Griffin: Dazzling green lights dance across the sky, and Fyodor pulls back on the... Jeff Gordon control lever.

[audience laughter]

Travis: The reigns!

Griffin: The reigns, sending you soaring, up, up, into the aurora borealis, which is also not how the aurora borealis works, but again, Christmas magic. Fyodor descends as you exit this ribbon of light, and now you see it – a brilliant network of multicolored lights. A city-sized compound, here in the middle of this frozen wasteland. From a distance, you can see—

Travis: The world seems like glass.

Griffin: I knew you were gonna fuckin' do that.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: You can see a flurry of activity as hover trains carry supply crates to and fro, loading them onto service elevator ramps that dive further underground. You see trails of hoof prints in the snow, and follow them to

see reindeer – but even from here, you can tell, there's something wrong with these reindeer, because they're absolute units.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: And... and you see the mote. Santa's workshop is on an island, surrounded by a football field sized pool... that's not very big. A six football field sized pool...

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: Of frigid—

Justin: My mental picture just adjusted accordingly.

Griffin: [laughs] Of frigid, dark water.

Travis: But it's a mote. So is it six football fields long?

Griffin: It's a lake. It's like a lake that he—his island is in.

Travis: Got it.

Griffin: A pool that Fyodor—

Justin: Is it two by three, or three by... what's the orientation of the...

Travis: Yeah, is it one in a row six times?

Griffin: [pause] Yes.

[audience laughter]

Travis: `Kay.

Griffin: This pool, Fyodor brings the sleigh down outside of, bringing it to the ground with an expert's hand, and he says...

Fyodor: I will go no further. Santa still—

Dirk: Okay.

Fyodor: He will see this sled coming. I cannot risk it. It's apparently my main source of income now, that we have burned down Fyodor's I Love This Bar and Grill, which was not just a clever title. In retrospect, it was a mistake. I did love the bar and grill! I got so excited, 'cause you have transferred – let me run the numbers on this – six billion dollars into my account...

[audience laughter]

Fyodor: Anyway, I will stay here for a little while, kept warm and hidden by the sleigh's Christmas magic.

Justin: How much was it? Six billion?

Fyodor: It was a great deal of money.

Justin: Damn.

Clint: What is this Bitcoin shit?

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Do you remember how, um, you bought a bunch of Pepsi back in the late '90s to get those points to buy hacky sacks and shit?

Clint: Yeah.

Griffin: It's like that.

Travis: But imagine if those became worth money. [laughs]

Randy: Hey, Fyodor?

Fyodor: Yes?

Randy: I just want to say before you go to remind you that being a billionaire is morally indefensible.

Griffin: [bursts into laughter]

[raucous audience cheering]

Fyodor: This...

Randy: Literally... there's literally no excuse. There's literally no excuse for it.

Fyodor: Children, they say the funniest things, yes? I would wish the three of you good luck, but I can tell... you're not going to need it.

Dirk: It's... still a nice thing to do.

Justin: It is. It's kind of a nicety, yeah.

Dirk: It's social nicety. Yeah.

Cecilia: Yeah, we did just give you six billion dollars.

Dirk: Yeah, it would—you—like, you wishing us luck doesn't mean we need luck, it's just a—

Fyodor: It's just—he's an old, old man. The three of you are on a mission to beat an old man's ass.

Dirk: Yeah, but that's like saying 'have a nice day,' and—

Fyodor: Sure, but it's morally questionable, what you're doing.

Cecilia: We gave you so much money. Why don't you leave the sleigh and walk home?

Randy: We?

Fyodor: I cannot walk up into an aurora borealis. Anyway, good luck crossing the mote. It is quite large. And circular, I've just decided.

[audience laughter]

Randy: Alright.

Dirk: And unfrozen.

Griffin: It's... yes. [laughs] It's weird. You see little—

Travis: [laughing] It's strange, the way that that works!

Griffin: Futuristic warming pylons, buried below the surface of the—

Dirk: Oi, we didn't plan for the pylons!

Clint: Is this the North Pole, or the planet Krypton?

Travis: Uh, well, if you think about the fortress of solitude—

Griffin: [interrupting] Anyway, how are you crossing the mote? I will tell you this. Uh, let's put a distance on it. I'm gonna take back everything I've said, what with football fields, and put a number on this bad boy.

Uh, in basically every direction to this island, there's a good... eh, this is much much shorter than I said originally, but uh, a 150 feet between you and the workshop island. And also, you notice that uh, though this is like a weirdly, like, fully contained little lake, there's some waves here on the water. What do you do?

Travis: Um, is there anything on the shore that would indicate, like, that there's some kind of ferry system or shuttle system that can—

Griffin: No. Absolutely not.

Clint: Is there a bridge?

Griffin: Yes! Ha ha, you solved—no!

[audience laughter]

Travis: Uh, these giant reindeer you spoke of...

Griffin: Yes?

Travis: Do I see any near us?

Griffin: Uh, they're on the other side. They are on Christmas Island.

Travis: Damn.

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: Could we use cryosis to form ice columns...

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Okay. Dad just started playing Breath of the Wild. It's very exciting for all of us.

[audience cheers]

Travis: I'm gonna, uh, break apart a chunk of ice that I'm standing on, and hope it goes to—well, I'm gonna—no, y'know what? I'm gonna do a test chunk first. That I'm not on.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Break it off and see what happens.

Griffin: Uh, okay. Uh, why don't you roll, uh... this is not naughty, so go ahead and roll a nice.

Justin: It's not his ice.

Griffin: Uh... [laughs] You have some finesse as a thief, so roll 2d6.

Travis: But I'm trying to roll lower?

Griffin: Uh, you are trying to roll higher than your number for a nice roll. It's fine, this is a very low stakes roll. If you fail this, I'm not gonna hurt ya.

Travis: No. It's a two and a three.

Griffin: Okay. It's a failure, but like, you see the ice, like, float into the middle of the water, and it doesn't seem to make it all the way, but you get the idea that, yeah, this ice is pretty buoyant, almost like, uh, ice. So...

[audience laughter]

Griffin: You get the idea that, yeah, this plan could work, but you might need a little bit more mustard to get ya there. Randy...

Cecilia: Do you have any mustard? Do you have any Grey Poupon?

Randy: No. I got... I got it. I figured it out. If I turn this six upside down, it makes a nine, and then I can put it next to the six!

[audience laughter]

Randy: Pretty good.

Fyodor: Ohoho! [laughs] Yes, funny!

Cecilia: nice.

Fyodor: This kid, I'm telling you, is going places!

Randy: Wait.

Clint: Are you still here?

Fyodor: I'm four feet away from you, watching you all try to—

Clint: Well then, give us the damn sled and we'll paddle across!

Randy: Did you know about that? Six nine?

Fyodor: The sex number. Yes.

Randy: [laughs] It when they um... when they kiss—it's when they kiss butts. [giggles]

Fyodor: Oh, child...

Clint: And seven seven three four, upside down.

Randy: What does it make?

Clint: Hell.

Randy: Hell? Yeah. That's pretty good. Thanks Clint.

Griffin: [laughs] Thanks, ghost of Clint!

Justin: [laughing] Anyway, with that—

Clint: Raaandyyyy!

Travis: That's my own—[crosstalk]

Justin: My business is done! Goodbye!

Griffin: [sings] What are you doing to get across the mote?

Justin: I... I mean, I'm seven fuckin' years old. Like, literally—

Travis: Swimming.

Justin: Literally half the books that I read in middle school are about kids dying in these exact situations.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: Like Hans Brinker...

Justin: Yeah, this is fucking Bridge to Terabithia, hands down. One hundo percent. This is—

Griffin: You want it to be a Hatchet. It ain't gonna be a Hatchet.

Justin: This is my—if you were watching My Girl 3, and it's about a kid going to—is Macaulay Culkin gonna beat Santa Claus' ass, this is the moment where you'd be like, "This kid's about to die."

Dirk: Jeff Gordon, you can fly, right?

Jeff Gordon: Yeah. Yeah.

Dirk: So why don't you take turns flying us over there?

Jeff Gordon: Oh, but one of you's gonna eat the other one, but the other one's gonna eat the bad—I seen this fuckin' shit before! No way, man.

[audience laughter]

Jeff Gordon: Fyodor, give 'them the sleigh, and I'll swim it across, and I'll bring it right back. What do you say, Fyodor? You can trust me. It's me, Jeff Gordon from NASCAR.

Travis: I like how you looked at me.

Griffin: No, there was a bug. Um...

Fyodor: I guess that would be okay. They aren't doing anything. They're sitting here looking at me.

Dirk: I chunked off a piece of ice!

Fyodor: Then do your ice plan!

Dirk: Okay.

Travis: I do it.

Fyodor: Bye Dirk!

Clint: Hey, it worked for Yukon Cornelius in Rudolph.

Travis: Hell yeah it did.

Griffin: Now it's time for you to really roll nice. Uh, 2d6. You're trying to roll over your number. How could this possibly be naughty, Travis McElroy?

Travis: Because I'm sneaking up on Santa Claus to beat his ass, Griffin McElroy.

Justin: Yeah, that's a metatextual layer, though. Like, in this moment, it's not especially naughty.

Travis: Alright, Justin McElroy.

[audience laughter]

Travis: Y'know, it's because the ice—

Griffin: Five or above! Roll it, baby!

Travis: No! It's two and a four.

Griffin: You two—[laughing] You two watch—

Dirk: Save me, Jeff Gordon!

Griffin: You watch Dirk just sort of like, surfin' out there, like, ten feet, and then you see, uh, you see a shape appear in the water, and it shoots up into the sky, and you see silhouetted against the moon, a single long horn, as a narwhal comes splashing down, right on top of him, taking him down into the water.

What do you two do?

[audience laughter]

Jeff Gordon: I'm tell—you should've just done my let me swim you across plan, man! Dirk's dead now.

[audience laughter]

Randy: I'm a—I miss Mr. Dirk very much, but I want to ride on your back, Jeff Gordon. Can I have a piggy back ride over there?

Clint: Aww.

Fyodor: I suppose.

Clint: What?

Randy: I miss my friend Mr. Derek so much. If you could just give me a ride over there, Jeff Gordon, I appreciate it.

Jeff Gordon: Yeah, alright. Hop on board, you two.

Randy: I'll show you a really funny joke that I did with the dice.

Jeff Gordon: Is it—what is—

Randy: You turn this six upside down and it makes a nine, and—

Jeff Gordon: Your 69? Yeah, that's fuckin' great, man.

Griffin: He brings you two into the water, one of you on each arm, and—

Justin: You're not even gonna make me roll to see if Jeff Gordon flies me across the mote?

Griffin: No, 'cause we've been standing in front of this mote for 16 minutes.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: He's just kind of pushin' you along the water.

Travis: Can I tell you something you did not know about Dirk Jingles?

Griffin: [amused] Yeah?

Travis: He has a doctorate in marine biology.

[audience laughter]

Clint: I saw that movie!

Griffin: What's your play here?

Travis: When the narwhal surfaces, he's riding it, and they've become friends. Because Dirk—if there's one thing Dirk Jingles knows... it's how to befriend marine mammals.

Justin: Are you saying Jingles or Jiggles?

Clint: I thought he said Jiggles.

Travis: Jingles!

Griffin: Derek Jiggles, male gigolo!

[audience laughter]

Clint: Friend of Dirk Diggler!

Travis: It's Derek Jiggler... or, Dirk Jinglers—Jingles—[laughs]

Griffin: It's so fuckin' good, Trav!

Travis: Here's the thing – it's not his real goddamn name! It is his thief's alias.

Griffin: Travis, I love you. I'm gonna give you two dice on this one, but there's, again, you are not being naughty to this whale!

Travis: Ahh, but see, here's the thing. What you did not know... he was the bad boy of marine biology! His methods were not approved by the board!

Griffin: Travis.

Justin: You picked five! You picked five!

Griffin: And then you decided to be a very nice boy. Respect the game. Five or above.

Travis: How is this nice?! I am enslaving a beautiful narwhal!

Justin: Let's see that fuckin' five or six.

Clint: Ah, wait wait wait! I'm gonna help out.

Griffin: Oh okay, how are you helping out with this, Clint?!

Clint: I'm a scientist.

Justin: I just want to be across the mote.

Griffin: Did you put your head in the water, Clint, like, [bubbly voice, as if underwater] "Ooh, he's cool! Trust me! No no, trust—[indecipherable bubbling]"

Clint: [bubbling] Dirk! Grab! The! Horn!

Griffin: You think a narwhal would like that?!

Travis: And also, that's the most obvious move you do with a narwhal!

Clint: I'm trying to help you!!

Griffin: Travis. Take the extra dice. You have 3d6 now.

Travis: I have four in my hand.

Griffin: You have four?

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: You have—you get three, bud.

Travis: I'm a marine biologist.

Griffin: One.

Travis: I have a doctorate in it.

Griffin: No, fuck off! You get three!

Justin: [laughing]

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Quit trying to fucking cheat over there! Five or above!

Travis: I got a five!

Clint: Five!

Griffin: Okay.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: If one die succeeds, you barely manage it. The GM inflicts a complication, harm, or cost. You come up riding the whale's back. He is upside down, though, so you are still very much underwater. But they can kind of see you under there. They know you're a marine biologist, so you can hold your breath for ten minutes? [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: And uh, the rest of you, Jeff Gordon and the other two, you see this narwhal's eye look at the two of you and just go like... [whale noise]

Travis: I think that narwhal and Jeff Gordon are gonna kiss!

[audience laughter]

Griffin: [whale noises] It uh... it starts—its eyes start to squint, and it goes... [angry whale noise] It's getting angry.

Travis: What does Jeff Gordon do?

Griffin: He speaks back to it in perfect... he goes...

Jeff Gordon: Hey man, hey man. [whale noises]

Travis: It sounds like he has a mouthful of Werther's.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: "How was The Adventure Zone show?"

"It was pretty good. Made Jeff Gordon talk to a narwhal."

"In English?"

"No. That's the wild thing. It was just Griffin [whale noise]ing. I would've settled for Elementary, honestly, at this point."

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Griffin: You make it to the island.

[audience cheers]

Justin: The words literally all of you have been begging to hear for the past 20 minutes!

Griffin: For 20 goddamn—

[audience cheers]

Griffin: You make a break for Santa's workshop and feel a hum of energy beneath your feet, deep below the snowy ground you walk upon. In front of you, you see a freight yard. Humungous crates are being carried to and fro by hover trains as these boxy, wheeled robots roll around quickly but deliberately, packing smaller containers onto the next train car about to depart.

You also see the aforementioned big boy reindeer. The freight yard stretches for nearly 50 meters—

Travis: Just to clarify, are they like, super tall, or just like, totally ripped?

Griffin: [gruff] Yesss. [normally] Uh, about uhh, about 100 feet away, you see what you assume to be the front door of the complex. It is surrounded by search lights and security cameras and guarded by another one of those big, boxy, wheeled robots. This one is larger and clearly packing some sort of weaponry. What do you all do?

Dirk: Oi, lad. Can you hack it from here?

Randy: Yeah, there's no question about that. I'll fuckin' hack it.

Dirk: Can you—sorry—

Randy: I'm sorry—I'm sorry that I said that, Mr. Derek, I didn't mean to say it.

Griffin: [laughs]

Randy: I said f—the F bomb. I'm sorry.

Dirk: It's okay. We're on a heist.

Randy: Are you gonna tell—hey, Mr. Derek, are you gonna tell my mom that I said the F bomb?

Dirk: Yeah.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: 'Cause he's a bad, bad man.

Justin: Clint! [laughing]

Clint: That was not in character!!

Justin: I gave you up for dead! Okay.

Dirk: Your mom put me in charge of you, boy.

Randy: Alright, Papa Derek—

Dirk: I'm your godfather. I'm looking out for your spiritual health.

Randy: Papa Derek, I'm gonna hack the...

Justin: What is he hacking?

Travis: The robit.

Justin: The robot? Alright. Fuck yeah.

Griffin: There are quite a few robots and hover train cars, uh, here in the freight yard. What are you specific—

Justin: I'm gonna try to hack a robot to gain control of it and create a distraction. That's my—that's my play.

Griffin: Okay, cool. Uh, why don't—you are definitely rolling 3d6 at least for this one.

Justin: I mean, it's hacking. I've controlled lots of robots.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: In... Transformers video games.

Griffin: Okay, so, you are going to need to roll, with your 3d6, a two or a one. Yes, this is quite naughty. You're hacking. Yeah.

[audience laughter]

Justin: Well, that's a two and a one.

Griffin: Oh, shit!

[audience cheers]

Justin: Nasty as I want to be.

Griffin: The uh... the big-armed robot that was guarding the front door? You see its head look up, and then kind of buzz a little bit, and then, uh, its

face is like this LED display. And right on the front of it, you see a single, bright, red light appear, and it turns into this quadruped form, and it comes close to you, and you see what appears to be a robotic Rudolph the reindeer, who is starting to sniff around in your position, under your control.

Randy, now what?

Randy: Fuck it up.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Randy?

Dirk: That's another one!

Randy: Damn it!

Dirk: Oh! I'll let that pass.

Randy: Thank you Papa Derek. Um...

[audience laughter]

Dirk: Call me Dirk, boy!

Randy: Alright, Derek Boy. Um, I'm...

[audience laughter and cheering]

Justin: I want Rudolph to start attacking anything that looks like a threat. I just want him to start making a big fuckin' mess.

Griffin: He turns his rail gun towards the three of you, like, "Are you sure?"

Justin: No no no, like a threat to us, clearly. Like, I should've been more...

Griffin: Beep bop, boopy boop. [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Justin: Fuck.

Griffin: Uh, you see him start blowing away the crates that are on these train cars. And as he does, you do not see toys, like, I don't know, Tickle Me Elmo. What are kids into now? I assume...

Travis: Probably Frozen 2.

Justin: LOLs, Frozen 2...

Griffin: Yeah, you see a lot of surprise eggs being explo—no. What you actually see falling out of these crates are uhh... assault weaponry. Bazookas. Uh, a lot of heavy machinery that uh, could be used for a war, you might say.

Travis: [gasps]

Griffin: And uh...

Dirk: Well... the stakes are a lot higher than I would've imagined.

Griffin: And then he turns on his fellow robots, uh, and starts just blowing them away. He is clearly the biggest bot. And the other reindeer, the big reindeer, you see them shed their furry disguises, and turn into the same quadruped robots, and try and stop him. But this Rudolph robot is so big and cool... [pause] Anyway, there's a big distraction. Now what?

Travis: Uh, I'm gonna scoop up the boy and sprint for the front door.

Griffin: Do you accept the scooping, Randy?

Randy: Yeah, scoop away, bud.

[audience laughter]

Travis: Uh, I'm going to say... running away.

Griffin: Yes.

Travis: That's a thief move.

Griffin: Oh, sure.

Travis: Uh, and I—action is something you can do when you're not—I think I'm prepared for this.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: I knew the distraction was coming.

Griffin: Okay. 3d6. This is naughty.

Travis: And I'm looking for under?

Griffin: You are looking for under your number, which is—

Travis: That's a four, a one, and a two.

Griffin: That's three successes! A full success! You sprint...

[audience cheers]

Travis: I get an extra effect.

Griffin: Where are you sprinting towards?

Travis: I'm sprinting towards the door—

Griffin: The front door.

Travis: —that Rudolph was guarding.

Griffin: Okay. You sprint towards the front door, and as you do so, you are so agile, you dance around the search lights and press your back up against the wall and go under the search cameras. Uh, I played—I've been playing a lot of Hideo Kojima games, so this has been...

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Thoroughly inspired by that, if you couldn't tell. Uh, and you make it to the front door, leaving Cecilia behind at the gate.

Clint: No shit!

Griffin: Uh, Cecilia, what do you do?

Cecilia: Well, I guess I just trudge along and do whatever everybody else wants to do.

Griffin: [laughing] Okay. Um...

Travis: I was hoping that—

Cecilia: But as I walk along, I'm going to pick up pieces of machinery that have fallen off the destroyed robot reindeer and the other creations they've blown to shit, and uh, just pick up pieces and start looking at them as a scientist would do.

Griffin: Okay. Uh...

Travis: Now, here at the front door, is there any kind of security panel?

Griffin: Uhh... It is unlocked. There's—I mean, this yard was full of gun-toting reindeer robots. They didn't think to also put a lock on the door. Uh,

Cecilia, I think this would be a nice roll, as you are sort of trying to use your powers of observation to find a piece of reindeer technology that is still intact. So, this is going to be a nice roll for Cecilia. And with your scientist background, uh, and... what is your—shrewd is your other descriptor?

Cecilia: Yes.

Griffin: I think this is—you're not buying these guns. You're salvaging them. So go ahead and uh, roll 3d6. You're trying to roll above your number, which is... what?

Clint: Three.

Griffin: Okay. Three or above.

Clint: One four.

Griffin: One four. One success. Okay. Uh, you pick up a chain gun. But... it's got some smoke coming out of it.

Clint: [blows into the microphone]

Travis: Good audio.

[audience laughter]

Cecilia: All better. I'm a scientist, I repair it.

Griffin: Yeah, that fixed it. Uh...

Travis: It's a Nintendo cartridge.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Uh, as the door opens into Santa's workshop, all that you see here in the lobby, it is completely unguarded. There is just a single, uh, elevator

door that slides open. And from, uh, inside the elevator, you hear a PA system. And on it, you hear a voice that says, uh...

Voice: Ohh, come on, now! There's no need for all this! If you wanted to meet Santa Claus, just come on up!

Griffin: And the doors slide open.

Justin: Alright.

Griffin: [laughs] Randy walks right onto the elevator.

Travis: Yeah, I think, uh... I think I just keep on charging.

Griffin: That's a goood thief! What about you, Cecilia?

Cecilia: I believe I will join them. I will back them up. Make sure no one's following them into the elevator.

Griffin: Except for you?

Cecilia: No, I'll get in there, too.

Griffin: Okay. The doors slide shut behind you. You hear a voice kind of say, "I can't believe that... they just got right..."

[audience laughter]

Griffin: The elevator door slides—

Justin: Randy draws his sword.

[audience laughter]

Clint: Cecilia cocks the rail gun.

Griffin: It's a chain gun. But it can be a rail gun if you—would you rather have a rail gun? Okay, it's a rail gun.

[audience laughter]

Travis: And uh, and Dirk cocks his fists.

Griffin: We should make something clear. As you're in the elevator... can I suggest a topic of conversation for the three of you? You hear Fyodor's voice in your codec. You hear, "Beep beep!"

Fyodor: Uh, hello, this is Fyodor. Can you hear me?

Dirk: Yeah.

Cecilia: Yes.

Fyodor: I meant to ask. And this would be a fun topic of conversation as you are on this elevator ride. Are you trying to beat Santa Claus' ass, or straight up murder Santa Claus?

[audience laughter]

Fyodor: I am looking at you with thermal imagery, and it's, again, a feature of the sleigh with Christmas magic. And it seems that you have, uh, a lot of murder weapons.

Dirk: It—it kind of seems like maybe we weren't on the same page. I'm lookin' to punch, and I think the boy's gonna stab him, and the scientist has a *gun*.

[audience laughter]

Randy: I'm only gonna stab him once.

[audience laughter]

Cecilia: I'll only shoot him once, then.

Dirk: I'm gonna punch him a bunch. Bunches of punches.

Randy: Y'know what guys? What I'm gonna... that's pretty nice of you. When I'm the new Santa Claus, I'm gonna take real good care of you. Don't you worry.

Dirk: ... Okay.

Randy: Whatever you want. Put it in a list. Mail it to my house, or my... mail it to my mom's house, I guess. I haven't thought about it.

Cecilia: Have you thought this out at all, dear?

Randy: Are they gonna make me move up here? It's cold. I gotta go to school and stuff.

Cecilia: He already has an infrastructure here.

Randy: That's true. I'll make my teachers move up here. I'm Santa Claus. What are they gonna do?

Griffin: [laughs] The door of the elevator slides open, and you all are briefly stunned by a bright, warm light. And you see, through the doors, standing in a large, mostly wooden room, decorated with an outrageous amount of holiday trappings. There's lit candles, trees are garlanded, it smells like good-ass cookies in here...

Dirk: Mmmm.

Griffin: It's the room that you imagine Santa's workshop sort of, uh, looking like. This is it. And sure enough, sitting at a desk in the center of the room, reading a long sheet of paper through these adorable coke bottle glasses hanging on the tip of his nose, is just a big, jolly, bearded fella with

blushin' cheeks and a jaunty red cap. It's... it's him. It's Santa Claus. And uh... he says...

Santa: Oho! Oh, sorry for the chilly reception! I'm afraid you all have caught me on the busiest night of the year! Ho ho!

Travis: Dirk just starts punching as he walks towards him.

Santa: Whoa.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Santa just oblivious.

Santa: So what brings you to the North Pole, children?

Dirk: Punch punch punch. Bunches of punches.

Travis: He's been practicing that for a while. It's not something I came up with.

Cecilia: Our son missed you at the—

Dirk: Punch punch punch punch.

Cecilia: —department store. And he would like—

Santa: Why is he doing so many punches in the air?

Dirk: Punch punch punch punch.

Cecilia: He wants a Rock'em Sock'em Robot for Christmas, and he's trying to show you.

Dirk: Puuunch! Puuunch!

Cecilia: But my son here would like to get up in your lap and tell you what he wants for Christmas. Apparently you have to get lines in real quick here.

Randy: Let me get right in that lap.

[audience laughter]

Santa: Uhhh...

Randy: Just stay real still, Santa.

[audience laughter]

Travis: Dirk pauses for a second.

Cecilia: And raise your chin like this, exposing the jugular.

Randy: Raise your chin, Santa. Close your eyes, Santa. I'm gonna give you a big present.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Uh, Randy, roll... roll 3d6 for nice, plus one with Cecilia's help, here. Roll 4d6. You're trying to roll nice.

Justin: So I'm trying to roll...

Griffin: Uh, you're trying to roll above your number, which is a two or above.

Justin: Three, four, four, five.

Clint: Ohh! Four!

Griffin: Four successes.

Santa: Well, ho ho ho ho... it's uhh—I'm a bit busy, but this is—who would I be if I said no to a youngster as uh...

Randy: That's right.

Santa: Come on over! I know you, old Randy Randsbottom! Hop on up!

Randy: You got—

Santa: Randy, have you been a good boy this year?

Randy: I think 'have you been a good boy this life' is what you should be wonderin'.

[audience laughter]

Santa: Randy...

Dirk: [laughs] Givin' me a lot of Boondock Saints vibes, Randy.

Santa: Randy...

[audience laughter]

Santa: Randy...

Randy: Yeah?

Clint: My nose.

Santa: Say... Randy...

Justin: [laughing]

Randy: Hey.

Travis: I made apple cider come out of Dad's nose.

[audience laughter and cheering]

Clint: Oh...

Santa: Randy... now, listen, Rand—

Randy: Papa Derek, close your ears for a second. [pause] Let me see that fuckin' jelly.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: And I stab him in his stomach.

Griffin: [laughs]

[audience cheers]

Griffin: We're definitely—

Justin: With the sword that I brought.

Griffin: You're prepared. [laughing]

Justin: Oh, I've been prepared for this for days!

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Uhh... I think that's a—I think 2d6 naughty.

Travis: I'm gonna help by punching.

Griffin: Okay, yeah. 3d6, naughty. Cecilia, are you helping with the—

Clint: Didn't he already succeed?

Griffin: He succeeded when he got close.

Justin: I got close, and now I need a two or a one. [quietly] I got a two.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: That's a partial success. You stab your—what is your sword? What kind of sword are we talking about?

Justin: What?

Griffin: What kind of sword is it?

Justin: It's actually a big knife.

[audience laughter]

Clint: Well, to him...

Griffin: It's a sword to him, yeah.

Clint: To him.

Justin: To him, it's a sword.

Griffin: You stab it right—

Travis: Isn't a sword just a big knife, when you think about it?

Justin: Thank youuu. That's what I've been saying.

Griffin: You stab it right in his gut, and he looks up at you, Randy, and he looks at the two of you and says...

Santa: Say... are the three of you here to beat my ass?

[audience laughter]

Dirk: And apparently, to stab it.

Travis: And this whole time, Dirk just keeps punching.

Griffin: He pulls—yeah. He pulls the knife out of his belly and accepts a few more punches from you and says...

Santa: I suppose... ugh... will this make your Christmas wishes come true?

Dirk: Yeah! Show me that ass, Santa!

Griffin: He stands up—

Dirk: `Cause I'm gonna beat it!

Santa: Excuse me, young Randy. [pained grunt] Okay, here's my fanny. Give it a good kicking, now.

Dirk: Punch punch punch punch punch!

Santa: [pained groan]

Clint: I don't want to do this anymore!

Dirk: I want to do it more and more!

Clint: No, I don't want to do it anymore!

Santa: My child, Cecilia, you've—

Justin: How did Dad get here? [laughs]

Santa: Cecilia, you've traveled all this way. You may as well—

Dirk: Punch that ass!!

Santa: Get a good punch in.

Travis: I don't know why I became—

Justin: You're fucking Carl from Aqua Teen Hunger Force.

Travis: Eyyy!

[audience laughter]

Santa: Cecilia... you'd feel so disappointed in yourself if you didn't get at least one good kick in.

Randy: He's not too bad. Just go for it. It's pretty fun.

Cecilia: Alright. One kick in the throat. One.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: He is so weakened by the flurry of blows and big knife wound in his stomach that—

Clint: And I got one of those blades in my shoe like Rosa Klebb in James Bond movies.

Griffin: Jesus!

[audience laughter]

Griffin: He walks back, just blood gushing from his stomach and neck, and goes and sits down in his chair again and says...

Santa: Well, then, uh... I suppose the three of you had better be on your—chilly reception. I'm afraid you've caught me on the busiest night of the year!

Dirk: Damn, he's a robot!

Santa: Ho ho ho!

Griffin: And sure enough, he explodes in a shower of sparks.

Dirk: Shoulda seen this comin'.

Griffin: And as he does so, a flash of electricity whips around the room, scorching the wooden walls and sending the three of you crashing to the floor, completely stunned. And there's a silence for a moment, and then you hear the rumbling of a hundred jet engines outside. And through the window, you see the snow on the freight yard quickly melt and slough off the side of this island, which you can now see is no island at all – but the hull of a massive, flying vehicle.

You feel yourselves pulled harder toward the ground as the ship launches upward, into the heavens, toward the aurora borealis. And then... you hear footsteps coming from the back of the room.

[booming sound effect]

Griffin: And through your stupefied haze, you see a tall, extremely muscular older gentleman wearing a thick, brown, fur-lined duster. He's got an eye patch, and his beard is much more well-kept and darker than the robot Santa you just vanquished. And he approaches the three of you with a big cigar in his mouth. And he takes it out and addresses the three of you, stunned on the floor, and says...

[music plays]

Santa: Looks like I need to go update the naughty list.

Griffin: We'll be right back!

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Hey, everybody. Thank you so much for listening. This is Griffin. Thank you. Uh, hope you're enjoying this wet and wild holiday adventure. Sorry this one's a little bit late. Santa Claus' sleigh did have, uh, an accident.

Hey, got a couple sponsors. First one here is Squarespace. Squarespace is a dream weaver that takes the dreams you have and uh, helps turn them into a website that you can use to showcase your work, blo—blob. Or blog. Or publish content, or sell products and services of all kinds, and more, it says here. That's all the things, so I don't know what else there is.

Uh, but they have beautiful, customizable mobile-optimized templates, created by world-class designers. They got built-in search engine optimization and analytics, 24/7 award-winning customer support. They do have that, too. Make it stand out with a beautiful website with Squarespace.

Just go to [Squarespace.com/Adventure](https://www.squarespace.com/Adventure) for a free trial, and when you're ready to launch, use the offer code 'Adventure' to save 10% off your first purchase of a website or domain.

Hey, scrub your teeth. Quip is here to help you do just that, and uh, I mean, it says here that the holiday shopping season is here. I would argue it's just a little bit past it, but uh, hey, get someone some new year's eve mouth freshness with Quip. Uh, it's a thoughtful and practical gift. It's an electric toothbrush, refillable floss, and toothpaste all designed to make good habits simple.

It's got these sensitive sonic vibrations, and a timer with 30-second pulses to guide your routine, and that floss dispenser has pre-marked strings, so you always use just the right amount of floss. Don't be wasteful.

Plus, they will deliver brush heads, floss, and toothpaste refills every three months. Join over three million happy customers, and check off everyone on your list right now with Quip. Just go to [GetQuip.com/Adventure](https://www.getquip.com/Adventure) to save on

gift sets, and to get your first refill for free with a refill plan. That's your first refill free at GetQuip.com/Adventure. GetQuip.com/Adventure.

Uh, quick announcement. Uh, the preorders are now available for our board game. Our tabletop game card game thing that we're making with Twogether Studios. Uh, it's a sort of a roleplaying, storytelling game where you have to get grand relics, and you make a weird, funny character, and you have a good time with your friends.

Uh, you can find out more at TheAdventureZoneGame.com, and uh, get yourself a preorder if you would like. Uh, and there's like, a little under a month remaining of us doing those preorders, so go check it out. TheAdventureZoneGame.com.

We are gonna be getting back on schedule now. Two weeks from... well, I guess yesterday, by the time this goes out, but uh, we're gonna be gettin' on the every other Thursday schedule, so a new episode of Graduation is gonna be up on January 9th. So, we will talk to you then, and uh, have a happy new year!

Griffin: This buff, grizzled, uh, solid Santa Claus is looming over the three of you, still stunned on the ground, and he's examining his exploded robot decoy. I'm gonna move my laptop over here, 'cause I'm just looking actively away from the three of you right now, and it's a weird energy. And he says, uh...

Santa: You four have kicked a hornet's nest the size of which your minds could not ever even conceive.

[audience laughter]

Dirk: Oh, I've seen some pretty big hornets' nests. How big we talkin'?

Santa: You've led an unlawful assault against a global superpower tonight. And for what? Randy Randsbottom, you son of a gun...

Randy: I'm sowwy, Santa.

[audience laughter]

Santa: You think you have what it takes to wear the Santa Claus mantle?

Randy: I...

Travis: The Santle.

Santa: I'll get to you.

Travis: [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Randy: I—I didn't really think about it, beyond gettin' all the toys.

Santa: Well, son, in the future, it's important you fully think it through before stabbing a man in the stomach.

Travis: [laughs]

Cecilia: Or a robot.

Randy: I'm a seven-year-old boy, so I probably got a good 30 years before I start thinkin' things through.

[audience laughter]

Santa: Yes...

Clint: 37 is the age where you start stabbin'. Yeah.

Santa: And you, Cecilia Scrooge. Yes, I remember your great great great great great great... grandfather very well. I conned him out of his material wealth to help establish myself as an economic powerhouse.

[audience laughter]

Cecilia: And you never call.

Santa: Fuck no! That's...

[audience laughter]

Santa: Ebenezer died exploited and penniless. Ho ho hooo! Sorry, those just come out.

[audience laughter]

Santa: And you, dear...

Griffin: He looks at his list.

Santa: Dir... ek? Which one is it? You're not really on the list especially... good. Dirrock... Jangles. Is that right?

Dirk: That's Dr. Dirrock Jangles!

Justin: [laughs]

Santa: You uhh, from what I understand from my ears in the field, you're uh... a bit upset that uh, you've lost out on some Christmas presents? That seems a petty—

Dirk: It's bir—it's birthday. Birth... my birthday's on Christmas.

Santa: Ho ho ho, ohh, that sucks.

[audience laughter]

Santa: That's a tough putt, Deerk.

Dirk: Dr. Deerk.

Santa: Still, it seems like a silly reason to punch an old man a hundred times.

Dirk: [sighs] Do you not see? It's doctor...

Santa: Doctor. Whatever. Anyway.

Dirk: No. Doctor... K... Jingles. Drk... it's—it's me pseudonym, innit?

Santa: [pause] Wait a minute. [laughs] I—I—I had a son named Dr. K Jingles!

Dirk: Yeah, Dad! You never remember me birthday! You always said, "It's Christmas, Derk!" It was Kris—Kris junior. He said, "It's Christmas! It's not your birthday!" And you said it every goddamn year!

Santa: Are you from New Zealand now? What's going on?

[audience laughter]

Dirk: I was raised all over the place! My dad traveled a lot!

Santa: A real army brat. I remember you now, Dr. K.

Griffin: [laughing]

Dirk: I knew you never approved of my marine biology!

Santa: Should've stayed with the family business, Dr. K. Anyway, I've gotta go. It's Christmas eve.

Dirk: I've heard that so many times!

[audience laughter]

Santa: It would be rude to leave my guests alone, though, so I have a couple of friends who will look after you. Cecilia... you may be familiar with them.

Griffin: And he takes a few steps backwards onto a platform that starts to raise up into the ceiling. And as it does, two figures come from the back of the room, and begin approaching you. The first is a small ball of light, and it floats closer and closer to you. The three of you can barely make out the shape of pixie wings, and a flowing white dress, as it approaches.

Cecilia, you recognize this figure instantly as the ghost of Christmas past.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: And on the other side of this elevator, as its raising up, is just an eight foot tall grim reaper with a scythe and a bone face and everything. It's the ghost of Christmas future – but the scary one from the super hardass productions of A Christmas Carol.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: And as the platform disappears into the ceiling, you can see through the gap, the bridge of this massive, flying vessel that now is soaring through the sky. And as Santa disappears, he yells...

Santa: Merry Christmas to all, and to all, a good night.

Griffin: This hit squad approaches as the three of you are stunned on the floor. What do you do?

Justin: Um, can you say... just for post, can you say—

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Justin: "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good fight?"

Griffin: Yeah, sure sure sure, sorry.

Santa: And to all, a good fight!

Travis: No, could we could it clean?

Santa: Merry Christmas to aaall...

Travis: Nope. Clean.

[audience laughter]

Santa: Merry Chris—[coughs] Shit.

Travis: Goddamn it!

[audience laughter]

Travis: Uh, are we able to stand up?

Griffin: You feel just stunned on the ground by the blast of electricity by Robot Santa. But maybe, with a little bit of, I don't know, effort or Christmas magic...

Travis: Dirk says...

Dirk: I believe!

Clint: Cecilia says...

Cecilia: I don't!

Dirk: Okay, well, agree to disagree.

[audience laughter]

Cecilia: Well, don't you know, if you don't believe in pixies, they die! Did you never see Peter Pan?

Griffin: Interesting.

Dirk: So wait, you believe in that magic...

Cecilia: No, I don't believe in that magic!

Justin: He's saying he doesn't believe in the magic that will kill... okay, hold on, wait. This is tough.

Griffin: Yeah, there's layers. [laughing]

Justin: This is a thinker. Okay. He doesn't believe in fairies, which, coincidentally, makes them die.

Griffin: But...

Justin: End of thought. That's the end of it.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Uhh... [laughs] I—okay. Is this a move you're take—are you actively not...

Cecilia: I am actively not believing in that pixie.

[audience laughter and cheering]

Travis: That is...

Griffin: Yeah. Okay. Roll, uh... roll... Jesus, god. Uh... I don't think it's naughty. I think this is nice, and I think that you would roll—

Travis: Well, he's trying to kill it!

Griffin: Yeah. Well...

Justin: I want to help—

Travis: That's not naughty?

Justin: I want to help out.

Griffin: Okay, how are you helping out?

Justin: Continuing to play Fortnite and not acknowledging her existence.

Griffin: Okay. That's, uh...

Justin: That makes me feel like nothing when my kids do it to me, so I...

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Sure. Alright. Travis has a point—

Travis: When Cooper is playing Fortnite. [laughs]

Griffin: You're trying to kill this fairy. It is a naughty move, but you have 4d6 to roll a three or below. Here we go.

Clint: Even I... even I...

Justin: One three.

Clint: Three fours and a three.

Griffin: Okay. It's a partial success. Uh...

Travis: He rolled three fours.

Griffin: And a three. You needed below or equal to.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Griffin: Yes. This is a naughty move. Uh, you see the uh, the pixie, the ghost of Christmas past, sort of... [laughs] Lose a little bit of her sort of uh, her gait, as she flew closer towards you. But uh, you see her sort of hover away from you, Cecilia. But as you sort of have this sort of disruption of her pixie powers, you all three sort of feel this uh, this stupor begin to fade away.

Uh, however, Dr. K Jingles... she approaches you and touches you on the forehead, and you are transported back, back into the past, back into a flashback memory. Tell me, Dr. K Jingles... now you're eight years old. What is Kris' birthday like? Christmas—Christma—Birthmas.

Dirk: [in a high pitched child voice, but still in a New Zealand accent] My birthday is— Oh look, today is my birthday, innit?

Griffin: You see solid Santa Claus just sort of drop a stocking in your lap, and it's got a pack of cigarettes in it.

[audience laughter]

Dirk: But I...

Santa: Daddy's busy! Ho ho ho!

Dirk: I know. I was just wonderin' if we could just have like, I don't know, a meal together.

[audience 'aww's]

Dirk: Just you and me, Daddy. See, I...

Santa: Now, Dr. K, I've told you...

Griffin: [laughing]

[audience laughter]

Santa: Listen. Daddy has to work tonight, and then sleep for eight months. Ohh!

Dirk: But just this once, Daddy, couldn't you—

Santa: August 23rd! I told you, I'll hit you up August 23rd. We'll go to Applebee's.

Justin: [laughs]

Dirk: You say that every year, but then you wake up and you start workin' again... can't we go to Applebee's tonight?

[audience laughter]

Dirk: Christmas eve?

Travis: [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Clint: Son...

Dirk: Yeah?

Clint: They're not open.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: Go to Golden Corral. That's a whole other story.

Santa: My friend... my friend, Clint McElroy here, has a point.

[audience laughter]

Justin: [laughs]

Dirk: I never liked him.

Justin: Space janitor, friend of Santa Claus...

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: Ghost of Christmas present.

Dirk: You—you leave me with him every year, and he falls asleep drinkin' Rumchata!

Griffin: Randy... Randy, in the future times, the present times, you begin to feel your senses come back to you. You see Cecilia beginning to stir next to you, and you see this pixie touching Dirk Derek Dr. K on the forehead, and you hear him yelling about Applebee's.

Dirk: Applebeeeee's!!

Griffin: Meanwhile, this specter—

Dirk: Applebeeeee's!!

Griffin: [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Griffin: This specter of death is approaching you. What do you do, Randy?

Justin: I'm gonna... I'm gonna bite the pixie's head off.

[audience laughter]

Justin: [laughs] He's—he's seven, bud. I don't know. Do you know any seven year old boys? He's seven. He's gonna bite the pixie's head off.

Travis: Okay, to be fair, just recently, we went to a science museum, and someone held out, like, a cricket, to my three year old, and said, "Do you want to touch it?" And my first thought was, "That thing's dead." So... this is what a seven year old would do.

Griffin: This is... about... as naughty... [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Griffin: ... a move as I can imagine. You are a... what was your first—you're a hacker. Are you angry, dangerous, merry, or shrewd?

Justin: I mean, merry, I guess.

Travis: To be fair, he's carrying around a sword, so I'd also go with 'dangerous.'

Griffin: I would say dangerous is probably the more apt descriptor.

Justin: Dangerous. Okay, yeah. Good.

Griffin: Okay. I'll give you 2d6 on this naughty roll. You need to roll a two or below.

Justin: I'm gonna say I'm prepared, compared to the pixie. I mean...

Griffin: [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Yes, partially because she's very 'smol', and also, she is deep in this psycho mantis trance with—

Justin: No one expects a seven year old boy to bite their head off.

Griffin: Sure. 3d6, then.

Clint: And I'm—am I not helping?

Griffin: [exasperated] How, Clint?!

Clint: I help—

[audience laughter]

Cecilia: Am I not helping?

Travis: How?!

Cecilia: I weakened her already by not believing, so I—

Griffin: Alright. Four. 4d6.

Justin: [laughs triumphantly]

[audience cheers]

Cecilia: I don't believe in pixies, I don't believe in pixies, I don't believe in pixies...

Justin: So I need a two or a one? Is that right, to bite this little guy's head off? Alright.

Griffin: Yes.

Cecilia: I don't believe in pixies, I don't believe in pixies...

Clint: Shit.

Justin: It did not happen for us this time.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: [laughing] You put your mouth—"Arr!" But she's way sturdier...

Travis: She's chewy.

Griffin: And you feel this like, electric explosion in your mouth, and all of a sudden, you're in the womb. You're having womb—you're a zygote. And it's very psychologically troubling. Cecilia, you see little Randy with his mouth, trying to chew through this extremely sturdy pixie, and you see a, uh, a Derek, who is now screaming about Applebee's.

Justin: I think we're all relieved it didn't work, aren't we?

Griffin: Yeah. Because I would've gotten shit because of my brand, and the way that it has been corrupted.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Cecilia.

Justin: That's not even on my mind.

Griffin: This is the last turn where I will say this – the specter of death is approaching, but not yet upon you. What do you do?

Cecilia: I believe... I am going to use the chain rail gun.

Griffin: Oh shit.

Cecilia: And blast its head off.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Wait. Death or fairy?

Cecilia: Well, it's a little close to Randy's mouth, so...

[audience laughter]

Cecilia: I'm worried about his orthodontist bills if I shot there. So why don't I just shoot the specter of death? Would that be alright with everyone?

Griffin: Okay. This is quite naughty, but you are prepared. You have the weapon. And you're a scientist. This is a very scientific device that you have salvaged.

Cecilia: Oh, absolutely. Yes.

Griffin: 3d6 to be naughty. You want to roll a three or below. Here we go. Maybe this is it.

Cecilia: Yippee ki-yay... specter of death.

Griffin: Three or below.

Cecilia: I rolled a three.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Okay. That's a partial success. You—

Cecilia: How partially can you blow somebody's head off?

[audience laughter]

Griffin: You get a few good rail... bullets... into this guy. And you see just this black smog just come pouring off of him as you blast him. And as you do, you realize that it's just a guy. It's just a guy in there, sort of uh, just sort of uh, skinny, average build guy. And there's sort of a... he's not Jeff Gordon, but he's like, of Jeff Gordon sort of build and size, but he's just covered—

Travis: Ahh, Gordon-esque.

Griffin: Chockablock in nanomachines, and you've blasted his nano—his nanomachines that were forming this hologram death mask on him. It was so cool. But all that's gone now, and it's just sort of a guy, and he's like...

Guy: Oh...

[audience laughter]

Guy: Should I just go? I don't have my...

Cecilia: Yes. Yes, you should go.

Guy: You shot all my nanomachines.

Cecilia: I know, and I—I'm so sorry. But in the moment, it seemed like the thing to do. So why don't you leave?

Guy: I don't want that kid to try and bite me.

Cecilia: No, he won't bite your head off. No. He won't. Randy—Randy is going through some things. So, just—pop—pip off. Pip. Pip pop. Spit spot.

Griffin: [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Guy: Can't say no to that.

Griffin: And he just walks out of the room.

[audience laughter]

Cecilia: I won.

Griffin: I guess.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Dirk, you're sitting at Applebee's. It's August 23rd, I think I said. Santa's there. He's grizzled. He has an eye patch. He's showing a lot of chest hair.

[audience laughter]

Travis: Um—

Santa: Hurry up and order, son! Oh ho ho! I hear the bloomin' whatever they have here is good. Oh ho!

Travis: I am going to say that uh, that eight year old, uh, Derek... Dirk... Dr. K...

Griffin: Yes.

Travis: ... is awash with anger. This is the beginning of his anger problems.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: But I would say that at this point, that anger is far stronger than it ever was for eight year old Dr. K. It's swelling inside of him.

Griffin: Okay. This is an adult's anger in an eight year old body.

Travis: Right.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: And I'm going to say that it's going to fight to snap him out of this.

Griffin: Okay, okay. Roll, um... [sighs] Is this naughty or nice? I feel like this is a... it feels nice to me.

[audience yelling suggestions]

Griffin: Is it naughty? You guys are useless.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Staying calm is naughty, according to the rules.

Travis: How is that true?!

Griffin: I don't fuckin' know, man! I didn't make the game! Uh, so, you uh... I mean, this is your memory. You're prepared for this. Roll 2d6 naughty. Five or above. Here we go. Or—five or below. Here we go. Rules are tough.

Travis: That's a one and a three.

Griffin: That's a double success.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: You see him vanish as he reaches over to eat your appetizers and weird little Jell-O shot dessert—

Dirk: [angrily] My poppers!! Raaahhhh!!

Griffin: You come to, and you see—you are right, face to face, with Randy, who still has a pixie casting magic.

Travis: And uh, Dirk grabs the pixie.

Griffin: Okay. She says...

Pixie: Oh my god, thank you! Holy shit!

[audience laughter]

Travis: Uh, and Dirk opens one of Santa—

Justin: How many moves does he get in a row? I'm just curious.

Travis: This is all the same move.

Griffin: This is all good.

Travis: Uh, Dirk opens a desk drawer, fake Santa's desk, and puts the fairy in there and closes the desk drawer.

Griffin: Okay. That's easy. Yeah, that's no problem. You've done that a lot. You're prepared and it's easy.

Travis: Dirk has his own desk at home where he keeps all of his papers about marine biology.

[audience laughter]

Travis: That he stole.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: [laughs] Dirk Jingles: gentleman marine biologist thief. Ahh, he's left his calling card again! A whale.

Griffin: [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Griffin: I spilled a lot of White Claw on my pants earlier, and I tried to play it off, but I wanted to get it out there, 'cause it's starting to—I'm starting to realize, when I stand up to leave the stage at the end of the show, it's gonna look like I did a big pee.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: We're a fuckin' disaster up here.

Travis: [coughing]

Griffin: The platform that Santa Claus just went up into the bridge lowers down to the floor, beckoning—[laughs] —the three of you to get on it. So you can get to the next room I've prepared for you.

Travis: We do that.

Griffin: Fyodor. You hear him come through the codex, say...

Fyodor: You should get on the elevator.

Travis: [imitating Fyodor] "I'm getting cold."

Griffin: [laughs]

Fyodor: The Christmas magic is wearing off.

Travis: Uh, I get on the platform. At this point, just huffing with anger. Just raging. Raging!

Fyodor: Okay, calm down. Holy shit.

Dirk: You don't understand! I was at an Applebee's!!

Fyodor: On Christmas eve?

Dirk: Yea—well...

Fyodor: I can imagine nothing sadder than going to a chain restaurant on Christmas eve.

Dirk: It was actually August 23rd.

Clint: That's—is that Arbor Day eve?

Dirk: Nope. [laughs]

Fyodor: Randy, are you okay, my boy?

Randy: Thank you so much. My whole life flashed before my eyes.

Clint: [??] like that.

Randy: I spent so much on Fortnite. I'm so sorry.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: You all step onto the platform, raising up into the bridge. It's a surprisingly small compartment overlooking the freight yard, which has been emptied out as the ship took flight, save for a few crates, securely strapped to the deck of the airship. You have just a moment to get your bearings in this room before a bright light from outside fills the bridge, and as your eyes adjust, you see the source of this light.

It's coming from a 15-foot-tall, bipedal mech, sleek and futuristic, armed with missiles and flak cannons, all trained in your direction. And from it, you hear a voice say...

Santa: Oh ho ho ho! You four are becoming a real thorn in my si—three are becoming a real—

[audience laughter]

Santa: I was counting Fyodor...

Justin: Counting Clint McElroy.

Griffin: [laughs]

Santa: I was counting the spirit of Clint McElroy!

Justin: [laughing]

Santa: My old assistant, you son of a gun! I sense you there, your phantasmal energy, guiding our heroes tonight. Anyway... you're becoming a real thorn in my side! What do you think you're going to accomplish tonight?

Randy: I—well, I was gonna be the new Santa Claus, because I thought that if I beat Santa Claus' ass, I—

Santa: That's how it works, yes.

Randy: —get to be the new Santa Claus, so I'm fixin' to beat Santa Claus' ass.

Santa: Young Randy... do you know what would happen to the global economy if you beat my ass? The instability you'd bring to all world governments? That's right... it's been in front of you all along. The big conspiracy. My workshop is a big artificial intelligence that pulls the strings behind all world powers, and I'm its sole keeper! It's been a big cover up the whole time. And you didn't even notice, you sheep.

[audience laughter]

Santa: You thought the government was real?

[audience laughter]

Santa: It was a lie sold to you by corporations, which I also am in control of with my big AI.

Randy: Right, so... I'm Randy Randsbottom, and I was thinkin' that if I beat your ass, that I'd get to be... Santa Claus...

Santa: Yeah Randy, but I just did a whole thing about why that's not a good idea.

Randy: I have no frame of reference for literally anything you just said.

[audience laughter]

Cecilia: Randy, I would like to point out something to you.

Randy: Okay, go for it. It's your funeral.

Cecilia: I—I have come to believe in your cause, more than my own phony baloney reason backstory that I came up with before we started the show.

Santa: I robbed your great great grandfather so he died penn—

Cecilia: Shh, shh, shh.

Santa: Oh, okay.

Cecilia: But you've turned into him.

Santa: Oh.

Cecilia: So I win. So...

[audience cheers]

Justin: Whoaaa, twist.

Santa: That's wild. I forgot how when you steal someone's possessions, you become them! Ho ho!

Justin: I think he means broadly speaking. That's a real literal interpretation of what Dad said. I mean, I think Dad means, in a holistic sense, by forgetting his altruistic—

Griffin: Absolute power corrupts absolute—

Justin: Thank you, yes.

Griffin: We've all learned something here tonight!

Justin: That's our time. Wow.

Griffin: Thanks everybody!

Travis: Thank you Chicago theater! Goodnight!

Griffin: No.

Clint: I thought he was really leaving.

Griffin: No, he dropped his paper.

[audience laughter]

Cecilia: Now, Randy, here's what I want you to think about. Your concept of being Santa Claus... I know it's your dream. Because you want all the toys. But Santa... gives away... all the toys.

Randy: Not all of them.

Santa: I do keep quite a few for myself. One of the perks.

Randy: I knew it! You piece of shit, I knew it!

Dirk: Randy!

[audience laughter]

Dirk: Randy, that's three!

Randy: You can tell—you can tell mom about that one, I don't care! I earned it!

Santa: I run all governments and corporations, and I've also got mad Stretch Armstrongs!

Randy: That's it! Time to practice my special skill on you: hacking.

Justin: And I pull out my sword.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: And?

Justin: That counts.

Santa: Randy, I have missiles.

Justin: And I did come up with that line during intermission, so it is prepared. So that's an extra die.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Uhh...

Randy: You're not gonna blow up a seven year old. Them's facts. You don't have the guts.

Santa: Randy...

Randy: Yuuup.

Santa: Do you know how many people have come here trying to beat Santa Claus' ass before the three of you?

Randy: 14.

[audience laughter]

Santa: Randy...

Randy: 40. 40.

Griffin: The mech kicks one of the crates, and just fuckin'... 300 skeletons just fall out.

Justin: [laughs]

Santa: Randy, you don't know what I'm capable of. I kept their bones as a trophy.

Dirk: Why did you keep those?!

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Uhh...

Justin: That's a good question. That's what the gifts are made out of!
Nooo, the gifts are people!!

[audience laughter]

Travis: Evergreen is people!

Griffin: Uh, so that's 2d6. I will also say you are being very dangerous right now, so 3d6.

Travis: I'm going to help.

Griffin: Being naughty. How, Dr. K?

Dirk: Dad...

Santa: Yes, son?

Dirk: I came here to get one thing.

Santa: My ass beaten?

Dirk: Closure. And now I realize... that the best way to beat you...

Santa: Yes?

Dirk: ... is to join you. I've decided to follow in the family business.

Santa: Son, I've been waiting for this my—

Dirk: Get him, Randy!!

[audience laughs and cheers]

Griffin: [laughing] Randy, roll 4d6 naughty. You have to roll a two or a one. God, hey, you've been rolling mostly naughty this whole time. Your stats should've been different.

Justin: Yeahhh... that's alright.

Griffin: Here we go.

Justin: Um...

Randy: Hey, see, and I only came here for one thing.

Santa: Yeah?

Randy: Openture!

Justin: It's the opposite of closure. But with a sword. He's only seven. I got two twos.

Griffin: That's a full success!

[audience cheers]

Griffin: It's slow motion now, and just a massive missile launcher appears on this big mech's shoulder, and fires and slow motion at the three of you. Randy, what happens next? You're in control. Take the rudder.

Justin: I raise my hand.

Griffin: [laughs]

[audience laughter]

Justin: And I say...

Randy: There is no missile.

Justin: And then I turn it around, and I fire it at Santa. At his rocket. At his big robot that he's got. And then, while he—that is happening, I also stab him a lot of times in the legs of his big robot with my sword. It's adorable.

[audience laughter]

Justin: But also, extremely painful for the robot.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: Assuming the robot has pain. Which is weird.

Griffin: It does, unfortunately.

Justin: Oh no!

Griffin: I don't know why Santa build him that way.

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: But he's a skeleton collector, so we can't really... know why he does much of anything. Uh, okay. The rest of you just see Randy hold up his hand and telekinetically launch the missile back at the Santa mech, and then it just—he's just gone.

Travis: [laughs] And Dirk just says...

Dirk: It's happening...

Griffin: [laughs]

Dirk: He's becoming Santa!

[audience laughs and cheers]

Clint: Mr. Randsbottom...

Griffin: [laughs] The missile is enough to take a hunk out of the flying workshop, which immediately begins to crash downward into the arctic sea. Uh, and the mech is disabled down on the floor, just like, laying there, shooting out sparks and smoke. But you still see Randy just stabbing its prone legs, over and over and over again, with a big knife.

Santa says...

Santa: I'm down.

Randy: That's right you are. Now let me see that ass.

[audience laughter]

Clint: And Cecilia kicks off her shoes.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: Because she prepared for this very moment.

Griffin: They stick into the wall, because there's blades in them.

Clint: No, she kicked off the blade shoe. It was really killin' her. But one of her toes...

Griffin: What the fuck are you about to say, Mac?

[audience laughter]

Clint: Due to all of her scientific research, she—

Griffin: She got cybernetic toes, Mac?!

Clint: She has toes that are secretly missiles, too. That's right... they're missile toes.

[raucous audience applause]

[rim shot, which repeats several times]

Justin: They're standing. They're standing.

Travis: Hey! Why are you all clapping? You paid money to hear that joke!

[audience cheers]

Clint: You did open the door with missiles.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: And I had referred to her feet before.

Griffin: That's wild, bud.

Justin: We established she had feet.

Griffin: Yeah. [laughs]

Justin: Basically.

Travis: Let the record show...

Justin: Door was wide open.

Travis: If the podcast stenographer could read back the bit about her feet...

Griffin: [laughing] No! Stenographer, you're fired!

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Alright. I'm not even gonna make you roll. Your fuckin' toes blast off through the window of the bridge, exploding the already downed mech.

Justin: [laughing]

Griffin: Knocking the entire front half of the airship off, falling into the ocean.

Justin: [laughing uncontrollably] What is Dad rolling for?

Griffin: You are—you don't have to roll. Your toes turn into fucking missiles, Mac. That's not naughty or nice.

Travis: To be fair, it would be great if he rolled and failed, and he had spent all that time converting his toes to missiles for nothing.

Griffin: [laughing] Yeah.

Clint: I got a standing O. I don't care about the damn roll.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: This is... this action, Clint, is on a completely different axis than the one we have been working off of this game. So anyway, the workshop crashes... into... an iceberg. The mech slides off the side, and now, the three of you are standing in the shattered freight yard, smoke and fire everywhere. It's climactic as shit.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: And Santa stands up from the rubble and throws off his duster, just revealing his rippling, shirtless bod.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: And he pulls out a samurai sword from somewhere. And he says...

Santa: You three have jeopardized the balance of the entire world. This big government conspiracy... it's so big, you guys!

[audience laughter]

Santa: You can't stop it. You can't stop me!

Griffin: And he dashes in your direction.

Travis: Dirk whistles very loudly... summoning his narwhal friend.

[audience laughs and cheers]

Travis: And an epic swordfight ensues.

Griffin: [laughs] He brings the—

Santa: I'm sorry, son.

Griffin: He brings the katana down on you, and it stops in midair, and you hear a, "Klink!" And just a fuckin' horn... or a tooth, as somebody corrected me online... comes into the blow and stops it. And you hear the whale say...
[whale sounds]

Dirk: Take that, Dad. It looks like marine biology paid off, didn't it?

Travis: And I punch him. In... in his... in his uh, roasted nuts.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Do you really want to end this episode—hold on. Shh. Do you really want to end the episode by punching Santa in the penis?

[audience laughs and cheers]

Griffin: Let me just say... it's on the opposite end of the pelvis that you all sort of set out to endanger... at the beginning. So I'm gonna offer you another chance. Are you sure you want to punch your dad, Santa Claus... in the penis? Or...

[audience cheers]

Travis: No, y'know what? You're right. The narwhal stops the blade... Dirk is gonna try to slide betwixt his legs... to get a better shot at dat ass.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: This is a thievery maneuver. You've been prepared for this since that fateful night at Applebee's. Is anybody helping out? The narwhal. 4d6. You're punching your dad, Santa Claus, in the ass on Christmas eve.

Travis: I got two sixes!

Griffin: Yes! A full success. No wait, you wanted to roll under.

Travis: Oh. I also got a three and a four!

Griffin: Two successes still!

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Describe what this decisive butt punch looks like.

Travis: He slides underneath, and you see the two hands that say "NOTY LIST."

Clint: Snoty.

Travis: Nope. He has the two fists that say "NOTY LIST," and he punches one in both cheeks. And it's really satisfying. Gives a nice, meaty clunk, to

the point where it lifts Santa Claus off the ground, and he goes flying through the air.

Griffin: Time freezes as you hold your father in the air with your two fists by the butt cheeks.

[audience laughter]

Griffin: The moonlight shines down on this incredible moment.

Travis: And I say...

Dirk: [in slow motion] Randyyy! For youuu!

Griffin: And sure enough, as you hold your father by the butt cheeks in the air, he screams in pain, and a small, white ball of light comes out of his open mouth and begins to hover towards Randy Randsbottom. Randy...

[audience cheers]

Griffin: This ball of light seems to be asking...

Light: [whispers] Raaandy... Randy, it's tiiime...

Justin: [laughs] Randy has walked away.

[audience laughter]

Justin: He forgot what he was doing, and he lost interest, and he walked away.

Travis: And—[laughs]

Justin: He's just not there anymore.

Dirk: [in slow motion] Also, Jeff Gordoona!

Light: [whispers] Jeff—Jeff, what do you think?

Jeff Gordon: I mean, I'll be Santa Claus if the kid doesn't want to be Santa. Are you sure, kid?

Justin: He's gone.

[audience laughter]

Justin: He's halfway back home. Just wanted to do something else. That got boring and he decided to do something else.

Griffin: [laughing]

Clint: He is seven.

Griffin: We cut to Fyodor giving Randy a ride home, just like...

Fyodor: That's—are you sure? We just left everyone back there. Are they going to be okay?

Randy: I don't remember anything about them.

[audience laughter]

Randy: I'm seven years old.

Fyodor: That's a good point. I like you, kid. Let's get you home safe. It's Christmas eve.

Randy: I'll remember this forever.

Fyodor: Probably not.

Randy: No, probably not.

Fyodor: You're on your phone literally right now as I'm speaking to you.

Randy: Shh shh shh.

Fyodor: We're in a magic Christmas sleigh, and you're playing—

Randy: Shh, please. Please. Please keep it down, alright? I'm on a kill streak and I need you to keep it down.

[audience laughter]

Fyodor: Okay, Randy.

Randy: Shh.

Griffin: Back on top of the crashed freighter, Jeff Gordon says...

Jeff Gordon: Are y'all sure? I can—you sure you want me, Jeff Gordon, to—Cecilia?

Cecilia: Think about it. Listen. You can fly.

Jeff Gordon: Yep.

Dirk: You're very fast.

Cecilia: You're very fast.

Jeff Gordon: I can eat light and turn it into power.

Cecilia: You eat light and turn it into power. You can haul all these grown men and a sleigh. So all of these things that I've been trying to disprove my whole life... you have proven to be true, Jeff Gordon.

Jeff Gordon: Okay.

Travis: Hey, wait. Jeff Gordon doesn't suck, does he?

Justin: No. He's also—

Jeff Gordon: Oh, I don't know. I didn't do my research. This didn't happen until I was on stage. Anyway... omf! [explosion sound]

Justin: He's also already got the initials. SC.

Griffin: [laughs] Seff Cordon, now... you see him take on the appearance of the jolly old Saint Nick, as Solid Santa falls to the ground. So sad.

Travis: Off of my fists.

Griffin: Off of your fists. He falls down quite a ways... because you were holding his butt in the air. He's unconscious or dead. Who gives a shit?

[audience laughter]

Griffin: Santa Jeff Gordon looks at the two of you and says...

Jeff Gordon: Alright, y'all. Um... it is still Christmas eve. Um... you blew up the ship a couple times. Your feet turned into rockets. That was wild. Um...

Cecilia: Thank you for noticing.

Jeff Gordon: I do still think we do need to get presents to most of the kids, uh, around the globe. Anyone got any ideas?

Cecilia: Would they like reindeer parts? 'Cause we've got a whole shitload of those.

[audience laughter]

Jeff Gordon: There's—hold on, let me run the numbers. 1.9 billion kids. So... probably not enough to...

Dirk: Maybe just a bunch of Jeff Gordon signatures.

Jeff Gordon: Now we're talkin'!

[audience laughter]

Cecilia: Do you have posters? Graphic novels? Anything?

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: He signs a bunch of Adventure Zone book one graphic novels.

Griffin: [laughs]

Jeff Gordon: Well, I have a book that's gonna please the whole family. It's full of adventure, intrigue, lewd comedy... all kinds of good stuff.

Dirk: The Bible?

Jeff Gordon: Yes.

Cecilia: It's our third graphic novel.

Jeff Gordon: I'm Jeff Gordon. Kids, enjoy my signed Bibles! Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!

Griffin: Thank you all for coming to The Adventure Zone!

[music plays]

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