

The Adventure Zone: Graduation – Ep. 33, Open up a Can of Firbolg

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[theme music plays]

Gary: Heyyy, it's me, Gary! Previously, on The Adventure Zone: Graduation... The Thundermen are ready to heist, babyyy! And y'know what that means – they're gonna be sneakin' through the HOG, lookin' for the records, and destroyin' `em. I—y'know what, I'm not actually exactly sure what the plan is, but if they don't do this right, it won't cause enough chaos to avoid a war that could cause countless people to die. So, the stakes are pretty high, folks.

Luckily, they're not in this alone. They're gonna get help from Althea, they're gonna get help from Taren, maybe even some help from Prince Gray. Who knows? Alright! Let's get heistin'!

[theme music plays]

Travis: It's the day of the heist.

[music plays]

Travis: We enter the atrium on the first floor level. It is early – very early. It's almost time for Fitzroy, AKA Chud-Chud Bobsman, to begin his work training. But for now, we take a moment to move through the sparsely occupied lobby.

We see Bailey Kern at the reception desk. Over her shoulder, we see that she is brainstorming potential names for a salon. Kern's Cuts? Bailey's Bobs and Weaves? Moving on, we see Chef Mike the ogre pulling a tray of scones from an extradimensional oven. Sitting at a table nearby is an exhausted looking blonde-haired elf, sitting with Althea. We catch a snippet of their conversation.

Elf: Yeah... [??] aren't so bad, but I swear, trying to manage [??] is like climbing a mountain of butter. A case worker's job is never done, Althea.

Travis: Althea offers a half-hearted...

Althea: Uh-huh...

Travis: ... clearly distracted. Her eyes keep nervously darting around. The centaur, Taren, waits by one of the magical pools of water. She's not usually in this early, but doesn't want to miss a thing.

We see the guard, Hollifer, settling into her chair at the entrance of the lower levels. She treats herself to a scone and a cup of coffee while traffic is still light.

Returning to the entrance, we see the bad boy of mail delivery, Chud-Chud Bopsman. Now, Fitzroy, before you start delivering the mail, I want to tell you about a piece of mail you received this morning.

Griffin: I want to tell you that it's Bopsman. With a hard P in there.

Travis: Is it?

Justin: Bopsman.

Griffin: Chud-Chud Bopsman.

Travis: Well, okay. There you go.

Justin: Do you have some story puzzles that you need to rewrite now?

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Uh, you woke up this morning to find a letter on your pillow, and it read simply, "Sent an old friend to help. He may be there already. Ready to help if you need him. Your BFF, Prince Gray."

Griffin: Okay. What is—do I know what that means? Do I see a friend? ... In my bedroom?

Travis: No.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: What do you think it means?

Griffin: Um...

Travis: Okay, roll an insight check.

Griffin: Okay. 12.

Travis: You imagine, especially after talking it over with Argo, that it's probably in reference to The Commodore, since The Commodore is working for Prince Gray.

Griffin: Right. Okay. Super helpful Prince Gray. Fuckin' great job, Prince Gray. You done done it again.

Travis: You enter the atrium, and you do a quick scan of the room, and you hear a voice say...

Voice: Chud-Chud Bopsman?

Travis: And coming up to you is a parrot-like Aarakocra, standing about four feet tall, and you're willing to guess that this is probably Kai, the person that Nander told you was going to train you.

Fitzroy: And you—you must be Kai.

Kai: I am! I'm Kai. Uh, my pronouns are they them.

Clint: [laughing]

Fitzroy: Oh, thank you for that. My name's Chud-Chud Bopsman. He him.

Griffin: And I do a deep bow. A deep, deep, deep bow.

Travis: Kai does a deep bow as well. Uh—

Griffin: I bow a second time.

Fitzroy: I'm so honored to train under you.

Justin: Power move. Power move.

Kai: Oh! Okay! Uh, very formal!

Fitzroy: Really excited to get started. What kind of missives and messages are we going to be relaying today, Kai?

Kai: Well, this early, it's pretty light. I was pretty much gonna take you on a quick tour? And show you around.

Fitzroy: I would love it. Lay of the land. Part of the art of combat. And war.

Kai: Uh, but this isn't—this is just delivery.

Fitzroy: Sorry. I was in the big war, and sometimes I talk about it. Apropro of nothing.

Justin: [laughing]

Kai: Did you do deliveries in the big war?

Fitzroy: Bullet deliveries. Just kidding.

Clint: [makes an eagle sound effect]

Kai: You say that like it means, like, gunfire, but you could also be delivering bullets to people who need them.

Fitzroy: Oh, that's fair. And also, I don't think that bullets exist in this world, but that's fine. Hey, show me around, Kai. Psyched. Psyched for it.

Kai: You're gonna need your training badge!

Fitzroy: Ohhh.

Travis: And Kai hands you a badge, and unlike the previous ones that had, y'know, silver and gold and that kind of thing, this one is just plain white. But it does have an emerald on it.

Griffin: So they didn't wanna—they didn't want to spring for the precious metals in case I just took off with this thing, but they did go ahead and put a nice juicy emerald.

Travis: Well, they want to make it clear. It's like when you put like, student driver on a car. They want to make it clear that you're still learning. Y'know, if anybody comes in to like, look for help or ask somebody, they want to make it clear that you don't know what you're doing.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: So this is very clearly a trainee badge. But, because Kai's job is delivering all over the HOG, and they are going to be showing you around everywhere, you need to have full access as well.

Griffin: Okay.

Fitzroy: Let's get to work, Kai.

Kai: Okay, well, do you want to start upstairs or downstairs?

Fitzroy: Definitely downstairs.

Kai: Okay! [makes a parrot noise]

Travis: Uh, so Kai leads you over and introduces you to Hollifer. And Hollifer, uh... there is a moment where Hollifer kind of scans you, but there's no recognition there.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Right?

Griffin: Well, I'm wearing a mustache, so how could Hollifer?

Travis: Uh, I would say that the recognition comes from like, she saw you around yesterday.

Griffin: Oh, okay, okay.

Travis: Right? But she has no reason to like... she's not like, "Hey, didn't you pretend to be me?" Um, that doesn't—

Griffin: [laughs] That would be a wild thing to assume.

Travis: "Hey, this is apropos of nothing, but have you ever pretended to be me?" Um, and so, Kai takes you on down into the lower levels.

Kai: As we go, feel free to ask any questions!

Fitzroy: So there's two different mail squads, from what I understand, right? One for the sensitive stuff down, uh, down in the underground. Right?

Kai: Well, only a certain group of—there's actually two squads. There's pickup and delivery.

Fitzroy: Right.

Kai: One's out there gettin' the things, or picking them up as we say in the biz, and the other is out there giving the things to people, or delivering them, as we like to say.

Now, some people—

Justin: I'm writing this slang down.

Kai: Some people are highly trusted, whether based on experience or merit, and they're trusted in some of the more sensitive areas!

Fitzroy: Ohh, I've gotta join that elite squad.

Kai: Oh, you already are! Nander just won't stop ravin' about ya! Says you've got a resume as long as his arm. And so, you're immediately getting posted there based on merit!

Fitzroy: That's excellent. That's a weird way of developing a trusting relationship with your employees, but I'm all—it's very convenient for me, 'cause I wanna be where the action is.

Kai: Nander said you were his best friend.

Fitzroy: That is also true.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: Maybe, Griffin, you don't remember how well that interview went.

Griffin: Yeah, I guess not. It has been a month or so.

Travis: I just re-listened to it today. It went super—you made Nander cry with how beautifully you talked about the mail.

Griffin: Okay, fantastic. Uh... well, that worked out very well for me, then. Do we have like, a push cart? Do we have any props that were, uh...

Travis: Oh yeah. You've got, uh, a wire mesh push cart. And your job, uh...

Kai: So, we uh—we're in charge of pickup! [parrot noise]

Fitzroy: Okay. Where are we go—

Griffin: Can I scope out—we're like, walking down the ramp, right?

Travis: Correct.

Griffin: Do I see—can I do like a—'cause I don't know if we got the like, count of mechanical observers and shit like that.

Travis: So here's what we're looking at.

[heist music plays]

Travis: You're on a ramp, right, that kind of corkscrews down to the bottom. And after every turn, there is a mechanical eye about halfway down the ramp. And posted at the bottom of every ramp, looking up, is a guard station.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Now, that guard does not stay stationary the entire time. They do—you can see, like, the one on the lower-middle level kind of moving around. Because, a reminder – the center of the chamber where the stalactites and the filing cabinets are, you can see through, because it is thick glass between there.

Griffin: Right.

Travis: And so, there are three guards. One posted at the bottom of each level. So one at records one, which is processing; one at records two, which is payroll; one at records three, which is archives. And you have to pass by them to enter each section. As well as a mechanical eye that is both filming and scanning badges, about halfway down each ramp.

Griffin: Okay. Um... and there's like, little guard stations at each, like, floor, I'm guessing?

Travis: Yeah, they have like a podium and a stool. Nothing too fancy. It's not like an enclosure or anything. But y'know, it gives them a place to keep their cuppa joe.

Griffin: Um, alright. I want to stop at one of those stations.

Travis: Okay!

Griffin: With Kai. I'm gonna say, probably, on—oh, are we just on the first floor of records?

Travis: So, you—yeah. You have come down to records one, processing.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: So you reach the first guard podium. Y'know, the guard is kind of eyeing you a little bit, but is clearly very comfortable with Kai. And you walk up, and Kai approaches and says...

Kai: Oh, good morning, Linen!

Fitzroy: Oh. Hey there, Linen. I'm new here. It's, uh... it's a pleasure to meet you. The name's Chud-Chud... whoaaa!

Griffin: And I knock the cart over, spilling the contents of it all over the floor. Would it be performance?

Travis: You can roll performance if you're trying to convince Linen that like, you really tripped. Or, um, you can do sleight of hand, if you want to make it seem like the cart fell over, and you were trying to grab it.

Griffin: No, I'm gonna do performance. 'Cause we're comin' down a ramp. I just wanted to be like, "Oh, sorry, I didn't know how to like, fight the inertia." Let's see here... that is a 15 plus four. 19.

Travis: Okay, yeah. The cart tips over, pulling you over with it. Which one came first is unclear.

Fitzroy: No, no, no, no! My first day, and a big whoopsie like that! That's gonna look bad on the old permanent record, eh?

Linen: Yeah, uh, that doesn't look... too good.

Fitzroy: Let me, uh—sorry, let me pick up here. Um...

Griffin: And while I'm cleaning up... one of the packages that I had in there was a little something special. A little something special that I kind of decorated to look like a regular, ordinary box, and I want to try and tuck that into this guard station sort of furtively, if I can.

Travis: Okay, now, this is definitely a sleight of hand check. But with advantage, because you've created this great distraction.

Griffin: 'Kay, that's great, 'cause I did roll a critical fucking failure on the first roll.

Travis: Oh, that's bad. That's real bad.

Griffin: That would've been really, very, very bad.

Justin: So bad.

Griffin: Uh, that is much better! That's a 17 plus two, another 19!

Travis: Yeah, so you're able to sneak that in. It's not a well-organized—you can see behind it, there's like, some shelves where there's some security logs, and y'know, maybe some doodles that he's done. He's maybe not the most focused. And you're able to slip it—that package in under some of those papers where it won't be noticed.

Griffin: Uh, okay. Also, hiding on the back of that box, now, is golden Snippers.

Travis: Golden Snippers!

Griffin: Who I give a little wink. I give a little wink to.

Snippers: [crab sounds]

Griffin: And that's it. That's all for that ruse.

Fitzroy: Sorry, everybody. I feel like a real t—t—dumb—dumbo.

Linen: Hey, it's okay. Uh, it's fine.

Travis: You can see now, too, this close to the guard, that they have some little tiny scratches all over their face, like maybe they were attacked by some kind of tiny rodent.

Griffin: Oh. Yeah. I wasn't here for that, so...

Travis: No you were not.

Griffin: I just recognize that probably is a ouchie.

Travis: Mm.

Fitzroy: Uh, so anyway, nice to meet you. Let's, uh... we got a lot of—

Linen: What was your name?

Fitzroy: Chud-Chud. Bopsman.

Linen: Chud-Chud.

Fitzroy: Yeah.

Justin: Bopsman.

Linen: Bopsman.

Fitzroy: Did you serve?

Linen: Ser—serve?

Fitzroy: In the big war?

Linen: Which one?

Fitzroy: The one—you'd know.

Clint: [laughs]

Fitzroy: Anyway, we gotta go. There's a lot—this is a big building, and we got a lot to see.

Linen: M'kay.

Travis: So your tour carries on, but now, some time has passed. It's a little less early, moving more towards a regular work time.

Griffin: Would one say "later"? Hm? Even?

Justin: [snorts] Less early.

Travis: Not in this world. In Nua, there's no such word as later. Everyone just says less early.

Justin: [laughs] Quick, to the Wiki transcripts!

Travis: Yeah. Nobody says later. It's just "less early" here. It's just one of the fun idiosyncrasies of this world I've created.

[music plays]

Travis: And uh, Firbolg and Argo... you are entering the atrium. Do you have any kind of special thing planned, or are you just like, gonna post up in the lobby again?

Justin: Well, let's tabletop for a second. What's our goal? It's been a little bit since we've done this. What's our goal today?

Clint: This is the heist, right?

Griffin: This is the heist. We're doing the damn thing. We're getting down through the three levels of records into the archives, and then destroying the records there.

Clint: Okay. So, are we operating—I was wondering about this. Are we kind of operating as if we have a plan, but we're not revealing it to the listener in advance?

Travis: Well, thank you for bringing that up, Dad. So, here's my idea that I had, is... because, um, there will be things that will surprise you – and frankly, me, and the listeners – much like we did with you swapping the badge out with Bailey Kern... if there comes a moment where you can justify like, we planned for something like this, um... I will have you roll to see if you planned for something like that. But mostly, if there is a plan, you should probably say it out loud.

Justin: Okay, Griffin, what is *your* plan?

Griffin: Um, I just planted a sort of a chaff bomb there. My little, uh... whatever it was called.

Travis: Party box.

Griffin: Yeah, birthday boomer. I have it set up, essentially now, on a kind of psychic link crab remote, to uh...

Travis: Your classic crab detonator.

Griffin: Classic crab detonator. When it pops off, it uh, will disturb sort of all communication and magical electronics.

Clint: Okay. I think a key... I don't know about getting into the archive, but I really think the magical exhaust system... I think that's the key to destroying whatever it is that we're wanting to destroy. It just seems like it's... it's a—y'know, if we fuck that up, that will destroy—

Justin: Whoa.

Travis: Whoa, language, Dad. Dad, whoa.

Clint: [laughs] That'll destroy those...

Griffin: I mean, we will have any—

Clint: ... pocket universes.

Griffin: Any number of ways to destroy these things. That's the part of the plan that I don't think we need to plan for.

Justin: I would like to know what we are working towards, though. I mean, like, I would like to know where we are... what—

Griffin: I would say, just brass tacks, getting down to the bottom level of the archives without getting caught, getting into the room, destroying the shit, and then I think there's like, an emergency exit sort of lift that we should try and do. And y'know, if we can do this whole thing and not get caught, cool. But I also think that there's a reality in which we may just have to...

Justin: Where is, uh—where is Chef Mike, currently?

Travis: So, Chef Mike is at his café cart in the atrium. It's kind of centrally placed there in the café area.

Clint: Right, then you were asking about things in advance. I would like to say that I am wearing my janitor's uniform. It's literally just a janitor's uniform.

Travis: Of course it is, yes.

Clint: But it will, y'know... that, I think, combined with the fact that I've got the pass...

Travis: You've got the full access badge that you lifted off of Linen, yes.

Clint: The all-access pass will help me to get places. But I also have a *humongous* trashcan on wheels that I am pushing along with me.

Travis: Now, where did you get that, Argo?

Clint: Well, we had time, did we not?

Travis: Yeah, I just want to hear—I'm not—listen, I'm not challenging the fact that you have it. I want you to paint a word picture for me of Argo going to some sort of hardware store.

Griffin: Janitorial supply store.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: I would think that, uh, in all of the messes we've made, all the destruction we've wreaked, and the fact that the three of us are not too tidy and neat, and we've had a horrible—we've left our dorm rooms in complete disarray, like Rolling Stones left hotel rooms... I think that we've probably become veery familiar with the janitorial staff at the school, and it would be absolutely no problem – especially since we are on a mission from God – that I could convince them to let me borrow one of their gigantic trashcans.

Because, as you know, it's time for us to start willowing away and clearing out some of the crap we got, so I need a gigantic... I would almost say, nearly Firbolg-sized trashcan.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: Right. So, just to be clear, Dad, this is a trashcan that, now, Argo takes with him when he goes on trips? Because you guys—

Griffin: It's our special trashcan. No, Dad made a good point. It's our special Thunderboys trash can.

Travis: Okay. Oh, it's definitely—you took a stencil and spray painted the side, right?

Clint: Oh yes. "Thundermen."

Griffin: Well, cover it up now, for this mission.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: Right. I—okay. Good point. Well, I had to paint over it again, then. And it said, uh, "Literally Just a Janitor's Trash Can."

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: "Janitor Incorporated."

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: I love, by the way, that I went through a fuckin' exhaustive job interview for my, y'know, employment ruse, and Dad just has a cool garbage can.

Travis: Well, Dad's better at D&D than you are. I don't know what to tell you.

Griffin: Yeah. I put in too much effort.

Travis: Uh, so, now, Dad, am I to believe from your wording that, perhaps, the Firbolg is inside there now?

Clint: I am not making any story or character decisions for any of my fellow players.

Justin: I'm in the tra—I'm in the trashcan.

Griffin: It's a Schrodinger's Firbolg.

Clint: He's in the trashcan, yeah.

Travis: Okay. Uh, as you walk in, Bailey sees you and goes...

Bailey: Oh hey, Argo!

Travis: No, wait, sorry. Excuse me.

Bailey: Oh hey, Blofeld Johnson!

Argo: Aye! Hello, friend!

Bailey: You got a job? You're a janitor now?

Argo: [laughs] Well, I told ya, I was so impressed with this place, and I heard great benefits. Um, and uh... y'know, basically, I enjoyed the friendship that we have formed. And it—yeah! I want to work here. I want to be part of the whole HOG experience. The whole HOG! I wanna go whole hog on HOG.

Bailey: Well, that's great! And how convenient that you're here! My trash can actually needs emptied.

Travis: And she hands you like, a small under-desk trash can. Y'know, what you would put—standard desk trash can size. And she says...

Bailey: It was startin' to stink, 'cause there was some old yogurt in there.

Griffin: [laughs]

Argo: Oh, I understand. I'll have to catch you next time around, because this is just recycling.

Bailey: Oh, come on, as a friend? I mean, I cut—I cut your hair for you. Couldn't you just pleeease go ahead and dump it for me so I don't have to smell this stinky old yogurt anymore?

Argo: [sighs] Um...

Firbolg: It is fine.

Argo: Yes! Yes.

Firbolg: Dump the yogurt right on me, bad boy.

Bailey: Is that a magic trash can? I can hear it talkin'.

Argo: Well, watch this trick. I'm going to sing a song, and my trash can is going to recite numbers. [sings] Ohh, hello, hello everybody...

Firbolg: This is beneath me.

Justin: [laughs]

Argo: [singing awkwardly]

Firbolg: I am—one. Two.

Argo: [continuing to sing a strange tune]

Firbolg: Three.

Bailey: Okay. This isn't nearly as impressive as you might think, 'cause we have like, real magic and stuff in this world, so like, something talking when you're also ta—that happens a lot. There's like, magic puppets here.

Argo: Uh, okay. So yeah. Mark it down, Bailey, does not appreciate ventriloquism...

Justin: Magic puppets sound pointless.

Travis: Yeah, right? This is what I'm saying.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: It's a dead art.

Justin: Stupid. Who would watch that?

Argo: Okay, well, I'll, uh—here, let me have your trash can. Oh, dear god, what kind of yogurt was that? What—was that like...

Bailey: Well, originally, it was stink berry, which really should've been a clue to me right away that it wasn't gonna be any good. But... Chef Mike said, like, it was delicious, and I had a little bite, and then it got old and got even worse!

Argo: Give me the garbage. Give me the garbage! Give me the garbage!

Clint: And I open up the lid.

Bailey: Okay, here you go! Thank you so much!

Argo: Okay. See ya! Okay.

Travis: Um, so, as you make your way into the atrium proper, you can see that there are decorators on all levels, getting ready for the event today. And as you enter, the decorators in the third floor unfurl banners from the balconies. And they commemorate some of The Commodore's finest victories.

Argo: Oh, jeeze...

Travis: There are others setting up a buffet, complete with a magical ice sculpture. The sculpture is of a miniature Commodore at the helm of a miniature ship, cresting a wave, and the sculpture is enchanted so that the ship rises and falls as the frozen figure laughs defiantly and occasionally waves at guests.

You can also see that a stage has been set up with chairs and podium, right on the other side of the reception desk, but facing the inside of the atrium.

Argo: God, I hate that guy. Um... are you okay in there, Firbolg?

Firbolg: I'm fine. Little slimy. But fine.

Argo: But you like yogurt. Right?

Firbolg: This is no longer yogurt.

Argo: [laughs] You like cheese, right? Okay. I'm sorry. I couldn't see any way around that. Can you just move it over to the side so it doesn't get in your hair?

Firbolg: You have the world's most powerful haircut, and you couldn't figure out another solution to that problem.

Argo: Listen, I understand your pain right now, but listen. There's no need to take it out on me. [laughing]

Firbolg: Ohh...

Argo: Actually, there is.

Firbolg: Yes.

Argo: Yeah, it is complete—

Firbolg: Yes. It's a one to one.

Griffin: I've already blown up the entire records department because of how long this gag took.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: [laughs]

Argo: So, let's go. You ready to roll? Let's roll!

[music plays]

Travis: Now, uh, Fitzroy... you and Kai have—

Griffin: Could you actually just call me Chud—like, I'll get fuckin' confused.

Travis: Yeah, Chud-Chud. Okay, Chud-Chud.

Justin: [laughing]

Travis: CCB. You have made your way through the records department. You can see, uh, it is a kind of standard office-y room with cubicles. The cubicles are all half walls so that anyone could see each other around. You imagine, it's not nearly as fun and heroic and, y'know, opulent a place to work as it seems like the upstairs is.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Y'know, the lighting is—all the torches glow at a pretty, like, unpleasant white light. Y'know what I mean?

Griffin: Right. Well, there's no natural sunlight down here to speak of.

Travis: And y'know, Kai is pointing out some of the standard, like, pickup areas. You can see that there are baskets at the end of each kind of row of cubicles. So you're not going person to person to pick these up – you would just pick them up from like, one area at a time.

And so, you've made your way through the processing area, and you're heading down the second ramp. Once again, we see another mechanical eye right in the middle, and another guard right there at the bottom of the ramp at the entrance, into payroll.

The same thing repeats. Kai introduces themselves, introduces you. You meet Milo, the guard. Milo kind of eyes you up and down, but not in a judgmental or suspicious way, but more of just kind of like...

Griffin: I've got it going on.

Travis: "Okay, if I'm going to be seeing more of this person, I want to like, know what they look like."

Griffin: Okay. Cool. I don't know... [clears throat] Mm... I feel like, in order for me to... oh, let me just ask.

Fitzroy: So uh, payroll. Seems cool. Cuttin' checks. Loving it. Lot of camaraderie here, and I can feel that. Are we gonna go down and check out archives?

Kai: Oh, yeah! That's the next. [parrot noise]

Fitzroy: That's where the big dogs play. That's what I always say.

Kai: You do?

Fitzroy: Yeah, oh, I'm always sayin' stuff like that.

Kai: How often does that come up?

Fitzroy: More often than you'd think, my friend.

Kai: [parrot noise]

Travis: So, you make your way all the way down to the archive. So, this... instead of being a hallway with doors on the exterior, as you have seen in the previous two, this is an entrance into the archive room itself. And like one might picture in like, a server room, or even strangely, more specifically, if you go to like, a rainforested area in like, a zoo or conservatory or something, the doors seal when they close to keep it kind of environmentally controlled on the inside. They don't want any of that magical exhaust seeping into the building. They also want to make it more difficult for people to access if there is any kind of shutdown or anything like that.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: So you pass by the guard there at the bottom. This, uh—he is introduced to you as Bradford. Bradford. Bradford seems cheerier than the first two. You get the impression that maybe less people come down here

than maybe make it past the first two. And so, Bradford's just kind of glad to see somebody.

Griffin: I appreciate that you've named all these guards, Travis, but... they—that's just—I'm gonna have to end up choking them out.

Travis: Oh, I know. That's why I named them.

Griffin: Oh, I—okay. I was confused.

Travis: I wanted to be—and Griffin, I want to make something else clear. I've named them after listeners.

Griffin: Oh, okay.

Travis: So I want you to feel that in your bones when, eventually, you have to end them.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Okay. No, I won't kill 'em, but y'know, I'll do a little Solid Snake on their neck.

Travis: I might make you kill them, Griffin. Just to see where that puts you at.

Griffin: Oh, alright.

Travis: And if that makes you change, I don't know, the way you live your life or the decisions you make.

Griffin: Do I, uh—so I'm on the—I'm on the—so I'm right there with the door.

Travis: Right.

Griffin: And it is super, duper sealed. Is there an obvious, like, handle that you pull, and the door opens? Or is it—

Travis: Um, well, I mean, it's on a scanner. So it opens as you approach and closes behind you. It is just in case of a lockdown emergency, it then does not automatically open.

Griffin: Aw, beans.

Travis: That is what Kai explains to you.

Griffin: I gotcha.

Kai: Uh, yeah. It's a kind of thing—we have drills. Standard drills, in case you get caught down here. That's why we have the emergency exit!

Fitzroy: Got it. Fully understand. Those filing cabinets look pretty zany.

Kai: Oh, yep! Magic as hell!

Fitzroy: You wanna talk more about that?

Kai: Oh, I don't know how they work.

Fitzroy: Alright.

Kai: I didn't make—I just pick up the mail! [laughs]

Griffin: I wanna roll an insight check to see if Kai is harboring a dark secret.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Six.

Travis: They are, but not about this.

Griffin: Shit.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: They've definitely... oh, let's just say, Griffin, they lived a life before they worked here. Y'know what I mean?

Griffin: Um, okay. I want to just really quickly check in with, uh, Agent Snippers, as sort of my eye on the records, uh, y'know, entrance. Just to check and see if my compatriots have started to head down yet.

[music plays]

Travis: Okay! We move back up. We're back up, uh, with Argonaut and the Firbolg. Tell me, boys, what are you fellows up to?

Justin: I'm uncomfortable with the amount of which is now in Dad's hands, because he's got his hands in the garbage can.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: But I assume, are you headed for the ramp, Dad?

Griffin: [singing] Clinton take the garbage can! Take it from my hands!

Clint: Yeah. That's what I was figure, I'd come down the ramp, so whatever we're quote unquote "planning" can happen.

Travis: Hollifer sees you—

Clint: And I'm kind of whistling. [whistles] Whistling a tune.

Travis: Hollifer sees you approach the top of the ramp, and unlike Fitzroy, she clocks you immediately. Because last time she saw you, you were being held by the scruff of the neck by Levi, a fellow guard. And now, you're dressed as a janitor.

Griffin: Oh yeah, you should've—did this janitor thing—did you just see the janitor suit in your inventory, and you planned around that, instead of the fact that you would be recognized instantly by the people in the building?

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: Actually, have a contingency plan.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Oh, nice.

Hollifer: Hey there. Uh, Argo, right?

Argo: Mm, aye, that's it.

Hollifer: Can I help you?

Argo: Aw, just point me to the ramp. Point me to the trash! [laughs]

Hollifer: Uh, it's authorized personnel only.

Argo: Yeah. Yeah. If you notice, I have this pass, but I also, um... I'm a janitor.

Justin: [bursts into laughter]

Griffin: [bursts into laughter]

Hollifer: So... just to be clear, since yesterday... you got full access...

Justin: [laughing loudly in background]

Hollifer: Became...

Travis: And she looks at your badge.

Hollifer: ... a full-fledged member of HOG... and got a job as a janitor here.

Argo: Yes. Public service.

Hollifer: Are you like, somebody's nephew, or—

Argo: I mean, let's face it, I mean, I went down the wrong corridor and got roused by that guard, and uh, deservedly so. It was a bonehead mistake on my part, but there was nothin'—I wasn't doing anything wrong. I wasn't, y'know—

Hollifer: I mean, you were. You were.

Argo: Well, yeah! But I got—I got, uh, work release for it. I got public service. 200 hours, by the way. 200 hours of public service. So, I'm in public sanitation, so the two things kind of worked out, so uh... kind of a hurry. I got a, as you can probably smell, I got some pretty stinky stuff down here. I need to finish my rounds. [laughs] So uh... I appreciate ya.

Travis: Roll a deception check for me.

Clint: A what check?

Travis: Deception check. You are lying.

Clint: Uh, not according to this. It's 19 plus six.

Travis: Well, that's pretty good. But I'm gonna say, 19 with disadvantage though, because this is... I think we can all be honest, an outlandish story.

Griffin: Is there anything worse than disadvantage? Is there disadvantage, where you roll four times...

Justin: [laughing]

Travis: I mean, 'cause basically, you've just—just to lay out, Dad, your own story that you've just laid out for Hollifer. Because you were caught in a restricted area yesterday – *yesterday* – you, in the last 24 hours, have been given 200 hours of community service, and part of that community service is to go into that restricted area, with full—

Griffin: Unimaginable.

Justin: [laughing]

Travis: Full access.

Clint: Uh, point of order, point of order, point of order. I'm wearing, literally, just a janitor's uniform. Which has, in its explanation, a plus two advantage—I mean, a plus two on stealth rolls, and advantage on deception checks.

Travis: God! Sarah from Vancouver! Okay.

Clint: I would say that advantage counteracts disadvantage. 19 plus six, 25! Thank you!

Travis: God. Damn it.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: This is—okay. Anybody out there listening... don't get it twisted, I love my daddy very much. But being a DM to my dad, when he's laying out this weird bullshit, and the dice make it so that my character has to go, "Sounds great! Bluh bloop bloop bloop!"

Clint: [laughing]

Travis: Okay. Alright. This is pure TAZ, right here. This is pure, uncut TAZ.

Justin: That's what the people came for. [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Hollifer: Alright! Makes sense to me. That's a great janitor's outfit. Strong seams. Fresh colors. Get on out of here.

Argo: Look right here.

Hollifer: But I'm keeping my eye on you, sir.

Argo: Blofeld... Johnson. Thank you.

Travis: And you make it past... oh god. You make it past Hollifer with your... [sighs] With your janitor's uniform.

Clint: Literally. Just a janitor's uniform. [laughs]

[music plays]

Travis: From your point of view – or rather, I should say, your crab's point of view – you see janitor Argo making his way down the ramp.

Fitzroy: All—everything's gone according to plan so far.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Down the ramp, uh, and he has hit—or, he is just about to hit the mechanical eye.

Griffin: Okay. I mean, yeah, he's fine. He's got a badge.

Travis: Roll an arcana check for me.

Griffin: Yeah. [pause] Uh, that is 12 plus three, 15.

Travis: You know that mechanical eyes, um... they scan for, uh, for any kind of like, person. They scan for organisms, I should say. And there's no, like—just like you can scan an organism through clothing, one could probably scan an organism through, say, a trash can.

Griffin: Garbage? Yeah, but I can't—I can't pop this—I can't really pop this melon right now, though. Uh... 'cause that's gonna—that's gonna accelerate things dramatically.

Travis: Now, what I will say is, this is one of those moments where, because you know this thing, right? And because this is the scenario we're in, you can now take a moment if you want to figure out...

Griffin: Think of a bullshit way...

Travis: Right.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Are we—I will ask this. Did we go—are we in? Are we inside, Dad and I?

Travis: You are. You are now down the ramp. You're on the first ramp that is descending from the ground level to, uh, to processing.

Clint: So what other security measures do we have to deal with to get down to processing?

Travis: The most pressing one right now is the mechanical eye that is going to scan for living organisms. And you, because Fitzroy knows this, and you guys planned this together... you know that that is going to be able to scan and see the Firbolg through the trash can. So it got you past Hollifer, but getting past the mechanical eye is your next challenge.

Griffin: With just one pass is not going to cut it, basically.

Travis: Right.

Clint: Are we out of eyeshot of the guard we just passed?

Travis: Um, I mean, like I said, you could be. If you have something you want to do, because uh—because Fitzroy succeeded on his roll, you have a chance to figure something out.

Clint: No, I'm just trying to get a setting for all of this to know, y'know, where we are.

Travis: Mm-hmm.

Clint: So, the other—the guard we just blew past, the one that believed all the bullshit, is out of eyesight?

Travis: Correct.

Clint: And there's nobody else that can see us?

Travis: Yeah. The ramp turns a corner, before you got out of this one, so there is a moment where like, you are out of eye line of anyone for a brief area. I want to make it clear, there is an area where the Firbolg could get out of the trash can, but be past Hollifer.

Justin: Let's do that. 'Cause he got me inside, right? I mean, let me hop out, and you keep moving, and I'll get myself down.

Griffin: There's another option, which is that the eye would detect another organism inside the garbage can, and it would certainly, y'know, throw up a red flag if that organism were, say, a huge Firbolg. But if it were, say, a much smaller thing, like I don't know, a very lucky mouse who had found himself in garbage city...

Justin: I was thinking about that as well, but then I decided to not do that.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: [laughs] Okay. So this device will be able to detect there's a life form, but it won't be able to detect what kind of life form?

Travis: With a 15, Fitzroy doesn't know that for sure.

Clint: The 15 was from yesterday.

Griffin: No, my arcana roll. I just did it.

Travis: Yeah. This is the information that Fitzroy can give you.

Clint: Okay, right right right.

Justin: Let me hop out.

Clint: Okay.

Travis: So, as you turn the corner, breaking eye contact—eye line with Hollifer, there is a bend in the ramp before heading down into processing. The Firbolg, covered in old yogurt and some flecks of trash... uh, not covered. There's some in your hair. There's a little bit in your hair. Hops out of the trash can, and kind of gets down into a corner, where uh, you are not—you cannot be seen by either the guard upstairs, or the guard at the bottom of the ramp.

So, you continue on down the ramp, Argo, pushing your now much lighter trash can. You have your badge, so even though the mechanical eye swirls to you, you can see the light come on, and then go green as you pass underneath it.

Justin: Trav, do you have your cell phone with you?

Travis: I—I do.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Are you guys doing secretsies?

Clint: I like it.

Travis: Kind of seems like we might. Um, so then, you make it down to the, uh, bottom of the ramp there. You're talking to Linen, and Linen also recognizes you!

Griffin: Aw, fuck! You threw a rat at his face!

Travis: Well, a mouse jumped on his face. How it got there, no one was quite sure.

Griffin: By throwing!

Travis: It jumped out of—

Clint: I didn't throw!

Travis: It jumped out of his pocket.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Um...

Linen: Uh—what—hey! What are you doing here?

Argo: [laughs] Yeah, I know. It's good to see you, too, my friend. Those are healing up nicely. Did you put anything like... mercurochrome, or y'know, Gentian Violet on them to help heal them up, so you wouldn't get infections?

Linen: I did, thank you very much. But also...

Argo: Good, good.

Linen: What are you doing down here?

Argo: I came to check on your scratches. I came to—let me see.

Griffin: [laughs]

Argo: That one's good. That one is good.

Linen: You're not supposed to—this is for—

Argo: I felt so bad—

Linen: Excuse me. This is for authorized personnel only.

Argo: Yeah? I'm authorized personnel.

Linen: What the fuck?

Argo: How do you think I got past the eye just then? How do you think I got past the other guards? I'm authorized personnel. I'm literally just a janitor, and I'm here to do my daily duties.

Justin: Just a simple janitor! [laughs]

Linen: Wait, where did you get that badge?

Justin: Why does everyone stand in the way of his janitorial duties? Much like any janitor, he has places to go and things to clean and got arrested yesterday at his place of business! Like all janitors!

Argo: I admit, I was excited about the possibility of being a janitor here.

Linen: So wait, you already had the job, and came down here before you got your badge?

Argo: Oh, yeah! Yeah. This is arranged—

Linen: Why didn't you say that? Why didn't you bring that up yesterday?

Argo: I want to impress people on my own terms. I don't want them to think that I'm some kind of—

Travis: Roll a deception check.

Clint: A deception check. Of course, a deception check. And that would be a 13...

Travis: And then go roll again, 'cause you got advantage. Sarah from Vancouver.

Clint: Okay. Plus six would be 19. And that's 15, plus six, which would be 21.

Linen: I... [sighs] This is a very f—okay. Next ti—there shouldn't be a next time, but I guess lead with that? And while you're cleaning up... [sighs] Could you—

Travis: And he kind of gestures for you to lean in.

Linen: Could you keep an eye out for my badge? I must've picked up the wrong one or something, and I can't find my badge anywhere.

Argo: Mmm. Aye. That's bad. Yeah, well, listen. Hey, mum's the word, because I—I owe ya. I owe you, because y'know, obviously, I distracted you, or you would've seen that mouse coming from a mile away. Because...

Linen: I mean, right? Thank you. It's really been eating me up.

Argo: You are good at what you do! That's why you're here at the top of your profession! The apex! Yeah. I'll keep an eye out for it, and when I find it, by god, I will bring it right back to you and put it in your hot little hands.

Travis: You make your way past him, and you start to breathe a sigh of relief. And then, Linen says...

Linen: Hey, wait a second!

Travis: And you turn back and he says...

Linen: I just wanted to say – great haircut.

Argo: [laughs] Aye. Thanks. I've gotten a long way on that haircut!

Travis: You make your way down past the other two guards. They don't recognize you, so they don't have any problem with this. And you've made your way down, and you find down there, it's Fitzroy, talking with Kai.

Griffin: You don't even fucking recognize me, though.

Travis: He's so deep in Chud-Chud.

Griffin: So complete is my Chud-Chud transformation, which is my favorite PS1 era rhythm game.

Travis: And uh, roll a perception check for me, both of you.

Clint: [laughing] Oh.

Griffin: Perception, you said?

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: [singing] Critical failure! The second of the episode!

Travis: You go to rub on your eye, and you push on your eye too hard, and it hurts.

Griffin: I'm getting Tiny Heist flashbacks in a major way, by the way, of when we spent six episodes playing this ornate heist, and then I rolled for dog shit when it really came down to it. Mm! Echoes.

Clint: Good times.

Griffin: Good times.

Clint: So was I rolling a perception check too?

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: I fuckin' hope so!

Clint: 11 plus three, 14.

Travis: Um, okay, yeah. You see a kind of... almost like a cloud of like, mist or something, behind Kai. And you—I don't know, it's like a um... like a steam cloud rising up from something, but it's staying pretty put.

Griffin: Is it attached to—is it following Kai, or does it just happen to be behind them?

Travis: Uh, it's just appeared behind Kai. And Kai says...

Kai: Oh! A new janitor? They're hiring people left and right!

Travis: I'm really enjoying, by the way, doing this kind of parrot person voice.

Griffin: Yeah, it's fun.

Travis: I'm enjoying the hell out of it.

Griffin: Next season, man. Be a parrot.

Travis: All parrots, all the time.

Griffin: Spread your wings.

Clint: Thank you.

Kai: Wait, what's your name, janitor?

Argo: Uh, well, I would like to point out... okay. Blofeld Johnson!

Kai: Oh! Y'know, I—

Argo: Blofeld Johnson.

Kai: I had a friend named Blofeld Johnson, once.

Argo: Yeah?

Fitzroy: I'm Chud-Chud Bopsman. I'm also—it's also my first day.

Clint: I think it's really sad that I wasted such a cool name as Blofeld Johnson by daring to put it in the same arc...

Travis: Oh, Dad, don't worry. It's not that cool.

Fitzroy: Hey, put `em there.

Griffin: I hold out both hands.

Kai: Oh, yeah! My new friend, Blofeld Johnson. Meet my other friend, Chud-Chud Bopsman!

Argo: Uh, nothin' personal. I can't shake hands. Been workin' with garbage.

Fitzroy: Oh, I don't mind. The things these hands have seen...

Argo: Okay! Put 'er there, pal!

Kai: Well, as long as you're here, I might as well show you around, too! Come on in!

Travis: And Kai heads into the archives, and the cloud of steam follows them. And I assume you two do as well?

Griffin: Um... yes.

Clint: Yeah.

Griffin: Have I noticed this cloud of steam? I guess not, if I really fucked up that bad. Okay.

[music plays]

Travis: Hey, before we get into the break, I just want to say, we had a couple of new NPC names in this episode, and I missed one from last episode. First, uh, Levi the guard from last episode is named after @TheTrudger. Kai is named after @TromFetishist. Uh, Linen is named after @Linen_Hawk. Milo is named after Milo Reddash, and Bradford is named after @KEBdramaturg.

So, thank you all for tweeting. I'll probably need some more NPC names before this heist is done, so don't forget to tweet with the hash tag, #ZoneCast, and you could be in the running. Thanks so much!

[ad break]

[heist music plays]

Griffin: I mean, first order of business... I look at—I look at Blofeld, and I, as secretly as I can, whisper...

Fitzroy: [very quietly] Where's the Firbolg?

Griffin: Or, I just mouth it. I mouth, "Where's the Firbolg?"

Clint: And uh, Blofeld Johnson responds, in an equally sotto voce voice...

Argo: [whispering] I have no freakin' idea!

Fitzroy: [whispering] Great. Great great great.

Travis: And all this while, Kai is pointing out things.

Kai: There's the trash cans.

Fitzroy: Uh-huh. Oh, definitely.

Kai: You got your pick up here. There's not a lot of pick up. There's only like, three people that work in the archives.

Argo: [whispering] Do you think we need to go back out and get him?

Fitzroy: [whispering] Do you think if we just leave, they'll let us try it again?

Kai: Okay, so that's about it! Uh, let's head back upstairs! The reception should be startin' soon!

Griffin: We're in—are we in the room right now?

Travis: You are in the room.

Griffin: With the—with the shit?

Travis: With the shit.

Griffin: So there's nobody in... are there other people in here?

Travis: Y'know, this is—I mean, I'm not gonna make you roll a perception check. No. It's already a skeleton crew that works – not literal. God, it's a fantasy game. But, that works the archives. And because of the big fancy party upstairs, they just took a break. There's usually only one person working down here at any given point anyways.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Uh, so, because you're doing this on this day with the big reception happening upstairs, there is no one in here right now. Except for Kai, and there is still the guard on the outside.

Griffin: Okay. Welp...

Argo: Well, I'm gonna have to skip the reception. Work to do. I am the one, uh, responsible for gettin' the trash and gettin' the garbage and everything else.

Kai: [parrot noise] Don't be silly! It's your first day! Of course you're gonna come to the reception! Free food!

Argo: Noo... it's my first day, so of course I'm *not* going to the reception, because I have people to impress. This is just the first day of my work release, so I'm—

Kai: Work release?

Fitzroy: Let's just leave him in here.

Justin: I think while they're—while, um... they are talking to Kai... uh, where are they in relation to the mech eyes that we know are in this room?

Griffin: Looks like this room is lousy with mech eyes.

Travis: Well, no. The mech eyes in this room; there are two opposite, uh, the ramp entrance. Um, on either corner, opposite the ramp entrance. So if you're like, standing at the door that you just entered through, there is one on the far left corner, and one on the far right corner. Both of them pointed so that they cover the room.

Griffin: Alright. So, if it seems like we are about to be forced to go back up to the surface...

Travis: That is what's happening, yes.

Griffin: Yeah. Then I'm going to... knock over the cart again.

Justin: Travis... I don't want to tell them what's happening if they're not perceiving it.

Travis: They're not perceiving it.

Justin: So I'm gonna text you, Travis. I'm gonna text you again.

Griffin: I spill the cart again.

Fitzroy: Oh, jee—oh, come on!

Travis: As you spill the cart, it creates a momentary distraction. And uh, what Kai does not see... uh, but I'm going to say, uh, and neither do you, Fitzroy, because of the cart knock over... but what we see from Argo's POV is, that cloud of gas coalesces into a fairy dragon, which is a fairly small dragon, but you see it attack the mechanical eyes.

Griffin: Oh!

Travis: And Firbolg, go ahead and roll that attack for me.

Griffin: That's something else, Juice!

Justin: Mm-hmm.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: We got a... 18.

Travis: Uh, yeah. So that hits. Uh, yeah. Well, that hits both cameras. So, uh, we see the Firbolg in fairy dragon form, take a chomp out of the base of that mechanical eye. And as a result, it falls loose. He doesn't bite the eye itself; instead, wisely, uh, because the Firbolg is wise, bites the base of it, so it swings down, and now the eye is pointed at the wall. And we see that fairy dragon zip over and do the same to the other side.

And so, as, uh, Kai has helped you right your cart, that fairy dragon has now zipped back out of sight, and out of Kai's eye line.

Justin: I'm going to go up behind Kai while they're continuing to chat, and use *Euphoria Breath* on Kai.

Griffin: Whoa!

Travis: Okay. Explain *Euphoria Breath* to me while I make the, uh...

Justin: I exhale a puff of euphoria gas at one creature within five feet. The target must succeed on a DC 11 wisdom saving throw, or for one minute, it can't take reactions, and must roll a D6 at the start of its turn to determine its behavior. Uh, it can either take no act—on a one through four, the target takes no action or bonus action, and uses all of its movements to move in a random direction. Five through six, the target doesn't move, and the only thing it can do on its turn is make a DC 11 wisdom saving throw, ending the effect on itself on a success.

Travis: Uh, you catch Kai right in the face as they stand up from straightening the cart, and they are clearly...

Kai: Uh? Uh?

Travis: And then they just start kind of meandering around the room, bumping into the wall. Not forcefully. You don't have to worry about them being injured. But they are very clearly just wandering aimlessly around the room.

Fitzroy: Hey... so, can I go back to using my regular voice now? 'Cause the other one actually hurts me to do it that deep.

Argo: Oh, no! I love Chud-Chud's voice!

Fitzroy: I know.

Firbolg: [making some kind of hideous fairy dragon noise]

Fitzroy: You can probably change back also. If you—no, y'know what? If you want to stay fairy dragon, you chase your bliss.

Firbolg: [horrible, horrible sounds]

Fitzroy: Um... alright, so, I mean, we're here, and wrecking things is kind of what we do best, so let's start. Everybody, I guess, pick a locker, and start... hitting it?

Travis: I'm going to say, too, uh... you also know, uh, because you are no dummies, that as soon as that attack on the cameras was made, uh, y'know, you got a finite amount of time before someone notices that there is something amiss with the system. You're not sure how much time, but...

Griffin: Yeah. Just to ready an action, then, I'm going to wait. I'm going to pay very, very close attention to who is coming towards those sealing doors. Not ones on the ceiling, but the ones that do seal.

Travis: Do a... all three of you, do a stealth check for me.

Griffin: Uh oh. Yeah, 'cause this is a glass enclosed room. People can fuckin' see—yeah.

Travis: Right. Correct.

Justin: Why would they want to investigate a wild little dragon attacking cameras? [laughs] Seems fine.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: And a high as hell parrot man. Uh, I got a 12 plus two, 14.

Clint: I got a 17 plus 13, which is 30. Plus two, because of my literally just a janitor's uniform.

Griffin: Give me some of his. I want some of his.

Clint: 32.

Justin: [laughs] I got a nine plus two, 'cause I'm a little dragon!

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Oh boy.

Justin: Getting crazy!

Griffin: But give us some of his, and we'll be fine. You can spread it around.

Justin: You're allowed to spread it around.

Griffin: You're allowed to spread it around.

Travis: I don't think—hey, guys? I don't think I'm allowed to spread it around.

Griffin: 'Cause here's the thing! Me and Justin didn't get enough stealth points to succeed, and Dad has way more than he needs!

Travis: Well, let's add them together then, huh? You got, what, 25, 32? So what's that, 57? Right?

Griffin: Divide it by three.

Clint: Yeah.

Travis: Divided by three, what's that equal?

Clint: That's 19 each.

Travis: Uh, 19 each... no, it doesn't—it's just not enough. It needed to be 20 each. That's the thing.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Ohh, you lucky bastards. [dice rolling] Okay, uh, Linen, who is on the first floor, doesn't see anything. He is doodling away, lost in—

Griffin: Linen is going to lose his fucking job.

Clint: Well, he should!

Travis: Deep in a doodle. Plus, the angle of the stalactites on the ceiling make it so he does not see anything, and the chance of him seeing anything in like, the next ten minutes is nil. But...

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Milo, on the second floor, was on a kind of lower end of his rounds, and he saw this, and he immediately makes a break for the door to the archives, as does Bradford at the bottom.

So uh, Fitzroy, you see them moving. Right? As soon as they kind of turn and clock it, you see Milo on the second floor clock it first. He starts heading down. When he's about halfway down, Bradford catches him. So he's going to move, right?

Griffin: Oh, okay. Then, they are—they're close.

Travis: Well yeah, Bradford is like, right outside the door.

Griffin: Okay. Um... I turn to the others and say...

Fitzroy: Um, we've reached the uh-oh contingent.

Griffin: And I close my eyes, and there's a popping noise from upstairs as Snippers uses his precious little claw to slide open the package that I'd placed earlier.

Travis: [making strange sounds] That's Snippers singing the Mission Impossible theme song to himself.

Griffin: Right, yeah. We got it.

Travis: Okay, great.

Griffin: My hope being that, if it sort of shuts down, y'know, arcane electronics things, it will keep this sealed door from opening in the...

Clint: Opening.

Griffin: ... intended manner.

Travis: Roll an investigation check. This is back when you were walking around with Kai.

Griffin: Fuck me, Trav. This is gonna be bad. I have minus one investigation... okay, 16 minus one, 15.

Travis: Okay. Um, you, as you are entering this door, flash back, right? You know that this door is magical in nature, and not mechanical. It is warded in such a way that would keep out fire, uh, curses, whatever if it's activated, right? This is like, a solid, y'know, protective warding door.

So, while your bomb is going to deactivate communication between guards, it's going to deactivate the scanners, it's going to deactivate probably any kind of alarm system they have to make people aware of it upstairs, the door is still active.

Griffin: Okay. Well, that didn't go as intended. So... hide?

Justin: After the explosion, I slip the Re-Anchoring Stone into Fitzroy's shoe to send him hurdling up towards the stalactites.

Griffin: Uh, not—

Justin: It is only at the moment that I see him lift into the air that I consider, we should've had a plan for him landing.

Griffin: I will die. I will now perish.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Um, it should also be noted, uh, anybody who's wondering, like, "Well, surely, Linen noticed that the thing exploded." No, Linen got a one. Linen got a critical fail. Linen is so deep in his doodle, he has basically hypnotized himself with the swirls he has drawn. He doesn't notice anything.

Okay. Um, so, Fitzroy is hurdling up towards the stalactites.

Griffin: Cool cool.

Travis: What do you do, Argonaut?

Clint: Uh, Argo dashes through the door, on a one horse open sle—no. Dashes out of the door, uh, to confront, um... uh, Mutt and Jeff. What are their names again?

Travis: Milo and Bradford.

Clint: Milo and Bradford. Yep. He runs out there and confronts Milo and Bradford.

[tense music plays]

Milo: Hey! Hey!

Clint: He plants himself in front of the door, and says, uh...

Argo: Gentlemen! Um... I know what you think, lookin' at me. You think, "This is literally just a janitor!" Well, you are incorrect my friends. I am so much more than a janitor.

Clint: And uh, I throw open the trash can. And I pull out my weapons.

Griffin: Uh oh.

Clint: I pull out all my weapons, and look at them in a forceful way, and I say...

Argo: Upstairs, this institution is getting ready to honor one of the most despicable, hateful, evil people that has ever walked the earth or sailed the seas. They're paying tribute to him like he's a great hero. He's the man that had my mother killed, and I am on a mission to end him. You cannot stand in my way. For one thing, you are dumber than a rock, and you were scared by a mouse.

Travis: Uh, no, sorry, Dad, it's a different guy. It's not the mouse guy.

[music stops]

Clint: It's not the mouse guy?

Griffin: No, the mouse guy is upstairs, thinking the bomb I just set off underneath him was just a like...

Clint: Oh, right.

Griffin: A big toot or something.

Clint: Boy, that was a good speech though, wasn't it?

Griffin: It was, it was.

Travis: Yeah, but now they attack you.

Griffin: Yeah, of course they do!

Clint: Okay, fine!

Griffin: You pulled out weapons!

Clint: You'll face the kraken!

Griffin: You pulled out weapons, and you were like—

Clint: Unleash the kraken.

Griffin: You pulled out weapons, and then you were like, "But it's okay. I'm going to use these to assassinate somebody."

Travis: Uh, luckily, they both whiff on you hard. But uh, you are now in— just you, by the way, in a two on one battle with Milo and Bradford.

Justin: They didn't clock me, right?

Travis: No.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: I mean, listen – yeah, they did.

Griffin: They saw a dragon.

Travis: They saw a tiny dragon, because your roll was bad, as was Griffin's.

Justin: Okay. But they didn't see me... okay. Got it. I mean, I had the chance to form back into the Firbolg. Did they see me as a dragon, or did they see me as the Firbolg?

Travis: They see that something is going on down there. But like, it's chaos to them right now. They're heading down to investigate.

Justin: Right. And they're gonna fight Dad.

Travis: They are fighting Dad.

Justin: They're fighting Dad. Okay.

Travis: They are currently fighting our father, Clint McElroy, the janitor.

Clint: Yeah. Yeah. Let's go. Let's do it.

Justin: I run out, and I... I put Dad in a headlock, except I look like Hollifer.

Griffin: Oh, god that's good!

Clint: [laughs] You put the bag—

Justin: And I give him a thumbs up! [laughing]

Clint: [laughing]

Travis: Okay.

Justin: I give the two guards a thumbs up and start dragging him away.

Travis: You do not have to roll for this, because in that moment, they are so very confused, that they absolutely lower their weapons and kind of like, look at each other. Um, and this gives you a moment of confusion for you both to act against them, should you choose. But I will warn you – this moment of confusion will not last very long.

Justin: No, I'm dragging him away!

Travis: Where to?

Justin: Out!

Travis: Out?

Justin: I'm throwing him out! He's under arrest.

Milo: Hollifer, what are you doing down here?

Firbolg: Uhhhhhh.

Griffin: You can't—[laughs]

Firbolg: Uhhhhhhhhh.

Argo: I'm sorry, Hollifer! Ow, easy! Easy!

Justin: I rip the, uh—I rip his badge off.

Firbolg: Ugh!

Milo: What—what is happening?

Justin: I put the badge on myself. [laughing] So I don't get fuckin' busted.

Milo: Should we go in there and check it out?

Justin: Uh, I give them a thumbs down. [laughs]

Travis: Okay, make a performance check.

Griffin: [laughing]

Justin: [laughing]

Clint: [laughing]

Justin: I can't! It's just a bag that looks like her face!

Travis: Yeah, listen. Hey. You've got disadvantage, my dude.

Justin: Oh man, okay. Hold on. [laughing] Okay. So that's a ten, and a two.

Travis: Uh, so, Milo's—

Clint: Can't I help?

Justin: Are my two different roles.

Clint: Can I help?

Justin: It's performance! You can lean into it!

Travis: You... you can help. Uh, if you can convince me how you are helping.

Clint: Um... so, what are you trying to do, Juice? [laughs]

Travis: Okay, great. You can't help.

Clint: Alright.

Travis: At which point, Milo says...

Milo: Wait a minute. Is that one of those man of many masks masks?

Travis: Pulls it off your head, reveals the Firbolg. So to set the scene, here's what we have.

[music plays]

Travis: We have a Firbolg, and we have Argonaut, cornered by two guards. And we have Fitzroy, hurdling towards a spiked ceiling. And we'll pick it back up next week.

Griffin: Oh.

Justin: Unbelievable.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Unbelievable.

Clint: Cliff hanger!

[theme music plays]

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