

The Adventure Zone: Steeplechase - Episode 10

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Krystal: Steepies, I'm here with a breaking news alert. And this is a serious one. The wedding of Kenchal Denton and Lizbeth Owens at the Dusk Hotel has been crashed by some Gutter City lowlifes, trying to nab the Stealswell Diamond. One of our reporters was at the nearby Sinnuendo To Go, having her cigarettes seductively lit by a handsome stranger, when she saw the whole thing go down.

Is this robbery utterly predictable? Of course! But does it make it any less heartbreaking for us Ken-Beth stans? No, peeps. No, it does not. But fear not, Steepies, somehow, some way, we'll still dry our tears and never know when to stop dreaming.

[Steeplechase theme music plays]

Weaver: [sings] Oh, I'm a neutron guy. And you're my nega-girl. I'll sweep you through the ash waste as we make our way through the—[click] Do, you hear me, Travis?

Travis: What?

Weaver: I'm sorry, I didn't realize I'd left the horn on.

Travis: Are you speaking— Are you talking to me?

Weaver: Fare thee well.

Travis: Wait?

Clint: Wait. Wait! We just started talking to you.

Justin: Hello, everybody. And welcome to The Adventure Zone, Steeplechase.

Travis: Is that guy my real dad?

Justin: You wish.

Griffin: Legally, you have to tell— Legally, you have to tell Travis if the muck dweller is his real dad.

Justin: Not the muck dweller, the nano father. Please.

Griffin: The nano father, my—

Justin: Please.

Travis: Oh, it's right there in the name! I should've seen it a mile away, it's so obvious now!

Justin: Our friend and employee, Jupiter, is kind enough to help pull the other recaps of this dumb stuff. But Jupiter, showing a lot of wisdom here, does not track the story of the nano father. So, that is really... It's...

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: I think they realized that it's been so clear cut at this point that any child could remember all of the— all of the nano father/muck dweller lore.

Justin: It's part of the—

Clint: I think only.

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: Only a child could keep track of all involved.

Travis: Yeah, you need a child to— You need a child's heart and face.

Clint: And Shookles...

Griffin: You need the sweet, innocent eyes of a child.

Justin: Welcome. Okay, if you— I'm gonna stop saying if you haven't been listening. 'Cause again, it's just unthinkable.

Griffin: Just listen to it.

Justin: Just listen to it.

Clint: And it's very accusatory.

Justin: It is.

Clint: Yeah.

Justin: The boys are in the midst of trying to steal a van, a laundry truck, called The Clean, for Sticky Fingers Paul Pantry. They did it through stealing the Stealswell Diamond. Wait a minute, I get it now.

Travis: Ah.

Justin: [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: Now, Justin, not to argue your nomenclature, I would say we have stolen The Clean, we've just not finished stealing it.

Justin: That's true, that's true.

Griffin: Yeah. Legally, it's mine right now.

Justin: Possession being nine tenths of the law.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: We've really struggled with numbering in a way that was not very fun at the end of the last episode. So, there are three cars. There are— Or

three trucks, I should say. There's The Clean. Inside The Clean is Montrose and Vogel and Tonio. They were the two other thieves that were working with you, Montrose. In car two, is Sticky Fingers Paul Pantry's... like a holo... a Hard Light avatar, if you will.

Clint: Right.

Travis: Just Short Doug.

Justin: And Emerich. And then— Yeah. Technically, yeah, he's in the guise of Short Doug. And in the third car is Jacques. Who seems to be driving very erratically and maybe wants to get caught. And Beef, Trav was— definitely went into car four with Jacques.

Travis: Yes.

Justin: Which is now car three.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: Oh, god!

Justin: So, The Clean is one. Two is... two.

Clint: Let's go A, B, C? Please go A, B, C?

Travis: No, can we say— can we say The Clean, right?

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: Short Doug and Jacques.

Justin: Yeah. Okay, sure. The Clean, Short Doug and Jacques. Got it. That is the situation that you find yourselves in. You are also being hunted by, I believe, 20 Gutter City Police Department officers. I don't know why I felt the need to do this, but I did find a picture of what these look like.

Travis: Oh, yeah!

Justin: In case you're curious, that is—

Travis: I love a visual.

Justin: That's what the cars look like.

Clint: Ah! [chuckles]

Griffin: Ah yeah.

Justin: It's a...

Griffin: There's a Studebaker?

Travis: Kind of looks like Doc Hudson from Cars.

Justin: It's a Ford Super Deluxe, 1947.

Clint: It sure is.

Travis: All right, dad.

Justin: And it is—

Travis: Dad wants to kiss that car.

Griffin: Dad, go kiss that car. Go kiss a picture of that car.

Clint: [kissing sounds]

Justin: If you have never seen one of these before—

Clint: Oh, baby.

Justin: It's black, got chrome bumpers. It has...

Travis: It is a real sexy automobile.

Justin: Yeah, it's cool. It's cool. There's whitewall tires and it has got pontoon...

Travis: Fenders.

Justin: Fenders, yeah. It's cool. Anyway—

Travis: it's got Stratocasters all over it.

Justin: Yeah. I'm not a car guy, but I wanted give you a picture of what these cars—

Travis: Oh, really?

Justin: Ha, surprise.

Griffin: Got a big wiener hanging off that back of it.

Justin: Here's what's going on, you guys are going through Gutter City.

Griffin: Did you guys hear— Sorry, is my mic working?

Travis: Yeah. It's got truck nuts.

Justin: [chuckles] Sorry, Griffin. One more time?

Griffin: It's got big truck nuts and a big wiener hanging off the back of it.

Travis: Just flapping in the wind.

Justin: I'm also gonna send you this. It is a map of Gutter City Downtown.

Travis: Ah, yeah. I love a map.

Justin: We're not gonna be directly, like, tracking your position here. This is more of a you know, get you mind working a little bit. You can see there that you're currently at the corner of 11th and Wyandotte, at the Dusk Hotel,

having just pulled out. I put a couple other landmarks on here. Here's Sinnuendo and Darla's offices. Again, don't know, don't care if they're involved in this situation. But I did wanna just give you kind of an idea of what we're looking at. Just like a visual reference.

Griffin: Is this Kansas City?

Justin: Wow, good eye, Griffin. Yeah, it's Kansas City.

Travis: Nice.

Justin: They had a nice grid layout so I stole their city.

Travis: Can I tell you what's messed up? There's so— In American cities, there's so many like similar names of streets and layouts of stuff, for a second I thought it was Cincinnati. The city in which I live. It's so similar.

Justin: If you've been paying attention to all the clues, the choice of Kansas City by me... there's more than meets the eye.

Griffin: Oh?

Justin: Maybe more than just happenstance. Well, if you've been following the clues... [chuckles]

Travis: Oh, they've been laid out in the muck dweller part.

Justin: Thank you.

Travis: I missed it again.

Griffin: Damn it.

Justin: It's all in the meta. Okay, there is also the last like gameplay thing I— I have— This is— Guys, this is so invigorating to have absolutely no idea what's about to happen. The only thing that I have— The only like little gameplay thing I wanna show you here is, you can see that clock on the table. You see a big clock?

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Mm-hmm?

Justin: That says 'cornered.' Okay, that is sort of a meter of the extent to which you are able— You have mobility, right. This isn't like you're arrested, this isn't like whatever. This clock represents you being cornered by the police that are trying to catch you. And that is the situation that you find yourselves in as the three of you rocket down... I don't know, let's call it 11th Street, why not.

And are just flooring it. Montrose, you're pulling ahead. Sticky Finger Paul Pantry is doing some like cool drifts. And Jacques is just going wild, tearing up the streets as the GCPD is in pursuit. Who would act first? Where would this even begin? What would happen?

Griffin: I mean, probably me, if we're... if I'm in the lead car.

Justin: Yeah?

Griffin: I think... Can we do a— I'm gonna start off with a flashback.

Justin: Cool! Okay, good. I love it.

Griffin: It's just the three of us, right before we go our separate ways to go into the Dusk Hotel. And we're just kind of standing at a street corner and I say:

Montrose: Okay, here's what I'm thinking. A bunch of crazy stuff's gonna happen in there and we're all gonna end up in three separate cars. Does this seem convoluted already? Yes. But trust me, I've weighed all the possibilities. This is the only way that makes sense. So, once we're out on the street, now all of a sudden we got ourselves a shell game. Did y'all study the sort of like book of like beginner heist sort of maneuvers that are available—

Beef: Yeah, a shell game's like gambling, right?

Montrose: Yes, I suppose. It bums me out in such a major way that that is the only thing you took away from it.

Beef: No, I'm just trying to reference... Don't worry about it. It's not important.

Montrose: Okay. We got ourselves a—

Emerich: It's also known— also known as a chipmunk gambit.

Montrose: A chipmunk gambit. Oh, someone read the... You absolute dweeb. I love it.

Beef: And also it's called a one, two, three skudoozie.

Montrose: No, it's not. It's not.

Beef: Oh, which one am I thinking of?

Emerich: I think it's pronounced shudoozie.

Beef: I don't think it is...

Montrose: We'll get out there, we'll have some fuzz on our tail.

Beef: Gross.

Montrose: And it's gonna be up to us to give `em the old slip. One of us goes one way, one of us goes the other way and then a third one goes a third way.

Beef: Great.

Montrose: We split up the force into neat thirds. And then you just do some silly driving and you get us out of there.

Clint: You think Vogel's wondered why your voice has changed?

Travis: This is a flashback.

Griffin: This is a flashback. So... No.

Clint: Oh, right.

Beef: And it will all be perfect as long as Emerich ends up in The Clean, so he can copy you know, the code, the Hard Light code. Then we'll be able to get out of there with little to no issue.

Montrose: Yes. I think that will definitely be something we do not forget.

Beef: Yeah.

Griffin: And then flash back to the present and I like—

Justin: Wait, wait, the flashback's not over yet.

Mean Doug: Hey. So, it's you guys again. Find yourself in the market for another tune, huh?

Beef: Ah, sax man!

Mean Doug: Mean Doug's my name. [laughs] Mean Doug's my name and sax is my game. [comedically bad saxophone plays]

Montrose: Ah— Oh, God.

Beef: He's getting better.

Emerich: Oh, man... Yeah, he is.

[sax continues]

Emerich: That's wonderful chase music.

Mean Doug: Okay, that will be—

Beef: Do you know Clear Balloon?

Mean Doug: That'll be—[chuckles] That'll be one suite.

Beef: Oh, I'm fresh out.

Mean Doug: If only you had ended the flashback before, you wouldn't have owed him one.

Travis: [chuckles]

Montrose: You know, I... Mean Doug, you say?

Mean Doug: Yeah? Yeah, Mean Doug.

Montrose: How long would it take you to assemble a likeminded crew of brass buskers?

Mean Doug: Well... You want brass or you want woodwinds?

Montrose: All the instruments you got that you can carry around and march with.

Mean Doug: All the instruments that I got that you can carry around...

Emerich: The meatier the better.

Mean Doug: You want tympani guys?

Montrose: I need tympani guys.

Mean Doug: All right. Well—

Beef: He can't finish without tympani guys!

Mean Doug: Well, here's what I'd say... What I'd say is... That would be an elaborate action that involves special opportunities and consistencies. I

mean, that's my back of the napkin math on it. Is it would be stressful to a degree of two. [chuckles] Is what I would think on that.

Montrose: What if I can—

[comedically bad saxophone plays]

Montrose: Wait, it's very— it's quite—

Mean Doug: Oh, we weren't done? I thought that would wave you off, okay.

Montrose: We were in the middle of a comms— No.

Mean Doug: Okay, what is it?

Montrose: What if I could cut you in on some action? You put together—

Mean Doug: An opportunity to play saxophone? I'm not a criminal, I'm just a sax guy.

Montrose: All it is, is an opportunity to play saxophone with you and a group of likeminded brass buskers.

Mean Doug: How long do I have?

Montrose: About an hour.

Mean Doug: Yeah, you got it.

Justin: Okay, Griffin, take two stress.

Griffin: I don't know if I can, hold on.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: Okay, as long as I don't reach the trauma track... I can touch the trauma track, just not get up into it, right?

Justin: Is it— Would this bring you to full stress?

Griffin: It would.

Justin: Man, you are really... you're really putting the preverbal cart before the horse on this one, Griff. I hope you have a good implementation.

Griffin: I do.

Travis: "When the PC marks their last stress box..."

Griffin: Ah, man.

Travis: "They suffer a level of trauma."

Justin: Tell you what, I'll split you somewhere in the middle Griffin. I'll— He'll get together a group of guys...

Griffin: Okay?

Justin: For one stress. He's not gonna have a band—

Griffin: For one stress. And I will pay them handsomely. I wanna make that clear. That was my argument for why it shouldn't be two stress.

Justin: Okay, yes.

Griffin: Is because I'm gonna cut them in, in a major way.

Justin: Well, okay. Okay. Got it.

Griffin: Okay. We... I guess as I approach sort of the first major—

Clint: Are we back from the flashback?

Justin: Yeah, we're back in—

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: [frustratingly] Ooh! Argh!

Montrose: Ah, what... Oh, damn it. Shit. Okay. Well, it's fine.

Emerich: I was supposed to be in the other vehicle...

Montrose: We'll figure it out as we go... All right, here it is. Split up, ready? I'm going straight, call it.

Beef: Going right.

Emerich: I will go left.

Montrose: Yeah, that's the only other direction. Backwards is cops and—

Emerich: Oh, wait. Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait—

Jacques: You want me to— Wait. You want me to go...

Justin: Okay, you got— Trav, you gotta stop to talk to Jacques. You gotta sell him on this. We'll say you're pulling up towards the intersection, but you've gotta sell him.

Beef: All right, Jacques. We're going right here. You got it?

Jacques: Yes.

Beef: Okay. Because you wanna get caught, right? That seems like what's going on here.

Jacques: No, I want to live free.

Beef: Right...

Jacques: Free of the shackles of the jails and their comforting restraint.

Beef: Well, let's have the most exciting chase we can have and then work on totally escaping. But let's focus on the excitement.

Jacques: We're splitting up, huh? All right, splitting up, perfect. We will be the ones that go left.

Beef: We go right.

Jacques: Oh, I think... Fine.

Justin: All right... You—[laughs]

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: You go right. You go right. The cops... Let's see... This is— All right. This is a group maneuver. I'm gonna call it finesse, your ability to time this out. There's a lot going on but I'm gonna call this one, this first one, finesse. To see how well you pull this particular gambit off.

Griffin: I, very prudently I would add, I leveled up my prowess track at the end of the last episode and took a third point in finesse.

Justin: Wow, okay. So, Griffin, you're leading this group action. I want you to roll for each character who participates in the group action. The single best roll counts as the action result which applies to every character that rolled.

Travis: Oh, but you take stress if we don't make it.

Griffin: Okay, read me that one more time. If I succeed?

Justin: So, there's four different ways you can do teamwork. You can set someone else up, you can assist them, you can protect them, or you can lead a group action.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: I think this is a group action.

Griffin: For sure.

Justin: Roll for each character who participates in the group action. The single best roll counts as the action result which applies to every character that rolled.

Griffin: Okay. Position?

Justin: I mean, you're not gonna have any trouble... You're not gonna have any trouble from the cops on like... This is going to work, right? You're not gonna crash. But the extent to which they are sort of...

Griffin: Divided up?

Justin: Yes, exactly.

Griffin: Yes, for sure. Okay. Position?

Travis: It should be noted though, because of where you're at stress level wise—

Griffin: Yeah?

Travis: "The character leading the group action takes one stress for each PC that rolled 1 to 3 as their best result."

Griffin: Okay. But I roll your guys' rolls for you. Right?

Travis: No, we each roll. It's just whoever gets the highest, that counts as the score for the group action.

Griffin: I will lead this group action.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: I'm in the lead car. I said I would lead it. So, I'm going to lead it. I would ask that nobody get too stressed out or I will be traumatized by it.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: All right, here's what I will say though, we need to establish that there are stakes for this. For this move, right, for this thing that you're doing, what is the goal of this? What are we trying to do?

Griffin: I wanna get—

Justin: 'Cause right now, it seems like the three of you are going in three different directions. What is the goal? What are you trying to achieve?

Griffin: I want there to be as few cops on The Clean as is possible, by before we get out of Gutter City.

Justin: Okay. You all need to think a lot... [laughs] a lot, a lot, a lot about what that means, to get out of Gutter City.

Griffin: I've thought about it.

Justin: Okay, good! Good, good, good, good, good. Okay. So, you all are trying to basically peel off in three different directions and try to split up the cops. That's the goal?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: To have fewer cops. Okay, Griffin, go.

Griffin: All right. I'm going to gun it straight through this main intersection, while my cohorts turn off to the left and right. And I say over the earpiece:

Montrose: Remember, you don't not have to use your turn signals. Please relay that to your drivers. It's a common— It's a rookie getaway mistake.

Beef: Don't use turn signals, Jacques.

Emerich: Paul? Turn signals are a no-no.

Justin: Okay. I'm worried about the stress, Griffin. And I don't think that you... Now that I'm thinking about it, as a way to avoid this possibility of you getting knocked out. I don't think it needs to be a group action. I think it could be you doing a finesse move to peel away and leave them following the other two.

Griffin: Okay. I like that.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: Can I assist?

Justin: Yeah. I mean, that would— that makes sense. Yes. Yes. Assisting would make sense.

Travis: Okay. We're all in laundry trucks, right?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: You're— Well, you're in trucks.

Travis: What's in the back with me?

Justin: I don't know, bud. You haven't looked. [chuckles]

Travis: Okay, I'm gonna look around. What's in the back with me?

Justin: That's gonna be a whole other action. You don't know.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: You can't— You can't do a survey in the middle of assisting Griffin.

Travis: Okay. Then... Ugh...

Clint: Jacques's in there with you? Throw him out.

Travis: Bold... Bold. Okay, well, I'll hold off on my action, then. I'll hold off on it.

Justin: Okay. Yeah, it's just Griffin.

Travis: Yeah, it's fine.

Griffin: Risky standard?

Justin: Yeah.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Emerich's gonna assist.

Griffin: Okay?

Clint: No, I mean by swerving back and forth and back and forth. To kind of... as an—

Justin: You are not in control of this car. You are in the car that Sticky Fingers Paul Pantry, a Hard Light AI construct is driving. If you wanna take over driving from your Hard Light construct, then you can do that.

Travis: But he's the best driver in Gutter City.

Justin: He's the best driver in Gutter City. I think you— I think— But like, with him in your control, I think that it does make sense that he would do like— You can just say like, "Do something cool." And he would do something cool. You can support in that way. Just tell Paul what to do.

Clint: Yeah.

Emerich: Paul, drive like a maniac, like you've been doing.

Sticky Finger Paul Pantry: I'm the best there is at what I do!

Emerich: Oh, I know. I know.

Sticky Finger Paul Pantry: You just sit there and you watch a master at work.

Emerich: I'm very proud of you. Good job.

Griffin: Okay. So, is that you assisting me?

Clint: Yes.

Justin: Believe it or not. Roll a D6. Oh, yeah, roll dad's additional die. Yes, that— 'Cause right now you got 2, 4, 4.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: I got 2.

Justin: 2, okay. So, we'll stick—

Griffin: So, 4, mixed success.

Justin: Mixed success. That's actually so nice with this clump of cars. Mixed success, we're gonna call, there are... Eight cars in pursuit of The Clean, still. And there's six each pursuing the others.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: If that makes sense. Again, I'm not gonna keep track of these specific numbers. But just to give you an idea, you pulled off about eight. Eight are following you, six are following each of the other two.

Griffin: That's still a lot of cops, huh.

Justin: A lot of cops.

Travis: I would like to survey what's around me in the back.

Justin: Okay. Now, this is an interesting question. Does what's in the back now determine... Okay, yeah. Go ahead, Trav.

Travis: Is this controlled?

Justin: Yeah, I think it's controlled and it's standard.

Clint: I think we did establish that there were workers loading like bags of stuff.

Justin: Yeah, there's stuff in here.

Travis: I got a 2.

Justin: Oh, Trav. Well, you're... You are in luck, actually, with a 2.

Travis: Huh?

Justin: Yeah, you are— it's wild. You are in possession of an entire trucks worth, as near as you can tell, of rich, satisfying bolivar two for a quarter cigars. These things are— You can feel the satisfaction coming up from them. And they are just loose in piles. Just loose piles of cigars in here. So, you're... I'm gonna start calling your truck Smoky.

Travis: Okay.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Just to help me remember. So, Smoky... You've got like loads of cigars. And they just gained on you a little bit in that time.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Assume they're gaining on you, they have an advanced knowledge of Gutter City. So, unless you're doing something specifically to unseat them, or to slow them down or to distance yourself, just assume they're gaining.

Travis: Okay then. So, I'm gonna use one of my items. And I can get a little creative with these, right? 'Cause it's a lantern, but I— Like, that's not what I would have, right?

Justin: Right.

Travis: So, I pull out my Zippo.

Justin: Okay?

Travis: And start lighting cigars and throwing 'em back into the pile.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Okay, you're trying to— Into the pile of cigars?

Travis: Yes.

Justin: Okay, got it.

Griffin: Hell yeah, man. You're hot boxing.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: You might die. [chuckles]

Justin: Jacques, okay... God, what would that even be? What... Would that even be a roll? I mean, yeah. I guess it would. Finesse, I guess? To keep you from like lighting your own fingers on fire, I guess?

Travis: Okay.

Justin: What's your goal? Let me ask you this, what's your goal?

Travis: Well, next I'm gonna open the back of the truck and make a smokescreen.

Justin: Okay, cool.

Griffin: That seems more like the action, right?

Justin: There. Now, we got an action. Yes.

Travis: Okay, great. Yeah—

Justin: I think it's still finesse though, hey? Like...

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: Risky? 'Cause I'm opening the door?

Justin: Not really. I mean, it's—

Travis: Okay?

Justin: Yeah. I mean, it's controlled. Like, this... this is a... No. It is risky 'cause you're lighting shit on fire. [laughs] Okay, yeah. Risky.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Standard, yeah.

Griffin: I like the image of him throwing smoking cigar boxes out the back of a moving car and being like, "I am completely in control."

Travis: Mixed success, 4.

Justin: Mixed success. Okay, cool. You start lighting these cigars on fire and just chucking 'em in there. And Jacques starts to go:

Jacques: [coughs] It's oh so rich and yet so satisfying. [coughs] Are those two for a quarter Bolivar cigars?

Beef: You know it!

Jacques: I appreciate the gesture, but this does not seem like the time for a smoke break?

Justin: You have... There's a cup— You've slowed the cops down a little bit, Trav. But Jacques is having even more trouble keeping his... keeping it together. And he has begun smashing into other stuff. There's another clock here I'm gonna drop on ya. This is the condition of the...

Travis: Smoky.

Justin: Of Smoky, right. You have now set Smoky on fire. Jacques is running into different objects. So, we're gonna see—

Travis: Trash cans.

Justin: Trash cans...

Travis: You know, newspaper dispensers, yeah.

Justin: You know, objects. So, we're gonna call this Smoky and then he's gonna take some damage, what with all the fire and what have you. Six-sided clock, we got two filled in, we expand the size. Isn't that a beautiful clock.

Travis: Oh my god. It's lovely, Justin.

Justin: Yeah, we got some really lovely tokens here on Roll20. Okay.

Travis: Roll20 is so beautiful.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: This time of year.

Travis: This time of year.

Justin: They didn't gain on you in that one, Trav. Good job.

Travis: Well, that's my thing.

Justin: Okay. Before we... Before we go any further, I need to know from you guys, I guess, or maybe from Montrose, 'cause it's really Montrose's call. What's your— What's your plan?

Griffin: I wanna get to the train station with zero cop cars following me.

Justin: The train station—

Griffin: That's like—

Justin: The train station being the... the bi-rail.

Griffin: The rail connecting the layers, yes.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: I wanna get there scot-free, is the dream.

Justin: Okay. Just so you know, because you would have— you would have knowledge of this. The tram— The underbelly of the tram of the bi-rail is not like of a size where you could put a laundry truck on it. Are— Is that what you were hoping to be able to do? The entirety of The Clean will not fit into the sled hiding underneath the bi-rail.

Griffin: Yeah, no. I figured that wouldn't be where it would go.

Justin: Perfect, okay. Then I'm gonna go put— I'm gonna start yet a third clock. God, this is thrilling.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: I'm gonna start another clock. No, it's okay. This will be a little... You know, we'll get it going, don't worry about it. I'm gonna start another clock which is... We'll call this one 'station.' So, these two clocks can move independent of each other. This is... I'm gonna go ahead and— You know

what? Now that we know this plan, Montrose, I'm gonna give you a wedge for the splitting up maneuver.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: You know what? Two. You used a flashback on it and everything. It was a good move. Okay.

Griffin: Okay. This is an eight section clock?

Justin: Eight section clock, you've filled two sections of it.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: That is you getting to the station.

Griffin: Okay. Do you wanna do something, Emerich? I feel like you haven't had a chance to get a hand on the ball.

Justin: Yeah. Emerich, what do you think?

Clint: We have not split off yet, right?

Justin: Yes, you split off.

Travis: So, at this point, Montrose in The Clean is ahead of us.

Clint: Correct.

Travis: And then we are in like a triangle-esque shape with Jacques kind of slowing down a little bit because of the coughing.

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: Okay.

Justin: But you're basically on a road by yourself, being followed by six cops. With Sticky Fingers Paul Pantry, or Short Doug if you like—

Travis: I do.

Justin: ... Behind the wheel.

Justin: Hard Short Doug.

Clint: Did I go to the left?

Travis: Hard Doug!

Justin: Hard Doug! Hard Doug. There it is. Okay, good.

Clint: Did I go off to the left or the right?

Justin: God, dad... it doesn't matter.

Clint: I'm trying to think—

Justin: It doesn't matter.

Clint: I'm try to— I'm looking at the map, I'm trying to think—

Justin: Don't look at the map. Just don't look at the map. Map's just for fun, give you an idea of the lay of the land. If there's a place in there you wanna try to get to or to go to, invent it in your mind. The map is just to give you some sort of scope.

Clint: Okay. I am going to use my special ability, tempest, and create a snowstorm behind me.

Justin: Shit, all right. Yeah.

Clint: Between the truck—

Travis: You mean like a Hard Light snowstorm. You're not like Storm of the X-Men, right?

Clint: I guess— Yeah. I guess in fitting into our story, it should be a Hard Light snowstorm. But my goal is to ice up the road, cause slippery conditions for the pursuing cop cars. Hoping that they wreck.

Justin: Okay. Yeah, I think that's— I think that is great, Dad. Let's see—

Griffin: How would there be slippery Hard Light, though?

Justin: Oh, man. That is a good one, man. That's a real thinker. I don't know. I guess...

Travis: Magic?

Justin: Magic, Griffin.

Griffin: Oh, sure, sure, sure. My mistake.

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: I mean, don't punish me because I'm trying to fit in to the story.

Travis: Yeah, right, Griffin. Come on, why are you bullying our dad?

Justin: I didn't know dad could do—

Clint: I mean, I could do a lightning storm. But I thought this might be more... real.

Griffin: Sure.

Travis: And it's more seasonally appropriate to when we're recording.

Griffin: Yeah, that's true.

Clint: Now, do I have to roll anything to use a special ability? I don't, do I?

Griffin: What does the skill say?

Clint: It says, "You can push yourself to do one of the following." So, I guess push?

Travis: Yeah. So, you take two stress.

Clint: So, I would take a stress—

Travis: Two stress.

Clint: Whew, that's gonna take me right up to the full meter.

Justin: All right.

Griffin: Wait, it'll fill you up?

Clint: Yeah.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: I'm already injured. Could I just have my injury be worse?

Justin: I mean, if this is gonna fill— Okay. If this is gonna fill you up, Dad, I don't think it's a good idea. You will cause trauma with this. If you wanna do it, you can do it. But I mean... it's your call. But you will— It'll like knock you out or something. Like, you won't... It's gonna take— It's gonna knock you out of at least a couple rounds of action here.

Travis: But it's an effect— It's a good idea.

Justin: It's a good idea. I mean, it just... I wanna make sure we're all on the same page.

Clint: Okay. It'll take me out of action but Paul can keep driving, correct?

Justin: Yes.

Travis: Doug will keep driving.

Justin: Yes.

Clint: I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna do it.

Justin: Perfect. All right, dad. There's six cop cars zooming after you. And you have— What does this look like? How do you— How do you pull it off?

Clint: He has a thing called a lightning hook, a fine lightning hook.

Justin: Uh-huh?

Clint: It's just like a staff kind of thing with a hook at the end. And I think he opens the back doors of the truck and... holds it up skyward in a very Thor Odinson way. And calls down a snowstorm that appears behind... the area just behind... How much room would you say is between the truck and the cops?

Travis: Within 100 miles.

Clint: I'd like there to be a whole bunch.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: A whole bunch, wow.

Clint: So, a whole bunch of snow. A whole bunch of snow and icy conditions. You know what? Let's make it sleet and hail. 'Cause that's always slipperier.

Griffin: Fun.

Justin: Okay, Dad. So, there's sleet and hail in a stream behind you. This comes out of nowhere for these cats. They are in no way ready for this. And I think the lead car immediately starts skidding out of control. The one behind him crashes into him and flips over. And these cars— This is gonna sound wild, but it looks like they were meant to do this.

Travis: Mm-hmm?

Justin: This looks like... Oh, wow, these things are really like... When the one that flips over blows up, the driver is like blown free of it and lands—like kind of skids to the sidewalk. Like, these cars are primed for this. I think you've cut the pack following you— You managed to take out four of them. There's still two in pursuit of you. But that was... that was great. But the stress of creating this Hard Light storm is a lot for you and it sort of knocks the wind out of you and you are laying prone on the floor of Hard Doug's truck.

Clint: Okay.

Griffin: I can't wait to see which of these gnarly adjectives this is going to imbue our friend Emerich with.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay. I got eight cops following me still, right?

Justin: Mm-hmm.

Griffin: I'm going to...

Justin: I'm going to give you— Here's what I think I'm gonna do to keep this moving forward. I'm gonna give Emerich— I'm gonna give Montrose another wedge towards station for what dad just did.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Because that to me is continuing to give— keep people off—

Travis: Mm-hmm.

Griffin: Yes.

Justin: I... For some reason I can't get— I don't have the three, weirdly, for this clock. But there is three. There is three.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: It's looks like four but there's three.

Griffin: I'm going to look at Vogel and say:

Montrose: Would you be a dear and start tossing some of those sacks of garments at our pursuers?

Vogel: Yeah, I guess— You want me to chuck the... the laundry at `em?

Montrose: Yeah. Well, just about as quick as you possibly can. I would say whole bags, no one's gonna steer around a pair of trousers.

Vogel: Yeah, I guess it's worth a shot. Yeah, I'll just start chucking bags.

Griffin: Okay, is he doing that?

Justin: Yeah. I think he would just do that.

Griffin: Okay. While he's doing that, I wanna look at Tonio and say:

Montrose: Just so you know, he was trying to cut you out. How would you feel about turning the tables on our friend Vogel?

Justin: He lifts his five fingers to his mouth and blows into a thumbs up.

Vogel: [blowing sound]

Travis: Cool. God, he's cool.

Clint: [laughs]

Montrose: That was about the coolest way you could've done that. Okay. Well then, one swift kick in the rear ought to do it, don't you think?

Justin: You better sway him.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: [chuckles] Yeah.

Justin: Yeah. If it goes bad enough, he's gonna turn on you. That's the danger. Your goal is to get him to kick Vogel out of the moving car.

Griffin: Cool.

Clint: That backstab! [sings] The backstab!

Griffin: This sounds desperate to me.

Justin: Mm-hmm. Yeah.

Griffin: Effect, standard?

Justin: Standard is— This is a standard effect, yeah.

Griffin: Please be good, dice.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Oh my god.

Justin: We are just having no luck tonight.

Griffin: That's a three and a one!

Justin: Man, that's tough.

Clint: We have gone from feast to famine in one episode.

Justin: Boy, that's tough.

Griffin: That stinks a lot. Okay. So, what happens next, GM?

Justin: That was desperate you're saying...

Travis: I also like how when Griffin said GM, it sounded like someone saying 'Jim' with a really heavy southern accent.

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: [spoofs southern accent] "What happens next, Jim?"

Griffin: [spoofs southern accent] "Come on, Jim."

Clint: [spoofs southern accent] "You're truly outrageous, Jim!"

Griffin: [chuckles] I just looked down at that bracelet—

Clint: I have that bracelet.

Griffin: Ah, damn it!

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: What?

Griffin: Nothing...

Travis: They both said, "I have that bracelet." Do you remember when people would ask what Jesus would do in certain situations? You remember.

Clint: What Jim would do?

Travis: He'd probably look at the camera and like roll his eyes or something.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Okay, Griffin.

Griffin: Yeah?

Justin: Tonio looks at you...

Griffin: It's Christmas, Justin...

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Tonio looks at you and he looks at Vogel. And in one move, Tonio scoops his arm under your leg and flips you out of the driver's seat.

Griffin: What the fuck?

Justin: And you fall onto the floor of it and tumble into Vogel. The two of you are lying in a pile on the ground and Tonio is now in control of this truck.

Griffin: That's unacceptable.

Clint: Aw...

Griffin: I look at fuck'n Vogel—

Justin: And you're gonna get— You're gonna get a wedge for that.

Griffin: Yeah, for sure.

Justin: They're sneaking up on you.

Griffin: I look at Vogel and I say:

Montrose: Why, I believe Tonio is trying to cut us out of the deal?

Travis: [laughs]

Montrose: I think we should do something about that, don't you?

Travis: Somebody's doing some cutting, for sure.

Justin: [laughs]

Montrose: This was always—

Vogel: What the hell, Tonio? What are you throwing us around for?

Justin: And Tonio just looks straight ahead. He's just holding the car and is flooring it.

Griffin: I look at Vogel and I say:

Montrose: This was always the plan, Vogel. Don't get soft now.

Vogel: We're gonna cut Tonio out, right?

Montrose: Yeah. Right out the driver's side door. With your foot.

Vogel: Do you want me to keep throwing these bags of laundry—

Montrose: No, I'll take over bag duty. You take over Tonio duty.

Justin: Would you like that to have done anything, Griffin? The bags of laundry? Did he make it that far? I will make you roll for it if you wanna have him do that. But if he was like— he was about to start chucking them. But we can just move forward if that was a ruse.

Griffin: Yeah. How about he was just about to start chucking them. That was a— That was a pretty swift thing that just happened there.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay. But I am trying to convince him now to get Tonio.

Justin: I think that maybe the— Since that was a 3, you know, it's like on the higher end of failure. I think that you're— I think that it may have reinforced Vogel's distrust of Tonio. Or reenforced—

Griffin: Okay, yeah. I did try to establish that last episode.

Justin: Right.

Griffin: That me and Vogel were gonna run away. But okay.

Justin: Exactly. So, what I'm saying is circling back on that, him flipping you out kind of reinforces that deal.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Beef is gonna try something desperate.

Justin: Great, yes, good.

Travis: Okay.

Beef: All right, Jacques, I need you to get as close to the back of Hard Doug's truck as you can. And then when I give you the signal, slam on the brakes.

Jacques: I love this, this is so stupid. This is fantastic.

Beef: Okay, great.

Travis: And Beef climbs out the driver's side door, onto the hood of the truck.

Justin: Goal being?

Travis: That when he slams on the brakes, Beef is gonna jump into the truck in front of them.

Justin: Into— You wanna jump into Hard Doug's truck?

Travis: Yes.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: Because the speed of the truck slamming on the brakes would throw me forward, plus jumping. And I'm gonna push myself to do my superhuman action.

Griffin: Physics are cool.

Justin: This is cool.

Travis: Physics are cool.

Justin: Physics are cool, you use science. You're gonna push yourself, you're gonna do a superhuman action. What... I guess go for it, bud.
[chuckles]

Jacques: I am ready, do this stupid thing!

Travis: Okay. Now... I would like to try to convince you that this is a skirmish roll.

Justin: Okay, I'd love to hear it.

Travis: Because finesse is like stealing things and sleight of hand. Or like steering a vehicle.

Justin: Okay?

Travis: But skirmish is like a use of strength and like wrestling and brawling and use of legs, and pushing. So, I feel like this jump is about strength. I'm willing to like crash into the back of the truck. And not land—

Justin: Okay. So, you're going— full boar force— You know what? I'll grant it to you. Fuck it, yes. Go!

Travis: Okay. Now, I'd say this is desperate, Justin. What do you think?

Justin: Yeah, bud. Not gonna get a lot of shots at this one. God, I hope this works!

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Okay... And how many bonus die are you gonna give me out of the kindness of your heart?

Justin: That's gonna be a none.

Travis: Okay, just checking.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Double 6s!

Clint: Waa!

Travis: Double 6s!

Clint: Double 6s!

Travis: That's a fucking critical success, baby!

Griffin: That is wild, Travis.

Clint: Wow!

Travis: Double 6s!

Clint: It was worth all the 3s and 1s.

Justin: Okay, babe. Here's what happens. Travis, you're standing on the hood of the car, you're pulling up behind Hard Doug's truck. And Vogel shouts at you— You're standing on the hood of the car and Jacques shouts at you:

Jacques: My friend!

Justin: Do you wanna answer the dialogue?

Jacques: My friend!

Beef: Yeah? Yeah?

Jacques: If I do not meet you in prison, make sure you try the beefaroni!

Justin: And then he slams on the brakes. And in doing so, him slamming on the brakes, all six of the cars that were following immediately smash into the back. It is a massive explosion. There's fire everywhere. The Smoky clock is obviously 100% full as this car is destroyed!

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: Just utterly destroyed. And the six cop cars also explode in like a... It's pretty wild. Cars go kind of flying across the street, into the buildings and just crashing everywhere. It's absolute destruction. And you, Emerich, through your haze, you see a blinding ball of fire.

And then in front of it, leading, almost streaking through the fire, is a man you've been told is no longer in his prime. But you couldn't be convinced of that in this exact second. As this phoenix flies into the back of your truck and lands, somehow, on his feet. And Beef says:

Beef: All right, Emerich, let's get us on to... on to The Clean and get out of here.

Travis: And he reaches down a hand for Emerich to help him up.

Griffin: Is Emerich's ass still unconscious, though? 'Cause that would be—

Justin: He's like, he's out of it. He's not down.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: He's not down, but he's out of it.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: So, he can't respond?

Justin: I mean, you can talk. I'm just not gonna let you do any adventures right now.

Travis: That's why I'm here to help you.

Clint: This cancels one of my two? Okay. So, Emerich says:

Emerich: [slurred] You are a good friend, Beef. And I've never noticed how attractive you are. Your eyes are...

Griffin: This is gonna take the— this is gonna take the—

Emerich: [slurred] ... Crystal pools of... water.

Beef: I mean, you're not wrong. But we can probably figure out whatever is going on here later. But right now, we're still in the middle of the job, right? And we need to get you on to The Clean so you can copy the code and we can get out.

Justin: Okay—

Emerich: [slurred] Paul, do whatever Beef tells you to do. [slurred]

Justin: Beef, what is your first action once you're— I'm gonna keep this with you just for one more beat. What is the first thing you do when you get on this truck?

Travis: All right.

Beef: Hard Doug, you gotta get us closer to The Clean.

Hard Doug: Listen, hombre, you don't tell me my business and I won't tell you how to... make sandwiches at the sandwich store!

Clint: [spoofs Doug] Besides, his name is Short Doug.

Justin: What? No.

Griffin: No.

Justin: No.

Travis: We're calling him Hard Doug.

Justin: We're calling him Hard Doug 'cause he's the one made out of Hard Light. Gotta dial in, Dad. You gotta focus up!

Clint: Gotcha, right. Got it.

Beef: I said get closer. And that's a command!

Justin: All right, we'll see.

Travis: Yeah, we'll see.

Clint: How are you on attune?

Travis: Not great.

Griffin: No, this would be a command.

Travis: But I'm not programming him. I'm commanding him.

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: Okay.

Justin: Just treat it like an artificial intelligence if it's not you, dad.

Travis: Risky?

Justin: No.

Travis: Controlled?

Justin: 'Cause the worst— It's controlled 'cause the worst thing he's gonna say is no.

Travis: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Mixed success, 4.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: It was a 4 and a 1, in case anyone was curious.

Hard Doug: All right, listen. Because papa said, I am gonna take your instructions. But I'm gonna do it my way!

Justin: So, he starts sort of generally heading in the direction of Montrose. But he is not immediately on him. Montrose, what are you doing? You're being perused by eight cops.

Griffin: Is Vogel—

Justin: Or did you take any of the cops out? No.

Griffin: No, not yet. Is Vogel making moves toward Tonio?

Justin: Yeah. I mean, you have set that— you have set that in action. But I think he is waiting on your for like the sign, right? Like, he is... He will do what you ask him to do because you laid the groundwork for that in the last episode. But he needs to know like... For whatever it is you guys are gonna do, you're gonna need to figure that out.

Griffin: Okay?

Justin: If you'd like to do it in a flashback, that might be a more organic way of doing it, if you wanna figure out a plan with him that way. Or you can just do something in the moment. It's up to you.

Griffin: No, I don't think we'll need to establish it in a flashback.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: I'm gonna go toward the rear doors of the car, while he takes position behind Tonio. And he is gonna look at me and I'm gonna draw that big, long pistol. And I'm gonna nod and kick open the back doors of the car, and just start firing.

Justin: At the cops?

Griffin: Well, towards their tires, ideally. But I do realize this is a game with a stochastic element when it comes to the results of your plans. So...

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: So, your goal is to open the back door and shoot at the pursuers?

Griffin: Yes. While Vogel tries to incapacitate or kick Tonio's ass out of the car.

Justin: Okay. Yeah.

Griffin: Okay, good.

Justin: Yeah. [laughs]

Griffin: So, there's... This is— I would say this is either hunt or finesse. "Attack with precision shooting from a distance."

Justin: You know, we haven't had a hunt roll in a while and you've been getting a lot of finesse.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: How about a hunt, huh?

Travis: Let's do it. [chants] Hunt, hunt, hunt, hunt!

Griffin: Terrifyingly, I have one die in hunt. And what's my posish?

Travis: Missionary.

Justin: It's... It's...

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: It's... I mean, it's risky. It's not desperate.

Griffin: Yeah. Here goes nothing.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: 5!

Justin: 5!

Griffin: We'll take a 5.

Travis: Not bad.

Griffin: Mixed success.

Justin: Excellent. So, you... There's a... Let's see. You have eight pursuers. They're getting close to you and they see your face. What does your face look like right now? Out of curiosity, on your mask.

Griffin: It's... I think it looks like Wario. I think big dollar signs for eyes and like a big, devilish sort of mustache.

Justin: All right. They see you and you pull out your— this extra-long pistol. And you train it on the wheel of one of the front cars. You fire. You however

do not hit the wheel, you hit the grill of the car. And as soon as the big bullet slams into the grill of it, the car flips end over end and explodes in midair, from the power of your incredible gun. And that car is incapacitated. But since it explodes midair, that's the only one that it takes out. But you do blow up an entire car with a single shot.

Griffin: Okay, we'll take that.

Justin: Meanwhile... I don't know how you... You know what? I'm gonna do a fortune roll.

Griffin: Okay?

Justin: Because I don't know how to settle a conflict between two characters that are not you guys.

Griffin: Do you want me to roll it or you?

Justin: Why don't you roll a D6 for me?

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: 3.

Justin: 3.

Griffin: Bad.

Justin: Bad. Okay, you see Vogel make his way towards Tonio to try to wrest the steering wheel out of his hands. And the two of them seemed pretty equally matched because he got the upper hand on him. Tonio didn't have any of his you know, cool tricks like he pulled on you. It's just the two of the, struggling for control. And as they are struggling, you are slowing down. His foot is taken off the pedal and they are— the cops are gaining.

Griffin: Are they still relatively in the driver's seat? Is he like trying to pull the other drivers'—

Justin: Yes. They're like— They both have their hands on the wheel. It is a dangerous situation. They both have their hands on the wheel and they are both vying for control of it. Tonio is, in the moment, I think caught off guard, for sure. But that is— That is the situation you find yourselves in here.

Griffin: Is it the nature of Hard Light— 'Cause this is a Hard Light truck, right?

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: This whole truck is Hard Light?

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay. Is it the nature of Hard Light constructs that the prism is tangible within the construct itself?

Justin: Yes.

Griffin: Do I see it?

Justin: No, you wouldn't see it. But like, it's here somewhere.

Travis: It's within it, but it's in the makeup of the thing.

Justin: Yeah. It has to be integrated into...

Griffin: Into the light.

Justin: Into the light, yeah.

Griffin: Okay. Can I survey to see if I can... No, that wouldn't make sense. Okay. Why don't we jump away from me then, 'cause I just did a lot of stuff.

Justin: Let me tell you one other thing.

Griffin: Okay?

Justin: One other thing that happened. When you shot that car and it went raining end over end, a piece of debris from that fell on to your— on to your car. It slammed into... let's say the roof. Right above you, on The Clean. And rather than see the traditional damage that you might think of seeing, thinking of it more... It seems to have opened up a glitch. It's opened up a blinking hole, a wireframe. A blinking, green wireframe hole that looks like a green grid. Maybe around... 18 inches in diameter. But there is a part of this truck that is now... has glitched out, is flickering.

Clint: [shudders]

Griffin: Okay...

Clint: Oh, I need a turn! Ah!

Travis: I gotta get you over there, big guy.

Clint: I know, I know.

Justin: All right, Trav. Let's go to you.

Travis: Okay. So, since they slowed down with Vogel and Tonio wrestling control, we've gotten closer, yeah?

Justin: Yeah.

Beef: Okay, Paul? Short— Hard Doug?

Hard Doug: Yeah?

Beef: I need you— I need you to execute a J-turn.

Hard Doug: A J-turn? I've been doing those since grammar school!

Beef: Okay. And get us lined up to the back of that truck.

Hard Doug: You got it!

Justin: I think I'm just gonna call this command again, Trav. I don't know how to... to navigate it with you not behind the wheel. I mean, you very smartly put him— All you gotta do is convince him to do it, right. So, this is a pretty easy command 'cause he's the best driver in the city. So, what is your goal, what are you trying to achieve?

Travis: I'm trying to live it up so we're end to end with the two open ends of the trucks.

Justin: You're trying to reverse into him?

Travis: So, a J-turn...

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: A J-turn is a 180 degree turn at speed.

Hard Doug: Okay? Yeah, I love this. This is sick!

Travis: Risky?

Justin: I mean... Just roll... Just roll. Just roll a command.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Mixed success, a 4.

Justin: Fine. Yes, he's convinced.

Hard Doug: All right, but I'm not gonna do it the coolest way I know how.

Beef: Okay?

Hard Doug: I know a cooler way—

Clint: You'll cause him to roll!

Hard Doug: I know a cooler way of doing it, I'm not gonna do it like that. All right?

Beef: Okay.

Justin: All right. And Sticky Finger Paul Pantry just grabs the wheel and jerks it, and spins the car. The cops are not ready for this. The ones that are pursuing Hard Doug, right? Because you destroyed the ones that are pursuing— You're in Hard Doug's truck. So, the ones that are pursuing this car, Hard Doug's car, are not ready for this action as he performs a J-Turn. Now, here's what's happened, though. You have not— You have pulled this off, right. So, you're now gunning it in reverse.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: With Montrose flying ahead in the faster car. But he is swerving back and forth. [chuckles] You have also recombined the cop forces.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: Who are now—[laughs] To an extent where I'm gonna give you another wedge in cornered.

Travis: Okay?

Justin: You're gonna go up to five.

Travis: Yeah, uh-huh, uh-huh?

Griffin: That's a lot. That's a lot.

Justin: And we're still not moving towards the station with any expediency because they're fighting over the wheel. What happens next? We'll find out right after this.

[theme music plays]

[ad break]

[theme music plays]

Travis: Okay. So, what happens next...

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: Okay...

Clint: My heart is racing!

Beef: Hard Doug, as soon as we're clear, just do what you do best at the cop cars. And—

Hard Doug: Avoid them?

Beef: No. Just take `em out!

Hard Doug: I don't really— I'm not really supposed to take `em out...

Beef: Go wild, buddy.

Hard Doug: Go wild? I mean, drive fast somewhere... [garbles]

Emerich: [faintly] You can do it, son. You can do it...

Hard Doug: Papa says I can do it. So, I just cash into `em, huh?

Beef: Yeah, take `em out. Have fun, kid.

Travis: And with... So, with Emerich's arm over his shoulder... [sighs] I'm gonna attempt to make the jump on to the next car.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: You're jumping to my car?

Travis: Correct.

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: Yup.

Travis: And I'm pushing myself one more time.

Justin: Okay, bud.

Clint: Surely you can assist him some way?

Justin: Me?

Travis: You can.

Clint: Montrose.

Justin: There's lots of—

Clint: I know I can't. [chuckles] I'm stressed out.

Travis: Oh, well Montrose is there. He could help catch?

Griffin: If I help out at all I will be traumatized by the assistance. [laughs]

Justin: By the helping.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Okay. Here we go. I'd say this is desperate.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: It would look so good...

Travis: Okay, a mixed success with a 5.

Griffin: God almighty.

Travis: Now, what I'd love... The main goal with this mixed success... Just let me pitch this. The most important thing is to get Emerich onto the truck.

Justin: Okay... Okay. That was your main goal, was to get Emerich on the truck. Okay.

Clint: And Emerich does have that lightning hook that could assist?

Justin: Yeah, I mean, Emerich, you right now are not doing anything. You can't assist anybody for sure.

Clint: But I'm back in after this, right? That's two things I've missed.

Justin: I mean, you have... If you are gonna be back in, it's gotta happen narratively. Okay? Something will need to— Someone else will need to act upon you to bring you back into the ability to act.

Clint: Oh? Okay.

Justin: This is— I'm making this up as I go along. But, you're—

Travis: I love it.

Justin: This is what's— This is what's happening. Somebody's gonna need to help you I guess, to snap out of this. Mixed success... You sort of almost... It's close enough and it's wild enough but you get a lucky shot, Beef. And you manage to chuck Emerich onto the other truck, onto The Clean. But as you're doing it, you lose your footing.

And you're about to fall on to the road, until one of the laundry bags that Vogel was about to toss gets caught on the edge of The Clean, on the back bumper. And you manage to grab on to it at the last second. So now, you are now being dragged on a bag of laundry behind The Clean.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Montrose, you're on The Clean. The two of them are fighting, Vogel and Tonio are fighting for control of the wheel. Beef, you are being dragged by the laundry. Okay, Emerich, you're out of commission currently. And what happens next?

Clint: Help me!

Griffin: So, Emerich landed inside the truck?

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay. I look up at the holographic wound in the ceiling and—

Justin: I'm also gonna give you— Enough time has passed. I'm gonna give you... It's happening at a slower pace but I'm gonna say you're still making it towards the station.

Griffin: Okay. I'm going to... I'm gonna try and—

Justin: Up to four, four out of eight.

Griffin: ... Slap him silly. Slap Emerich—

Travis: Or slap him normal?

Griffin: Slap him normal. I'm gonna grab Emerich by the shoulders and kind of shake him. I'll be like:

Montrose: This is... This is your part, man.

Emerich: [babbles]

Montrose: You need to snap out of it, okay?

Clint: Does he have to roll for that?

Justin: No, you don't. But you are going to have to take Trauma. Dad, here's what happens. Your eyes are fuzzy and you're starting to come to. And you look back out of the car, your compatriots are in the truck with you. And you see Hard Doug in the other car.

And in the moment, and it may just be the strain or the... having hurt yourself doing your storm. But you look into Hard Doug's eyes. And right before the cop cars smash into him, you see in his eyes... hurt. He knows what you did. And this changes something in you. You are now haunted. For you, in this moment when you look into his eyes, you realized that you had created something that...

Whether it's sentient or not, for you, destroying that life was not that easy. And it will not be that easy again. That is your trauma. Is that for you, AI Hard Light constructs cannot just be destroyed without it taking a toll on you.

Clint: Oh, I love it.

Griffin: [chuckles] That's fucking great.

Clint: I love it. Yeah! Okay, good, good, good.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: That is so Emerich, woah!

Justin: But Emerich having seen that—

Clint: I got a chill.

Justin: Yeah, you got a chill but the... Having seen that, you're instantly alive to this situation. You have lost not a beat, you are back. You see the staticky hole above you that has been caused by damage to The Clean. And... yeah. That's where we're at.

Clint: Okay. So, let me ask this. By taking a trauma there, does that clear my stress?

Travis: Completely.

Griffin: It does.

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: Kick ass! Okay...

Travis: I mean, you killed Hard Doug.

Griffin: Hard Doug's dead because of you.

Clint: Okay, I know. But I—

Griffin: I feel like me and Travis are the only ones that are bearing the psychic weight of your terrible deeds.

Travis: It's just that you created... you created your son, Hard Doug.

Clint: It'll come— It'll—

Travis: Okay.

Justin: You've still not—

Travis: I just didn't— I didn't know, dad, you would be so cavalier about killing one of your sons.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: Yeah, it is weird.

Clint: Well, you should've... Then I will tell you my next plan was gonna be have him sacrifice himself by jumping out of the truck.

Justin: Perfect, wow.

Griffin: Great!

Clint: In front of the cop cars. So, this plays right into my plan.

Justin: Okay. We are... Right now, you are five out of eight on the cornered clock. You didn't gain any there because Hard Doug did his maneuvers. Station... We're still on four out of eight on progress to the station.

Griffin: Do your thing. I feel like you have had a plan, Emerich, for a while.

Clint: Well, I have two plans. One is to access— I really, really wanna access the prism and start to copy it. And I also wanna slow down pursuing cops, but I think you guys would be better suited to do that.

Griffin: Yeah, for sure.

Clint: So, why don't I get on the prism? I think Emerich would immediately— He wants this prism so bad, for personal reasons. I think he would start to... He'd have to— Does he have to find it, Juice? Or is the—

Justin: You will have to find— You will have to find the prism, for sure.

Travis: Don't you have a special ability that lets you like sense Hard Light and stuff?

Justin: I mean, it's going off—

Clint: Yeah, that's what I— I mean—

Justin: ... Really hard right now because he's in a Hard Light truck.

Travis: Oh...

Justin: But that is what he— I mean, he— Had he not already guessed, he would know that this truck is definitely made of Hard Light.

Travis: Got it, okay.

Clint: Right, but... but would that allow me to sense the prism specifically within the truck? "You're always aware of Hard Light entities in your presence."

Justin: You are going to need to... we'll call it a survey. Or no, tinker. You're gonna need to tinker to find it.

Clint: Okay.

Justin: To find where the prism is.

Clint: I'm gonna tinker and I'm gonna push myself, now that I have a clear stress bar.

Travis: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Love it.

Clint: Okay—

Travis: Build that stress right back up.

Clint: Okay, do I take two stress to push or one?

Travis: Correct, two.

Clint: Anybody wanna help?

Travis: I cannot. Because I only have—

Clint: Desperate?

Travis: I only have one stress left.

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: Nobody has stress, all right. Okay—

Justin: It's not stress— It's not desperate, dad. It's... It's controlled, actually.

Clint: Okay, controlled...

Justin: Controlled, standard.

Clint: Standard. And how many bonus die?

Griffin: None.

Clint: One, since I pushed.

Griffin: Oh, one, yeah.

Clint: Come on, I want one of those good rolls.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: There you go.

Clint: I got it!

Justin: There.

Clint: 6, 1 and 1!

Justin: You— Oh, okay. Dad, when... You are kind of— You're awoken and you clear your mind. You look around the car, you note the hole and you probably have— Do you think this a sense that you have or do you feel like... Do you feel like this is something that's like earned or do you think your tools are indicating it for you?

Clint: I think that the... I would say with a 6...

Justin: No, no, no, I'm asking narratively. Is this something that you just like know or is it like where... where the prism would be, is this something you figure out on your own or are there like tools that are helping you?

Clint: I think... I think that... Well, he does have tools. He has tinkering tools. I think that would allow him to find the... find the prism and start copying it. I think he propped himself up on his lightning hook.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: Like a crutch.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: So nobody has to assist him, so they're all free. And reaches up into that exposed area...

Justin: All I'm asking you, it just— I'm asking you if you know where the prism is...

Clint: I would think so, yes.

Justin: I'm asking if you know where the prism is just by knowing. Or do you have to use tools to figure it out? That's all I'm asking.

Clint: Well, the way I'm envisioning it is if he flips open the wrist pod and there's something on the wrist pod.

Justin: Perfect, okay. That's all I need to know.

Clint: Maybe attune to— Maybe attune to the Give a Ghost Projector or next to it that would indicate where it was.

Justin: Okay. So, you flip up the device on your wrist and you immediately get a ping. [spoofs ping sounds] And you see the— It's in the gearshift. You know it as well as you know your own name. You look at the gearshift and that is if you had been building this thing, it's exactly where you would've put it, in the gearshift. Unfortunately, that gearshift is currently being fought over, along with the wheel, by Vogel and Tonio. And that is— But you now know that the prism that you need to interact with in some way is in the gearshift. Montrose, you haven't done anything in a bit. What's up, man?

Griffin: Yeah... I'm... Has he copied it or did he just find it?

Justin: Just found it.

Griffin: Okay. I'm gonna help Beef into the car. But I haven't quite worked out how I'm going to do that. He's much larger than me.

Justin: Mm-hmm.

Griffin: Hm...

Travis: I mean, if it helps at all... Like, 'cause I can't help you help me without suffering trauma.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: But I can try to hold myself in. Or if you have any tools or anything you can set up for me, to set up a bonus dice or something.

Griffin: I don't have any more— I'm loaded down. I'm gonna wait until the cop cars—

Justin: [laughs] Much to Beef's delight, I'm sure.

Griffin: I lean down and I say—

Travis: I love Beef Delight. Have you guys ever had it? Ah!

Griffin: Yeah, it's my favorite. I—

Clint: You gotta admit, it's a cool visual with the bag sliding back and forth.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: I kneel down at the back of the truck and I say:

Montrose: All according to plan, right?

Beef: [waveringly] Yes!

Clint: [laughs]

Montrose: Hey, I don't know if—

Clint: They hit a big pothole, bump!

Griffin: I... look at Emerich and I say:

Montrose: Real quick, if the van explodes, does that destroy the prism too?
Or...

Emerich: Well if it— if the explosion— By explosion, I don't... I don't really know because it is Hard Light. I don't know if there's anything combustible in it to make it explode... My instinct would say no. But I'm haunted, so I don't know if my judgement is really clear.

Griffin: Okay. I'm gonna grab Emerich, then. And pull him back toward the big piles of laundry and me and Beef at the back of the truck. And then I'm gonna wait until I hear the sounds of the marching band.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: As we prepare to drive by them.

Justin: Okay?

Griffin: As we drive by the marching band, I chuck the Stealswell Diamond off the back of the truck. And thus, the debt is paid. And then I—

Justin: You're chucking it to the band?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: [shudders] Oh...

Griffin: And then I'm going to sort of position myself as carefully as I can, holding Emerich. And then I'm gonna aim my pistol forward and shoot it through the front of our own car.

Justin: To what end?

Griffin: To destroy it out of sight of the police.

Justin: Destroy your own car?

Griffin: But not the prism. We don't need the car.

Justin: [laughs] Okay? You're going pretty fast?

Griffin: Yeah, yeah, yeah, but that's what the bags of laundry are for.

Clint: Ah... [chuckles]

Griffin: Then we don't have to get Beef into the car, the car will come to Beef. Or something like that.

Travis: Something like that.

Clint: You wanted bold choices!

Justin: Okay, Griffin...

Griffin: Yes?

Justin: You were able to throw the diamond out no problem. That was— That part was easy.

Griffin: Yeah, yeah, yeah, for sure.

Justin: And I think that actually— Did you make it clear that you were doing it?

Griffin: Not to fuck'n Vogel and Tonio?

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: But to the police...

Clint: I don't think he's worried about it.

Justin: I'm asking you.

Griffin: Oh.

Justin: Did you make it clear to the police that you were throwing the diamond?

Griffin: That I was throwing the diamond out, yeah, for sure.

Justin: Okay. That... I'm gonna lower your cornered and I'm gonna advance, as a sort of payoff for your... for that move that you did.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: And a lowered cornered, three out of eight. 'Cause you have now— I think some of them probably peeled off to try to retrieve the diamond. And then I'm gonna say that you are... six out of eight on progress to the station.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: For that combination of moves.

Clint: Why don't we— Will you paint that picture again, guys? Just the action, to describe the diamond and the showing it to the cops and throwing it to the band, and the band playing and...

Justin: Describe... Describe it again?

Clint: Well, no. I just thought maybe it'd be a cool scene to...

Justin: Okay... Let me— Yeah, that's actually a good point, Dad. Let me— Now that we know that it works all together. Griffin, Montrose, chucks the diamond out. And I think you kind of hold it up so the cops see. And then you chuck it into the band, they all start clamoring for it and fighting over it. You see Mean Doug though, is the one that ends up carrying it. And he gives you a thumbs up, that's cool.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Justin: The majority of the police peel off to try to retrieve that... the diamond. But there's still a few following you.

Griffin: Okay. What about the other dumb thing I wanted?

Justin: The other dumb thing, yeah. That is a great— That's a great point. I'm gonna need a finesse roll from you.

Griffin: Okay?

Justin: For a shot to... Where— Just like, car?

Griffin: I mean, I know where I shot the other car and made it explode?

Justin: Okay, yeah. Yeah, you can extrapolate that data.

Griffin: Yeah, I'm just gonna start blowing holes in the car in an attempt to try to literally blow it to a point where it falls apart.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: No, hold on.

Justin: No?

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Oh, no, no, no, son.

Griffin: Well, no, I wanna go back to just the trying to shoot where I shot— I wanna tie back into the fact that I shot and blew up a car and so I have an idea of...

Justin: Okay. Just give me a finesse roll. And this finesse roll is not to choose a specific point. It's a... It's an easy one to make sure you don't shoot other people.

Griffin: Okay. My position is... desperate.

Justin: Desperate. No, it's not really desperate 'cause you're just shooting in the car. It's... It's risky, you know?

Travis: Yeah, that's not desperate at all.

Justin: It's not desperate.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: Okay. Risky, standard, boop...

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: 6, 5, 1.

Justin: Okay!

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Okay. You fire... You... How many times do you fire?

Griffin: I empty the gun.

Justin: You empty the gun, all throughout the car?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Okay. You blast the gun, you— I think you're not even looking, right. You're just operating by instinct.

Griffin: I'm way more concerned about keeping a bag of laundry between me and terra firma.

Justin: And with a 6... And again, the goal was to what?

Griffin: Destroy the truck.

Travis: But not the crystal. Not the prism.

Justin: That's—

Griffin: Yes.

Justin: Okay, beautiful, baby. You fire the gun and a big chunk of it... doesn't blow off, it just isn't.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: And then another chunk to the side. And then, you do notice that it has started to decompensate. That is the problem right now that you are facing. It is decompensating around you. You have a wire frame that starts to feel... Fuck, it's squishy?

The floor underneath you is getting loose. You don't know how else to describe it. They're... And the two of the— The two cats in front of you, immediately Vogel's terrified. Vogel is trying to cling to anything soft. And then he is immediately tossed out the car. And then Tonio looks at you and says:

Tonio: Excuse me, sir. This is highly irregular. What you're doing is extremely—

Justin: And then he falls out as well.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: And now it's just you. And you have maybe one more moment before you slam into— Oh, shit. It's the wall of Gutter City.

Griffin: Yeah, I'm just getting in the pile. Hop in the pile.

Justin: In the pile of laundry.

Griffin: Yeah. Soft, pillowy, fuck'n... laundry with really sort of forgiving ballistic properties.

Justin: Okay. [laughs] You are careening towards the edge. I need... let's call it a...

Griffin: I'll lead this— I'll lead this group roll?

Justin: Yeah, lead this group roll. What do you call this one, Griff?

Griffin: I'm gonna call this one a group... a group finesse roll.

Justin: A group finesse roll, okay. [laughs] Everybody, roll finesse.

Travis: And this is controlled, I assume?

Justin: Yeah, right. No, it's risky, my friend.

Travis: Just risky?

Clint: Can I push my own— Can I push my finesse roll?

Justin: Are we trying to have a safe landing on laundry? Is that what's going on?

Griffin: Yes.

Clint: I still have to copy the prism?

Griffin: Yeah. That'll happen after this.

Clint: We hope.

Griffin: We'll find the prism and then—

Clint: Okay, let me just say this. I have zero in finesse. Does it make sense for me to push?

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: You don't need— But it takes the highest roll.

Justin: Everyone just roll.

Griffin: it takes the highest roll. So, don't push.

Travis: Risky or desperate?

Justin: We're gonna call this desperate.

Griffin: Okay. Effect, standard. Wow.

Travis: I got a 6.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Oh my god. I'm so glad you got a 6, Travis. I got a 2 and a 1 and a 1.

Justin: All right, dad?

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: 6 and a 4!

Griffin: Hey!

Justin: Okay, not bad.

Griffin: 'Cause we take the lowest, it's still a success—

Justin: Yes, but Montrose, you have to take stress, right?

Griffin: I do have to take stress for myself.

Justin: Which is going to...

Griffin: It is gonna traumatize me.

Justin: Traumatize you. Okay, so, here's what happened. The truck is basically disintegrating all around you. But with a 6 as your roll, you manage to, Montrose and Beef... I think Beef, you're already sort of in a pretty good spot. You, I think Montrose, are able to sort of heft Emerich and yourself onto your own bags of laundry. And you just sort of gloop out the bottom.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: But as soon as you hit the ground, you are skidding along, you're rolling. But it's slowed your progress down enough that you are on the ground. And now, here safely on the ground, the truck has disappeared. And what you see is a prism rolling towards a gutter.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: Shit.

Justin: You have one second.

Travis: I'm gonna grab it. Wait, who's the most finesse-ful?

Griffin: I mean, me.

Travis: But you're down.

Justin: You're out.

Griffin: I'm out. Yeah, I can't.

Justin: Yeah, you were knocked unconscious by your incredible actions.

Travis: Okay, I'm gonna grab it. Attempt to. You know what, maybe I should push myself into trauma too.

Justin: [chuckles]

Clint: How about if I assist by giving you my lightning hook?

Justin: Great.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Roll it.

Griffin: Are you pushing yourself? Are you taking the trauma? Come on, it'll be fun!

Clint: Crunch time, baby.

Griffin: It'll be fun! We'll all have our own traumas.

Travis: Yeah. So, I take an extra die. So, I get two dice.

Griffin: [chants] Trauma team. Trauma team.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: So, I gave you a die—

Travis: Mixed success.

Griffin: Holy shit!

Travis: 5, 4, 5, 5.

Justin: Okay. You see the prism rolling towards the gutter. You reach out to grab it and you manage, to just the second before it rolls away, you manage to hook it with the lightning hook. But in doing so you sprain your wrist.

Travis: [gasps] My arm-wrestling wrist?

Justin: Mixed success. [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: My arm-wrestling wrist...

Justin: Guys, you are now in possession of the fastest car in Gutter City. Congratulations. You did it. I'm proud of you.

Travis: And with no heat.

Justin: Oh, no, no, no, no, no.

Clint: Oh, there's gonna be heat. [laughs]

Justin: Yeah, there's gonna be heat.

Griffin: I may have killed an officer of the law.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: I think there's a pretty good—

Travis: Well, a couple of 'em maybe.

Griffin: Maybe even two. How...

Justin: It is the exact second that Beef hooks the prism.

Griffin: How close are we to the train station?

Justin: Very close.

Griffin: Okay. I'm... I am unconscious. Beef is... Can Beef carry both of us?

Travis: Emerich's fine.

Griffin: Yeah, I guess that's fair.

Emerich: Give me the prism. Let me... Let me copy it while we run. And let's head for the train station, can you help him?

Beef: Yeah... Ah... Yeah. I'm gonna have to...

Emerich: You are Beef Punchly!

Beef: No, I know. I didn't get a concussion, no. Let's go.

Travis: And I pick up Montrose on my good arm, I guess.

Clint: And I grab the prism and... Am I— Do I still have a sprained ankle?

Justin: I mean, you got your character sheet, man. I don't know, I don't track your stuff.

Clint: Yeah, I do.

Justin: Okay, great. Yes. Then yes.

Clint: So, he takes off running, carrying him. I get my lightning hook back. I'm hobbling along on it like a crutch and copying the prism as we run.

Justin: Okay. You have ditched a lot of the police presence. And I think they were so caught off guard by your actions. They're not close but you don't have much time before you get to the next station. Let's do... Give me a tinker roll, Mac.

Clint: Okay.

Griffin: Do we need a copy?

Clint: Emerich wants a copy.

Justin: But you— Okay, let's be clear about this. You— If it was that easy to copy it, he would just copy it, right? Like, you... The copying of it would take quite— That's not something you're gonna be able to do on the run. I— In my head, it doesn't make—

We haven't really talked about this. But in my head, it doesn't make sense that it would be easy to make copies of Hard Light. Because then it— then that destroys the value of having Hard Light anything, right. Like, it can't be infinitely reproducible.

Travis: Yeah, I would argue that especially since the complexity of The Clean, that it's not just like copying a trash can.

Justin: It's more like— I think it's like if you copied it onto another prism, it would erase the original. I don't think you can just like create a clean copy like that. You can maybe— Go ahead.

Clint: How about— How about if he studies it?

Justin: If you wanna do that later, you can. Right now, you need to get out.

Griffin: We have to get out of Gutter City before we're arrested.

Clint: Okay. Okay.

Griffin: That's gotta be the priority.

Clint: Okay, that's cool.

Justin: So, run.

Clint: Then I suggest we exit stage left.

Justin: Okay. You all were close enough to the station and you see it coming up behind you— or in front of you, rather, the bi-rail that encircles

Steeplechase. And the bi-rail you know that has the sled underneath it. And that— And it is pulling up... I guess this one would be going... What do you think, Ustaben's below—

Griffin: Yes.

Justin: ... Or above Gutter City? It's probably below, yeah. So, it's headed down. So, this is your ride. You have three people. One, Beef, is recently traumatized, he's basically out of action. But we're not leaving him for dead. Emerich is back to full capacity but he's haunted. And Montrose, you're— you've recently been traumatized too, hey?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Okay. You all are in really bad shape. What's your plan for getting out of here?

Clint: Hopping on the sled?

Travis: Are we gonna be able to make it in time? How close are the police?

Justin: You have— You have a move, right. Like, the chase is over. They are about to close on you. You have the amount of time that it's going to take for these... the bi-rail to pass you by. The two— Their arrival upon you and the arrival of the bi-rail will happen at the same... the same time.

Travis: So, Beef hefts up Montrose in a... I mean, not quite a fireman's carry but... a lot of dead weight there. And starts hoofing it for the... the sled station.

Clint: And Emerich, side by side with him, starts pounding the turf right by his side.

Travis: And there's a lot of limping. This is like...

Clint: Oh, yeah.

Travis: I'd say John McClane, post cut up feet.

Griffin: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Travis: You know, post all that stuff. All three traumatized in their own special way. Leaving maybe some blood behind as they go.

Clint: Yeah. And we make a big leap towards the sled. And I think, in keeping with your metaphor, we yell yippee ki-yay?

Griffin: "Three buddies!"

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Yeah. We all yell three different things.

Clint: Yeah.

Griffin: And then we're back at home in time for tea.

Clint: Oh, shit!

Justin: Wow.

Griffin: Thanks for listening to The Adventure Zone, everybody!

Justin: You jump—

Clint: Freeze frame! [chuckles]

Justin: You jump. And Beef, you're able to dig deep within you and just sort of tumble on to the sled. Emerich, you make the jump no problem. And... But it's Montrose, you jump and you miss your footing. And then a hand reaches down and grabs you at the last second. And you're looking up into the eyes of Gravel. And she pulls you up.

Gravel: Bad news, boys. Trash Bag is dead. And that means the Barristers are coming for you. And there's not a fuck'n thing you can do about it.

[Steeplechase theme music plays]

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