

The Adventure Zone: Steeplechase - Episode 15

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Krystal: One last bit of merch news, Steepies, and this one is taking us way back. Dentonic is finally producing a line of merch based on the wonders of the American judicial system, which some of us weren't even alive to see. Next month at dentonic.store, you'll be able to order a branded dark chocolate gavel, an all over print button down, and even a powdered wig like the ones worn by the evil singing Barristers. Fun fact, when we asked about the creepy original Barrister animatronics, Dentonic told us that they'd be donated to, quote, "A museum. One of the big ones." No further details, sadly. So, if you wanna see how the original props have held up, we hope you never know when to stop dreaming.

[Steeplechase theme song plays]

Weaver: Clinton? Travis? Gribby?

Griffin: [chuckles]

Weaver: My three... my three favorite micro nephews. Here to visit me. What a wonderful treat this is. Come. Let me see if I can't find you a new tale.

Justin: Hello, everybody, and welcome.

Griffin: Gribby! Gribby can only say his own name.

Justin: Oh?

Griffin: Yeah, that's sort of his thing.

Justin: Do you... how do you... I'm surprised you have insight into these three new characters... already.

Travis: I'm trying harder and harder to just pretend like we are not on the call when he records that part.

Griffin: It's the only way to not be... ensorcelled by the tapestry he weaves.

Travis: Mm-hmm.

Clint: Not me. Not me. Did you say Clinton? Clinton...

Travis: It sounded like Clinton.

Clint: I wonder who that is.

Justin: Clinton, Travis and Gribby are apparently, I've just found this out with you guys, is— did he say—

Griffin: The micro nephews.

Justin: Micro nephews?

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: I believe so, yeah.

Justin: That is a stretch. I— That is—

Griffin: It's cool.

Justin: I wonder if he meant—

Travis: Well, he's the nano father, and then there's nano uncle Donald.

Justin: I wonder if he meant to say something else. I wonder if he meant to say a different thing, and that's just what came out, and he just went with it, is what I wonder about.

Griffin: This is starting to feel like a sort of Whoville style tiny world.

Justin: Ooh?

Griffin: Like a little guy.

Justin: That's an interesting take. I like that.

Clint: Mm-hm.

Travis: Maybe happening in the past.

Justin: Or maybe he meant to say something other than micro? And just micro is what came out of his mouth?

Griffin: Came out, interesting.

Justin: Yeah, it's impossible to tell.

Clint: Maybe he meant macro? And it's a great, big world?

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Did you guys see that I redecorated the table?

Travis: Justin, I love it so much.

Griffin: I do.

Travis: Can I describe— Can I describe it for the people at home?

Griffin: Yeah, please.

Justin: I'm getting better at knowing how to alter this. I still can't figure out how to turn off the grid, I know there's a way. Don't @ me, don't look at Twitter.

Travis: Here's what we're looking at, it's our Roll20 board. There's a beautiful like wood paneling background with I would say a vibrant red rose across it.

Clint: Mm-hmm.

Griffin: And a vibrant Freepik water mark, sort of all over it.

Travis: Yeah. And I also wanna talk about what I assume is a representation of the Barrister robo judge, who looks like he's waiting to eat your evidence for fuel. And I love it so much. "I am robo judge."

Justin: Yeah, I felt pretty proud of myself about finding the image. The tone's not exactly right.

Travis: Not exactly there, but I love it so much.

Griffin: And we do still have the token cock counting doing P Boy. Which I feel like is superstition now. That you'd think if you remove that, the house of cards will come tumbling down.

Justin: I do worry about that, Griffin. Yeah, for sure.

Travis: Oh, that's a load bearing P Boy.

Griffin: One of these days you're gonna up the clock on P Boy without telling us what we did to activate P Boy.

Clint: And we'll all wet ourselves.

Travis: "Alexa, activate P Boy."

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: "Oh, no. Alexa, turn off, turn off. Oh, too high!"

Griffin: "Oh, no."

"Here I come!"

"Oh, no!"

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Yeah, I still can't figure out how to turn the grid off. But that's okay. We'll figure it out eventually. I know it's one of the settings, right. [chuckles]

Travis: Yeah. Oh, yeah, I assume so.

Justin: It's definitely a setting. It's definitely a setting. But I don't— I don't know exactly.

Travis: We ended on a big cliff hanger, and we've done four minutes of bullshit now.

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Justin: Yeah, I know. I was trying to... I was trying to figure out what the fuck you guys are gonna do. 'Cause man, it seems so bad. I don't know why I did it like this. [chuckles] I was thinking about it this morning like, "This is really bad for them. I don't actually know what they're gonna do."

Travis: I mean, not for me?

Justin: Can I say, I'm excited.

Clint: It does kind of— Yeah, it seems like a Mac problem.

Justin: I'm excited to see how you all deal with this. So... God, okay. Let's... By the way, I have put two clocks. You guys can see the two clocks of 'meet the Barrister?'

Travis: Oh yeah.

Clint: Mm-hm.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Okay. So, I have Barrister plating and Barrister internals. I'm... This is not to suggest that you should try to attack this thing, but I did wanna make it clear what a bad idea it would be. [chuckles] So, I do want the stakes to be very clear here. Emerich, I'm gonna give you one reaction. I'm

gonna see what you do. You are the first one to discover this. You have— I'm gonna— And I'm sure you've thought and agonized over it, but what are you gonna do?

Clint: Do our comms work? Have they been listening to this exchange? I mean, we're shielded from everything else.

Justin: I have no... You are shielded from everything else, but I have no reason to think that it would not work. You know what I mean? Like, I have no reason to think that it would not work.

Travis: I think—

Justin: I feel like I would've needed to establish that earlier.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: And honestly, like, they need to know what is happening. So, let's go with no.

Clint: I've got a way.

Justin: You got a way what?

Clint: I have a way— I have a way for them to know. If you—

Justin: Okay? I mean, if you wanna go that route.

Clint: Okay. No, that's cool. Yeah, I do.

Justin: Okay, great.

Clint: Okay. So, Emerich... withdraws his hand from the chest of Scott Boldflex.

Griffin: With the prism? Finish the fight, master chief.

Clint: No. No, no, he left the prism in. He leaves the prism in. He withdraws his hand and takes off his Give a Ghost projector, unstraps it from his wrist, hands it to Scott and says:

Emerich: A new plan. I want you to go find Johnny Shrimptoast and Evan Goodparty. And tell them, "Braunschweiger." Can you do that? Can you... Can you do that for me?

Scott: Yes.

Emerich: Good, go. Go, go, go, go, go!

Clint: And—

Travis: Now Dad, how much time did you spend googling the most obscure deli meat name you could think of?

Clint: To be honest with you, it came to me as soon as we started talking about using deli meat as a... as a code word.

Griffin: Oh, fuck. This looks—

Travis: I mean, just context clues, Griffin, I assumed it was deli meat.

Griffin: This looks gross. This looks terrible.

Travis: Dad, you have a beautiful mind.

Clint: And then... Emerich turns back to the Barrister and says:

Emerich: All right, my friend. You may now arrest me. I will not put up any kind of a struggle. So...

Clint: And he puts his arms up in front of him—

Barrister: [sings] You—

Justin: Okay.

Emerich: Yes. Go ahead, slap the hand cuffs on. Whatever it takes.

Barrister: [sings] There will be no arrests, there will be only death. And then Beef and Montrose.

Emerich: Oh... Oh? I assumed there was some kind of incarceration... and then trial... and a chance to defend myself... for these... for these charges of murder? Is that incorrect?

Barrister: Hm...

Emerich: I mean, I know Hank Heart. I used to work with Hank Heart. I... I can't believe that he would just condone murder without due process? Killing—

Barrister: [sings] Guilt has been determined.

Travis: Hey, Justin, can I talk to you over here for a second?

Justin: Yeah?

Travis: Just in that exchange previously, it kind of made it seem like the Barrister wanted to also kill Beef and Montrose. And—

Griffin: And that sucks.

Travis: ... That wasn't— Oh, hey Griffin. That wasn't made clear to us earlier, so—

Justin: You know what was weird to me, is the complete lack of reaction. The stakes are unchanged for Emerich. Just not—

Clint: Wait, what—

Travis: No, Dad. Don't worry about it.

Justin: No, Dad—

Travis: Oh, look, Dad, I got you a Pop-It. Play with this Pop-It, Dad.

Justin: Yeah, it's a fidgy you can fidget with.

Clint: Ooh! [mouths popping sounds]

Justin: [chuckles]

Travis: Now... because it kind of seems like now Beef and Montrose are also in danger, which makes it a lot more serious.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Dad, I'm gonna— I'm thinking about this and I don't actually know how... I don't know how Scott would get out.

Travis: The gift shop?

Griffin: No, I mean, they're underground.

Justin: We're underground. I don't know how Scoot would get out to give that one.

Travis: You said there was a gift shop, though.

Justin: There is a gift shop.

Travis: And usually, you exit through the—

Justin: And you buy things at a gift shop, and you go back out the way you came.

Travis: Oh...

Justin: Hm... But you know what? The Barrister got in through the AC duct. And the one thing we know about Scott Boldflex is that he is in great shape.

Travis: And probably consistently oily.

Justin: Yeah, and probably pretty oily. So, let's say that he... is headed that way.

Barrister: [sings] Emerich Dreadway, do you deny the charge?

Emerich: Oh, no. I don't... I do not deny the charge for me. But my friends—

Barrister: [sings] Guilt has been predetermined.

Emerich: Yeah, but why Beef and Montrose? They had nothing to do with my killing of—

Barrister: [sings] Accessories—

Emerich: They had nothing to do, it was... it was all on me.

Barrister: [sings] Accessories are criminals, the lowest of the low.

Emerich: So, you're... you're going to kill me now? Is this correct?

Barrister: [sings] And then Beef and Montrose.

Emerich: Oh, that... that won't do at all.

Clint: And he unfurls his lightning rod.

Justin: Now we're fuckin cooking. You guys aren't together. Which one do you think Scott went to? You know what—

Griffin: Beef is probably closer, right? If was heading to Kenchal Denton's trailer?

Justin: You see— Let's say, Beef, you see a vent that had been hidden by a rock formation. A plaster rock formation. You see the vent blow open and you see a Scott—

Travis: A Scott-shaped figure. [chuckles]

Justin: ... A Scott-shaped blob emerge. And he comes running towards you, Beef.

Scott: [panting] [stammers] Sh-sh-sh... I'm trying to remember...

Beef: Trying to remember what?

Scott: [stammers] Schwei-Schweiger-Schweigert? Schn-sh—

Beef: Albert Schweitzer.

Scott: No...

Justin: [whispers] Dad. Dad, what was the one that you said?

Clint: [whispers] Braunschweiger.

Scott: Braunschweiger.

Beef: Okay?

Clint: [laughs]

Scott: That— That's all... There's a... there's a mean... there's a mean judge—

Beef: Oh, shit!

Scott: And he's trying to get— he's trying to hurt Omar. And there's just a mean judge. And I don't know anything about it.

Beef: Okay, yeah, got it, got it, got it. Go find Evan.

Scott: Where? Do you know where?

Beef: Yeah... Hey, Evan— Sorry, Montrose.

Montrose: Come on back now.

Clint: [chuckles]

Beef: The Barrister is here. I repeat, the Barrister is here.

Montrose: You're fucking kidding.

Beef: Yeah...

Montrose: You got this or...?

Beef: Uh, yeah.

Travis: And Beef sprints towards the production caravan.

Justin: Okay. All right, Beef, you're headed towards the production caravan. Griffin, what are you doing?

Griffin: Well, here's the thing. I mean, I could just double back on what I was gonna do, and go help. But like, I'm not really a fighter and Beef just said he had this.

Travis: And you're pretty reckless.

Griffin: I am pretty reckless— I mean, I'm trying to decide what is more reckless in this situation, running to fight a robot judge or trying to have a conversation with Kenchal Denton. 'Cause both of them seem pretty fool-hardy to me in this moment.

Clint: I think you've stymied your plan a couple of different times. I'd hate for you to do it again.

Travis: Yeah, I'm with dad on this one.

Griffin: Yeah, you guys have this under control.

Travis: Chase your bliss.

Griffin: Okay. I can— I'll help out—

Travis: You're not here to make friends.

Griffin: I'll get there to help out. But this is... I'm trying to make an investment in us, in our outfit.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: And so, I do— I would like to go talk to Kenchal Denton.

Justin: I mean, I gotta say, Griffin, pretty reckless. [chuckles]

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Not necessarily with your own personal safety. But it is a reckless choice.

Griffin: I mean, what am I gonna do? Fuckin... convince the judge to not do this?

Travis: Hey, Griffin, that is a thing that people do every day in court rooms. "What am I gonna do? Argue in front of a judge to make my point about my... my client's innocence?" Yeah! But I still want you to go find Kenchal Denton, I just wanted to point out how ludicrous that statement was.

Griffin: Yeah, okay. You just wanted to guilt me for it, sure.

Travis: Yeah, I just wanted to make you feel bad in your heart, where your love for Dad lives.

Griffin: Yeah. So, yeah. I wanna go to Kenchal Denton's trailer and go inside.

Justin: Hm... Okay. And Beef, you're going to the production trailer?

Beef: Yes.

Barrister: [sings] Emerich Dreadway, do you deny the charge?

Emerich: No, I do not deny the charge where I am concerned. I deny the charge towards Beef and Montrose. They really had nothing do with it, they had no knowledge of it. So, I... That, I am not on board with. I—

Barrister: [sings] In cold blood, you intentionally and with premeditation murdered Trashbag dead.

Emerich: No. No, it was not with premeditation. I was simply defending myself and did not realize that the shock would kill him. I assumed it would just knock him out. At best, we're talking malicious wounding.

Justin: Dad, I want you to run a sway. I want you to roll for sway.

Clint: Okay. Okay. In which I have nothing! All right, let's see, sway... I'd say that's risky, wouldn't you?

Justin: [chuckles] Yeah. And standard, I think.

Clint: Okay. Okay. No bonus die... No, I'll just take my chances. All right.

Justin: Cool.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: That's a 4 and a 3.

Griffin: Oh...

Justin: 3.

Clint: Shouldn't have taken my chances. [chuckles]

Griffin: Nope.

Barrister: I will consider this.

Justin: And then he just looks down.

Emerich: Oh. Well, good.

Justin: Beef, what are you doing?

Travis: So, if I've reached, I'm looking for Greg.

Beef: Greg? Greg! Greg?

Greg: Hey, how's it going? How's the shoot?

Beef: Raise back up— bring back up the... I need you to bring back up the grinding gazebo, please.

Greg: Why? They're down there humping their brains out, I think.

Beef: Actually, they're not. You know what? I'm just gonna lay it out for you. An animatronic has gotten in here. A crazy animatronic is trying to kill Omar Flatfanny. And listen, hey, if you can get that on camera? Damn, that's good TV, am I right?

Clint: [laughs]

Greg: Yeah, that— I mean, that would be pretty choice. But you won't—

Beef: And you don't have to worry about the humping, because Scott came and found me and told me about it. So, he's not even down there. Right now, it's just Omar Flatfanny and a—

Greg: Where's Scott? Where's Scott? Where's Scott?

Beef: Scott is—

Justin: He picks up a walkie talkie.

Greg: Everybody, I need a loc on Scott, please. All eyes. We have a rogue Hard Light. Everyone, please, eyes out for Scott.

Griffin: Wait a minute... I didn't think Greg knew that he was Hard Light.

Justin: Yeah, Greg knew.

Travis: Oh, Greg knows.

Justin: Everybody knows.

Griffin: Now, hold on a second. Because I asked Greg if he knew anything about Hard Light, and he said no, and he wasn't lying.

Justin: Well, no— Sorry, I should've been more clear. Most of everything else is not. But he... he... It would be impossible for Greg to not know that he is Hard Light. I should've been more clear about that.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: But yeah, I mean, most of the world there is not Hard Light.

Griffin: I feel you, okay.

Beef: Well, yeah. So, we should bring up the gazebo to like double check and clear and stuff, right?

Greg: Let me get security... I need— Yeah, I also need the Denton customer experience team.

Travis: Hey, J-man, I'm gonna look at like the panel and such. And I'm just looking for like a button that controls— or a lever or something that controls the gazebo, raising and lowering.

Justin: Give me a— There's a lot of buttons and switches in here. So, give me...

Travis: It's study, right?

Justin: Give me study, yeah.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: How'd I do?

Clint: Ooh... You got a 2.

Travis: Is it too late to push myself? Okay—

Justin: Yeah!

Griffin: This does not seem like the episode for us to shit the bed.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: All right, fuck it.

Justin: So, you roll a 2. Greg notices you doing this.

Greg: Hey... Okay... You're eyeing everything really closely. Is this a bit? Are you just trying to get more TV time? Let's get—

Beef: Hey—

Greg: Okay, everybody— Hey, get— Get this guy out of here.

Beef: Well—

Justin: Two security guards come to rush you out.

Travis: I just start pushing buttons.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Holy shit.

Justin: Travis... I'm going to do a fortune roll for you.

Travis: Uh-huh?

Justin: We're gonna see how it goes.

Travis: Are you rolling or am I rolling?

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: I rolled a 3.

Travis: Maybe I would've rolled better.

Justin: Yeah, okay, you make the fortune roll. Let's see if it's more interesting, 'cause I don't know what to do with a 3. [chuckles]

Clint: Well, it could be your fortune, Justin.

Travis: Ah—

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: A 3!

Justin: Travis rolled a 3, okay.

Clint: Wow!

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: You know what? Fortune dictates 3.

Griffin: Yeah, sure. You can't change fate, man.

Justin: You can't change fate. Fortune dictates fate. Okay, Beef, the lights on the inside of the house shut down. And then the lights that were— the

gas to the tiki torches that we illuminating a lot of the exterior shut off. And the water feature stops bubbling. And it's suddenly pitch black and extremely quiet. And you hear a ca-chunk-ca-chunk noise from the grinding gazebo.

Travis: Now, Justin, I think I know the answer. But is it a good ca-chunk-ca-chunk noise?

Justin: It's tough to tell. It's just a ca-chunk-ca-chunk noise. I'm not here to pass judgment on ca-chunk-ca-chunks.

Travis: Okay. Well like, say I was on an elevator and I heard this noise—

Justin: Montrose!

Travis: Okay.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah?

Justin: You're up.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: You notice suddenly, by the way, that... You were staring at the locked trailer of Kenchal Denton. And as you're staring at it, you see the pad that was sort of blinking green has just sort of gone black. And you hear a faint click from behind the lock.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: Cool. I very quickly stroll in and shut the door behind myself.

Kenchal: Hello?

Montrose: Good evening.

Justin: You see Kenchal just lit a little bit from the moon. He's thin and he's got close cropped black hair. He's wearing a black suit with a white T-shirt. And he had been on his phone and he's actually still on his phone. He doesn't seem to be that worried about you. In fact, he hasn't even looked up.

Griffin: Is there anyone else in here?

Justin: No, it's just him.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: He's got a sparkling water, and he's just waiting, I think, for his moment.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Aren't we all?

Griffin: Do not be alarmed, Mr. Denton. My name is Montrose Pretty.

Kenchal: Are you a... Are you a PA, or what's your... what's your deal?

Montrose: I am—

Kenchal: And what are you doing in here without knocking?

Montrose: I believe my answer to your first question will also answer your second. You see, I am a gentleman thief.

Kenchal: Hm? Okay.

Montrose: And in fact, I do believe you may be familiar with the work of myself and my associates. We were responsible for the interruption of your wedding ceremony. An unfortunate side effect of a heist gone... not wrong,

but let's say silly. The job got done, as it does, when we set our sights upon it.

Kenchal: Mm-hm.

Montrose: I assume you know all this already because one of my associates is Beef Punchly, who was nude and covered in chocolate. And that is something that is very hard to miss.

Travis: Mm-mm-mm! Nude was not established, hold on. That is a new—

Justin: [laughs] That's Griffin's OC—

Travis: That's new information, he was not nude.

Griffin: Yeah.

Montrose: When I saw your trailer here, I could resist the temptation to come and have a palaver with you. Because, well, Mr. Denton, it seems to me that if you knew who we were and what we had done that day, and did not take action against us, there must be a pretty good reason for that.

Justin: He tosses his phone on the table.

Kenchal: I'll tell you, Montrose, I'll tell you the... the problem with you guys. You're thinking too small.

[music plays]

[ad break]

[music plays]

Clint: When Emerich was giving Scott the instructions to go find the other two, did he tell them... did he tell him to give them the Give a Ghost Projector?

Griffin: No.

Justin: No.

Clint: He just gave it to him, he handed it to him. He unstrapped it and handed it to him.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Right.

Clint: I forgot to tell him to give it to them, shit. Okay.

Justin: It's okay, we'll figure it out. It was a tense moment.

Travis: You know, Dad, to that point, I also should've taken Scott with me to the production trailer. 'Cause he would've been really convincing.

Justin: Yeah. [chuckles]

Travis: That would've been really helpful actually, in retrospect.

Justin: [sings] You live, you learn.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Let's cut back. I think it's Emerich's turn.

Barrister: [sings] Emerich Dreadway, you have been found...

Emerich: Yes?

Barrister: [sings] Guilty.

Emerich: [sighs]

Justin: And he raises a silver hammer, one of his two— yes, he's got two— up above his head. And swings at you.

Clint: Okay. Emerich is going to block it with his lightning hook.

Justin: Okay. So, you want to attack the Barrister with the lightning hook?

Travis: Would it be resist, finesse, if he's trying to block or doge?

Justin: No, I think it's all... I mean, for me— I mean, fighting's fighting, right? I'm not that interested in who's attacking who. This is an exchange, right.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: So, we'll see who comes out on top. So—

Clint: Okay. Emerich has one in skirmish.

Justin: One in skirmish, okay.

Griffin: It's better than nothing.

Justin: Better than nothing.

Clint: Yeah. Okay...

Justin: And this is specifically— this is also why I'm using skirmish, Trav, is 'cause it's specifically like using his physical whatever to—

Travis: Yeah, yeah, I got you.

Justin: ... Deal with the situation.

Clint: He's gonna... he's gonna block it.

Justin: Block it, got it.

Clint: So, skirmish? I would say this was... desperate?

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: And not standard... extreme, great?

Justin: No, you're just trying to block. I'd say standard. It is desperate, 'cause you only get one shot. But it— But it is standard.

Griffin: Show me that 6, that beautiful 6.

Clint: Come on, baby. Come on. Come on!

Griffin: Beautiful upside 9.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Fuckin hell, Mac.

Clint: Another 3!

Travis: Fate.

Clint: Another 3.

Griffin: Roll20? More like Roll3.

Justin: More like roll a bunch of 3s over and over again.

Travis: I think Roll20 is a fine program and I won't hear you guys talk shit about it.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: Except the number, it just makes the same fuckin number over and over again. They forgot to put other numbers in it, just—

Justin: Why don't they put other numbers in there?

Griffin: ... Fucked up.

Justin: I mean, not... unsurprisingly, the Barrister brings down the hammer in a wide arc. You try to block it, but you are unsuccessful in the blocking of it. You reach your right arm up, and in the blocking of it, he shatters your elbow with the hammer. And you're lightning rod clatters to the ground and you are in excruciating pain.

Clint: Okay—

Griffin: What level harm is that in gamey terms?

Justin: It's all about that to you, isn't it, Griff? It's all about...

Clint: [laughs] It's all about— You don't care about his pain.

Justin: It's severe harm.

Griffin: Moderate harm is middle row, severe harm is top one, just top row.

Justin: Yeah, okay. So, three.

Travis: He needs help.

Griffin: Jesus Christ, he needs help.

Justin: I mean, you're— you— listen, this is the stakes. [chuckles]

Travis: Justin?

Justin: Yeah?

Travis: May I jump in?

Justin: Do you mean in the conversation or do you mean in the... into the hole?

Travis: In the pit. Little column A, little column B.

Justin: Yeah, you can jump into the pit.

Travis: How far down is the pit?

Justin: It's not a pit, it's a... it's a... it's an AC return. So, you— That is an AC exhaust.

Travis: No, no, no, where the—

Griffin: The ca-chunk-ca-chunk.

Justin: Oh, oh, oh?

Travis: Where the... where it lowered down?

Justin: Oh, okay. Yeah.

Travis: How far down did it go?

Justin: It's... It's halfway down. And because this— it wasn't properly disengaged from the bottom, it's like stuck midway. So, imagine an elevator that gets stuck between floors. There's maybe a... when you head towards the pit, you can see probably like a foot of daylight between... or I guess basement light. [chuckles] Where you can see what's going on down there.

Travis: But like how far down would I have to like drop, if I jumped it?

Justin: Oh, it's not bad. It's like six feet.

Travis: Okay. Yeah, I'm gonna jump in the pit.

Justin: Okay. You're in the pit. And I think that you— the clanging of you falling down onto the platform, which is— Is that what you guys are imagining too? Like, imagine a circular hole.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Clint: Mm-hmm.

Justin: And it's like a table top that has a long pilon—

Travis: You know like— like would raise up the Quinjet or the Batjet, or some other kind of superhero jet.

Justin: Exactly, yeah. Exactly, exactly, like that. So, you jump down into the pit. Unless you— You know what? I didn't give you— You didn't specify. You gotta jump onto the platform first. Where are you gonna jump?

Travis: I gotta— Wait, I gotta jump on the platform first and then the pit?

Justin: No, the pit— the platform's halfway down the pit. Do you know what I'm saying?

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: So, it's halfway between there. It's neither up nor down. So, you're having to jump down to the platform and then work your way inside— into there... what do we call that? I'm just gonna keep calling it the basement.

Travis: Okay, yeah. So, I guess I jump down to the platform first.

Justin: Onto the platform, okay. I thought you might try to jump on to the bed 'cause it'd be quieter. So, you jump on to the platform—

Travis: I'm not trying to sneak down. I just— I'm like a 300-pound muscly man, I just jump down.

Justin: Beautiful, I love it. So, when the Barrister goes up for the killing blow on Emerich, but just then, he hears the clanging from behind him.

Beef: Objection!

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: He turns toward you.

Barrister: [sings] Beef, you are an accessory to crime, the lowest of the low.

Beef: Accessory's worse?

Justin: It's a good point.

Beef: Okay, I won't make you sing that.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Beef: So... um, um um... Ah, damn, I wish Montrose was here.

Justin: Are you gonna climb down?

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Are you going down into the room?

Travis: Yes, I am.

Justin: Okay. He's gonna come at you with his hammer, to try to kill you, while you're coming down.

Beef: Wait, wait, hold on, I have new evidence.

Barrister: [sings] New evidence?

Beef: Yes.

Barrister: [sings] Could it be?

Beef: Yes?

Barrister: [sings] The facts are not what... I thought they were. New evidence?

Beef: So, you... your whole—

Justin: He's just standing there with the hammer like lifted up, but he has stopped.

Beef: Your job is to punish criminals who kill other criminals, yes?

Barrister: [sings] The law of the crown says murder for murder.

Beef: So, is that a yes?

Barrister: [sings] Yes.

Travis: [chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Beef: Well, when Emerich used his lightning, we had not stolen the thing yet. We had not left the premises, we were not criminals yet. At that point, I was trying to stop them, Emerich was trying to stop them, and Montrose was trying to protect the pin. We had not done any criminal activities yet when he attacked Trashbag.

Barrister: [sings] My charge is protecting the people of the Cream.

Beef: Yes?

Barrister: [sings] One of them was killed. The murderer is here, it seems. Be you a king or a pauper, this crime shall not go unavenged.

Beef: And are you also going to kill the doctors that failed to save Trashbag's life?

Barrister: No.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Beef: Okay. Cool, that was simple, okay.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Montrose.

Griffin: Yeah?

Justin: Kenchal is just sitting there with his hands sort of steepled in front of him. Just sort of looking at you.

Griffin: I... I sit down in a chair near him. And I say:

Montrose: It seems we are of the same mind. If I did not believe we were working well underneath our station, I would not have come to see you, Mr. Denton.

Kenchal: Yeah. I mean, this is... yes... Yeah, we understand each other. And I do definitely want to talk with you about this. I do believe though that the power has just been shut off. Do you know what is happening?

Montrose: Yes, a member of my party finds themselves in... finds themselves in extreme danger. We are attempting to ward off a killer robot—

Kenchal: Which one?

Montrose: That would be Emerich Dreadway.

Kenchal: Oh... It's a package thing. It's gotta be all three of you.

Montrose: Yes. But what are you—

Kenchal: But you're saying he's in danger.

Montrose: Yes.

Kenchal: Well, we— I mean, that won't work for me.

Montrose: Well, Beef Punchly... Beef Punchly is dealing with it. And I trust his ability to... scrap this particular robot. You don't need to worry about us, we are incredibly effective. Find someone else for what, Mr. Denton?

Kenchal: Literally, I am not gonna go over this three times. So, why don't you go get your friend and we'll talk.

Montrose: Okay. This has been a very productive meeting. It is—

Kenchal: I didn't feel that way, but yeah. If you would just go get him, or whatever, that would be fantastic. The shoot starts in like 19 minutes, too. So, if you can try to speed it up, that would be great.

Montrose: Yes. You know what? You got it. If we have time after we finish our current job, I will make sure that we come circle back. I'll have my people get in touch with your people.

Kenchal: Oh, you have people?

Montrose: We have people... There's this old man named Poppy.

Kenchal: Yeah, I know him.

Montrose: Sometimes he handles some of our light, secretarial work.

Kenchal: Yeah, he's a good egg. He's been with us a long time. Go ahead and go rescue your friend.

Montrose: Okay.

Kenchal: And we'll... yeah. I'll catch up with you guys.

Montrose: Okay. It's been a pleasure.

Griffin: And I very casually walk out the door. And as soon as it shuts, I take off in a full fuckin sprint toward the grinding gazebo.

Justin: Okay, perfect.

Griffin: I wanna grab a radio as I run.

Justin: Okay. A radio that is used by the crew? Like a—

Griffin: I wanna try and— I'll tell you what I want to accomplish.

Justin: Yes.

Griffin: I wanna get in touch with Douglas Manzetti. 'Cause I feel like I was going to tap him to open up a window to steal the guitar. But it feels like maybe his technological prowess may come in a little bit more handy.

Justin: You see him running around like:

Douglas: What the fuck? How could— Ah, we were mid shot! This was gorgeous stuff, these two were about to kiss! Ah, God. Son of a...

Griffin: I say:

Montrose: Doug, listen. If you wanna get the shot, the once in a lifetime, career-defining shot, grab a handycam and come with me right now.

Douglas: I'm really more of a... Oh, okay. So, this is... hard for the layman to understand, but according to union rules, I can't pick up a camera to shoot. I am part of the Lighting Guild. So, I actually can't—

Montrose: Then wrap it, wrap the camera up in a blanket and don't touch the camera. This is—

Justin: You gotta sway him.

Griffin: Yeah, sure... Okay... What's my posish here?

Justin: I'm gonna say it's risky, standard.

Griffin: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: 5, 4, 4.

Douglas: You say wrap it in a blanket?

Montrose: Or a shopping bag...

Douglas: I don't... Can I have your cool coat?

Montrose: [sighs] Yeah...

Justin: All right, he takes your cool coat, wraps it up. Lower your load one, if you need to, Griff.

Griffin: Hey, sure, all right.

Justin: It's pretty cool. And he starts following you.

Griffin: Okay, I'm running for the grinding—

Clint: And in your ear piece, you hear Emerich yelling:

Emerich: Baloney! Baloney, baloney! [cries]

Montrose: I know, I know, buddy. Just hang in there.

Travis: [chuckles]

Emerich: Baloney...

Justin: Beef?

Travis: That is another kind of lunch meat, yeah, Justin. I agree.

Justin: [chuckles] Beef, what have you got?

Travis: Oh—

Justin: Actually, you know what? Emerich, let's check in on you, bud. You...

Emerich: [screeches]

Justin: Yeah, you're... things are going bad for you. What are you doing?

Clint: I think he's crawling towards... to get his hands on his lightning hook.

Justin: Okay?

Clint: He's dragging himself along with his one good arm. By the way, was it the left elbow or right elbow?

Travis: It was middle.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Justin: Dad, I'm gonna have you do... finesse, to see if you can get to it without being—

Clint: Finesse? Another zero, good, good.

Justin: You can push yourself if you want?

Clint: Okay... I don't have any dots in—

Griffin: Can't push yourself if you're dead. So, can't take stress with you, is what I always say.

Justin: Can't take it with you. That's right, can't take stress with you.

Clint: Okay. Desperate, I assume?

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Man, you're getting XP out the wazoo, though.

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: Is it great or extreme?

Justin: He's gonna be the most powerful dead guy on Earth.

Travis: [chuckles]

Justin: Extreme? No, no, no—

Clint: Great?

Justin: It's standard. You're just trying to get from A to B.

Clint: Standard? Okay. And I am going to push.

Justin: Smart.

Griffin: You got it, Mac. It's gonna be a big one.

Clint: All right...

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: All right.

Clint: 5.

Justin: 5, really nice job, Dad. Very, very, very lucky. You manage to drag your way over to the... to the lightning hook that has skittered to the ground. You grab it in your hand, you can feel its charge sort of pulsing

through you. But at the moment you grab it and it starts to charge, the Barrister hears and turns back towards you.

Travis: As soon as he does that, I'm throwing a shoulder into his back.

Justin: Okay. Hit me with a skirmish. Now, you're on the platform. So, you're like jumping down or what's the—

Travis: I already said I climbed down, I said I climbed down.

Griffin: Yeah, he's in there.

Justin: Okay, okay, okay. So, you just toss your shoulder into him, okay.

Travis: Yeah. Risky?

Justin: Risky? Yeah, we'll call this risky standard. 'Cause you do have the opportunity and he's not currently focused on you.

Travis: Would we— No, okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: 6 and a 4.

Griffin: Yes!

Justin: Wow.

Griffin: Ow, fuck.

Clint: Nice!

Justin: Yes, that is what he says, Griffin, "Ow, fuck."

Griffin: [laughs] No, I fucked my hand up yesterday when I fell on the sidewalk. And then I just clapped my hands 'cause I got so excited to see a 6 on the screen.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Let me ask you a question I should've asked before that roll. What were you trying to do? What was your like goal with that?

Travis: I'm trying to knock him off balance, 'cause when he turned... Something to buy us a second to be proactive and not just reactive.

Justin: Okay. So, you slam your shoulder into his. And you feel it's extremely, extremely hard. But you do manage to knock a couple of his gears out of alignment. And with that, he— the top half of his body turns towards the wall. And his bottom, his legs are stuck in place. So, you can see him wobbling because he's not built to function this way. And he is off balance for just a moment.

Travis: Justin, is it safe to assume that here in the grinding gazebo, there is some kind of bar with alcohol in it?

Justin: Um, that makes perfect sense to me. In fact, I think there would be mini bars in both of the bedrooms. Although obviously Scott's is just for show.

Travis: So, I wanna grab something high proof.

Justin: Before you do that, I'm going to knock... I know you weren't trying to do this, but because I am a sweetie, I am gonna take one...

Travis: Mm-hmm?

Justin: One fourth of his plating, I think got fucked up by that.

Travis: Take that, buddy.

Justin: 'Cause you got a 6, so...

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Now go ahead, Trav.

Travis: I wanna take something high proof, smash it upon him and use a lighter to light him on fire.

Justin: That's a lot of actions.

Travis: I mean... It's one central idea, though.

Justin: Yeah, I think... Okay. I will... I think I can grant you the... Let's say the bar's right there, that's fair. They would have a bar in the main area. So, you grab a bottle and you chuck it at him. What kind— Let's see what we got here. I'm looking at the shelves. What do you wanna grab, Trav?

Travis: Well, let me look—

Justin: This is not gameplay important, but I just wanna know what you would reach for.

Clint: Zima, throw a Zima at him.

Travis: No, Dad.

Justin: That would just refresh him and get the party started in a major way. [chuckles]

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: That's not good.

Travis: I would grab Everclear.

Justin: They don't have— You look, they don't have Everclear. Because it's—

Travis: Oh, no...

Griffin: [chuckles] This is a nice TV production.

Justin: Yeah, and there's also no rocket launchers, if you were hoping for that at this bar too. [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: This isn't a puzzle! Just pick a booze!

Travis: But I want something that'll burn?

Justin: Yeah, I know.

Clint: [whispers] Brandy.

Travis: I grab Bacardi 151.

Justin: There it is. That's put right in there. They put that right in there.

Travis: And I smash that upon his robot back.

Justin: Okay. You chuck the 151 at him and it is smashed on him. Let's give you a... that's our goal, at least.

Travis: Oh, okay?

Justin: Give me a finesse for chucking. Assuming you're chucking. If you wanna run up on him and just smash it on him, you could do that too. I'll call that skirmish.

Travis: I mean, I have two in both of those. So, let's give myself some distance to be safer.

Justin: Smart.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Oh, man. [laughs]

Travis: A 6 and a 1, okay.

Griffin: Wow.

Justin: A 6 and a 1, that's great. So, you chuck the bottle and it just spins... [mouths spinning sounds] and then right into the metal of his face. Which is, it used to be sort of constructed into like a bland, very stern looking man. It's started to droop at the eyes, so you can start to see some of the mechanisms underneath. And that damage to his face is not helped at all by the Bacardi 151 bottle that shatters on his face, soaking him in high proof alcohol. If you want to do something beyond that, I'm gonna need you to look for it. Because I don't think you can just have a fire source on hand.

Travis: I can't have a Zippo on my load? I don't have anything in my load right now.

Justin: You do— Oh, you look in your load, Travis. You definitely do have a Zippo in there that you brought.

Griffin: A lantern is one of the things in the load options.

Justin: Yeah. So, he's got a Zippo on him. It's not crazy at all. You got it, babe.

Travis: Yeah, I throw—

Justin: Now, I don't know if you've ever tried to throw a lighter, but I'm not...

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: [laughs] I don't know if it's gonna work the way you want it to.

Travis: I grab...

Justin: Travis is now hiding behind the bar. Or Beef is, I should say. And he's thinking, "Why didn't I just make that into a Molotov cocktail from the start?"

Travis: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah...

Justin: [chuckles]

Travis: I run up on him then. Fine, okay.

Justin: No, wait. No, no, no, no. Give me a second. You just shattered him. And that was your— that was your action. I'm gonna bump it real quick, I'm just gonna give Emerich a chance here to do something. You have... You have the rod in your hand and you see the position of this. What do you do, Dad?

Clint: Did that knock any more plating loose? Did it knock the plating loose on his face?

Justin: Yeah, I think you could take one for that. I think that's fair. That you, Dad, for keeping me honest.

Clint: Okay. I think... Okay, here's... I'm gonna run through Emerich's mental processes. He has a real problem with using the lightning throwing... I mean, psychologically. Because the last time he did that, it was one of the biggest mistakes of his life.

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: So, I think he's really hesitant to do it again. But it's kind of life or death.

Justin: Yeah?

Clint: So, I think he charges up the lightning hook and sticks it right into the boozy face of the Barrister.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: And it's like... hoping the electricity would set him on fire.

Justin: I'm gonna say— you guys feel like finesse? Like it's a surprise attack, right? Like he's just trying—

Griffin: Well, is he using— Are you using tempest? Or what is...

Clint: Yeah, yeah.

Griffin: Tempest has its own sort of rule thing, right.

Clint: Yeah, it's just me pushing. It's not a roll.

Griffin: Can you read the description?

Clint: "You can push yourself to do one of the following: unleash a stroke of lightning as a weapon, summon a storm in your immediate vicinity."

Justin: Yeah, I mean, that just works, right? I mean, I guess... But you know what? I think the fact that you can do it doesn't mean it has the intent that you would intend it to have, right? You can push to do it, but is it— but what effect is it gonna have? That has to have a roll connected to it, right?

Griffin: Everything I'm reading says it uses an attune roll.

Justin: An attune roll? Okay, Dad. You got—

Clint: Yeah!

Justin: Okay, Dad. That's an attune roll, which is very good for you. Very good news.

Clint: Very good. Controlled? Desperate?

Justin: *Controlled?*

Clint: Don't you think it's desperate?

Justin: I do! I don't think it's controlled. [chuckles] Certainly not.

Travis: [chuckles]

Clint: And... great, extreme?

Justin: Great. Let's say great.

Clint: Ah, man. I'd like to push it, but I just pushed it.

Griffin: I mean, if you have the stress, man...

Clint: I have one empty stress left.

Travis: Then don't.

Griffin: Then you can't push it.

Justin: I'll offer you a devil's bargain, if you want?

Clint: Okay?

Justin: This is up to you. I will give you a bonus die if you lose the lightning hook, if it doesn't work. You get a bonus die, but if you don't get— let's call it— you've already got three points, right? Let's call it... If you don't get a 6, you lose the lightning hook.

Clint: Nah, I'll take my chances.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: I refuse the bargain.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: I'm rolling three.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Yes, baby!

Clint: 2, 5, 6! Whew.

Justin: From the ground, you kind of use your whole-body weight to fling yourself up so you can rise to your full height. Your arm is still screaming in pain, but you have one good arm left. And you swing, with the judge looking slightly away from you, but gives you the perfect opportunity to bury the lightning hook into the judge's face. And you see him instantly sort of burst into flames from the sparks shooting out of his face. A beautiful, beautifully, beautifully done, guys. That will... let's see... what effect you were— Great?

I'm gonna give you... three segments of clock for that combo, that combo action. But more important than the plating, it has stopped the Barrister, as self-preservation goes into effect. And he starts clomping, not in a hurried way, not in a panicked way. But he just pivots as his face skin is still melting, pivots towards the showers of... in one of the bedrooms. Let's call it in Scott's bedroom, just for specificity's sake. And that is the situation right now.

Griffin: Can I hop in?

Justin: Please.

Griffin: Have we made it to the gazebo with Douglas Manzetti?

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay...

Justin: No, you need 10 more minutes.

Griffin: Yeah, right.

Justin: Everyone sit still. [chuckles]

Griffin: Is Scott Boldflex anywhere around?

Justin: Fucking great question, man.

Griffin: I shout:

Montrose: Scott! Scott, bro! We need you!

Justin: Are you running— are you...

Griffin: I wanna get a camera and Scott Boldflex at the grinding gazebo.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: I wanna create—

Clint: Can I interject something?

Griffin: Yeah?

Clint: Just real quick. I did tell him to go to Beef and Montrose.

Justin: Oh, that's right, he was looking for Montrose.

Griffin: That's true.

Justin: That's a great point, Dad.

Clint: So, you don't have to go to him, he'll follow you.

Scott: Evan, where are you?! Evan!

Montrose: I'm right here, man. By the gazebo!

Scott: Hey, hey, hey. It's good to see you.

Griffin: I look at Douglas and confirm he's filming.

Scott: Evan, Omar gave me this trash and he said that he wanted you to have it. So, now I've given you the trash.

Montrose: Thanks. I'll definitely put this to good use.

Griffin: And I just like, set it on the ground.

Justin: [chuckles]

Travis: Oh, it's the Give a Ghost Projector.

Justin: You set the Give a Ghost Projector on the ground?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Okay, good. Go ahead.

Griffin: Yeah— No, okay. I'll put it in my fuckin pocket or whatever. I don't know how big this thing is.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: I say—

Justin: Add one load. Add the load that you took off for losing your jacket.

Griffin: Fine. Fuck. Sure. I say:

Montrose: Listen, man. Omar needs your help. You gotta help get us— get him out of the— get him out of the gazebo.

Griffin: And I'm gonna jump down into the half-submerged gazebo and say:

Montrose: Omar, Omar! Come here! We gotta get you out of there, man! Help me, Scott! We need your help!

Justin: Okay, Griffin... I want you to try to sway Scott. He's not— This isn't really in his programming, for heroics.

Griffin: Yeah?

Justin: So, I need you to try to convince him.

Griffin: Okay. If I fuck this roll up, are you gonna make me give him my fuckin pants?

Justin: [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: What's my posish here?

Justin: It's risky, standard.

Griffin: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Oh my god. 3, 3, 1.

Scott: No.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [chuckles]

Scott: I don't know, there's like a scary-ass judge down there or something, I didn't exactly get it. But I'm not gonna go back down there 'cause I'm afraid he'll kill me. [chuckles] I'm gonna go see and make sure my parents are okay, actually. You got this? Pound it.

Griffin: Yeah, I pound it.

Scott: Nice.

Griffin: I look at Douglas and I say:

Montrose: You got that on camera?

Douglas: I did, and I didn't exactly... I don't know what beat that's supposed to move the story forward, but I'm happy to be here.

Montrose: Yeah, okay. Can you do me a favor and when I yell for you, you just start raising up the gazebo?

Douglas: I mean, we had a deal. A deal's a deal.

Montrose: Douglas, God damn it.

Griffin: I start unbuttoning my pants.

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Douglas: Keep your pants, keep your pants. I'll do it. Yeah, absolutely.

Montrose: Cool, cool.

Douglas: Start lowering or raising? Think so hard about what you're about to say.

Montrose: Raising, definitely.

Douglas: Raising, got it. Got it.

Montrose: Only when I yell!

Douglas: Should I keep filming or is it scene?

Montrose: No, that idea has... that pooch has been screwed. [chuckles]

Douglas: [chuckles]

Montrose: That pooch is gone.

Griffin: And I'm gonna jump down and say:

Montrose: Emerich, it's time to make a hasty retreat, partner. Come on, one good arm, that's all you need.

Griffin: And I... I sort of reach down towards him.

Justin: Emerich, I'm assuming you go with Montrose?

Clint: Oh, absolutely.

Justin: Okay. Beef?

Travis: Yeah, I'm helping.

Justin: Okay. I'm gonna have... Beef, I'm gonna have you do a group... Climbing is finesse, right?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: I'm gonna have you do—

Griffin: Can I lead the group finesse roll since I am the one who's trying to pull them out?

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: How many do you have in finesse?

Griffin: Three.

Travis: Oh, yeah, okay. Yeah, yeah, yeah. I only got two.

Justin: You're gonna, "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: Right. So, but we all roll.

Justin: You all roll. So, you don't actually have to figure out who's leading it.

Travis: Risky, standard?

Griffin: Well, whoever is leading it is the one who takes the stress, if people fuck it up.

Justin: Oh, right on. Okay, good. Good to know.

Griffin: What... risky, standard?

Justin: Yeah, 'cause he has— he went to the—

Clint: It sounds kind of desperate to me.

Justin: You hear, as you're talking—

Travis: He went to the potty.

Justin: As you're talking, you hear the shower click on in the bedroom. So, he is— I'm gonna say it's risky, standard.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: That's Beef, has a 5 and a 1. Montrose rolls a 2, 6, 5. Mac, go ahead and crank one out for—

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: A 2.

Justin: Okay, that's a 2. Luckily for you, Montrose has a 6. So, you manage to clamber the three—

Griffin: But I take one stress for Emerich's failed roll.

Justin: Okay. And then the three of you are now up on to the platform.

Griffin: And I say:

Montrose: We still have a job to do. But if we don't kill this fuckin robot, it's gonna keep on following us. So... Let's diversify our portfolio a little bit and... Someone go get the guitar. Emerich, do you think maybe you could go get that prism?

Emerich: I certainly—

Justin: You see a wet Barrister start striding out of the bathroom and back towards you.

Beef: I'll fuck him up. Go. Get the guitar, get Scott.

Travis: That's what you just said, right?

Griffin: Yeah, I am— I tried to set something up with Douglas Manzetti there.

Travis: Oh, okay?

Griffin: To... yeah.

Justin: He's gonna raise— Doug's gonna raise the platform, right?

Griffin: Right.

Justin: We'll give— You're on the platform. So, I think if you were gonna give him the cue, you probably should give it to him the second you get up there, correct?

Griffin: No, I'm gonna delay that a little bit.

Justin: Okay. Got it, okay.

Montrose: Nah, Beef, I think I might actually be able to handle this one. Do you mind going to peel for the guitar? It should be unlocked.

Beef: Oh—

Griffin: Oh wait, you wouldn't know which one it is.

Beef: It's the one laying— You told me during one of the breaks, it's resting in the other section. Don't worry about it.

Griffin: Great, yeah. That definitely did happen. Cool.

Montrose: Is this an okay plan?

Beef: Yeah, just like yell, I guess, and I'll come back if you need me.

Montrose: Okay.

Emerich: Do either of you have any kind of unguents or ointments? My elbow is just killing me.

Beef: We'll get you— Okay. Yeah, we'll get it taken care of. But go.

Emerich: Hmph.

Travis: Oh, you know what? I take the sling that I'm not really using anymore, 'cause I have the lesser effect on my sprained wrist. And I give that to you, there you go.

Clint: Aw.

Travis: You got that.

Justin: Aw, that's really nice, Trav.

Griffin: Wrist, elbow, it's all the same bones.

Travis: Yeah, man. You know, a sling is a sling.

Justin: It doesn't have any effect mechanically at all. So, let him say whatever he wants. [chuckles]

Travis: Yeah, I'm just trying to make dad feel better.

Clint: Yeah, okay.

Justin: That's nice, Trav. I love that.

Clint: Yeah. Okay. Emerich takes off running.

Emerich: Scott!

Travis: Beef lifts himself out from the platform, and then he starts running too.

Griffin: I'm gonna start putting on a real Inside the Actors Studio performance.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: Where I kind of get myself closer to the edge of the platform. And I'm holding my ankle and kind of trying to like limp away.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs] Oh, please, go, go, do it!

Barrister: [sings] You are... Montrose. You are Montrose. And the guilt that you share means the law of the crown says that Montrose must...

Justin: And he's like walking towards you, and he's just pulled himself up onto the platform.

Griffin: As soon as he starts to climb up through the platform, I say— I shout:

Montrose: Hit it, Douglas! Now, please!

Barrister: [sings] Die—

Justin: Ca-chunk. This is a good ca-chunk. The ca-chunk of the Barrister, stuck in the inner workings of the platform. He's looking directly at you.

Barrister: [in robot voice] Daaaaa—

Justin: And it stops there.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: And I look down and I say:

Montrose: Court is adjourned.

Griffin: And I'm gonna take his two silver hammers.

Justin: Don't get fucking greedy. That's the end of the episode.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

[theme song plays]

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