

The Adventure Zone: Steeplechase - Episode 16

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Krystal: And after finding his more spiritual side, self-made guru Chad, says the only thing he's interested in touching now is hearts. Ah, that is so sweet. Lastly, we finally got a little clarity about the abrupt ending to last week's ending of Passion's Cove. Dentonic said an unplanned power outage was the reason we didn't get to see Omar and Scott get busy in the Grinding Gazebo. So... does that leave an opening for Kip to steal Omar's spot? Kip, you deserve this! When you've got a chance at love, you've gotta never know when to stop dreaming!

[Steeplechase theme song plays]

Weaver: Oh, that's not right. [sound of paper rustling] Oh, but this doesn't make any sense, it was... The story wasn't like this. Or I... Is it changing?

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

Travis: Thank you, Justin. Happy to be here.

Clint: Mm-hm, it's good to be welcomed.

Justin: Well, you work here. You work here.

Griffin: We're employees.

Justin: You're employees of The Adventure Zone: Steeplechase. And I'm your humble manager, Greg. I'd really like to get those attachments up, guys. Let's get those accessories out the door, that's where our margin is!

Travis: Okay. Sorry, boss.

Griffin: "I got five subscriptions today, boss."

Justin: "Oh, that's good. People love getting these disks in the mail. Netflix is gonna be big, guys."

Clint: "Am I on inventory again?"

Travis: "I signed up 25 people for credit cards."

Justin: One of the wildest things about working at Best Buy was how hard they wanted us to push Netflix DVD rentals. And we really were supposed to push them in the media department. And it's like, "Don't buy Snakes on a Plane, just sign up for this." [chuckles]

Travis: Man, if that isn't the business equivalent of introducing your wife to your much more handsome, charming, friend...

Justin: Yeah, it would be like John Henry going around like, "Fuck, these trains are good!"

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: [laughs] "Have you guys tried these things?"

Justin: "This machine lays track, it's amazing!"

Travis: "It's incredible, it makes my life so much easier and I don't see it ever becoming a problem."

Justin: "I'm gonna learn to code!" [chuckles] So—

Clint: Griffin, do you ever feel out of it because you and I never worked at Best Buy?

Justin: [chuckles]

Travis: Griffin worked at GameStop, which was like part of—

Clint: Oh, okay.

Travis: It was like—

Justin: Griffin and I both worked at GameStop. Anyway.

Griffin: Argh.

Travis: And Justin and I both worked at Best Buy. And Griffin and I worked at a movie theater.

Griffin: And Travis and I worked at a movie theater, yeah.

Travis: Yeah. So, we—

Clint: Did any of you ever squeeze dogs' anal glands?

Travis: I did, dad!

Griffin: For work, or—

Clint: Oh, yeah! That's right, you did.

Travis: And you and Justin worked in the same radio station. So, we are all linked.

Griffin: We're all connected. It's all connected.

Clint: True.

Travis: We should start recording the show now.

Griffin: Yeah, yeah.

Justin: I'm gonna— We're gonna leap right into it.

Douglas: Holy shit! That was amazing! [chuckles] That was... Evan, that was the wildest shit I've ever seen. Are you okay?

Justin: He's filming, by the way. Douglas Manzetti has been filming this entire thing.

Douglas: Are you okay?

Griffin: I look up and I say:

Montrose: I told you at the beginning, I fight hard and fuck hard for what I believe in. 'Cause that's—

Douglas: Yeah, no, I— But like I—

Montrose: 'Cause that's' how we do it in Dinosaur, Colorado!

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: And I fuckin bring one of the hammers smashing down on the judge's head.

Douglas: You're extremely excited for me, I really appreciate that. I never thought of myself as a hero. But I, Douglas Manzetti, just single handedly stopped that robot. God... What the fuck is wrong with that thing?

Montrose: Well, it got crushed by a big door, and then I just fucked its head all up.

Justin: At that point, you see Shlabethany walk up behind Douglas and grab his camera, and throw it in the hole, smashing it to pieces.

Shlabethany: Oh my God, Douglas... You dropped your camera, you're gonna be in big trouble.

Douglas: What, I— What the hell, Shlabethany? How could you—

Shlabethany: Greg told me to come over here and tell you that your wife called and one of your kids got hurt really bad.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Douglas: What? Which one of my kids?

Shlabethany: I didn't ask, she said it's an emergency and they're going to the hospital and it's really bad.

Douglas: Oh my god!

Justin: And Douglas runs away.

Shlabethany: I guess Douglas has kids.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs]

Shlabethany: Can you get out of the hole, jizz bucket?

Montrose: But why did you do this to this footage? This is... This could've been my big break.

Shlabethany: I mean, like, I know you don't... You're not good with thinking. But like, I guess... Think at it for a second. Like, can you try to flex whatever is in there and just like think about it for like a half second?

Montrose: Oh, wait a minute. It would be quite bad if everyone knew my face.

Shlabethany: And about the... Barrister. It's so weird that you're a murderer. I thought it would be hot, but I thought about it for like a half second, and it's gross.

Montrose: I didn't actually do any of the murdering.

Shlabethany: Oh, okay.

Montrose: Yes, that was mostly—

Shlabethany: So, you're like even more boring than I thought before.

Montrose: Well, I have other sort of—

Shlabethany: Ah, I don't wanna talk to you anymore!

Montrose: You did begin the conversation...

Shlabethany: You're welcome.

Justin: Then Shlabethany walks away.

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: Can I... Okay—

Travis: Justin, I would like to become the first investor in a side series, all about Shlabethany, please. I don't... I don't wanna do our stuff anymore. I just wanna listen to you be Shlabethany.

Griffin: What's... I genuinely do want to take either one or both of the hammers, just to be able to prove... I think it'll get us some cred, down in the Butter Cream.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: So, I don't know— I don't know if I have to do anything to do that, but...

Justin: Hm, let me think. Yeah... why don't you... You're still in the hole with him, right? The... It's like halfway up, the Barrister—

Griffin: Yes.

Justin: Why don't you... take the hammer from him.

Griffin: Okay?

Justin: But before you do, give me a Fortune roll.

Griffin: Straight D6'ing?

Justin: Straight D6'ing.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: That's about as bad a number that you can get on the six-dimensional dice.

Travis: Oh boy...

Griffin: Oh, wait. But you weren't in Roll20 when I clicked it. So...

Justin: Trav, what was the number?

Travis: It was an 8.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: It was an 8?

Griffin: Yeah, dog.

Justin: You rolled a D6 and got an 8.

Travis: Yeah, man.

Griffin: It was just a picture of a hammer. It wasn't even a—

Travis: And a thumbs up next to it. It was a rebus.

Griffin: And my body looking very strong. Griffin's body, not—

Clint: Now, that was in— that was in base four. So...

Justin: Oh, base four. Okay.

Clint: So, it was a 1.

Travis: Hey, Justin, it was a 1.

Griffin: So, I'll just do another D6.

Justin: Griffin, you reach down to—

Griffin: The roll was so bad that I entered the world to eat— to take the failure on as my own human form.

Justin: Oh, you Griffin McElroy, took the— Okay. Griffin, you reach down to take the hammer. And as soon as you touch it, an electric shock charges through your body, electricity that had not yet been discharged from the Barrister. And you take a level one harm for this shocking that you've just received.

Travis: You got singed fingies.

Griffin: Do I get to resist?

Justin: You absolutely could resist if you'd like.

Griffin: Yeah, I'm gonna resist that harm.

Justin: Okay. Take one D for each attribute dot in... Let's see what attribute... what attribute? Oh, no, just one D for each attribute dot, I guess.

Griffin: In... What would be an electrocuted challenge? Not my Insight.

Travis: I feel like... I would say Finesse, to let go of it.

Justin: Yeah, that seems like a good—

Griffin: But that I'm just rolling one D6, 'cause I only have one skill in Prowess.

Justin: Well, as fun as it is to try to decide how you're resisting, I mean...
[chuckles]

Griffin: All right, fine.

Justin: So, I choose the attribute based on the nature of the consequences.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: It's a consequence for physical strain or injury. So, it should be Prowess.

Griffin: Okay?

Justin: And you roll— How many dots do you have in Prowess?

Griffin: Total dots? That seems like that number could be extremely high?

Travis: And then you take the highest die.

Justin: What's your—

Griffin: I have three in Finesse, and nothing in anything else. Okay, I am rolling one D6 to— Well, I can just click Prowess. That whole fuckin argument was nothing, 'cause I can just click it. I can just click the thing to—

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Oh!

Griffin: Fuck, that's not good. But I'm still fine, I— Listen, guys. This was a pretty chill mish for me.

Travis: Oh, good.

Griffin: So, I don't—

Justin: So, you're gonna take four stress.

Griffin: That sucks shit, though.

Justin: But you do— You... let's see... Yeah, I like— I like Travis's. You just jerk your hand back. Like, you feel— I don't know how you— Maybe you sense it, your hairs—

Travis: You hear the buzz.

Justin: Your hairs stand on end, whatever, right. Seconds before you pull your hand back.

Travis: Like that classic scene from Powder, where the kid's necklace starts to float up. And it's like, "Oh..."

Justin: Oh, yeah. We all... We stan Powder, okay. [chuckles]

Travis: [laughs]

Emerich: Excuse me, Montrose, do you... do you really want that hammer?

Justin: Wait, are you there? I thought you were with Beef.

Travis: No, you went to go find Scott.

Griffin: Yeah, man.

Justin: Okay. Oh yeah, you guys are together, right, right, right.

Montrose: Okay, well, I'll just have to be extremely descriptive when I tell the story of my great trial.

Griffin: And I climb out of the hole.

Travis: Meanwhile, Beef is on a guitar hunt. [mouths riff]

Justin: Yeah, let's check in with Beef. How are things going with you, Beef?

Travis: Well, he's on a guitar hunt. [mouths riff]

Justin: Okay?

Travis: So, he knows where the room is.

Montrose: Mm-hm?

Travis: And he knows where the guitar is.

Justin: Okay?

Travis: So, has he encountered any problems on the way there, Justin?

Justin: Has he—

Griffin: Don't give him the opportunity to introduce— Just say you go get it.

Travis: Yeah, I got there. And I had a nice bathroom break on the way. So, I'm feeling great.

Justin: The lights are dark when you are making your way through. And it is pitch black in the room where the guitars are, where you understand to be the music room.

Travis: I think I already have a lantern with me? A flashlight, right?

Griffin: You do. Well, it's a Zippo— Well, no. That was your Zippo which you did throw at a robot.

Travis: Oh, right, right, right. I pull out one of my other eight Zippos. No... Okay, well...

Justin: Trav, tell you what... Give me a... Survey roll, to see if you can find the Jam Zone.

Travis: Hm... This is controlled, I would say?

Justin: Yes, it is.

Travis: Effect?

Justin: I think it's a standard action.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Standard, that you would be able to find a room in the dark.

Travis: I'm gonna push myself, because I have only two stress right now. And I'm really trying to strain and be careful.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: A 5!

Justin: 5, okay. You know what? You stumble around for a little bit, it takes you maybe a few beats longer than you hoped it would. But you find yourself in the Jam Zone.

Travis: Okay. I know where the guitar is, 'cause he told me.

Jahala: Who's there?

Justin: It's Jahala.

Travis: Yeah.

Jahala: Who's... Is somebody there? I'm a... I'm a little scared. Heh...

Beef: It's me, Johnny Shrimptoast.

Jahala: Hi, Johnny. The light— I came in here to just take a breath for a second. Things got kind of... overwhelming, and the lights went out.

Beef: Yeah, they didn't pay their electric bill here.

Jahala: Steeplechase?

Beef: No, just here specifically. It's part— It's a storyline.

Jahala: Oh, it's part of the show?

Beef: Yeah, to just see... They're trying to set up like a, "We're gonna do smores and sit around a lantern."

Jahala: Oh, okay?

Beef: Go to the— Yeah, there's a firepit they're setting up by the pool. And it's supposed to be like a chill hang thing. And so, they sent me to get the guitar, so he could do some Dave Matthews Band covers for everybody.

Jahala: Oh, you're getting his guitar.

Beef: Yeah.

Jahala: That's nice.

Beef: So... why don't you head on, make your way careful, 'cause it's dark out there. Make your way to the pool and...

Jahala: Oh, I don't... It's too dark, I really— If I fell, it would not be good. I'm... I'm just staying put.

Beef: I can help you? If you want.

Jahala: You could stay with me?

Beef: No, but I can— I can guide you and get you there, real careful, ma'am.

Jahala: I think I'm having a bit of a panic attack. I've been kind of very upset since I got here, it's been a lot more stress than I thought it would.

I'm not... If you wanna stay with me, I would sure appreciate it. I don't wanna burden you, but...

Travis: Ah, you know... Soft Beef Punchly is gonna sit with her. [chuckles]

Jahala: Thank you, Beef. Would you... Would you play me something?

Beef: Oh boy... Yeah.

Travis: Because Beef has just remembered that there's a thing on the guitar who that makes anybody who plays it sound good. [chuckles]

Justin: Okay.

Beef: Yeah, let's see...

Travis: And he starts in on kind of a jazzy riff.

Jahala: Oh, that's—

Griffin: You're playing Hey There Delilah. You can't convince me, there's nothing—

Travis: No, I'm not, I'm doing Blue Skies. I'm not doing Hey There Delilah.

Griffin: You can't convince me you're not playing Hey There Delilah.

Travis: [sings] Hey There Delilah, what's it like in New York City?

Jahala: This is— That's really nice.

Beef: Let's see... [sings] Up at dawn, I'm sleepy and yawning. Still the taste of wine. And then I remember you're mine. And I've got a world that's fine.

Justin: Beef, give me a Finesse roll.

Clint: I am so sorry I don't have one of his lighters, or I would've lit it there.

Travis: Thank you.

Griffin: Let's all take a lantern in our load.

Travis: Dad, is this desperate? Or Justin, is this desperate? Controlled?

Justin: Wow, Freudian. [chuckles] Okay...

Clint: I think it's controlled, son.

Justin: [laughs] I think it's always been controlled.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Yeah, this is controlled, Trav.

Travis: Man, I wanna push this up, but I don't think I need to. Okay...

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: I got a 6, a 1 and a 6.

Clint: All right!

Jahala: You know what? I... I feel a little bit better now. Thank you, thank you so much, Johnny, for taking the time. I think I'm gonna be okay.

Beef: Are you sure? I don't wanna—

Jahala: I'm fine. Go ahead.

Beef: I didn't finish the song, so...

Jahala: I found this, maybe we can play together?

Travis: What did she find?

[comedically bad saxophone plays]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs] No, please! How did I fall for it this time?

[sax continues]

Griffin: I never thought I would fall for that again.

[sax continues]

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Justin, is that the opening strings of... what is it... [sings intro tune from "The Immigrant Song" by Led Zeppelin]

Justin: I was— Hey, Trav?

Travis: Yeah?

Justin: I was as surprised as you are.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: [laughs] That was the beginning of— What is that, Griff, Cashmere? Is that Cashmere? No, it's not.

Griffin: That's Immigrant Song.

Justin: Immigrant Song, thank you. I was very impressed that I found those notes. [chuckles] And I tried to find `em again, too. But they weren't as—

Travis: I wouldn't say you found `em, Justin. I'm saying you knew, in general—

Justin: Okay, they— Are you saying they— They found me.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Okay go ahead, Trav.

Travis: Go ahead what?

Justin: You can leave, you're out. You're out of the room. Pitch black, you got Simpatico. Let's go over to Emerich.

Clint: Well, Emerich heard on their comms, Scott refused to go help and wanted to go check on his parents. So, I think he... I think Emerich has made his way to Fred and Betty's place.

Griffin: Mm-hm?

Travis: Or, as they're called their celebrity couple name, Fretty.

Griffin: Or Bed.

Travis: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: I love Bed.

Travis: [chuckles]

Clint: Oh god, I do too.

Justin: Okay, you... Emerich, give me a roll. Give me the same Survey roll that I had him do.

Clint: Okay. You don't think he'd know where it was?

Justin: It's pitch black inside. So, unless—

Clint: Oh, right, right, right.

Justin: Unless, do you have your flashlight? Do you have a flashlight or some sort of light source?

Clint: Well, it depends. Did I get the Give a Ghost Projector back?

Travis: No, Scott still has— No...

Justin: No, Scott gave it to Montrose. Montrose has it.

Clint: Shit, okay.

Travis: Now, what's your loadout? Do you have—

Justin: You could have one, it's just gonna add one to load. I don't know what your load is, but you can have one. I mean...

Clint: All right, a lantern?

Justin: Mm-hm.

Clint: Okay. Yes, and I add one to load. Add... okay—

Justin: What is it, out of curiosity? What's your— We know that his is a Zippo, what's your— what's your light source?

Clint: It is one of those cool little flashlights, like you can get at Disney World. At the... at the Pandora, the land of Avatar, where you crank it, and it works like a flashlight.

Justin: Oh?

Clint: It's a little handheld thing.

Griffin: Lots of people cranking it at Pandora.

Travis: When you crank it? Yeah.

Griffin: When they see—

Justin: [laughs] Yeah, it's weird. Every time I go, I see people cranking it in Pandora.

Travis: And it just lights up the whole place, you know what I mean? Just seeing their faces light up when they crank it?

Clint: No, you know what? That doesn't make any sense 'cause he's down to one good arm. I'm just gonna say he has one of those—

Travis: Yeah, you can't crank it with one arm? [chuckles]

Clint: Can't crank it with one arm.

Travis: No, you need both, just to... just to change it up.

Griffin: Not when you're playing your Pandoran ritual drum, while you're cranking it. [laughs]

Travis: One hand does the Pandoran ritual, and the other one cranks it.

Clint: Yeah, you gotta be able to plug into the long, sinewy thing, too.

Travis: Oh, yeah, dad! You absolutely do, you gotta get the long, sinewy thing and then you crank it.

Griffin: You gotta show respect to the ocean gods.

Justin: It makes me so angry that Dad and I can't go deep in the paint on Avatar references with you two, 'cause you refuse to—

Griffin: [laughs] See either of them?

Justin: ... To join us in the land, 'cause you're too afraid of how you'd feel.

Travis: I wish that we could join you in cranking it to Avatar.

Justin: [chuckles] But you're afraid of the stirrings.

Griffin: [laughs] I have seen— I have seen people—

Justin: You're afraid of the stirrings you'll feel when you see the land of Pandora in 3D.

Travis: And I won't be able to stop cranking it.

Griffin: I've seen people have erotic awakenings at Animal Kingdom Park.

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: Because of James Cameron's twisted, hypersexual vision of the space future.

Travis: "And that was my goal." I swear, his entire goal... It's so weird listening to that guy talk about it.

Griffin: He's very nasty, and he's very patient.

Travis: [chuckles] "I'll get 'em."

Griffin: "I'll get 'em."

Clint: Well, I'll tell you this, the 3D of something shooting right at your face is remarkable.

Griffin: Okay, dad. Justin... grab the reins. Grab the handlebars.

Justin: All right, Mac, you...

Clint: Justin, take the wheel.

Justin: You make your way to the 'rents place.

Clint: It's a headlamp!

Justin: It's a headlamp.

Clint: It's one those strap things on the head.

Justin: Yeah, there you go.

Griffin: Great.

Justin: You make your way, and you bang on the door. Or I shouldn't say that you bang on the door, you stand outside the door and wait for inspiration to strike.

Travis: And you'll hold the boom box over your head.

Clint: Okay.

Emerich: [knocks on door]

Justin: Nice foley.

Scott: Oh, hey— Oh, god? Can you—

Emerich: Oh, I'm sorry.

Scott: Do you mind?

Emerich: I'm sorry. Yes...

Scott: Hey, what's going on, Omar?

Emerich: Hey, Scott... Could I speak to you and your parents, please? Just because I want Justin to have to do three voices.

Scott: Yeah, for sure. Yeah, come on in.

Emerich: Fred! Good to see you again.

Justin: What the fuck— Now, hold on. Now, shh, shh, everyone... Now we all have to relax for a second.

Griffin: While Justin does the Voiceatron.

Justin: Loading up the Voiceatron.

Clint: [mouths beep boop sounds]

Justin: Oh my god. Okay...

Fred: Hello... what was it... Omar?

Emerich: Hello, Betty.

Fred: No, I'm Fred.

Emerich: Right, it's dark—

Fred: Betty's watching her shows. I don't have the heart to tell her that the TV's not working.

Emerich: Oh... Well, I'd like to speak to three of you, as a family.

Fred: Well, that would be fine, sure. Go, come on in.

Emerich: Thank you.

Fred: Is this... what I think it is? Are you... Oh boy... You know, a father dreams of this moment.

Emerich: Oh, I know, absolutely.

Fred: Their child meeting the right person and then... It's a little old-fashioned, I know. But you coming to me to ask for Scott's hand is... It's very—

Emerich: Oh, no. Oh, oh—

Fred: This is very... You know, old fashioned, perhaps. But that really carries a lot of weight with Greg— No, Fred Boldflex.

Emerich: [chuckles] Well, that's not exactly what I'm here to speak to you about...

Fred: You mother fucker.

Emerich: Oh, no, no, no. This is—

Fred: Oh?

Emerich: In a way— In a way, I am proposing— I am proposing—

Griffin: [chuckles]

Fred: Oh, okay? Betty, it's happening!

Emerich: I am proposing a relationship with your son, that much is true.

Fred: Beautiful.

Emerich: But instead of looking at me as some kind of suitor, look at me like... a coach of a sports-ball team, here on a recruiting mission. I think Scott has a tremendous future in the world of electronic sports gaming. It would be a way for him to earn a decent wage. But—

Fred: Are you telling me that you're an E-sports coach? And you're trying to recruit my holographic son?

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: [chuckles]

Emerich: In a way, yes.

Fred: Okay, I just wanted to understand the— I've never had this exact conversation before. So, I wanted to make sure I understand.

Travis: Hey Justin, no one has.

Fred: Yeah.

Griffin: [laughs]

Emerich: Scott? Will you chime in here? Tell your father and mother what you and I spoke about, about how you really and truly want to experience the world. You want to get out there and make your mark, you wanna meet people, you wanna make new relationships, form new bonds. Do you remember that?

Scott: Did I say that? I feel like I'm fine here. I mean...

Emerich: No, no, you remember we talked about breaking out and going out into the world and how exciting it would be for you to make new relationships and new friendships and... and face challenges you've never faced before?

Scott: Yeah, that... Yeah... I kind of need to stay here though, right? Like, the show is kind of about me. So, I kind of need to be here for the...

Fred: He needs to be here for the show.

Scott: You understand?

Emerich: I see. Do you really think the show is more important than yourself? You can do this show, but you're going to be going through the same motions, meeting with the same type of people. I'm offering you a chance to come with me and be part of something bigger, something greater, where you're not just a... a piece of... meat light... or lite meat, or—

Justin: Who are you trying to sway here, Mac? So I'm clear.

Clint: Well, I thought I had already convinced—

Travis: He did, he got a critical, Justin.

Justin: Yes, I know, but I... You convinced him of... what?

Clint: Well, I convinced him of trusting me to take his prism?

Justin: Mm-hm?

Clint: And go out and make— My intent was to make him the basis for the... for the game.

Justin: Okay?

Clint: For the game back at the arcade.

Justin: So, right now, you're trying to Sway the parents. So, you've already Swayed Scott.

Scott: You know, what he's saying actually makes a lot of sense. Yeah, I mean, for sure. I'm into this, actually. What he's saying, Dad, you gotta let me live my life.

Fred: Okay, but what... what do you think that looks like?

Justin: Roll a Sway on the dad.

Clint: [chuckles] Oh, shit.

Travis: Well, you wanted Justin to do three voices, huh?

Justin: Yeah, you got all three.

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: I was really hoping to make an attune roll there.

Travis: Well...

Griffin: With a human?

Clint: No, no, no, I—

Griffin: Wel, I say that—

Justin: Listen, you've already got Scott. Scott's on board. But you— But you found him here, so—

Griffin: You're being a gentleman right now.

Clint: Okay... Well, then I... I'm... I'm gonna have to push myself. Sheesh... I've only got two empty things for stress.

Travis: Hm, then you can't.

Griffin: Then don't push yourself to convince— for this unnecessary Dad sales pitch, for the Dad? Scott Boldflex is an independent contemporary—

Clint: All right, I'll take a shot at convincing Fred... Yeah, all right. So, Sway. And it's... controlled. And it's...

Justin: Oh, you're just guessing? I mean, you're just going for it? I would say Sway, and it is desperate, because they are... they will... Not desperate, controlled, you're right— Wait... Risky, let's say risky. Let's split the difference. You can tell that he is uneasy. Fred Boldflex is uneasy. So, go ahead and try to Sway him to what you're saying.

Clint: Okay. So, it's standard...

Justin: Risky.

Clint: Standard... risky. Okay... No bonus die.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: 2 and a 4. So, it's a 2.

Justin: Hm...

Clint: I don't want this to get ugly, but I'm afraid it's going to.

Travis: Are you saying that to Fred?

Clint: I'll say it to whoever's listening. [chuckles]

Travis: Yeah, Dad. Lying in the sand, bud.

Clint: Well, I mean, because— I mean—

Griffin: "I'm kidnapping your hollow son, and there's nothing you can do about it!"

Clint: Well, he already said he would... I mean, he was letting me take his prism. I could just order him to let me take it again?

Travis: But it's always hard when you have to tell the father of someone you're courting that you're about to take their prism.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Justin: Doug walks over and he... Scott's sitting there, watching TV with... a TV that is not on, with Mary. And Fred reaches—

Griffin: Betty.

Justin: Betty. God, fuckin hell.

Griffin: And Fred.

Justin: Fred and Betty I did so I could remember!

Griffin: Yeah, and you fuckin just called him Doug again. [chuckles]

Clint: Are their next-door neighbors Wilma and Barney?

Justin: Yeah, see, I did— I did a confusing one. I should've made them Fred and Wilma. That would've been better. But then I thought it would be like too obvious, okay. [chuckles] So... Fred walks over and he reaches up the nape of Scott's neck and sort of just lightly sort of taps. It almost looks like he's clicking. And Scott's head drops.

Travis: Off?

Justin: And then he turns back to you.

Fred: What do you think you're playing at?

Emerich: Oh?

Fred: Sincerely, I've seen people get obsessed before. I know it happens. This is a holographic projection. He is not in control of his own faculties. What do you think you are playing at?

Emerich: I'm sorry... Fred, why do you suddenly sound like you're on PBS Masterpiece Theatre?

Fred: Listen, I've worked for a long time to try to keep this illusion up in which you have an immersive experience. That's what we want for everyone. But it does get to a point... where this has to stop. Now, I ask you again, what are you playing at?

Emerich: Hold on one second. Are you Hank Heart?

Justin: And you see him peel a little bit of his mask... and peels it off. And yes, it's Hank Heart.

Emerich: Hank! Don't you remember me? Emerich? Emerich Dreadway?

Hank: Yes, Emerich, we all remember you. We all still speak of you regularly. Although, I don't you'd like the context of the conversation. What do you want with my... my child here?

Emerich: I will level with you, Hank. I am a tremendous admirer of... of this. And I would like to study what you've done here with this... with this prism.

Hank: I'm sure you would. I'm sure you'd love that very much, wouldn't you? We all know how much you'd like to get up to the big floor. We all know how much you'd like to poke and prod around and see what you left... in pieces! You are not in your layer, where you belong. You belong in Ustaben with the things forgotten, with the things half remembered. We sent you there for a reason, Emerich, so you could rot. And now I find you here? Trying to abscond with my masterpiece? [chuckles] Please, Emerich... We all know the game, no more subterfuge. I will ask one more time, and then I pick up one phone and you are gone. What are you playing at?

Emerich: I am trying to rectify a situation you created by stealing another person's identity, another person's likeness.

Hank: Oh, please... Scott knew what he was. He was an employee of Dentonic. That means that any IP he created while in our employ was rightfully the property of the company. All of his choices, all of his decisions, all of his... moves, are ours. All we did was have a backup. Just like any other company would. A backup of his work that we continue to own. He even got to maintain an employ within the park. I think he did just fine for himself.

Emerich: He does not feel the same way, Hank. He feels like you have stolen everything from him. I am here to rectify that situation. You can... You can downgrade my feelings and... and fool yourself into thinking that your work has been based on my work. That I am the shoulders you stand upon now. But you, regardless of me, you have violated this man's rights, you have stolen from him. You are a criminal. So, I'm here to be a criminal too. And... take the prism. So no one else can use it and... and Scott can have his life back. And you can just lump it! Yes, yes! I said lump it.

Hank: Well, those are... strong words.

Emerich: Yes, they are.

Hank: Quite a speech.

Justin: Dad, what are you trying—

Travis: Montrose and Beef can hear this, right?

Justin: Yeah. Oh yeah.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: What are you trying to achieve, Dad? With this... The way you're talking with Hank, what are you trying to achieve?

Clint: I don't know. I don't think he's just gonna give me the prism. This was a wrinkle I had not anticipated. [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah, now that we have established that we can hear this, I'm going to make my way towards... Well, I guess I don't know... Where are— Where's this conversation? Oh, in the parents' room. I wanna start making my way that way, 'cause I'm feeling like the job is about to be completely blown.

Travis: Yeah, same with Beef.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: I'm not saying we have to intercede right now, but...

Justin: Dad, if you trying to Sway Hank Heart, I think that... And check this out, everybody, we asked... Thanks to Tom over at Evil Hat, for walking me through this. Effect we haven't exactly got right. So, I'm gonna rectify that here. Effect is a measure of how effective you will be in a situation. So, I would say, considering the context and everything, if you're trying to Sway him, it would have limited effect.

Griffin: Or you can push yourself—

Justin: Right.

Griffin: ... To take greater effect, or exchange position, right?

Justin: Yeah, you can push yourself to desperate, if you would like to have a greater effect. So basically, you're trying something more drastic. But you're raising the stakes.

Clint: Yeah, I don't think that... I don't think he's done anything that's going to Sway Hank to give him the prism. I don't think— out of guilt, Hank is gonna do that. So, I think trying to Sway him would be a wasted effort.

Justin: I mean, probably. Do you... I'm assuming you don't have any more like— I mean, I could see this being a... a Command. Which I guess you don't have any...

Clint: Don't have any in Command.

Justin: Yeah?

Clint: I have one in Consort, I have three in Attune—

Justin: I mean... Hey, it's up to you, man. You play this however you want.

Clint: Well, doesn't do me any good to attune to Scott, because he turned him off, right?

Justin: I mean, I will say... Hank did turn off Scott. Because Hank knows how these things work. He knows how Hard Light works. So, he knew how to turn Scott off.

Clint: Okay. I'm gonna turn Scott back on.

Travis: Hell yeah. Show him Avatar.

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs] Is that what we're calling it now?

Justin: That's where we're taking a break. We'll take a break right there.

[music plays]

[ad break]

[music plays]

Clint: Emerich takes a deep breath. And just turns his head so that the headlamp is shining right into Hank's eye.

Justin: Oh, nice! Nice move.

Clint: And then at the same time, reaches up with his good hand, and touches the place in the back of Scott's neck and activates it.

Justin: You know what? I would normally make you roll for the... for that. But you know, you would know the move. You just watched him do the move and you know the move. So, that doesn't seem like a roll. And honestly, you used that headlamp in a very organic way, that I don't feel like you need to roll for it. This all makes to me. Scott clicks back to life.

Emerich: Scott?

Scott: Yeah, man?

Emerich: Listen, I recently came to the conclusion that Hard Light constructs—

Hank: What do you think you're doing?

Emerich: ... Are souls. That you have a consciousness, you are not just a set of code. You are not just a prism. You are a thinking, feeling, being. And I have offered you a chance to make something of yourself. You are not owned by this gentleman, no matter what he says. I have learned this lesson in a very hard way. Treated the things that I helped to bring into being as if I owned them. Just like a parent doesn't own a child, he does not own you. I need you to come with me.

Scott: Yeah, man. Chill. Absolutely, let's go.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Scott: Yeah, for sure, let's go. You and me!

Emerich: Really?

Scott: Yeah, I'm into it, for sure.

Emerich: Oh, 'cause I had more?

Fred: I... Now, Scott, are you sure this is the best thing for—

Justin: His eyes are fucking furious. Like, you can look in his... into... I guess it's Hank now. But he's you know, pretending to be Fred. You can look into Frank's eyes, and he wishes nothing but death for you. But...

Fred: I'm just not sure that it would be safe out there for you, son?

Scott: No, yeah. Sorry, Dad... Mom. I know you guys gotta live your life, but this old guy is right. I gotta get out there. Do you know how many babes and dudes and people there are out there that need my brand of love? I mean, there may be... think about it, like other beaches, other coves out there that I don't even know about. And... I'm gonna live my own life, you know?

Emerich: Hank? I mean... Fred?

Justin: Did you misspeak, or did Emerich misspeak?

Clint: I misspoke.

Emerich: Fred?

Justin: I have absolutely no tolerance for people not getting this exact character's name right.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: So, I just wanted to make sure.

Emerich: Fred, I know you're angry right now, but listen. I have written a very important vlog about letting go of things that we think we own. And I wish you would check it out. I'm hoping to post it somewhere as soon as I figure out how you post vlogs—

Fred: You want... You... Listen—

Justin: He is not listening to you. He is looking at Scott.

Fred: Scott, I wanna warn you that if you leave this house, I won't be able to protect you anymore. I'm worried that... a lot of harm could come to you.

Justin: Now he's looking at you, Emerich. Now he's looking right at you.

Emerich: I will not allow anything to happen. You have my word on that. I have devoted myself now to protecting these Hard Light souls. And I will go to any length... I would give my life to protect him.

Scott: But what about the show?

Emerich: I'm sure that... that... Scott's creator could come up with something new? Every season they have a new rose giving person. Or in this case, note giving person. Don't you think a change of pace would be good for the show's ratings?

Fred: You know what? I'm going to talk to Greg about this. I think Greg would have something to say.

Justin: And Hank/Fred storms out of the room.

Travis: And have we made it by this point?

Justin: Yeah, for sure. You know the... you've... you've navigated these halls before, you know the way. And I'm assuming, Emerich, you're with him, yes?

Emerich: Mm-hm, yes.

Griffin: Montrose.

Justin: Montrose, excuse me. Montrose, yeah. You're with him and you had a flashlight. You didn't throw away your light source. So, you have made your way. And let's say that— are you guys just standing outside the room?

Travis: Yeah, I'm gonna say that having heard what he said to Emerich, as Fred/Hank is exiting, Beef is going to punch him directly in the face.

Justin: Woah!

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Give me a Skirmish roll. And I would say that this is going to have great effect.

Travis: Excellent.

Griffin: I mean... we need a different word. It will have strong effect? I won't describe what it will do to the fortunes of our little upstart operation here as great.

Travis: And I'm also gonna push myself, 'cause Beef is really, really pissed.

Justin: Wow, okay?

Travis: Yeah.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: That's a critical.

Clint: Woah!

Justin: What you got there is a critical.

Travis: 6, 4, 6.

Clint: 6, 4, 6!

Griffin: You just got... this isn't... this maybe wasn't the one to crit on though, I'm worried, I fear.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Yeah, but I'm telling you right now, he talked to Emerich in a real not nice way.

Justin: Okay. So, here's what all the— our pal— He just crumples into a pile. You send him sort of like flying, [chuckles] a ragdoll of a man. He crashes into Betty, who you realize as soon as her head pops off, was—

Travis: What?

Justin: Yeah, she's not real. She's just a prop.

Travis: Oh, thank God.

Justin: No one's supposed to be in here. Betty's just a prop, she's not actually real. It was all for show. But yeah, you've knocked out Hank pretty ferociously, actually. He is out cold.

Scott: What the fuck? Hey, woah, not cool?

Beef: It's time to go.

Scott: Holy shit! That dude just punched my dad so hard, my mom's head came off!

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs]

Scott: Fuckin... is this what the world is like?!

Montrose: We need to... we need to go, yesterday. We need to... Can you turn him into pocket portable mode, handheld mode Scott? And we need to get under that palm tree.

Emerich: Scott, would you mind giving me your prism? It'll be for easy transportation.

Scott: Well, I... I mean, what will it be like for me? I didn't really think about this before but—

Emerich: Like a nap. Like a nap. It'll just be like a little nap. I don't know if androids dream of electric sheep or not, but you can just take a nice little nap and think about all of the opportunities and things that you want to achieve. I want you to think about what you want, what's your goal, Scott? But I need the prism, and I need it now. And I promise to take good, good care of it.

Scott: Okay!

Justin: Yeah, you already did that critical before. I think he's... I mean, he's buying this all. You see him reach up and touch his chest again, and peel it apart and expose his prism to you.

Clint: And Emerich reaches in and takes it.

Justin: The moment you reach in, another Barrister comes out! No, just kidding.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: I want to try to lead us back to—

Justin: Wait, hold on. I didn't get to describe what happened. Dad, you touch the prism and it's almost like— You know what it's like? It's like seeing the genie get sucked back into the lamp, that's what it's like. You see him— it almost like becomes this little vacuum at the touch of your hand. And it's sucking the light back into it. And you see it glowing very bright. You notice at that moment, it kind of smells like Sauvage.

Travis: Oh no, the worst!

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Eh, I like Sauvage. It's not for everybody, and their choice of spokesman's a little questionable. But you know, as an all-purpose scent, I'm not mad at it. But Dad, you have this Sauvage by Dior scented gem, that is glowing brilliantly bright in your hand.

Clint: I ask Montrose:

Emerich: By the way, could I have my Give a Ghost Projector wrist guard back, please?

Montrose: Sure. Can you put that bright ass prism inside of like a velvet bag or something?

Emerich: Yes. I can put it in the Give a Ghost Projector.

Montrose: Okay, cool, cool, cool, cool and great. Let's go.

Clint: So, that's what I do. I put the— I put Scott's crystal in the Give a Ghost Projector and close it up.

Griffin: And I wanna get us back to the Butter Cream as quickly as possible.

Justin: Okay. So, what are you doing?

Griffin: I wanna just take us back to that... the secret entrance that Shoebox took us to. Wasn't it under a palm tree, or am I misremembering?

Travis: No, you're right.

Justin: Yeah, it was under a palm tree. Yeah, you see a lot of... there's still a good amount of commotion from the crew. At that— just as you head outside of the room, the lights—

Griffin: Ah, fuck.

Justin: ... All of them pop back on.

Beef: Let's hurry!

Griffin: Okay... Has anyone seen us?

Justin: Nobody has seen you yet. You're standing outside— let me pop up my map here. And not that this is really relative, but it'll give me some idea so I'm not just pulling it out of my ass. You hear like dinner begin again in the 'I've Always Been Here.' They had paused their meal and politely waited for the lights to come back on. And they are back and moving. There is no one in the green room, everyone was still outside 'cause— except for— presumably, Jahala's still in the Jam Zone. But you don't immediately see anybody. You're in a bit of an alcove, that the 'rents room is in.

Montrose: Hey, can you collapse the guitar? It's gonna be pretty sus if we're walking around with that thing.

Griffin: And I— it's made of Hard Light, right?

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Yeah, so I hand it to Emerich.

Emerich: Oh, certainly.

Clint: So, he does that. Would that be... Do I have to roll for that?

Justin: No, no, it's easy enough. You've got two gems now in your pocket. One is Scott Boldflex—

Clint: No, Scott's in the Give a Ghost Projector, on my wrist.

Justin: Well, I mean, he's in in a gem. I mean, he's in a gem— he's in a prism, is what I'm saying.

Clint: Right.

Justin: Okay, it's not in your pocket. But yes, he's in a prism in the Give a Ghost Projector. And then you've got this other prism, where are you stashing that?

Clint: I guess just... Well, hold on.

Travis: In a pocket? Put it in a pocket?

Griffin: In a pocket? Why does this have to be...

Travis: You don't need a clever...

Clint: Okay. I'm just trying to anticipate— I'm trying to figure out if there were multiple—

Justin: I'm just asking so I know.

Clint: I know! I'm trying to figure out. I'm trying to figure out if the Give a Ghost Projector, the wrist thing, would hold more than one prism.

Justin: Hm?

Clint: Otherwise, I've gotta have two prisms in my pocket, because I took one out to put Scott in.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: Unless I can put multiple— Do you see what I'm saying? If it holds multiple prisms or not.

Justin: No. [chuckles]

Clint: Okay. Well then, Scott's in the thing. And I stick the other two prisms down in my pocket.

Travis: Griffin, were we supposed to go speak to the Denton dude before—

Griffin: I don't think we have time to do that now. It's seems like we need to make a hasty retreat, before the man you just—

Travis: We'll figure out another way to contact— Well, I punched him so good.

Griffin: Yeah, we'll reach out. We'll have our people reach out to his people. I've made initial contact, that's all that matters.

Travis: Okay.

Greg: Okay, guys. The lights are back on. Thank you, everyone, for your patience. We're right now looking for Scott, he's taken a breather. We're not exactly sure. We're getting everything cleaned up, though. But hey, good news, while everybody waits, we're doing a little impromptu party at the beach! So, if everybody wants to come on over, we got some snacks, got some brews. [chuckles] 'Cause I know how you guys love to party. And we're gonna get things rolling just as soon as we find Scott.

Justin: That's the announcement you hear coming from all the speakers in the home. And you see that cast gradually migrating back towards where Shoebox showed you the hatch.

Travis: Oh, they're towards— Okay, yeah. We're going towards...

Griffin: I mean, it's our best— We took like a boat to get here.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: So, the train is not an option.

Travis: We gotta get into the hatch. And everybody's walking to the hatch, we'll just do that.

Griffin: But then people will see us go down in the hatch, which I'm not—

Travis: We'll figure that out later.

Griffin: Okay, that'll be quite the— that'll be quite the disappearing act. But I'm down to try.

Justin: Okay! So, you make your way out to the beach—

Griffin: No.

Justin: No?

Griffin: I go up to Greg. And I say:

Montrose: Oh, hey, Greg, I think... if I could just gather everyone for one last thing in the... Grinding Gazebo? I think that I can clear up the mystery of what has happened tonight. Trust me, this is gonna be good.

Greg: Do you realize that what happened there is not... that's not part of the show, right? You understand that?

Montrose: Oh...

Greg: We're still trying to figure it out, but that wasn't us. That would be a wild twist for Passion's Cove, if there was suddenly a killer robot.

Montrose: It would, it would, I agree. But perhaps this is not for the show, perhaps this will clear up the mystery of what has happened to Scott Boldflex.

Greg: Oh?

Montrose: Just get everyone in the Grinding Gazebo.

Greg: Okay.

Justin: Yeah, you're gonna need to Sway him.

Griffin: Yeah, I know.

Justin: And I think it's gonna have limited effect, Griff, because this is a very large request you're making of Greg.

Griffin: It is.

Justin: Who is just trying to keep the show going, and has been explicitly told, "You need to get everyone away from the Grinding Gazebo while the Customer Experience Team cleans up the mess.

Griffin: Oh, I didn't realize that is why he has—

Justin: Well, you wouldn't have, but I'm trying to give you a little context as to why this is harder.

Griffin: Okay, I got you, I got you. So, position?

Justin: Limited effect, risky position.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: There's a 6 in there.

Justin: There's a 6 in there!

Clint: Yeah!

Griffin: 2, 3, 6.

Greg: Okay, listen... I'll go over there with you.

Montrose: All right?

Greg: I'll head over with you. You tell me what happened. Is that a deal? I'm not gonna herd everyone over there, but I'll go over with you. Deal?

Montrose: Okay. That sounds fair.

Greg: Okay. What— Are these two part of whatever this is?

Montrose: These two clowns? No, no. This is—

Greg: So, they should stay here?

Montrose: They can go where they want, I don't care.

Greg: Okay.

Justin: Beef, Emerich, what are you guys gonna do? Are you guys gonna head over to the party? Are you gonna follow along? What are you doing?

Clint: Is the party around the hatch?

Justin: Yup!

Travis: It's a good old hatch party. Yeah, just going off the fact that Montrose didn't try to include us in it, I'm gonna make our way to the—

Griffin: I'm just trying to peel as many eyes away from that hatch as I can. 'Cause I think I might be able to get away.

Travis: Okay, yeah. I'm gonna go to the beach.

Clint: Where Punch goes, so goes Emerich.

Travis: Okay.

Clint: That means I'm going with him. And while we're walking over there, Emerich reaches into his pocket and pulls out the golden note, and hands it to Punch.

Travis: Beef.

Clint: Hands it to Beef. I called him Punch.

Travis: Mm-hm.

Clint: That's his nickname for him. And says:

Emerich: When the time is right, if we need a distraction, I figure you may be able to throw this farther than I can.

Beef: Hm... This is a great idea.

Justin: Smash cut to Montrose and Greg.

Greg: So, you can see—

Justin: He's pointing there.

Greg: ... This is all fucked. It's gonna take forever to repair this. But please, if you have any insight into this, if you saw something, like please fill us in. Because this is outside of our expertise. They're sending a team, they said? Customer experience, I think? I get 'em all confused, honestly. But yeah... So, what's the deal?

Montrose: I am... of a mechanical mind. I enjoy tech—

Greg: Mm-hm?

Montrose: And the moment I saw that they're automaton, I recognized it immediately, as a Syberman 1500 Deluxe.

Greg: Like from Dr. Who?

Montrose: No.

Greg: Okay?

Montrose: It's spelled with an S.

Greg: An S? Cool, yeah. It's futuristic, okay. What the fuck is a Syberman 14— sorry, 1500?

Montrose: Deluxe. It's deluxe.

Greg: Deluxe, okay?

Montrose: It was an old fashioned, persistent robot, with one fatal flaw that led to its recall and apparently almost complete obliteration. It is that sometimes it went into a sort of horny rage, and I do believe that is what happened today. Scott Boldflex sent this horny... this horny, passionate robot in a rage, and got himself squished down flat. But that's not a problem, you just throw his pattern in whatever sort of 3D printer you got cranking away back there. And... that should take care of things for you. So, that's mystery solved on that one. He was smashed up.

Greg: The... Sorry, okay, wait—

Montrose: The horny robot smashed the hologram. And I will bid you a good evening.

Greg: Sorry, are you telling me that this robot destroyed Boldflex?

Montrose: Yes, the... Yes. Yes?

Greg: Fuck...

Clint: [laughs] "Yes?"

Justin: Griff, give me a Sway roll.

Griffin: Yeah, sure. Position? Risky?

Justin: I mean, it's risky, yeah.

Griffin: What's my effect?

Justin: I think the effect that you would have— I mean, this is a big lie.

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Justin: But it's not crazier than anything else that has happened, right?

Griffin: Right.

Justin: So, I'm gonna say it's standard. I mean... yeah.

Griffin: Great, good.

Justin: I think it's standard.

Griffin: Good.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: 4, 3, 6. That's a success.

Clint: Nice!

Justin: Wow. Good job, Griff.

Griffin: Thanks.

Greg: So, are you telling— Okay, so...

Montrose: I don't know who smuggled this thing in here, but it is incredibly dangerous to bring a horny, raging robot on to the set of an extremely erotic television show.

Greg: So, I only have one question left. Who's... Who did this? Who stopped it?

Montrose: Follow the clues.

Travis: [chuckles]

Montrose: And that's all I'm gonna say.

Greg: No, I'd like you to say more. Just answer my question, I guess. Who stopped it?

Montrose: Someone who's trying to cover their tracks. Someone who's perhaps artistic designs overreached the laws of God and man.

Greg: So, who stopped it?

Montrose: Oh, well, it was a team effort... between myself and Douglas Manzetti. I was sort of the hero, the bait. I assumed most of the risk, he flipped a switch.

Douglas: It's true, it's true! Yeah, Douglas saves the day again. I...

Justin: And you see Douglas Manzetti walk up and he's got his hands on his waist. Obviously looking very proud of himself, mullet flowing in the wind.

Douglas: Yeah, it's your classic elevator robot squish. Nothing us union guys can't handle. This is why you pay for the pros, basically is what I'm saying.

Montrose: And I helped— I helped a lot, too.

Greg: Okay. So, if you were... you, Evan, were involved in this, we're gonna have to get you in with legal. And they're gonna make this right for you. I know this is not what you want from your vacation. And obviously we're gonna get you in with the team to talk through this with you. And Douglas, thank you.

Douglas: Hey, for you, it's Doug.

Montrose: And I will also say you're welcome, because I helped out. I helped out a lot on this one.

Greg: Okay. Okay, we're gonna get you in, and we're gonna get a statement from you. And then we'll work on... it's probably gonna be a comp deal or—

Montrose: Sure. I gotta take a 10-2 real quick, and then I will check back in with you for sure—

Greg: You're gonna poop?

Montrose: ... To do all that.

Greg: Do you have to go poop?

Justin: That what a 10-2 means, everybody.

Montrose: Hey, Greg?

Justin: Is that he has to go poop.

Montrose: Hey, Greg?

Greg: Yeah?

Montrose: I thought you were a professional?

Greg: I am. That 10-1 thing for peeing, and 10-2 thing—

Montrose: If you were on the set of the fucking... of *The Terminal*, and Tom Hanks was like, "I gotta go take a 10-2." You wouldn't be like, "Tom Hanks is going to shit, everybody!"

Travis: Stanley Tucci would though, 'cause he's a cut out.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: 'Cause he is a real jokester, that Tucci.

Montrose: The terminology exists because of decorum.

Justin: Okay—

Travis: How do you think Catherine Zeta-Jones would handle it?

Griffin: I wanna sneak away—

Justin: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Griffin: ... The second fuckin Greg turns—

Justin: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: You're gone.

Travis: On the beach.

Justin: Meanwhile, on the beach.

Travis: Beef walks up.

Beef: All right, everybody. So, Greg told me to pass along while they're cleaning up some stuff and getting everything repaired. So, basically what we've got here, a classic game of hide and seek. Where somewhere in this complex, Scott is hiding, having a jam. First one of y'all to find him, gets this.

Travis: And holds up the golden note.

Clint: [laughs]

Beef: So basically, your orders are, get looking!

Ricky: Hey, excuse me, hi, Ricky Esparza. Hey, why are you deciding this?
[chuckles]

Beef: Oh, I'm not. Greg told me, he gave me this—

Ricky: Greg told you, but like why... Sorry, why are you telling us this?

Beef: Because Greg told me to. Okay, I mean, listen, if you don't wanna win, that's fine—

Ricky: Where's Crystal? Like, wouldn't Crystal be the one who would like— Normally, Crystal gives us the challenges, you know?

Beef: Yeah, the Grinding Gazebo fucking broke.

Ricky: Okay?

Beef: And so, if you win and the Grinding Gazebo's not fixed—

Ricky: Oh. So, this isn't for... Okay, got it. Yeah, all right.

Beef: So, they need to get it fixed.

Ricky: Clean cut. They're just gonna do a clean cut here.

Beef: Yes. So, this is... You know, they're using all the cameras... you know, mounted places to get the footage of us looking. Okay, listen, I'm not giving— Like, this wasn't my idea. I was just told to tell you what to do. So, on your mark, get set—

Justin: Roll for Sway!

Travis: I'm doing a command, baby.

Justin: Command, command. Okay, command.

Travis: I'm not trying to convince them of anything.

Justin: Okay. You're an imposing figure, go for it.

Travis: What's my position here?

Justin: Hm, risky and... I'll say standard. Just to keep things moving.

Travis: Can I up it to desperate, to have a great effect?

Justin: You can. Yeah, Trav.

Travis: And get them the fuck off the beach.

Justin: Yeah, man.

Clint: And could I help him?

Justin: Absolutely.

Travis: But bud, you only have two stress left?

Clint: I know it.

Griffin: You'll traumatize yourself?

Clint: But if I help, is it one, or is it two? How many—

Griffin: To help is one actually, I think.

Clint: Yeah, that's what I— that's what I thought.

Travis: Whew, okay.

Clint: I'm gonna help. I'm gonna take a stress to help. And the way he's helping is by saying:

Emerich: Yes! It's very exciting! And I heard it all.

Travis: Great.

Justin: Very convincing.

Griffin: That's good stuff, man.

Clint: It's Emerich, man. It's him?

Travis: No, yeah, no.

Griffin: It is what it is.

Travis: I love— Dad, I honestly— I love your character work, that basically Emerich has no idea how to communicate anything effectively to human beings, is a wonderful choice and I love it very much.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: Okay, here we go.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: That's a 5, a 6 and a 5!

Justin: It's a 6!

Clint: [chuckles] Oh!

Justin: Okay, great effect. Everybody's like— You see Kip like:

Kip: Fuck! All right, let's go!

Justin: Jahala's like:

Jahala: Well, this does sound like fun. Let's go for it.

Justin: And Ricky and Other Ricky silently nod. And then Delphi silently nods.

Travis: Yeah. They all— there's a lot of silent nodding.

Justin: And Shlabethany stands there and flips you off. And everybody sprints away. The beach is clear, except for Shlabethany, who's just like:

Shlabethany: Go ahead and go.

Travis: Okay. And has my dude Montrose made it back?

Justin: Yeah, Montrose rolls up as everyone's running away. And they're like, "Montrose, come on, we gotta find—" Or sorry, they're like, "Evan! Come on, we gotta find Scott!" [chuckles] And then everyone else in the cast, whoever that was talking, everyone but them silently nods. [laughs] Yeah.

Beef: That was a lie— It was a command that I told them. And now we go.

Montrose: Yeah.

Emerich: Is there any way that you could hide the golden note somewhere Jahala would find it?

Beef: No, I'm keeping it. I'm keeping it.

Emerich: Oh. Well, I just thought if Jahala found it, she wins the game and you win your bet.

Beef: No, I— Listen— Ooh, fuck, that's a good point. [grunts]

Emerich: Just an idea.

Justin: You're in the middle of a score, Travis. Which means you have an option available here.

Beef: Shlabethany? Hey, Shlabethany?

Justin: I just wanted to remind everybody, we haven't had any flashbacks. So, if you wanted to use one here, you could.

Clint: Ooh! Okay, I can't do a flashback, can I? 'Cause I'm out of stress.

Griffin: You would die.

Justin: You would die.

Travis: How much stress for a flashback?

Griffin: Depends on what you try to accomplish with the flashback.

Travis: Okay... Yes, okay. I wanna flashback to hanging out with Jahala in the Jam Zone.

Justin: Okay?

Beef: Listen, you seem really... You have a kind heart, Jahala. And you're here for the right reasons.

Jahala: Well, thank you. My kids always say that. Thank you.

Beef: Listen, we're not gonna be around after tonight. We... I... the game, you know... you know how it goes. But later on, make sure you check— I'm gonna hide a little present for you under a palm tree on the beach. So, don't forget to check that out, okay? I'll leave something special for you, so you know how to... I don't know, get in contact with me or something if you need to, if you get it any trouble. You seem nice.

Jahala: Oh, thank— thank you. Thanks really sweet.

Beef: Okay... Just stay safe and don't hang out with Shlabethany if you can help it.

Jahala: She's... I can tell she's got a good heart.

Beef: She does not. Oh, she does not.

Jahala: Okay?

Beef: She does not at all. It's not an act, she is a shit bird.

Justin: Okay, Trav, that's very believable. I'm gonna say it's zero stress to do that, because it is an ordinary action for which you had easy opportunity.

Travis: Okay, I leave— I was just gonna leave a note that like had that.

Griffin: Yeah?

Travis: But I'm like:

Beef: Okay... Yeah, all right.

Travis: And I leave a little note that says, "Hey, you're a good bird, not a shit bird, Jahala." With the note.

Justin: Okay? And you left the note where? Where are you leaving the note?

Travis: I'm leaving it under a rock, under the palm tree. And the note, I don't know—

Justin: Is it the same place where the hatch is? You're leaving it where the hatch is?

Travis: I'm gonna hide it.

Justin: Okay, got it. I just wanted to make sure, I got it. Okay.

Travis: Yeah. And whatever method people can use to get a hold of— You know what? I leave— I write like, "Ustaben, Poppy's Place, ask for Beef."

Justin: Okay.

Travis: And I leave the note there with it as well.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: And then we go. Then we get the fuck out.

Justin: Okay, that is when... You are about to kick it open, when you notice that Shlabethany is still standing there.

Beef: Can I help you?

Shlabethany: Yeah, I know what you're doing. And I'm gonna tell everybody.

Beef: Oh my God. Wait, what do you think we're doing?

Shlabethany: You're stealing Scott?

Beef: Okay.

Shlabethany: Okay.

Beef: And what are you gonna tell 'em?

Shlabethany: I'm gonna tell them who stole him.

Beef: Okay—

Shlabethany: I'm gonna tell them who all this is about. 'Cause I— I wanna do it...

Griffin: [chuckles] I look at Shlabethany and I say:

Montrose: You saw the Barrister come after us, right?

Shlabethany: Yeah, that was twisted. Kind of got me worked up, though.

Montrose: Do you know why Barristers come after you?

Shlabethany: 'Cause you killed somebody. Everybody in the Butter Cream knows that.

Montrose: Not just anybody. Who did we kill?

Justin: Fuck, Griffin...

Travis: Another criminal—

Justin: Trashbag?

Clint: Trashbag.

Griffin: Yeah, sorry, I wasn't trying to trick you, Justin.

Justin: [chuckles] I know.

Shlabethany: Trashbag, yeah.

Montrose: All right. We'll be going then.

Shlabethany: You know they're not gonna stop, right?

Griffin: I look at Shlabethany and say:

Montrose: Shoebox, I am well aware of the danger we are now in. But I appreciate your concern.

Clint: [laughs]

Shlabethany: Here's what I'm saying...

Justin: And you see her reach into one of her Ugg boots, [chuckles] and pulls out a pistol.

Griffin: Okay?

Shlabethany: I'm going to take Scott, and I'm gonna be a big hero. And have everything I wanted. And they'll let me stay as long as I want. And... well, actually, that's the end of the sentence.

Beef: Hey, Montrose? The Barristers are already after us for killing one criminal, right? Like, they won't double come after us, right?

Montrose: I don't know if double jeopardy applies in robot law...

Griffin: I look at Shlabethany and I say:

Montrose: How much do you want?

Shlabethany: What do you mean?

Montrose: We'll cut you in. Clearly you got us. How much? 'Cause I know you don't wanna run the risk of killing us and having the Barristers come after you. So, why don't proper thieves?

Shlabethany: I'm going to yell for Greg, and he'll come because he's a twerp who loves me, I guess. I don't know.

Justin: She points at you, Emerich. And says:

Shlabethany: I know you have Scott. Give him to me, now.

Emerich: Oh... You want Scott?

Shlabethany: Please.

Emerich: Very well.

Clint: Emerich raises the Give a Ghost Projector and projects Scott, right in front of Shlabethany.

Scott: What the fuck? Woah, Shlabethany, put the— What is going on? Calm down— What is up?!

Emerich: Scott, please try to appeal to any shred of decency or affection that Shlabethany has for you. And tell her the truth, that you are going with us of your own free will.

Scott: Shlabethany, you and I have known each other for... like a day. Or maybe more.

Clint: [laughs]

Scott: But in that time, I've seen the real you. And...

Justin: At that moment, Shlabethany starts walking away and yelling:

Shlabethany: Greg!

Travis: Okay, as soon as she turns, I'm clubbing her over the back of the head.

Justin: Man, you can try, man.

Travis: Yeah, I'm gonna use... I'm gonna take another load and have like a blackjack that I club her across the back of the skull with. That would be Skirmish, right?

Justin: Yeah. You are... I'm gonna say this is desperate.

Travis: Yeah, yeah.

Justin: And the effect would be standard.

Travis: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Woah! A 3 and 1. Nope!

Griffin: Oh my god...

Travis: Should've saved that critical, huh?

Clint: Yes, we should have given Scott a little more time!

Justin: Okay, so—

Griffin: I don't think Scott would've done anything for us there, man.

Justin: Travis, you go to strike Shlabethany. She spins around. I mean, you maybe step on a seashell or something. She needs nothing. She spins around, grabs your wrist, and punches you right in the throat.

Travis: Mm-hm.

Justin: And you're having trouble breathing now, it's a level two harm.

Travis: Oh, I'm going to resist that

Justin: Okay?

Travis: Because I have four in Prowess.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: There's a 6 in there.

Clint: Whew.

Griffin: "Resistance roll can reduce the severity of a consequence."

Justin: Yeah, that's what we'll do. Trav, she hits, but you have a very muscly neck.

Travis: Yeah—

Justin: And it's just a level one, she just kind of knocks the wind out of you.

Griffin: I say:

Montrose: Oh, for Christ's sake...

Griffin: I look at you, Emerich, and I say:

Montrose: Give me the prism.

Emerich: Which one?

Montrose: Give me the prism.

Emerich: Which one?

Griffin: God damn it, Dad.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: I look at you in the face with my most intense 'we are fuckin criminal thieves' face, 'we are dirty liars' face. And I say:

Montrose: Give me the prism.

Emerich: Very well...

Clint: And I reach into my pocket and pull out the original prism I took out of the Give a Ghost Projector.

Griffin: And I say:

Montrose: Shoebox, our mission was not just to steal this, it was to destroy it.

Griffin: And I put it on the ground and I close the hatch on it, and shatter it.

Montrose: Mission accomplished. Please release our strong arm.

Shlabethany: Ugh... Yeah, fine. Ugh. God, that was annoying!

Justin: Montrose, give me a Sway roll.

Griffin: I hope this is one of the good ones, the good rolls. Can I push myself? No, I can't. Okay... Risky, standard?

Justin: Yeah.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: 5, 6, 6!

Clint: Whew.

Travis: That's good.

Griffin: 5, 6, 6! 5 and a 6, and another 6!

Clint: [laughs]

Shlabethany: You know what? I like you. Well... no. But I get it. That was cool.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Shlabethany: That was totally fucked up and a mean thing to do. You like totally killed that guy. Like, you smooshed him out of existence. That's twisted and I love it. That actually worked for me. You're okay.

Montrose: There's hope for us yet. We must be going!

Shlabethany: All right, bye.

Griffin: I fuckin open the hatch and I leave this god forsaken—

Travis: Yes, Beef, does this as well, like kind of coughing and sputtering.
[chuckles]

Clint: One small bit of retcon, can we say that after Bethany started walking away, that Emerich recalled Scott?

Travis: Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Clint: Otherwise, Scott was standing there—

Justin: Yeah, yeah, yeah. It would— Yeah.

Travis: “Oh, you killed me, dude!” [chuckles]

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Once she turned away, Scott probably went away. Let’s say that.

Clint: And then so, Emerich stumbles over to the hatch. And as he enters it says:

Emerich: You two were the ones that liked it here. I’d just like to point out, you were the ones that were so excited.

Beef: Okay, yeah. Yup.

Griffin: I’m gonna be pretty... pretty taciturn until we make our way back to Stimpson.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Well, you have escaped, you’ve done it. You’ve made it back to the Butter Cream. There is a lot of confusion up above, but no one really knows what happened. Something you don’t see, we’re looking up from the hole that you are in. And what we see from inside the hole, the hatch pops open. And we see Jahala and several members of the customer experience team, and Kenchal Denton, staring down. And Kenchal says:

Kenchal: Thank you. Yeah, you were... you were smart to mention this to us. Thanks, we’ll... we’ll take this from here.

[theme music plays]

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