

The Adventure Zone: Steeplechase - Episode 21

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Krystal: Hey, Steepies! Krystal with a K here. And it's official, Getlfrimpen, the fearsome infinite dragon that is both the protector and dominator of all of Ephemera, is finally getting his own movie! We'll follow this terrible, blessed demon savior from a hatching egg, to the fearsome hero tormentor we all know and love, and fear, in equal measure. The best bit? Actor Craig Ferguson, who originated the role in the Dungeons of Geltfrimpen video game, and is now long dead, has been replaced with... Ooh! Drum roll, [sings] please! [sound of drum roll] A Dentonic-crafted AI simulacrum of Craig Ferguson! Yes, please! Too early to buy our tickets? Ah, oh well... I guess we'll never know when to stop dreaming!

[Steeplechase theme song plays]

Weaver: Oh, I... I'm mostly... mostly with them now... [chuckles] Ah... Ah, smaller than I assumed...

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

Travis: Hey, Justin?

Justin: Yeah?

Travis: I've noticed here, on our Roll20 board, two clocks have been added.

Justin: Uh-huh.

Travis: I see dragon plating and fire blast?

Griffin: I hate that. I hate that that's there.

Travis: That's interesting...

Justin: Yeah, yeah.

Griffin: That's just there in case we fight Gelfrimpen, right? That's—

Justin: Yeah, that's just there in case.

Travis: It's not assured that we'll fight Gelfrimpen, right?

Griffin: Right.

Clint: The odds are we could go the diplomacy route, right?

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Justin: Yeah, we could go the diplomacy route.

Travis: Or run away?

Griffin: Add a run away plot please. 'Cause I know it's an option.

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: So, what happens now, Justin? It's your game, man.

Justin: You just— I just— I was just about to— I was just about to— just shut up. Just—

Griffin: He was about to.

Travis: Okay, yeah, do it.

Weaver: Excuse me for this, but I have to keep up appearances.

Gelfrimpen: Who dares enter the lair of Gelfrimpen?!

Griffin: I kneel.

Montrose: Prostrate yourselves.

Travis: I also kneel.

Clint: Emerich kneels, oh yeah, mm-hmm.

Montrose: Oh mighty Geltfrimpen...

Geltfrimpen: Delicious.

Justin: And then his tail swings at the three of you in a line.

Griffin: Woah?

Justin: You see him start to swing. He's huge, so you have a second to react.

Griffin: I mean—

Justin: Let's make it one of you. It's going at you, Montrose.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: You were the first to kneel.

Griffin: Yeah, I mean, I'll just... I'll just take like a very, very casual step backwards, out of the range of the tail.

Justin: Okay?

Griffin: And look fuck'n totally cool and chill while I do it.

Justin: Okay. Give me a... risky... standard roll.

Griffin: Finesse?

Justin: Finesse, I think.

Griffin: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: 4, 5, 2. I have not rolled a 6 in several episodes. I'm starting to think that the number doesn't exist.

Justin: You mostly dart out of the way, but the tail catches you right on the leg as you're passing by, and flips you on your back. So, you're now prone, but you're... you're not injured.

Griffin: Good, thank Christ.

Justin: The other two, what are you doing?

Travis: I'm going to step backwards as well, and pull Emerich back by the collar with me.

Justin: Okay?

Travis: Because I think I'm better at finesse— I don't know, what your finesse, Emerich?

Clint: One.

Travis: Oh yeah, I'm pulling him back with me.

Griffin: We maybe should've done a group finesse roll.

Justin: Well—

Griffin: If this is something that is happening to all of us.

Justin: Well, this is just this— he just swung at you, Montrose. That's why I changed it, to make it a little more concrete.

Griffin: Oh, okay.

Justin: He swung at you, he knocked you off your feet. He is not— that is the swing, though. That's the— that is his— the one move he was making.

Griffin: Yeah, there's no— yeah.

Justin: So, remember that for—we haven't had a lot of big fights like this—that it's mainly reactive. So like, reacting to your choices.

Beef: Mighty Geltfrimpen! We seek an audience in accordance with the laws of... of welcoming, of The Seven—

Justin: A claw— you're like half way through this sentence, when a claw— one of his clawed talons grabs you around your waist and pushes you up against one of the stone columns in this room. It's cavernous, you can't see all of it. There's still just the one moon beam coming down, that you are convinced is artificial. And there are— now that you're a little deeper in, you can see some torches lining the walls. And he has picked you up. And you can see his snout, it gets very close to you. And from somewhere deep within him, you hear:

Weaver: I would advise fighting back.

Justin: And then he tosses you to the side, Beef.

Travis: I'm gonna hold on to his claws before he can let go!

Justin: Okay, great!

Travis: So, I'm still clinging there.

Justin: Okay... Hm, why don't you give me a...

Travis: I'm wrestling with him.

Justin: Yeah, this seems like a skirmish. Yeah, a skirmish roll.

Travis: And what position what you say it is to hold on to a dragon's hand?

Justin: Well, my friend, it is... it is desperate, standard. 'Cause you're strong.

Travis: Uh-huh, okay. Okay...

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: 5 and a 4. So, as mixed a success as it could be.

Justin: Yeah, that's an extremely mixed success.

Griffin: Mark experience.

Travis: Mm-hm, good call.

Justin: Good point, thank you, Griffin, always there. Okay, you do manage to hold on. But in the process, he squeezes you so tightly that it sort of knocks the wind out of you for level one harm. You're winded.

Travis: Okay. Then I'm going to draw a longish dagger. I'm going to say it is a version of a machete.

Justin: Okay?

Travis: That is...

Griffin: A cool machete.

Travis: It's called a kukri.

Griffin: Oh, yeah, sure.

Justin: A kukuri, yes.

Travis: And I am going to bury it in the back of his hand.

Justin: Okay... How do we do— man, you guys never use like weapons and shit. We don't fight a lot here.

Travis: Yeah, I think it's a skirmish, right?

Justin: You know, it's a skirmish, but is there a modification from the—

Travis: No. It's about the... it's about the effect.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: Oh, right on. Okay, take a load, Trav. Take one load for that kukuri.

Travis: Yes. A fine hand weapon, I'm going to say.

Justin: Ooh, very fine. And give me a skirmish roll.

Travis: Okay, what position is this, Justin?

Justin: This is... I'm gonna say this— you know, you held on. I'm gonna say this is risky, standard.

Travis: And Justin—

Justin: Normally it would be risky, limited, but you did draw that beautiful knife, so...

Travis: I have an extra potency in effect to... Hard Light and tech, when it comes to skirmishing.

Justin: Hard Light and tech?

Travis: Yeah, is that happening here?

Justin: It's tech.

Travis: Excellent. So, you said it was risky or desperate, sorry?

Justin: Risky.

Travis: Risky...

Justin: Mm-hm.

Travis: And so, the effect is gonna be great?

Justin: Well, oh, that's true. Okay, good, yeah.

Travis: 'Cause of my Circuit Breakers.

Justin: Fantastic.

Travis: And I am going to go one step further and also do— not to be— well, no, I don't wanna do that yet. I'm gonna save that. Let's see how it goes!

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: A 6! A 4 and a 6.

Griffin: A crit!

Justin: Wow, excellent, Trav! That's great.

Griffin: Oh, that's 4. It's just a 4 and a 6.

Justin: 4 and a 6, but still, that's great! I mean, he really— you really needed that. And with a great effect, full success... What were— let me ask you this, Trav, what were you trying to do with this attack? You didn't really clarify that.

Travis: I would say I am... going for a tendon in the clawed hand, the gripping and picking up. I didn't like being picked up. And I think as a... skilled and experienced arm wrestler, I'm going for like you know, the grip muscle that happens right there in the crook of the thumb and index finger.

Justin: Great.

Travis: To make that gripping not as effective.

Justin: You bury this kukuri, this fantasy kukuri that you have. I'm probably saying that wrong.

Griffin: I think it's kukri.

Travis: Kukri. Kukri.

Justin: Kukri. You bury this kukri into the tendons of this thing. You expect blood, but what you see is a sort of leaking, gelatinous fluid, like you would see inside a stress ball if you cut it out. So, you cut through a layer of that, and your knife feels resistance against where the tendon should be, what appears to be some sort of like cabling. Once you... with a 6, though, pushing a litter deeper, you sever that mechanical tendon. And his— the arm— or rather, the hand— do dragons have hands?

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: A claw? You know, the hand of it, it falls limply to the side of its wrist and releases you to the ground. That's good for— you've made a ding of two, into the dragon's plating.

Travis: Hell yeah. Take that, dragon.

Weaver: I don't know how it makes you feel, but it's been three years since anyone has penetrated Geltfrimpen's skin. Excellent work.

Beef: Thank you. I don't usually get thanked after hurting somebody. It's a new... huh... okay... I'm gonna need a second. You guys go.

Griffin: Emerich?

Clint: I... [chuckles] Emerich is going to use Tempest.

Justin: Hell yeah.

Clint: And he's going to summon a storm around Geltfrimpen, of chilling frost.

Travis: I'm sorry, Gelfrimpen? Geltfrimpen is his brother.

Clint: Yeah, he's gonna summon chilling frost around Geltfrimpen.

Travis: Gelfrimpen, sir.

Justin: Geltfrimpen.

Travis: Like hair gel frimpen.

Clint: Is there a T in there? Gelt?

Travis: No.

Justin: Geltfrimpen, yes there is.

Travis: Is there a T?

Griffin: Yeah, there is.

Travis: Gelt. Geltfrimpen?

Clint: Yup.

Justin: Let's all say it a few more times.

Travis: Gel...

Griffin: Geltfrimpen.

Justin: I worked so hard to come up with this name and didn't just type out the first random garbage that fell—

Travis: Is it one name? Or is the first name— is the first name Gelt, last name Frimpen? Gelt Frampton.

Clint: [sings] Do you feel like I do? [stops singing] Okay, so, he casts Tempest, casting a chilling frost all around Geltfrimpen.

Justin: So, you're pushing yourself?

Clint: Yup.

Travis: Do you have the stress to spare, Dad?

Clint: I have one left.

Justin: Wow.

Griffin: Jesus. But wait, pushing yourself is two— oh, right— no, yeah, pushing yourself is two.

Justin: Yeah, dad, I don't think you can use— I don't think you have the stress to use Tempest.

Clint: 'Cause that would put me over the top, wouldn't it?

Justin: Yeah, you don't wanna do that.

Clint: Okay, back it up. [chuckles] Okay, he raises the Give a Ghost Projector and... releases... whatever, Scott Boldflex. Shoots Scott Boldflex out of the Give a Ghost Projector.

Justin: Hm...

Griffin: [whispers] To what end, sir?

Travis: Don't worry about it. Just let Justin figure that out, now that he's here.

Justin: Okay. All right, you— I'm not gonna make you roll for that. Well, I guess, eh...

Griffin: To produce a full-grown Scott Boldflex from one's wrist?

Justin: Well, I don't know what you— okay, you know what, Dad? We'll call this attune, right?

Clint: Okay.

Justin: To summon—

Travis: [chants] Seduce the dragon! Seduce the dragon!

Griffin: I like—in my head canon, he doesn't come— he doesn't pop out clean. It's like the scene in Ace Venture where he comes out of the rhino's buttohole. I just had to imagine Scott Boldflex—

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: Classic. Classic comedy.

Griffin: Just very slowly blops out.

Justin: Dad, what is— what do you want Scott Boldflex to be wearing?

Clint: Hm...

Travis: Sexy dragon costume.

Clint: I would say armor.

Travis: Oh...

Justin: Armor, okay.

Clint: Like a knight.

Justin: Like a knight.

Clint: A dragon slaying knight.

Justin: No. No, bud. No, bud.

Clint: No, I mean like.

Justin: He can have a shirt and pants. [laughs] Like, you can— I'm not giving you any mechanical benefits to Scott Boldflex here, I'm just saying—

Clint: Okay.

Justin: But if you do your attune roll really well, we'll see.

Clint: Okay.

Justin: We'll see. See what you get.

Clint: All right. So, this is what, risky, desperate?

Justin: No, this is... I think this is controlled, right? I mean, if he's not under immediate threat and he's just using the thing.

Clint: Right.

Justin: Like, I think this is controlled, standard.

Clint: Okay. Here we go.

Travis: Mm-hm.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: 3, 4, 1.

Justin: 4 gets you into mixed success territory, doesn't it?

Travis: Yeah, I would like to propose that he's wearing a T-shirt with Donkey and the Dragon from Shrek, and it says, "My ass is dragon."

Griffin: Oh, that's cool!

Justin: [laughs] Okay, yeah, he is. That's— I didn't know he knew that, Trav. But that's actually 100% accurate.

Clint: What would that be in Shroog speak, though?

Griffin: The same.

Clint: Wouldn't that fit more?

Travis: It says the same thing. It's a good pun.

Griffin: Shroog is— I don't know if you picked up on this, nearly identical to Shreck in so many ways.

Clint: Oh!

Justin: [chuckles] What?! I think they sound very similar? I'll grant you that!

Travis: Hey, Griffin, we don't normally just confirm fan theories like that.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: So, please be careful moving forward.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: You— okay, with a 4—[laughs] you summon Scott Boldflex and he's wearing bike shorts and the 'my ass is dragon' T-shirt.

Clint: Mm-hm?

Justin: And he looks around like:

Scott: What in the fuck?!

Justin: That's what he says.

Scott: What in the fuck?!

Travis: [laughs] Oh, Scott...

Emerich: Scott, do you see the large—

Scott: No! I missed it! The dragon?!

Griffin: [chuckles]

Emerich: Oh, yes. You did see him, then? Scott, my son, my friend... I would like you to run as fast as those muscular, toned legs of yours can be. And run around and try to distract this dragon, so that we have time to analyze it and try to find its weak spot.

Scott: I don't wanna do that.

Emerich: Well... I know, but you'd be really be helping papa out if you do.

Scott: [sighs]

Emerich: I don't want you to get close enough to be hurt or damaged.

Scott: Just like a distraction?

Emerich: Yes!

Scott: A sexy distraction.

Emerich: Turn on your full sexiness.

Scott: Turning on? Now that I can do.

Justin: And let's say that Scott starts running around. And like every time he'll stop for a second and like shake his butt. And then he'll keep on

running. And then I think, you know, dad... attune... I'm trying to figure out how to figure out how—

Travis: How sexy...

Justin: Like sexy... Yeah, I think this would be attune.

Clint: Okay?

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: All right.

Justin: Give me an attune roll to figure out how well this goes for Scott.

Clint: And again, we're talking controlled?

Justin: Sure, because there's not— yeah—

Clint: Standard?

Justin: Yeah.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: 6, 2, 3, he is really sexy.

Justin: He's super sexy—

Travis: Well, we already knew that.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: And even the dragon is like:

Geltfrimpen: What could this— wow! Dynamite!

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Geltfrimpen: I normally like them big, but wow!

Weaver: What have you... oh, my... that's... an extremely sexy man! Well done.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Textbook.

Justin: Okay. So, he's... Scott is [laughs] very effectively and seductively creating a distraction, which has made an opening for whoever wants to try next.

Travis: Can we see the Heart Scale?

Griffin: That's interesting. I don't know what the fuck that is or what it means.

Justin: Interesting question. Here's what I would say... Yeah, so, you can see one of the many scales on the chest of Geltfrimpen. He is, by the way, 30 feet tall.

Griffin: Good.

Travis: Uh-huh?

Justin: He's mainly in a sort of like very dark red, almost brick red scales. His belly, though, is covered with dark, almost mustard yellow scales. Except for one that you can see is sort of like glowing right in the center of his body. And that is what is currently going on.

Griffin: Hm... If I wanted to look for— this is not a real dragon. I'm just—

Justin: Griffin, you're gonna have to take that sentence apart for me. Go on.

Griffin: Okay. On two different levels, two axes, this is not a real dragon. Hm... There must be some sort of control thing for this guy, and I'm trying to decide if it's inside of it or... outside.

Travis: Woah? Now, it seems like some sections just filled up in the fire blast clock, Justin? Do you wanna tell us about that?

Justin: Yeah, over— as you all are doing your business, you can see that right behind his jaw, you can see a deep glow start to emanate from his throat.

Travis: Scott's got him heating up, huh?

Justin: Yeah, Scott's really revving his engine.

Travis: Is this what happens to dragons when they get hornified?

Justin: That's what happens to everybody when they get horny, Travis.

Travis: Wow!

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: There's so much about human sexuality I'm still learning.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: And that's the whole reason we podcast, Trav.

Travis: Yeah, man!

Justin: To try to educate you about how us Earthlings like to pork.

Travis: [laughs] Roast pork, it sounds like.

Justin: I have awarded you no points for that, Travis, I'm sorry.

Griffin: Unfortunately.

Travis: I understand, yes. I understand. I'll keep workshopping.

Griffin: I'm gonna try— I can't fight, is my only thing. So, I'm gonna try and, while he's distracted, get like on top—

Justin: What do you mean you can't fight? What is that, like you're just not good at fighting?

Griffin: I have no fighting—

Travis: You choose not to.

Griffin: Oh, you know, I have one in hunt. If I... Well... [chuckles] okay... You know what I do—

Clint: You have nothing in prowess?

Griffin: I have a lot in prowess, but that's not fighting.

Travis: Just not in skirmish.

Griffin: Yeah... hm...

Clint: Okay, let's— I have a question. If we have established that this is not a real person, that this is a construct of some kind, would it not be wreck?

Justin: Well...

Griffin: I don't have points in that either.

Travis: I think then we get— I would also be careful getting too in the weeds there, of like we fight Hard Light, and this is a creature.

Clint: Okay.

Travis: Not like a building or an— This is an animate object, right. So, whether that is like a robot or what, we're treating it as a being.

Griffin: I'm gonna try and get on top of this thing while it's distracted.

Justin: Great.

Griffin: I don't know—

Justin: It would be prowl.

Griffin: Okay. Well, I have one in that, which is not great. So, I'm gonna push myself here. Can I get a bonus dice 'cause he's distracted from the thing that Emerich did on his last turn?

Justin: Yeah, I like that, that's fine.

Griffin: Okay. What's my posish?

Justin: You're like in front of him.

Griffin: Risky, desperate?

Justin: [chuckles] Oh, yeah. Risky.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: And I'm gonna make it standard, 'cause he is big.

Griffin: Okay. I'll take my two bonus dice and mark stress. And please...

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Wow.

Clint: Nice!

Griffin: 6, 2, 2. We'll take that.

Justin: 6, 2, 2, thank goodness for that bonus dice. I know that not how probability works, but still. With a leap, you— with a 6, I think you like start running while he's ogling Scott Boldflex. And once you get to the tail, you notice that there is a raised section lining the back of his tail, of these like sort of rocky outcroppings, I guess, would be the way of putting it. And you use those to scale up to— how high are you trying to get to? Where are you trying to get to, just to his back?

Griffin: Yeah, I mean, I think, ultimately, our goal here— I don't think we're gonna kill Geltfrimpen. So, I think our goal here is to just sort of expose his belly some more. So, yes, I'm gonna try and get up to... maybe like his neck? The bottom of his neck.

Justin: Okay. You... climb up to the neck. You are now— wrap your legs around— you're right above where his like large, leathery wings attach to his body.

Travis: You're at the wishbone.

Justin: Okay, yeah, sure. And you manage to grab on to one of those spikes and are holding, in what is a pretty like secure position there.

Griffin: Cool.

Travis: I'm going for the glowing scale on the belly.

Justin: Going for it, speak on that.

Travis: Okay, I'm gonna attempt to like power slide under there and pull that thing off.

Justin: Okay, so, you're gonna try to rip the scale off?

Travis: Uh... yeah.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: Listen, in for a penny, in for a pound. Fighting this dragon, we need the scale, I assume that this challenge finishes when we get the scale. That's Beef's thinking.

Justin: Just to like kind of clarify, you know how— just so I can make sure you know what you're looking at here.

Travis: Uh-huh?

Justin: You know how like scales overlap typically?

Travis: Yeah, yeah.

Justin: They way that hive scales have sort of arranged themselves around what you assume is the Heart Scale, is that they have overlapped it almost completely. So, you—

Travis: Oh, on all sides?

Justin: It's like on all sides, right. Like, if you were to try right now, you could not get a grip, from what you are seeing.

Travis: I see...

Griffin: Then maybe just smash around it?

Clint: Wait, say that again?

Justin: The scales surrounding the Heart Scale have overlapped it in such a way that you can see it, but you wouldn't be able to like get a grip on it like right away. Like, you wouldn't be able to get a hand on there or anything to try to like remove it.

Travis: Okay, I got it. So, I'm gonna slide under there and try to wedge that kukri in, like up, under the scales, trying to pry off some scales around it then.

Justin: Okay, great.

Griffin: I'd like to assist in this, in doing sort of what I set up. Like, just try— maybe I'm just sort of stabbing it in one of its back scales? Just to get it to rear up and give Beef a little bit more room to work down there.

Justin: Great. Okay, good.

Travis: And what's my position on this, Justin?

Justin: This one is gonna be desperate.

Travis: Mm-hm, yeah, that makes a lot of sense.

Justin: But I am gonna make it standard, because he is still distracted. So, I'm making things a little bit easier.

Travis: Excellent. And Griffin's assisting, and I'm gonna push myself.

Justin: Wow.

Travis: Yeah. Because I want it.

Griffin: Is this a wreck, then?

Travis: Oh, I was doing it in skirmish.

Justin: I think it's skirmish, yeah. I mean, it's still part of a living—

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: I'm fighting a dragon!

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: A 3, a 6, a 2 and a 1!

Griffin: Oh boy.

Justin: [chuckles] Wow!

Travis: Thank fucking God.

Justin: Wow, that seemed like overkill until you rolled trash, trash, trash, 6.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Mark prowl experience.

Travis: I did, yeah.

Justin: Experience!

Travis: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Justin: All right, Trav, inspiring. You jam your... kukri?

Travis: Correct.

Justin: Into the left and right of the Heart Scale, and you manage to pry two of the scales surrounding it off, before you're tossed aside. And—

Travis: Oh, he noticed?

Justin: Yeah, he did notice that. [chuckles] He did.

Travis: Okay, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Justin: He did notice that.

Griffin: Is that gonna take the plating clock down?

Justin: There we go.

Griffin: Loving it.

Justin: And you hear him scream out in pain:

Geltfrimpen: Ow!

Justin: I will say, one thing to note, Trav, as this feels different from the other time that you attacked him. These like popped off a little bit more easily than your previous attack. Like, you get the sense that like this sort of—

Travis: This is part of it.

Justin: This is part of it, exactly right.

Travis: Got it.

Justin: And your other attack maybe wasn't.

Weaver: Oh, you're working marvelously quickly. You should feel very proud of this.

Beef: Thanks, again? Thank you? You're welcome?

Weaver: I'm having trouble staying here, though. So, if you could move as quickly as possible?

Beef: I'm trying so hard! Oh my God, dude! I'm trying really hard! Are you the dragon? Stop hurting us.

Weaver: I do have to keep up appearances, you understand?

Beef: Okay, okay.

Justin: We're at six out of eight segments on fire— no, wait, sorry, four out of six segments on fire blast. Just to keep those at home at rest. And we're at four out of eight segments on dragon plating. So, that's about halfway there.

Clint: Where— how many scales are surrounding the Heart Scale? How many—

Justin: There were four, there are now two.

Griffin: Do I see in kind of apparatus where this fire blast is like charging up? You said it was like we could see—

Justin: Oh, yeah.

Griffin: And sort of getting it ready.

Justin: It's in his throat, you can see. And now it's glowing roughly twice as bright as it was before you made the last two attacks.

Clint: So, how high off the ground would that be?

Justin: 20 feet.

Travis: You can't jump 20 feet? Emerich can't jump 20 feet? Come on, man.

Justin: Couldn't jump a 20 foot vertical?

Travis: Come on, man.

Clint: Broken elbow Now, Montrose is—

Travis: Wait, now, wait now, hold on. How is the broken elbow effecting— that's what's stopping him from being able to jump 20 feet?

Griffin: Yeah, exactly.

Clint: Balance. Are you still— is Montrose still on the back?

Griffin: Yeah, I mean, I'm pretty close to this glowing spot, right?

Travis: Radical rock, yeah.

Clint: In retrospect...

Griffin: You should've fixed your fuck'n elbow?

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: No, I should've run up with you on the back.

Justin: Hey, man, you— I would not have let— With a broken arm that you refuse to treat, I would not have let you get away with that. [chuckles]

Clint: True, true.

Justin: I know! Yeah.

Clint: Okay... I would like Emerich to try to pry the other two scales off the Heart Scale with his Lightning Hook.

Justin: Hm, okay, interesting. This would be skirmish. And...

Clint: Can't get away with letting me do tinker, since it's working on a mechanical—

Justin: Yeah, you're just tinkering with it. Yeah, it's just a bit of tinkering. You took it down to the shop and tinkered around with this 30 foot dragon. [chuckles]

Travis: All of the mechanicals, Dad, are on the inside. We're treating this as an animate object.

Clint: I understand.

Justin: Go ahead, dad. Go head, Maurice. Fiddle about with this little gadget.

Travis: Crazy old Maurice!

Clint: [chuckles] So, is it tinker? You're gonna let me—

Travis: No!

Justin: No! It is not tinker! [chuckles]

Griffin: No!

Clint: I was taking your sarcasm as—

Justin: No, I appreciate— no, it's good, I like that. But no—

Clint: Fine! I'll skirmish the hell out of it!

Justin: Yeah, fight the dragon, man.

Clint: Anybody wanna help?

Justin: This is gonna be... I'm gonna— you know what? Because Scott Boldflex sees you going for it, I'm gonna make this risky, standard. Because Scott—or no, risky, great. That's what I'll do. So normally, this would be desperate, but Scott Boldflex sees you going for it and he knows he has to really put on an extra sexiness. And then he starts doing his patented move where he flexes his butt cheeks in alternating order, making them hypnotically bounce.

Clint: Oh, gosh!

Griffin: Woah.

Clint: Kind of a reverse Terry Crews, right?

Justin: Yeah. Sure, yeah.

Clint: Okay.

Travis: More like an upside down Terry Crews, I would say.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: Anybody wanna help? Anybody? I have two in skirmish, so I'm gonna be rolling two only.

Travis: Oh, no, you—

Justin: That's pretty good?

Griffin: That's pretty good, actually.

Travis: That's pretty good, man. Yeah, I only have three stress left, and I wanna save it for pushing myself.

Clint: All right, here we go then. [giggles nervously]

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: 2 and a 4!

Travis: A mixed success.

Justin: Partial. Partial success, that makes sense.

Clint: So, let me describe it. He... runs in a zig-zag pattern towards the dragon and takes a big whoosh with the Lighting Hook, and does what damage?

Justin: You take a swing with the Lightning Hook, and you... I'll tell you what, with a 4, you manage to get the hook up on to one of the plates that is protecting the Heart Scale. But you— and you pull it down, and it is loosened, but is not completely removed, with a 4.

Clint: One, just one? Or both of 'em?

Justin: Yeah, just one.

Clint: Okay.

Justin: Just one is loosened.

Clint: Okay.

Justin: So, there is three left on the plating clock. Fire blast, at this point, is now... at five out of six.

Clint: Let me just say this, I'm gonna leave the hook in there.

Justin: Okay, sure, I'll let you do that.

Clint: I'm gonna leave the hook jammed in there behind the one loose scale.

Justin: Let's say it got stuck, then. Let's say it got stuck.

Clint: Right. And... and run away. Run... right?

Justin: Run away.

Clint: Oh, wait, that's a bonus action. Oh wait, that's the wrong game.
[chuckles]

Griffin: I stand up on its back and I shout:

Montrose: Geltfrimpen, I am Artemisius Goodparty, Hawk Blade of the Emerald Covenant, Finger of the Eighth and Forgotten. And I wield the darkest power.

Griffin: And I pull my big pistol that I got during the... the Gutter City job. And I aim it right at his glowing throat spot.

Justin: And what do you do after that?

Griffin: I say:

Montrose: Go now and speed well.

Griffin: And I fuck'n shoot the gun. [chuckles]

Justin: Fuck'n hell.

Travis: Classic dragon slaying maneuver. It's weird how often those like knights didn't use guns?

Griffin: I'm right behind him, so he can't see me. For all you know—

Justin: Okay, Griffin, I— because you have... brought a gun to a dragon fight.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: [chuckles] I guess I'm gonna give you risky... standard. I mean, it's a gun. I mean—

Travis: It's a gun!

Justin: And we have well-established the power of this incredible gun!

Griffin: Okay... Can I argue that because it's somewhat point-blank range, that maybe instead of a hunt roll, it would be finesse?

Justin: Yeah. I mean, I would grant you that, yeah.

Griffin: Okay. So, risky... Isn't there a way to increase the effect if I take a different position?

Justin: Hm...

Griffin: Because can't you trade position for effect?

Justin: Just hold for one second...

Griffin: "A player might wanna trade position for effect, or vice versa. This kind of tradeoff isn't included in the effect... The GM should asses—" Hm... Yeah, you can offer— you can accept that or deny it. Basically, it's up to your—

Justin: You wanna make you position worse—

Griffin: A desperate roll with great effect.

Justin: Okay, here's what you do. You're holding on to him and you pull the gun, and you... Holding one of these, you realize that the back— his back plating is a lot tougher.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: So, you, hanging on to one of these spires, or the, you know, his spikes, you grab on to it and let yourself dangle down.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Hanging from his neck, and place the pistol against his neck before you fire.

Griffin: Cool. I'm gonna go whole hog on this one then and use Dare Devil too.

Justin: Meaning?

Griffin: Plus one to the roll, if I accept minus one D to resistance rolls against consequences from my action. This is stupid, I have two level one injuries already. Okay.

Travis: Go for it. Yay!

Griffin: So... finesse, desperate... great effect then?

Justin: Sure, yeah, great effect.

Griffin: And a bonus dice from— ah, I'm gonna push it.

Clint: Ooh.

Griffin: I'm gonna take— I have one empty trauma slot, now, after I've pushed. Okay, please...

[sound of die thrown]

Travis: That's a crit!

Clint: Wow!

Griffin: 6, 5, 6. That is a crit.

Justin: Wow, that's a crit. Okay, Griff, you... you lose your grip on the spike and start falling backwards. But luckily, your hand was already on. And you hear a voice whisper to you:

Geltfrimpen: Aim true, Montrose.

Justin: As you fall, you pull the trigger, and it rips through the throat of this thing. The fire that it had been storing up blasts out the back, filling the cavern momentarily with light. His fire has completely drained. So, this is back to zero. And with that attack, not only have you done that, but you have also taken away two more of his armor plates, leaving him with just one left. And it is clear he is— that Geltfrimpen is stumbling around. You can hear servos inside of his throat, as that gelatinous ooze that you saw in the wrist, Beef, starts to gush out of his neck. And he swings his head back and forth, not seeming to be in his own control anymore.

Travis: I'm gonna take this moment then to grab that Lightning Hook that's wedged in the plating, and just rip it out with all my might, trying to get loose that... that Heart Scale. Just use my full Beef super-strength, go super Beef on it.

Justin: Okay—

Griffin: I land okay from my cool fall, right?

Justin: You're fine. No, you actually land in a cool way. With a critical—

Travis: Oh, ooh! Oh, like a Black Widow land? Or like a—

Griffin: Oh yeah, one leg extended, fuck'n tooching to the moon.

Travis: Yeah!

Justin: I love that.

Travis: Would this be skirmish, wreck, finesse?

Justin: Call it...

Travis: Man, I've been fighting with skirmish up to this point, right?

Justin: Yeah, I think skirmish.

Travis: Okay. And...

Justin: We're gonna call it... Yeah, I mean, 'cause the hook's already in there, I'm gonna say this is like risky, standard.

Travis: Okay. And...

Clint: Would Scott still... wiggling sexily?

Justin: Scott has been— I have been factoring Scott into the fact that you are fighting a dragon this whole time.

Griffin: While I was doing my freefall fuck'n shot up to the sky, fuck'n in the animatic, Scott's in the background just like, [hums tune from "Vengaboys - We like to Party!"]

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: And I'm pushing myself to do the... not to be trifled with, you can push yourself to do— "To perform a feat of physical force that verges on superhuman."

Justin: Great.

Travis: So, it will be... Take that into account.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: I got a mixed success, a 4, a 2 and a 3.

Justin: 4, 2 and a 3... You grab the end of that Lightning Hook, Trav, and you yank it as hard as you can, with all your incredible power. And as you pull, you pry off the last plate that is holding this thing in— the Heart Scale, in place. You also snap the Lightning Hook in two.

Clint: Oh, now wait a minute!

Travis: Okay, yeah. I mean, it's not mine.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: You left the Lightning Hook in there. I don't know what to tell you.

Travis: Yeah, it's not my hook, man, it's fine.

Griffin: You can just build another one.

Travis: He can fix it, he fixes stuff all the time!

Griffin: Yeah! A little duct tape.

Justin: Geltfrimpten, the last scale falls away, the Heart Scale is there. Geltfrimpen is sort of lowered and not really seeming to be noticing you all anymore. And the Heart Scale is there for the taking. Are you gonna go ahead and grab that, Beef?

Travis: Yeah. Yeah, grab that beef.

Justin: Grab that beef, all right. You take the Heart Scale, and as you do, Geltfrimpen just ceases, the moment that you pull it out. It's about... maybe five inches around, perfectly circular ridges around it. You can still see it's glowing a little bit within, and you are now holding it. And as soon as you take it out, Geltfrimpen sort of ceases and lowers to the floor, and lays still.

Beef: Do you guys—

Justin: Hey, congratulations. You guys beat a dragon.

Travis: Oh, thanks.

Justin: That's fuck'n sick.

Griffin: Yeah.

Beef: Do you guys think they'll be mad that you shot that animatronic through the neck? [chuckles] That definitely wasn't like the planned thing, right?

Clint: They'll be posting out in front of the ride, "Due to technical difficulties, we will be closing—"

Montrose: There's no— there's nothing in the rulebook that says a dog can't play basketball. Now they know, don't they?

Clint: [chuckles]

Beef: Yeah.

[music plays]

[ad break]

[music plays]

Beef: Hey, yeah, creaky man, are you in there?

Weaver: That was marvelous.

Justin: And you— the sound seems to be coming from like the... the entirety of Geltfrimpen. It's emanating from him, not localized to any one point in the dragon's body. But it is coming from him, generally speaking.

Beef: So, are you— is this like the pilot of the animatronic? Are you in there or what? Do you wanna come out and talk to us? It might be less weird.

Weaver: Would that I could... I appreciate what you've done here... Many take the scale. But few... few can truly conquer Geltfrimpen.

Montrose: It... is an honor to stand in your presence, let alone be... honored in this way. We come seeking your Heart Scale, for we have a greater quest to attend to.

Weaver: Oh, here, take the scale. Here, hold on.

Justin: You took— you already— he already took it.

Weaver: Watch.

Justin: And you hear a low, mechanical hum. And much like a skee-ball being returned to you, you see another Heart Scale like slide into place.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: I say:

Montrose: Geltfrimpen—

Weaver: Don't take another, though, it's greedy.

Beef: Okay.

Montrose: Of course not. We— Geltfrimpen, this is not the first time I have sought audience with you, but I do not remember you being so... combative?

Weaver: I... I... I am not Geltfrimpen. I am here. But I am not Geltfrimpen.

Emerich: May we ask your name?

Weaver: Would that I know. Creaky Man will suffice for now, I suppose. A good amount of christening.

Beef: Okay, Creaky Man, if I may... I'm wildly confused. I— I don't even— like, you're— how are you— what— what's up? What is... What is this?

Weaver: I will do my best to tell you what I know. It takes quite a bit for me to be as here as I am. But I will try. Part of me is in Geltfrimpen. But I am many places throughout the world. Part of me is here. Part of me is imprisoned here, I think. And through this act, I am no longer... trapped here, this part of me. I'm able to be more concentrated, if that— if that is the correct word, else... elsewhere... I will not be here long, and then I will vacate Geltfrimpen for good. And I will be a little bit more myself, elsewhere.

Montrose: Where are you located, if not here? Do you have some sort of home base?

Weaver: I'm... scattered. More accurately, I think... shattered.

Beef: Mm-hm?

Weaver: I've seen you elsewhere, I was... in one of the vans, as you made the thrilling escape. I was there. I called out, but it was so loud. I have watched you from the porch of Ustaben. In the... the whittling I sat, a rocking chair... I couldn't summon up enough voice to reach you, but I called out. I called out to anyone who would listen, honestly. But you three are the first who seem to... be looking hard enough to hear.

Beef: Okay—

Montrose: Why are you watching us? What do you want from us?

Weaver: I need you to free me. You freed me from this... this prison. And by freeing me, I can no longer return. Which is a sadness, I love this place. I love this world, but... I never wished to experience it from inside Geltfrimpen. So, now I will leave to the other layers. I would ask that you find me. I don't know how free I can be, I don't know what I am. I'll put it together, but I can't be in as many places as I am now. I can feel what little grasp I still have of whatever I once was slipping away. I need you to find...

Justin: And the spark that was illuminated within Geltfrimpen, the final spark, goes out. And it is completely silent.

Montrose: If we just exterminated whatever sort of consciousness was inspiring Geltfrimpen, the infinite dragon, we should probably shake a tail feather.

Beef: Right, we should probably do that anyways. You shot his head off.

Montrose: Yeah... [chuckles] I did. That was— by the way, thank you two for being here for that. That was the coolest thing I've even done in my life. And if no one had witnessed it, I would be heartbroken.

Justin: As you start to— sorry, go ahead, finish up.

Travis: No, we're moving, we're leaving.

Justin: Finish your conversation.

Montrose: Let's go. [chuckles]

Beef: Yeah, we need to.

Justin: As you start to make for the exit, a man wearing... let's see... a white, peasant shirt that is draped over what is clearly the bulge of a tool belt, and brown leather pants and boots, walks into the room.

Man: Hail! Um, you guys really saved the town this time. Thank you for your incredible battle. Now, you must go, lest this beast awaken once again!

Beef: Okay!

Justin: And you can see him walking towards Geltfrimpen. And you hear him under his breath:

Man: Motherfucker, what did they do?

Griffin: [laughs]

Man: Jesus Christ! Fucking hell... Do you still have the orb?

Montrose: What? We never got— we didn't receive an orb.

Man: The Chrysanthemum Orb?!

Beef: We didn't get that.

Montrose: We didn't get—

Man: You— that's not you used? Ah, shit... Yay verily, you really fucked this guy's whole scene, huh?

Beef: Yeah, it was a dragon, we killed it.

Man: You killed the fuck out of him, man! Hey, do me a favor, on your way out, lock the door, yeah?

Beef: It's gonna take a while?

Man: Oh, he is good and dead! But just go ahead and lock the door, 'cause I'm gonna need fuck'n a few hours to get this guy back up and running!

Beef: Okay!

Emerich: I would be glad to— I would be glad to. Do you have like a keycard we can use to lock the door?

Man: It should lock on its own, just make sure that you pull it all the way closed, 'cause it can get a little stuck.

Beef: This door over here?

Man: The one you came in through...

Beef: The one that I'm walking towards?

Man: Yeah, there's another exit— yeah, okay. Do you see— no, to the left. You see that—

Beef: This one?

Man: The one stone there, push on that.

Beef: Okay. [mouths silly pushing sound]

Man: Okay, now insert the... You guys probably don't have the Emerald Feather, do you?

Beef: Nope. Didn't get that.

Man: Hold on...

Justin: And he walks over, and he has like an emerald feather in his pocket, that has like a chain tied to it, with a tag on it that says, "Geltfrimpen exit."

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: And he swipes the green feather.

Man: Verily! You can use mine. Okay, so, see you!

Beef: And where's the photobooth where we get pictures of us during the fight? Is that this way?

Man: Ah! You wish to see this displayed—

Montrose: I do not actually want any kind of photographic evidence of this fight. Thank you so much, Beef. We are good. It's in the old— shit, I do actually want a picture of me falling down, shooting a bullet up through a dragon's throat.

Man: What? Those were captured auto-magically, and will be sent to your... your inn, for your perusal!

Beef: Ah, sick.

Man: What did you do to its wrist?!

Griffin: [laughs]

Beef: Oh, sorry about that. Well, bye!

Man: You... fucking hell...

Beef: Beef out!

Man: Yeah, I guess!

Travis: [chuckles] That wasn't like a command. I wasn't telling him to do it.

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: "Hey, man, beef out. I'll see you later."

Griffin: Hey Juice, can that guy show up after every heist we do and just be like, "The fuck?! There's laundry fuck'n everywhere, all over the street! There's chocolate footprints all down this nice hotel!"

Clint: We need that running gag character that shows up in every—

Griffin: Yeah, God knows we—

Travis: Yeah, we don't have enough running gags on this show, that's always been my—

Justin: Yeah, that's always been the issue.

Travis: That's been the note I've been given at the end of every episode, is like, "We need to reference more."

Clint: Did he have a name tag, by any way? Did he have a name tag?

Travis: Was it Justin?

Griffin: Don't let them bully you, Justin.

Justin: No, he's a regular guy. He's just a regular guy.

[Steeplechase theme song plays]

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