

The Adventure Zone: Steeplechase - Episode 30

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Krystal: Steepies, last thing! We've got a little unboxing for you. We received this at the studio last night and let's see, there's a little card here and it says... "To Krystal with a K, from Funny Man." Okay? [chuckles] How cute! Let's see, inside is... oh, it's just another note and it says, "Never know when to stop... screaming?" [chuckles] Oh... What's this powder? [coughs] [chuckles] I get it! [laughs] Never know when to stop screaming! [laughs uncontrollably]

[Steeplechase theme music plays]

Weaver: The thought had crossed my mind... It can't be long now...

Justin: Hello, everybody and welcome to Steeplechase.

Griffin: I need more, I want more.

Travis: Yeah, actually, Justin, can I tell you, I recently made the realization that it's like you're doing like a 120-year-old Colm Wilkinson.

Justin: Mm-hm?

Griffin: Oh, yeah, I like that.

Travis: And I would like you—

Justin: It is a little Colm.

Travis: Yeah, if you could break into like Bring Him Home or Who Am I? Or anything, really.

Justin: It would definitely be who am I.

Travis: Oh yeah. [sings] 'Who am I?'

Justin: Although, for the Creaky Man, it'd probably be... yeah, it'd be—

Griffin: Old Man River, probably somewhere along—

Weaver: Yes, Cosette. Forbid me now to die. I'll remain. I will try...

Travis: Yeah, fuck yeah. Fuck yeah! Keep going, please! I'm so close!

Griffin: Please Creaky Man, I need this!

Clint: What was his number?

Justin: What? Jean Valjean?

Clint: Yeah.

Justin: He has many different numbers in the show, him being the lead and all.

Travis: It was seven.

Clint: No! [sings] Six, five, four, three, two, one!

Travis: That was it.

Griffin: That's it!

Clint: Blast off!

Travis: And then he blasts off! [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: And then he blasts off to freedom.

Justin: Welcome to our— it's a new musical theater podcast for people who have never seen a play before in their lives. No, it's Steeplechase! And thrillingly, Funny Man has just jetpacked away with Kenchal Denton in tow.

And you see them, I would say blasting off into the sky, but what you see is basically a zipline that is propelling them across the street.

Griffin: Oh, so it's not a jetpack?

Justin: It's is a jetpack, but it's—

Travis: There's a prop jetpack?

Justin: It's a prop.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: And as they're falling, Funny Man drops a small package onto the floor of the church, where all these people are horrified. There's a kind of general chaos and you just see this like red package wrapped with like a green ribbon, fall to the ground. About the size of like a ring box.

Travis: I think at this point, Beef is... he is Beefing. He's Beefing hard. He's just gonna walk over and pick it up. No subterfuge, I'm not— at this point, I'm getting— I'm, by which I mean Beef, is getting fed up. And I'm gonna grab it.

Justin: So, you're not making an effort to like hide the fact that you're there or anything?

Travis: No. Not at all.

Justin: Okay. You step over. Other two, do you follow him?

Clint: Yes, absolutely.

Griffin: Yeah, 'cause I know that somebody's gonna need to fuckin' talk. Someone's gonna have to use their brain and mouth to explain why we're here. And so, that seems like something I can do.

Justin: Okay. You pick up the package, the present, the gift. What do you do?

Travis: Open it.

Griffin: Don't! Don't—

Justin: Okay—

Travis: Well, I open it facing away from me.

Justin: Okay, and you start hearing it talk through the— it's facing away from you? Okay, you don't see what's making this noise, but you do hear talking coming from the box.

Travis: I peek over, I peek in.

Justin: It's little chattering teeth.

Funny Man: The baby billionaire has been hiding a secret! But the astonishing Funny Man knows all, sees all, and will reveal all! Right before I blow Kenchal Denton's head off! Chase me to the Steeple of second Gutter City church, at the advent, if you don't want to miss the grand reveal!

Justin: And then it explodes in a puff of smoke. A puff of harmless pyrotechnics.

Beef: Weird to just like say like, "Here's what I'm gonna do and here's where I am." Like, just write it, you know what I mean? Like...

Montrose: Come on... you know this business now. This man has... I hate his fucking guts! But he is an artist. And I respect that. Folks!

Griffin: I turn to everybody.

Montrose: Folks, we're here with Gutter City special crime division unit and we're gonna take care—

Justin: [chuckles]

Hawthorne: My name is Commissioner Hawthorne! And I'm the head of the Gutter City special crime unit!

Montrose: Well, no, no, I said the special crime division. It's a different—

Hawthorne: Oh, well—[garbles]

Montrose: Are you okay, sir?

Hawthorne: [garbles]

Travis: I give him the Heimlich!

Montrose: Don't choke this man—

Hawthorne: Well, I've— if I'm gonna be honest, I'm a bit embarrassed! I have spoken without listening carefully and I'm a bit ashamed! And of course, I'm worried about Mr. Denton.

Montrose: Yes, we're all very, very, very worried about Mr. Denton and his fate. But don't you worry, us three here with the special crime unit division— special crime division— here I am getting mixed up! You know, we should have a palaver at some point and figure out a way if we can't maybe change the name of one—

Hawthorne: We've got a control on crime together! No more of this bureaucracy and red tape!

Travis: [cheers] Team up! Team up! Team up!

Montrose: Yes, yes—

Hawthorne: From this point forward, our citizens will—[garbles]

Montrose: I have ceased to be able to understand you, my friend.

Hawthorne: [intense garbling]

Travis: Hey, Justin?

Montrose: You have gone full cartoon walrus on me.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Yeah, is Commissioner Hawthorne a were-walrus? “Oh, the full moon!” [garbles]

Griffin: [garbles]

Travis: [laughs]

Emerich: I believe if we follow a scud procedure, this is the time where we analyze the clue.

Montrose: There’s no time. We can also just follow— he flew off on a—

Beef: Hey, Emerich, he said—

Montrose: Yes.

Justin: If you could let Emerich— I mean, you don’t know what kind of incredible stuff I’ve hidden and thought about with this box. This box has been in the back of my mind for years now. I can’t believe you would just cast it aside.

Clint: Yes, I—

Travis: You said it turned into a puff of smoke?!

Justin: Well, I mean, there is a puff of smoke and pyrotechnics, it didn’t cease to exist on this material plain.

Travis: Okay, well—

Clint: Could I perhaps study it?

Justin: Yeah! Please. Give me a study roll. This is controlled and standard.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Well, a 4 and a 1.

Clint: Why's it showing up on your screen and not on mine? Oh, there we go.

Travis: You gotta scroll down.

Justin: Yeah, it's a mixed success.

Clint: Okay.

Justin: Here's what I'll say with this mixed success. You pull out— the teeth are just... they're just like a toy, basically. And then you pull a little deeper to find some cotton underneath those. And there's a small wire that's connected the ceiling of the box, the roof of the box, to the bottom. Underneath the cotton, there's a tiny speaker that is connected via the wire to the lid of the box.

Emerich: Oh! This is...

Justin: So, when you opened the box, the sounds played through the speaker and the teeth started chattering.

Emerich: This is very... this is very intricate work! Somebody...

Justin: No, it's not. It's pretty basic. I mean, you can tell just by looking at it—

Clint: I thought it was my study?

Justin: What? No, I'm telling you, it's not intricate. It's not intricate work.

Emerich: This is really crummy. This is really shitty.

Justin: No, no, no, it's not bad, it's just absolutely—

Emerich: This is really mundane work!

Justin: Yes, there we go!

Montrose: This is very normal.

Emerich: This is very mundane. I think just about anybody with any kind of skill could have manufactured this.

Montrose: Well, that was very helpful and I think we all gleaned a lot from that. We could also just follow the zipline, which is one of the less sort of inconspicuous ways to travel, since you do kind of leave a direct sort of jeffy-esque line to where it is you are going.

Beef: I mean, also, speaking of analysis, he said within the message, "This is where I'll be. I'm going to here."

Emerich: Ah, so, not so much tracking involved?

Beef: No, I mean tracking in like where to turn right to like get to that place. I mean, I guess, in that way... yeah?

Montrose: I guess the question is, do... do we... If this guy blows away Kenchal Denton, is that the worst thing in the world for us? If we think he is not necessarily working in our favor anymore.

Beef: Well, I'll tell you, here's the problem. What it leaves for me is a lot of unanswered questions and like, just things like hanging loose. And I don't do well with that.

Montrose: Alright...

Emerich: Friends! Let's use my lightning hook and follow the zipline!

Montrose: That seems unnecessary. We can just go on the ground. We know where we're going, you know what I mean? Like we don't have to follow his cockamamy means of conveyance.

Emerich: I know, but it's—

Beef: But if you want to— hey, listen, Emerich?

Montrose: If you want to, that's your journey.

Emerich: Really?

Montrose: Yes.

Emerich: Seriously? I would love to! I think that would be so much— yes!

Beef: We'll walk underneath you on the ground. Especially since there's only one hook. And between the three of us, I'm guessing, at least 400 pounds.

Emerich: Oh, yes, yes. All right!

Griffin: This is where I take Beef on a sidebar to say:

Montrose: We really must have an intervention with him about how much he loves the zipline.

Beef: Well, can I tell you, here's the problem, we don't give him enough outlets for it at home.

Montrose: You're right.

Beef: And so like, then we go out and he acts out and he—

Emerich: I'm ready! I'm ready! I'm ready! I'm ready! I'm ready!

Beef: Okay.

Clint: Okay, he hooks the zipline and it just hangs there. [chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: I guess he just hangs there.

Justin: Y'all, I think I'll tell you what happens when you hook your zipline onto my zipline. You just hang there.

Emerich: You guys are gonna have to push me!

Justin: And everybody in the crowd is like kind of looking up at you. They're a little bit distracted.

Crowd Member: Excuse me, young man! Would you come down from there? That looks terribly unsafe!

Montrose: Hey, we're the special crime cops here.

Hawthorne: Yes! [garbles]

Montrose: Trust the process!

Hawthorne: Trust the process!

Travis: I tie a rope around— that's one of my load— tie a rope around Emerich waist and I walk him like a balloon underneath, as we walk to the church.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Perfect, that's actually wonderful.

Emerich: Wee!

Justin: Wee!

Travis: I'll mark rope here, climbing gear.

Griffin: What a bad use of load.

Travis: Hey, you shut up. [chuckles] This is my Emerich balloon! And I love it.

Clint: Aw!

Travis: Justin?

Justin: Yes?

Travis: We haven't done this in a while.

Justin: Okay?

Travis: I would like to have a flashback.

Justin: Okay, great!

Travis: To when we completed the first Gutter City job.

Justin: Okay?

Travis: And we're sitting down with Darla afterwards.

Justin: Okay.

Beef: Hey, Darla. There was this character, Funny Man. Is Funny—

Darla: Oh...

Beef: So, you know about Funny Man, right? Is that like a... is there like a... is that a role? Is that a person that exists in Gutter City? Is this a get— like, what was that?

Darla: Funny Man is a fully licensed IP that we and the Dentonic Corporation do not own. I don't quite understand it, but he keeps trying to get it going in the park. We do not— and he has been explained this by several of our

staffers, we do not have the legal right to have this character in our parks. And yet, he continues to try to make Funny Man a presence in Gutter City.

Beef: So, it's unclear whether he's with Dentonic or not, right? Is he—

Darla: No, that's perfectly clear. He's not!

Emerich: He's not, no.

Darla: This is like the thing about him. He is very wily. We have tried to remove him at several different points and he just keeps slipping away like molasses through a sewer grate.

Emerich: So, if we were to apprehend him...

Darla: You could try.

Emerich: There would be some kind of cash reward involved?

Darla: Oh?

Emerich: A suite kind of deal? See what I did there? I said suite, and we get suites.

Darla: Oh? Oh, right, a suite, that's good. I have no way of knowing that. I'm pretty low on the hierarchy. I'm just a simple private investigator here in Gutter City.

Emerich: Oh, that's right.

Darla: I have no insight into the corporation.

Clint: Oh, this is a flashback, right! Sorry, sorry.

Travis: Okay, yeah, Dad, this is good info. Now, let's do a flash forward.

Justin: As you're sitting there with Darla, you feel like someone looming behind you.

Saxophone: Hey, you guys got a little spare time? I got a few spare notes.

[comedically bad saxophone plays]

Montrose: Holy shit, man. Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!

Emerich: It's Sax!

[sax continues]

Montrose: Are you...

Beef: Hey, you're getting better.

Montrose: God, I really hope I don't remember this later.

[muffled blowing]

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: Back to the present, please.

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: You can't have flashbacks too long.

Travis: I know. Then they become flash sax! I get it!

Justin: [chuckles]

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: I don't think we can say flash sacks.

Travis: [laughs] No, that's what happens when his costume's too tight.

Justin: That's a Kevin Bacon movie, right? Flash Sacks? Okay, listen... No, actually, don't listen. I gave you a picture of the church, this is what it looks like.

Griffin: Oh!

Justin: This is the... what did I say it's called? The Second Gutter City Church of the Advent.

Griffin: [laughs] So, Justin has shown us a picture of our... whatever the—

Travis: Now defunct!

Griffin: Whatever... defunct, religious Alma Mater Highlawn Baptist Church in Huntington, West Virginia.

Justin: Right. I just figure... why make up a new church? [chuckles]

Travis: Yeah, man!

Griffin: Sure.

Justin: You guys already know about this church and you probably remember the layout pretty good. So, we'll just go with this church.

Griffin: Yeah, sure. Okay.

Travis: Well, Justin, you could make up a new church and save Adventure Zone from having to pay taxes. [chuckles]

Justin: Here's the thing about it, I did make the picture black and white on my phone.

Travis: Nice.

Justin: So, let's not go get too critical. I did put a little bit of effort into this. But yes, this is the... this is the church that you see in front of you. There is

a long, you know, a huge, front-facing of the church. There's one flight of stairs to get up to the main doors that go into the lobby. There is a steeple, you know, tower, with Jesus' incredible cross. And then—

Travis: Yeah, that branding.

Justin: ... The ramp on the front for wheelchair accessibility and then there's doors to the side. But tons of windows in the front. And that is... that is what you see.

Griffin: I get out my phone and I—

Justin: Can I ask first, before we do this, what is your— before we take any actions here, now that we're on site, what approach are you going to the— this is a heist, you're figuring it out on the fly. The heist is to steal Kenchal Denton, that is your target. So, what... what... how are you all gonna engage with this? Assault, deception, stealth, occult, social or transport?

Griffin: Some of these don't make sense because like we have been invited.

Justin: So, can I suggest that you not go with one of the ones that doesn't make sense?

Travis: That's a good point!

Griffin: Yeah, so, probably assault, right? We haven't done one of those before but... it feels like this is going to be a... He's expecting us. He's almost certainly laid out a series of nefarious traps and you know, we can know that going into it, but it's still not gonna be sneaky.

Clint: Is this where we say, you know, it's obviously a trap. But sometimes, the best way to deal with a trap is to walk into it. Is that where we use that?

Justin: Yeah, used by lazy screen writers across the planet to justify their main character doing something stupid.

Travis: Now, hold on, Justin. We could've said it's obviously a trap, but the prophecy says that we're gonna walk into the trap, so let's do it.

Justin: That would be great, too.

Travis: Yeah, that's what I wrote down here. The prophecy said!

Justin: So, we're going assault. Are you all just going in the front door?

Griffin: Well, first, I'm getting on my phone.

Justin: Oh, that's right. Yeah, the phone business—

Griffin: And I'm... I'm calling on— I mean, he's my emergency contact at this point, Deep Dark.

Justin: Uh-huh?

Griffin: Trying to get him on the— trying to get him on the horn.

Justin: How are you getting a hold— how are you getting a hold of Deep Dark?

Griffin: I'm calling his personal cellphone number.

Justin: There is— at no point has Deep Dark given you his person cellphone number.

Travis: It's on WhatsApp, so it's safer.

Griffin: Okay, then I fuckin'— I pull out my phone and I call fuckin' Shroog. 'Cause I definitely have Shroog's number.

Justin: Okay. You call—[chuckles]

Shroog: Hello, this is Shroog!

Montrose: Hi, Shroog. It's—

Shroog: Is this Doonky?

Montrose: Oh my gosh, no, it's... this is, you know, Bazooka Man.

Shroog: Fiona?

Montrose: No, Bazooka Maniac? Listen, I'm crossing the streams right now because I don't have Deep Dark's phone number. But that's who I—

Shroog: I don't know any Deep Dark?

Montrose: Okay, how about this, I'm gonna hang up and then maybe Deep Dark can call me back on this line? How does that sound?

Shroog: I won't be able to give anybody any messages for another six hours. I'm at work!

Montrose: Okay.

Travis: [laughs]

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Oh, I have been too hard on Michael Myers!

Griffin: Yeah! I guess so.

Justin: No wait, I've been exactly as hard as I need to on Michael Myers, he's a killer! Mike Myers, on the other hand...

Griffin: [chuckles] You're always—

Travis: Now, wait! Before we say that, Justin, we will need to do some hours of internet research before we decide if we've been hard enough on Mike Myers or not.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Yeah. [chuckles] I say:

Montrose: Well, I'm sorry to hear that, but... well... You know, I'm not gonna be cagey—

Shroog: What's the message I can pass on to him?

Montrose: Sure. Funny Man is doing some rowdy shit in Gutter City. And that's like I guess like the... like if Lord Farquaad had like silly bombs.

Shroog: I'll spread the word about it!

Montrose: Oh, man.

Griffin: I hang up. I hang up and look at my phone expectantly for a little while.

Justin: [chuckles] Nothing happens.

Montrose: God damn it, Deep Dark! Okay, well, it's just us, I guess.

Clint: May I help?

Justin: Help what? Yeah, go for it.

Clint: Okay.

Emerich: First of all, can somebody get me down from this zipline?

Montrose: Just drop. You're like a foot and a half off the ground, just drop.

Emerich: I also have a tendency to suffer severe injuries!

Montrose: You have I— it's—

Justin: Help him down, now.

Travis: I help him. I help him down.

Justin: Thank you Beef.

Travis: I help him down.

Beef: Did you have fun? Hey, buddy, did you have fun?

Emerich: Yes! Yes! Yes! It was fun, fun, fun!

Montrose: Boy, you are sweaty.

Emerich: I am very sweaty, yes. I'm sorry, look at this. Oh, my pits are—

Justin: Please keep the show going.

Emerich: I am going to use my Give a Ghost Projector to shine a beam of Hard Light into the sky. And this— to— like, Deep Dark's head. And this will be the Deep Dark signal.

Justin: Great.

Griffin: Cool, so he can find us.

Justin: You know he's on another layer, for a fact, you know that. But I'm gonna make you roll for this anyway, on the off chance that it will hurt you in the process. That's why— that's how I'm gonna punish your insolence.

Travis: Hey, he has diabetes! He needs it!

Griffin: He needs insolence, Justin!

Clint: So, okay—

Justin: If you're gonna come up with these cockamamie schemes, Mac, the free lunches are over. You're gonna pay the Piper for your bad ideas.

Clint: No, yeah, I understand.

Justin: Roll the— roll your ball!

Clint: That's probably attune, you think? 'Cause I'm trying to communicate?

Justin: Yeah, it's attune. Here's a tune— here's a tune, [sings] 'You're gonna get an injury that's gonna knock you out the game.' Go ahead.

Clint: Attune...

Justin: Do you wanna hear another one? Okay, go ahead.

Clint: Is this risky? Is this risky?

Justin: Oh yeah, it's really risky— no, it's controlled.

Clint: Okay, controlled. And... probably standard, I would say?

Justin: Probably standard, yeah.

Clint: Probably standard.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: And that's a 3, a 1 and a 6, smart guy.

Justin: Okay, with that 6, you shine a light in the sky.

Travis: You did it!

Clint: Yeah.

Justin: Okay, does anybody wanna play in the actual church now? Does anybody wanna go to the church?

Travis: So, I think, here's my two cents, and you boys see how you feel. In the nature of Blades in the Dark, I wanna start with Beef already like walking in the front, in the door. Now, I don't know if Emerich and Montrose are with me, I'll leave that up to you guys. But I think let's start in media res. I'm in the door. I'm walking in.

Justin: Thank you. Bless you.

Griffin: Yeah, let's do it.

Clint: Very well, let's go!

Justin: You're facing down like a long hallway. It's probably, gosh, like about a football in field length. There are some hallways that turn off of it, some offices to the left and right, some... it's all pretty run down, there's not a lot of people that go to church in Gutter City 'cause they're wicked and they have forgotten the face of the father. So, as you step into this hallway, lights. You hear a breaker or something, some large switch being flipped. And lights flip on and then you hear a voice over the intercom say:

Funny Man: I'm so glad you decided to play! Meet my welcoming committee, the Heely Warriors!

Justin: And then you see these punks with knives and spikes on their armor, and incredible, glowing Heelys that are shooting sparks out of them.

Travis: Nice.

Justin: As they roll down the hallway, coming straight for you. We maybe see like six, but it's hard to keep track of them 'cause they're ducking into the offices and then coming— going through adjoining doors and then coming out different doors. It's terrifying! And they're headed straight for you!

Travis: On carpet?

Justin: They're really good at Heelys!

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: These are offroad Heelys, Trav.

Travis: Oh! Yeah, yeah, yeah, Tonka tough, got it.

Griffin: Tonka tough Heelys.

Travis: These are Tonka tough Heelys, okay.

Montrose: It's hard to take these guys seriously. I understand they are probably well-trained mercenaries of a sort, but... hold on one second.

Griffin: I just reach into my pocket and just like throw some marbles on the ground.

Justin: Now, you brought marbles. You're gonna have to talk to me about that.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: How did you bring marbles?

Griffin: Oh, I'm just a weirdo, man.

Justin: Yeah, but you can't just have anything, 'ey?

Griffin: Well, let me look at my list of items.

Travis: Now, hold on!

Griffin: Okay, I've got a bazooka, that seems like it would also get the job done, but I'm trying to think outside the bun. You're the one who gave me a bazooka. So... You're right, Juice, I pull out a pistol and I shoot these men. Is that what you want? Or do you want me to pull out, let's call them arcane implements.

Justin: [chuckles] No, you just need to mark it on your— okay, okay, all right, if we're gonna play this game— if you're gonna play the 'I have random stuff' game, which I think it's called Blades in the Dark.

Griffin: Yeah!

Justin: [chuckles] I have to ask you all about your item loadout. You were going into, you know, you were going to the party before. So, you haven't had time to necessarily prepare. But what is your— what load did you go with for this?

Travis: I have a normal load.

Griffin: I have a normal load as well, marked in here. Because I did not think we were going to be doing much interfacing with the public, which it seems like now we're not. So, I feel great about that choice.

Justin: Well, please mark these marbles.

Griffin: Okay. I'm gonna say it's an unusual weapon.

Justin: Yeah! That is an unusual weapon, marbles.

Griffin: Okay. I'm just gonna kind of scatter `em on the floor, in a wide arc in front of me.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: So, what do you think, finesse?

Justin: Yeah, finesse. That sounds about right.

Griffin: Risky... standard?

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Okay... 2, 4, 3, not great, mixed success.

Justin: Well, 4. 4 is what we're going with here. There is a... let's see... there were seven— you think, seven Heely warriors. When you roll the marbles, I would say two of these cats are thrown for a loop. One falls into what must be a nursery `cause you hear a bunch of baby dolls— robotic baby dolls crying when he falls in the door. And then the other one, it's the trash room, and he falls into the trash room.

Travis: They shouldn't keep those rooms next to each other, by the way. Like I'm not—

Justin: Yeah, I don't know why those two rooms are next to each other— how many did I say you got?

Griffin: Two?

Justin: You got two? Yeah, okay, that's the two. So, you still have five of the Heely warriors. The other ones are kind of like a little bit thrown by it, but they're scooting the marbles out of the way with a broom that one of 'em got out of a closet, labeled 'marble sweeper.'

Montrose: Hey, you stop that! Stop sweeping those away!

Heely Warrior: Oy! I'll stop whenever the queen tells me to stop!
[chuckles] Heely warriors, get him!

Beef: She just called— she called and said to stop.

Justin: What?

Montrose: The queen!

Beef: The queen called. She called and said to stop.

Heely Warrior: Hey, that's not funny, all right? The queen's dead, isn't she?

Beef: Well then, what you said— your supposition didn't work! Okay—

Heely Warrior: I'm a character, aren't I? But you're having a bit of fun at the queen's expense.

Beef: Yeah, you know what? That's on me.

Heely Warrior: Listen, she made mistakes. The whole royal family did. But they're hanging in there. All right.

Travis: [chuckles]

Griffin: "Get him, boys!"

Justin: And then, let's see... Emerich, one of these punks who has a union jack on his vest and purple hair, has two knives and he's coming to plunge 'em right in your fucking guts. [chuckles]

Clint: Can... I assume that Emerich knows whether this is a Hard Light construct or a real person, right?

Justin: Let's see... You haven't checked, so you, Clint, wouldn't know. I don't know if Emerich has taken the time to figure that out or not.

Clint: I think he's gonna have to take the time, 'cause he's doesn't wanna unleash any kind of attack on a Hard Light creation because of his stand on—

Justin: Sure.

Griffin: But you'd fuck up a person?

Justin: But you'll fuck up a person. That's cool, Dad, I like that. That's demented.

Clint: That's what's cool about Emerich!

Griffin: Yeah, that's a cool character trait!

Clint: Well, the guy's coming at us with knives! I'm not allowed to defend with... to force pre-majeure?

Justin: It's a really good point and it is a human being.

Clint: Yeah!

Justin: Send him to his grave, I guess. [chuckles] No, it's a human being.

Clint: Okay, I'm going to use tempest to—

Travis: Well now, first, if I'm right, isn't the rules that like when you get it, it works? Like you get hit and then it's about resisting the thing? Like...

Justin: No, he is coming— I said he's coming at him.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Justin: Right? So, he has not actually made the attack yet. This is the momentum that is coming to Dad. So, Dad is deciding how to react to this.

Clint: Yeah, I'm casting— I'm using tempest to... to coat the floor in front of him with ice.

Justin: It's so weird, dad, that every once in a while, you just like remember you have elemental powers. It's actually pretty invigorating.

Clint: Well, it's actually not weird in the fact that he has very bad memories about using this in the past, where he has killed—

Griffin: That's an excellent point.

Clint: ... Killed with it before. So, he kind of holds off using it.

Justin: But now that he's confirmed that it is a human being, now he's ready to unload.

Clint: Yeah! Let the slaughter begin!

Justin: [chuckles] Okay.

Travis: The old McElroy family crest motto.

Justin: Dad, you are pushing yourself, so remember to do that. And you are— what are you doing?

Clint: I'm using tempest to cast— to coat the floor in front of him with ice.

Griffin: I did not know that's something tempest could do?

Justin: Yeah, "Summon a storm in your immediate vicinity, torrential rain, roaring winds, heavy fog, chilling frost/snow." And that's what it says there, man! I mean, Dad has these powers, he just doesn't use 'em a lot. I don't know— I don't know what to say, guys! [chuckles] It's like Super-Man can use telekinesis, he just forgets that he has it a lot. Or telepathy, rather. Okay, dad, let's... that works, okay. Like, obviously, 'cause you're saying you're doing it and you're pushing yourself. Let's see... how can I figure out how effective that is against the guy... You know—

Travis: I would say have dad make like a finesse roll to get the placement right.

Justin: Oh, there we go, yeah. That's a good idea, Trav.

Clint: I don't know if a finesse roll is a good idea...

Travis: The other one is hunt.

Justin: You know what, I'll call this—

Clint: I think it's more of an intellectual pursuit.

Justin: I'll call it a— I will call it a finesse roll.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Justin: Dad, you have fucking lightning powers, you can make a finesse roll every once in a while to use 'em.

Clint: Okay, but I... I didn't know I had— okay, yes. Yes, yes, yes, in the spirit of the game!

Justin: Oh, thank you.

Clint: A fine finesse roll. Risky?

Justin: Oh yeah.

Clint: Controlled— okay, risky.

Griffin: Can I assist by maybe some of my marbles are still out there?

Justin: Sure, yeah.

Griffin: I don't think my man has any fuckin' points in this.

Clint: Great?

Justin: No, it's— you're using your abilities to— I mean, it's just targeting.

Clint: Right.

Justin: You know, it's just aim. So, I don't think it—

Clint: So, I get a bonus die from Montrose.

Justin: From Montrose, yeah. And don't forget to mark your push, pushing yourself.

Clint: I already did mark my push and I'm— okay, so, since I'm pushing, I should get another bonus dice?

Griffin: No.

Justin: No, you're pushing just to use your power.

Clint: Okay, then I'm going— could I not also push?

Griffin: No.

Justin: No, you can't double push.

Clint: All right.

Travis: You can push it real good, but that's it.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: That's the maximum—

Justin: You're rolling one, right?

Clint: [mouths tune]

Justin: Okay, okay! That's a 4!

Clint: Wait, wait, wait!

Justin: That's a 4.

Clint: Wait a minute, that should've been— wait a minute, hold on.

Justin: No, you had zero points. Griffin added on bonus die, so then you roll one.

Clint: Oh, right, okay. Right! Okay.

Justin: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: 4!

Justin: With a 4... Three of the skaters are coming at you, led by the purple-haired punk with two knives. And he's rolling at you and he says:

Heely Warrior: I'll teach you to—

Justin: And then he, at that moment, a jet of ice... Is this coming from the lightning hook? Is that the source of it?

Clint: Yes.

Justin: Yeah. A jet of ice shoots— oh, wait, actually, how's this, a jet of like cold wind shoots out and the... the sprinkler heads, from the energy you used to shoot that out— the sprinkler heads are triggered and it shoots ice in a patchiness— in patchy places, patchy patches. All over the floor of the hallway. The one punk who's leading the way immediately hits one of these patches of ice and he says:

Heely Warrior: God save the me!

Justin: And then he goes, "Whoa!" And then falls back onto his bum, as they say. And two of his compatriots—

Griffin: His fanny.

Justin: Yeah, two of his compatriots fall over. So, there's two more and they're twins, and they're huge. And they each have three knives. And they are—

Travis: Whoa!

Justin: Yeah. And one has— sorry, I misplaced them. One has three knives, the other has three guns.

Travis: Whoa.

Justin: And yeah, the one with three guns is raising one to shoot at Beef.

Travis: Okay. I am going to—

Justin: And he shoots you. No, sorry, go ahead.

Clint: But I did take out one, right?

Griffin: You took out three.

Justin: No, dad, you took out three.

Clint: Oh!

Justin: You took out one, the other two tripped over him, but there's two left. And they're the biggest, worst ones.

Travis: Yeah, I'm going to grab— you know those like long tables in churches that they always put like displays and pamphlets and stuff on? And it's like where the flowers go and stuff, right?

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: I'm gonna just pick one of those up and like one-handed chuck it at them. Or two-handed, depending on how large the table is.

Griffin: Use both hands, just to— I mean, maximize your efficiency here. Go ahead and use both hands, I think.

Travis: Yeah, okay.

Justin: Okay, what would we call this?

Travis: Yeah, it feels more 'cause it's targeted at someone and not just breaking stuff. But I think it's skirmish.

Justin: Okay. So, you're throwing pamphlets?

Travis: No, I'm throwing the whole table.

Justin: Oh! Okay, cool. That makes more sense. [chuckles]

Travis: Yeah. "Take these chick tracks!"

Justin: Is it wall-mounted? Like the one— the one that used to be at Highlawn was like wall-mounted, if memory serves.

Travis: No, this is more like you know, a kind of long, thin table that they would put like a display of like flowers and you know, at Christmas, a little... very gawdy nativity on, that kind of table. I'm chucking it on a sideboard, if you will. What's the position, would you say?

Justin: This is risky, still. And I think that's it's a standard effect.

Travis: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Let's go. Whoa, a 3, 3, 2...

Griffin: No! Uh-oh!

Justin: That's... that's though, man. You grab the table to flip it up with great ferocity. But one of the guys sees it coming and he does a Heely flip, and he Heelys right on the table, smashing it into your nose and causing a level one harm.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Hey man, you get a 3, you get hurt.

Travis: I get a smashed nosey. Okay.

Griffin: I have been filming this on my phone.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: And I say:

Montrose: Fellas, just come here. Can I show you something?

Griffin: And I wanna show them the video of themselves on the fuckin' Heelys.

Montrose: I know that it probably feels cool to be doing all this stuff, right?

Heely Warrior: You're right, it does!

Montrose: But just—

Justin: Wait, hold on.

Heely Warrior: You're right, it does!

Beef: Whoa.

Montrose: But just... just do me a quick favor, just look at it. Just really— and really be honest with yourselves, right, and just look at it for me.

Griffin: And I wanna show them just how fuckin' stupid they look on their Heelys, skating around trying to look like cool punks.

Clint: [chuckles] Wow.

Travis: Sounds like a sway roll to me!

Clint: Big sway!

Justin: Okay... [chuckles] Sure. Yeah, fine. Fine. Roll a... a risky... great effect—

Travis: You're gonna change their whole identities!

Justin: Risky, limited. There we go.

Griffin: Can I bump that to a desperate, standard?

Justin: Yeah. [chuckles] Sure, you can.

Griffin: Okay. And I'm gonna take my dare devil bonus.

Clint: And I'm going to use foresight.

Griffin: Oh? Okay, thank you.

Justin: What does that mean, dad? You can't just say it. You gotta do it.

Clint: "Two times per score, you can assist a team mate without paying stress. Tell us how you prepared for this."

Justin: How did you prepare for this?

Clint: I watched a lot of videos of Return to Oz.

Justin: Yeah?

Clint: And I yell out to those guys:

Emerich: You look as dumb as the... the guys on Return to Oz!

Griffin: Wow! What a fucking specific dig, my man.

Emerich: You're welcome. You're welcome.

Kenneth: Reginald, did you hear that?

Reginald: Yeah, Kenneth, if did! That fuckin' hurts.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Holy shit!

Griffin: 5, 3, 6, 5, 6! [chuckles] So, that's Jean Val Jean's number right there, that's a crit.

Justin and Clint: [sing] 5, 3, 6, 5, 6!

Justin: Okay, yeah—

Travis: Some fuckin' Blood Harmony!

Kenneth: Hey, Reginald?

Reginald: Yes, Kenneth?

Kenneth: Did you see what I saw?

Reginald: I'm afraid I did, Kenneth.

Kenneth: Reginald, mother is right. We look like clowns.

Reginald: I'm afraid we do look like clowns, Kenneth.

Kenneth: Reginald, what do you say we let these fellows pass and go about their business?

Reginald: Well, Kenneth, I think it's the least we could do. In fact, fellows, let us clean up some of the bodies and get those out of your way. Oh, and here, let me help you with that.

Justin: And he picks out a napkin out of his pocket. And it's a Union Jack handkerchief. And he hands it to you, Beef, to blow your nose.

Beef: Oh, thank you so much. Yeah—

Kenneth: I'm really sorry, I feel like such a clown.

Reginald: Yeah, me too, Kenneth. Me too.

Beef: No! I threw a table at you. Yeah. I threw a table. Like, you—

Kenneth: Thank you all for understanding. It's been... hard to find work.

Reginald: Yes, Kenneth, it has.

Kenneth: And Reginald and I must be moving along.

Emerich: We work in an entertainment industry. Perhaps sometime we could help you... help you find some kind of employment within our sphere of influence.

Kenneth: Can Dwight help too?

Emerich: Do you have a card? Do you have a card or a—

Kenneth: Hey, Dwight, get up!

Justin: And he picks up— they're actually triplets and he helps his brother who had fallen over, the purple-haired punk.

Kenneth: Dwight, this man, these fellows say that can help us get a job in the entertainment business.

Emerich: I think it's what you're best suited for, honestly.

Justin: And Dwight says:

Dwight: Really, you think so?

Emerich: Oh, absolutely! I mean, your panache, your skill. I mean, you've devoted obviously a lot of time and energy into this... this form?

Beef: Yeah, your acrobatics work is just spectacular. You flipped off a table! That's incredible.

Emerich: And you have that whole brother angle. The three brothers, I understand that's very popular.

Dwight: The three Heely brothers.

Emerich: Very, very popular.

Dwight: The three Heely brothers. Reginald, Kenneth and Dwight. If you need anything, you call us, right?

Emerich: Absolutely.

Kenneth: Well, we're going to go have lunch.

Reginald: Yes, Kenneth, I believe we will.

Dwight: Right this way, Reginald.

Reginald: Thank you, Dwight.

Beef: All right! Let's go... my nose is better. Let's go... beat up Funny Man, I guess?

Montrose: Yeah!

Justin: All right!

[music plays]

[ad break]

[music plays]

Justin: Okay, you come to the end of the hallway and there is an elevator. And there are three different buttons, and the buttons are... No, there's five buttons. There's lots of buttons and there's floors one, two, three, four and S.

Beef: What is S? Is that the steeple?

Emerich: Sub-basement. Sub-basement.

Beef: Well... I think it's—

Justin: S is at the top of the column.

Beef: It's steeple 'cause it's at the top, I think.

Emerich: That's a little on the nose though, don't you think?

Beef: It is how elevators work, man?

Montrose: If we press any button but S, it is going to be a big, empty floor with nothing in it, I bet.

Funny Man: Only one way to find out!

Beef: Whoa?

Justin: That's coming from the speaker inside the elevator.

Griffin: Okay, I press two.

Justin: You press two?

Griffin: Sure.

Justin: You are waiting for just a moment. And then the doors pop open. And as soon as they open, you see a selfie stick swinging at you from—

Travis: I push the door closed.

Justin: What?

Travis: Door closed.

Justin: The door— you push the door closed, but before you can get it closed, a selfie stick lodges in between and you hear:

Funny Man: Well, heroes, it's my honor to introduce you to my sinfluencers!

Justin: And then the selfie stick— there's a man in a Hawaiian shirt and a backwards baseball cap and he says:

Presenter: What's up, fam? I'm here with these three clowns in an elevator and you're about to help me watch them watch me get them beat up so bad! Let's do this!

Travis: I push the selfie stick backwards and I press the door closed button again.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Justin: Okay, Travis, give me a... [chuckles]

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Give me a skirmish roll.

Travis: Okay. And I'm gonna push myself, to push them.

Griffin: How do you guys have this much— I was fully stressed out almost by the time we got here.

Travis: I haven't done much.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Would you say this is controlled, risky, desperate?

Justin: This is... I will say it's risky, but standard.

Travis: Okay. Push myself...

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Push yourself, push him!

Travis: Yeah, I got 5, 4, 1, 5.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: Don't you hate it when it's a mixed success? Like when your DM's like, "I want him to fail or get it, it's easier to figure out what happens."

Justin: Mixed success is the pits, but I got this one just fine.

Presenter: Hey, guys! I'm here with... what's this guy's name again? I think it was Queef Punchly?

Griffin: Holy shit.

Justin: And then you push him out. But that did you go on the stream. So, some people hear you referred to as Queef Punchly. [chuckles] But you did push the guy out of the elevator. Okay, the doors are closed.

Emerich: Oh, that will not help the brand...

Beef: No, I kind of wanna go back and beat him up now.

Justin: Which button are you gonna press now?

Emerich: If you want to go back and beat him up, push two again and we'll go back and beat him up.

Justin: There may not be a lot more to that.

Beef: No, because now it looks like I can't take a joke and...

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: [chuckles]

Emerich: Right, okay, yeah.

Justin: You guys may have actually experienced all that floor has to offer. [chuckles]

Griffin: This is a real David S. Pumpkin situation, isn't it? [chuckles]

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Which button are you gonna press next?

Travis: I'm gonna press S 'cause I love my older brother.

Griffin: No, no, no! I slap his hand out of the way!

Montrose: No, no, no, 'cause I wanna see three now.

Justin: [chuckles]

Emerich: Yeah!

Justin: So, the floors you have not visited, you were— starting on one, you have not been to floor two or floor four, or S.

Griffin: I thought two—

Clint: We got two.

Griffin: Two was where this encounter just happened, I thought?

Justin: You have not been to floor three or floor four.

Griffin: I press three, man!

Travis: I step back. I let—

Beef: Montrose, you can be up front for this one.

Montrose: Sure, sure. They can't all be a trap, you know?

Justin: You press three and it opens up into what you assume is a fellowship hall. There is a big, huge, open floor. No tables or chairs in here,

it's all been emptied out. You can see a window at the other end of the fellowship hall, where you assume food has been served. And... you don't— it just seems to be empty. You hear like faint music coming from inside.

Griffin: Can I sort of sneak up to see if I can figure out the source of the music?

Justin: As you hear— as you step in— step off the elevator?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Is everybody gonna get off?

Clint: I suppose.

Travis: Yeah...

Justin: As soon as you all three step off, multicolored lights turn on from everywhere in the fellowship hall. And suddenly, the feint music that you heard before is now booming. And you hear over the speakers:

Funny Man: Ladies and gentlemen—

Justin: This is the first moment you realize, this floor that you're stepping on is not in fact just a standard fellowship hall. It is frozen solid.

Funny Man: Please join me in welcoming the 1984 Edmonton Oilers!

Clint: No!

Griffin: What the fuck?

Funny Man: The greatest hockey team of all time!

Justin: And then at that moment, Paul Coffey starts to skate up towards you with his stick raised. And he is coming at you full force.

Griffin: I fuckin' reach down for my marbles and realize they're not there.

Montrose: God damn it... This is why I told you I need two bags of marbles! And you all said, "Why would you need two bags of marbles? What are you gonna do, trip two different groups of people?" And I said, "Yeah, that's a good point." But I should've trusted my fuckin' instincts!

Emerich: Yes, yes, oh...

Justin: Paul Coffey, everyone remembers, finished with more than 80 assists and 120 points for the second straight season. And he won his first Norris Trophy. A huge year for Paul Coffey.

Clint: Juice! You did sports research!

Justin: Oh no, dad, this is all off the dome!

Clint: Oh?

Travis: I press the elevator up button.

Justin: Okay. You hear the elevator... the light lights up and you hear some movement in there. But the doors do not open.

Travis: Hm... I open them, with my hands.

Justin: Okay. Well, hold on, Trav, let me think about that. Are you sure you wanna do that?

Travis: Do I wanna... yeah! I wanna open 'em and then step out of the way.

Justin: Give me a wreck. Give me a wreck roll.

Travis: Okay. What's my position?

Justin: Hm... We're gonna call this risky, standard. I've done this before, so I feel like it's not exactly superhuman.

Travis: Okay, brag.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: It's a 2.

Justin: Ah shit, Trav!

Travis: Yeah...

Justin: I wanted it to be better.

Travis: Hey, thanks! You know... with the power vested in you, you could make it better.

Justin: No, no, no, no, no, you have to eat shit, I'm sorry.

Travis: No, I understand. Yeah, no, of course! So far, I've gotten my nose busted in... The one thing, by the way, during the assault approach... Yeah, great, my guy, who is a big, strong man is just, no pun intended, beefing it left and right. Okay, let's go!

Justin: Okay, you... You pull the door— with a 2, you pull the doors open... Okay. [laughs] With a 2, you pull the doors open and you get 'em open about three inches. And then suddenly, you feel like this searing, terrible pain in your back. And you realize that you've pulled your back muscles.

Griffin: Oh my God.

Travis: Oh no!

Justin: And then Paul Coffey skates up to you and he's like, "[chuckles] Nice job, Queef!" And then skates away. Oh God, this is so fucking embarrassing. So, you're on the floor now. Paul Coffey is there and he's skating circles around you, and it is pretty desperate. At that moment, he's joined by Mark Messier, Glenn Anderson, the whole gang.

Clint: No!

Justin: Kevin Lowe, Jari Kurri, they're all skating around in a circle, around you three. And the circle that they're skating in is getting closer. Now, remember guys, you haven't really gotten a chance to look around this environment at all. So, if you wanna try— right now, you know there's ice, you know there's players. If you wanna try to do something or look at anything else, anything you wanna do, you can have more context here, but one of 'em is not exactly attacking you right this second.

Griffin: I'll try a survey.

Justin: Okay. You see— in this fellowship hall, there are also doors, like, leading to other areas. The place where food is served seems to be modified into some sort of like garage or vehicle storage, and there are obviously the speakers. And the doors are... they're just doors. I don't know, you can't really tell much about 'em. They're just doors.

Griffin: I'm gonna try and leap from table to table to make my way to the garage without slipping and busting my ass on the ice.

Justin: There are no tables. Remember, we cleared all those out?

Griffin: Oh, okay.

Justin: I mentioned it earlier.

Griffin: Well, then I'm gonna just try and get to the garage without falling on my ass.

Justin: Okay, cool! Great. Are you gonna try slide? Or are you gonna try walk?

Griffin: Yeah, I'll try a slide. I'll... I look at Beef and I say:

Montrose: Push me real hard!

Beef: Okay!

Justin: Okay. We'll call this finesse there, Montrose.

Griffin: Okay. Risky... what's posish?

Justin: Posish is risky, standard. I mean, I know we keep coming back to that, but that's why it's the default.

Griffin: Sure. Okay, here we go.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: 3, 2, 5, mixed success.

Justin: All right, with a 5, with a mixed success, you skate, I would say, on your feet, pretty gracefully, past Jari Kurri and Mark Messier and Glenn Anderson and all— everybody. And you are weaving your way around them, and then just as you're about to reach the door— you're right there next to it, but just as you're about to reach the door and open it, you are body-checked by Mr. Wayne Gretzky.

Clint: [chuckles]

Montrose: It's an honor!

Wayne: Hey. Hey, thanks. It's really cool to meet you too.

Travis: What a down to earth guy, you know? Like—

Griffin: So cool.

Wayne: Actually, I think he's down to earth. You too, right? [chuckles]
Looking good, Queef.

Clint: I'd like to have a flashback, please.

Justin: Yeah! I'm looking forward to this.

Griffin: Do I take any harm from that?

Justin: No, no harm, but you didn't reach the garage. That's your mixed success is you made it almost all the way, but you were stopped right before you could... reach your goal.

Clint: Emerich has a flashback to when he was seven years old.

Justin: Okay?

Clint: And his dad took him, his dad, Edd— no, Ted Dreadway.

Justin: Ted Dreadway, okay.

Clint: Ted Dreadway took him to a Stanley Cup final and he was absolutely fascinated by the... with Stanley's cup. And just said:

Ted: Someday, I'm gonna make one of those.

Clint: And down through the years, he just absolutely— so, Emerich is going to create a beautiful facsimile of Lord Stanley's Cup, and project it with his Give a Ghost Projector, away from Montrose. To distract the hockey players into thinking it's the real Stanley Cup, so they will skate over and hoist it and kiss it and pass it from hand to hand, to give Montrose a chance to be okay.

Griffin: This is the same— it's conceptually, like if you made like a cartoon sexy lady Wayne Gretzky to attract the Wayne Gretzky. [chuckles]

Travis: Now, hold on! Is it too late for Dad to change his action? I wanna make a sexy Stanley Cup that they all wanna kiss.

Justin: Okay... So, you're trying to just distract with this Hard Light Stanley Cup?

Clint: Yeah!

Justin: Okay.

Clint: I mean, in a... you know what? Distract him... Is Beef away from the elevator?

Justin: Beef is near you at the elevator. Montrose is at the other end of the fellowship hall, being glared at by Wayne Gretzky.

Clint: And the elevator is closed, correct?

Justin: Correct. But you do hear movement behind you. There's movement in the elevator. It's like coming to where you are, we think. We hope.

Clint: [chuckles] Okay, I'm gonna project the Give a Ghost Projector right in front of the elevator door.

Justin: Okay, great.

Clint: So, that's tinker?

Justin: I mean, I think it's probably sway 'cause you're trying to trick Wayne Gretzky with a fake—

Clint: Oh, but I'm creating something—

Travis: Now, Justin, I assume this is not the real 1984 team, right? This is Hard Light— or what year is it?

Justin: Yeah, well, I'm— we're not gonna talk about what year it is, but I mean, it would be weird for you to see Wayne Gretzky alive right now. [chuckles] I mean, here's what I can, it's weird— it would be weird to see Wayne Gretzky alive.

Travis: So, then it would be an attune roll?

Justin: Mr. Gretzky, it's far in the future, I'm not trying— If you're having to be like—

Griffin: This is not a threat.

Justin: This is not a threat.

Travis: [chuckles]

Justin: You're just— and you know what? God willing and the creek don't rise, I hope you live to 300 years, but I'm just saying.

Clint: Okay, attune then. Attune and risky?

Justin: Yeah! Well...

Clint: Desperate?

Justin: I would say, actually, it's controlled. I mean 'cause like there's not really any danger— well, no, actually, 'cause all the other— yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, you're in danger. It's risky, standard.

Clint: Risky... not desperate?

Justin: Sorry, risky, limited. I'm sorry, dad, but it's gonna be tough to fool Wayne Gretzky. And also, he won the '83, '84... Oilers won the Stanley Cup, so he's not gonna be as excited about it.

Clint: Justin, Justin... they always want another Stanley Cup.

Justin: That is so true. It's so true.

Travis: They're trying to get the set, they're decorated in different ways.

Justin: Cement his legacy, yeah. Do you wanna roll? Or...

Clint: Okay. And I'm gonna push myself.

Griffin: If you win the Stanley Cup two years in a row, when they write your name on the cup, you can write like a silly nickname. And that's a huge honor.

Justin: Yeah, and they glue— yeah, they'll give— yeah, it's huge.

Travis: And they'll give you a large for 25 cents more.

Clint: Here I go!

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: 6, 1, 5, 4!

Justin: Wow. Okay dad, you illuminate the cup and the team that has been circling you stops, and they're kind of transfixed by it. And Gretzky, like a velociraptor in Jurassic Park, stops as if he's heard something. And then slowly, he pivots towards you. And again, like a velociraptor, he starts swaying across the ice, his eyes locked on to your Stanley Cup. And his hands drop his stick and he just puts out his fingers like claws, much like a velociraptor. And now he's—

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: And now, he's skating towards you with his dead-black eyes, like a velociraptor's eyes.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Justin: Skating straight at you.

Travis: Once again, Mr. Gretzky, if you're listening... yeah, I actually—

Griffin: That is not a threat.

Travis: I think it's a huge compliment, in fact. I would love to be compared to one of the greatest hunters of all time. Justin, can I reach the stick that he dropped?

Justin: Ooh! You could, with a little effort, yeah. It's not, I would say— you know what, Trav? I'm gonna say yes 'cause the other players are kind of transfixed by the fake Stanley Cup. So, yeah.

Travis: Okay, great! I'm gonna use that stick 'cause they can't just— like unless they suddenly stopped. If they got mesmerized, they're still kind of circling a little bit, aimlessly, and I'm gonna hook one of their ankles.

Justin: Oh, okay?

Clint: Oh, it could put you in the penalty box!

Travis: That's fine. So, we're gonna say a skirmish roll.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: And this is going to be... yeah, what's the input value here? What's my posish?

Justin: This... we'll call this... you're not in any immediate danger, but you do only have one shot at this. So, it is gonna be risky, standard again. Who are you trying to take out?

Travis: I'm gonna say... one of the circling players, which ever one I can—

Justin: Glenn Anderson, Jari Kurri, Mark Messier?

Travis: Yeah, Glenn Anderson. No, I would never mess with Messier.

Clint: Get Messier!

Travis: No, I would never.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: I'm just trying to hook one, 'cause if they're circling...

Justin: Oh, nice! Okay, good, cool.

Travis: I only have to get one, bud.

Justin: All right, let's see if it works!

Travis: And I have greater potency against Hard Light and tech. So, I don't think that has an effect on the effect or the position or anything, but just something to keep in mind if it works.

Clint: Oh, you have you knuckle dusters too, remember?

Travis: Yes, yes. That's— yes. The... Oh no, what did I call 'em?

Clint: What did you call 'em?

Travis: Circuit breakers.

Clint: Yeah, the circuit breakers.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Mixed success, 4, 4 and a 2.

Justin: 4, 4 and a 2, mixed success... Okay, you— Travis, you punch Mark Messier right in his fuckin' nose.

Travis: No, that's not what I said I did?

Justin: [chuckles] What did you do?

Travis: I used the hockey stick to hook his ankle, 'cause I'm on the ground.

Justin: You hook his ankle with the hockey stick and he goes tumbling forward. And then in a kind of hilarious situation, the ones that were all skating start falling into each other.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: And then lastly, is... lastly is Glenn Anderson, who is the last one to fall. And Jari Kurri is tumbling towards Glenn Anderson, but falls just short. So, unsatisfyingly, Glenn Anderson skates away. And you had this beautiful image, but Glenn Anderson just sort of peels off.

Travis: Glenn!

Justin: So now, he and Gretzky are closing on you from opposite angles.

Travis: Okay. I'm going to regain my footing, by the way, with the help of the hockey stick.

Justin: Okay, great.

Griffin: Now that everyone's kind of been pulled away, can I get into the garage?

Justin: Yes.

Griffin: Okay. What's up in there?

Justin: You throw open the door, it's one of those... it's like garage door, but manually operated. You grab the bottom by the handles and with that like loud, metallic rattling, you throw it up. And you see like huge, bright beams of light emanating from behind an incredible neon purple Zamboni.

Griffin: Yeah.

Montrose: Hello, gorgeous.

Griffin: I'm gonna hop up in there.

Justin: Okay?

Griffin: And I mean, I...

Justin: I'm assuming— I'm kind of playing it like you're doing this while that other stuff is happening, 'cause it would be wild for you to not.

Griffin: Sure, sure.

Justin: [chuckles] So, that scene that we just talked about is playing out while you are hopping into the Zamboni.

Griffin: Great. Yeah, man, I turn it on.

Justin: You gun it.

Griffin: And drive on out there.

Justin: Yeah?

Griffin: And I say:

Montrose: We got off on the wrong foot. Let's smooth things over a bit!

Griffin: And I'm just gonna drive right into the—

Justin: That's a good Zamboni line.

Griffin: Thanks!

Travis: That was good.

Griffin: Yeah, no, I really flexed there to pull that one out.

Justin: Okay, Griff, let's get— what would this be, right? Zamboni piloting?

Griffin: Probably finesse is—

Justin: Yeah, finesse. I guess it's finesse.

Griffin: Driving a vehicle. Well, let me check, hold on.

Travis: Yeah, "Handle a vehicle or mount."

Griffin: Yeah. So, I'm just gonna smash right into those two remaining dudes!

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Posish?

Justin: Risky, standard.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Okay, good, you got a 6.

Griffin: 6!

Justin: With a 6... with a 6, Wayne Gretzky turns around when he hears the engine rev. But it's just too late and you see him sucked into the great brushes and wheels and cogs of this incredible Zamboni. And you see him sort of [distorted voice] 'digitally distort like this.' And his body is sucked up into the wheels. And Glenn Anderson watches Gretzky, the great one, Wayne, his friend and he says:

Glenn: I... I can't... I can't— there's no— 1984, there's no Oilers without him.

Justin: And he just sort of lays down and lets the Zamboni claim him too.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: With a 6, is what happens. And then you hear... ping! And the doors open.

Travis: Yeah, I get in the elevator.

Funny Man: Excellent job! You've triumphed over the Edmonton Oilers! And my sinfluencers and my Heeley warriors! Who will be waiting next?

Travis: I just press the S button and hold the door open for Emerich and Montrose to get on.

Justin: Okay.

Montrose: Well, hold on, isn't there another floor?

Justin: There's four floors.

Beef: Oh my god!

Montrose: I mean, I will not rest until this man's whole operation has been completely disassembled.

Beef: Okay, yeah, I get you.

Griffin: I try to drive the Zamboni into the elevator. Like:

Montrose: Maybe we can use this one on the next— oh, it doesn't fit.

Beef: No... okay!

Travis: And I hit four too! Yeah.

Justin: You hit floor four?

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: By the way, that was a very cool floor.

Griffin: That was my favorite floor so far.

Justin: The doors open. Wait until you see this one, Dad.

Clint: Okay!

Justin: The doors open and you hear the speakers come on again.

Funny Man: And now, it's time for you to—[chuckles]

Montrose: Go ahead, Funny Man. No, crack yourself up.

Funny Man: And now, it's time for you to face my— one of my most devious, devious henchmen!

Justin: And the door opens and you're standing in what seems to be a sort of like conference room. You can tell by the artificial light, it's maybe like 3:00 in the afternoon. And you just see a guy sitting there in what seems to be like a mid-tier office chair. It's like swivels, but there's no arms. He's wearing a blue Oxford and khakis, and brown loafers. And in his hand, you can see he's got a knife. You hear Funny Man say:

Funny Man: Get ready—[chuckles] Get ready to meet a middle-aged man with a paring knife!

Middle-aged Man: Oh, hey. Hey, guys.

Beef: Hey, man.

Middle-aged Man: Welcome to my floor, I guess.

Beef: Are you evil?

Travis: I'm holding the door. I have not gotten off the door. Off the elevator. Like, I have my hand there, you know, holding the door open.

Middle-aged Man: I mean, nobody thinks they are, right? But I mean, I am— I'm working... I'm working for Funny Man. I guess he's not the best guy. But I mean—

Beef: Well but I mean, in this economy...

Middle-aged Man: If you follow the ladder far enough, I mean, even if you buy fuckin' salad dressing, Black Rock owns it, you know? So, if you follow the chain, it's hard to say are any of us evil or good. But I mean, I don't

know. I do have a paring knife and he told me to try to... I mean, stab you guys with it. So...

Beef: Could you put the knife down?

Middle-aged Man: I probably shouldn't 'cause he's watching.

Funny Man: I'm watching everything!

Middle-aged Man: See? He's watching everything, so... It would be bad for me, like career-wise, I think.

Montrose: Would you mind accompanying us down to the lower floor where we just did the hockey fight? I have a Zamboni down there that has your name on it.

Middle-aged Man: Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Beef: Or could you go down with us to floor two and stab the guy who called me Queef?

Montrose: That would be great.

Middle-aged Man: Sorry, what did he call you?

Beef: He called me Queef.

Middle-aged Man: What's your real name?

Beef: Beef.

Middle-aged Man: Oh, that's hilarious.

Beef: It's not even my real name! That's my stage name!

Middle-aged Man: That's hilarious, actually.

Beef: Okay, all right.

Middle-aged Man: But no, I'm gonna stay here... Which one of your guys should I... do you want me to stab— should I stab—

Travis: I walk up and I slap him really hard.

Middle-aged Man: Ah! Fuck!

Travis: Do I have to roll? [chuckles]

Justin: No.

Middle-aged Man: Why did you do that?

Beef: Well, 'cause I wanted to best you, but I didn't wanna like hurt you. Like, put the knife down.

Middle-aged Man: Okay, I gotta— well, I'm not gonna put the knife down. I've gotta stab—

Beef: Okay, try to stab me. Try to stab me.

Middle-aged Man: Are you sure?

Beef: Yeah.

Middle-aged Man: You're not gonna be... you're not gonna be PO'd, right?

Beef: Now, I want this to look good. Go for it.

Middle-aged Man: Okay! Cool. Great!

Justin: All right, Travis. You see him... he's gonna go Norman Bates. Like he rears back with his hand over—

Montrose: No, no, no, that's— that ain't— that's not proper stabbing—

Emerich: Hm...

Beef: No, no, no, do underhand. You're going for the gut, man, what are you doing?

Middle-aged Man: Oh, okay.

Emerich: This is a paring knife! You know?

Middle-aged Man: I've never actually...

Beef: Yeah, don't go for like—

Middle-aged Man: Okay, so you go for the... go for the gut?

Beef: Yeah, what are you gonna stab me in the top of the head? Yeah man, you're trying to tchew-tchew-tchew! You know?

Emerich: Are you left-handed or right-handed?

Middle-aged Man: I'm left, I'm a left. Should I be using my right hand?

Montrose: You're holding it in your right hand, what are you doing?

Emerich: Yeah! It's in your right hand.

Middle-aged Man: You guys are being so cool about this, thank you very much. I really appreciate it.

Beef: Oh, thought I'd give you a chance.

Middle-aged Man: Okay, so, I'll just— and then sort of just jam it into his guts, okay.

Beef: Yeah!

Justin: He rears back and he starts to stab towards your guts, Beef.

Travis: Okay, I slap him again.

Middle-aged Man: Ah, fuck!

Clint: [chuckles]

Beef: Sorry! Can I just say that was a reaction. I was gonna let you stab, I'm so sorry.

Middle-aged Man: It's okay. Ah, fuck, man... Okay... Can I— I'm gonna stab you this time, right?

Beef: Yeah, go for it.

Justin: And then he rears back and he goes to stab you.

Travis: Okay.

Beef: Ooh, ah!

Travis: I raise my hand, but I hold it...

Justin: Okay and—

Travis: I'm gonna resist.

Justin: Okay?

Travis: I have battle born. So, I spend my special armor to reduce harm from an attack. Which I don't know... I guess, reduce it—

Justin: We'll just do armor. So, this would be—

Travis: I mean, everybody has three armor, right. If they're wearing armor, they have regular armor. And then if they're wearing heavy armor, they have heavy armor. But there's a box that says 'special armor.' Which is a thing you can use in a lot of different special abilities.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: And basically, it's just a way to track that you've used it.

Justin: So, I'm asking— what I'm asking you is more literal. What is your special armor?

Travis: Oh! What is mine? I... I brace for it, right, in my career both as an arm wrestler, just general scrapper growing up and being a thing. Like, I'm flexing to kind of brace for an impact. Much like Houdini might. So, my special armor is like the prep of I am about to get hurt and I'm gonna like shift slightly and flex slightly to kind reduce the impact.

Griffin: Is it like in a... it is like a Our Flag Means Death, where they learn how to get stabbed the right.

Travis: Exactly, yes, correct.

Justin: Okay, that's perfect! So, he... [chuckles] I don't even think you have to roll for this, Travis, he just— he goes to stab you, and he does. And he stabs you in the stomach. And you can see his eyes like pop out. And the knife's like buried in you and you don't seem to be daunted it at all. And he pulls the knife out and he's kind of looking at you to see if you're gonna do anything.

Beef: Okay, so now's the part where I get to like, either seriously hurt you, or can just like give me the knife.

Middle-aged Man: Oh! Yeah, I mean, here. You can have it. I'm... this is what he told— I only had to stab you guys. So...

Beef: Okay, now so—

Montrose: How did that— and how did that feel when you did that?

Beef: A good question!

Middle-aged Man: Can I be honest? I think I'm gonna go to like a night school or community college or something. I don't think career-wise this is...

Beef: That's amazing.

Montrose: What's your name, there?

Middle-aged Man: What?

Montrose: What's your name?

Middle-aged Man: Justin.

Beef: And Justin, what are you gonna specialize in? Like accounting, dental school? What do you want?

Emerich: What do you like? What's your dream job? What's the dream job—

Justin [PC]: I guess I've always wanted... hm... You know, I never really thought about that. I've never really had like— I've always been someone who's more about like consuming that I am about creating. Does that make sense? Like I've never really found my niche, you know? It always seemed like no matter how much I applied myself at something, there was always somebody who was like better at it than me, which sort of negated the value of doing it, I feel like.

Beef: Well now, you say that, but a middle manager is more important than you might think! We are entrepreneurs, but we're rarely able to actually be on location. So, if you ever wanted to be like the middle management kind of running things while the big bosses were off doing other stuff, you go to your night school, right, and then you give us a call.

Travis: Oh, and I hand him our card.

Beef: And you know, I like the way— listen, you followed orders, you were a real—

Justin [PC]: You know what? This is really cool. Like, I... I have kind of hated this thing. So, the idea that I could join like a nice, legitimate

organization and not like a... you know, not be a criminal. This really means a lot. Hey, can I say something?

Beef: What does that even mean these days?

Montrose: What is crime?

Justin [PC]: Thank you, because the idea that a legitimate business would be willing to take a chance on somebody with my record and my RAP sheet is honestly inspiring because it is honestly a miserable litany of crimes against the human spirit that would turn your stomach.

Beef: How do you feel about—

Justin [PC]: But thank you so much for having me as a part of your group. I will—

Beef: You say crime...

Justin [PC]: 100 Gs to start? I mean, does that sound—

Beef: What's a G?

Justin [PC]: Call you Tuesday. Pound it.

Justin: And then he jumps out the window. [chuckles]

Beef: What?!

Montrose: This is... I did not expect this to turn into a fucking recruitment drive for Poppy's Boys, but... here we are.

Justin: There's only one floor left.

Emerich: He took direction so...

Beef: Should we go back and see if we can hire the sinfluencer? Like, we skimmed right over that, but we've hired—

Justin: I don't think there's a lot more to the sinfluencer! [chuckles]

Griffin: No, yeah—

Travis: But it's such a cool name, Justin!

Justin: I don't think you need to go back to that floor!

Emerich: All right, back on the elevator! And all we got left is S, right? And we've done five?

Beef: I don't think there is a five. I think that's S, you're looking at it, that's an S.

Emerich: Oh, it looks like a five though, doesn't it?

Beef: Yeah...

Montrose: It sure does.

Emerich: Oh, okay!

Clint: Emerich pushes the S.

Justin: It was a five. Good job, dad, you figured it out, you cracked my code. [chuckles] But you— and you find yourself in what appears to be the most upper level of the steeple of this church. The windows, the ceiling are all glass. You can see they're like hand-opened, you know, that kind of old-timey design. And what you see is honestly pretty startling. You see Funny Man in a throne, his right leg draped over the arm of this throne and he's got what appears to be a nerf gun in his hand. And in front of him is Kenchal Denton, who has been attached to a sort of spinning wheel. It looks almost like one of those hypnosis kind of wheels, you know?

Griffin: Sure.

Justin: But he's been attached to it and, hilariously, Funny Man has... is firing these nerf balls at Kenchal Denton as he turns. But you notice with every... whenever the nerf ball actually hits something, there is a small explosion. So, these are extremely dangerous nerf balls. And you hear Kenchal say:

Kenchal: Listen! This has gone far enough!

Justin: And Funny Man says:

Funny Man: What are you so worried about? You're protected.

Justin: And Kenchal Denton, hilariously, has been placed in one of the Edmonton Oilers costumes while Funny Man is shooting at him.

Kenchal: This isn't gonna do anything to stop that!

Justin: And then there's another explosion right near his head.

Funny Man: Oh, look who's finally joined us!

Beef: Oh, is it— are you talking to us? Sorry! We didn't wanna interrupt.

Funny Man: No, I appreciate it! There's nothing I love more than a good monologue!

Montrose: Funny Man, would you mind walking us through sort of the connective tissue of the sort of... traps that you have set for us? 'Cause honestly, I... it is all so... just random?

Funny Man: It's like a Wednesday New York Times crossword puzzle!

Beef: See— oh, see, I was gonna say it feels like—

Funny Man: Themeless!

Beef: ... You called all your friends to help you move, and these are just the ones who showed up kind of thing. Like that's kind of the vibe I was getting.

Funny Man: Well, isn't it terrifying to not be able to understand why all these desperate forces are joining together to support me, the new king of crime in Gutter City!

Beef: Was there an old king of crime?

Funny Man: ... No!

Beef: Okay!

Funny Man: See a need, fill a need! That's what I say!

Beef: That's beautiful! Yeah, that's capitalism! So, Kenchal, you doing okay?

Kenchal: Yeah! It's going fucking great!

Justin: And then there's another explosion right near his hand.

Emerich: Since we're in obvious question mode, would you like us to help you?

Justin: He doesn't even respond to that, he just kind of stares at you.

Beef: Hey, Funny Man, quick question. So, we've been kind of on this track for a couple days now. Is you kidnapping Kenchal like the first thing you did as part of this, or like how far back does your involvement in this kind of thing go?

Funny Man: I don't have to explain my plans to you! I'm glad you're here, though, for the big finale!

Beef: Oh, I just— it's just you said the king of crime, I just assumed that you would wanna brag about your exploits and kind of explain how cool everything you did was. But if you don't want to, that's fine.

Funny Man: Oh, well, I suppose... [chuckles] I heard about Kenchal Denton's surprise birthday party at the church across the street, and I knew

that I'd have all the time I needed to build up my forces here for this explosive ending!

Beef: And that's it?

Funny Man: And then I got him! And I brought him here!

Montrose: Long shot though, you had nothing to do with Paul Pantry?

Funny Man: What?

Montrose: That's fine. I didn't think so, but like on the off chance that— anyway...

Funny Man: Enough talk!

Justin: And then he shoots the tennis ball launcher at right where the three of you are standing.

Griffin: I'm gonna leap out of the way, I guess.

Justin: Good, okay, you're gonna leap out of the way. Travis?

Travis: I go—

Justin: I'll say he aims it, right. Like he aims it, you guys have a second to say what you're doing next.

Travis: I'm going to catch it with soft— no, I'm gonna leap out of the way as well.

Justin: Okay, here's what we'll do, we'll do a group roll. If Emerich is into that. If Emerich has another idea?

Clint: Emerich has another idea.

Justin: Okay, Emerich, do your idea.

Clint: Falling back on his life-long love of hockey, he's going to swat it back at Funny Man with his... his lightning hook. Like a hockey stick.

Justin: Oh, okay! Great, Dad, that's a great idea that you've done. In fact, I'm going to say the other two leapt out of the way, harmlessly. [chuckles] And then dad, you're going to swat it away.

Griffin: I love when bomb squads come to like you know, when somebody's like fishing in the river and they pull up a grenade and they call the bomb squad. And the bomb squad shows up and then they use a big hockey stick to just sort of slap shot the grenade really far away from them.

Travis: You've got this! We'll go with plan A! Hit it with hockey stick.

Clint: What do you think, Skirmish?

Griffin: We can just go—

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: We can just go get another one of these made, right? 'Cause we done that before.

Justin: What, the lightning hook?

Griffin: The lightning hook, not a new Emerich.

Justin: Right, right, right, yes.

Clint: Okay, so, skirmish?

Justin: Yup!

Clint: I feel good about this!

Justin: Why?

Clint: I don't know!

Justin: Okay.

Clint: I'd say this is desperate, wouldn't you?

Justin: Oh, fuck yeah!

Clint: Yeah! And... I would say, what do you think, extreme, great, limited?

Justin: Extreme's nothing, that's not a real thing in it. So, let's say this is—

Clint: I'm looking right at it! It says extreme.

Justin: Okay, oh, that's if you crit. Okay. This is a standard effect, I mean, you're just doing a standard hit the explosive nerf ball away.

Travis: Just your basic...

Griffin: Just a basic one of those.

Clint: Yeah! And I think that I'm going to push again. Good lord, it didn't take me long to refill stress.

Travis: Well, you keep doing things that maybe your character's not inherently good at. [chuckles]

Clint: Oh, but he is good at it, all grown up. Standing there at the side of Ted Dredway, learning all about hockey.

Travis: Yeah... Yeah, ask anyone! Learning about hockey and how it works makes you physically good at it. [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Clint: Well, his arms are a lot stronger because you took him on a hook ride.

Justin: Do you roll.

Clint: Okay! Here we go. Watch this.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Whoa!

Justin: 2, 1.

Clint: 2, 1...

Griffin: Do you say— did Emerich say 'watch this?'

Justin: Yeah, Emerich, I need to know if you said 'watch this.'

Griffin: You must know we were watching this.

Clint: Yeah.

Emerich: Watch this, fellas!

Travis: I am going to protect him. I have a thing called body guard and part of teamwork is you can protect a teammate. The rope that is still tied to his waist, that I used as my balloon, I pull him down and use my body as cover.

Justin: Okay. To... To what— I mean, what does that do to you?

Travis: So, I take the damage instead of him.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: And I get a plus one die to the resistance roll.

Justin: Okay, so Beef, you pull him out of the way and it kind of pulls the three of you—

Travis: I see him about to hit the thing and I'm like:

Beef: What? No!

Justin: What? No! Fuck!

Travis: And I pull him down and cover him.

Justin: You see him and then you yank him out of the way. And... you see the ball bounce off the table.

Funny Man: I would never blow you three up until you've heard my plan!

Beef: Ah, man! Ugh!

Funny Man: That was not a real one!

Justin: [chuckles]

Funny Man: Just having a bit of fun!

Emerich: You can be a bit of a prick, Funny Man.

Funny Man: What did you call me?

Emerich: Funny Man?

Montrose: I think he meant prick.

Justin: Okay. [chuckles] So, you pulled him out of the way, he threw the ball at you. And he says:

Funny Man: Yeah, see? I... I always keep a few blanks in here for fun!

Justin: And then just to prove himself, he raises it at the ceiling and fires, and the glass shatters and tinkles down on to you guys. And Beef, you take mild harm. [chuckles]

Travis: Okay. Well, I'm gonna roll to resist it.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: Skirmish?

Justin: Mm-hm.

Travis: And then I get a bonus die for body guard.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: A 3, 2, 1, a 5. 5!

Justin: Okay, so suffer six stress, minus the highest die result.

Griffin: So, you take one stress.

Justin: So one stress! That's pretty good, Trav! Good job!

Travis: Thank you. And then it reduces it, right? So if it was mild, I get nothing?

Justin: Yeah! You're good.

Travis: Okay, good.

Griffin: I say:

Montrose: All right, Funny Man, are you gonna explain the plan or... it seems like you're really, really making a meal out of this, my friend.

Funny Man: If you can be quiet for long enough!

Travis: Oh, wow.

Justin: And then he points.

Funny Man: The next one is no blank!

Justin: And then he's pointing it at the three of you. Are you ready?

Beef: Yeah, you said be quiet?

Funny Man: Thank you! I didn't expect you to, appreciate it, honestly! I'm ready to reveal the identity of Deep Dark!

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

Funny Man: No one would ever expect this beautiful baby billionaire. But Deep Dark is Kenchal Denton!

Justin: And then he puts the black goalie's mask on to Kenchal.

Funny Man: Look! It's as though he were here! Deep Dark is Kenchal Denton!

Justin: And then at that moment, you hear the light that has been bathing this room is interrupted by a silhouette. A dark silhouette. And a rope shoots down from the ceiling and lands right next to Funny Man, as you see a dark figure swoop down from the sky and you hear:

Deep Dark: Do you know the difference between him and me?! I'm not wearing hockey pads!

Justin: And then a huge fist smashes into Funny Man's face, and it's Deep Dark standing over Funny Man. And he unstraps Kenchal.

Deep Dark: So... what did you think?

Beef: That was really good.

Montrose: It was pretty cool. Hey, can you—

Justin: No, he's asking Kenchal!

Griffin: Oh.

Justin: And then you see Funny Man stand up.

Funny Man: So, it would kind of be like that! We could do a themed one every night! Different people could try to stop me and we could have a different captive every night! What do you think?

Beef: Oh my god!

Montrose: Jesus Christ...

Emerich: Oh god...

Beef: Are you kidding me?!

Deep Dark: We've been playing on it forever!

Funny Man: Yeah! We could even do holiday-themed ones like Funny Man's Halloween surprise or maybe another thing?

Beef: That would be really good.

Kenchal: You know what? It was... [chuckles] it was different. But can we call you?

Funny Man: Yes! But don't wait too long!

Deep Dark: Yeah! We'll take this somewhere else!

Kenchal: Guys, seriously, I appreciate it. And this was a lot of fun, thanks. It really did kick off a pretty wild birthday celebration.

Justin: And then Kenchal straightens his suit and he dusts himself off and he turns to your three and says:

Kenchal: Now, did you guys need something?

[Steeplechase theme music plays]

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