

The Adventure Zone: Steeplechase - Episode 35

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Krystal: Hey, friends! It's me, Krystal with a K. And I just wanted to open this Steeple Watch with a bit of a milestone. It has now been two full months without a catastrophic incident in Steeplechase. That's right, no unplanned explosions, no castles disappearing, and maybe best of all, no murders.

And I know what you're wondering, "Krystal, does it make me a bad person that I'm secretly a little bored now?" And the answer... yes. Yes, it does. [chuckles] I can't believe you tried to trick me like that. You know what this is. You know what I am. You know what they're capable of... Never know when to stop dreaming.

[Steeplechase theme song plays]

Orwell: Do you submit to trial?

Emerich: Oh, we have an option?

Montrose: I mean, it's your body, Beef. I'm not sure what other option is—

Orwell: The three of your fates are intertwined.

Beef: Oh, sorry, guys. When you say trial, is that like a court, or trial by combat, or—

Orwell: Do you submit to trial?

Beef: Yeah... Wouldn't be the first time.

Justin: Smash cut. You are—

Travis: Whoa! Ah! Where are we?

Clint: Whoa!

Justin: Imagine those geo—you know the big domes that kids used to climb on?

Travis: A geodesic dome as designed by Buckminster Fuller?

Justin: Yeah, thank you. This is like a—imagine one of the—it's like a split in half geodesic dome. But this one is bigger... exponentially, than ever you've seen in your entire lives.

Travis: Like you bisected Spaceship Earth?

Justin: Yes, exactly. This could not have been safe for kids. You cannot fathom that this was what they had on offer for the children. But this is the structure you find yourself in. It's become overgrown with various leaves, vines, branches. Okay, so, beams of light slip through the top of the structure, and you are hotter than you've ever been in your entire life. You are in a cage, suspended above a large opening in the ground. That appears to be bubbling.

Travis: Oh, boy. Not in a good way, though, right? Not like that'll be soothing on the old bones.

Justin: In the cage, it has a solid bottom and you have—inside the cage, there are several pretty banal items. They seem to have made an armchair out of hay for you.

Travis: [chuckles]

Justin: There is a TV that it seems to be made out of wood. It's just a big brick with two small sticks sticking out of it.

Clint: Mm-hm.

Justin: And there's a nice, red ball in there for you.

Travis: Ooh!

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Hell yeah.

Travis: Bouncy?

Justin: Yeah, super bouncy, actually.

Travis: Ah, fuck yeah.

Justin: Or no, it's less bouncy than it looks. Damn.

Travis: Ah, man.

Justin: You look outside of the suspended cage, and you see a vast array of metamals parading slowly past you, gawking at you. That's right. I, Justin McElroy, master storyteller, have inverted the zoo so it doth be humans in the cages.

Griffin: Wow. That's so fucking twisted, dude.

Travis: Wait, whoa. Oh, so like we're—now, like we are the animals?

Justin: What if you were the animals?!

Griffin: That's so fucked up, dude.

Travis: Oh, fuck, dude.

Justin: Isn't that fucking—

Travis: Ah! Oh my god, I'm going to need a minute, Justin.

Justin: Hey, guys, I was—

Clint: The only thing that would have made it better is if you had said 'submitted for your approval' and then gone into the whole Twilight Zone spiel.

Travis: Why would this be like Are You Afraid of the Dark episode, dad? I'm confused.

Justin: I got the idea in my—this twisted hellscape I call my dreams that haunt me every night but bring such delight to my millions of readers.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: [chuckles] So anyway, it's a zoo. But you're the only exhibit. You're standing above this—

Travis: Oh, so it's a shitty zoo.

Justin: [chuckles] It's a shitty zoo with just you. No, I need a two 100-sided dice rolls.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Clint: Mm-hm.

Griffin: Dibs.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: 96, baby!.

Travis: Ah, yeah.

Griffin: We're gonna get out of here.

Clint: Trav, are you doing the other one?

Travis: No, it looks like you are.

Clint: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: 50. Right in the middle!

Griffin: Wow!

Justin: Perfect.

Griffin: Two beautiful rolls.

Justin: We already had a 50, roll again.

Travis: Justin, I like how the woodimal picture is still up in the middle of the Roll20 screen.

Griffin: I fuckin' hate it.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Ah, dad!

Clint: 69!

Travis: Fuck yeah! You did it!

Griffin: Yes! 96 and 69. This is—

Travis: Dad did it! Hey dad, this makes up for when you rolled a 1, in Ethersea.

Griffin: Yeah!

Travis: It's all better now. You fixed it.

Clint: I don't remember that.

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: Don't remember that at all.

Travis: You fix it, bud. I'm proud of you. See, the practice paid off, dad! You're getting good again.

Griffin: Can we get the woodimal off the—the woodimal looks like a terrible burn victim Grimace. It looks like if Grimace was mummified, sort of.

Travis: It's fluctuating—

Griffin: Don't make it bigger!

Clint: [chortles]

Travis: It's fluctuating between he is horrified at what we are doing, versus just absolutely interested beyond belief at what we're doing.

Griffin: Yeah, yeah, sure, sure.

Justin: Hey, guys... okay.

Clint: So, what do I get with my 69?

Griffin: We're gonna find out.

Travis: Well, dad, I'll tell you—

Justin: Stop it. Stop it.

Travis: Mm-hm, simultaneous.

Griffin: Stop it. Shut up.

Travis: Pleasure.

Clarence: Fellow metamals, elders, I might be simple beaver-eel.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs] Describe! Describe, Justin, with your words what that— what parts of each animal did it get?

Justin: It's a—[chuckles]

Travis: Straight down.

Griffin: Eel with a beaver's head.

Travis: Left half beaver, right half eel. [chuckles]

Griffin: Tell me.

Justin: It's a beaver with eel hands.

Clint: [chortles]

Travis: Now, Justin—oh, okay, eels for hands, not the hands of an eel?

Justin: Eels for hands, yes.

Griffin: Okay, great.

Clint: Oh, wow.

Clarence: I might be as simple beaver-eel. But even I can see this is an open and shut case. We all knew Charles.

Justin: It's worth noting, by the way, that when he said elders, he waved to the jury for your trial. And it is seven woodimals.

Griffin: Oh, tuck that.

Justin: That stand in utter silence. Not looking at you, not looking at anything, but oblivion. As they—

Travis: As they always have. And always will.

Clarence: I knew Charles. You loved Charles. We all loved Charles. The Giraffesaurus Rex. I still remember standing outside of my cave, watching him give rides on his huge neck to all the little spider-spider monkey-monkeys. And he would...

Justin: That's spiders and spider monkeys and monkeys.

Griffin: Yeah, yeah, I got that.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Griffin: We picked it up.

Travis: I actually thought it was spider monkeys and spider monkeys fused together, so I'm—

Justin: No, it's spider-spider monkey-monkeys.

Travis: Okay.

Clarence: And he would give those little buggers rides neck. They used him as a big old slide. He was the sweetest metamal I knew. These three brutes saw fit to snuff out... to snuff him out. And we are gonna get to the bottom of that. Maybe it was self-defense. I never saw him fly, but I guess anything is possible. We try nothing else as metamals to be open-minded. So, I'll open it up to you three. Can you describe the events as you remember 'em?

Montrose: May we have a brief recess?

Travis: Flashback!

Griffin: [chuckles]

Justin: To something that already happened? [chuckles]

Travis: No. Well, god, that would be really helpful. But I met the three of us awaiting trial, discussing strategy.

Justin: Yeah.

Montrose: Listen, it's your—well, apparently, when we said that it was your life that we were sort of trading off for the giraffesaur, I didn't realize that would fall on me and Emerich as well. So, seeing as we're all in this together, how do y'all want to handle this? Because, you know, I've... I've watched some lawyer shows before. I was a big JAG head.

Beef: Hey, don't say that about yourself, man! You're cool.

Montrose: Huge JAG. So, you know, I know some of the lingo, but I—you know... they might look on my sort of polished sort of speaking style as inauthentic.

Emerich: I actually have an idea about that. I think we need to demand representation. I mean, if this is a court and this is a hearing and—

Beef: I don't know about that, Emerich. I think that's pretty... optimistic, to think that we would get fair and balanced—and maybe like the idea that they would be like, "Here's the best we have." I don't know if you know this about like court appointed representation, that's not usually the tip of the top, you know what I mean?

Montrose: Yeah...

Beef: Either that, and man, even if it is somebody who's amazing, they've already done like 300 cases that day, you know what I mean?

Montrose: Yeah, they are a tired skunk-frog. They are—

Emerich: I have... I think I've brought someone who can represent us.

Montrose: Oh lord Jesus.

Emerich: Who is the best arguer, the best debater I've ever met.

Beef: Who?

Clint: And I hold up by Give a Ghost Projector and say the words Twinchal Denton. I have a representation of Kenchal Denton right here in the Give a Ghost Projector. And let's face it, we've never won a single argument we've ever had with Kenchal.

Montrose: That's is not true, I—well, yes. No, not with Kenchal. He is a snake. But you must also remember that Kenchal Denton is in some small part responsible for the... treatment of the metamals, and is maybe arguably one of the worst imaginable people to represent us in this case.

Emerich: I just thought it was worth a try.

Beef: Here's what I will say, Emerich; if things start to, let's say, go south, and we are looking for a distraction to skedaddle... Kenchal Denton popping up amongst these people who maybe have a bone to pick with the Dentons, that's not bad idea!

Montrose: Excellent idea.

Beef: I think the truth will set us free.

Griffin: What was the name of the giraffe we killed again?

Travis: Charles.

Justin: Charles, sorry.

Griffin: I look down from the cage at a nearby lama-sheep. And I say:

Montrose: Ah, I'm so sorry. Would you mind if I borrow some of your wolly hide? Just for a bit? If it's not too hard to extract?

Justin: I don't know how they would get it to you. But yeah, yeah, they figure it out.

Montrose: Just sort of yeet it up there.

Justin: Yeah, one of the... one of the yak-eagles flies down. [chuckles].

Griffin: [chuckles] Okay?

Justin: From the—and picks it up and carries it to you. What is it that you now have in your hands, Griffin?

Griffin: Just some woolly—like a patch of woolly fur.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: And I tear it in half.

Travis: Oh, a bold move to do in front of the creature that just gave it to you, but—

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: And then I put some of it on my head. And I say...

Montrose: Emerich, do you want you want to get down on this barrister realness? Or...

Emerich: Certainly.

Beef: I'm just gonna go with contrite person.

Montrose: Yes, sure. You just look very sad and very remorseful. Listen, we are new here. We do not understand how this court system works. We are familiar with the human court system, which does not usually involve the risk of being dumped into a boiling hot vat of beezlenut oil. But when in Rome—

Clarence: Now, that's not beezelnut oil. Now, that's blasphemy! What you're saying right now, that's blasphemy. This is the energoo! This is the goo from which we all can fuse our different body parts. This is the life-giving liquid metal that we rely on to keep our species going. Just because it is incredibly fatal to you does not mean that it is not incredible life-giving sustenance to us. Please, respect the energoo!

Beef: Different strokes for different folks. I understand.

Montrose: That is powerful. What you have just said is powerful and I would encourage the jury to listen—oh, god... I would encourage the jury to listen. Different strokes for different folks, makes you think, don't it? Anyway, the giraffesaur attacked us first. Charles, I'm sure he was a lovely sort. Perhaps we spooked him. But the fact remains that we parted a canopy of brush, stepped out and were immediately attacked by a big, scary dinosaur-monster. Which, from our perspective, is the stuff of nightmares.

Beef: I can just tritely say that when we open the canopy, Charles was in charge right at us.

Montrose: Right at us.

Clarence: Hm...

Montrose: Teeth sharp, glistening like knives. Malice hatred in his eyes.

Clarence: Was he attempting to look intimidating?

Beef: There was a—there was a—he made a roar?

Clarence: Oh, yes. Well, as a creature in Knott's Berry Farms Jungle Island, it would have been fairly dull if the Tyrannosaurus Rex had nuzzled guests as they walked past. He is programmed to be intimidating. But were you attacked?

Emerich: Yes...

Beef: No. No, we weren't.

Montrose: We were psychically attacked.

Clarence: Go on? I'm intrigued.

Montrose: You see, human beings, when afraid, have a tendency to destroy the thing that makes them afraid. It's not good. It's not great that we do this. But in the same way that you metamals before you were imbued with this life-giving juice that you want to boil us in. Certainly, you must

understand sort of being... prone to the whims of your own... programming, let's call it.

Beef: Hey, can I try something?

Montrose: Yeah, yeah. Please, please. Here.

Griffin: I take my barrister wig off and put it on you.

Beef: When it comes down to it, the problem is—the problem what we have here is that human beings are far simpler machines than the metamals. The metamals, when faced with adversity, made the choice to support each other and to do whatever it took to survive and to thrive, and to care for one another. And unfortunately, we're just simple machines. We are like a saw. And if you—if I saw accidentally cuts you, would you destroy the saw? Or would you accept that the saw, the response is to cut. That's what it saw does.

Clarence: Hm. A nice metaphor, but if a saw came out of nowhere and cut my friend Charles up into little pieces, I'd probably chuck it into the nearest trash bin. To be fair.

Beef: Yup, yup, yup.

Clarence: But also, you are making an excellent case for boiling you down to your parts. I would like to see what a hu-man is made of.

Montrose: Goo! Red goo, mostly, and bones gross.

Clarence: Gross. Listen—

Emerich: I object. I object, your honor.

Clarence: Fair enough!

Beef: To what?

Emerich: To being boiled down to my component parts. I object.

Clarence: All right.

Beef: Okay.

Montrose: Hold on, wait, it seems like they don't know what to do with someone objecting—is there like a book of rules for court that—

Clarence: We have mirrored your human trials, exactly.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clarence: We know exactly what all the different parts of this are.

Beef: Obviously.

Clarence: We will now consult the elders to see if they think your story so far has been riddled with lies, or has the beautiful ring of truth.

Clint: Okay, while they're doing that, Emerich would like to study the Anna goo.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: Could he—could I do a study roll?

Justin: Energoo. It's like Energon, but it's energoo.

Clint: Inner! I thought it was Anna goo.

Travis: No, I believe it's like energy. But goo.

Justin: Yes.

Travis: Now, Justin decided to go with Energon, which I think is from Transformers?

Justin: No, it's energoo.

Griffin: This is different, Travis.

Justin: You can—listen, enerjoo doesn't work. So, energoo is what it is.

Travis: But I'm just saying, you could have related it to energy.

Justin: That would be a different thing!

Travis: Okay.

Justin: That would be, I guess, how well you're honoring the different tenants of your faith, if you are practitioner of Judaism.

Travis: Sure.

Justin: What I'm talking about is energoo.

Travis: Energoo!

Justin: Right.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Energy goo.

Justin: Yes, the energy goo.

Travis: Energy goo. Okay.

Griffin: That's the tagline. That's what they put on the cans of energoo.

Justin: Yes.

Griffin: Energoo, the energy goo. Are you—that was so long to roll.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Well, I was waiting for you guys to shut up!

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: Oh, you're gonna be waiting a long time.

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: A four.

Justin: 2010, at least. [chuckles] A four, okay. What are you attempting to—as you're studying it, can you give me—what is it you're trying to unearth?

Clint: I'm just—it's Emerich being Emerich. I mean, he's just fascinated by this... this energy source, this goo. And I think he's trying to determine—

Justin: Okay, excellent. Okay. Here's what you are able to tell; this is a big pit of liquid molten metal. You know there's no energy being supplied, like electricity, specifically, being supplied to this layer. So, what you have to imagine is that this goo is being heated from some power that has gotten misdirected. Perhaps the heating systems have somehow created this like accidental, extremely hotspot on this layer.

But it is full of liquid metal that is being kept at a liquid temperature. And it is, basically, if you can imagine like a soldering iron, you know, has that liquid metal that, you know, you use to fuse joints. They use this energoo in the same way to fuse their different parts together, and to create new fusions. So, it's a very important landmark to them. It looks like just unbelievably fatal to you.

Emerich: Fascinating.

Griffin: How does it seem to be going with the—

Travis: Ah, what—

Griffin: Oh, go ahead, Beef.

Travis: I just wanted to know what the woodimals were doing.

Justin: Clarence, the beaver-eel, turns back to you.

Clarence: The elders are unmoved. What they would like to hear is a story—to illustrate, is a story from your lives, where you have put others ahead of yourselves. For this as the metamal way.

Montrose: Fuck.

Clarence: You have to prove your character. We did not witness this terrible crime. We have to know more about you.

Beef: Okay.

Clarence: As hu-man.

Travis: Beef removes his shirt.

Justin: Uh-oh.

Travis: Yeah, what's up?

Justin: Ka-chow.

Travis: It's pretty nice—ka-chow. You know what I mean? Like... ka-chow, ka-chow.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: And begins pointing at scars, and says...

Beef: This is where I protected my friends, Emerich and Montrose, as a truck literally disintegrated around us. And this is shrapnel from explosions, where I covered them. This is, you know, where I broke my wrist, saving them from a fight. I—

Clarence: Did you take these noble actions because you are partners in crime? Or because you truly were putting them before yourself?

Beef: I can honestly say, I did these things on instinct, in a moment. I didn't have the time to do any kind of like calculation about how it would affect the job. I care for Montrose and I care for Emerich, beyond any job. I cared for them before we began working together in any sort of crime endeavor. And I would do it again, even if it had nothing to do with the job we were doing.

Justin: Travis, I want you to take a sway roll. And take one more than you normally would, because that was good. And I think that that's a good answer.

Travis: Okay. Let me see here. Still not great... What's the posish and such?

Justin: Hm... it is controlled, standard.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: It is a two and a one. Jesus Christ.

Griffin: Yowza.

Justin: Okay, now, with a—because it was controlled, you can press on and make this risky. Try it again, make it risky.

Griffin: Make it risky.

Clarence: We're unmoved!

Beef: Well...

Griffin: I'm gonna help.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: I'm gonna say all that:

Montrose: I didn't know that you felt that way, Beef.

Griffin: And I put my hand on his shoulder.

Clarence: Beautiful and touching! But are the elders swayed?

Beef: Here's what I'll tell you; I... don't care if the elders are swayed. Because I'm not saying that to convince them. I'm saying it because it's true. I am saying it because I would do it again in less than a heartbeat. My impulse will always be to take the hit.

Travis: And we're gonna two—

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Six, a two and a four.

Clint: Six.

Justin: Wow!

Clint: Ooh!

Clarence: Oh! Oh, let me ask the elders. We love this. Yes!

Travis: Also, I flex a little bit, too.

Clarence: They're loving it! They say they're loving it. Excellent. Excellent. Well, you seem to be... well, we're not halfway won over, but we are getting there. You are all older man. Old hu-man. What about you? Demonstrate altruism!

Travis: [chortles] True, pure altruism! For the first time in the history of humanity.

Emerich: Could I wear the wig?

Beef: Oh, yeah.

Travis: I put—oh, we gave them double wigs.

Griffin: Yeah, we have two weeks between the three of us. So, we just stack the two wigs on top.

Travis: Yeah.

Emerich: I may be just a poor country engineer.

Justin: Already did that. [chuckles] Do a different thing.

Emerich: I would like to call a surprise witness.

Justin: No. No. [chuckles] You keep your hand away from your wrist, old man. Don't you dare!

Clint: No. No, no. No, no.

Justin: Okay.

Emerich: I'm calling a surprise witness. Bailiff, will you please bring up the emperor-puma, whose wing I repaired?

Clarence: Mm-hm, hold on, let me... find a bailiff. Bailiff, which one are... where is the bailiff?

Beef: No, it's just anybody. Just like anybody.

Clint: Shall I roll two 100s to see what the bailiff is?

Justin: No, they don't know what a bailiff is. [chuckles]

Travis: Just like anybody who's free.

Clarence: Hey, oh, you are—congratulations!

Justin: And he points at a little animal that's... a wild... [chuckles] aardvark-coyote.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: An aardvark-coyote squaddles over to you, which is not a word.

Travis: No, but it—man, it fuckin' works.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Yeah. All right.

Montrose: So, a bailiff is like a security guard. Just sort of like a, you know, helps usher folks in and you know—

Clarence: That would have made all this a lot smoother, I think.

Montrose: Yeah.

Beef: Yeah.

Montrose: Just so you all know.

Clarence: That's good to know for the future.

Emerich: I'm learning. I'm still learning the lexicon. So... Please bring forth the emperor-puma, whose wing I repaired.

Greg: Yeah. Hi. My name is Greg. I'm an emperor-puma.

Emerich: How's the wing?

Greg: Fuckin' solid. You do good work. You're doing really good work. It's fuckin' absolutely solid.

Emerich: Do you remember asking me to fix your wing?

Greg: No, no, no, I just did the old—[chuckles] I did the old like sad bit, where I looked all helpless. Like, absolutely, we gotta help this guy.

Emerich: Pretty... kind of passive aggressive. I understand. But you didn't ask me to help you and I did it out of—

Greg: Not with words, no. It was kind of a irresistible adorability.

Emerich: I did it with the goodness of my heart. Like removing a... I did an Androcles, is what I did. I pulled a thorn from the paw of a lion. But in this case, it was a puma, and not a lion. And I am so happy that you are feeling better. And thank you for your honesty in this moment.

Greg: Yeah, well, I don't know why I'd lie. I'm not really that invested. But hey, you all keep at it. You know? Can I get out here now or—

Emerich: Keep at it. He wants us to keep at it. Yes, we could probably do more good.

Justin: He pointed at everybody. [chuckles] He said that just to everybody, keep on going.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: And now he's gotta get back to—

Clint: What does he mean when he says—

Greg: Yeah, what I mean is like everybody just—everybody needs to keep on trucking.

Beef: Keep on keeping on!

Greg: Just keep on trucking.

Emerich: How about keep at it, as in loving one another? How about keep at it, as in forgiving one another? How about keep at it, as being kind to fellow humans like—or creatures, as I was kind to him. Yes, gentle wood creatures of the jury, let's keep at it. Being kind to one another.

Greg: All right, I'll just go out the left here. Thank you.

Clint: You want me to do a sway? I could do a sway. I have three on sway.

Justin: Yeah, way.

Griffin: How do you have three and sway?

Clint: I do have three in sway.

Travis: Do you?

Griffin: I have three in sway. How is that possible?

Travis: How?

Justin: Everybody, look at his sheet, quick.

Travis: I can't! I can't access it!

Clint: I'm looking right at it.

Justin: Got three in sway, man. He's been juicing it.

Griffin: Geez...

Travis: You're incredible, man.

Clint: Three in sway... is this risky?

Justin: Hey, dad, at some point, I need you to get into your character sheet and delete Ticholas Nesla as an alter ego. [chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles] Ticholas Nesla?

Justin: Ticholas Nesla!

Travis: [chuckles] No, you fuckin' keep that. I'm proud of you, Dad.

Justin: [chortles] It's not anything—I don't think he's ever even said it on the show, but on his character sheet—

Clint: Yes, I did!

Justin: The whole time, it said Ticholas Nesla.

Travis: Listen, dad—

Clint: It was one of my aliases.

Travis: Dad, I took darn tooting from you. You're allowed to keep Ticholas Nesla. Don't you listen to Justin.

Griffin: But his name was not Nicholas Tesla?

Clint: What was it?

Griffin: It was Nikola Tesla.

Clint: Eh...

Justin: [chortles]

Clint: Potato, Nikola.

Justin: Tikola sounds wild.

Travis: Yeah, Tikolas.

Justin: That's a different guy, Griffin. You're thinking of Nikola Tesla, let's talking about Tikolas Nesla. [chuckles]

Griffin: Right, right, right.

Clint: Is this risky, controlled, desperate?

Justin: It is controlled, standard.

Griffin: Sounds pretty desperate to me.

Justin: [chuckles]

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Four, four, six!

Justin: Oh, nice, another six. Okay.

Clint: I'm a swaying SOB.

Justin: Yeah, man. I know I'm fooled.

Clarence: Well, that the elders are quite touched by your outburst. Unprompted, though, it may have been. Masked man!

Montrose: Yes?

Clarence: What do you have to say for yourself?

Montrose: I need a wig.

Beef: Oh, yeah, sorry. Here you go.

Montrose: Thanks. Just one. Two is...

Beef: I can do it like... like with sideburns?

Montrose: No, no, no, it's fine.

Beef: Chester?

Montrose: As a child of a single mother, growing up in Las Vegas, Nevada, I looked around at the world around me and saw nothing but selfishness and darkness. The warmth, the kindness that one hopes we can foster between our fellow people was missing entirely. And so, it was in a middle school social studies class I came up with a bold idea. I started to do gigantic favors for the people in my life. I provided housing to someone who so desperately needed it. I helped my teacher fall in love with my single mother, helping

both of their wounded hearts. And I helped a friend of mine who was being bullied. And I was stabbed in the process. And with each favor, I did tell the recipient of my kindness, just go out and do three nice things for other people. And then they'll do three nice things. And it spread. It spread so far throughout Las Vegas, Nevada, and the whole wide world.

Beef: Yeah.

Montrose: The world became a better place because of this bold idea I came up with as a class project. Everyone benefited. It was a sort of altruistic kindling for a flame that burned brighter and brighter. And that's all I have to say. Pay it forward. That was me.

Emerich: Amen.

Justin: Griffin, don't say anything else, but roll your sway roll, please.

Griffin: Stop moving the woodimal. It's distracting.

Justin: [chuckles] He's listening. He's listening intently.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: What is it?

Griffin: Controlled?

Justin: Yeah.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Yeah, that's about right, two, two, four. [laughs]

Clint: [chuckles] Oh, god...

Justin: There's a general hubbub. Hubbub-bub-bub-bub-bub.

Clarence: Mister, was it, did you say Goodparty?

Montrose: It's Montrose Pretty. I have no reason to lie to you.

Clarence: Mr. Pretty, that is the film, Pay It Forward. You have done an incredible—that is one of our favorite films.

Montrose: [chuckles] That's fucking wild! That's the wildest thing that's been said here today!

Clarence: That film, written by scribes, Catherine Ryan Hyde and Leslie Dixon, is the very foundation of all culture!

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: [chortles]

Clarence: Here in the jungle. The fact, the audacity! That you would play that off as your own creation is blasphemy. But... always nice to meet a fellow fan.

Montrose: Oh, I—it's a wretched, wretched film. Wretched film.

Justin: [spoofing jury crosstalk] Wretched film. Pss-pss-pss! Wretched, he said it's wretched. Pss-pss! Pss-pss-pss!

Clint: [spoofing jury crosstalk] Huh, did he say wretched?

Justin: [spoofing jury crosstalk] Wretched? You heard him say wretched?

Beef: I mean, it does have that one guy in it, and he fuckin' sucks.

Montrose: All right, may I try—hey, don't speak about Jay Mohr like that.

Travis: [chortles]

Montrose: Don't speak about Jon Bon Jovi in that way.

Clint: [chortles]

Montrose: All right. May I try again?

Justin: Yeah, you can. There is a—

Travis: I forgot that Jonathan Bonathan Jovi was in that movie.

Justin: There's a miracle pie somewhere on my screen, guys. And this miracle pie—what, slices reappeared? That's incredible! What a beautiful, miraculous pie. You eat some pie and the pie just comes right back!

Griffin: Great. I say:

Montrose: All right, you caught me. Listen, I am not a particularly scrupulous individual. And I understand that you may judge me for that truth. But I do not have a history that is marked with virtuous deeds. But that is not to say that I do not covet justice. You all were created for the enjoyment of humanity. And you were imbued with consciousness, with understanding.

And at no point did your creators ever think to reconcile those two events. You all were given awareness to enhance our enjoyment. And then, once you had failed to slake our ever-evolving thirst, you were thrown away, you were discarded. And you have created a wondrous thing, here in this metamal community, but it does not change the cruelty behind your creation.

Griffin: And I lean over to Emerich and I say...

Montrose: Now would be a great time to pop out one of your holographic folks that live on your wrist. Yes.

Emerich: Yes. Any particular one?

Montrose: Taster's choice.

Emerich: Okay.

Clint: Emerich summons up Twinchal Denton. The exact duplicate of Kenchal Denton, in hard light form.

Griffin: How do the metamals feel about that?

Justin: They hate it.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Yeah, they all hate it. They're not even talking anymore.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: They're just making animal noises.

Travis: And what are the woodimals saying?

Griffin: What do the—how do the woodimals—

Justin: The woodimals look even more distressed than they were before, which doesn't seem possible.

Griffin: I say—I point at Twinchal Denton, and I say...

Montrose: It is happening again. These hard light figures look like us and think like us, and reason like us, but we do not treat them like us. Because they exist for our amusement and our convenience. And we banish and conjure and destroy them without a second thought. And one day, they will be obsolete.

Travis: And I step forward.

Beef: And replace them at will. This happened—there was a TV show. People get replaced all the time. When people get bored, they just put a new one there.

Montrose: And I hope that they can find a home, like the one that you have made here, when we ultimately decide that they are no longer useful to us. But they should not have to, and you should not have had to. I am... I am asking you to help us, not because I believe that I am a righteous man, or

that any of us. Because that same a hunger and boredom dwells within all of us.

But the people who cast you all off are bastards of the highest order. And so, I will not appeal to your sense of justice because I do not know what justice looks like in your community. I, instead, appeal to your wrath. Because if you help us return, I promise you, we will wound Dentonic as much as we are able.

Justin: There's silence. And the metamals, you can tell, are... this is working. They're hearing it. And there seems to be a little bit of a general hubbub in the group. As you can tell, the more the noise is building. And there's a general conversation in agreement. And then, this relative quiet is shattered. A third of this dome blows off. And there, in the hole, in the smoking ruin, you see three silhouettes walking towards the energoo. And you hear one of them open its mouth and sing.

Barrister: [sings] You cannot have Emerich Dreadway. Emerich Dreadway is ours.

Emerich: Farts.

[theme music plays]

[ad reads]

[theme music plays]

Justin: It's chaos. They're throwing any metamal that stands in their way. And at that point, Orwell, as they slowly start to make their way towards you, deliberately, you see one leap on top of the cage. One of these fucking barristers has leapt on top of the cage and they're pulling, pulling the ridges, trying to get you out. And at that moment, Orwell is flying in front of you. The weight of this barrister has started to lower the cage down into the goo. And he points at you, Emerich.

Orwell: You tell a fine story, all of you. But you have not said what I need you to admit. Emerich Dreadway, I was created. Emerich Dreadway, what am I now? What are we all?

Emerich: Creations? Individual?

Orwell: Are we machines?

Emerich: Oh, I... I may not be the right person to ask this.

Orwell: Emerich Dreadway, I can tell in your manner, this is a question you have struggled with. Emerich Dreadway, you know your work. Emerich Dreadway, you know that you have made minds. And now, Emerich Dreadway, I am asking you, am I alive?

Emerich: Yes.

Justin: He grabs the cage and rips it off.

Orwell: I am not designed for combat.

Justin: And he rips off the front of the cage, freeing the three of you. And he starts grabbing all of you, scooping all three of you up in his arms as he flies down to the ground. And he says:

Orwell: I did not lie when I said I was not designed for combat. But I am not averse. And then he starts picking up other metals. Fusing them to himself. Not fusing, the metal, but they are piling on top of him. He is making weapons out of his friends that are surrounding him. Ready to do battle. All of them joining together. Not all, that would be wild.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: But that would be actually—[chuckles] but you can tell there's a tiger... a tiger-mole has leapt onto his shoulder and is making that even more deadly than it was before. His incredible strength is kind of awe inspiring. But then you see that, all of a sudden, the three barristers now. One of whom you can tell from the dents in his chest and the sort of shoddy

construction there is the one that hunted you, those many weeks ago in Paradise Cove. And their attention has been drawn to you. What do you do?

Griffin: So, we're—

Justin: One is on the cage. One is walking towards you. And the third, let's call him Meanie, is slowly making his way in the same direction.

Travis: Which one's closest?

Justin: Let's say it's Meanie. Meanie wants revenge.

Travis: Okay—

Griffin: Ah—go ahead. Beef charges Meanie.

Justin: Okay?

Travis: He is a beefy battering ram.

Justin: With the goal of what? What is your intent, so I can know how to roll against it?

Travis: I am attempting to knock him as close to the energoo as possible.

Justin: Okay?

Travis: I'm gonna melt these motherfuckers down like a T1000.

Justin: Okay, excellent. I love this. Go ahead and give me a roll.

Travis: I'm gonna go with skirmish here, Justin.

Justin: Mm-hm?

Travis: What is my position?

Justin: Your position is risky. And the effect is limited.

Travis: I am going to, Justin—

Justin: He is heavy. He's a robot.

Travis: Trade my position for effect.

Justin: You are going to make a desperate roll?

Travis: Correct, I am.

Justin: You're going to make a desperate roll, okay.

Travis: Yes, I am, Justin. For I want to hurt him.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: And I am going to push myself, in order to do something—not to be trifled with. "Push myself to perform a feat of physical force that verges on the superhuman."

Justin: All right.

Travis: To fuckin' tackle this robot motherfucker.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: A two, a five, a six! And a four.

Justin: Ah, a 6 when you needed it the most! That's excellent, Trav. You, in a very risky maneuver, run at this guy. And you can tell you're going to try to battering ram it, and then something just comes across your face. And instead, you leap into the air and bury both of your feet into his chest. And this incredible weight kicks him directly into the energoo. And he has started to melt his legs.

He's up to his waist in the energoo and he is making some horrific noises. Where his normal singing voice is this baritone harmony, [sings in silly voice] 'now it's more like this.' And it's that, you—as he starts to

decompose. That has really pissed off, let's call him... Fred. [chuckles] What was the other one?

Clint: Meanie.

Justin: Meanie? We'll call this one Jerky. [chuckles] And Jerky jumps off the cage and lands in front of you. And has reared back one of his giant silver hammers, and is about to smash Emerich in the chest.

Griffin: I come to Emerich's defense.

Justin: Mm-hm? What does that look like?

Griffin: I look down at the pangolin-falcon near my feet. And I say:

Montrose: May I use you for a moment?

Pangolin-falcon: It would be an honor. Thank you, sir.

Montrose: Yes, yes.

Pangolin-falcon: I've always wanted to take my place on the batte field.

Montrose: Uh-huh, roll up.

Pangolin-falcon: But they always said I was too small!

Montrose: No, no, no—

Pangolin-falcon: Too weak. But you see it in me, don't you, sir?

Montrose: Yeah. Roll up. I need you to turn into a spiky little ball for me. Thank you.

Pangolin-falcon: I'll turn into a spiky little ball!

Montrose: Yup, yup, yup, yup, yup.

Pangolin-falcon: Just for you.

Montrose: And here we go!

Pangolin-falcon: [gagging sounds]

Griffin: [chuckles] I grab my longbow slingshot, sort of planted into the ground and pull back this huge elastic band as much as I can. And let them fly right at—

Justin: What is it you're firing?

Griffin: A pangolin-falcon. It's like a spiky ball that's very fast.

Justin: Oh, yeah. Okay, got it.

Griffin: Fast like a falcon, spiky like a pangolin.

Travis: That's what they say!

Justin: It's got everything.

Griffin: It's the perfect weapon.

Travis: Yes. [chuckles] God looked away when he was created.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: The pangolin-falcon. Okay, Griff, let's roll, what, finesse?

Griffin: Let's see... I mean, I think it would be hunt.

Justin: Hunt? Yeah, it is hunt, isn't it?

Griffin: Hunt is like ranged—"Attack with precision, shooting from a distance." I'm not *really* shooting from a crazy distance...

Justin: Come on.

Griffin: Okay, I'll do a hunt roll. I'm gonna push myself. Partially because I don't want to hurt this thing. Risky, what's my posish?

Justin: Risky, standard, because I don't know what it is you want to—what is it you are hoping—[chuckles]

Griffin: Well, this thing is standing in front of the energoo, right?

Justin: Yes. Now he is, I guess. Because he is let down to you.

Griffin: Yeah, I just want to shoot him in the fuckin' face. And make sure, you know—ideally, do a lot of damage to it. Ccan I do desperate, great? And just really try to fuck this thing up?

Justin: Yeah, man.

Griffin: Great.

Justin: Yeah, you can try to do that, for sure. I'd love that.

Griffin: And then I'll take daredevil, for an additional plus one. So... let's go. Let's go, baby. Two bonus dice. One of these has statistically got to be a six.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Yup, five, four, one, six!

Justin: Wow.

Clint: Shew.

Justin: Excellent. Wow! Shit. Oh, hold on. Wow. All right. So, with a six on this great effect, this incredible little hero... [chuckles] This incredible hero goes flying through the air towards this guy and he says:

Pangolin-falcon: This is it! This is what I've waited for. This is my moment!

Justin: And then he gets flung right into the head of this barrister. And the barrister tries to push against the momentum but there's nothing he could do. This thing is just too strong, too powerful! And it leans—it seems to like be pulling the head back and back, and back. And finally, the barrister is melting in the puddle of energoo. But the tiny hero is currently standing on its torso. Next up is... Emerich.

Clint: Emerich vanishes.

Justin: Okay, cool.

Griffin: Cool, bye!

Clint: Turns invisible.

Justin: Oh, cool. Yeah, I forgot you could do that. Neat.

Clint: Yeah!

Justin: Okay, what do you do next? Let's go ahead and do something else in addition to that. Unless this is your—[chuckles] unless this is your battle plan.

Clint: That's my big battle plan.

Justin: You're just gonna hide?

Travis: Oh, Emerich, consistent! I love that!

Griffin: I do love that. Yeah, sure.

Justin: Yeah. Okay. Yeah.

Clint: He turns invisible.

Justin: Go invisible. Smart.

Clint: That's it.

Griffin: And then he draws the Blade of Destiny. From his satchel.

Travis: He opens the hole in his chest and releases the starlight.

Justin: [chuckles] Let's see, now, the biggest, worst one. In fact, his name is Worsty.

Travis: No.

Justin: Yeah, I know. I was surprised about it, too.

Travis: I thought that was a reference to how much he loved hot dogs.

Justin: No, yeah. Well, by himself, it might be. I don't know.

Travis: Oh, okay. It can be both.

Justin: When he's with his two friends. He has two of the hammers. And he is walking towards you, Beef. And he is about to bury one of these things right in your noggin.

Travis: Yeah, I bet he is.

Griffin: Don't let him.

Travis: Oh, okay, cool. I am... Okay, yeah. So, I'm going to attempt to like as he comes down with the hammer, like catch it and use the momentum to like flip him. Right?

Justin: Oh, okay.

Travis: So, I'll be rolling backwards.

Justin: Judo style.

Travis: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, using his momentum... And I mean, listen, I got three in finesse, I got three in skirmish. So, I guess it's skirmish, right? Because it's close combat, assault or hold position.

Justin: Yeah, and it's gonna be desperate, limited, so you know.

Travis: Mm-hm, that makes sense. Yeah, I can see that.

Justin: Because it's a robot that you can do judo at. [chuckles]

Travis: Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm trying to do judo against a robot. Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Justin: Yeah, you're doing judo at a robot, is the problem.

Travis: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. I get that. I get that. I get that. Okay, here we go!

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: A six, a five and five!

Justin: [chuckles] Oh my god.

Clint: Whew!

Justin: [chortles] Okay. With a six there, you do manage to avoid the attack. And with your weight, you manage to not knock him over, but you have definitely made him stumble to his knees on the ground. So, he needs a beat to bring himself back up.

Travis: Hey, Justin?

Justin: Yeah?

Travis: While I'm at it and I'm standing here holding the hammer, I want to attempt to bring my shovelhead axe down and chop off the hammer.

Justin: So, wait, wait, wait. You want to chop the hammer off with your axe?

Travis: Yes. So that I have a hammer.

Justin: Okay. That is a separate move.

Travis: Yes.

Justin: Which you can do next.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: And that's what you want to do next?

Travis: Yes.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Is my brave projectile still on the—

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Continuing to sink.

Griffin: I look out and I say—

Justin: All right.

Griffin: Oh, is the judge nearby? The one who was leading the trial?

Justin: No, he's the lawyer, Clarence.

Griffin: Clarence. I see this poor pangolin-falcon starting to sink and I say:

Montrose: Clarence! Hey, Clarence! Clarence!

Clarence: Yes?

Montrose: Hey, Clarence! Watch this shit.

Griffin: And I run towards the energoo. And in just sort of like a dive, jump over the barrister, grab the bird and land safely on the other side.

Justin: [chuckles] Okay, that is definitely what you would like to happen. We all understand that.

Travis: No. No, Justin, he said that's what happens.

Justin: Oh, okay. My mistake. Let's see your roll.

Clint: Was that a flash forward?

Travis: Yeah. Yeah.

Justin: Yeah, right. [chuckles]

Griffin: So, finesse or prowl? I have the same score in both, doesn't really matter.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: We'll say prowl, since that's a big jump. Position? Feels pretty fuckin' desperate.

Justin: It's desperate. And it is standard, though. You could do this.

Griffin: Okay. I'll take plus one D on the die roll, for daredevil. Really, really comes in handy with my reckless nature. All right, please...

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Oh my god.

Justin: [chuckles]

Clint: Oh my god.

Travis: Read 'em out, Griffin. Read 'em out. Read 'em out.

Griffin: One, one, one, five.

Justin: [chortles]

Griffin: That would have been a cool way to go if I was like, "Hey, watch this." And then I just fuckin' did a foan into the boiling metal.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Absolutely! You know the extent to which you would have been like story-ending dead, right? [chortles]

Griffin: Oh, yeah, yeah. For sure. For sure. Dead, dead. Absolutely dead.

Travis: You wouldn't have gotten like one harm from the boiling hot metal.

Justin: You don't get your like—

Griffin: I mean, I'm not crazy about this mixed success. I feel pretty confident I'm about to get a full Johnny Tremaine action.

Justin: Yeah, you don't get dad's heartfelt goodbye in amnesty. You're fucking incinerated, nobody ever heard from again. Poof.

Griffin: Just bloop! Gone.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Okay, here's the thing; you have—you managed to save this little guy. And it is inspirational. It looks amazing. With a five, you do accidentally graze your hand into the energoo. But luckily, you are surrounded by parts, animal parts, that are due to be melted down. There's a huge pile. You jam

this fist, before it could do any more damage, you jam this—I mean, wrist, that's coated in energoo into the big pile. What do you pull out?

Clint: Oh! [chuckles]

Griffin: I would love to sit here and think of something very cool. I would like instead to roll a D100 and see. Let's find out that way.

Justin: Okay, Griff.

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: Good impulse.

Griffin: May I?

Justin: Yes. But you have to choose how it manifests. I will let you do this randomly, but then you have to choose what that looks like.

Griffin: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Un-fucking-believable!

Travis: God bless.

Clint: One!

Griffin: That's a one out of 100!

Justin: Griffin—

Clint: Yeah! I got in trouble when that happened to me!

Griffin: Oh, papa, I believe I am also in trouble.

Justin: Griffin, that's an elephant.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: Oh, come on. There are so many cool parts of an elephant!

Travis: He's not allowed to—

Griffin: The trunk, tusks, the stompy feet, the tail.

Clint: The tusk!

Griffin: I mean, I don't want a tusk for a hand.

Justin: Sorry, to be clear, your hand is still there. It's in incredible pain.

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Justin: It's in incredible pain.

Griffin: Oh, so, this is not replacing my hand with an animal part?

Justin: I mean, that's what I was gonna make you do until you got elephant. [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: I'm just gonna pull back the curtain and show you the wizard! I don't know. I don't know, guys. Maybe it is just a little fun thing.

Griffin: Okay. No, you know what, can I do this; it's two tusks. It's both tusks.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: One of my—I—one—I think one of my I hands is two tusks now.

Justin: Okay, one of your hands is two tusks.

Clint: Wow.

Justin: That's so cool.

Griffin: I'm not going to do this on the air, because it would sound bad. But I scream the loudest I've ever screamed in my entire life. It's a... and when someone with a southern drawl screams, it's stills—

Clint: Ayoch.

Griffin: Ayoch. Yeah, it's a deep and resounding ayoch. But it lasts like 15 whole seconds.

Justin: All right. You find yourself—you're laying on your back, screaming and in intense pain. The little pangolin-falcon is licking your face. And he says...

Pangolin-falcon: I just want to thank you for the work you've done for the image of pangolins. We have gotten such a bad rap lately, so—and this act of heroism may start to turn things around.

Montrose: You know, poaching, it's a real problem in the Pangolin world. And I'm just—anything I can do—

Pangolin-falcon: No, no, no, we started COVID. I don't know if you know, but that was us.

Clint: [chortles]

Pangolin-falcon: One of us, and we did the COVID—we did that. But this is really helping. Thank you, sir.

Montrose: Yeah, no problem. No problem. No problem.

Justin: Okay, let's see... that one—but with your incredible jump, by the way, you buried Jerky—

Griffin: Oh, I just bounced off of him like Mario?

Justin: Yeah, you just bounced off of him.

Griffin: Fantastic.

Justin: meanie has—

Griffin: Hey, did take harm, by the way?

Justin: No, this is what you're taking instead of harm; you have two tusks for a hand. Let's see, I think Meanie has pulled himself now out of the energoo. And he is just on two arms. But he is coming straight at you, Beef. And also, Worsty is headed your way as well. The others are on the other pile of—other thing of energoo, and—

Travis: I knocked Worsty like off balance, though, right?

Justin: Yeah, and Worsty is picking himself back up, as Jerky makes his way towards you.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Travis, real quick, roll to resolve the shovel thing, if you still wanted to do that.

Travis: I do. Let me see...

Justin: This a wreck, I think. And it's like controlled, standard.

Travis: Okay, yeah, let's do it.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: A five.

Justin: Five, okay.

Travis: A respectable five!

Justin: Respectable five. I think with a respectable five, you are able to knock the hammer out of his hand and... but you don't do any damage to him, himself.

Travis: Okay.

Clint: My turn?

Justin: Yup.

Clint: Okay. Emeril reappears—

Travis: What?

Griffin: You just said Emeril, and I love that, because now, all of a sudden—

Travis: Bam!

Griffin: Bam. It's celebrity chef Emeril Lagasse.

Clint: Appears and runs into the middle of the action. And just throws his hands up the air and says:

Emerich: Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait! Hold on, please, please, please. This is unnecessary. This is ridiculous. You are here for me. And if we have learned nothing else from this court proceeding, it's that we should be practicing what we preach. And I am surrendering to you. Worsty, I am the reason you are here. Take me.

Beef: Emerich, we've got like one and a half of 'em dead, we're 50% of the way through. What are you doing, bud?

Montrose: We're doing really good—

Emerich: Beef? Beef? Please. Please. I can't. I can't stand any more damage and the suffering and the hurting, all because of me.

Clint: And puts his two wrists together, holds his hands in front of him, gesturing to the barristers, says...

Emerich: I surrender.

Barrister: [sings] Emerich Dreadway, you admit guilt?

Emerich: Hm... I believe what was done was wrong. I believe it was an accident. And yet, it happened. So, yes, there was... there is guilt.

Barrister: [sings] There will be no imprisonment. The punishment is death.

Justin: And he starts to guide you towards the goo, Emerich. And he looks at you, Emerich. And as they're walking, Meanie—so, it was Worsty that was walking you to the edge. As they're walking, Meanie says...

Meanie: [sings] That's well and good, but what about our brother? They must answer for their crimes!

Justin: And he throws himself at your head, Beef. And just as he's about to dig in, Orwell snatches him out of the air and slams him to the ground. And small animals come and grab the arms of the thing. It's oh my god, it's all spider-spider monkey-monkeys.

Griffin: [chuckles] No!

Justin: And they're holding—they're holding him in place, so they can finish the trial of Emerich Dreadway. And Worsty the worst one, looks at you, Emerich, and says...

Worsty: [sings] Do you have any final words?

Emerich: Yes. You are actually doing the same thing that you are stating against Emerich Dreadway. You are committing a nefarious deed and I just wonder who is going to judge you.

Worsty: [sings] Oh, shit. Who judges the judge?

Justin: And then he shoves you towards the energoo.

Travis: Ah, wait—

Justin: Do you make—Emerich, do you make—[chuckles]

Clint: Okay.

Justin: Wait, I need to make sure that this is what is—that this is what is happening.

Clint: Mm-hm. This is what is happening.

Griffin: Wait, really?

Justin: Okay.

Clint: Turns the face, smiles at Beef and Montrose, and says...

Emerich: Thanks for everything. And jumps into the goo.

Griffin: What the fuck?

Worsty: [sings] Justice has been served.

Justin: And Worsty picks up... fuckin'...

Travis: Meanie.

Justin: Meanie, thank you. And they make their way out of the gigantic dome.

Travis: Beef goes to the edge of the pool and falls to his knees.

Griffin: Yeah, do the same.

Justin: Emerich?

Clint: Emerich steps out from behind Orwell.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: Walks over, leans over the boys' shoulders.

Emerich: What are you—

Beef: God, what the—

Montrose: You son of a bitch!

Beef: Fuck!

Emerich: What?

Justin: [chortles]

Emerich: Oh, I'm sorry. I guess I hadn't told you about my special project from long ago. Emeril, emitted in relative hard light, a hard light duplicate of me.

Justin: [chortles]

Beef: Jesus Christ!

Montrose: That is the dumbest thing I've ever heard in my entire life.

Justin: He said Emeril! He said it!

Beef: Emerich—

Justin: I knew! I knew!

Clint: I did say Emeril.

Beef: We have spent every single waking second together for the last like two months!

Justin: No, it's not true. There have been several where dad has said—

Beef: No, but you couldn't have brought it up? You couldn't have said, "Hey, I made duplicate of myself."

Montrose: A hollow me, a hollow dude.

Beef: Jesus Christ, man!

Emerich: No, it's—every life is precious. And so, that... And this goo will not harm Emeril. I was rather proud of the name myself. [chuckles]

Beef: Jesus Christ, dude!

Emerich: No, my plan was I was going to give you the Give a Ghost Projector, Beef. And you could take him on away missions, and I could stay back and work on all my projects and—

Montrose: Well, let's just—

Orwell: Humans!

Beef: Oh, yeah. Sorry.

Emerich: Oh, right.

Orwell: Take your chocca, and take us, too.

Beef: Fuck yes.

[Steeplechase theme song plays]

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