The Adventure Zone: Steeplechase - Episode 36

Published September 7, 2023 Listen here on mcelroy.family

Krystal: No that's... I'm trying... No, that's what I'm saying! It's never been like this. Yeah, they've sent emails. And maybe, you know, drive past every few days, but... No, mom, I'm not in danger. No, Mom. Mom, I'm not in danger. I'm not in danger. I don't... I don't think I'm in danger. I just... Wait, I... Oh, my mic is on?! But I turned it off? *I know* I turned it off. Mom, I have to go. Mom? Mom?!

[Steeplechase theme song plays]

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

Travis: Is he dead?

Justin: What?

Griffin: Is he dead? Justin, you have to tell us if he's dead.

Travis: Is he dead?

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

Travis: He's dead. Ah, man...

Justin: Where we are... we have just made peace with the metamals, who are going to pledge their support to Poppy's Pals in their campaign for freedom and liberty. But right now, you're walking back towards the fort. Where you kids were—

Travis: [mouths tune]

Justin: Beef, you are killing time with two monk-kangaroos.

Travis: Mm-hm?

Justin: They're hopping a lot. But you get used to it. Their names are Lance and Camille. And you are explaining to them how to play a game of chance, to kill the time. Which game are you attempting to explain to them?

Travis: I'm attempting to explain to them just like a simple shell game. Where you know, like the Red Queen kind of deal. You know, three-card monte. Of just like, you know, it's about you—

Camille: So, start over. So, start over.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: That's Camille.

Travis: Yeah.

Camille: So, start over you. Are you supposed to win?

Beef: Well, so, is who supposed to win. Are you like-is the-

Camille: Is it fair? I mean, can you win?

Beef: Yeah! So, there are a couple of different versions. Specifically, two different versions of it, right. There is the straightforward version—

Lance: I told you, Camille. Two different versions, see?

Beef: But then there's also the version where it's like... there's some sleight of hand going on, and you can't win.

Lance: Oh, but you could—so, you can—it's a... it's a trick?

Beef: Eh... it's a con.

Lance: I told you Camila, a con. See?

Beef: Yeah. So, you have like... You usually do it so they win the first time. Or even the second time. Or you have a plant who, you know, a confederate who is with you. They'll win a bunch. And then the next person steps up feeling very confident. So, they'll put down a lot of money.

Camille: But why doesn't everybody—if you know about it—why doesn't everybody know about it? Why do they do it?

Beef: Well, because you're looking for a sucker. A Mark.

Lance: Yeah, a sucker!

Beef: Yeah, yeah. You want somebody who's gullible to do it.

Camille: Okay. Can I—do you want to—can we try?

Beef: Sure ...

Camille: I'll just hop on your back. Okay.

Beef: No, what?

Camille: Do you have any shells? Shells, shells, shells... Oh, here. Yeah, hold on one second.

Justin: And he goes over to one of the turtle-lions. They are lions with turtles—

Griffin: Not your best.

Justin: Turtle lions? Well, I didn't roll the dice. I'm in a hurry. So, they—

Camille: Hey, can I borrow a little bit of your—

Justin: Okay, and he just pops off a couple of nodules off of the turtle-lion's shell and he brings them back to you. All three of them.

Camille: And here.

Justin: And then he pops off his nose and hands it to you.

Beef: Oh, god.

Camille: So, you could just hide one... You can just hide one underneath whatever you want to do.

Beef: Okay...

Camille: So, I'm going to see if I can do it.

Beef: Okay, let's do it.

Travis: So, I do a shell game.

Justin: Mm-hm?

Travis: And this is what I'm doing to relieve stress. This is my downtime activity.

Justin: Mm-hm, yeah.

Travis: So, should I roll that?

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: Indulge vice... submit. How did I do?

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Okay, a three. Oh my god, that's not enough. That's not enough!

Griffin: That's not enough. You have so much stress, my man.

Travis: I was at eight!

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: I was at eight. It's not enough! Okay, let's—okay.

Beef: You got it. Okay, great. You got it.

Camille: Is it there?

Justin: And he points-

Beef: Yeah, now... Now, one more time. Now, you're feeling pretty-

Camille: You want me to do it again?

Beef: You're feeling pretty confident.

Camille: No. I don't want to do it.

Beef: Well...

Lance: Easy!

Griffin: [chuckles]

Beef: But there's no money. No, I'm just... we're demonstrating.

Lance: He's not doing it again, pal. Sorry, you're gonna have to find another sucker!

Beef: There's no money on the line. We're not betting money. Like, I'm just—

Camille: You can't trick me. I know the first time you let me win. And then I just don't play it again. I bet a million—by the way, I bet a million on the first time. I meant to tell you.

Beef: Okay, a million what?

Camille: Oh... coins.

Beef: Okay. So, this time, we'll do another million coins.

Camille: No way.

Beef: I'm just—oh my god.

Camille: Eight coins. You're gonna have to dig your way out.

Lance: Yeah, pal! And the juice is running!

Beef: Oh my god. Okay, do you guys want to see how the trick works or not?

Camille: Yeah, I guess.

Beef: Okay. All right.

Travis: I'm going to indulge vice one more time. And hope I don't overindulge this time.

Justin: How many stress do you have?

Travis: I have five.

Justin: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: And I rolled a two. God damn it.

Camille: There it is, it's right there. It's right there underneath that one. It's underneath the left one.

Beef: It's not.

Justin: It is, because you only rolled a two. [chuckles]

Travis: Ah, that's bullshit! No, let me roll sleight of hand.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: Hold on. Let me roll a finesse roll, Justin. Justin, let me roll up a finesse roll.

Justin: You can roll a sleight of hand for your dignity. [chuckles]

Travis: Thank you. Thank you. Completely controlled.

Justin: Risk-free. [chuckles]

Travis: Yeah. And I'll push myself.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: [chuckles] A three, a one and a three! God damn it!

Camille: Yeah, it's there on the left. It's there on the left. I saw you try to switch it to the right. But it's there on the left.

Beef: No, but I'm showing you—yeah, but...

Camille: That's two million. And eight. I think. Yeah, 2,000,008.

Lance: Yeah! And the juice is right. Did you tell him about the juice?!

Travis: Okay, I write down on a piece of paper, "Good for 2,000,008 coins."

Clint: Nice.

Beef: There you go, bud.

Camille: I'm set up up now, pretty much.

Beef: Yeah, you're covered. You're good. I'm gonna go away now.

Justin: Montrose.

Griffin: Yeah?

Justin: You have found your way, while we're walking here... During the journey, you... you are going to walk with Orwell. You're walking next to Orwell. Mainly, because you have begun to realize that he's tentative about this situation you're heading into. So, he I would like you to talk through it with him.

Griffin: Okay.

Orwell: There have been... several less than pleasant interactions between us and the children. And I don't know how swiftly that water will pass between the two of us.

Montrose: Yes, they are quite stuck in their ways. But they are, at the end of the day, children. And you all are, you know, sentient animal hybrid constructs. And I think that you have more in common than you might expect.

Orwell: Well, I must hear this. These connections had never occurred to me. Can you outline them, please?

Montrose: You both like to have chocolate.

Orwell: Mm-hm, to possess.

Montrose: To possess it, yes. Obviously, what they do with it is different than what you do with it. But at the end of the day, you both find chocolate quite desirable.

Orwell: Hm.

Montrose: You all love a good time.

Orwell: Mm-hm?

Montrose: And animals, you are them, they like 'em. So, and that's something. That ain't nothing. And also, all of you are subject to the atrocious living conditions of New Kidadelphia. And hopefully, once you understand there is another better way, you all will sort of get behind this effort to escape.

Orwell: I've been attempting to reason out this... fear. The nearest that I can tell, we were all, on some level at some point, programmed to delight children. And I'm worried that faced with them, we will lose what we have fought so hard to define. The essential nature of us, when faced with children, that we will be... compelled to delight them.

Montrose: I must inform you that this is the nature of children. Even human beings will sometimes betray their most important core values and desires to appease a younger generation. I don't think you need to give up on your individuality that you have earned with so much toil. But don't beat yourself up if you do, you know, a handful of guerilla tricks to make a kid laugh. It's not the end of the world.

Orwell: Were you ever a child?

Montrose: Oh, yes. A long time ago.

Orwell: What was it like, being a child?

Montrose: It was... quite lonely.

Orwell: Hm?

Montrose: I... had a difficult time... socializing with my fellow young ones. And in fact, I found most of my sort of peace and joy socializing with, well, attractions at amusement parks, for the most part.

Orwell: Like ... like us?

Montrose: Like you, not so much the woodimals. They have creeped me out forever.

Orwell: I'm sorry that they insisted on bringing them.

Montrose: So, you get it then, right?

Orwell: Are we in the jungle of trust?

Montrose: This is the jungle of trust right here.

Orwell: I do not enjoy the woodimals.

Montrose: Okay. Thank you. I'm so glad, because I felt like you were-

Orwell: I'm afraid to look at them. And I'm afraid to look away.

Montrose: When I said that, I was afraid I was being [overt??] quite fiercely, because I did—I just find them so deeply upsetting. But yes... I'm a sucker for a tailored experience. Particularly when that tailored experience does not require any human-to-human contact. It's why I work here in the first place. I'll be honest with you, I'm not even sure if I work here anymore. Like, I haven't showed up to work for as long as we've been in New Kidadelphia. So... that's a complicated subject. **Orwell**: Are you more comfortable talking to us than you are talking to your own people?

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

Montrose: Not all of them.

Orwell: Should I challenge the children to a test of strength?

Montrose: That might not be the worst idea. Their leader, I think, could be... would be well-served by being taken down a peg or two.

Orwell: Who leads the children now?

Montrose: Well, it's a real... a beefy rascal named Todd Zilla.

Beef: Did you say something?

Montrose: Not you. Not you. Not you.

Beef: Okay ...

Lance: It's the right one!

Beef: Yeah, no, we're not playing anymore. That game is done.

Justin: Great yes-and-ing, Trav. Really, really good, bud.

Griffin: Yeah, great.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: [chuckles] Love it.

Travis: That was yes-and-ing! They keep wanting to play to get more money from me.

Justin: [chuckles]

Travis: I'm not giving them anymore.

Justin: I would've settled for a, "Damn it, I messed up again."

Travis: [chuckles] I'm not giving you the satisfaction! One failed finesse roll is enough!

Clint: A three and a two?!

Justin: [chuckles] You'll lose as long as I tell you to!

Travis: [guffaws]

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: He's grown too powerful!

Justin: Dad, I need you to roll a 100 sided die.

Griffin: Wait, am I—was that a vise thing? Or was that just a convo?

Justin: Not every conversation needs to be—you know what I mean?

Griffin: Okay, that's fine! Yeah, no. Hell yeah.

Justin: You can just talk to people.

Griffin: I love it.

Travis: What?

Justin: [chuckles] I know. Dad, roll 100 sided die.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: That would be a... four?

Justin: A four? Okay.

Travis: Dad, you're so good at getting low numbers out of 100.

Clint: Thank you, Travis.

Justin: There are so many above that.

Travis: There are so many above. Statistically speaking, getting a four is wild.

Clint: Have we done four before?

Justin: No.

Griffin: I rolled—oh, wait. And by the way, hey, can we jump back real quick to Orwell? Just real quick.

Justin: Sure.

Montrose: Hey, also, my hand is tusks.

Orwell: Yes, I have noticed that.

Montrose: Okay, it doesn't hurt, which is weird. Is that the energoo?

Orwell: Yes. It's the bonding agent. Well, it's probably beyond your capacity to understand. Let's see, it's... hm... magical.

Clint: [chuckles]

Montrose: All right. Great. Just wanted to make sure I addressed that.

Beef: And also, Torgus is here!

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Torgus: Ah, yes! I meant to thank you for retrieving me!

Beef: Of course!

Torgus: I'm sorry that I abandoned you before. But you left me on the ground.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Beef: Yes. You were awfully quiet during the fight with the barristers, Torgus.

Torgus: I did request that someone lift me up several times. My requests were unheeded!

Justin: Who's carrying Torgus, by the way? Is it you, beef?

Travis: I am. Yes.

Justin: Okay, that's great. Okay, dad, rolled a four. I need you to roll it again.

Clint: Okay...

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: That's a 53.

Travis: Oh, that's above the middle.

Justin: Oh, man...

Griffin: But just barely.

Clint: I didn't mean to let you down.

Justin: Okay, dad, you... [chuckles] Okay, you are... you found a friend that you're walking with, too. He seems to be younger. His name is Claude. And yeah, Claude is a... jag-panda.

Travis: That's not very nice to say.

Justin: Yeah, but that's what he is. He's got a jaguar body and then the adorable little head of a panda, and cute little panda feet. And then he's got jaguar body.

Travis: Hell yeah.

Justin: He's adorable. His name's Claude. And he's sort of scampering along next to you.

Claude: So, show me again how it works.

Emerich: Are you wanting to learn the shell game as well?

Claude: No, no, no, your wrist thing.

Emerich: Oh, oh, the Give a Ghost.

Claude: Give a Ghost?

Emerich: Give a Ghost Projector.

Claude: Ooh, that's a mouthful.

Emerich: It is. You have to imagine it on the side of a... of like a box. You know, for sale.

Claude: Mm-hm. I guess, sell 'em at the store.

Emerich: No, no, no, no, no, I don't think so. As a matter of fact, I'm not even that comfortable with... to be honest, with you, using it that much. I will show you, if you really do want me to show you.

Claude: Sure. Yeah. It's a long walk. I'm bored. Eeh...

Travis: [chuckles]

Claude: Sometimes I make this sound when I get bored and try to make myself not bored anymore. Eeh-eeh! What do you think?

Travis: I'm sorry, who did you say this was? Is this my three year old?

Clint: Claude.

Justin: This is Claude.

Travis: Oh, okay. I thought it was Dot for a second, because she also does that.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: It's called the jag-panda.

Travis: Okay...

Claude: Eeh!

Travis: [chuckles]

Clint: And let me ask one quick out of context question.

Travis: Never.

Clint: Is this our downtime? Or are we going to have...

Justin: You guys and your adherence for—no, yeah, we'll have some more downtime. This is just what's happening right now.

Clint: Okay.

Justin: If you don't get to do downtime here, we'll do it later. No big deal. This is just the conversations that I thought it'd be interesting to have.

Clint: Okay, sure.

Travis: Sorry, Justin, it's just the rules are very important to us.

Justin: Sure. Yeah. You guys have always been such sticklers. [chuckles]

Travis: Yeah. So, we've built this whole show around an adherence...

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: To the book ...

Justin: Yeah. [chuckles] And meanwhile, John Harper's family keeps asking why there are so many holes in the walls.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: [chuckles] "Stop, please, John! You're tearing your office apart!"

Travis: [chuckles]

Emerich: Here, Claude, let me demonstrate how the Give a Ghost Projector works. I can summon up hard light entities, that's true. But it can also—I can also use this to create things. As a matter of fact, let's do this; I'm going to create a cart on which Torgus can ride.

Claude: Oh, that's a great idea!

Emerich: Which would be a lot easier—

Beef: You can do what?!

Emerich: Yes, I know...

Beef: This thing weighs like 100 pounds!

Emerich: I know! And until I saw you really straining in carrying it—

Beef: I've been carrying it for like 12 hours?!

Emerich: I know, I know. But it wasn't until I saw you playing the game... or attempting to play the game—

Beef: I fought the barristers?! What the hell!

Emerich: I know, it was... Listen, the fan art was brilliant for it. I must say.

Claude: Eeh-eeh-eeh!

Travis: [laughs]

Emerich: And so, now, watch, Claude.

Travis: I love Claude.

Emerich: Claude?

Claude: Yeah?

Emerich: Are you paying attention?

Claude: Sure!

Emerich: Okay, watch!

Clint: And he raises the Give a Ghost Projector and creates this... you know like those mobile popcorn carts? Those old-timey popcorn wagons that the... you know, with the big wheels on the side. And he creates one. And it's Torgo-sized. Torgus-sized.

Claude: Wow!

Emerich: So, you know, and that's how it works!

Clint: That's amazing! Who's gonna pull it?

Emerich: Well, Beef is still gonna pull it. [chuckles] But it'll be a lot easier.

Beef: Ah, man!

Emerich: It'll still be a lot easier!

Griffin: [laughs]

Emerich: It'll be so much easier.

Claude: I can pull it if you attach it to me?

Emerich: Are you serious?

Claude: Sure. Yeah, yeah, yeah! I'll just pull it.

Emerich: Well, that'd be awesome, Claude! Well, you are the best jagpanda. [chuckles] Oh! Here? Yes!

Clint: And it's got like a yoke that would just... the front parts would just sit on some creature's shoulders. And Claude just hunkers down into it and voila! Torgus is mobile. As long as Claude cooperates. [chuckles]

Justin: You do this, dad. And then you hear...

Orwell: Hold!

Justin: And then Orwell slowly walks back to where you are. He reaches down and he... is furious. You can tell from his expression. And he reaches down to where you've made this connection. And with his hands, he rips the two connections apart. And then like a shotput, spins and chucks the cart, with Torgus still in it. About 10 yards.

Orwell: This is not what we are.

Justin: He's like an inch from your face.

Emerich: I... I apologize. I...

Orwell: You think every creation that is not man is for your service?

Emerich: He volunteered? He volunteered. He asked. No, you're absolutely right. I... I am still a work in progress when it comes to acknowledging sentience. I am so very, very sorry. Please, please forgive me. Claude, there was no slight intended. I apologize.

Orwell: Claude.

Claude: Yeah?

Orwell: Stand. If you wish to carry the cart, you will do it like a man.

Justin: And then Claude goes over and picks up the cart. It wasn't that far away. But he does it on his two legs. And he holds the handle. And he carries it into the line. While the three of you walk.

Claude: Yeah, I wasn't really thinking, but this is better... It's not really better. This kinda hurts. But, I guess, I understand—I don't really understand. But he seems pretty upset, so I figured that I'd just go with it.

Emerich: It's on me.

Claude: No, it was on me. That's why he was so mad.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Emerich: I meant the gayis is on me, the responsibility.

Claude: The what?!

Emerich: Nothing. Never mind. You're a good jag-panda. Very good.

Claude: Oh, yeah. Thanks. So, tell me, where are you guys from? Tell me everything about your life.

Travis: [spoofing Claude] Anybody here from Cincinnati, huh?!

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: [spoofing Claude] Love that big, red machine!

Clint: [laughs]

Claude: So, tell me about your life, where you're from and everything.

Montrose: Well, I was a lonely child.

Beef: I was raised on a farm.

Justin: Come on, no. Guys, let me do my own punch line, please!

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Everybody shut up and let me fucking weave.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: [laughs]

Claude: So, can you tell me about your life? What was the hardest thing that ever happened to you?

Emerich: To me?

Claude: Yeah!

Emerich: The hardest thing that ever happened to me, I believe, was I felt responsible.

Claude: Eeh-eeh-eeh! All right, see ya.

Emerich: [stammers] Eh... yes-

Justin: And Claude walks away.

Emerich: Good... good talk, Claude. Good talk.

[theme music plays]

[ad reads]

[theme music plays]

Justin: You have now reached, after a long journey—

Travis: How long?

Justin: Many days. You have no idea.

Travis: What?

Justin: There's no way of telling.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: This is a-this is-it's all fake-

Griffin: I have—my phone has a clock on it?

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: It's just an insane thing you've just said, Justin.

Justin: Well, you don't have day/night cycles! So, I don't know what sort of standard we'd be using for timekeeping.

Travis: I mean, I have a watch?

Justin: Six and a half hours...

Travis: Okay?

Justin: No, wait. Let me check my maps. 6:45, closer to 6:45. Call it 6:45. We can round it up a little bit.

Travis: I mean, we made good time.

Justin: And you see a girl who, if you had to guess, you would put her at about eight years old. And she is sitting there, she's got—like, her hair is much like Gooch's, sort of like chunked out. Like, again, cutting hair in bad ways seems to be one of the few forms of entertainment down there.

Griffin: Mm-hm. [chuckles]

Travis: It's funny.

Justin: And she has goggles protecting her. And she's holding some sort of, what appears to be a weapon. The nature of said weapon is not exactly clear to you. And she's sitting on a stool in the middle of nowhere. Well, not the middle of nowhere, but there's no like guard post or anything. She's just sitting out here.

Dr. Ballsweat: All right, guys, don't take another step. I'm the guard here, my name's Dr. Ballsweat.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Oh, wow.

Travis: Nice!

Montrose: Are you a physician?

Dr. Ballsweat: A position? No, it's just my name. It's just my name.

Justin: [chuckles]

Montrose: All right, well—

Dr. Ballsweat: You can't go any further, though.

Montrose: No, for sure, for sure. We come bearing gifts, to honor... to honor the great Todd Zilla.

Dr. Ballsweat: Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. He sucks. [blows raspberry]

Beef: Yeah, Todd Zilla-wait, what?

Dr. Ballsweat: He's a boss, he's mean. Eeh. He made me sit out here forever.

Montrose: Oh, okay. Well, do you like it out here?

Dr. Ballsweat: No. Look, it's boring!

Montrose: Yes...

Dr. Ballsweat: Eeh. I hate it!

Montrose: Yeah. Hey, we have a jag-panda that I think you will get along with just swimmingly.

Justin: [chuckles]

Montrose: But we are here... returning from a mission, that we were also dispatched to.

Griffin: And I hold up some of the chaka.

Montrose: Behold!

Dr. Ballsweat: Okay. If you want to prove that you could come in and you're cool enough, I'm supposed to give you a test and make sure. So, I need you... Which one of you is gonna take the test?

Montrose: What kind of test is it?

Dr. Ballsweat: To get it.

Beef: Oh, okay. Yeah, I'll take it.

Montrose: Test of strength?

Dr. Ballsweat: Okay, what's your name?

Beef: Beef.

Dr. Ballsweat: [chuckles]

Beef: Yeah. I thought you'd like that.

Montrose: Are you laughing at that, Dr. Ballsweat?

Justin: [chuckles]

Clint: [guffaws]

Dr. Ballsweat: Every time somebody says it, I laugh. Dr. Ballsweat... [laughs]

Montrose: All right.

Dr. Ballsweat: It's good.

Emerich: Is there anyone here named Pot or Kettle that we could also speak to?

Dr. Ballsweat: No? No... Pot died.

Beef: Don't worry about him, Dr. Ballsweat. Tell me again.

Dr. Ballsweat: Okay.

Montrose: Listen.

Dr. Ballsweat: All right, hit the griddy.

Beef: What?

Griffin: [guffaws]

Beef: Pardon?

Dr. Ballsweat: I'm only allowed to say it thrice. This is the laws of our people. Hit the griddy!

Clint: [chuckles]

Beef: What could that possibly mean?

Montrose: Go ahead, Beef.

Emerich: Is it a dance?

Travis: I hit the griddy.

Justin: [chuckles] Oh, well, Trav, you're gonna have to do a little bit better than that, man!

Travis: Damn it.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: I... ugh... Okay...

Montrose: Why are you delaying? Hit the griddy! You've been given a simple task.

Emerich: Beef, the griddy needs to be hit by you.

Dr. Ballsweat: I'm starting to think you guys are big kids.

Travis: Okay, I'm gonna study this person real quick, to get an idea of-

Justin: This person? Do you mean Dr. Ballsweat?

Travis: Yeah, I will study Dr. Ballsweat.

Justin: She's a physician!

Travis: Oh, I thought it was like a doctorate in like poetry or something.

Justin: No, no, she's a real doctor.

Travis: Oh, okay. [chuckles]

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Take that, kay-geez!

Travis: All right, Justin was my input value, what's my position? To see what Dr. Ballsweat could possibly mean.

Justin: Desperate.

Griffin: It feels desperate.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Limited.

Travis: Anybody wanna help me?

Griffin: I mean, I can tell you what the fucking griddy is? But that seems like it would... burst the bubble.

Travis: Oh, it's a real thing?

Griffin: Oh, Travvy... Travvy, you're more on TikTok than the rest of us. I'm so disappointed.

Justin: Travis, I'm really happy that you did it. Thank you. Thank you, Travis. Thank you.

Griffin: All right, let's roll? Yeah.

Travis: I don't know what it is. I...

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: That's a two.

Justin: That's a two.

Travis: That's a two! That's a two.

Griffin: On a desperate... a failure on a desperate is usually pretty bad, right?

Justin: Yes.

Travis: Oh, boy.

Dr. Ballsweat: Okay, you're out. You don't get to do it. Turn around and bend over.

Beef: What? Oh...

Emerich: Excuse me?

Dr. Ballsweat: Turn around and bend over.

Beef: Well, you are a doctor. So...

Travis: And Beef does it.

Justin: All right, she kicks you in your ass.

Travis: Ah!

Dr. Ballsweat: [chuckles] You!

Justin: She points to you, Montrose.

Dr. Ballsweat: Hit the griddy!

Montrose: May I please see if Emerich will do it first? Because I think we're all gonna enjoy seeing that.

Dr. Ballsweat: You!

Justin: And he points to you. [chuckles]

Griffin: [laughs]

Dr. Ballsweat: You, Santa, hit the griddy!

Griffin: [chortles]

Emerich: Santa?

Dr. Ballsweat: Hit the griddy, Santa!

Griffin: [laughs]

Emerich: Eh... all right? Very well...

Clint: So... [chuckles] Emerich... taps his heels while he's walking and swings his arms back and forth.

Griffin: Dad!

Clint: Yes?

Griffin: You watch a lot of football... You might know what the griddy is.

Dr. Ballsweat: That was... the worst griddy I have ever seen.

Emerich: But it was a griddy.

Dr. Ballsweat: You did hit the griddy. Go on!

Emerich: Yes! Thank you so much. Yes.

Montrose: We're here with like a lot of animal folks; metamals. And are you going to ask every single person here to hit the griddy before they can enter?

Justin: At that moment, like all the animals, in sync, hit the griddy. Beautifully, perfectly.

Montrose: Oh, never mind.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Like a whole menagerie of metamals hit the griddy.

Clint: And they all look at Beef like, "Huh, see?"

Justin: [chuckles]

Beef: I'm more of a books guy...

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Okay.

Travis: I mean, I'm watching videos of it now. I wouldn't have guessed this in a million years. [chuckles]

Orwell: Montrose?

Montrose: Yes?

Orwell: How should we approach this?

Montrose: Well, we don't want to frighten the children here. So, perhaps maybe you should come as a representative of the metamals. We will go with you as a sort of envoy. We may hopefully make peace and then collaborate as one huge, unstoppable unit, to escape this hellscape.

Emerich: Is it the woodimals or the metamals that are with us?

Montrose: The woodimals are not with us. They would... they can't move.

Justin: They brought one of the woodimals.

Griffin: Great.

Justin: Just to watch over them, as an emissary.

Griffin: Great.

Justin: It's bad, though. It's the octopus. It's the wrost one.

Travis: Noo!

Justin: Yeah.

Montrose: So, Orwell, you come. We'll bring the woodimal to represent the woodimal interests. And we'll go and have a palaver with Todd Zilla.

Justin: All right.

Clint: Could I make a suggestion?

Justin: Sure. Yeah.

Clint: Perhaps Clarence would be a better choice as a representative? Since he is, you know, just a simple beaver-eel and is used to, you know... As a quote unquote, 'advocates lawyer...'

Orwell: Ugh, he is... much less intimidating.

Montrose: That is a fair point.

Emerich: Just an idea.

Clint: What animal were they?

Travis: Beaver-eel.

Griffin: A beaver-eel.

Justin: A beaver-eel. Yeah, that's right.

Clint: A beaver with eels for hands.

Montrose: I think Todd Zilla respects power and authority. And I think that's what Orwell's going for.

Emerich: Okay. It's a good. Good point.

Justin: You have made your way inside the central facility where Todd Zilla has set up his makeshift throne room.

Todd: Okay, wait, hold on. Who's this? This was not part of the deal.

Montrose: Yes, Todd Zilla, I would like you to meet Orwell, the... leader? What sort of honorific do you prefer, Orwell?

Orwell: I am here.

Montrose: Okay, of the metamals. We encountered them in the wilds.

Todd: Yeah, we know all about the metamals.

Montrose: Okay ... The tone of voice-

Todd: They picked off our people who've been like just out scrounging for stuff. And they'll like come out of nowhere and like beat 'em up, or whatever.

Orwell: This is not. Your people have been the aggressors, trespassing in our lands. We are simply defending what is ours.

Todd: Yeah, but you're like totally mean about it. And you fight—you want to beat us up all the time.

Orwell: We do not want to beat you.

Justin: This is going to go on for a while.

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: So, you two—you three, I should say. I think it would be prudent, if it's okay by you, to dismiss yourself from this conversation. Unless you feel like you would like to interject in me talking to myself.

Griffin: I mean...

Travis: Oh, yeah. Yeah, yeah.

Griffin: Does it seem like it is escalating?

Justin: It seems more like... annoyed. Right? Like it's not like... there have never—it's not like there have been murders. You know? It's like, these guys are dicks, basically, is the energy.

Beef: Can I interject real quick? Todd Zilla, Orwell?

Todd: Yeah?

Orwell: Yeah?

Beef: I do not say this to try to like convince you of anything, but if you're gonna continue this discussion, if you can call it that, I would like to point out something. Right now, you two are like scavengers, right? Fighting over a bone that you found. When like, on the other side of a wall, there's a big pile of like food and like resources and stuff.

Todd: Are the—are bones the resources? There are like lots of bones?

Beef: Sure. Because right now, you guys are like fighting over-

Todd: Ooh, that would go down pretty good.

Beef: Yeah, you're fighting over the stuff here in Kidadelphia. When like just by working together, you could like... we could all escape here. And then you guys could settle in separate layers and never see each other again, if that's what you wanted.

Todd: Oh, yeah, you can't. I don't think you can escape.

Orwell: No, as far as I know.

Beef: Oh my god!

Orwell: There is no escape. We... we will try to find peace.

Emerich: And I'd also like to point out that Orwell has graciously agreed to return all this chaka to you.

Orwell: Yes, I understand this is a... a powerful olive branch for you. This is the chaka.

Justin: And then it's wielded by—dad, roll the die.

Clint: Okay! Yeah. [chuckles]

Justin: Don't make a meal out of it, just fucking roll.

Clint: I'm doing it! I'm doing it.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: That's a 55!

Justin: Roll it again.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: 29.

Justin: And... [chuckles] Okay... The chaka is brought in by some flying cheetahs, with big, bushy squirrel tails. But they're not hauling it like animals. They're carrying it like men, because that was something I said earlier. And it wouldn't make sense if they hauled it in like kickass flying squirrel people. So, they're just walking with it. But they do bring in the chaka.

Travis: Man, that would suck. If I was a flying cheetah and I wasn't allowed to like? Ah...

Clint: Wait a minute, what are they called?

Justin: What?

Clint: So, they're half squirrel?

Griffin: Squieetahs.

Travis: Half flying squirrel—

Justin: Half jaguar.

Griffin: Ah, squieet, squieet, squieet.

Justin: Not jaguar-

Clint: Squieetahs!

Justin: Cheetah.

Griffin: Squieetahs!

Justin: Squieetahs.

Travis: Squieetah, squieetah!

Justin: Squieetahs is good.

Griffin: I'm gonna squieet!

Travis: [laughs] Oh, no!

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: No!

Griffin: Don't squieet.

Justin: Squieet, squieet, squieet. Okay.

Travis: So, for my social media platform, when you're ready to post, we call it squiieting.

Griffin: Squieeting! [chuckles]

Travis: Okay, I'm gonna go. I see that I'm not wanted here. I understand. Thank you for your time.

Montrose: I should make it clear, before we go any further, I have already devised the means of our egress from New Kidadelphia. That is not the difficult part of this situation. The difficult part of the situation is going to be—

Justin: What is your means of egress from Kidadelphia?

Travis: We'll get there, Justin. He's in the middle of talking.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Yeah, I'm also kind of lying.

Justin: Oh, okay. Got it.

Griffin: To like sort of, you know, help facilitate this peacemaking thing.

Justin: Okay.

Montrose: All that we need is for you all to pool your admittedly meager resources to help us achieve that, so we may liberate everyone in this terrible layer.

Justin: Okay, Griff, I'm gonna have you make a... well, risky, standard sway roll.

Griffin: Okay!

Clint: I'd like to help.

Griffin: Sure!

Clint: Because I think this is a big moment. And to be honest with you, I'd rather see this happen on stage.

Griffin: Sure.

Clint: Instead of off stage.

Griffin: How are you helping?

Clint: [chuckles] Okay, your mask is a hard light mask, correct?

Griffin: Right.

Clint: I would say that I think... with just a very slight tweak, he could make that mask glow with a warmer, more convincing color. Just a little. Just a slight tint of—

Justin: Just a jooje.

Clint: Maybe like a rose?

Griffin: A little jooje, I appreciate it.

Clint: A little jooje, to help with that.

Griffin: All right, here we go.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Six, three, one, one. We'll take the six on that, I believe.

Justin: [chuckles] A six will do fine. So, what do you say? What is that six?

Griffin: You know, our central thesis here is there is a better life awaiting in the sky. And if we all work together, we can pull this off. So, I think that the six is just them maybe seeing the light of reason a little bit here.

Todd: Yeah, I could see that. I could—hm... yeah. It might be kind of kick ass. Hm... You guys are pretty sweet...

Orwell: Well, thank you. You have a... a fine den here that you have made for yourself. We... we're not supposed to stay here.

Todd: Now, it's fine. You can totally stay here.

Orwell: Really? Oh... well, there are many of us.

Todd: We have nothing but room, I mean it's a wasteland. So, if you just wanna pull up—

Montrose: We'll leave you all to figure this out.

Beef: Before we do that, this is beautiful, bros. Obviously. But there was another part of the deal... We're looking for Gravel?

Todd: Yeah, can we just talk through this? Like, this is kind of a moment for us.

Montrose: Yeah, yeah, sorry, sorry.

Orwell: Don't rush us.

Justin: And they shoo you guys out... [chuckles] Because I'm so tired of talking to myself! [laughs]

Griffin: Yeah, I figured you were, Juice. That was a gift I was trying to give you.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Trying to get out!

Clint: Well, that was kind of why I wanted Montrose to stay and help.

Griffin: Sure.

Justin: Oh, no, we—yeah, I'm good, thank you. [laughs]

Clint: [chortles]

Justin: Okay, guys. You've got some time here in the fort, at Old Kidadelphia. Beef, Montrose, Emerich... Beef, I know that you've already done some like... some vise stuff. But if you guys—you are—Tood also handed you, because we don't mess around with paying out, Todd also gave you the six suites that he had promised. Although, the additional has not yet come through.

Travis: How are we looking on our... what do you guys have in your coin—like in your pockets?

Griffin: I got three in my pockets.

Travis: How about you, dad?

Clint: I got four.

Travis: Okay, well, I got room for two.

Clint: And I've got five in stash.

Justin: Mm-hm... [mouths thinking sounds] Not on you.

Travis: Yeah, what's our... what's in our...

Griffin: I'm gonna stash my two.

Justin: Can't stash.

Griffin: What?

Justin: You can go dig a hole? But right now, you can't put it in your stash.

Griffin: Ooh! Okay... Well then, fuck.

Justin: Hide it or spend it.

Travis: Currently, I have—yeah, our coin is full, too. So, I have room for two in my pocket. And Griffin has room for one. But we can also spend...

Justin: I think you could carry it. I mean, like, if you want to spend it—if you want to wait after downtime to see if you need coins, you know what I'm saying? Like, you don't have to figure this all out right now.

Griffin: Okay, fair.

Justin: You can physically come back and get the rest of the coin. You know what I mean?

Travis: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Griffin: Yeah, okay. I mean, it sounds like we wanted...

Justin: There's no heat because, I mean-

Griffin: That would be wild.

Justin: That would be wild. That doesn't make any sense. So, now it's just like downtime activities. You can do your activities, you do your vice, whatever you wanna do. You've done one, Beef. And I think—

Travis: Well, I did roll it twice. So, that was both of mine.

Justin: Okay, yeah, you've done two.

Griffin: Well, no, I thought you spent a coin to...

Justin: Is that how it works? Or is it a separate...

Griffin: No, you can spend a coin.

Clint: No, you spend a coin.

Justin: Spend a coin to do it again, or to improve the result?

Griffin: You can spend a coin to do it again.

Clint: To do an additional downtime activity.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: Right, but you have two. So, I'm saying Travis indulged vice twice.

Travis: Yeah. If I can spend a coin to do an additional downtime activity, though?

Justin: I think that makes perfect sense, of course.

Travis: Yeah, because we have the thing. I want to go to the junk pile.

Justin: Okay?

Travis: And I am attempting to look for like light-weight... like, Griffin got the wire, like the cable before. I'm looking for like scraps of like nylon rope. I'm looking for anything that could be used as hooks. Anything...

Jizzbert: Okay?

Travis: What?

Jizzbert: Oh, hi. I didn't introduce myself. My name's Jizzbert.

Beef: Yeah, Jizzbert, we've met before.

Jizzbert: Yeah, they had to do the ... yeah, yeah!

Beef: Yeah, Jizzbert, we go way back.

Jizzbert: What are you doing here? I know where everything is here.

Beef: Okay, I'm looking for ...

Jizzbert: Hey...

Beef: What?

Jizzbert: Look what I found... I meant to show you. Well, I wanted to anybody, but I'll show you.

Justin: And he finds one of those blue Danish butter cookie tins.

Beef: Oh, that's great for keeping your bobbins in, or like-

Jizzbert: I haven't opened it yet. I don't know if there are cookies in it...

Griffin: [chuckles]

Beef: Okay, are you offering to share with me, Jizzbert?

Jizzbert: I don't know if there are cookies in it.

Beef: Okay, well, open it. Let's see, man!

Jizzbert: Are you sure? You... okay, will you eat half of whatever is in here?

Beef: No, Jizzbert!

Jizzbert: Would you eat half—no matter—so, you're saying, no matter what—

Beef: Jizzbert, no. Jizzbert, I didn't say that. I said no.

Jizzbert: Are you sure? Everybody loves the Danish butter cookies...

Beef: Hey, Jizzbert?

Jizzbert: Yeah?

Beef: I can smell a con a mile away, my dude.

Jizzbert: Yeah, this is what I poop in. Okay, what did you need to find?

Clint: [chortles]

Beef: I'm looking for, you know what would work? Anything like fabric that we could braid into lines or lightweight cable. Anything that is claimable, but lightweight.

Jizzbert: Yeah, I think... [hums thinking tune] look over there in that pile. I think it'd be all right.

Justin: And he gestures about... I don't know, 10 yards away. There's a small pile full of what appears to be string-like, nylon-like detritus.

Travis: Yeah... What do I roll to do this? To go digging through a thing is prowess, right?

Justin: It's probably study.

Travis: It's probably prowess, right?

Justin: You're searching.

Travis: Yeah, so like prowess?

Justin: No, like study.

Griffin: Probably not prowess.

Travis: Do you think it's prowess? I think it's prowess.

Justin: No, I'm looking right at it, study.

Travis: It's probably like prowess, I would say. Okay, I have no... I have one dot in insight...

Justin: Okay?

Travis: Let's do it. No, wait, that's not the right thing.

Justin: That's resist that you just did.

Griffin: You just fucked up.

Travis: How do I do this? How do you acquire an asset? Is this acquire an asset or just like searching?

Justin: I mean...

Travis: Okay, we'll just call it—

Justin: What are you trying to do? Either way, it doesn't matter.

Travis: Yeah. Controlled?

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: Effect?

Justin: Standard.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: A three.

Justin: Hm...

Travis: I'm gonna look harder!

Justin: How?

Travis: Because it was controlled, right? So I can go again?

Justin: Oh, yeah, you can do it again, but it's risky. So, you might cut yourself.

Travis: Yeah, now I'm digging in there, man!

Justin: Yeah, really getting in there.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: A four! A mixed success, I'll take it!

Justin: Okay. What is it you're hoping—what's the ideal perfect thing for you to find, Travis?

Travis: So, I am looking for something that is lightweight enough that one of the—

Justin: Just to stay focused, tell me the ideal, perfect thing.

Travis: The ideal, perfect thing would be like 100 feet of nylon rope.

Justin: Okay. Got it. You are searching through and you find four extension cords that have been tied together and plugged in. This is a very haphazard way of connecting your electrical cords. You shouldn't do this.

Travis: Don't do this.

Justin: But someone has made a, roughly, 100 foot rope out of extension cords that are largely frayed and look pretty dodgy.

Travis: Excellent.

Justin: That is what you have retrieved.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Was this acquiring an asset?

Justin: Yeah... Yeah. It's one special item.

Travis: Then I'm going to pay another coin, because we've got the extra coin.

Justin: Uh-huh?

Travis: To like get some tape from Jizzbert to improve the quality of them.

Justin: Okay. So, you pay one coin to-

Travis: So I can like fix some of the fraying and—

Justin: So, you have now 100 foot of good quality rope.

Travis: Cool! That's it, I'm done.

Justin: Emerich, what are you up to?

Clint: Hm, okay... Okay, Emerich is going to start a long-term project.

Justin: Hm? Bold.

Travis: It's a good time to do it, here at the end-game.

Justin: Lovely time.

Clint: I have a plan.

Justin: Okay?

Travis: You always do, dad.

Clint: Trust me.

Justin: Now, you're not gonna have another secret long-term project. You are gonna have to tell me what this long-term project is.

Clint: No, this is not going to be secret.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: This is not going to be secret. But I think, to be fair, I need to have a flashback.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: To help set up what I want to do.

Justin: Okay, great. Who are you flashing back to?

Clint: I'm flashing back to where the energoo was.

Justin: Mm-hm?

Clint: Mm-hm, okay?

Justin: Okay.

Clint: And Emerich has these things called spirit bottles, which, in Blades in the Dark, are used to like store ghosts, more or less. I want to say that he... Remember when he was so fascinated by the energoo and was studying the energoo?

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: I think part of that would have been that he maybe filled one of these spirit bottles with some energoo, for future study. Is that fair to say?

Justin: Sure.

Clint: And also, when he was working on Greg, the emperor-puma, the butterfly... you know, on the wings of Greg?

Justin: Yup.

Clint: That he kept the damaged wings. Is that fair?

Justin: Hm... Sure, yeah. Why not.

Clint: All right. And his long-term project is to combine, using the energoo, combine a hard light prism with the butterfly wings.

Justin: Okay... Okay.

Clint: Okay?

Justin: Hm... let me start a clock. We'll make it a six. I'm going to call these man wings. Because it sounds like something you'd order at BW3s.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Okay. So, now that you've begun this long-term project, man wings, you may roll to work on your long-term project.

Clint: So, tell me again what I click on.

Justin: I'm not your dad. You're my dad.

Clint: Tinker? Okay, so I do tinker. Right?

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: Well, before, when I've done that—

Justin: You're the dad. I'm your child. [chuckles]

Clint: I know. But before when I've done that, I've been told-

Griffin: You're supposed to know, dad! You're the dad.

Justin: You're supposed to know, dad. You're the dad and I'm the child. Okay?

Clint: Okay. I'm gonna roll tinker.

Justin: Hm... [chuckles]

Clint: Ah, come on!

Justin: Eh...

Travis: Sounds right to me!

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: What do I roll? I mean, what do I click on

Griffin: Roll tinker.

Travis: You'll know!

Justin: Just click tinker, dad.

Travis: Just, what does your heart say?

Justin: Yeah, you're gonna roll tinker.

Clint: And it's controlled?

Travis: You stinker.

Justin: It's not anything, it's just you roll it. Just roll tinker.

Travis: Just roll it.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: two, three, five.

Justin: Okay. A five is gonna give you two segments. Great job, dad.

Travis: You did it!

Clint: I'm going to go again. I'm going to go again.

Justin: You're gonna go again. Okay.

Clint: I'm going to tinker again.

Justin: Tinker again.

Griffin: We got a problem, dad. These dice, they don't like you, dad.

Travis: He loves to tinker, though.

Griffin: You've got a serious problem.

Clint: And I'm gonna push myself.

Justin: Wow. I don't think you can.

Travis: Yeah, you can't.

Justin: Not with this thing.

Travis: Not on a project.

Clint: Tinker...

Travis: This time

Griffin: Uh-oh.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Three, two, one.

Justin: Wow. So, that's gonna be three segments all together.

Clint: Okay. I'm gonna do it again.

Justin: I don't think you can do it three times.

Clint: Yes, I can.

Griffin: As long as he's got money.

Clint: I can spend a coin.

Justin: All right, I believe in you.

Clint: I'm going to spend a coin and do it again.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: A six would go down real smooth here, dad.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Nope.

Clint: Two, four, two.

Justin: Two, four, two. four, with a four, we've got two segments. So, that's... five segments.

Clint: I'm gonna do it again.

Justin: Well, let's—okay. I'm not gonna make you do it again because you only have one segment. Tell me what these wings look like.

Clint: I think they are kind of ghostly butterfly wings.

Travis: Haunting.

Clint: Yeah.

Travis: I love that.

Clint: Kind of ephemeral, but kind of... I mean, if you look at them, they're a little off-putting to the eye. They're a little bit off.

Justin: Mm-hm. So, how are you attaching them to your body to give you incredible flying powers?

Clint: Oh, I'm not.

Justin: Oh?

Clint: Oh, I'm not attaching—no. God no. This is not for Emerich. [chuckles] Are you kidding?

Travis: Don't be silly. Where would you get that idea, Justin?

Clint: Emerich would screw it up and put them on his front.

Justin: Emerich, you finished your... Where are you working on this, by the way? Where's this tinkering happening?

Clint: I think I'm right there by the pile of refuse.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: Where Jizzbert can watch.

Justin: Okay.

Jizzbert: Hey, guess what I found? You look—wow, that's hungry work, huh?

Emerich: Yes.

Jizzbert: Have you ever tried a Danish butter cookie?

Beef: Don't do it, Emerich! No!

Emerich: A Danish butter cookie...

Beef: Emerich!

Jizzbert: Shut up! You'll mess it up!

Emerich: I love—

Beef: Emerich, don't do it!

Emerich: I love foreign food. I love, you know... What is in a Danish butter cookie?

Beef: No, I take it back. Do it! Yeah, do it, Emerich. Yeah! Actually, do it.

Justin: That's all the bit, dad. It was just that one callback. We're done.

Clint: I know.

Justin: Okay, good. So, dad, you're beholding your beautiful wings. What are you doing with them?

Clint: I am going to attach them to one of the prisms, one of the hard-lightgenerating prisms. Scott Boldfelx has been probably my most used and abused hard light creation. I mean, I always seem to send him into danger. And what Orwell said earlier really reminded Emerich that you know, he really wants to... he wants to treat his hard light creations as real entities. And by having them where he just summons them to do his bidding, is wrong in his mind. May I summon up Scott and explain it to him? That's what he does. He summons up Scott Boldflex.

Scott: What's up, dad?

Emerich: Oh, Scott. How are you?

Scott: Yeah, pretty good, man. Just, you know, cool to exist being in kind of like a void. And it's cool to like exists...

Emerich: Do you do enjoy that void when you aren't summoned?

Scott: I neither enjoy, nor... dis-enjoy the void. You know? When I'm out here—

Griffin: [chuckles]

Emerich: Do you dream in the void? Is there void dreaming for you?

Scott: No, it's just nothing. Like, out here... so, the difference is like... Okay, so out here, you know how you can wakeboard and stuff?

Emerich: Mm-hm?

Scott: And you know how you can like do sort of free climbing and base jumping and stuff?

Emerich: Yes, absolutely.

Scott: So, it's the opposite of any of that. And it's just like nothing.

Emerich: Scott...

Scott: Yeah, dad?

Emerich: I... I think it's time for you to leave the nest.

Scott: Kick ass. What, I don't see any... nest?

Emerich: No, it's an expression. It's a term of speech.

Scott: Oh, yeah.

Emerich: No, I think it's time for you to live your own life, make your own decisions, go your own way.

Scott: I don't know what I wanna do, though.

Emerich: What do you wanna do?

Scott: I don't know.

Emerich: Well, that is part of it. That's the journey, is discovering what you want to do.

Scott: Yeah, but like, I gotta stay near you because the prism is like-

Emerich: No, you don't have to stay near me. I have developed what I call the generated heard light operating system transported. G-H-O-S-T.

Montrose: G-host.

Emerich: That's ghost.

Montrose: Oh.

Emerich: G-host. It's ghost!

Scott: G-host...

Emerich: And Scott?

Scott: Yeah?

Emerich: I am giving you your freedom. You will no longer have to be summoned into the void. You will no longer have to rely on what I tell you to do. You can do whatever you want to do. If you choose to do something,

you can do it. This is you growing up and becoming a real... not a boy, a real man.

Scott: Yeah, okay, that sounds kick ass. But I'm not gonna, I'm too afraid.

Emerich: No, Scott...

Scott: Yeah... too afraid to do it.

Emerich: That's part of the experiment, is fear. Well, you know what? You can stay close.

Scott: Mm-hm?

Emerich: And you can learn. You have wonderful examples here in Beef and Montrose on how to be strong and how to be self-reliant. Because they're both—they're two of the strongest, most self-reliant people I know.

Scott: So, you're saying they're also my dad?

Emerich: They're like... uncles.

Scott: I have three dads?

Emerich: You have two uncles and a dad.

Scott: Okay.

Emerich: And then a real dad who's somewhere, who's not really your real dad. But that's a whole other thing.

Scott: Whoa... hold on, give me a second. I'm going back into the void, this is too much.

Emerich: When we do the spin-off podcast about the life of Scott Boldflex, you can explore those. But for now—

Scott: Okay, so I just put the... sorry, these are for me?

Emerich: The wings are for you. And these wings symbolize freedom. And to show how proud I am of you, as an entity.

Scott: And the prism can just like float around with these?

Emerich: The prism can go anywhere you decide it should go. And you don't have to go back into the void ever again.

Scott: Oh...

Beef: I hope you didn't leave anything in there.

Scott: There's nothing in there, actually. Yeah, there's nothing in there. I mean, it's... I guess I could try. Should I go—where should I go first?

Emerich: No, Scott, you go where you want to go. You go where life leads you.

Jizzbert: You want to try a Danish butter cookie?

Emerich: No, no, that's one thing I can tell you not to do.

Scott: Yeah, absolutely. Kick ass.

Emerich: No, don't. No, no.

Scott: But I thought I could do whatever you wanted?

Emerich: You can do whatever you want to do, but I...

Montrose: It's dookie!

Emerich: Yes, it's dookie.

Scott: Nice! [chuckles] Nice, nice, nice.

Emerich: Scott... Yes. you two might just hit it off, I believe. This is your happy birthday, Scott!

Scott: Hey... thanks, dad.

Justin: Okay, anybody have any other business they need to attend to?

Clint: Yes. Just real quick.

Justin: Oh, okay, big spender. You gonna take a fifth action?

Clint: No, but I do think that would have alleviated stress. Remember my-

Justin: Yes, you worked—okay. That's fair. Yeah, overworking is your stress relief and you obviously overworked. So yes, I will let you take a stress relief roll. So, roll your... what is it? Which one does tinker fall under?

Clint: Well, it says indulge vise.

Justin: Yeah, just click that.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Four and a two.

Justin: Okay. Oh, good. That actually worked out pretty good for you. You had six stress, your rolled four. That relieves four of your stress. And then delete the wings. Can't believe I spent all that time making a clock, when dad is just gonna...

Griffin: Spend all of his money.

Justin: Spend all of his money. [chuckles] Okay, Griff.

Griffin: Yeah. I would like to have a hang sesh with Beef and Emerich.

Justin: That's perfect. They are both... we'll back up a little bit while they were both simultaneously in the junk pile, working on their various projects. So, it's technically a flashback.

Griffin: Okay. Yeah, I walk over to where they both are, after they have sort of found what they need here. And I just sort of plop down a big cardboard box filled with junk in front of them. And I say:

Montrose: If you all would help me out here, I think I have an opportunity to build... a bit of street cred. Sort of established myself as sort of a legendary criminal mastermind. Because now, I have this.

Griffin: And I hold up my tusks hand, my two tasks hand. And I say:

Montrose: I would love if Emerich, you could help me sort of devise a bit of a... a grabbing prosthetic to, you know, help me with, well just sort of getting around. To build on top of my tusk hand. Just sort of, you know, the man with the ivory hand. Like, that sounds so good. Like, as a sort of leader of a criminal underworld.

Beef: Ooh.

Emerich: It does. Oh, yes.

Montrose: Like, that is extremely exciting for me. I just, you know, it would be great if I could, you know, pick stuff up and just do basic stuff.

Beef: Hey, yeah. So, while he's working on that, what's your plan for escaping that you were talking about?

Emerich: Yes.

Montrose: Oh, yeah... No, yeah, for sure. It's a great plan. You know how there's the trash sphincter that opens up in the sky?

Beef: Yeah?

Montrose: We just go up it. We go up that. On up it.

Beef: Okay, I-

Montrose: We wait for the trash sphincter to open up, we go up it and then we're out of here.

Emerich: Oh, wonderful. And we get up to the sphincter by...

Montrose: Yes, that's... Yes. Well, I'm sort of the blue-sky, big picture type dude.

Beef: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Montrose: Logistics is, I feel like, more guys' department.

Beef: Well, that's why—hey, guys. Guys, check this out. I got a long rope. So like...

Montrose: And that's fantastic. I love that. We're halfway there.

Beef: Yeah, so like, get up? We gotta get up somewhere? Rope. Rope. Climb up rope to get up there.

Emerich: Yes, climb up rope.

Beef: And I was thinking we got like a flying gorilla. And there's like flying—we got flying metamals.

Emerich: Oh, half of the creatures we met were flying in some way.

Montrose: Yes. I don't think we'll have a hard time reaching the sky sphincter, the trash hole. I'm a bit more concerned with... and by concerned, I mean hugely excited about what we do after we get up there.

Beef: I think it would be—oh, god, putting the proverbial cart so far in front of the proverbial horse, if we started to worry about next steps after escaping here.

Montrose: Oh, yeah, no. Again, not worried. This is sort of a... dream, but I... hm... I have trouble sort of experiencing the normal range of human emotions. And that is sort of why I live my life a quarter mile at a time. To quote the famous beloved canon of the Fast and the Furious franchise. Did you all catch fast 61, by the way?

Beef: Absolutely! It was the best one since 43.

Montrose: I think we've made this exact joke on this program before.

Beef: Definitely have.

Montrose: Definitely, definitely have. I... I have it... And please do not take this as me sort of... venting feelings before what will almost certainly be a doomed revenge quest. But I have really enjoyed going around and stealing stuff, and putting myself at great and terrible risk with the two of you. You know, I'm looking at my bank account and it is basically where it was when we started. So, in terms of this being a sort of money-making scheme, I would say that it has been an abject failure. But I have had... the most fun of my whole life doing it. And no matter what we find up in that trash hole, I know that I'm going to be cackling until the end. And so, I appreciate y'all.

Beef: Along those same lines, if we're doing the, you know, kind of opening our guts to one another, as it were, spilling feelings. It's nice to have purpose, which was a thing I didn't have. I got banned from arm-wrestling. It was the whole gambling, cheating scandal thing. It's not important. But after that, I didn't really have anything besides what I had done before. And now, I...

Montrose: You're the body man for the man with the ivory hand.

Beef: Fuck yeah, man! Yeah!

Montrose: [chuckles] I mean, that feels good to me!

Beef: It does, it does feel good! Yes, it feels good! And it's nice to like wake up each morning being like, "Something's gonna happen." I don't know what, right. But it won't just be the same thing over and over again. And I'm going to contribute in some way, I'm going to change the outcome in some way. I have control over and I'm not just kind of going along with what's happening. And it's really nice. It's really nice.

Montrose: Yeah.

Emerich: Well, I think you may have overheard me speaking to Scott. In that I expressed how much you two mean to me and what I have learned from you. How to be brave and how to be self-reliant. And there is no way without you two in my life that I could have become what I am. Which is basically... a god.

Beef: Wow!

Emerich: Creating life and giving lives freedom.

Montrose: Hell yes!

Beef: Wow!

Montrose: [chuckles] So good! Yes.

Beef: Yeah, man!

Emerich: You two have helped me become like-

Montrose: God! Yes.

Beef: God, yeah!

Montrose: Hell yeah.

Emerich: God.

Montrose: We're all on our own sort of trip right now and I just love it.

Beef: That was not what I would have thought you would have said, Emerich, but I'm so fuckin' here for it, man.

Justin: A kid in a bowler hat pops out of one of the piles of trash.

Little Doug: Hey, it looks like you guys are having a really beautiful flashback here. But wouldn't it be better with a little music?

Clint: [chuckles]

[comedically bad saxophone plays]

Beef: Oh, god!

Montrose: Wait, hold on! Wait, hold on!

Clint: [laughs]

Montrose: This is a different dude?!

Justin: It's Little Doug.

Travis: Son! It's the son of the flax—[chuckles] the sax man!

Justin: It's Little Doug.

Beef: We gotta go.

Clint: Wait, was it really little Doug?

Justin: Not Short Doug. Little.

Griffin: A little different.

Justin: Little.

Griffin: Yeah, Little Doug.

Todd: Hey.

Justin: Todd Zilla comes out and his shitty cat is sitting on his shoulder. [chuckles] It's like a parrot.

Todd: Hey, guys, we're done talking. You want to come in and wrap with us? As we say.

Beef: Yeah, yeah.

Montrose: Yeah, sure.

Emerich: Yes, man. Let's have a rap session.

Beef: Oh, god, you narc.

Justin: You see that Orwell is a hanging from the ceiling, studying some maps in the throne room. And Todd Zola takes a seat. And he's sort of... he seems more thoughtful. He seems more thoughtful and he says:

Todd: So... [sighs] I know you guys want to hook up with Gravel. We haven't... we haven't seen her. And I know you want to get out. And we don't—the truth is, and I talked to... I talked to Orwell about this. And we feel like it's best to just... he thinks I should just admit it. We don't know how to get out. And we don't know how to find Gravel.

Beef: Okay?

Todd: But there is some—like, if anybody could help you, I think it would be Turd Master. He's like... he's like the smartest dude ever, pretty much. Like he told us how to make a bunch of the stuff here. And like if we have questions about how things work or what things are, like Turd Master is... he's like *the dude* that we talk to. But it's tricky right now, right?

Beef: Uh-huh...

Todd: Getting a hold of Turd Master.

Montrose: Yeah, sure we know that.

Todd: Because the big kids like stole him. The big kids stole Turd Master. And like if you want to get out, then you probably need to get Turd Master back. Because he's like the smartest dude. And if you can get out, I don't think you can, but if you can't get out, you're gonna have to get him back from the big kids.

Montrose: The only issue with this—and I apologize if my tone is severe. I'm deeply frustrated that you are not paying off sort of the main target of our last job.

Todd: I gave you the suites? Like...

Montrose: Yeah, the suites were great.

Beef: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Montrose: Yeah, we definitely just sort of put them in a—

Todd: The old guy just started pumping them into-

Montrose: He did, yeah, he's really-

Todd: [chuckles] He just kept spending money to have more time, it was bizarre!

Montrose: Yeah, he's revitalized the whole sort of economy of New Kidadelphia. And that's great for you all. But we did just have a sort of like one last job, kind of heart-to-heart.

Todd: Yeah...

Montrose: And now, we're gonna have at least two more jobs, it sounds like. And so, that is...

Todd: But if you just go get—just go get Turd Master, okay? Just go get him.

Beef: Is this busy work? Is this the kind of thing where you're like, "We don't know how to escape. We don't think there's a way to escape. We don't know how to find Gravel. So, we're just gonna keep sending them on jobs and having them do stuff we need them to do, to avoid ever having to really confront the issue."

Todd: No, because Turd Master's like... he's *so* smart. Like, he knows everything.

Beef: Oh my god...

Todd: And I know for sure he could—he's so smart, the big kids treat him like some sort of... like god. It's crazy. They don't even call him by his right name, do they Shookles?

Justin: And he tickles the cat underneath its chin.

Todd: No, they call him the Nano Father.

Clint: [chuckles]

[Steeplechase theme song plays]

Maximum Fun. A work-owned network... Of artists-owned shows... Supported directly by you.