

The Adventure Zone: Steeplechase - Episode 37

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Randy: Hey, friends... I'm Randy and I'm filling in for Krystal with a K because she is... on vacation. But the news doesn't... you know, it doesn't stop just because one person messes up and needs a break. I mean, there's still great news... From Steeplechase, I mean. Like... like here, on the website.

There's a new popcorn bucket with this little guy on it, who... Oh, I guess his name is Shroog, it says here. With this totes adorbs... chai-bi? Chibi? Chibi Shroog guarding your hand-roasted kettle corn, you... you get the idea. There's a new popcorn bucket. That's great, right? Okay, well... never ever quit dreaming!

Justin: [liquid vacuum cleaner sounds] Hello and welcome to Steeplechase.

Travis: Hey, man, we can put in static effects, bud?

Griffin: [chuckles] No, that's good.

Justin: Hello and welcome to Steeplechase.

Travis: This is an audio—

Justin: Griffin already did static.

Travis: I know—

Griffin: Yeah, static was sort of my thing...

Travis: People have to listen to this with their human ears.

Griffin: That was a good sound, some people like ASMR wet.

Clint: Yeah, very phlegmy. Very phlegmy.

Travis: Yes, I would say that was ASMR chunky. [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Very phlegmy over here.

Travis: Welcome to ASMR viscous!

Justin: Welcome to Steeplechase, where you have just been told by Todd Zilla that the only person that probably can help you to escape, if there is an escape, even though there probably isn't one, is the Nano Father. Who has recently been absconded by the big kids.

Travis: I'm sorry, Justin, I believe his Christian name is Turd Masters?

Griffin: Is Turd Master. Yes, please. Please respect.

Clint: TM, TM, TM, TM.

Justin: Turd Master, that's right.

Travis: Yeah, TM.

Griffin: TM, TM, Turd Master.

Travis: That's what he was baptized with.

Justin: The Turd Master.

Clint: [chuckles]

Montrose: Who the hell is... who the hell is that?

Todd: Yeah, he's like... he's like the smartest dude, the turd master. He... he's been here, I mean, as long as any of us know. But he's like an old dude and he... he's just like super-smart. Like, he helped us to build all this stuff like around. Like, he helped us learn how to build all this and like told us about like growing stuff. And you know, like everything is Turd Master, he's like a genius.

Beef: Todd? Todd Zilla? Excuse me. When you say old, do you mean like old to you? Like 26? Or like proper old.

Todd: I gotta be honest, man. Pretty much anybody over like 20 looks really old to me.

Beef: Okay. Old like Emerich? Older than him?

Justin: Oh, god... nobody is older than that guy, I wouldn't think.

Montrose: Emerich is the oldest man alive, as far as I can tell.

Emerich: Look at my jet-black hair? How can you say that?

Montrose: Yeah, all-natural. Let me rub my fingers through it.

Beef: Yeah, very natural.

Montrose: Yeah, and look at my hand now. It is sooty.

Todd: Yeah, he looks like—he's like pretty old like that, yeah.

Beef: So, Todd, you've got this really old guy, right, who taught you how to like build and farm and stuff.

Todd: Uh-huh.

Beef: And then the big kids just came and kidnapped him?

Todd: Well, that's the weird thing, right. Like, we're usually pretty good about like sharing him. You know what I mean? Because like you don't need him all the time. He usually kind of like goes back and forth between—

Beef: Of his own free will. That's important to note here, Todd. Right?

Todd: Yeah. Yeah, yeah.

Beef: You say 'share him,' and it's very objectifying.

Justin: Right, yeah—no, well... yeah. Okay, you're right. So, he goes back and forth, usually. And like, but it's never been like that—like, they *took him*. You know what I mean? Like they *took him*. Like, he left Shookles. And that's weird. Because he usually like—Shookles is always, always with him.

Emerich: So, did he resist them taking him?

Todd: I don't know, I wasn't here for any of it. We just woke up and it was done. It was like, we weren't ready for it. You know, normally, like, they've stolen stuff before, but it's usually just like... I don't know, for fun. You know, we'll get over there and fuck with them, too. Like, there's not much else to do here, honestly.

Montrose: Right.

Beef: Mm-hm, kind of like a Zac Efron, Seth Rogen kind of relationship?

Todd: I don't know who that is.

Montrose: It's a 100 year old movie, could not matter less.

Beef: What?! It's one of the greatest films ever.. Todd Zilla?

Todd: Yeah?

Beef: These big kids, are they—and I know you guys probably aren't like buds, right. So, they're not cool. But are they like—

Todd: They are the least cool people on the planet. The worst.

Beef: Got it. Are they shit starters, though? Like, are they fighters? Like, are they hyper-violent or anything like that?

Montrose: We're trying to... if we could frame this for you, Todd Zilla.

Todd: Yeah?

Montrose: We are quite skilled at extracting things, smuggling things... stealing things. But we do need to have a bit of a primer on what the situation is that we are going to be infiltrating. Do the big kids live sort of like you live? Because I do not think it would be that hard to you know, kick down a cardboard wall and... you know, just smash and grab. It's easy to smash and grab through, you know, chicken wire and cardboard.

Todd: Eh... I'm not sure I understand?

Montrose: Is there anyone who is familiar with the habitat of the big kids?

Todd: Hm... No, we have—no. No...

Montrose: No one's gone over there? No scouts, no spies, no...

Beef: You said you went over and you started shit and stole things, right?

Todd: Well, yeah... Yeah, we could probably figure it out. We could... Somebody would probably know. But it's like so boring. It's so boring over there...

Beef: Todd, focus up, bud.

Montrose: Focus up, buddy, we are talking about liberating this entire layer.

Todd: Yeah, it's just like... ugh... I don't really know, it's like... it's like... shacks and like beds, and they're all in like straight lines, you know what I mean? Like, they have different—

Beef: Do you need like a granola bar or something, Todd Zilla? Your blood sugar is low.

Montrose: Eat some chaka. Have some chaka there, Todd Zilla.

Todd: No, it's just that I hate talking about the big kids, they're so boring. They all change their names, too, when they get over there. They have like new names. It's amazing.

Montrose: Now, that's interesting.

Emerich: Can you give us an example of that?

Todd: Bob Johnson.

Beef: Oh, okay...

Emerich: Oh... how boring.

Todd: Like, Bob Johnson... Like, right now, their boss is named Marc Gerr. I'm not kidding. Marc Gerr. You could be anything you want to... Marc Gerr.

Montrose: Yes, I mean, it certainly lacks the punch of a Todd Zilla or a Fart Master.

Todd: Yes, thank you.

Montrose: Sorry, Turd Master.

Todd: Turd Master, Fart Sniffer, Jizzbert. Fun names.

Montrose: Right. So, is there sort of a pipeline of when people reach a certain age here in New Kidadelphia?

Todd: Oh, yeah, big one-8, you're out.

Montrose: You exile them and then they just go to —

Todd: I mean, exile sounds like we're kicking them out, but it's more like—

Montrose: You literally just said that.

Todd: "You're boring now, you're free." You know what I mean? Like, "I'm sorry, even if you don't feel boring, trust me, you are now. Goodbye." And then we make 'em leave.

Montrose: Okay, well, it sounds like the infiltration part of this plan is going to be quite easy! Because we are all adults...

Todd: Oh, yeah.

Beef: I'm 17.

Todd: You're 17? You're the oldest looking dude I've ever seen.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Beef: Yeah, man... yeah, I didn't... I didn't get enough sleep and I drink coffee as a kid.

Montrose: Yup, don't vape!

Todd: Do you have Jack disease?

Beef: I do. 'Cause I'm jacked!

Travis: And I flex real hard.

Montrose: He's got jewel disease. Vaped too hard, vaped the best years of his life out.

Beef: I vaped too hard, all the time.

Todd: You vaped your life away. I hear that, man.

Beef: Yeah, man. Truth.

Todd: We all love vaping here.

Montrose: Sure, sure. What's not to love?

Justin: One sec, quick note; we have a great team of people that keep track of all of our like stuff that we say. And Jupiter, especially, has been like writing notes and stuff. But every once awhile, I'll go like look at the wiki pages to see—like, the fan-made wikis.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: And I've learned—I keep running into shit there where I'm like, "Justin... why did you say that?" [laughs]

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Like, "You were just trying to have some fun and say something fun, and then it's like in the wiki." It's very... I know that's like a writ large, the whole thing we're doing here. But it is still somewhat disconcerting to be like researching the Nano Father and be like, "Pollen broth? What is wrong with me?"

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: I said the word 'scum canteen.' And it's like, "Oh, god. Okay, we've gotta figure that one out."

Travis: For the record, Lennon is not 17. In case that wasn't clear.

Griffin: Who?

Travis: Sorry, Beef.

Justin: Well, and they don't all vape. [chuckles] That doesn't make any sense.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Beef is a grown folk.

Emerich: You mentioned Shookles...

Todd: Yeah?

Clint: Can you describe Shookles?

Travis: Like the cat?

Justin: Yes, Shookles is a... rail-thin, gray cat. Much of his fur has patches of gray and patches where it's fallen out. But he has been... he's not like her ailing or anything, he's been well cared for. But he looks like a dick.

Griffin: Oh, okay. In a way that most cats do.

Justin: Yeah, but especially Shookles.

Emerich: Could we use Shookles to find the Turd Master?

Todd: Oh, yeah, do you guys—

Travis: Dad, that sentence that you just said is one of the greatest sentences ever said out loud in English.

Griffin: It's phonetical. It's like cellar door.

Travis: Can you use Shookles to find the Turd Master?

Todd: Wherever you come from, do they use a lot of tracking cats? Like, they use cats, and they like let 'em smell the thing and then they like run after the smell, like they chase the scent of command?

Emerich: No, but cats always find their way home. They always find their way home. So, I would say he is his home.

Todd: Maybe he just thinks Turd Master went to take a shit or something?

Emerich: We could track that, too.

Beef: Also, Emerich, we do know where Turd Master is, at the big kid compound. I mean, Todd Zille, am I right in thinking that even though you don't apparently retain any knowledge of the boring inside of the big kids' place, you know where it is, right?

Todd: Yeah, New Glennville.

Beef: New Glennville?

Todd: I know.

Beef: Whew...

Todd: I know.

Montrose: Even the name is so boring.

Todd: Yeah, it used to be Glennville.

Montrose: Is there anyone here in your compound—

Todd: 'Cause the first guy over there was named Glenn. I'm not kidding, they're just so fucking boring!

Beef: Can I tell you what's wild? Up top, back outside of Steeplechase, a lot of towns are like that. They just have the name of the guy who got there and was like, "I'm gonna build a town here!" And it's called like, Johnsburg.

Todd: Yeah, yeah...

Emerich: Remember when Chicago Jones went to the middle of Illinois?

Montrose: Yes. [chuckles]

Todd: And he made Jonesville.

Montrose: Is there someone from whom we could commission a portrait of Turd Master? Just so we kind of know who we're looking for when we get it in there.

Todd: Do you want like a police sketch artist to like create a—

Montrose: Yeah, something along those lines, yes.

Todd: Oh, okay... yeah, let me see who's around.

Montrose: You're just sitting still. You're sitting still and looking at me. You're not doing anything.

Justin: No, he left?

Griffin: Oh, okay.

Travis: There's the problem with theater of the mind.

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: Yes. Exits are so difficult.

Griffin: Right.

Travis: That's how you've got to make footsteps, Justin. [spoofs footsteps in descending volume]

Dingleberry: Hey. My name is Dingleberry.

Beef: Ah, nice.

Montrose: All right.

Dingleberry: I'm like the best drawer here. What did you need me to do? Todd Zilla said you needed something.

Montrose: Yes, I was hoping to commission a portrait of the—

Beef: Todd will explain it to you. Go ahead, explain it to Dingleberry, Todd.

Todd: Okay, so these guys want...

Dingleberry: What?

Todd: These guys want a picture.

Dingleberry: Yeah, that's easy. What do they want a picture of?

Todd: They want one of Turd Master. Like a picture of—

Dingleberry: Oh, like a... yeah, eh, okay... Yeah, give me a sec, let me see what I can whip up.

Montrose: Just as accurate as you can make it, just so that we are aided in finding him.

Beef: Oh, and we should clarify, don't like make him naked. I don't want to see his dick or nothing.

Montrose: Yeah, we don't want any nude art.

Dingleberry: I don't know what his dick—

Todd: We don't know what his dick looks like.

Montrose: That's great.

Beef: That's great, that's a very important detail to note.

Montrose: Love that.

Justin: Okay. So, he hands you a picture of an older man. You'd probably guess that he's in his 70s. He's wearing brown slacks, a white and button down and like black suspenders. And his hair is like well kempt. And he's got a like pack on his back.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: What's the quality of the drawing, J-man? On a scale of one to 10.

Justin: Bad. It's bad. But it's not terrible. It's like, you get it, though. You get the basic idea.

Emerich: Berry, this is very nice work!

Dingleberry: Thanks! Like, he doesn't always wear this. Sometimes he has like more layers when the rust storms are bad. But this is like he's sort of

running—usually, he's like running around in something like this. Like old guy stuff.

Montrose: You said a rust storm?

Dingleberry: Yeah, there's... we are a problem in the—

Todd: Yeah, we have problem with—it's something I've been working—I got this, Dingleberry. We have a problem with like every once—because we don't have a normal atmosphere here, when the recycling starts to break down that they drop and we don't use it quickly enough, it tends to... well, like, get caught up in these big rust storms. And it's... shitty, is what I would say. It's like... it sucks ass.

Beef: Well, we probably won't have to deal with that. I don't see that coming up again.

Montrose: Yes.

Todd: Okay. Yeah, it's not very common. But they seem to happen when it would be least convenient.

Beef: Oh, yeah, but it probably won't be—I can't see us having to worry about—

Todd: I mean, odds are that probably not.

Beef: Yeah.

Emerich: Is this an instance of Chekhov's storm?

Montrose: It's possible. Gosh, how long a journey are we talking about to New Glennville?

Todd: It's probably like... are you hauling ass?

Montrose: I mean, we don't have a vehicle? I would love to acquire one.

Todd: I mean, you could... if you need transportation, we can assist with that. You've done a great service, bringing us the chaka. And our new kick ass friends, the metamals.

Beef: Sure.

Todd: So like, we could definitely hook you up.

Beef: You got dune buggies?

Todd: Nope.

Beef: Fuck.

Emerich: Point us in the direction, place us on the vehicles, and let us go free the Turd Master!

Todd: You're certain want to go there, right? Because it's like... ah! So boring. They don't have any games. You're not allowed to tell stories. It's just like, you just walk around and like, I don't even fuckin' know.

Beef: Todd Zilla, you're the one who told us we had to go get him?

Todd: I know, but I care about you! And what if you go there and you're like, "Oh, I love this. I wonder if they have any taxes here?" And you get all like stuck there, you know? I don't know. It actually doesn't matter to me that much.

Beef: I can confidently tell you, Todd, at least two of the three of us have never paid taxes.

Todd: Cool.

Beef: So, I don't think that's going to be a problem at all. If you can give us a vehicle, maybe some road snacks... I'm gonna go to the bathroom before we go. Does anyone else need to go?

Montrose: That's private.

Emerich: That's kind of really personal.

Beef: Todd, where do you go the bathroom around here?

Montrose: I don't wanna... the answer to this question is going to be so bad.

Clint: [chuckles]

Todd: Just anywhere you want.

Beef: Hell yeah.

Todd: Yeah. [chuckles] It's awesome.

Justin: Okay, so you guys ready to set out?

Griffin: Point of order, real quick. I did not actually take any downtime actions—well, I did my... the sort of junkyard chat I had with Beef and Emerich, I was sort of thinking of as indulging vice? Like, I have sort of grown a bit from having to only talk to, you know, automatons.

Justin: I had sort of understood that, but we didn't make it explicit.

Griffin: Right. I'm just gonna indulge vice. That's an easy—a dice roll could fix that right up.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Cool! six. I resolve six stress.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: That is as good as you can do. So, that's one. And for the other thing, I was thinking of like the vehicle as being a... you know, a commodity that I could try and secure.

Travis: An asset.

Griffin: To try and aid in this job, but I don't—it sounds like that is going to be provided for us?

Justin: You could roll for vehicle quality? If you wanna—I had something in mind, but I would let you roll as an acquisition roll.

Griffin: Did you have something shitty in mind?

Justin: I have different things, I have something in mind. But maybe if you do a really good roll, then it would be better than what I was going to give you. [chuckles]

Griffin: Okay, I will do that. Because it seems like... it seems like getting into this place is going to be easy. It seems like getting out is going to be the hard part. And if we could find a vehicle that will make that a bit easier, then you know, we should do that. So, I would like to acquire an asset.

Justin: Okay!

Griffin: So, where are we going to get this vehicle, I guess, before we actually do the roll?

Justin: Let's see... I want to do like a cut to it. If that's okay?

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Justin: So, let's go ahead and get the roll and then I'll provide you with transport.

Griffin: Okay. So, roll the crew's tier... we are tier one now, correct? So, just one dice then.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: That's a two.

Justin: Okay, so we will—with a two, we will—

Griffin: I can also spend money, I have so many suites.

Justin: Hm, what to do?

Travis: Do it!

Griffin: If we wanna at least make it a tier zero?

Travis: [chants] Basic car! Basic car!

Griffin: Oh, wait, wait, wait, so, no, no, no, we are tier one. So, the quality of the asset would be tier minus one. So, this is a tier zero, or I can spend a coin to make it a tier one vehicle.

Travis: Do it.

Clint: Wait, wait. Okay, I still have two coins.

Griffin: And I also have coin, so I'm not—

Justin: We cut to a dune, sand dune.

Travis: Sorry, wait, real quick. Do you guys remember in the last episode, I feel like there was like, Todd Zilla had coin to give us?

Justin: Todd would have given you the money. You need to have the money, regardless.

Clint: Todd gives them the six suites he promised.

Griffin: So, I will spend one—if I take one suite, that'll take me to my four max. And then I will take the one leftover from my two, and I will upgrade the result of that roll to a... so, now it is a tier one vehicle.

Justin: When you show up at the dump, Jizzbert is waiting for you. And...

Clint: Looking up Jizzbert's voice?

Justin: Yeah, dad, I'm looking up Jizzbert's voice, a phrase... He sounds just like Dingleberry.

Travis: I mean, to be fair, maybe they're brothers? You and I sound a lot alike.

Justin: Okay, here we go.

Jizzbert: Oh, hi, guys! Welcome back to the dump. I heard you need some transportation. I got something all worked out for you.

Montrose: Jizzbert...

Justin: And then you see three kick ass Razor scooters. They're a little bit rusty, but they have like a break that you step on in the back.

Jizzbert: These are the worst ones that we have, we call them the tier zeros.

Montrose: Okay, Jizzbert, let me stop you right there. Because we are going somewhere to... to save a man from being kidnapped. So, we will need three vehicles to go out there, sure. We will need four to return.

Jizzbert: Oh, well...

Montrose: And ideally—and we are talking about going across the desert wastes. I am not sure that a Razor scooter is going to get the job done. So, try again.

Justin: We... [chuckles] cut to a sand dune. And there, crested over the sand dune, we see three incredible heroes on very good Razor scooters that are electric.

Travis: Ah, hell yeah. They have like five blades each.

Justin: They're solar powered electric scooters, and you are just zooming through the sand. They have special, wide tires—fat tires, like bikes have at the beach—that let them cruise across the sand dunes. And because Jizzbert heard your pleas, Beef, your Razor scooter is pulling one of those radio flyer carts.

Travis: Ah, hell yeah.

Justin: That also has flames on it.

Travis: Ah, yeah! So it'll go super-fast!

Justin: Yeah, really fast.

Clint: Can there be baseball cards in the spokes, too?

Justin: I mean, that's gonna slow you down.

Travis: Also, I don't know if Razor scooters have spokes. I'm not confident in that statement.

Justin: I don't think they do. But yeah, you guys are zooming through the sands with a lot of speed, in the direction that you've been told that New Glennville is. How are you filling the time?

Clint: Singing! [sings tune]

Griffin: Probably just trying really hard to keep sand out of my—well, I'm wearing a mask, never mind. I'm doing great.

Travis: I'm... what am I doing? I'm fantasizing about all the different ways I'm going to punch Kenchal Denton. Like different, the different sounds he might make. Maybe I punch him hard enough that like he shits himself. Or like I kind of punch him in his solar plexus and it like hurts for like three days. Or I punch him hard enough in the solar plexus that like his heart stops. Or like a punch on his butt cheek hard enough that he gets like a big discoloration on it. Or like I punch him in like his foot and he never walks again.

Justin: That's cool. While you're fantasizing about this, one of you speaks up and talks to the other ones.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Beef: Hey, guys, what if I punch Kenchal Denton so hard—

Justin: No, no, you had your chance. [chuckles]

Clint: I assume—

Justin: I would like for you guys to, for a change, talk about your approach to the situation. So I understand what your approach is and you understand what your approach is.

Clint: Okay. Is Scott on the Razor scooter with Emerich?

Justin: I thought you let Scott go?

Clint: He's free, but he also said he wanted to stay by Emerich's side.

Griffin: Yeah, he was too scared to leave.

Justin: Oh, okay. Yeah. He is riding—

Clint: It's okay if he's back there.

Justin: He is riding—[chuckles] Okay, Scott has taken to—he really appreciates his freedom. But he has taken to sort of riding on your back, pretty frequently.

Clint: Gosh...

Justin: Well, he's hard light, right?

Clint: Yeah...

Justin: No problem.

Clint: Okay.

Justin: He's kind of like piggyback-riding. Like, just sort of riding on your back. [chuckles]

Clint: All right. I think Emerich has been talking to Scott about life. And now he's sick and tired of that, so he turns to Montrose and says:

Emerich: How are we going to approach this? Is it an abduction? Is it a negotiation? Is it a theft?

Beef: Well, I not a theft. I don't—

Emerich: Did you bring the cat with us?

Beef: I don't think you can steal people. I think it's a kidnapping or an abduction.

Montrose: And also, if you kidnap a kidnapee, then you've negated it.

Beef: Rescue?

Emerich: Rescue.

Montrose: We're being heroes, if nothing else.

Justin: Did you bring Shookles with you?

Travis: No.

Griffin: I don't know why we would.

Travis: That sick, old cat? No, I'd feel too much responsibility.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: He's not sick, excuse me, that old cat.

Griffin: I think if Emerich wants to sneak cat in a little knapsack, that's—I don't—

Clint: A pet carrier?

Griffin: Yeah, I would not spring for that myself. But Emerich's his own dude. And so, that's his own journey.

Clint: Well, it might help. I was just thinking, it might help convince Turd Master to come with us?

Griffin: Hey, man, go for it.

Beef: Can I just say, before we go too far down the road of like abduction and rescue or whatever, at this point, we have a big thing to offer these big kids, right? Like, we're trying to figure out a way out of this layer into like Steeplechase proper, right? So, they should be on board with that. This seems like a negotiation. This seems like a deal rather than like—why wouldn't they be on board with us?

Montrose: Well, we can't assume anything. They might like their setup here. Let's assume that this community of adults probably could have found a way out of here if they wanted to. But something is keeping them here. And you know, maybe they've got a sweet little setup.

I think... You know, we are like some of the great jazz artists of our time. We are masters of improvisation. But I think that getting in there will be easy. I think we say we are wayward adults and we have heard about this community, and et cetera, et cetera. We get in there, we find a reason to gain audience with the Nano Father. What that is, I am not 100% sure. We will have to see sort of what his role is in this community.

Emerich: We have to read the room.

Montrose: Yes, exactly. The real question is, how do we get a dude out of the place?

Beef: Okay, so, if I might label our plan, just to give it a general tone, I'm saying infiltration plus.

Montrose: Infiltration plus, I love that.

Beef: Because let me say this; we know Gravel is in this layer somewhere, right? She's not with the kids. She wasn't with the metamals. So, pretty good chance she's gonna be with the big kids.

Montrose: Yes, that's a great point. I would love to find her, too.

Beef: Yeah. So, if we can get them and be like, "Yeah, we got thrown into this layer by Kenchal Denton." The truth. We, you know, "We were with the kids, but they've sent us away." The truth. Now, we're here. "Oh, hey, Gravel. Ah, an old man, you seem smart and cool." Awesome, right?

Montrose: Yes, yes.

Beef: We make everybody's acquaintance, they get comfortable. Then, under cover of night, scoop them up, get on our sick-ass scooters, and we're out of here.

Montrose: Zip on home, I love it.

Emerich: May I also point out that perhaps we don't need to abduct—

Beef: Rescue.

Emerich: Turd Master. Maybe just talking to him will provide us with the information that we need?

Beef: Well, Todd did want him back.

Montrose: Yeah, we did tell the children that we would.

Justin: Eh, did you?

Travis: That's what Todd sent us for, didn't he?

Justin: No, you guys wanted the Nano Father to find a way out.

Clint: We wanted the Nano Father.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Justin: He told you he'd tell you where he is, if you got the chaka.

Beef: Okay, so then, maybe that's what we say is like the 'plus' of the infiltration, right? Infiltration, talk to him. "What's that, old man? You want to leave too?" Now, it's plus, right? Because it might be a necessary rescue. Because there's been a lot of quid pro quo so far in this layer. So, there's a good chance we to get to the old man and we're like, "Hey, tell us how to get out of here." And he's like, "I'll tell you how to get out of here if you get me out of here."

Montrose: All right. So, I think the plan is; we get to New Glennville, stow our scooter somewhere off site. Show up—

Beef: Or maybe they fold up? Have we seen if they fold up?

Justin: They do.

Beef: Sick.

Montrose: It would be crazy if they didn't.

Justin: And with a tier one, they fold up really easily.

Montrose: Hell yeah.

Beef: Ah, sick, yeah.

Montrose: Say we roll up town, "We're new here. How do things work?" We don't say the words 'Turd Master' out loud.

Beef: Mm-hm.

Emerich: No, no.

Montrose: And we... we see if we can find Gravel and the Nano Father.

Beef: Sick.

Montrose: Let's not overcomplicate this. Because it will get overcomplicated once we are boots on the ground.

Beef: Yeah, let's not artificially overcomplicate it.

Montrose: Right, exactly.

Beef: Yeah.

Clint: [chuckles]

[theme music plays]

[ad reads]

[theme music plays]

Justin: What you see, after a long day of travel, is the... a large—probably, if you were guessing, eight foot high wall. That seems like it's been constructed out of whatever materials could be found for it. And it seems to be, mainly, to create some secrecy. And then, towering sort of over the rest of these single story houses, you see a large—what appears to be—you don't have a better name for it, except for a silo. It looks like a large grain storage thing that you'd see on a farm.

But it is like, head and shoulders, exponentially taller than any of the other structures in town. So, are you guys—you do see something that appears to be a gate. There is a tower overlooking it, just by a few feet. Are you all walking up regular? Are you trying to sneak in? Or are you just gonna kind of like walk up and say hey?

Emerich: I saw we walk up and act as boring as we possibly can. And just see if they welcome us, because we're old. That ought to be our passport in.

Griffin: Yeah, think that's a fine point. I really do think we should hide these scooters, though.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Like, as we... before anyone in the city can spot them.

Justin: Okay. There's a small sort of like swampy patch...

Travis: Donkey!

Justin: Donkey! [chuckles] A few 100 yards, like out of eyesight from granting the place.

Griffin: Great.

Justin: So, you're able to store them there.

Griffin: Cool.

Clint: I wonder if that's where Shroog is from?

Justin: Mm-hm.

Griffin: Possible.

Travis: I do the copyist cop knock on the door anyone's ever done. For those of you who don't know, a cop knock; [knocks three times].

Justin: A cop knock, yeah. A cop knock has to be like with your fist. We used to get really mad at people in college for cop knocking. It was like one of the worst sins.

Travis: At the very least, do a shave and a haircut, come on.

Justin: Come on.

Travis: No cop has ever shave and a haircut—

Griffin: No, because that means you're trying to—that means you're selling magazines. And I don't want to interface, necessarily, with that energy right now.

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: But I do a cop knock. Boring grownups love it.

Herb: Hey!

Beef: Hello.

Justin: It's from the tower.

Beef: Oh, hi.

Herb: Hey! How's it going, guys?

Beef: Going fine!

Herb: Nice. You new arrivals?

Beef: Sure.

Herb: Great. Great, great, great. How old are you guys?

Montrose: 18, dude!

Herb: Okay...

Beef: I'm 37.

Herb: 37. Okay, what about you, oldster?

Emerich: I am approximately half a century old.

Herb: Wow, cool. Hey, guy with the mask... how do I know that you're really an adult?

Montrose: Because I'm 18 years old! Check this out—check this out—check this out; fuck.

Clint: [chuckles]

Montrose: Fuck, I can't wait to vote and smoke.

Herb: Like, really? We don't... okay, the random cursing is sort of more of a kid's thing.

Montrose: Well, I'm moving beyond that. I don't even have an adult name yet.

Herb: Uh-huh... Could I see behind the mask?

Montrose: Piss Whistle was my name. But I don't like that one anymore because I'm too serious for it now.

Herb: Oh, yeah.

Emerich: What's your new name?

Montrose: I don't know, I was hoping that this guy could help me figure one out.

Herb: Can I see—can we just—if you could just drop the mask—

Montrose: It's prescription.

Herb: What?

Montrose: If I get any sunlight on my face skin, it burns instantly.

Beef: Like a vampire.

Montrose: Sort of like a vampire, yeah.

Emerich: Show him your hands.

Herb: Oh, you guys better—oh, crap, okay. I want to keep this conversation going, but you guys better hurry—my name is Herb, by the way. Welcome.

Beef: Herb?

Montrose: What is it?

Herb: Herb Baxter.

Montrose: Herb Baxter, great! That's so boring!

Herb: Cool. Okay. Yeah, that's... okay.

Beef: They probably don't see it that way here.

Herb: Oh, okay. Listen, I gotta go in. This is looking bad. You guys are not going to be safe out here.

Justin: And he you see him like looking off in the distance. You turn around and you see what appears to be a wall of red. Just moving straight for you.

Emerich: Ah, pollen broth!

Justin: And it's coming fast.

Travis: Is it a big wall of pollen broth?

Justin: No, it's a rust storm.

Travis: Ah, what are the odds?!

Herb: I gotta get inside.

Montrose: Cool. Open the gates, so we can come in and not die.

Herb: Listen, you may... We've had some interactions recently with the fort kids, so I need... He's clearly old. He's clearly old. You could be a kid trying to sneak in. I need something. If I could just see you face real quick?

Montrose: I can't do that because of the burning. It'll hurt so bad.

Justin: Okay, I have a clock here. And it is now on four out of eight segments.

Griffin: Is it a good clock or a bad clock?

Justin: It's a bad clock, it's a rust storm clock.

Griffin: Okay.

Herb: Okay, I gotta go, guys. I'm sorry. I gotta—

Emerich: Wait, wait, wait, wait! Piss Whistle, why don't you tell him your fondest dream? Tell him what would make you happier than anything in the whole wide world.

Montrose: Well... stocks. They seem so cool! I don't have the kind of institutional knowledge required to know about stocks and what they are and how they work. But I know that it's my calling to get in there. Some of 'em have like just weird letters for names. That's exciting to me. And it seems like you could make a lot of money, super-fast.

Herb: Yeah... We don't really have money, but we do have stocks.

Montrose: That's awesome!

Herb: We're wild about the things here. We've all got lots of 'em. We've been getting a lot of 'em lately.

Justin: That's pretty good. Griffin, why don't you roll a sway for me?

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: Easy. No problem.

Clint: I'm gonna help. I'm gonna help.

Justin: It doesn't seem like it so far. [guffaws]

Griffin: What's my position?

Justin: This is risky, standard.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: I'm gonna help with foresight.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Well, here it goes.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Yikes. one, one, one, four, five.

Justin: Shew!

Griffin: Shew. Shew indeed.

Justin: Shew...

Herb: Okay, you two!

Justin: And he points at Beef and Emerich.

Herb: Come on in.

Justin: And he's going to open the door for you two. And he flips a switch, and the gate starts to slowly swing open.

Beef: All right, listen, as a mature and responsible adult, I just don't feel comfortable going in without Piss Whistle here. It wouldn't be the responsible, mature choice.

Herb: Yeah... sheesh... okay...

Emerich: And if I may add—

Justin: Two segments left.

Emerich: I want to tell you a little story.

Montrose: Don't really have time for that.

Herb: Yeah, I don't have time for that.

Emerich: I was talking to my accountant.

Herb: No, I believe you're an adult. Like, you look so old. There's no question.

Montrose: Oh, check this out, bro. Check it out. You know what the Bible says? You've gotta leave behind your childish things.

Griffin: And I reach down and I grab the baseball card out of the spokes of the thing. Out of the... oh, wait, no, we don't have—okay, I'll say I brought the baseball card from the Razor scooter. And I say:

Montrose: This is one of my cherished—

Justin: Why wouldn't you? [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah.

Montrose: This is one of my cherished childhood possessions. It's a rookie card from some old dude named David Justice. I don't know who he is. But what I do know is I don't need him anymore. Because now I'm an adult and all I care about is stocks.

Griffin: And I tear it up into a million pieces.

Justin: Okay, roll sway again.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Please! two, one, one, no. I'm gonna die out here!

Justin: Holy shit.

Clint: Hey, wait, did the five not do anything?

Justin: Yeah, it did, it got you two in.

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: Oh...

Justin: Mixed success, this is the—

Travis: Justin, you've never done it before, but offer him a devil's bargain.

Griffin: What could that be?

Justin: Hold on a second...

Clint: Okay.

Justin: I'd like everyone to consult the rules for devil's bargains.

Griffin: "A player can offer you a bonus die if you accept the devil's bargain."

Justin: But that's before the roll, right? No, it—

Griffin: Yeah, I think devil's bargain is before the roll.

Justin: It has to be before the roll. Griff, don't forget, though, you could... there's always resisting?

Griffin: Yeah, no. Yeah, okay. I'll deal with the consequences.

Montrose: I'll tell you what, you two go ahead. I'll just stay out here and make myself maybe a little trench in the sand and see if I can't survive this thing.

Justin: The door slams shut with Beef and Emerich—are you guys—wait, hold on. You know that the door is about to slam shut.

Griffin: Yeah, that's fine.

Justin: No, I'm not talking to you. I'm talking to the other two, who he's already given permission to enter. Do you two enter or do you stay outside?

Beef: Emerich, you go in.

Montrose: Just go. Just go. I'll figure it out.

Beef: Yeah, I'm not gonna do that, Piss Whistle. Emerich, go ahead. Close the door, work from the inside. I'll protect out here.

Montrose: Don't—hey, I'm not kidding. Don't be a hero. Go inside. I will figure this out. I'm very wispy and wiry.

Beef: Ugh... okay—

Herb: Hey, I gotta have a call guy. I gotta shut this.

Montrose: Get. Go, get.

Herb: Ah, fuck, you know what—

Clint: Emerich looks back sadly but goes ahead in and trusts Montrose to take care of himself.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: Yeah, Beef goes in, too.

Justin: Okay, we're gonna leave you two for the moment. Emerich, or sorry, Montrose, the storm is bearing down. If you had to guess, you'd say you had about a minute and a half before it's completely on you. What do you do?

Griffin: You said there's an eight foot high wall?

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Yeah, I can get over that. That's not very high up, I can totally get over that.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Just one good jump, I got a claw hand. You know, I can leverage that. I can, you know, I think that I will be able to just one good jump, one good leap.

Justin: Through the—oh?

Griffin: A David Justice rookie card for \$275, Dad says. Fuck.

Justin: [chortles]

Travis: Ah, no!

Justin: Through the crack in the gate, Montrose, you can see that there are still people inside that are going to like—that are taking shelter.

Griffin: That will see me if I do this?

Justin: Exactly.

Griffin: Okay. Well, then I'm going to take off in a dead sprint around the wall to try and find a means of entrance.

Justin: Okay. Give me a... give me a survey.

Griffin: A survey, you say?

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: Survey you say!

Travis: Survey you says.

Griffin: Position?

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: This is risky, standard, I would say

Griffin: I'm going to push myself. Man, I hope this is a good roll.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Five, two, mixed success.

Justin: Okay. You see, as you're sprinting around, the wind from the rust storm is starting to pick up. And at one point, it is hurtling so fast that it shakes loose a panel on the fence. There are now like two edges of where a fence has been joined that are now exposed, that has left a gap there. But the edges of the fence, the wire from the fence appears to be fairly sharp. You make your way to the—I'm assuming you want to risk it?

Griffin: Of, for sure. Or I'll die, it sounds like.

Travis: For the biscuit.

Justin: Yes. You manage to wiggle your way in through this crack, Montrose. But you do take a level one gash on your leg as you are scrambling through.

Griffin: Well, can I not try and you know, Entrapment, bob and weave my way through there?

Justin: Well, because you rolled a five, I was giving you a—

Griffin: Well that was just to find the thing.

Justin: Okay! Well, take another roll, then. Let's give it a prow, I guess? Yeah, this is definitely a prow.

Griffin: Posish?

Justin: That makes more sense. It's a less safe entryway, but now you get to decide how you deal with it. Risky, standard.

Griffin: Can I push that for desperate, great?

Justin: Sure.

Griffin: Great. I'm gonna take dare devil on that, then. Okay, here goes nothing. Pleases, a six. Please.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Yes, yes! six, two, one, six. Critical, baby!

Clint: Whoo!

Justin: Critical!

Travis: And that's a great success.

Griffin: A critical great success. That should—man, I should just fuckin' phase through it.

Travis: You're the mayor.

Griffin: And also find a \$100 bill.

Travis: You're the mayor of New Glennville now.

Griffin: I'm the mayor of this town.

Justin: Okay, you, with a double six critical, Montrose, you manage to effortlessly slide your way through the gate. And where you find yourself is actually inside... you are facing the back of a... what appears to be a fairly structurally-sound tent. That as near as you can tell, is abandoned. So, you can slip in there if you would like to avoid the rust storm.

Griffin: Yes, I will do that. Do we have any... I forget, it has been a minute since we have been separated on a heist. Do we have any kind of radio, transceiver? [chuckles]

Travis: Yeah, we have comms.

Justin: You have comms.

Griffin: We have comms? Okay.

Montrose: I'm in.

Justin: You know what, though, would they work here?

Griffin: Hm! I mean, this could be a chaff storm situation.

Justin: Yeah, I don't know if they work here or not. They don't need to work here right now.

Griffin: Okay. Well, then I'm just gonna hide out in this tent and try and peek through the other side to see if I see my boys. I don't know how far off—

Justin: You see nothing at this point.

Griffin: Okay, cool.

Justin: And now you see rust.

Griffin: Then I'm going to hunker down.

Justin: Okay. Herb is ushering you two inside his like tower. There's a base there with a small table and a few chairs, some cards laid out. You can tell that maybe guards are stationed here and you know, just kind of cycle in and out. And you start to feel the rattling of the rust storm sweeping over you. There is a small oil lamp sitting on the table with the playing cards that are there. And Herb doesn't seem super nervous. He seems pretty chill about the whole situation. But he gestures to the seats, if you guys want to grab a seat.

Herb: This will be over pretty quick, actually. It's usually not a big deal. As long as you're inside, the rust storms aren't a big problem. They're not really that dangerous.

Travis: We have a seat. Or I do.

Emerich: Scott, why don't you... there are some old magazines over there, Fortune and Kiplinger. Why don't you thumb through those?

Scott: Yeah, I'm just gonna take a nap in your bag, dad. Is that cool?

Emerich: Good.

Scott: High five?

Emerich: Good. High five.

Scott: Nice.

Justin: And then he turns into a prism and drops to the floor. I'm assuming you scoop him up and put him in your bag.

Beef: Herb, was it?

Herb: Yeah.

Beef: We're obviously new here. What's the like protocol for new residents here in New Gelnville?

Herb: Yeah, normally, we talk to you about your skill set. Sort of what you were doing before that. And it's usually nothing because you come from the dumbass kid's fort. So, we'll start out on something like entry level. But you guys, what's your all's story? Because we don't get a lot of like... elderly people here. So, what's your deal, actually? Do you come with like a skill set? Do you have things that you are good at? Or what's your guys' story, how'd you get here?

Beef: Oh, yeah, no, absolutely. We were... tricked and trapped here by our rival, who is one of the Dentons.

Herb: Oh, right. Okay. Okay. Yeah, yeah. That does happen, that is very rare. It does sometimes happen, though.

Beef: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Herb: People getting sent here... That's a tough put. I am sorry about that, guys. But you know, you can make a new life here. You're welcome in New Glennville. We have... you know, we mainly just sort of work and... sleep and eat and poop.

Beef: We were actually hoping that you might know the whereabouts of a friend of ours. She also is more along the lines of our age, dropped here recently... imprisoned. Gravel is her name.

Herb: Yeah. Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah, actually. She came through a little bit ago. She was having like a... sort of a hard time adjusting, I would say. She was like struggling with that. So, she's not around right now. Like, I haven't seen her for a little bit. But I know she was struggling.

Beef: Where'd she go?

Herb: Like, she's somewhere in New Glennville, but I don't know where exactly. She was having a tough time getting acclimated, which happens. You know, it's not that comfortable. It's a big change.

Beef: Sure, got it.

Emerich: Do you know where she likes to... hang out? I believe we adults say?

Herb: We didn't really get that far. She was like... fairly distressed, I would say. She was having a hard time adjusting.

Beef: Sorry, Herb?

Herb: Yeah?

Beef: Who is the leader of New Glennville?

Herb: Oh, yeah. Currently, Marc Gerr. He's the boss kind of running stuff. But you know, we... really, we all kind of roll up to the Nano Father. He's sort of like our—

Beef: The who?

Herb: The Nano Father.

Beef: Wel, that is a unique name, for sure.

Herb: You'll love him. You'll love him. He's... he's a spitfire. I mean, honestly. I mean, this guy has always got, you know, always got some sort of... story or guidance. I mean, he's extremely smart. And he knows so much about home world and everything. And he's really helped us to, I don't know, find our way. He's our guiding light, basically.

But he's not always around and Marc Gerr kind of steps in for the day to day stuff. We switch that up. And pretty regimented, every two years, there is an election and then we pick the new leader. I wouldn't get any ideas, though. Normally, like new arrivals, it takes a little while to get their... you know, get their bearings.

Beef: I'm not interested in that position.

Herb: I understand, it's not for everybody.

Beef: Herb?

Herb: Yeah?

Beef: It sounds like the rust storm's dying down. Could you possibly take us to meet this, what was it again, Nano Father?

Herb: Yeah... I can't do that at the moment. That's not really in my... what's the word, jurisdiction, I think? I gotta stay here and keep guard. It's my shift.

Emerich: Okay.

Herb: If you want to head towards the silo, you could probably... You know what? You know who might know? Harriet. Harriet Ryman is there. She is the... sort of the lead science officer for New Glennville. And I think she was in that area, she could probably help you all out. Because I know she's been working with Nano Father pretty closely here.

Beef: Okay, silo, Harriet, got it.

Herb: Yeah.

Beef: Okay, well, see you later, alligator.

Herb: Do you... do you want to go out and check on your friend? Or...

Beef: No, he said he'd be fine.

Herb: He's probably dead.

Beef: Well...

Herb: Okay, without shelter, the rust storms are extremely dangerous.

Beef: So, when you become an adult down here in this layer, you just lose all sense of tact? Or...

Herb: Huh? Well, it's pretty matter of fact. You know, you lose a few. You lose a few, you gain a few. This is the way of things. And honestly, food's a little tight, if I'm being absolutely honest with you.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Beef: Herb, you do make it sound like it was an inevitability, instead of you not letting him in?

Herb: You know, the blame game, start pointing fingers, and eventually, you'll find out that there's... You can point a finger and there are like three pointed back at you.

Beef: No, watch this.

Travis: I point all five fingers at him with one hand.

Griffin: [laughs]

Beef: See? Look. There are five pointed at you right now.

Herb: Yeah, that looks—we don't have a lot of books here, so, that, I'm pretty sure is—

Beef: I'm also doing it sideways. I'm more like doing kind of a chop motion.

Herb: So, that is actually racist. We don't do that anymore at the Braves Games. I don't know if you—

Beef: The what games?

Herb: The Atlanta Braves? The baseball team, the Atlanta Braves.

Beef: That doesn't ring any bells.

Emerich: David Justice played 'em.

Beef: Did he?

Emerich: Yes, he did.

Beef: The irony... Okay, well, bye, Herb!

Herb: Yeah, see y'all. Best of luck!

Clint: Is it Erb or Herb?

Justin: Herb. And he's also never to be heard from again, couldn't matter less. [chuckles]

Griffin: You should have a big hole, Justin that your NPCs—

Justin: [laughs] I shove 'em into?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: I don't know why I have to keep making new ones. [chuckles] That's what the worst part of it is! All right, so, what are you guys doing? You two.

Clint: I think we... I think we need to check on Montrose?

Justin: Okay. You don't know—how would you go about doing that?

Travis: Yeah, see, this is—

Justin: Well, actually, let me cut back to you, Montrose. What are you up to, pal?

Griffin: I mean, I was waiting—

Justin: The rust storm has died down, you're in a... some sort of like tent. There is a bed. Or more accurately, a cot. A small folding table and chair. Similar to the guard shack setup.

Griffin: Yeah. About how far did I run from the entrance? Like when I was trying to scout out a means of entry.

Justin: I would say, imagine like... size-wise, you know, like a large base camp. Like a large military camp. You probably are... ran a good football field length before you found your opening. You don't know the area very well, and honestly, most of the living structures are pretty compacted. So, you're not exactly sure where the other cats are. But as the rust storm dies down,

you do notice that everyone is still in their homes. So, it would occur to you probably that there's a window there, if you wanted to try to catch up with the other two.

Griffin: Yeah, I'm going to make my way towards... back towards the entrance, yeah.

Travis: And we've stepped out of the tent, so like we are visible.

Justin: Okay... Montrose, give me a... let's do a group survey roll.

Griffin: Just to see if we can find each?

Justin: A group action just for finding each other.

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Justin: Before you're spotted.

Griffin: Posish?

Justin: Hm... risky standard.

Travis: And we all roll it, right?

Justin: Risky, limited—no, risky, great. Because it's not that hard.

Griffin: Risky, great...

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Whew!

Griffin: [sings] Travis has failed.

Travis: [sings] Travis has failed. Travis has failed.

Griffin: A mixed success.

Travis: Failed, failed. I got a two and a three. And I take the lowest dice.

Griffin: I bet Emerich's got some great survey skills, though. Let's see, Emerich.

Clint: Okay...

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Son of a gun.

Clint: Three, four...

Travis: So, two failures and a mixed success, Justin. Do with that what you will!

Justin: And you find each other! Whoa, it worked! It worked fine! No problem!

Clint: What?

Justin: It just takes you a few more minutes than you thought it would. Honestly, I'm just trying to move on with my life, guys. It's fine.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Okay? You find each other, but it takes longer than you thought it would and it's kind of like annoying and now you're thirsty. Okay? Everyone's thirsty because it took so long.

Travis: Yeah, I get that. Okay.

Beef: Hey, we've got to get to the silo—

Justin: You're reunited and it feels so good.

Beef: I'm glad you're okay. We've got to get to the silo. And this took so long, people are going to be out of their rooms at like any second. So, let's go, silo! Go!

Montrose: Yes, where is that? What is that? What happened?

Beef: The silos is the big thing?

Justin: You know what the silo is, you saw the silo. I mean, everybody saw the silo.

Beef: I grew up on a farm, so I know exactly what it is. And backstory!

Montrose: Let's run. You grew up on a farm? Tell me more. No, just kidding. Let's go to the silo.

Beef: Well, I was a scrawny child, but—

Montrose: Let's go to the silo. Here we go to the silo.

Beef: [running sounds]

Justin: Okay...

Beef: I loved books. They were delicious. It was a book farm.

Griffin: What do you want?

Justin: What is it, dad?

Clint: I was gonna study.

Justin: What do you want to study?

Clint: The silo?

Justin: Okay.

Clint: Would that be acceptable?

Justin: Yeah! Yeah, I would say it's risky, though. Because you're not dressed like everyone else and they know your steez. And there are things—it would be very obvious. So, give me a risky, standard roll.

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

Justin: Okay.

Clint: No, not for this. Not for this.

Travis: I don't think that's necessary.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Four and a four.

Justin: Four and a four... It is several stories tall. With a four, you notice... and this could be your eyes playing tricks on you, but it seems like there is a hinge on the roof. It looks like the roof is hinged.

Griffin: I want to stop us real quick, in the middle of our run. I say...

Montrose: Hold up, hold up, hold on. I feel like maybe we are getting ahead of ourselves a little bit. I think that if we are spotted, we are going to be detained or kicked out of town. I feel like maybe I have located a bit of a safe harbor, an abandoned tent, where we can hide out until we can find some way to, I don't know, grab a uniform or otherwise disguise ourselves. I feel like if we race straight into the silo, we might be... we might be flying by the seat of our pants a little bit.

Beef: Oh, you weren't there. This guy named Erb—no, Herb.

Montrose: Herb, right?

Beef: Told us to come here. He said look for Harriet, go talk to the Nano Father. Like, we're doing this on his instructions, basically. So like, we're not breaking any rules. We're looking for Harriet, who's the chief science officer. Herb sent us here and said, "Hey, like the Nano Father's here. He's a real cool guy. You'll like him, talk to him. He'll figure out what you guys can do." Like, we're basically operating completely aboveboard.

Montrose: All right! Well, that is a first.

Justin: [chuckles] The silo door is not at ground level. It is probably two stories of wooden stairs up to the door of the silo. You see a woman who is underneath the silo, currently. And she is taking measurements of the wood slats that are holding this thing aloft. Wood and metal, there are both underneath there. And it seems like she's writing and taking notes.

She is thin, if you had to guess, probably 50. Salt and pepper, gray hair. And rather smudged glasses. And she seems to be really lost in her own world. You assume, from the context clues given to you by her backstory, that this is Harriet Ryman. The lead science officer.

Beef: Uh—

Emerich: You—

Beef: Go ahead.

Emerich: Go ahead.

Beef: No, you go ahead. You're a science-y guy.

Harriet: Yes?

Emerich: Good afternoon. How are you?

Harriet: Oh my. Three new arrivals, huh, that's... very unusual. How can I...

Emerich: Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Ticholas Nesla.

Harriet: Ticholas Nesla? Okay.

Emerich: Yes. [chuckles]

Harriet: What a name.

Emerich: Well, thank you. I... I can't help but notice that this structure is fascinating. Can you—and I would assume that you are Ms. Ryman?

Harriet: Please, call me Harriet.

Emerich: Harriet, what a lovely name. My mother's name was... was Clara.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: [guffaws]

Harriet: What a bizarre thing to say.

Emerich: You seem to be engaged in some technical work, some scientific study? That's sort of my field and I was intrigued by what you were doing.

Harriet: Well... [chuckles] we're going home. And we are so close now. You won't appreciate this because you haven't been here long enough. But we have been here in New Glennville for years and years and years. While our parents have been stranded and unable to reach us. So, we, rather than wait for them any longer, are going to go find them.

Emerich: Ms. Ryman—I mean, Harriet?

Harriet: Yes?

Emerich: Clara? Harriet?

Harriet: Harriet.

Emerich: Harriet, are you implying that there is some method of transportation within this silo?

Harriet: Well... I'm not really supposed to do this, but we're getting close enough now. So, I think it's fair.

Justin: And then she leads you three up the stairs and opens the door to the silo, where the lights are still off. You hear her make her way over to the light panel.

Harriet: We have been stranded on this planet for years, while our parents have been stranded themselves, home, on Earth. And now...

Justin: And you hear a light switch lift up, and the lights are illuminated. And you see in front of you, a massive rocket. With the words Bob Davis written on the side.

Harriet: Bob Davis is going to blast off out of here and take us back to planet Earth.

[Steeplechase theme song plays]

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