

The Adventure Zone: Steeplechase - Episode 37

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Krystal: Hello, friends! It's me, Krystal with a K. And I just want to say an apology for my lengthy absence. It has been two and a half days since my last post, and I just want to say, the many, many calls placed in my local police department were completely unnecessary. I just needed a break! You know how it is sometimes, girlfriend!

I just realized, hey, I'm occasionally critical of the Dentonic Corporation when I really owe them so much. Everything, really. [chuckles] And that really puts things into perspective... all things! So, it's a new day, kids, my ohana, my fam. If you're looking for any more negativity on this channel, I hope you never know when to stop dreaming!

[Steeplechase theme song plays]

Justin: Hello, welcome back to Steeplechase. Our fair adventurers, the Poppy's Pals, have just—

Travis: Is that still the—I mean, we're almost 40 episodes in. We need to— oh, okay, great.

Justin: So, let's drill down on something soon. Right, is that fair—

Travis: Yeah, eventually, it will solidify.

Justin: We'll lock in something, but for right now... Yeah, you have just made it to the Bob Davis rocket. You've just been informed by Harriet Ryman, the lead science officer, that in T minus six hours, it's going to be blasting off on a mission to go rescue the parents of the children. Former children, now adults, of New Kidadelphia. And specifically, New Glenville, where you find yourselves now.

Travis: Justin, can I push back on one thing? And I'm sorry, I don't want to change your artistic vision. But you named the rocket Bob Davis, because you're like everything here—

Justin: I didn't.

Travis: Yeah, they did, because everything in the grownup world was boring. But I would posit that sometimes the most boring, uninteresting people in the world try to name their rockets the coolest shit. Like Falcon 9 or Dragon, or Falcon Heavy. You know what I mean? Because I think the most boring thing you could do is name a rocket a cool thing.

Justin: Wow, that really makes you think, doesn't it, Trav?

Travis: Yeah, really, doesn't it?

Justin: Hey, you've done it. You solved it. Now, you're the game master. Good job, Trav. You solved my puzzle.

Travis: Fuck yeah! I've done it!

Justin: You've killed god. [chuckles]

Clint and Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: Yeah! Finally.

Justin: QED, god no longer exists. And that about—what is it Douglas Adams says, "And that about wraps it up for god." [chuckles]

Clint and Griffin: [chuckles]

Montrose: Miss... Doctor Ryman?

Harriet: Just Harriet, thank you.

Montrose: Harriet. So, we are on Earth... that's the end. Sorry, it probably sounded like there was more to that sentence. But it is a pretty... like, it's a factual statement. We are on Earth. We are on Earth. This is Earth.

Beef: Try it—maybe—wait, sorry. Try with more downward inflection. "We are on Earth."

Montrose: We are on Earth. Welcome to Earth. We are on it now.

Clint: Third rock from the sun.

Travis: As far as we know.

Montrose: I do not know why... That's literally the whole thought. So—

Harriet: Yes. So, we are on near Earth. This is a satellite near Earth. We don't know how we ended up here. We know that our parents are, as near as we can figure, trapped on Earth, in the Steeplechase Park. There is a wormhole of some sort that is a one-way path. And we are going to use the Bob Davis to travel home to our parents.

Beef: Okay, but Harriet?

Harriet: Yes?

Beef: Is it possible that this wormhole is more like a... like just a hole-hole, that opens up and they dump trash in? And actually, we're just like one floor below. Like, we're in the basement of Steeplechase.

Harriet: It is, I will admit—many of our brightest minds came to those same conclusions. Early on, before the Nano Father helped us to understand the truth of our situation. So, luckily, for many years, we've been researching this, everything checks out. And we are so excited to finally get home. Obviously, we can't send everyone at first. Just a small contingent. They're true heroes, I would say.

Emerich: Clara, let me—

Beef: Harriet.

Emerich: Sorry, Harriet, would you say that the majority of the populace here in New Glenville is in support of the plan? Or is this kind of a Jor-El of Krypton scenario?

Harriet: It has absolutely been a community effort. We are all united in this, working in lockstep. Which is a nice change of pace, honestly. For a long while there was so much infighting, but we're very much united in this. If you'll excuse me, I understand what an exciting time this must be for you to learn all of this, but I do have quite a bit more—

Beef: Of course. Harriet, just before you go, one quick question; how long have you been here? In New Kid Adelpia, on this near Earth.

Harriet: How do you mean?

Beef: Like how many years?

Harriet: Whew... We don't so much track them, specifically. I have a sense, maybe... 40?

Emerich: Okay.

Beef: Yeah. Okay. I was just curious. Thank you so much.

Harriet: Thank you! Thanks. I'm so glad you're here. I would love to spend some more time catching up after the launch.

Emerich: You have checklists to check, we understand.

Beef: When is the launch?

Harriet: T-minus... five hours and 55 minutes, now. [chuckles]

Beef: Great.

Montrose: If we wanted to find audience with the Nano Father, where would we go for that?

Harriet: Oh, he is already on board. He is our navigator, so he is already finishing his checks on onboard the Bob Davis.

Montrose: We have traveled a great distance and at great cost to speak to the Nano Father. I was wondering if we could possibly have a conversation with him before he departs this near Earth realm? And just because there is a ceiling to this layer, I would say this mortal coil as well. Would that be possible?

Harriet: It's... it's not a ceiling. That, it is a projection. We thought that for the longest time. It is a projection. The atmosphere is generated. And what you see above you is an illusion to try to—it was installed to protect us. But we think we're ready to take that next step. I'm so sorry, I do have to get back to work.

Emerich: Yes, of course.

Beef: Okay, yeah, we're just gonna step on to the Bob Davis and talk to the Nano Father.

Harriet: No. I'm sorry, I can't allow that.

Beef: No, I understand that. But see, we're recent from Steeplechase. So, before he returns—

Harriet: I'm so sorry.

Justin: You start to—I will say this, you start to notice some other employees of the silo—some of which appear to be not necessarily working as much as they are just sort of keep an eye on things—starting to take notice of this situation. And you notice Harriet starting to make eye contact with some of them, as you continue—

Travis: Are any of them bigger than Beef?

Justin: There's a lot of 'em.

Travis: Are any of them bigger than Beef?

Justin: Nobody's bigger than Beef.

Travis: That's what I was looking for, my dude! Beef loudly announces:

Beef: Unless you want this project to fail and never make it back to Earth, you will let me on to talk to the Nano Father.

Travis: And I'm commanding that shit.

Justin: Who are you commanding?

Travis: The room, Justin. The room.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: I'm commanding the room.

Justin: Okay?

Travis: With Beef's elocution training.

Justin: All right.

Travis: What's the... what situation do I find myself in, Justin?

Justin: This is desperate, limited.

Travis: Okay. I'm going to push myself, you see... and we'll see how this goes.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: A six, a two and a five. But there's a six in there, Justin.

Justin: There is a six in there. Okay... So, you're commanding an entire room of people?

Travis: Yes!

Justin: Okay... [sound of pages rustling]

Clint: Page 78...

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: Now, it does have limited effect, so, let that play out however you wish.

Justin: Okay.

Harriet: I would if I could, I understand the warmth of his presence. Really, I think that it is not a good time now. I am convinced, but I think everyone else is a little more suspicious. I'm sorry, I wish there was something I could do...

Beef: Okay, how about this, Harriet; you must have some kind of like comms system, right. So that you can speak to the people on board?

Harriet: Yes. But again, they are extremely, extremely busy on there. I would much prefer to not bother them, please.

Montrose: Yes, science and all is a precarious process, we will respect that. I suppose we'll catch up with him... on the next planet. A shame, because again, we did travel a great distance at a great cost to come here.

Harriet: Okay, okay... Here's what I can do; a little closer to launch, I'll let you talk to him. This is not the right time, but later, once some of these

preparations are complete. They're about to send the crew off at the ceremony downstairs, and then—

Beef: Oh, of course.

Harriet: After that, is that okay?

Beef: Yeah.

Emerich: And I am a technician of some renown, so if there's anything I can do to help with those preparations, please let me know.

Beef: And which way to the ceremony?

Harriet: Just straight outside the silo, there's a [days??] there that they've built.

Beef: Perfect.

Harriet: You should see a crowd gathering.

Beef: Oh, awesome. Okay, great.

Emerich: Thank you so much, Harriet.

Justin: Do you guys head outside?

Griffin: Yes.

Travis: Can we have a moment, just the three of us?

Clint: Yeah, let's—can we talk?

Justin: Please, take a moment. You're near the door of the silo, away from the people staffing it, but not quite making your way outside yet. You do

see, through the door, a crowd of people starting to gather at a sort of like rudimentary stage.

Emerich: Fellows, telemetry is really not my strong suit, but if they launch a rocket thinking they're making an interplanetary trip, and it's really just going through a garbage hole, you know it's doomed, correct? I mean, we may be tempted to want to be on the Bob Davis. But I think if they carry out their plan, everyone on the Bob Davis is going to be... killed.

Beef: I'll tell you what's kind of fucking with me; everything we've heard up until now about Turd Master/Nano Father is that he's incredibly smart, and... why would he do this?

Montrose: Yes.

Beef: I will also say, just to check in, guys—because you know, I wouldn't say I'm like the most scientific, smartest dude, even in the three of us, obviously.

Montrose: I would say you're the least.

Beef: Okay. But we definitely didn't go through a wormhole to get here, right. Like, we got on a helicopter and then he like kicked us out. We didn't go through a wormhole, right.

Emerich: We went through a physical hole, yes.

Beef: Okay. That's what I thought and then a bunch of people around us seemed very sure that wasn't true. And it was starting to like cook my noodle a little bit, you know?

Montrose: Oh, you have to rise above that. This entire level has been—this layer has been awfully topsy turvy from the moment we arrived. I beseech you to please cling on to the sweet sanity of the layers above, as we continue this job

Emerich: Fellows, why don't—I wonder if it would be possible, I mean, even though we can't have entry into the rocket, if I'm—we may be served by me maybe checking out the rocket from what we can see outside, to study it.

Montrose: I love that. I love that idea.

Emerich: Study it to see. If nothing else, to determine its power source, perhaps, or the rocketry?

Montrose: Sure. Yes. Really, wow, really this is not your field, is it?
[chuckles]

Emerich: Well, no, but I think I have a little more expertise in it than—

Montrose: Absolutely. We've got about five hours and change to get this thing done.

Emerich: I believe I'm going to go inspect the rocket, to see how much of it I can tell from that side.

Beef: Yeah, speaking of retaining the sanity of the upper layers, let's also remember, our core competency is like sneaky crime.

Montrose: Yes.

Beef: So, them being like, "You can't go on there," is like, oh, okay, cool. Great.

Montrose: Not an issue.

Beef: Yeah.

Montrose: All right. Let's go watch some ceremony.

Bob: Thanks, everybody, for coming out. I'm Bob Gerr, you all know me.

Beef: Hey, Bob!

Bob: Hey, it's so cool to see you.

Beef: Working hard or hardly working!

Bob: [chuckles]

Emerich: Atta-boy, Bob!

Bob: It's a big day today. No more time for diddle-faddle. Thanks for being here. Thanks for gathering, of course.

Justin: You see on the dais, there's a man with a sort of rudimentary megaphone made out of cardboard. And there are three people there who are in what look to be pretty nice like suits. Spacesuits, with the big helmets and what all. They're behind—they're already suited up. They've got the helmet with the shielding on and what have you. And the three of them are standing up on the dais. Marc Gerr, so—

Bob: I'd like to just—you all know him, we love him. But one more sort of time, I'd like to introduce you all to the sort of pioneers of New Glennville, who are going to be out there to find our mommies and daddies. And we're all—you know, all of our prayers and our dreams and our wishes are riding with them. First up, here is our lead scientist, Harriet Ryman. You know her... Where is Harriet? Is she still—okay. All right. They're telling me she's busy in there, in the—working on things. So, let's skip right over to your captain.

Herb: Hey, everybody. I'm Herb Baxter. I'm the captain of the Bob Davis. As you all know, my brother did have Microsoft Flight Simulator when I was a kid.

Beef: Whoo!

Herb: So, I—never quite let me take the yoke, but I have watched over his shoulder many times. So, I feel ready to lead this mission to victory.

Travis: Justin?

Justin: Yeah?

Travis: Captain Baxter, how would you compare his physical stature to, say, the three of us?

Justin: [laughs] Are you just taking the measure of everyone?

Griffin: How come Beef wants—Beef is feeling very, very insecure this episode.

Clint: I know where he's going.

Travis: This is about fighting and more about flight—the spacesuit size.

Justin: Yeah, yeah, yeah. It would not fit you, it would probably fit Emerich.

Travis: Okay, got it.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: Also, is he more muscly than me? [chuckles]

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: Could I out-bench him? Me, Travis, sorry. Not Beef.

Justin: You could out-bench—you could bench-off anybody, Trav.

Clint: Does he even lift, bro?

Justin: Yes, very good, dad. Very topical and good. Back to the adventure.
[chuckles]

Bob: Next up, we've got our communications officer.

Mary: Yes, hello, I'm Mary Road. Thank you so much for choosing me. I'm, as you all know, excited about communications. I'm a big reader. I love my mysteries and my JP, James Pattersons. And I'm just very happy to help kind of find these mommies and daddies, and... gonna be very exciting. Hopefully this will be the voice that's telling you about our mission's success. So, thank you again.

Travis: I will die for her.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: That was quick.

Bob: And lastly, everybody, we'd like you to meet our... a little bit more of a new arrival. Maybe even a stranger to some of y'all, but we're so excited to have her on the team. Our chief security officer...

Justin: And then he looks at the card.

Bob: Bitch Riggins?

Clint: [chuckles]

Bitch: Hi, my name's Bitch Riggins and I'm boring, too.

Griffin: No.

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: No fuckin' way.

Clint: No...

Travis: Yup, yup, yup, yeah...

Clint: [chuckles]

Bob: All right, everybody, this gang—let's have a big round of applause for 'em, everybody. Harriet, Herb, Mary.

Emerich: Bitch!

Bob: And Ms. Riggins. I'm just gonna go with Ms. Riggins.

Bitch: If you're nasty.

Bob: I am not.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: [laughs]

Bob: I'm not nasty. But I'm so excited for you all, and best of luck, folks. According to the old clock on the wall, we got about T-minus—[chortles] Listen to me! T-minus, a regular Ed Harris over here. We've got T-minus five hours and 30 minutes or so until this thing blasts off. Thanks for coming, everybody. Make sure to stay hydrated. Thanks!

Griffin: Can I try and flag down Bitch Riggins?

Bob: Hey, how do you shut this off?

Griffin: Oh.

Bob: How do you shut it...

Emerich: [tap, tap, tap] Is this on?

Justin: You guys go ahead.

Griffin: I'm gonna approach the stage and try to discreetly flag down Riggins.

Bob: No, I flipped the thing.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: [chuckles]

Bob: Can you just cut—can you just cut the power, please? It's embarrassing! Can you please—

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Sorry, go ahead.

Griffin: I want to try and make contact with Shoebox.

Justin: Okay, Shoebox is... [chuckles] Shoebox is sitting outside of the rocket on a lawn chair, smoking.

Griffin: Great.

Justin: [chuckles] [It's not—I don't think it's a??] shoebox.

Montrose: Hello, 'Ms. Riggins.'

Shoebox: Fuck...

Montrose: Yes, my sentiments exactly.

Shoebox: Oh, god...

Montrose: What are you doing—

Shoebox: What are you doing here? It's none of your business what I'm doing here. What are you doing here? What, did you do a crime? [blows raspberry]

Montrose: I've done several—

Shoebox: I didn't know it was legal that jerk off so much it bleeds.

Clint: [chuckles]

Montrose: That's horrible. What you've just said is so gross.

Beef: Wow! Children could hear you?

Shoebox: No, they can't.

Justin: [guffaws]

Beef: Oh, yeah, no, wait, yeah, we're not—

Montrose: You know what? I'm thinking about it, Shoebox, this may be a great location for you. Just in how we can sort of contain your... nastiness, in sort of an adult-only environment.

Shoebox: Yeah, it's fucking stupid.

Montrose: Yes, well, we are marooned here on this layer, so I'm not sure—

Shoebox: Yeah, you're a moron on every layer.

Beef: Oh boy.

Montrose: Are you... are you in the same boat, Shoebox? Or did you come to New Kidadelphia of your own volition?

Shoebox: It's none of your business.

Beef: It really is, though, because we are also trying to get out of here. So like, we like—

Justin: What's that roll? I heard a roll. What's that roll? I just see a piece of pie? Griffin has somehow sent an eight-slice pie to the chat?

Griffin: Oh, I just—

Travis: That was just a snack he bought at the store for us.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin [laughs] There's a segment for clocks on my character sheet that I had never seen before—

Justin: [chuckles] You just clicked it mid-sentence, you maniac.

Montrose: Shoebox, we are not deceiving you in any way we are here... we are trapped here. We are trying to find a way out. And I gotta tell you, I do not think that a rocket blasting up into the next layer is the answer. So, we can help each other here, Shoebox... if you just sort of extend a little bit of faith in our direction.

Justin: Let's... I gotta have a sway for this, Griff.

Griffin: Yeah, you got it. Posish?

Justin: I will say it is risky, standard.

Griffin: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: A five, mixed success.

Justin: With a mixed success, okay...

Shoebox: I will give you the short version. I was hired to kill... somebody. And I was hired by Kenchal Denton to kill someone. And I didn't do it because I had a change of heart, is what I said. But the truth is I had like turbo shits. Like turbo.

Montrose: Shoebox...

Shoebox: I couldn't get out of bed. Think of that.

Beef: You were turbo shitting in bed?!

Shoebox: They were so bad, I couldn't even get out of bed. I was like ruined. Like with a mega turb shit.

Beef: Jesus Christ...

Montrose: And the bed was as well. Okay, and so, to punish you, Kenchal Denton booted you—

Shoebox: I got sent here to this shit hole.

Beef: Okay, well, we could—

Shoebox: So, I have this plan, these dumb-os think they're in space.
[chuckles]

Montrose: Yeah...

Shoebox: It's hysterical. So, they're gonna blast off. I'm gonna not be on the rocket. And they're gonna blow hole straight through. And then I'm gonna leave.

Montrose: I see, okay. So, that is—

Shoebox: It's a perfect plan.

Montrose: It really is, Shoebox. I am, as ever, just in awe of your tactical brilliance.

Beef: The forethought is what's blowing me away. You know?

Griffin: Is she telling the truth about everything she just said?

Justin: Everything.

Griffin: Especially the diarrhea?

Justin: Hold on, let me think. Yes, she is telling the truth about everything she is saying.

Griffin: Great.

Montrose: Listen, we are birds of a feather right now.

Justin: It's crazy that you don't have to roll for that, by the way, John. Mr. Harper, if you're listening, don't give my brother superpowers, please. [chuckles] Okay, go ahead.

Montrose: Listen, we are birds of a feather. We have also been betrayed by Kenchal Denton.

Shoebox: Oh, yeah.

Montrose: And if we flock together, Shoebox, we also want to get out of here and exact some delicious revenge upon him. So, let's work together on this.

Shoebox: You have a plan? Like what's your plan? What are you trying to do? You're stuck here.

Montrose: We have a plan. There is someone aboard that ship, Bob Davis, that we need to speak to.

Shoebox: Oh, that old slut? Yeah, he's pointless.

Beef: What?

Shoebox: Yeah, he's just telling all these people—like lying about, "Oh, it's space, you're gone home to your mommies and daddies." It's hysterical, but he's the worst.

Montrose: So, wait, he is the ones saying these things?

Shoebox: Yeah, it's all him. It's his plan.

Beef: Okay, just like take us to him.

Shoebox: Oh... Yeah, okay, sure. Yeah, I... I don't know. You might tell him that this all stupid and then they won't blow it up, and then I won't get out. So, I don't think that I'm going to...

Beef: We won't tell him that it's stupid. I promise.

Shoebox: You're gonna tell him it's stupid and then they won't blow their dumbasses up.

Beef: Oh my god, hey—

Shoebox: And I'll have to stay here...

Montrose: Shlabethany—Shoebox, is it more important for you to escape this layer or to watch a bunch of dumb-os explode themselves in a spectacular fashion?

Shoebox: Hey... hey, hey, porque no los dos, right?

Justin: [chuckles]

Montrose: Yeah. Yes, definitely.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Shoebox: That's Spanish.

Montrose: Yes.

Beef: Yup, sure is.

Shoebox: You guys ever got to Cabo?

Beef: No?

Montrose: No.

Beef: Shoebox, have you seen gravel anywhere?

Shoebox: Who?

Beef: Gravel.

Shoebox: Oh, right, yeah, Gravel... No.

Montrose: You really had to think about that for a very long time.

Shoebox: I don't like pay attention to other people...

Griffin: [chuckles]

Montrose: Right, sure. All right.

Beef: Indisputable.

Montrose: Well, you've given us some valuable information. So, you're sure you are not going on that rocket, right, Shoebox?

Shoebox: Fuck no.

Montrose: Okay. You don't think that they'll find that a bit curious?

Shoebox: I'm going to tell 'em I'm in the can. [chuckles]

Montrose: Well, it seems like that—

Beef: What if they wait for you?

Shoebox: No, I'm in the can on the rocket. There's a can on the rocket. What the fuck is wrong with you? Why would they not have a toilet? Ew, this guy wants everybody to shit in the rocket!

Montrose: Why are you blowing up our spot right now? We are trying to be discreet. Also, why do they need a toilet on a rocket ship that is going to have a flight that lasts for about eight to nine seconds.

Shoebox: It's gonna be like a long wormhole, though. You don't know how long wormholes are.

Montrose: Right, okay...

Shoebox: Don't try to talk to them about, their brains are all ka-flooey.

Montrose: This may be... I think I know the answer to this question before I ask it. But would you be willing to let us borrow a suit of some sort to try and—

Shoebox: Like a gimp suit?

Montrose: No.

Beef: No like a space suit.

Montrose: Just like a space suit, a flight suit.

Shoebox: An extra-large gimp suit?

Justin: [chuckles]

Shoebox: No, what do you need? Like a flight suit? Oh, yeah. They have them all over the place because it's like a dystopian nightmare. And it's very easy to get all the resources you need for these. They've got loads.

Montrose: Okay. So, if we get one of those—

Beef: I can't tell if you're being sarcastic. Shoebox, the veil is so thin.

Shoebox: Hey, ask Kreskin over here. Hey, am I lying?

Montrose: Hm... no.

Justin: No, she is lying. There aren't infinite space suits, there are just the four of them. [chuckles]

Griffin: Oh, okay.

Montrose: Well, okay. Then, can we borrow yours for a minute?

Shoebox: Oh, gosh... I never really thought about it. You know, you guys are... actually kind of heroic. You know, like—

Montrose: I'll give you money.

Shoebox: I don't need money. What I spend money on? Like, expired Twinkies? It's disgusting here. I've just gotta go. You have nothing.

Beef: I have a gun? I'll give you this gun, it's like—

Griffin: [guffaws]

Beef: It's a single shot, I got it off like a raider at the beginning of this. I'll give you a gun for that flight suit. It's one bullet for that flight suit.

Shoebox: Yeah, or I could shoot a rocket into this place and blow it the fuck up.

Beef: That's gonna happen!

Shoebox: Cool.

Beef: Okay?

Shoebox: Then I'll leave through the hole like Wile E. Coyote.

Griffin: [guffaws]

Beef: And wouldn't it be cool—okay. Wouldn't it be cool to have a gun when you did that?

Shoebox: I'll just take a gun off the ground. There'll be lots.

Beef: Shoebox? You're the worst.

Montrose: You're the worst and I cannot stop thinking about you. So, we—

Clint: [laughs]

Montrose: So, you are not going to help us find audience with the—

Shoebox: I'm not incentivized in any way to assist—

Montrose: All right.

Shoebox: Wait a minute. But now that you've asked again, I feel... this change inside of me. Oh, no, that was gas.

Montrose: All right, we're gonna go talk to other people now.

Beef: Enjoy your career as an influencer.

Shoebox: But wait, are you sure? You're so noble, maybe there's something I could do...

Beef: Oh my god...

Montrose: All right, we're gonna walk away—

Beef: Go start Shoebox Con and get out of here.

Montrose: I'm walking away.

Justin: Where are you going?

Griffin: Away from her.

Travis: Anywhere else. [chuckles]

Justin: [chuckles] You walk away and you tell yourself you're not gonna look back. Do you?

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: I guess I look back.

Travis: Yeah...

Justin: Okay, you see Shoebox extending two fingers in the air like in Hunger Games. [chuckles]

Shoebox: Wait, I can help. Wait.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: I walk back.

Shoebox: You dumb bitch.

Montrose: Oh my god!

Beef: God damn it!

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: Is that it?

Justin: It's your guys' story?

Travis: Apparently not! It's Shoebox's story, Justin!

Griffin: It's Shoebox's world, we're just living in it.

[theme music plays]

[ad break]

Justin: So, Emerich, let me tell you what you've got, okay? You've got a—the silo has a—and man, it makes sense for a rocket to be in a silo. But I was also reading the Silo books, so I'm just thinking a lot about Silos right now. Trav, did you read those? Have you checked those out? I think read Wool, I think you'd really like it.

Travis: I do know a lot about post-apocalyptic silos, from my research.

Justin: From my... books.

Travis: My machinations.

Justin: So, what you've got is the rocket in the center, okay. And then still—there is a sort of like—if you can imagine a spiral staircase around the outside of the silos, so that people are able to access different parts of the rocket. You know, without having to... levitate? I don't know, there are stairs. Like, why wouldn't there be stairs.

Travis: Yeah, you get it.

Justin: You get it, there are stairs. And the silo also obviously has a lid on it, that is currently in place. And you see technicians. This is stuff that you, you know, you would have seen the first time you were here. Technicians working on the stairs, last-minute checks. Some people that are obviously more like hands-on, checking the engines on the bottom level, closest to the ground level. Still elevated, if you'll remember. I think said—I can't remember, eight or nine feet, 10 feet, I don't know, it doesn't matter. A good ways off the ground, the rocket itself. And that is what you see in here. You can approach from the door you guys were at before and trying to make your way up that way. Or if there's something else you want to try, you can do something else.

Clint: I think... no, I don't think, I know Emerich wants to check out the engines.

Justin: Hm, okay?

Clint: So, I say he is going to create a hard light clipboard.

Justin: Okay?

Clint: To hold in his hand.

Griffin: Just get a clipboard? Just get a clipboard?

Justin: [chuckles] No, no, no, no. If that dad doesn't create pointless hard light, it's not steeplechase.

Clint: Yeah!

Griffin: That's true.

Clint: So, he makes a clipboard, and is making his way—he makes his way down the spiral staircase.

Justin: Up—oh, down—what—okay. The engines would be sort of at your level, if that makes sense. Like, there is a... the spiral staircase goes around the exterior. To get to the engines, there are like ladders underneath the thing, where people are like in the middle of working. But that is what they are—have like ladders.

Clint: Okay, then I think he'll go down the ladders to look at the engines.

Justin: Okay. So, as you get close, a guard stops you. You can tell he's a guard because he has a knife.

Travis: Whoa!

Justin: God, I'm out of voices.

Justin [Playable Character]: Hey, you can't go in here.

Emerich: Why not, Justin?

Justin [PC]: Because—oh, have we met?

Emerich: Yes.

Justin [PC]: Oh... Oh, right, you were the guy in the—

Emerich: At the debriefing with the... remember?

Justin [PC]: Oh, when you were in the inn, and you wanted to get a room, in... Ephemera. Yeah, I remember you.

Emerich: Yes. And I'm down here to make sure everybody has a good clipboard.

Justin [PC]: That doesn't make any sense.

Emerich: Well, sure. You have to have a clipboard if you're going to be jotting down—

Justin [PC]: Is the hard light?

Emerich: Yeah! Check it out.

Justin: And he smacks it out of your hand.

Justin [PC]: That's not real.

Emerich: Oh, Justin?

Justin [PC]: You don't work here—yes?

Emerich: Why did you do that?

Justin [PC]: Because that was fake. It's a fake clipboard. You have to leave, there's doing science and stuff.

Emerich: Hard light is what everybody is using now. Everyone is—

Justin [PC]: No, that doesn't make any sense. You can't just make up shit. Please go.

Emerich: Justin, did we not bond when we are at Ephemera?

Justin [PC]: I think I remember being fairly annoyed with you. I was annoyed enough that I quit and got banished down here, actually. So...

Emerich: Oh, I'm sorry that is resulted in that.

Justin [PC]: Yeah, well, I took a few people out on my way and I told 'em I was going to—

Emerich: What?! How did you take them out?

Justin [PC]: Well, Clint—

Emerich: Come on, I feel like you want to get this off your chest.

Justin [PC]: Okay, sorry. Was it Emeral?

Emerich: Emerich.

Justin [PC]: Emerich, okay.

Emerich: Emeral is a completely different character.

Justin [PC]: Please leave.

Emerich: Have you met Emeral?

Justin: Okay, you can see Justin McElroy reached to his hip and start to reach for his gun—his knife, sorry. His knife-gun. Yes, you got that right. Head to mcelroymerch.com, buy your own knife gun that shoots blades, as wielded by Justin McElroy as Justin McElroy.

Travis: Not to be confused with a gun-knife! A knife that shoots bullets.

Justin [PC]: Can you give me one good reason why I should not throw you out of here right now? With my knife-gun.

Emerich: Yes.

Justin [PC]: Okay?

Emerich: I will lay my cards on the table, Justin.

Justin [PC]: Oh, nice.

Emerich: I am of a firm belief that this rocket ship is going to result in the deaths of not only everyone on the ship, but everyone in this general area. Because of the terrible devastation and explosion that is going to result. And I am trying to do a community service, to not only everyone here but that would include you.

Justin [PC]: Shit, yeah.

Emerich: Just to make sure it's safe. I am a technician of great renown. I mean, how many people do you know you can actually make a hard light clipboard? I think the answer is no one.

Justin [PC]: Most—oh, yeah.

Emerich: So, I'm just here to make sure that is safe. I don't even have to touch it. I just need to be close enough to do a little observing.

Justin [PC]: Yeah. Okay. That makes a lot of sense. Because I thought the whole kind of rocket to get our moms and dads—not—I mean their moms and dads. My mom and dad live in New Boston.

Emerich: Right. Right. So, I mean, you—

Justin [PC]: Yeah.

Justin: Okay, hm... Dad, give me a sway roll, great effect, controlled.

Clint: Okay... wait... oh, okay, great effect? Controlled? What did you say?

Justin: Yeah, yeah.

Clint: Okay... And I'm going to push myself.

Justin: Okay. Oh my god, I can't believe we have gone this far—

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: four, two, four, two.

Justin: four, two, four, two. Oh, mixed success, perfect.

Justin [PC]: Yeah, the—actually, it makes a lot of sense. I'm gonna go. I didn't think about me getting blown up. I kind of figured they'd get blown up. But they didn't want to hear anything about how we're in Steeplechase. So, I'm gonna go. Thank you for helping me to figure that out. I appreciate it. You can go poke around or whatever. I wouldn't get caught, because it is pretty weird that you're here.

Emerich: I absolutely—anything you can do to assist me in blending—

Justin: He's walking away.

Clint: Okay.

Emerich: Thank you, Justin!

Justin [PC]: Uh-huh.

Emerich: I said thank you!

Justin [PC]: Uh-huh. Yeah.

Emerich: Okay... Love that guy.

Clint: Okay, so...

Justin: You are—everyone seems pretty into what they're doing. There's probably like... well, let's call it three technicians in various—working various tasks. Hands-on with the engines. Making sure everything is like up to code.

Clint: Okay. I'm gonna just do a study. Study roll.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: Don't you think that makes sense? Yeah, wait a minute, no! I say it makes sense. I'm going to do a study roll, particularly of the engines. Okay, study roll. Specifically, I'm gonna say that Emerich gets as close as he possibly can. And looks at—checks out the engine. Studies the engines.

Justin: Okay, I'm gonna call this controlled... controlled, limited. Because this is not your field. You can exchange—I don't know how this would work in this case. [chuckles]

Griffin: [laughs] Get *really* close to it.

Justin: Get really close and exchange position for effect. But up to you. Just like licking them.

Travis: Yeah, right? Run a finger along the inside.

Clint: Change position, you mean like get closer to them?

Justin: No, I mean literally in—like, rules-wise, you are in a controlled position with limited effect. You can exchange so you're in a risky position, for standard effect.

Clint: I'll do that.

Justin: Okay. You get really, really close.

Travis: So close.

Justin: So close and people are like, "Um, is this okay?" And they're not quite sure about you. But now, you may roll.

Clint: Okay, so you said risky, standard?

Justin: Mm-hm.

Clint: And I'm gonna push myself again, I think this is important. Well, to me it is.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: It's good to have—

Clint: Two, two, five, four.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: Now, Justin, in your mind—can I ask you a question?

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: Instead of dad having a four mixed success, he has a five mixed success. Does that change anything for you?

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: Yeah?

Justin: In the arc?

Travis: Oh.

Justin: You know what I mean? It's all about a vibe. For example, dad, you get very close. You do put your hand on a part that you shouldn't have. And it is extremely hot. And you now have a burned hand, a level one harm.

Clint: Okay. I'm used to that.

Justin: And in the study—but in this study of it, in your completely rudimentary understanding of... not even aeronautics, would it be aeronautics? I guess? Technically? If you're going to space? I don't know.

Griffin: Astronaut. Astronautics.

Justin: Astronautics.

Travis: Astronaut, yeah.

Justin: In your limited understanding of space shit, what you think is interesting about this rocket is that it doesn't seem to have the engines—which you would expect to be able to change the yaw and pitch and everything of this vehicle—don't seem to have that fidelity of control. This looks like less of a rocket and more of a missile that would be... would not be like changing—be able to stop and pivot and redirect, et cetera.

Griffin: Shlabethany is going to be so stoked.

Emerich: Carry on, everyone! Carry on!

Clint: And I'm blowing on my fingers.

Emerich: [blowing sounds] Shit, shit, shit, shit, that hurt.

Clint: And then heads back up the wooden staircase and activates the earpiece and says:

Emerich: Fellows, this is not a mode of transportation. This is a weapon. Everyone who's on this rocket is going to die. And wherever they shoot it is going to be destroyed.

Beef: Oh, okay.

Emerich: So, I don't think we're looking so much at a... an exploratory mission, as an explosiotory mission.

Beef: Sorry, you broke up a little bit. Could you give me that one more time?

Justin: [laughs]

Emerich: I think what we're talking about is not so much an exploratory mission—

Beef: Yeah, got that part.

Emerich: As an explosiotory mission.

Montrose: Pause. Pause. Oh, okay.

Emerich: As an... explosiotory mission.

Beef: [sings] Yeah!

Montrose: It's hard to say, isn't it? Well, I'm not sure if you heard the bit where we found Shoebox, and she said that this whole ordeal was the Nano Father's idea. So...

Emerich: I would say—I actually tuned all that out because that woman's voice—

Montrose: It's very unpleasant.

Emerich: But if that's the case, I would be willing to bet Nano Father is not going to be on this vessel when it takes off. Because there is no directional control that you would have in this mode of transportation. It just shoots straight up. It's like a massive bottle rocket. Bob Davis is a giant bottle rocket.

Beef: Bob Davis is a killer! Is it possible that at this point, this is just, as you said... not... Are we underestimating the destructive force of Bob Davis?

Emerich: From the heat being generated by the engines... I don't know. I know that even without any kind of incendiary device, if it makes impact with something traveling at the speeds to propel this, there is going to be a lot of destruction. And no one on board will—

Beef: On board, we got. I'm talking more about the effect it's going to have on Steeplechase. We've been talking about it as though it's going to rip through the bottom of the next layer up, and then have a big hole there. But if this has been designed to operate as a missile, then perhaps we are underestimating the impact this is going to have on Steeplechase?

Emerich: Well, I think... like I said, I think it's a weapon. I think it's an attack. I may be wrong. You are more of the expert in destruction.

Beef: No, I'm agreeing with you is what—I'm agreeing with you, plus.

Montrose: Yes.

Emerich: I'm just saying, I think we need to revise our plan if it was to be onboard.

Montrose: No! Oh, god, I don't want to be on board this thing—

Beef: Wait, Emerich, did you think that was the plan?

Montrose: Did you think we were going to blast off and go on a interstellar adventure together?

Emerich: No, no, no, no, I just thought Beef was so into finding out the sizes of the spacesuits—

Beef: To sneak on board!

Montrose: And get the guy, not to go on—not to get—not to join our place in the stars?

Emerich: I have never been able to figure out the machinations of you two's brains... [chuckles]

Montrose: I see. All right, well, did you manage to find any—

Emerich: That's what I love about you! [chuckles]

Montrose: Any kind of vulnerabilities we can exploit, in order to access the, you know, crew compartment?

Emerich: Well, there is a spiral staircase that runs along and up the interior of the silo. If it would be at all possible, perhaps... I'll tell you what, how about if I go further up the stairs and see if I can see a hatch?

Montrose: I love it. That's great. Be sneaky, too. Because they're not going to like that you're there.

Emerich: I will!

Montrose: Great.

Emerich: I have a... I have a hard light clipboard, I think, that will cover me—

Beef: Okay.

Montrose: Well, you're all set, aren't you? They have regular clipboards lying around though, right?

Emerich: Oh, no, no—yes. But there's nothing like hard light. Nothing like hard light.

Beef: Okay.

Emerich: So, I'll continue that and you two do whatever it is you do.

Justin: Let's agree what the three of you want to do next. Because you've been—you did your separate bits. You got some good information. And that's going well. Now you can reconvene and what do you—what's your next step? You probably—checking the clock, you have around five hours. Just so that we're clear, though, don't think of that as an actual timer. It's not like a game clock. Like, you're not racing against the clock necessarily, but it is trying to give you a sense of the of the thing.

Travis: Sure.

Clint: I think you just don't want to make another clock. [chuckles]

Justin: Yeah, it is. You have to click like five times, so...

Travis: Gross.

Griffin: Can I find Mary Road? The comms officer.

Justin: Sure. Where would Mary Road be...

Travis: A comfy chair by the fire, enjoying a mug of chamomile tea?

Justin: Okay, you actually—you poke around. You ask some of the other folks in New Glennville. And they point to one of the shacks. Just around a 10th of a mile from where you are. [chuckles]

Travis: As the crow flies?

Justin: And you see Mary bent over. Her helmet is on the sidewalk. And you notice Mary pruning some of her plants. She has her overalls—her apron on over her spacesuit.

Mary: I hate that I'm not going to be able to tend to these. Hm... It's going to be wild by the time I get back, if we come back... [chuckles] Oh, sorry, I didn't see come up. I'm kind of talking to myself in the garden.

Montrose: Excuse me, Ms. Road?

Mary: Yes?

Montrose: Hi, my name is Dilip.

Mary: Dilip?

Montrose: Goodparty.

Mary: Dilip Goodparty, okay?

Montrose: And I'm a reporter for the New Glennville Courier. And I was wondering if you wouldn't mind to answer a few questions. You are the comms officer aboard the Bob Davis, right?

Mary: Did you say New Glennville Courier? If there was a daily news publication, you know I would read it, but—

Montrose: It's a blog.

Clint: [laughs]

Mary: Sorry, a blog?

Montrose: A big log.

Clint and Travis: [guffaws]

Montrose: It's a big log.

Travis: You can't refute that!

Montrose: It's a big log, I stand up on it at the edge of town, and I yell out all the big news stories of the day.

Mary: Oh, it's more of a podcast?

Clint: [laughs]

Montrose: It's sort of like that. Yeah, I guess you could say that.

Mary: But what is a podcast, other than people standing on a big log and shouting the news of the day?

Montrose: And shouting all their thoughts, yeah.

Beef: I think Theroux said that.

Montrose: I'm sorry, I thought you were the comms officer aboard the ship and you would be sort of amenable to an interview?

Mary: For a... how big is the log?

Montrose: A log is about... 18 inches wide. And about—it's only a foot high or so. It's more of a chode—

Mary: Well, everybody's been scaling back, it's tough out there.

Montrose: It's sort of a chode log... yeah... So, I was wondering if you wouldn't mind answering a few questions about the—

Justin: Give me a sway, baby. Give me a sway roll!

Griffin: Posish?

Justin: This is... [chuckles]

Clint: Surely, Montrose is up to four sway by now?

Justin: Risky... no, it's controlled, standard. [chuckles]

Griffin: Controlled, standard. Great!

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Six.

Clint: All right!

Mary: So, what do you want to know?

Montrose: Well, I guess just for starters, how did you get involved with this mission? I'd like to know more about sort of your background and why you settled into the role of comms officer aboard the ship?

Mary: Well, I wouldn't say there was a lot of... competition. It was sort of agreed together, I think, that some of us long-timers would be on the mission. Just for the experience, I think, that we that we bring. Except for Ms. Riggins... she's a new arrival, but she seemed excited to go. So... there weren't exactly a lot of other volunteers. [chuckles]

Montrose: Oh, why is that?

Mary: Well, I think some people are... they're excited. They are. I think some people are... I don't want to say concerned about the risk of it, but... Yeah, I think that's probably fair, the risk, the danger of it, maybe.

Montrose: And what about the sort of mastermind? I was hoping to secure an interview with him, but they have him sort of locked up tight inside that rocket. What do you know about the Nano Father? With your history with him?

Mary: Oh, he is the sweetest, kindest soul. He's smart, sweet, always has a moment for you.

Montrose: Well, not for me. [chuckles]

Mary: Oh, I'm sure if you... if you ask very nicely, maybe? Or if you told him about your... big blog. Big Log? Bglog?

Montrose: Blog. Blog. Yeah.

Mary: Blog. I'm sure he'd be willing to, he's an absolute sweetheart.

Montrose: Well, maybe you could put in a good word—

Mary: He'd do anything for anybody.

Montrose: Well, yeah, he only has several hours before he will be out of communiqué—

Mary: That's true. That's true.

Montrose: And so, you're not worried about this makeshift rocket having some sort of catastrophic accident?

Mary: I am worried... Yes. I am, yes.

Montrose: I'm just saying, we have a sister site, a tech blog. And some of our writers there are awfully worried. Because they say that the rocket is not really designed for kind of interstellar travel, and it was more of a sort of ballistic... weapon?

Mary: Nano Father explained that. He said that we needed the speed first, and there's a second stage. So, once that falls away, there is a second stage that is a bit more of a nimble vehicle. So, we can come in for a landing and see our mommies and daddies.

Montrose: Okay. All right... This is all very helpful.

Mary: Oh, good.

Montrose: I just... you know, I'm worried. I guess I'm a little bit worried, because...

Mary: Honestly, when I get that way, I talk to him. I talk to him. I talk to the Nano Father and I say, "Please, just help me. I know I can't understand, but just help me to be—to make my peace with it. So, I would recommend it. But that's just me. [chuckles]

Beef: Ask her to help with that. Ask her to facilitate.

Montrose: Golly, I just—I sure would appreciate a chance to talk to him. Listen... our circulation has been struggling, at the blog. Because... it's by the dumpsters.

Clint: [chuckles]

Montrose: And people don't want to come over there very much. So, this story is obviously the biggest news story of the, you know, decade. And I just, I really wanna knock it out of the park and prove myself. Is there any way you could help me have a conversation with the Nano Father? Any way at all, please?

Mary: Gosh, I don't know...

Justin: Can you roll, please?

Griffin: Yeah. I will push myself.

Justin: I'm gonna say, this is... controlled, limited.

Griffin: Can I make it a risky, standard?

Justin: You can, yes.

Griffin: Yeah, I'm gonna push myself.

Clint: I'm also going to help.

Griffin: Well, if you're gonna help, then I'm not gonna push myself.

Justin: You gotta justify it to me, Mac.

Griffin: Yeah, I don't know how you're gonna help from...

Clint: Well, with foresight, you can use a flashback.

Griffin: But you still gotta—oh... I mean, you still have to justify it.

Justin: [chuckles] We flashback as dad just agreed with you to sit like a sneaky creeper outside the window.

Clint: Nah, all right—

Justin: I'm not trying to be a party pooper, I'm just trying to keep the—

Travis: Oh, wait, you know what? I'm gonna help.

Griffin: How?

Travis: I'm standing over by the big log, by the dumpster, yelling:

Beef: I can't wait to hear what you talk to the Nano Father about!

Justin: [chuckles] Okay?

Beef: I'm really excited for when you announce it!

Griffin: All right, I'll take the bonus dice from that.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: God damn! Two, one, four, three.

Justin: Oh, damn!

Clint: Wait a minute, it's a straight! one, two, three, four!

Justin: That's nothing.

Griffin: That's got to be something, right?

Justin: It's nothing.

Travis: Oh... but there is a mixed success in there.

Griffin: There's one mixed success in there.

Beef: How did it go? Are you gonna get to talk to them?

Emerich: What'd the lady say?

Justin: Griffin just gave another picture of a pie.

Travis: Does that change your mind, Justin? Does that do anything to sweeten the pot?

Justin: [chuckles] "Let's see what my friend, Mr. Eight Slices, has to say about that roll!"

Clint: Some delicious pie!

Griffin: Oh, you made him angry.

Justin: Ooh! Now it's a red cherry pie!

Clint: A red pie!

Mary: Okay, I... I can't come, but just tell them I said it was fine. Tell them... tell them Mary said it was fine. And that'll get you in.

Montrose: Do you have like a... I don't know, can you write that down on a note or something?

Mary: Fine.

Justin: There.

Griffin: Great. Better than nothing.

Montrose: Thank you so much. Would you mind if I took a few photographs?

Mary: You're really pushing it with a four, you know?

Clint: [laughs]

Montrose: [chuckles] Okay, well, I will be on my way. Best of luck with the mission. Please don't get on board that ship. I'm pretty sure you would die, and everyone else would. All right... good luck! Bon voyage!

Griffin: I'm gonna start heading back towards the silo with this permission slip, from my mom. [chuckles]

Clint, Justin and Travis: [laughs]

Justin: When you get to the silo, there are two guards standing outside. There's probably three hours left in the countdown.

Griffin: Great

Justin: When you get there, there are two guards standing outside. And you hear from inside, a bit of commotion.

Griffin: Inside the silo or inside the rocket?

Justin: Inside the silo.

Griffin: Okay.

Montrose: Hi, excuse me. My name is Dilip Goodparty, from the blog. And I was wondering, I have a permission slip here from Ms. Road that is sort of her giving me access to do a quick interview with the Nano Father. For my blog, before the mission takes off. Just, honestly, for you know... important historical records. So, I was hoping that I might be able to just squeeze on in there and have a brief convo with him. And here's the permission slip right here. I have a right here in my hand. And that's her signature right there.

Justin: Hm... okay, Griffin, because you have this slip, I'm going to give you controlled... controlled, standard on this sway roll.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Are you all three there or is it just you?

Griffin: I mean, we can regroup here. Unless you guys have any other individual business you want to do?

Travis: Nope. No, no, no.

Griffin: Okay. This time, I will push myself. So, controlled, standard.

Clint: I'm going to help.

Justin: Okay?

Clint: I'm going to use foresight to help, and say:

Emerich: By the way, we would like to do a follow-up story for the blog, on what it's like serving in a security capacity on a crew. It just seems like such a fascinating, fascinating topic. If you all would be available later.

Justin: The security guards who have to this point remain silent kind of shrug at each other like, "Okay."

Griffin: All right. I am also going to push myself on top of this foresight.

Justin: Wow.

Griffin: So...

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Oh my god... three, one, five, five, two. What are the fucking odds.

Justin: A five... one of them points his thumb at the door and steps aside. And the other one says, "No..." And then he looks at the other guy and he's like, "Okay." And then they let you in.

Griffin: [chuckles] All right.

Travis: Ah, mixed successes are tough!

Justin: Yeah, mixed successes are tough, man. You gotta pay the price.

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: You just want—that could have been a new reader for your blog, right?

Justin: One guy is kind of annoyed by you as you pass.

Griffin: All right.

Travis: Oh my god, you've gotta live with that all day!

Griffin: Well, that was controlled, also. We could try that again.

Justin: I don't...

Griffin: No, but we won't.

Harriet: I don't know! Yes, I've tried that!

Justin: You see a Harriet arguing with a man that you had not seen before. You don't recognize him. But you hear through her yelling, she's referring to him as Gary. And she is—

Harriet: It's just... stuck!

Justin: Gary clearly doesn't understand what she means by stuck. But he throws up his hands and she says:

Harriet: Just go try... try the sequence again. Oh, what do you three want?

Montrose: We have a permission slip here, from Ms. Road. She was insistent that we have a conversation with the Nano Father. You did say to come back later. And so, it is later now and we sure would love a chance to talk.

Harriet: Now, that would be wonderful. Except none of us can access the rocket.

Beef: Ah?

Montrose: What's the...

Harriet: It's locked. It's simply—it's just... locked. And for some reason, we can't get a hold of the Nano Father.

Beef: Okay, where's the like radio thing?

Montrose: Surely, you have some means of communicating remotely?

Harriet: Yes, we should be able—it's automatic! He can hear everything we're saying.

Beef: Right now?

Harriet: Yes!

Beef: Oh, okay, cool.

Harriet: And I don't—he should be! As designed, yes!

Beef: Wait, sorry—

Montrose: As designed?

Harriet: As designed, there's two-way communications. We lost communications and the door locked.

Beef: So, wait. So, he can hear us and he's just not answering, or he can't hear us?

Harriet: I don't know because we can't hear him either. Communications being shut off isn't that complicated?

Beef: What about room tone? Can you pick up room tone?

Harriet: It's just dead.

Beef: Okay. Hey, Nano Father/Turd Master, if you can hear us, it's Beef, Montrose and Emerich.

Justin: Are you just standing, what are you doing?

Travis: Yeah, I'm just like announcing to the air.

Justin: There's no response.

Beef: Please?

Emerich: We have concerns. Shookles sent us.

Montrose: Mm-hmm...

Emerich: I thought you'd like to know how Shookles is doing?

Beef: We have an idea of how to get back to Steeplechase and kill Kenchal Denton.

Montrose: Whoa, hold on! Whoa, whoa!

Clint: Whoa!

Travis: Still nothing?

Justin: Beef you said that, but while you were saying it, there was like a blaring air horn, almost like a siren going off in the silo. And the lights spin. And just as you finish speaking, the siren stops. And everyone in the silo hears this:

Nano Father: I need to speak with the three of them. Alone.

[Steeplechase theme song plays]

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