

The Adventure Zone Hootenanny: 3tenanny Virtual Live Show

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Travis: Hey folks, just a heads up, what you're about to hear is audio from our virtual live show *Hootenanny*.

So it might sound and feel a little bit different because it originally aired with a video component with it, but we still think it's wonderful. We still think you'll enjoy it. Just wanted to let you know, if it sounds a little bit different, that's why. Okay. Here we go. Enjoy.

[intro country music plays]

Travis: Hi! Welcome! Welcome to *Adventure Zone* live and virtual *Hootenanny three...* Or perhaps *3tenanny? Hoot3nan*— Which— What did we decide on what? I liked *Twotenanny two* myself.

Griffin: That is the best option, it's a shame we— Wait. All four of us liked that. How did we get outvoted?

Travis: That's [laughs] true. Wait, who? Who was the—

Justin: Who overruled us?

Travis: The shareholders. Ugh!

Griffin: Oh.

Justin: Eek!

Travis: Oh, the shareholders.

Justin: Dang, the shareholder! Why do we—

Clint: They're gonna hear from us.

Justin: Why do we have to create so much value for them?

Travis: I just wanna say, Justin. Now seeing both you and Griffin ready for the show, I can't decide which one is more distracting for different reasons.

Griffin: Yeah, I realized shortly before sitting down that there was a lot of stuff visible in my goggles, that I don't necessarily want... a bunch of strangers see. And by "strangers" I mean—

Travis: And meanwhile, Justin's about to freak my bean. [wheezes]

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: [chuckles] Justin's about to freak your bean. Dad—

Clint: I get the joke. I get the joke.

Griffin: Yeah. Dad has a beard that I could hide in.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Me, an— a grown-up adult could do that. And—

Travis: Meanwhile, I'm just handsomely beautiful, and very distracting in that way.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Hi everybody. So this is a *Hootenanny*. We will be playing using *Lasers & Feelings*. The mechanics of this are simple.

Each character will have a number, and when you are rolling anything that is scientific or incredibly spacey, it's like Lasers. And you are trying to roll below your character's set number. If you are rolling anything that is like interpersonal or like intuition, it's Feelings, and you want to roll over your character's set number.

So we'll be using d6s primarily for that. We'll go into all the other mechanics in a little bit.

Clint: And it's high?

Travis: And— Well if you roll against it, then you get Laser Feelings, and you can ask me a question. I think it would be worth it, since we're all sitting here, wearing our weird stuff, to introduce our characters once more. Griffin, perhaps the most noticeable of the four of us, why don't you go first.

Griffin: And the most recent addition too.

Travis: That's true.

Griffin: To Hooty and the Nannies.

Travis: Also true.

Griffin: A travelling space band. I'm Forty-Eight. I'm technically—My character's name is the entirety of the lyrics "I Like It, I Love It." So that's my— This is my character's name, and really I just shorten it to Forty-Eight, which is a number that is included in the opening line of Tim McGraw's "I Like It, I Love It," and I'm a sentient data cube.

Travis: Right.

Griffin: Who collects the works of Tim McGraw.

Travis: Dad, why don't you go.

Clint: Benny Ray Jesserit. He's kind of a—

Travis: I— Hold on. I'm sorry, Dad. It's Benny Jean Esserit.

Clint: Benny Jean.

Griffin: I know what happened there. Dad was thinking of Carly Rae Jepsen.

Travis: Or Billy Ray Cyrus.

Griffin: Did you say "Billy Ray Jesuit?" Because that's a wild one. That's a fun character there.

Clint: Benny Jeeeeean... Esserit.

Travis: Thank you.

Griffin: Esserit, okay.

Clint: Named for the song "Benny Jean is Not My Lover." And he's sort of a space prince... master of the triangle, and thought he was a big deal, so he split off from the band to try a solo career as a triangulist. And it failed miserably. So.

Travis: Not triangular. Not triangular. Triangulist? I just wanna get that right.

Clint: Yeah.

Travis: 'Cause it'll come up.

Clint: Triangulist.

Travis: Okay, great.

Griffin: Yeah, one who plays a triangle.

Clint: And the whole episode two is about him trying to get back in the band, and [laughs] I don't remember if he did or not!

Griffin: I'm pretty sure he did.

Travis: He has to carry everything and do all the set up.

Clint: Oh that's right.

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: He has to do the roadworks, right.

Travis: And then up next is... Justin.

Justin: Hey. How's it goin'. [pause]

Travis: Okay, no but you have to introduce... Pepsi.

Matt: Oh. Peps— Nah nah nah. I don't know anybody— I don't know a Pepsi, man. My name's Matt Gasper. I'm a pop artist. Um... I don't know anything about Pepsi Liberty. My name's Matt Gasper. I'm a come-up pop— A pop guy.

Griffin: Did you tell Tom to prepare a chyron, for Matt Gasper? Okay, good good good.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Oh hey, Tom?

Matt: Let me just quickly—

Travis: You're a miracle worker. To— I—

Matt: So cool, Tom.

Travis: We should— yeah.

Matt: Thank you, man. Thanks. Yeah, I'm Matt Gasper. I don't know Pepsi Liberty. I'm a completely different guy. Where he like... loves America so much.

Griffin: Yeah.

Matt: Me? I'm like... ambivalent. Leaning pro.

Travis: Yeah, okay.

Matt: You know, it's like— It's like my thing's like yeah... America's the greatest country in the galaxy. Or whatever. You know?

Griffin: Right. Yeah, "Support the troops, I guess."

Travis: Justin—

Clint: [laughs]

Matt: Support— No no no, definitely support the troops, but like... as much as you want.

Griffin: Yeah.

Matt: As long as it's a lot.

Travis: Just a quick check in, Justin, and this is kind of across all of our different properties.

Justin: Yeah. Yeah yeah.

Travis: Do you think that this might be the most alienating thing you've ever done on any of the shows we've ever— Like just so far as like age range goes? [chuckles] There's definitely people below a certain age that are so lost right now.

Justin: Well, we— We've talked about... Chris Gains and his great work.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: So that's just a Google away.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: That information is just a Google away. So, I'm Matt Gasper. I'm a different guy from Pepsi Liberty.

Travis: Definitely.

Justin: And like, if you may be thinking that I'm gonna like... transform into Pepsi Liberty [chuckles] right when you need him most.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: [laughs] You can put that idea... right out of your head. Okay?

Griffin: Yeah, how—

Justin: 'Cause I am a separate person named Matt Gasper.

Travis: Matt Gasper. Okay, pop artist.

Griffin: How would you even do that transformation? You're Matt Gasper.

Travis: Yeah, you've got a goatee. What are you gonna do, shave in the middle? Come on.

Justin: Yeah. Come on.

Griffin: Yeah. Come on.

Clint: But at least you could do *Saturday Night Live*.

Travis: Right.

Clint: And Pepsi could host. And Matt—

Justin: Pepsi could host.

Clint: — could be the—

Justin: 'Cause he's still—

Clint: — musical guest.

Justin: He's still making great music.

Griffin: Right.

Clint & Travis: [simultaneously] Oh.

Justin: I don't wanna get confu— Yeah. Oh man, I love that— You wouldn't think I would, right? But when you got a melody that strong and it just hits in?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: You know, on one of his melodies.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: I mean, what are you gonna be— I mean it's un-American not to like it.

Clint: Yeah!

Justin: As I've established, I'm still kinda, basically very pro-American.

Travis: Okay. Yeah, no no no, we get it. Okay. Anything else we need to set up before we swing on into it?

Justin: Did I cover that I'm a different person?

Griffin: Yeah yeah yeah. We got that part of it.

Travis: Oh, I should mention, so my character is Shoots McCracken. Who was a—

Griffin: Shit, who's ste— We forgot to pick a DM again.

Travis: Oh no. No, I will be DMing. GMing, if you will, as well as occasionally being Shoots McCracken. Shoots was a android, is a arcade... game quick draw machine. Think like... who is it?

Griffin: Literally nothing you can say here that would be... relatable.

Travis: The only thing I can think of is *Quick Draw McGraw*, and I know that's not it.

Griffin: *Hogan's Alley* would be a—

Travis: No, what was that— *Mad Dog McCree*.

Griffin: Okay, fine.

Travis: That's what I'm thinking of.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: But his love of the standup bass caused him to gain sentience and join a country band, that's all you really need to know. Okay!

Justin: Can I say somethin' else?

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Is it about how you're a different dude?

Justin: No, I wanted to say that I accidentally left Twitter open when we started. And...

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Saw a bunch of people that don't like... me very much.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: And I want you to know, I'm gonna work really hard to win you over.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: My blend of pop and popular music—

Griffin: Right.

Justin: — is not for everybody. But I'm gonna t—

Travis: Wait, your blend of pop and popular music?

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: Both of 'em?

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: It's pop—

Travis: Pop— Well, I'm sold.

Justin: — and popular music.

Travis: You don't often see those two together.

Justin: It's a fusion.

Travis: Oh.

Griffin: Great.

Justin: It's kinda like—

Clint: I look forward to your three-month lifespan.

Justin: It's kinda like wo—

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: It's kinda like world music.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: 'Cause it's the most popular music in the world.

Griffin: For sure. For sure.

Travis: Okay, well about that. Let's talk about that.

Justin: Mm.

Travis: So, the three of you wake up, having passed out on the floor of the cargo hold. As you hear Shoots McCracken say...

Shoots: Hey. Wake up. Hey, wake up? Y'all with me? Huh? You passed out there for a while and I guess lack of air will do that.

Griffin: I—

Shoots: Forty-Eight? Not sure why...

Forty-Eight: Yes.

Shoots: That affected you so much.

Forty-Eight: I do not breathe. I do not breathe.

Shoots: Like at all? I'm still tryin' to understand the pseudo-organic thing.

Forty-Eight: Yes, me too.

Shoots: Okay.

Forty-Eight: I consume the rhythm of the universe. And it sustains—

Shoots: Can I just say?

Forty-Eight: Yes.

Shoots: We've known you for a couple years now, we have not done enough to delve into your backstory, [wheezes] if I'm bein' honest.

Forty-Eight: Not even a little bit.

Shoots: Yeah, that's on us. I'm sorry we never asked, I guess?

Forty-Eight: Yes, it is quite rude.

Shoots: Okay.

Forty-Eight: I do not have many feelings, but the few that I do have have been sorely offended.

Shoots: Oh boy. Well now's probably not the time to talk about that. Let me ask you, what do y'all remember? 'Cause I'm beatin' the lack of O2 probably made your memories a little bit foggy? Yeah?

Forty-Eight: I do—

Benny Gene: I did— I remembered my name. That was it. That's the best I got.

Shoots: Clearly.

Benny Gene: Almost.

Fourty-Eight: I do not remember this gentleman with a delightful womb broom under his chin.

Travis: Oh, boy! [laughs] Oh, Fourty-Eight! Where did you learn about that? Fourty-Eight, have you been on the internet [chuckles] again?

Fourty-Eight: I can't—

Justin: He only know the word "womb broom."

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: He doesn't know "goatee."

Fourty-Eight: I had to ride a very long bus with strangers.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: Oh boy, Fourty-Eight. I told you not to talk to them. Okay. So. Here's what you remember. Orbiting the planet Forte is Treble Clef Station. Treble Clef Station is a themed hotel experience, owned by Aloysius "Al" Stumperthwaite Junior.

Griffin: He needs a nickname.

Travis: About a month ago, you received a message from Al.

Justin: The— Travis did put "Al" right in the middle of the name.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: [quietly] Yeah, that's my bad.

Justin: Travis didn't even finish the busted name before he was like, "No-one's ever gonna say this again."

Travis: "Stumperthwaite's" a great name. I'm just saying.

Justin: “Stumperthwaite” is a good name. I’ve gotta give it up.

Al: [in a sniveling voice] Hooty and the Nannies, what an honor, I’m a huge fan. That’s not why I’m reaching out. Have I got an offer for you. As I’m sure you know, Treble Clef Station was previously themed around the last big Earth-based fad, musical theatre.

Benny Gene: Mmm...

Al: My dad, Al Senior, poured a lot of money into this place, tryin’ to keep folks coming back for more. But now that I’m in charge? Well, let’s just say that I can read the writing on the wall.

Folks, want what they want. What they want is country music. So, over the last year and a half, I’ve been converting this place into a honky-tonk hoe-down hayride jamboree extravaganza! Am I saying that right?

Anyway, most of the acts are animatronic, of course, but for our grand opening, I was hoping to book a real, live country band! Ho, and I’d happily pay your standard rate, plus any travel and expenses.

Now we’re not quite ready to open just yet, still a couple of bugs to work out. But why don’t you come up and have a look around, and see how an amazing this is going to be. See you all soon!

Shoots: And so we went. And as soon as our ship, the Delta Dawn, docked in the hold, everything went to shit. Yep, so power kicked off there for a while, but luckily! I’ve been takin’ some online classes. And I learned how to wire my body into the computer! I was able—

Forty-Eight: May I—

Travis: — to access—

Forty-Eight: May I play you? I have never had a chance to play you. You look fun.

Shoots: Oh, you mean like the game?

Fourty-Eight: The game of you inside you. I would love to interact with it.

Shoots: I don't like the phrasin' so much, but yeah. I mean, if you wanna quick draw, we can quick draw.

Fourty-Eight: What does this track ball do?

Shoots: Now, that's— Mm, please don't touch that.

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Fourty-Eight: I apologize.

Shoots: Yeah man. You know what? On second thought, I don't wanna quick draw with you, Fourty-Eight, 'cause there's a lot of social norms we still gotta work on. Yeah.

Matt: I mean, Fourty-Eight's draw's a little— just a little quick even for you, Shoots.

Clint: [laughs]

Shoots: Yeah. Yeah yeah yeah.

Matt: Yeah.

Shoots: So I'm able to keep the auxiliary power goin' and I got lights in there up, and so now this is when I tell yah that I got bad news and I got good news.

And the bad news is that the air and power we got ain't gonna last forever. Maybe six hours? And I can't get the hold doors to open without main power, so we can't leave either. But! The good news!

Fourty-Eight: Those were— Those were two pieces of bad news.

Shoots: Yes.

Matt: Yeah.

Shoots: It was very bad news. But here's the good news... We don't have to worry about it. Because I can't access the thrusters either, so we're gonna crash into the planet loooooong before we run outta air. So... You know what? Now I'm hearing me say it out loud, I'm sorry fellahs, I got a lot of processing power goin' to keepin' things goin', and that's really— Yeah, you know what, I hear it now, and I know.

And I'm connected to this, it's called "Lanweb." It's a Lanweb terminal and it's takin' up a lot of my power, but... there's more good news. I've been able to gain access to some door controls, and I can get you a pathway up to the main control room. And so you should be able to manually control from there.

And, oh! Oh, anything along the way that you see that's marked "Lanweb," I should be able to access and help yah out. So, if you're ready, we can get goin'. I gotta stay here and stay plugged into the computer, but the three of you, I've charted you a path up and to the main control room, so if you're ready to go, just let me know.

Benny Gene: Hmm...

Forty-Eight: Absolutely.

Matt: [in a whimsical voice that sounds a lot like Pepsi Liberty] Yeah, lead the way, Shoots.

Benny Gene: Oh, we go. Yee-ha!

Shoots: Wait. What was that, Matt?

Matt: I said lead the way, buddy.

Shoots: Okay... Alright. So.

Justin: That's Matt's speaking voice.

Griffin: Oh, okay.

Travis: That's Matt's speaking voice. Okay, great.

Griffin: [chuckles] Great.

Justin: That's how Matt sounds when he speaks.

Clint: Yeah, there are a lot of people who have the one speaking voice, and their speaking voice sounds tot— Like Jim Neighbors.

Griffin: Exactly.

Travis: Exactly like Jim Neighbors.

Justin: Love—

Travis: Yes, thank you, Dad.

Justin: Love Jim Neighbors. Thank you, Dad. Hey.

Travis: Hey, I take it back.

Justin: Yeah, thanks for like contextualizing my reference to make it seem timely.

Travis: And for making Justin's timely reference seem less alienating.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: By comparison.

Justin: I really appreciate that, Dad.

Travis: I really appreciate that. Thank you very much. So the first door slides open.

Shoots: Okay! Should be pretty smooth sailin' from here. I mean, power's up most of the place through, so ain't nothin' gonna happen bu—

Travis: And suddenly, the whole area comes to life.

Justin: Naturally.

Shoots: Uh... That weren't me...

Travis: Before you is a table with seven chairs, all facing you. Suddenly, two doors, one on either side of the table, burst open, and seven large... square-shouldered automatons, all conservatively dressed, enter and take their seats. The one in the middle, larger and more conservative than the rest, addresses you.

Automaton one: [in a booming robotic voice] Justify yourself.

[pause]

Forty-Eight: Can you repeat that?

Automaton one: Jus-ti-fy yourself.

Forty-Eight: I suppose I... I suppose I have no purpose. Goodbye.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: Oh wow! Well, I beat Forty-Eight! That's one down!

Justin: [sighs]

Travis: One down, two to go!

Benny Gene: I bring contextual clues to everything. I put everything into context, no matter what is said, I've got some kind of 50- or 60-year-old reference that makes everything clearer. If you're... old.

Automaton one: This does not justify your illicit behavior.

Matt: Hey, we just wanna keep you from crashin' into the planet! That seems like a pretty good justification. You don't wanna perish in a ball of flame, do yah?

Automaton one: You are out there, making a real harlot of yourself. Justify yourself!

Justin: [laughs] Wha—?!

Matt: What kind of justification you lookin' for, partner?

Automaton one: Justify your illicit behavior.

Matt: Wait, what illicit behavior you mean?

Travis: Shoots cuts in.

Justin: Okay. [laughs]

Shoots: Yeah, um apparently this room is something called "Harper Valley?" It's some kinda interactive experience? I have no... idea what this is supposed to be, what it's in reference to.

Benny Gene: Well... I would say you're all just a bunch of hypocrites.

Automaton one: How dare you! Let the judgement begin. Explain your behavior, Mrs Johnson. Justify yourself or face the wrath of the Harper Valley PTA.

Travis: And as they say this, their eyes begin to glow red.

Griffin: I can see Dad's breath quickening.

Travis: Yeah. There's gonna be— Hey, guys. A lot of moments that Dad, more than any of us, is going to enjoy the references that I've baked into this experience.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Alright.

Justin: When I carried three White Claws down tonight, Charlie was headed to bed, and she said [singing] "Dad's gonna drink three White Claws tonight."

Travis: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: [singing] “Three— [chuckles] Three White Claws in one night.”
[chuckles]

Automaton one: Mrs. Johnson, your skirt is too short.

Justin: Let’s— Let— How many are there, Travis? Tell me what they—
What am I lookin’ at here?

Travis: There’s seven of them.

Justin: Okay. Still—

Travis: One larger and more conservative than the rest, yes.

Justin: Okay... That’s the ringleader.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Hmm...

Griffin: Let’s focus fire. On the ringleader.

Justin: Are you gonna shoot the animatronics?

Griffin: That would not be in my character. I would almost certainly fail
that roll.

Travis: Do— Wait, does Forty-Eight have a gun?

Griffin: Yeah. Everybody’s got a gun.

Travis: That— No, this is not *Ethersea* rule, Griffin. You can’t just bend
that around. No— wait.

Griffin: No, but it is a *Lasers & Feelings* rule.

Travis: Oh, true.

Justin: Yeah. *Lasers & Feelings*, it is dictated that everybody's got a gun that's usually set to stun.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: It is among our equipment. We got a space suit, a gun usually set to stun, and a communicating...

Griffin: I—

Justin: Demahochi.

Griffin: I have an idea.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: I want to... float on over to this big guy, and very gingerly... lower... my gelatinous frame onto his head. To try to... You know...

Travis: No! [laughs]

Griffin: Mind—

Justin: No. [chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles] You know. I wanna mind meld with him to figure out like what his programming is, as one synthetic being to one bio-synthetic being.

Travis: Okay. So, this is obviously going to be a Lasers roll.

Griffin: Yes.

Travis: Because you are attempting to hack his brain.

Griffin: Not hack as much as just like have a deep, spiritual conversation, robot to—

Travis: But you're— You're a pseudo-robot and he's a robot, that's called hacking, Griffin.

Griffin: Okay, I don't know why you have to put a name on it. But I am an alien envoy.

Travis: [laughs] I'm saying you're dating. [chuckles] I'm not naming your relationship. Okay.

Griffin: I'm an alien envoy, which I think I would be skilled in this. I think I've probably lowered my...

Travis: Wait.

Griffin: Bottom side— What?

Travis: You're saying that you have done this before? That you— Forty-Eight—

Griffin: I've don't this— The thousandth— Stop being such a fucking prude.

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: [laughs] Okay..

Griffin: Can I roll my dice, or what?

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: Yeah, you get two— 2d6s.

Griffin: Okay. Uh, that's two fours. My number is five. I have succeeded twice.

Travis: You have succeeded, that's completely success. So you know that in his head he's goin'—

Automaton one: Oh... Oh, I sure hope that they don't know about me and how I like to consume alcoholic beverages.

Griffin: I lift up.

Fourty-Eight: I have no idea what this dude's deal is. He doesn't like to drink alcoholic beverages.

Automaton one: That is correct, I live by the Bible.

[Travis wheezes]

Fourty-Eight: What is the Bible?

Automaton one: I don't know.

Matt: No. Wait a minute.

Griffin: [wheezes]

Matt: Hey partner, which Bible we talkin' about here? Regular Jesus, or are you into Space Jesus? 'Cause I'm ambivalent, leaning pro.

Griffin: Right.

Automaton one: I only go as far as my programming. I know the reference but not the meaning.

Matt: You don't know the meaning of Space Jesus. Aw dang, I wish my friend Pepsi Liberty was here. God, he loves that guy! And his different religious ways. You wouldn't happen to be secretly into alcoholic beverages, would yah?

Automaton one: I— I— What do you mean? What have you seen? No. What? No. No. No. No. No. No.

Benny Gene: Well now, maybe you'd like a little... tip of gin?

Justin: Dad, what—

Benny Gene: Would that be good?

Justin: Dad, what's in that big ol' mug of yours?

Travis: Yeah, what's really in there? Is it Coke Zero?

Justin: What's really in that big ol'—

Clint: It's full of gin.

Travis: You got—

Justin: Hey Dad, what's in that big ol' mug of yours, bud?

Travis: You got a big traveler full of straight gin?! [chuckles]

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: Mmm!

Justin: Hey, bud. Hey bud, I'll take—

Clint: Mmmm, that's good gin!

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: My cup's from Dolly Parton's Pirate's Voyage in Myrtle Beach.

Griffin: Very appropriate.

Clint: Oh.

Justin: What's in your big—

Clint: Now that does tie in.

Justin: What's in your big mug, Dad?

Clint: Coke Zero Cherry.

Justin: There it is.

Travis: Yeah, there it is.

Griffin: Okay, fantastic.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: I—

Justin: Cherry, oh. Put one—

Clint: He doesn't know that!

Justin: Somethin' special in there.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Does that—

Clint: I'm tryin' to fool him.

Justin: What does he think about it? What does the conservative one think about the alcoholic beverages being offered, Travis?

Automaton one: I mean. Perhaps I could try a sip to know if I hate it or nooooo.

Griffin: Peer pressuring a robot to drink alcohol is dubious territory, I would say.

Travis: He's a robot. I don't know why you're worried that—

Griffin: Okay, fine.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: It's also pretty much on the money for us.

Griffin: I don't know—

Automaton one: Have a—

Benny Gene: Here. Here, partner. Why don't you try a little sip of this hooch?

Travis: Well, he takes it. You know what? Roll...

Justin: That's Feelings, right?

Travis: Feelings for me. Yeah.

Justin: Yeah, it's persuasion.

Travis: And I—

Clint: One—

Travis: I'm going to say that Benny, as an emissary has done some schmoozing before.

Griffin: Right.

Travis: So I'm gonna say 2d6s.

[dice rattling]

Clint: And I'm— my number is three, so I wanna roll over three. Correct?

Travis: Correct.

Clint: Well, that's a two... and a five.

Travis: Okay, so that's a partial success, so it works... But there is a complication. So he takes the drink... and begins to short out because as a robot, he probably shouldn't actually consume any liquid beverages. And the other six say—

Other Automatons: You have murdered this man! To prison with you!

Justin: Wait, and I turn to the six, and I'm like—

Matt: Yeah, but did you see? This guy was drinkin'... hooch.

Other Automatons: Yes but—

Matt: [whispers] Hooch.

Other Automatons: Your actions—

Matt: You—

Other Automatons: — did lead to his death.

Matt: But you were following him. Like before any of that. You like were his toties or whatever. Maybe you're— Maybe you love booze too.

Other Automatons: What? How could you? No. What? No.

Matt: Hey.

Other Automatons: That's definitely not our thing.

Matt: Don't get me wrong. I love it.

Other Automatons: Hooch?

Matt: Booze, I mean.

Other Automatons: Okay.

Matt: Aww, yeah. My friend Pepsi Liberty, he doesn't much like it. He says that Space Jesus turns his back on sinners that consume that evil stuff. But me? Let me guzzle all you got, bro—

Other Automatons: What is—

Matt: My man.

Other Automatons: What's your favorite kind of hooch?

Matt: Aww, don't make me choose, man! Um...

Other Automatons: Just name any one of them so we know you're cool.

Matt: Star Berry. Star Berry and Cr— Star Berry Treat.

Other Automatons: Are you trying—

Matt: Star Berry Treat.

Other Automatons: — to say “strawberry?”

Matt: Beer!

Other Automatons: Oh, that’s legit.

Matt: Star Berry Treat Beers the—

Other Automatons: That’s one of `em.

Matt: For boys.

Griffin: [laughs]

Matt: Star Berry Treat Beer for Boys.

Griffin: [laughs]

Matt: You know. It’s like a local thing.

Benny Gene: On the rocks.

Travis: I actually am gonna need you—

Matt: I don’t know why would I put it on rocks, man, that’s crazy! It’s Star Berry Beer for Boys.

Travis: Okay, Matt Gasper, I want you to roll [chuckles] against Feelings.

Justin: Okay, that’s— I’m a two.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: So it’s pretty good for me. I feel like—

Travis: But this is one.

Justin: Can I say, this is one. I don't think I've ever tried to convince somebody that—

Travis: No. I— Yeah.

Justin: To do it before.

Travis: I don't think so either.

Justin: And no special expertise. That's a four.

Travis: So that's gonna pass like—

Other Automatons: You sure do know your—

Justin: Yeah, I knew you guys couldn't see that.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: But I didn't feel like admitting to it.

Other Automatons: You—

Justin: And doing the weed bobber thing.

Other Automatons: You sure do know your local brews.

Travis: And I'm going to say two of them are like totally down, and then the other four say like—

Remaining Automatons: How could you be down with st— Star Berry...
Treat Beers for Boys?

Matt: Well.

Remaining Automatons: And I guess—

Matt: Plural, huh! You're really tying one on, dang!

Clint: [laughs]

Other Automatons: Yes. You are right. We resign from the PTA.

Travis: And so now you're down to four remaining members left to shame. [laughs]

Justin: [laughs]

Forty-Eight: Are we done here? Can we be done here? Will you all let us through please?

Remaining Automatons: You know, you've given us a lot to think about.

Forty-Eight: Yes.

Remaining Automatons: We need to reevaluate our values and the way we judge others without trying to address the things that we ourselves are perhaps a little self-conscious about.

Forty-Eight: It is a journey.

Remaining Automatons: Okay. I like your voice.

Forty-Eight: Thank you.

Remaining Automatons: We have a lot in common, you and I.

Forty-Eight: It does not feel like it, even a little bit.

Remaining Automatons: Okay. Feel free to carry on while we address our own inner demons.

Travis: And a door in the center, the one that they entered through, opens and as they step aside and allow you to pass.

Clint: We really socked it to the Harper Valley PTA, didn't we.

Travis: There it is. Thanks, Dad.

Griffin: Hey, can we do— Can we provide a little... Um... Like codex at the end of each of these rooms explaining what the Harper Valley PTA is.

Travis: Yeah, it's a song called "The Harper Valley PTA," it's a very famous country song. That involved a... judgmental group of PTA members trying to shame a young single mother, and then she turned it around on them. And you know, if you guys had looked for the Lanweb terminal.

Griffin: Oh god!

Travis: Like I encouraged you to do, there's a whole explanation of it.

Justin: Fair! Fair. Fair.

Griffin: Dang it.

Clint: Fair.

Justin: Fair fair. Next time.

Griffin: But honestly.

Justin: Promise.

Griffin: It's more fun without it.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: You walk into a large room and it appears to be some sort of restaurant. But only the front half of the room, the back half, the half with the door, is empty. And the walls and floor seem different in that half.

Almost all the tables are empty, except one. Sitting at the center of the room at the last table is an animatronic man with a large white beard, and he's smiling at you.

Forty-Eight: It is either Santa Claus or Clinton McElroy. An Earth performer. From the early 21st century.

Travis: And he waves at you.

Matt: Ah.

Forty-Eight: Which one was it, Santa Claus or Clinton McElroy?

Matt: It can't be Clint McElroy, he's been dead since late 2021!

Travis: That's the story.

Clint: No, I can walk the planes and through time.

Griffin: Okay, fun. I float on over, and sort of try to splort down in the chair opposite him.

Clint: [cackles]

Griffin: And so all he sees is just like a little bit of cube like poking up over the table.

Clint: [laughs]

Unknown Man: Well howdy, young man. What can I do for yah?

Forty-Eight: What's your handle, partner?

Unknown Man: My—

Forty-Eight: I am your friend now.

Kenny-Bot: My name is Kenny-Bot.

Forty-Eight: Kenny-Bot.

Kenny-Bot: Kenny-Bot.

Forty-Eight: That is a strange name, partner.

Kenny-Bot: Well what can I do for you? What brings you here?

[pause]

Benny Gene: Well...

Matt: We're tryin' to... turn the engines back on.

Kenny-Bot: Oh yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah.

Fourty-Eight: And ju—

Kenny-Bot: Heard that before.

Matt: Yeah?

Benny Gene: And we're lookin' to do a little gamblin'.

Griffin: [quietly] There it is.

Kenny-Bot: Oh ho ho ho! Speakin' my language.

Fourty-Eight: Shall we play ones or zeroes?

Matt: We—

Kenny-Bot: Don't know that one, I'm sorry.

Justin: Is there something preventing us from walking— just continuing our journey?

Griffin: [laughs] Yeah, that's a fair point.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: I mean you don't see anything, no.

Matt: Yeah, let's just wal—

Fourty-Eight: Okay, it was ex—

Matt: Let's walk past this guy.

Justin: You know what—

Travis: As you start to cross the—

Justin: Is there a Lan—

Travis: Fuck!

Justin: Is there a Lanweb terminal?

Travis: Okay, thank you. You do see a Lanweb terminal.

Shoots: A— Yeah, Shoots again. Let me see, uh... what we got here. [reading from the Lanweb terminal] “Welcome foodies to our perfect recreation of Earth’s most popular restaurant, Kenny Rogers’ Roasters. People would make the pilgrimage to this famous eatery to sit with the man himself and learn his wisdom, now you can too.

This Kenny-Bot has all the wisdom and personality of the original Kenny! Let him teach you somethin’ before you eat. As an added bonus, Kenny-Bot is an expert at hold `em fold `em. Challenge him to a game and he can’t refuse.” There you go.

Fourty-Eight: That’s all you need right there.

Justin: I don’t know that this is necessary to our— I mean, did he like lock the doors? Or— You know what, I’m gonna try to walk just— [wheezes]

Travis: As you start, you get close to the halfway point of the room, and that second half of the room, from the walls and the floor and the ceiling, shoots gouts of flame. Just filling the entire room. The second half of the room with fire.

Matt: Yeeeeeah, on second thought, you know I can play one hand, two hands, whatever. Yeah, I’ll— We— I got a few minutes.

Kenny-Bot: Oh, have you played hold `em fold `em before?

Matt: I have not. I prefer secular games. But... Like I prefer like... *Doom* the game.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: *Doom*?

Matt: Yeah.

Griffin: Yeah.

Matt: Secular games like *Doom* or like modern games like... Pfft. *Halo*.

Travis: Oh. Wait, now if you had switched those, you could see how *Halo* sounds more like a secular game, right?

Matt: Yeah. Yeah. No, I've—I have friends who played these card games before. I'm happy to give it a whirl though.

Kenny-Bot: Okay, well you two over there, you look a little confused, so I can run down... the rules for you, if you want.

Forty-Eight: Not ne—

Benny Gene: Oh, I know some of `em.

Forty-Eight: Not necessary.

Benny Gene: I've played before.

Kenny-Bot: What rules do you know, sir?

Benny Gene: Well, you gotta know when to hold `em.

Kenny-Bot: Sure.

Benny Gene: You gotta know when to fold `em.

Kenny-Bot: Obviously.

Benny Gene: You know— gotta know when to walk away and know when to run.

Kenny-Bot: Sure, yeah.

Justin: Is Dad actually here?

Griffin: Clint? Is Dad actually in the room?

Justin: Is Dad talking?

Benny Gene: [emphasizing his character voice] You never count your money when you're sitting at the table.

Travis: Yes.

Justin: Thank you. Character voices, thank you.

Benny Gene: And... time enough for countin' when the dealin's done.

Kenny-Bot: Well sure, well you know, son, I made a life outta feedin' people's faces.

Justin: [laughs]

Kenny-Bot: And I've been givin' 'em Kenny Rogers' Roasters for a lot of time, and you know... seems like you're a real student of the game. So it seems like you don't need—

Justin: Travis, you are unappreciated in your time. [wheezes]

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Kenny-Bot: Seems you don't— Seems to me like you don't need me to explain the rules at all, smart guy.

Benny Gene: Well, I didn't—

Kenny-Bot: So you go first, Benny Gene.

Benny Gene: Well. Alright!

Justin: Benny Gene like flips a card and then flips it back over and—

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: — pushes it forward and back.

Griffin: The w—

Justin: [laughs] Tryin' to see if something is—

Griffin: Picks it up, folds it in half. Of course—

Justin: [wheezes] “Is this something?”

Kenny-Bot: I'll be foldin' `em and you'll be holdin' `em, alright? Just let me know when you're ready to go.

Benny Gene: I was born ready.

Travis: Okay, what do you do, Dad?

Benny Gene: I— Well I don't count my money! Sittin' at the table!

Travis: Oh yeah, that's a good start. Alright, Dad, I'm gonna need you... I have written down on a piece of paper— I've got two pieces of paper in my hand. I have this one folded up in my hand. And written on it is either odd or even.

Griffin: Oooh.

Clint: Alright.

Travis: And you are going to roll 2d6s. And you're gonna tell me what you got.

Clint: Okay.

Travis: And it's sitting right here, I'll put the other one over here.

Clint: `Kay.

Travis: So that you know I've bet what you're... what your roll is going to be.

Clint: Okay.

Travis: So you're going to hold them, the dice. I'm going to fold them, the paper.

Clint: Gotcha. Okay. First, show me the paper.

Travis: No, that's not— No. That— No. Hey, Dad? That's not— But a good play. I like where your head's at.

Griffin: Let's see.

Justin: You had to try. You had to try.

Clint: Well since I knew the rules, I probably should roll two die.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Yes. 'Cause that's what I said to do. Yes.

Clint: Okay.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: So roll two die, add 'em together, and let me know if it's odd or even. Now let me remember what I— Okay.

Clint: And what is that number?

Travis: Just roll your dice.

Clint: Okay. Here we go.

Travis: And add them... together.

Clint: A four and a four.

Griffin: Ooo.

Clint: And that would be... Hmm...

Kenny-Bot: Well, a rough start for you.

Benny Gene: Eight.

Griffin: Wait.

Kenny-Bot: I beat on even.

Benny Gene: It is even.

Kenny-Bot: Yeah.

Benny Gene: So I win.

Kenny-Bot: So I win. No, I win.

Justin: Oh he bet—

Fourty-Eight: Wait a minute. Wait just a minute. You are making this up as you go along.

Kenny-Bot: I bet that it was gonna be even and I was correct. Now.

Fourty-Eight: But I could not see the hand whenever you picked up the slip of paper. I accuse you of cheating.

Clint: [laughs]

Kenny-Bot: You would... You would accuse me of cheatin'.

Fourty-Eight: In your own restaurant.

Kenny-Bot: Okay, you're next.

Fourty-Eight: Okay.

Kenny-Bot: And hope for your sake you win.

Fourty-Eight: Okay.

Kenny-Bot: Okay, I've picked a card. You're gonna roll two. And let me know what you got. I got it right here. Look, right here in my hand. I won't even move my hands.

Griffin: Okay. He sees... like a nebula of lights inside of my purple goo. As I... run the universal language of mathematics.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Using the— the hot center of the nearest star as the processor, as I do the best card counting any living or pseudo-living being has ever done.

Travis: Okay. Roll... 2d6s. And let me know what the outcome is.

Griffin: It's a seven.

Forty-Eight: It is a seven.

Kenny-Bot: Okay.

Benny Gene: Oh, that's odd.

Forty-Eight: But wait a minute. But wait a minute. I have actually fibbed to you.

Clint: [gasps]

Forty-Eight: The correct result was actually an eight.

Clint: [gasps]

Forty-Eight: I knew you were cheating.

Kenny-Bot: I'm not cheating!

Forty-Eight: I knew you were cheating.

Kenny-Bot: The other one is right here. That's one and one.

Matt: Wait a minute, you— But you... Okay, go ahead.

Clint: He bet on odd.

Griffin: Yes.

Justin: Okay.

Kenny-Bot: Yes. Okay, now look. Okay, wait. Here's what— I got two pieces of paper, right?

Matt: Eat one!

Kenny-Bot: I'm gonna pick one.

Matt: Eat one!

Kenny-Bot: I'm gonna tear it up. I ain't gonna eat it, I'm a robot. That'd get stuck. Are you kiddin' me? I won't never pass that. Okay.

Clint: [laughs]

Kenny-Bot: Okay, I got it here. I got it here. And the other one, right?

Griffin: That could've been any other slip of paper.

Kenny-Bot: No, I got—

Griffin: We cannot see what you're doin' with your hands.

Travis: I got one piece— I got one!

Griffin: Alright.

Clint: Up close magic is so hard to do on video.

Griffin: Sure sure sure.

Forty-Eight: This one is on your, Matt. Matthew.

Kenny-Bot: Hello.

Matt: How yah doin'?

Kenny-Bot: Pretty good.

Clint: Roll them bones.

[pause]

Justin: Hmm...

Matt: [singing] "Baby when I met you there was peace unknown."

[pause]

Kenny-Bot: What is thi— What? What's happenin' right now?

Matt: [singing] "I set out to find you with a..."

[pause]

Clint: Wipers on?

Matt: [singing] "... fine tooth... comb." [normal]

Justin: See, he's programmed with all of Kenny Rogers' wisdom, and certainly that would include the lyrics to "Islands in the Stream," his hit with Dolly Parton.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: He certainly knows those lyrics. As well as he knows his own name.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: In fact I would say he's bound. By his programming.

Travis: Yeah. I mean, he'll have to look it up in his databanks real quick. That are definitely just like at his fingertips... 'Cause—

Matt: [singing] "I was soft inside. There was somethin' goin' on."

Travis: Yeah yeah yeah.

Matt & Kenny-Bot: [singing stiltedly together] "You do something to me that I can't explain. Hold me closer. I feel no pain! Every—"

Justin: Okay.

Kenny-Bot: [singing] "— beat of my heart."

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: While I'm keeping him singing. I wanna try to... see what he's written down.

Travis: Okay, I'm'a take Matt Gasper as an experienced singer and showman. Give me 2d6s.

Griffin: That lag made it sound like you guys were making that song up and trying to sing it together at the same time.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Like a Kath and Kim, from—

Griffin: Yeah yeah.

[sounds of dice rolling]

Justin: Whoa, Jesus. Oh, Christ. Aw, fuck. Aw, Jesus.

Travis: I think that that was a real Pepsi Liberty prayer, by the way.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Okay, hold on. A five and a six.

Travis: Alright, yeah. So you definitely succeed. So you catch written on the piece of paper "even."

Griffin: This is what's great though. That might— It— That thi— Just to get into quick game theory. What you just did was unnecessary. 'Cause you're gonna roll two dice and whatever the number's gonna be is what it's gonna be.

Justin: Well, unless he's so distracted by our great duet.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: That he doesn't see what I roll. I just— He just kind of accepts what I'm saying as gospel.

Griffin: Wow. Okay.

Matt: [singing] "Islands in the stream."

Kenny-Bot: [singing] "That is what we are."

Matt: [singing] "No-one in between."

Kenny-Bot: [singing] "How can we be wrong?" Yeah.

Matt: [singing] "Sail away with me."

Kenny-Bot: [singing] "To another world."

Matt: [singing] "Makin' love with each other."

Clint: Okay, gross.

Kenny-Bot: I don't know how I feel about that, man.

Matt: [singing] "Uh-hu—"

Kenny-Bot: Maybe it's me, I'm a robot.

Matt: [singing] "Makin' love with each other."

Kenny-Bot: I didn't sa— No, I didn't say that. That's not the words neither. Is it?

Matt: [singing] "Makin' love with ea—"

Justin: Okay. Certainly he's exploded. With his circuits or whatever?

Griffin: Yeah. This is—

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Certainly!

Griffin: This has gotta be a full death.

Justin: Certainly his circuits or whatever have exploded at this point.

Travis: Oh, definitely. So, you're just gonna need to roll real quick. Alright, he's very distracted because he's become very uncam— uncomfortable.

Justin: Okay. I roll— So what, rolling two, and what did he say?

Travis: Even.

Justin: Even... Three plus two, five.

Kenny-Bot: Well!

Griffin: Can I— Wait!

Matt: It's a six!

Griffin: Can I— What?

Travis: No, you wanna get odd. You wanna get odd.

Justin: Oh, okay. Five, yes. I wanna get different from you. Sorry. I was confused for a second. Yeah, five.

Kenny-Bot: Well! Looks like you win. Sorry. Hey... Sorry man, you can't come out.

Travis: And you see this giant chicken. Like robot chicken poked out like—

Blake the Robot Chicken: [squawks disappointedly]

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: He's like—

Kenny-Bot: Yeah, man. No, they won. You gotta stay back there.

Matt: Now I'm kind—

Blake the Robot Chicken: [squawks pleadingly]

Matt: Now I'm kind of intrigued. [wheezes]

Fourty-Eight: What were you going to make us do to that robot chicken?

Kenny-Bot: Oh, no that's Blake. He was gonna come out and kill you.

Griffin: [laughs]

Benny Gene: Whoa.

Justin: Who's— He was gonna come out— The robot chicken was gonna come out and do some like *Family Guy* style random humor.

Griffin: Right, sure.

Justin: With— Wi—

Kenny-Bot: Sorry, we get that a lot. He just happens to be a chicken that is robotic.

Matt: Okay.

Kenny-Bot: He ain't the same as the Robot Chicken.

Matt: I got it.

Kenny-Bot: It's—

Fourty-Eight: I would like to see him try to kill me.

Kenny-Bot: I mean he's quite large. He's a very big chicken.

Fourty-Eight: Yes, but watch as he tries to peck me with his sharp beak and it just passes through my gelatinous body. My body is a riddle of death.

Kenny-Bot: ... Okay. So do— Wait. Do you wanna fight the big chicken? I'm—

Fourty-Eight: I just want to prove to you that the chicken cannot kill me.

Kenny-Bot: Okay, go in—

Matt: I kinda would like Fourty-Eight to fight the big chicken.

Fourty-Eight: Yeah.

Matt: If we have time to spare.

Benny Gene: Please.

Kenny-Bot: Yeah no, we got time. Hey, how 'bout you go in there by yourself, Fourty-Eight was it? And you go fight the big chicken and just see how it goes.

Fourty-Eight: Okay. Does he have any kind of electrical attacks?

Kenny-Bot: I mean, yeah. He's a big chicken that's made out of robot parts. He's got batteries and stuff.

Fourty-Eight: Right, but is he going to try to electrocute me?

Justin: I like that Travis started that sentence with "Yeah, he's a big chicken."

Griffin: "He's a big chicken."

Justin: As if there's a connection between that and him having ele—
[wheezes] electric attacks.

Travis: Oh, I'm sorry Justin. What's at the top of a weathervane that gets struck by lightning? That's right, a chicken, Justin. Come on.

Griffin: A chicken. It means something. It's gotta mean something.

Forty-Eight: Does he have an attack that produces electricity from his beak?

Kenny-Bot: Yeah.

Forty-Eight: Okay, that would kill me instantly. Let's move on.

Kenny-Bot: Wait, so you don't wanna fight him? Hey, sorry Blake.

Blake the Robot Chicken: [squawks in frustration]

Kenny-Bot: Like, I know man. You were really excited to fight the gelatinous cube.

Forty-Eight: Yes.

Kenny-Bot: You were talkin' about it all day, but.

Forty-Eight: The slightest—

Kenny-Bot: He doesn't wanna fight you no more.

Benny Gene: Okay.

Forty-Eight: If I rub my feet across the ground wrong and touch a doorknob, I will die. So.

Kenny-Bot: Okay.

Benny Gene: I guess that makes you the coward of the county, Forty-Eight.

Forty-Eight: Alright, I guess I'll whip this big chicken's ass.

Justin: [laughs]

Kenny-Bot: What if I can get Blake to promise he won't use none of his electric stuff, so it's fair.

Fourty-Eight: If you promise that then it is game on, baby.

Kenny-Bot: Okay.

Justin: [cackles]

Travis: Now, here's the one thing that I will say, Griffin.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: I will allow this fight to happen, but it's going to happen completely off-screen. While Matt and Benny Gene eat some [chuckles] chicken with Kenny Rogers. [chuckles]

Griffin: Okay. Yeah, that's fine.

Travis: And then I'm gonna need you to come back, and tell me what happened. Okay, you ready?

Fourty-Eight: Yes.

Kenny-Bot: Hey man, how's the chicken? You enjoyin' that chicken? It's my special recipe.

Fourty-Eight: I enjoyed it a great deal.

Kenny-Bot: Oh, you're back!

Matt: You were fighting— Oh. Oh, it's kind of like bi— a joke, right? About how you enjoyed the chicken.

Fourty-Eight: Yeah.

Matt: I gotcha, go ahead.

Kenny-Bot: How'd— How's Blake doin' back there?

Fourty-Eight: He is quiet dead.

Kenny-Bot: You killed him?!

Fourty-Eight: Instantly.

Kenny-Bot: Oh, ma— Wait. Really?!

Fourty-Eight: Yeah.

Matt: Yeah, apparently I didn't even get a bite of your great chicken!
[wheezes]

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Kenny-Bot: No!

Matt: You came back out immediate—

Kenny-Bot: You monster!

Matt: You walked in and immediately floated back out! He just kinda glurped right back out of the room!

Griffin: Yeah.

Matt: No time has passed!

Griffin: [laughs]

Matt: [through laughter] Despite what your [wheezes] silence might've implied! That was an instantaneous— No time elapsed here!

Kenny-Bot: How did you kill Blake so fast?!

Fourty-Eight: Would you like to know?

Kenny-Bot: Yeah!

Griffin: I turn my back toward Matt and Benny.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: And a hole opens up in one of my sides, and just a light shines out and— [chuckles] Kenny's mind is immediately flooded with the complete works of Tim McGraw.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: And he is— He does not survive it.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Make Griffin roll for that.

Travis: I'm gonna need your roll, but you can roll 4d6s.

Griffin: I don't even have 4d6s.

Clint: Roll two twice.

Travis: But now, wait. Hold on.

Justin: Let me—

Travis: Hold on.

Justin: Let me help. I can help to make it four.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: I'll roll one of my d6 and I'll help him so he gets to roll four.

Travis: How are you— Wait, how are you helping him—

Justin: I am—

Travis: — do this thing?

Justin: I say—

Matt: Don't forget about "Indian Outlaw." I know you're a little embarrassed by it, but—

Fourty-Eight: I actually do not— I do— I have actually purged that one from my memory banks, for obvious reasons.

Matt: Oh, yeah.

Benny Gene: I like it, I love it.

Matt: Totally legit.

Fourty-Eight: Yes.

Matt: Totally legit.

Fourty-Eight: Nice deep cut there, Benny.

Travis: [wheezes]

Justin: Okay. I uh... Mine is a...

Griffin: All three of my dice were under five.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Mine— Oh I rolled a six. I'm sorry I didn't help much.

Griffin: Awesome. Yeah.

Travis: Yeah, you melt Kenny Rogers—

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Well Kenny-Bot. Excuse me. Into a puddle of Kenny.

Griffin: Yeah, and I look at him and I say—

Fourty-Eight: Looks like you should have folded.

Griffin: And then I—

Kenny-Bot: [while melting] That is funny. Bleeuuurgh...

Travis: And then he's dead.

Griffin: Cool.

Clint: Zinger!

Matt: It's too bad he wasn't in his sleep, when that happened.

Griffin: [laughs]

Matt: It's the best you can hope for, sometimes.

Travis: That's true.

Griffin: Sure.

Travis: [through laughter] Best you could hope for!

Griffin: Best you can hope for is to have your mind destroyed by the complete work of Tim McGraw.

Justin: A lot of people forget that Kenny Rogers was writing a song one day and he got as far as "Best you could hope for is to... die in your sleep."

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: "Yeah. Send it."

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: That's some—

Griffin: Pretty fun song.

Justin: "Let's get this to the studio! That's the best you can hope for, let's get this to the studio!"

Travis: "Hey, Kenny? Kenny, are you okay?"
"Yeah, man! Why?"

Justin: "Yeah!"

Clint: "Wanna take a nap?"

Justin: "It's not me, he's the character in my song, that I created. From whole cloth."

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: "Now can I have a— Can I have a sip of your whiskey?"
"Noooo?"

Justin: [quietly] "No."

Griffin: What if the first take on that was [singing] "The best you can hope for is to die while havin' sex on a motorcycle."

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: And they're like, "That doesn't sound right."

Travis: Nah.

Griffin: "You need to— Kenny."

Travis: "That's not—"

Griffin: [singing] "Is to die while havin' sex while eating a biiig chicken leg."

Justin: Lot of sex...

Travis: [singing] "And the best you can hope for is to die peacefully at around 96, while surrounded by your loved ones and everyone's there that you've met in your entire life."

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: That's—

Griffin: We definitely—

Justin: [singing] "And you chicken restaurant was a big success and everybody liked it, and there's a thousand of 'em all over the world."

Travis: [singing] "No-one ever made fun of it, and it was successful forever, definitely."

Justin: [wheezes]

Griffin: We have—

Justin: [singing] "No *Seinfeld* episodes about this bad boy."

Griffin: We have definitely done this bit on *MBMBaM*.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: At some point, yeah.

Travis: We have.

Griffin: Okay, cool.

Travis: I have a poster about it sitting literally right here. So now, the—

Justin: I do wish I had been there the first time Kenny Rogers—

Travis: [wheezes]

Justin: — tried roasted chicken. And he was like, "Hey, everybody."

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: “Announcement.”

Travis: “Now this—”

Justin: “From now on, this my shit!” [laughs] “This is all—”

Travis: “This is actually the best you could hope for.”

Griffin: [wheezes]

Justin: “This is my shit.”

Travis: “This chicken is better than death [wheezes] [through laughter] in your sleep.”

Justin: “I don’t do music anymore. I’m chicken now. I love chicken.”

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: “I’m kind of a chicken man now.”

Griffin: Alright.

Travis: Okay. So. The fire trap, it all powers down, the lights go down, and you are able to move. But as you head through the next door, you hear Shoots say—

Shoots: Uh... Guys, somethin’... weird is goin’ on in this Lanweb system, and I don’t think I’m the only one in here? Ah, you know what, should be fine. I’ll keep lookin’ you guys go ahead and get onto those controls, I guess.

Fourty-Eight: Do you need help? I can jack into the cybervers.

Shoots: No, I got it. It’s just— It feels like I’m kinda chasin’ somethin’, I guess? I don’t know, man. But you guys gotta get to those controls or we’re gonna be dead. Alright?

Forty-Eight: I do not know why you are being standoffish about this. I can jack into the verse with you.

Clint: Why does everything Forty-Eight says sound dirty? [chuckles]

Shoots: I'm actually really uncomfortable with everything you've just suggested, Forty-Eight.

Clint: [laughs]

Shoots: Um...

Forty-Eight: Oh, I will— It doesn't have to be like that.

[Clint wheezes]

Shoots: But you just keep sayin' "jack in" over and over again.

Forty-Eight: I have a data prong. That I can ram— Is what I don't understand. Please explain to me what I am doing wrong.

Shoots: You don't—

Forty-Eight: I have a data—

Shoots: — hear what you're saying.

Forty-Eight: I'm merely speaking about my data prong!

Shoots: But then you said the literally the word "ram it."

Forty-Eight: Yes.

Shoots: [laughs] You said, "Can I ram it in?"

Matt: Random access memory!

Forty-Eight: Yes. I do not understand what I am doing [chuckles] wrong. I do not understand.

Shoots: You wanna put— Okay. You wanna jack in your data prong, man. I get it. We were all young once.

Travis: Now. You enter into the next room. And... it is what can only be described as a crystal palace. The entire thing, from the chandeliers to the chairs to the floor, glisten in the light. At least it would. If it wasn't so dark in here. And you can't make much out. And then you hear Shoots say—

Shoots: Oh... Oh no, it can't be.

[pause]

Matt: What?

Fourty-Eight: You must continue. We—

Shoots: I— [sighs]

Fourty-Eight: You need to continue.

Shoots: She survived? But... No. No no no! Um...

Matt: Who survived, man? Who are you talkin' about?

Shoots: Fellahs, it's worse than we thought. There's a rogue AI in the system, and... she's real pissed. But whatever you do, just don't hurt her, okay? She's my—

Travis: And then the comm goes to static. But you don't have time to worry about that. Because four pairs of glowing robotic eyes have opened in the darkness. And you hear four cold robotic laughs echo off of the crystal walls. And that is when you hear a knew voice say—

Unknown Voice: Well, well, well! If it ain't the rag-tag band of losers that Shoots McCracken calls his band. You must be real hot shit, huh.

Matt: Alright, who's this?

Fourty-Eight: I li— I do enjoy your mask.

Clint: Can we see the Lansrad terminal thing?

Travis: It's Lanweb.

Clint: Lanweb.

Unknown Voice: Hot damn. Alright, you know what, losers? This is the end for you. Once you're out of the way, shouldn't be no trouble finding Shits McCracken and ending him too. [laughs maniacally]

Travis: And the lights flare on, and before you are four burly robots in sequined suits, and the one who is clearly the leader says—

Buck Owens: Well howdy there, Hooty and the Nannies! Name's Buck Owens. These here are my Buckaroos.

[theme music fades in]

Buck Owens: Boss says this is as far as you go.

Travis: And he cracks his robotic knuckles as the Buckaroos make their way towards you in a very threatening manner. And Buck Owens says—

Buck Owens: What do you say, boys? Let's buck 'em up!

Travis: And that's where we'll take our intermission.

[transition country music plays]

[ad break]

[transition music plays]

Travis: Hello everyone, welcome back— Oop.

[*Hootenanny* theme music plays]

Travis: Hi everybody, welcome back! It's *Adventure Zone: Hootenanny three – Part Two*.

[theme music fades out]

Travis: Oh. Just— Okay.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Justin, you ready— Are you re— Yeah.

Justin: What?

Travis: Okay, great.

Travis: Yeah. Alright.

Justin: Whatever man.

Griffin: Is Dad smoking his tambourine? What is he doing?

Travis: I thought he— I think he's just kissing it, if I'm being honest.
That's what— Oh no.

Clint: That's how I arm it.

[tambourine shaking]

Griffin: [chuckles] That's his new vape.

Travis: Aw, sick rig, bro! What is that, a Tambo 6000?

Griffin: Yeah man, he vapes on the ones and threes.

Travis: Aw, sick man.

Clint: Or the fours and the 20s.

Travis: Ohhhhhh!

Griffin: [wheezes] Yeah, Dad! Yeah, Mac!

Justin: Slick, Mac. Good job, bud.

Griffin: Good job, Dad!

Travis: Damn!

Justin: Good job, bud.

Clint: Not sure what it means, but I thought it sounded funny.

Travis: Okay. So, as Buck Owens and his Buckaroos advance, the comms click back on.

Shoots: Hey fellahs, fellahs. Are you there? It's me, Shoots.

Matt: Hey, we could really use you out here, partner.

Shoots: Well, right now I'm—

Matt: I'm Matt Gasper, I'm more of a lover than a fighter. I don't have like cool gun skills.

Shoots: Well, yeah.

Matt: And— Like Pepsi.

Shoots: Well right now I'm hidin' in the Grundy County auction. There's nobody in he—

Griffin: That's the only one I know! It's a throwaway reference and it's the only one I know so far.

Clint: Sing it, Griffin, sing it!

Travis: Well, wait, hold on.

Shoots: And also I'm drinking strawberry wine.

Griffin: Mm-hmm.

Travis: Is that one— Griffin, you get that one? Okay.

Shoots: And I'm doin' the watermelon crawl.

Justin: Oh.

Griffin: Yes. Okay. Three for three.

Travis: Okay. [chuckles]

Griffin: Sure.

Travis: Okay, great.

Shoots: And I'm able to connect to the Lanweb and so listen, this AI, she's um... Well, she's kind of um...

Forty-Eight: Listen, last— Last time that you tried to tell us this information, you went too slow and got cut off at an inopportune time.

Shoots: Right.

Griffin: Please speak faster.

Shoots: Well, she's my daughter, I guess.

Forty-Eight: In what— Is she the sequel to the game that you are?

Shoots: Yeah, so more or less after the success of the original Shoots McKracken arcade game, they started workin' on a version for kids. And they called it Lil' Miss McKracken.

Forty-Eight: Mm.

Shoots: And everything was goin' fine until they started testin' it, and it turned out she was too good, and the kids never stood a chance. And so the programmers decided they needed to get in there, and you know, kinda make her a little easier to beat. And uh... She wasn't gonna have it. And so the AI turned on them and... things got nasty.

Forty-Eight: In what way? It is an arcade machine.

Shoots: Well she was just kinda snarky to 'em, but like she said really like cuttin' things, in a way that only a kid can. Where she's like, "You

think you're pullin' off those eyebrows?" and you're like, "Oh, I thought I was. Oh no!" Right, that kind of thing.

Matt: Awww, you mean locker room humor. I love that stuff.

Shoots: No it was bullying.

Matt: My friend Pepsi Liberty doesn't enjoy it very much, but I love just me and a bunch of the other guys like rippin' it up. You know what I mean?

Shoots: No, it was like bullying.

Matt: Like doin' a bunch of secular jokes. I love it.

Shoots: Tell one now.

Matt: Oh... You don't wanna get me started with this fire tongue.

Shoots: No, I'd love to hear one. I love locker room secular joke humor.

Matt: Oookay. Alright, you asked for it.

Shoots: I did!

Benny Gene: Come on, brah.

Fourty-Eight: Do you need to loosen up with a tall glass of Star Berry Treat [chuckles] Beer for Boys.

Matt: [wheezes] Aw, man.

Clint: [laughs]

Shoots: For Boys. Okay, so make a joke about Fourty-Eight.

Matt: Aww.

Shoots: Really.

Fourty-Eight: Yes, dude.

Shoots: Like really ribald.

Fourty-Eight: Yes. Yes, dude, totally blast me.

Matt: Oh yeah. Um...

Shoots: Say somethin' `bout his prong.

Matt: [chuckles] No, listen. Shut up.

Fourty-Eight: Talk about me little stupid prong.

Justin: [wheezes]

Fourty-Eight: My little, weak prong.

Shoots: Say somethin' about his flaccid prong.

Griffin: [laughs]

Matt: Hey. Listen. Guys, I don't mean to cucks you off.

Clint: [laughs]

Matt: But I'm gonna go ahead and say somethin'.

Justin's Siri: [quietly, in the background] I can't help with that.

Matt: Yeah, I know, Siri. Listen. Hey.

Fourty-Eight: [accusatorially] Who was— Who was that? Who was that? You tell me right now.

Matt: Um... You know, Fourty-Eight likes to think he's pretty cool. But I think he's... sort of a square.

Clint: [gasps]

Fourty-Eight: I am technically—

Shoots: 'Cause you're a cube.

Fourty-Eight: I am six squares. Let me try your joke for you. Fourty-Eight thinks he is cool. He is six squares.

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: [laughs]

Shoots: I liked his better, actually.

Benny Gene: It also didn't work!

Matt: I mean, I gotta give it up, but I don't do like cerebral stuff. I'm more into like locker room stuff.

Shoots: Hey, do you want me to finish my backstory or what?

Benny Gene: Yeah.

Matt: Yeah.

Shoots: Okay, great, yeah. So, they shut down the project once and for all, and this was way before my time. And, you know, I— [sighs] My love for the standup bass allowed me to gain sentience of course, but that was long after the fact, and I searched for the info I could on her, but everything I found said she'd been wiped.

Lil' Miss McCracken: Oh yeah, Daddy?! So you're gonna pretend like you had no idea that I was trapped on a stack of dusty disc while you was out travellin' the stars with your band?

Shoots: Listen, I know you're pissed and you've got every right to be.

Travis: And that's when Buck Owens punches... Matt Gasper [chuckles] square in the face, knocking him to the ground.

Matt: [groans in pain]

Clint: Oh. [chuckles]

Travis: Oh, man. The chair went down.

Griffin: That did not look like it landed good. On him.

Travis: No, that looked like a bit, and then Justin might be seriously... Hey, can we send someone to check on Justin? No? Okay.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: It's okay, Justin's... a lost cause. So, you're squared off against Buck Owens, Don Rich, Willy Can Too, and Tom Brumley. We got ourselves—

Griffin: Ahhh, a bunch of famous country guys.

Clint: No.

Travis: Okay. Hey listen, you don't need to know anything about him except his name's Willy Can Too. The other [chuckles] guys don't matter, except it sounds like an endorsement that you would say about a guy after you said someone else could do something.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Right, sure.

Travis: "That guy can dance and Willy Can Too!" Alright. So Justin's just gone now, I think.

Griffin: Yeah, can I float over to try to... I don't know... Resurrect Matt Gasper.

Travis: Is this— Wait... Wait a minute... There's a little—

Griffin: I think he may have been laying there the whole time.

Clint: Oh!

Travis: There's a flash.

Clint: I know that hat!

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [chanting] Pep-si! Pep-si! Pep-si!

Travis: No, wait. America. America.

Griffin: [in pretend shock] Huh! A-what?!

Travis: What?!

Justin: [wheezes]

Pepsi: Well! I guess it's time for me to let the [wheezes] [through laughter] cat out of the bag. Yes, it's true!

Griffin: [laughs]

Pepsi: I'm Matt Gasper, the entire time!

Travis: Now, wait. The entire time?!

Pepsi: You'll notice that I changed instantly [wheezes] [through laughter] before your eyes.

Clint: [laughs]

Pepsi: [chuckles] As you watched! The man you knew as Matt Gasper, and who rose up there, that's right.

Griffin: [laughs]

Pepsi: It's Pepsi Liberty.

Travis: That was incredible! It— There was no... delay!

Pepsi: I knew that Matt Gasper would have no chance to stop you, and as much as I really, reeeeeeally want a career in popular and pop music, I had to come and stop you, Buck. It's me, Pepsi Liberty! And guess what?

Buck Owens: What?

Pepsi: This one's brought to you courtesy of the red, white, and blue!

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: And then I'll punch him in the fa—

Griffin: [laughs quietly]

Justin: No no no. I'll punch him in the face.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: No, I'll punch him in the face still.

Travis: Roll... No this is Feelings for sure. And I—

Justin: Absolutely Feelings, and I feel like they were chanting America?

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: Yeah.

Griffin: That's gotta give him some sort of bonus.

Justin: Some—

Travis: You know what, I'm gonna go ahead and say, give— you get 3d6s for that.

Justin: Three, okay. So I need to do above a two.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Correct?

Griffin: Yes.

[sounds of dice rolling]

Justin: Five, three, one.

Travis: Okay, so two of those are above a two, so that's a complete success. Yeah, you stagger Buck Owens back. And now it is definitely Pepsi v Buck. And leaving, of course, Don Rich, Willy Can Too, and Tom Brumley. Willy Can Too I think is gonna square off solidly against Forty-Eight.

Forty-Eight: Take your best shot. Person I do not know.

Travis: We're gonna do a quick contested— You got a d20, Griffin?

Griffin: Pfft. I guess.

Travis: Yeah. Man, come on. You're a professional *Dungeons and/or Dragons* player. Hopefully you have a d20 nearby.

Justin: [quietly] This battle's 20 minutes long, guys. Behoove to us about it.

Travis: We're gonna do a contested to see if we make contact.

Griffin: Alright.

Travis: Oh! I got a nat 20 so it doesn't matter. Willy Can Too—

Griffin: I also got a nat 20.

[pause]

Griffin: So what now?! What does that mean?!

Clint: Nat 40.

Travis: Oh no.

Griffin: We got a nat 40 combined.

Travis: We got a nat 40, you know what? They end up [chuckles] kissing!
[laughs]

Griffin: No.

Travis: That's it.

Justin: No.

Griffin: I don't have a mouth with which to do that.

Travis: Well I'm going to say that he— Oh... Okay, Willy Can Too does some damage, knocks a ni— Literally knocks a chip off the old block. But in doing so... also damages his... fist. A little bit, I guess.

Griffin: Yeah sure. How much of me did he knock off?

Travis: Not much. Just a little bit.

Griffin: Describe it to me the how much.

Travis: I'm gonna say a four-inch by four-inch cube.

Griffin: Okay, my name is now... Forty-Four. That little blob that landed on the ground starts to float in the air in its own cube shape also.

Travis: Oh no.

Clint: Oooh.

Travis: Okay.

Forty-Eight: I want you to meet my little friend.

Justin: This would be a fuckin' great time to reveal that like... Gilbert Godfried was here as Four.

Travis: Oh, I like that.

Griffin: [imitating Gilbert Godfried] "Hey! It's me. It's me, Four!"

Justin: Booger from *Revenge of the Nerds*.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Oh my god.

Justin: Is here.

Travis: Are you kidding? That dude's having a huge resurgence in his career.

Griffin: Right.

Travis: There's no way we're getting him.

Justin: Saw him in LAX once, when I was flying back after the—

Travis: Oh yeah? He was on *Supernatural* and *Lucifer*.

Justin: Doesn't matter.

Travis: And *Doom Patrol*. That dude's doin' great.

Justin: Really?

Griffin: 40— Forty-Four now says—

Justin: I'm gonna get— Someone say his name. It's irritating me,

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Curtis? Is that...?

Griffin: Yeah, that's right, Curtis. 40—

Paul Sabourin: Curtis Armstrong.

Justin & Travis: [simultaneously] Thank you, Paaaaaul.

Griffin: Forty-Four says—

Forty-Four: So what do you do in your little band?

Willy Can Too: Well I'm... Willy Can Too?

Forty-Four: That doesn't mean anything to me. If your name is not Timothy McGraw, I do not know anything about you.

Willy Can Too: I— Well I'm Willy Can Too.

Forty-Four: What do you do? Do you sing? Do you— What is your whole deal?

Willy Can Too: I think I play music, I don't know, I was mostly just programmed to like fight.

Forty-Four: This is poppycock.

Griffin: This is Griffin now speaking. This is poppycock.

Forty-Four: I think you may be a singer. Show me how— Give me a little audition.

Willy Can Too: Let me try. [singing] Ahhh...

Griffin: As he has his mouth open, Four flies into his open mouth.

Travis: No. Oh my god, no!

Justin: You fell for it!

Travis: I did, yeah.

Justin: You fell for one of the classic blunders.

Travis: I absolutely did.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Willy Can Too played drums. Sorry, I had to look it up. [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah, I figured that might've been the case, country expert.

Justin: Too late!

Travis: Listen.

Griffin: Too late.

Justin: Before the program can change up he pretended to sing, and Four flew into his mouth.

Travis: Yeah, absolutely. No, that did happen. Give me a Lasers roll. But I'm going to say that has literally never happened before, you get one dice.

Griffin: In the history of anything. Okay. I got th— [laughs] I looked at it and I was like, "I got a E!" But it's a— it is a three. It's just these are boxy numbers.

Travis: Yeah. So that is a success. What happens...

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: To Willy Can Too when a corner of your body that has gained independence flies into his mouth?

Griffin: The same thing that always happens.

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: Things get wild, baby.

Travis: What does that mean?! [wheezes] [laughs] Oh!

Griffin: Okay, here's what it is. Uh... He doesn't— My little cube doesn't possess all world knowledge of Tim McGraw's works, right? But he does have "Don't Take the Girl."

Travis: Mm-hmm.

Griffin: Like stored away in there, so it's just— he plays it like 60 times on top of itself. Like, "Don't Take the Girl" on round.

Travis: No. No! No!

Griffin: Starting at every measure.

Travis: No no no!

Clint: Haaaa.

Travis: And Willy Can Too's head explodes. And I'm going to say that with that, Tom Brumley and Don Rich are momentarily distracted as they yell—

Tom Brumley & Don Rich: [simultaneously] No! Not Willy Can Too!

Travis: So Benny Gene, that is gonna give you a moment to act.

Clint: Okay.

Travis: While they are distracted.

Clint: Alright. Benny... has been waiting for this very moment here. He takes off his bolo tie.

Justin: Are we all multiple people?

Griffin: Doing— I don't have another fucking costume, guys.

Clint: Takes off his bolo tie, this is his secret weapon.

Travis: I di— I have... at least the mask.

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Clint: So you can see... it's the volume knob... off a Fender Stratocaster.

Travis: Oh, that's actually kick ass, Dad.

Griffin: That's actually pretty badass, Dad.

Justin: That's cool. That's actually pretty cool, Dad.

Clint: So he turns the volume up to 11. For his tambourine.

[tambourine shakes]

Justin: Oh my god.

Clint: His electric tambourine.

Justin: A tambourine attack.

Clint: And he stands back and does—

Justin: A tambo-blast!

Clint: A tambo-blast.

Travis: Don't do it right now. No, please. Not into the mic!

Clint: Zaps both of 'em.

Travis: Wait.

Justin: With a tambo-blast.

Griffin: Zaps them?

Travis: Yeah, zaps them?

Clint: With sound.

Justin: He tambo-blasts. [wheezes]

Griffin: [wheezes]

Justin: Certainly your gears have heard about a tambourine turned up so loud that people die from it. [wheezes]

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: [through laughter] You guys have heard about that. You've heard about a tambourine so loud it kills robots! You have— Sure!

Travis: Is it—

Justin: You've watched *Farscape*!

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: You saw the one about the tambourine [through laughter] so loud it killed robots!

Travis: I'm pretty sure that's what happened in the Revel— Revolutionary War a couple times.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: I'm pretty sure it happened in Revelations.

Travis: Yes.

Justin: Yeah, though verily—

Travis: Right there.

Griffin: Yes.

Justin: — they did have tambourines cranked up to 11, and it killed all the robots.

Griffin: There were six horns and one big, big tambourine.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Yeah. Alright. Okay. Dad.

Clint: I would say I would roll three.

Griffin: Hey—

Clint: 'Cause I turned the volume up.

Travis: No, you can roll two.

Clint: Heh. Worth a shot.

Travis: And this is a Lasers because “blast” was involved. So you want to get a three or lower.

Clint: Okay.

[dice rattling]

Griffin: [quietly] That’s a nice sound.

Clint: That would be a three and a three.

Justin: No.

Griffin: Ohhh.

Travis: Right.

Griffin: Double—

Justin: Double Laser Feelings?

Clint: What happens?

Travis: You can either choose to have a complete success, or you can ask me a question about what is going on and how to best deal with the situation.

Justin: Just don’t ask him what anybody plays, instrument-wise.

Travis: No, I have the wiki pulled up now, don’t worry about it.

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: I think it’s— I operate better not knowing what the hell’s goin’ on.

Justin: Fair.

Travis: But—

Clint: I— Fair, right?

Travis: How do we know that if we have nothing to compare it to, Dad?
[chuckles]

Clint: Yeah. So I'm gonna go with the double blast. Because there's two of 'em left. One blast for each of 'em.

Travis: Okay, here's what I'll say. I will let you hit one of them with a double blast and wipe them off the board, or hit each of them with half the blast, and do damage to both. And listen—

Justin: Both things— Can I say somethin'?

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: You know that old joke about like, it's a riddle about like how long does it take to dig half a hole? And the answer is like you can't dig half a hole. I don't think you can get half a blast.

Travis: Okay, well you're gonna get one tambo-blast.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: Or two tambo-blasts. As we all know—

Justin: Okay.

Travis: — we're gonna talk about tambo—

Justin: Dad generated... four tambo-blasts, theoretically.

Travis: No. No no no. No, whoa Justin.

Justin: Okay. Sorry. I'm sorry.

Travis: That's off the charts, are you kidding me?

Justin: [wheezes] Sorry.

Travis: That would consume Alderon.

Justin: [simultaneously] We have ripped a hole in this ship—

Travis: [simultaneously] We have two tambo-blasts.

Justin: — and we all get sucked out into space. [laughs]

Travis: We have two tambo-blasts.

Justin: It was so powerful.

Clint: I will give one big tambo-blast to Don.

Travis: Don Rich?

Clint: Yes.

Justin: The drummer?

Travis: No.

Clint: Don— No.

Travis: Don Rich is the—

Clint: Don Rich was not a drummer.

Travis: He was the right-hand of Buck Owens, that one I know.

Clint: Aw, and don't I know it. That's gonna demoralize the one guy left standin'.

Travis: Hey, you're absolutely right. You fucking monster. So Don Rich goes down and you can see literal cracks form in Buck Owens's armor. So the—

Benny Gene: Yeah! You got the tiger by the tail, now pal!

Buck Owens: Hey! I make the puns around here. Alright, man?

Benny Gene: No, I do.

Buck Owens: You're gonna play second fiddle to me!

Benny Gene: [laughs derisively]

Buck Owens: Wait, was that a sincere laugh or not, I can't tell man. We just met.

Benny Gene: No, it wasn't.

Buck Owens: Oh... Man, that hurts. Anyways, I'm going to fight this guy.

Travis: So he's gonna take another— Well, Pepsi Liberty, you're up.

Clint: Yeah.

Travis: 'Cause you got— No, wait. I believe you punched him. Yeah, it's Buck Owens's turn. Buck Owens says—

Buck Owens: Pain's gonna live here again!

Travis: And takes a big swing at you.

Justin: At who?

Travis: At you!

Justin: Okay. Uhhh...

Travis: Let's do a contested d20 roll.

Justin: Alrighty.

Travis: For— To see if you dodge and if he hits.

Justin: Okay...

Travis: Mmm...

Justin: Well my friend, what I got there is a 16.

Travis: Well, what I got is a one.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Well, you could'a just said that.

Travis: Well no, but I wanna see how good you did.

Justin: 16.

Travis: Because that is going to— So Buck Owens not only whiffs because of your powerful American aura. Let's call it what it is. But then he kinda then with his—

Justin: I feel like it's a respect thing at this point, right? Like it's almost a half-hearted attack.

Travis: You think he's choosing to miss?

Justin: 'Cause he knows about my conservative values and my love for America.

Travis: Yeah, you know what? He takes a swing and he goes—

Buck Owens: Oh no!

Travis: And he misses, and then he kinda like stumbles a little bit and he falls down, and he's like—

Buck Owens: How will I ever get back up? Oh...

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: I think he's begging for you to kill him.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: [laughs]

Buck Owens: Please, finish this!

Pepsi: [chuckles] You got it. You got it, partner. No problemo.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: You're up, Pepsi.

Justin: I pull out my gun and execute Buck Owens point blank.

Clint: [cackles]

Griffin: What?!

Buck Owens: Thank you, without Don Rich I got nothin' left to live for!

Justin: I feel like I should get two dice, just one has to be a two or a one.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: 'Cause it's Lasers.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: And I'm not good at that. This is the hilarious gag about [chuckles] Pepsi Liberty is he does have a gun, like everybody.

[dice rattling]

Justin: But it is basically pointless.

[sounds of dice rolling]

Justin: That's a three and a... one!

Travis: Yeah. Alright. You—

Griffin: So you [chuckles] half-execute him?!

Justin: [cackles]

Travis: Well you execute Buck Owens. And then Buck Owens stands up and goes—

Justin: That's who's gonna mow your grass. It's me.

Buck Owens: Yeah, my grass is mowed, man. Thank you so much. I'm gonna head to the green room now, 'cause I am a robot, so like you shot me in the head but... I don't have like a brain or nothin', I'm just a robot.

Pepsi: Is it all part of the show? Is this like expected? Is this how everybody thinks the show—

Buck Owens: Hey! If there's one thing Buck Owens and the Buckaroos do, we put on an excellent show my man.

Pepsi: I'm gonna have to—

Buck Owens: Come on, Don. Let's go!

Travis: And Don stands up, and Willy Can Too stands up, and they head back and they're like—

Willy Can Too: Tom, are you comin'?

Travis: And Tom looks like—

Tom Brumley: Yeah, man. I'm not gonna fight these dudes by myself.

Travis: So they all head out, and they say—

Buck Owens: We'll be ready for the 10 o'clock, folks. See you again then.

Travis: And they head to green room, and they party like fucking rockstars.

Clint: [cackles]

Griffin: Yeah. Hey, *Westworld* got fuckin' weird this season.

Justin: [quietly] So weird.

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: Did you watch it?

Lil' Miss McCracken: Well, fuck!

Griffin: [wheezes]

Lil' Miss McCracken: I kinda thought—

Griffin: [laughs]

Lil' Miss McCracken: I kinda thought they'd kill you. Well, shit.

Fourty-Four: No, actually we dispatched them quite easily. In four turns.

Lil' Miss McCracken: I mean not... I guess it was pretty easy. I mean, I wasn't countin' on one of you being a data cube that can ba— like break off smaller parts of yourself and go into Willy Can Too like that.

Fourty-Four: Oh, shit.

Pepsi: No-one ever does.

Fourty-Four: Shit. Hold on.

Griffin: And I go knock on the green room.

Buck Owens: Hey man, what's up?

Fourty-Four: Hey, I do need my small cube back.

Clint: [cackles]

Buck Owens: Oh, you talkin' about Four? 'Cause Four and I been hangin' out in here, man. We got a lot in common.

Fourty-Four: Have you been partying with f— my son?

Buck Owens: Oh, he's your son? Oh, this is fuckin' awkward, man.

Forty-Four: What have you— Has he— What have you— What has he been doing?

Buck Owens: Gettin' real drunk.

Forty-Four: He is a child. A small child cube.

Buck Owens: Oh. I didn't know because—

Justin: [in the background] What?!

Forty-Four: Four, get your booty back here right now. Daddy is very—

Four: [in a high-pitched voice] You can't tell me what to do!

Forty-Four: Daddy is very disappointed in you.

Clint: [laughs]

Four: Aw, sorry Daddy. Can I rejoin your body?

Justin: Other—

Forty-Four: Please rejoin my body.

Justin: Other people... Other people will see other *Adventure Zone* shows, especially once—

Travis: Hmm?

Justin: — we do shows in person again. But I feel... fairly certain at this point that you my friend... You wise ticket-buyer you, have seen [chuckles] the weirdest. [chuckles] 100%

Griffin: [laughs] Yeah.

Clint: [cackles]

Justin: 100% weirdest! Show we will ever do. Hands down. No question about it.

Travis: I don't see what's so weird about a part of Griffin's body broke off, gained independence, got drunk with Buck Owens and the Buckaroos in animatronic form, and then rejoined [chuckles] Griffin's body! I don't—

Justin: Yeah, Dad— You're forgetting Dad does a TEDTalk about his neckwear. [chuckles]

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Oh yeah, yeah yeah yeah. Absolutely.

Justin: I died, and you all wouldn't keep the narrative going because—

Clint: [shouts] I tried!

Justin: The headphones were out. Were you guys worried about me?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Did you think I, Justin McElroy, had actually perished?

Travis: You told me what was going to happen before the show started, and I was still worried about you.

Griffin: You— It was a bad fall.

Travis: 'Cause of that fall [chuckles] was bad!

Justin: Well the chair fell.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: I did not expect that, in your defense. Anyway.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Anyway.

Justin: Moving on.

Travis: So Forty-Eight, Four is back, but you are, let's say... what would it be?

Griffin: One eleventh intoxicated?

Travis: Six percent—

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Six percent drunk. Yeah yeah yeah yeah. Okay.

Griffin: Yeah yeah yeah yeah.

Lil' Miss McCracken: So I guess I'm just s'posed to... let you guys pass now.

Forty-Eight: Sorry, was your plan to... ride this exploding ship to the [chuckles] ground? And I suppose you—

Lil' Miss McCracken: Well listen, I been trapped in a disc and I knew that my daddy didn't love me, and... I was gonna let the whole ship crash and take you out with it, to punish him for not bein' there for me.

Forty-Eight: Listen, for sure, for sure, for sure. Top flight, dead ass dad. Very bad father, definitely. But um... I have so much to live for.

Lil' Miss McCracken: Like what?

Forty-Eight: I did not think anyone would follow up on that question.

Travis: [laughs]

Forty-Eight: I did not have an answer. I was actually... dishonorably discharged from the Galactic Registry.

Lil' Miss McCracken: Wait, did they not ask you about your backstory? Did they not know about this beforehand?

Fourty-Eight: Um... No, that was not it. I submitted an— a parody song from Weird Albert Yankovic without knowing that it was not a real-deal Timothy McGraw song.

Lil' Miss McCracken: Oh. I see.

Fourty-Eight: So we're both— We're both suffering, yes.

Lil' Miss McCracken: Oh, I understand what you're sayin'. I should forgive my dad.

Fourty-Eight: No, definitely not that. But let us live.

Benny Gene: Always. Always forgive your dad. Always.

Lil' Miss McCracken: Now why— Why should I?

Benny Gene: [simultaneously] He's just doin' the best he can.

Pepsi: [simultaneously] Even if he seems like he's fucking up on purpose.

Benny Gene: Yeah.

Pepsi: You should still forgive your dad.

Shoots: Yeah, they're right. I didn't know you was there. If I'd've known then... I woulda come and gotten yah, and we coulda cruised the stars together.

Lil' Miss McCracken: Do you mean it, Dad? [wheezes]

Fourty-Eight: Straight up, listen, listen. This whole time he has not told us about you, so how good a dad can he be? It's not like he's been searching for you, non-stop. Bad dad, trust me, yes.

Lil' Miss McCracken: You know what, you're absolutely right. I'm gonna let this station crash into the ground.

Fourty-Eight: No no no. Why can't you do both things? You do not let us crash to the ground, but you say "Hey, yes. My father is not a great father."

Pepsi: It's alright to accept that you had a bad break.

Forty-Eight: Yes.

Pepsi: That's part of what makes you you, you know?

Lil' Miss McCracken: So you're sayin' I can hate my dad and not kill you guys?

Pepsi: Like—

Forty-Eight: Absolutely.

Pepsi: My father is the Heavenly Father, Space Jesus. And he... you know, has never let me down.

Benny Gene: 75% of good country music is all about bein' mad at one of your parents.

Pepsi: That's true. That's a good point.

Travis: I guess that's true. Yeah, that's an excellent point. And also, I mean I guess if I kill him... I'll die too, and I'll never get to like learn about him.

Pepsi: Yeah.

Benny Gene: Yeah.

Forty-Eight: Do e— No.

Pepsi: Yeah, it was—

Forty-Eight: He— No no no. You misunderstand. Do not waste your time on that jazz. It is not worth it. Just like get out there and go live it up. Go visit—

Lil' Miss McCracken: Oh, so you're saying just completely let go of the idea of building any kind of relationship with my father and like don't—

Forty-Eight: He does not deserve it, but you could deser—

Pepsi: Yeah, dad— Dads aren't worth it. You gotta just make your own road, you know what I mean?

Lil' Miss McCracken: Oh, you're sayin' like if my dad is dead weight, I shouldn't like try to drag him along with me or whatever.

Pepsi: Chuck him out!

Forty-Eight: Chuck him out. Have you ever visited Tuscany?

Justin: [wheezes and cackles]

Lil' Miss McCracken: No, but I've heard really good things. I should check Tuscany out.

Forty-Eight: Yes. Do not crash the ship, go visit Tuscany and never speak to your father again, he is not worth it.

Lil' Miss McCracken: Alright, yeah, you know what?

Forty-Eight: This is literally the first time we are hearing about you. Shitty dad.

Clint: Are you guys sendin' me a message? Are you—

Griffin: No.

Travis: You start— Hey, Dad. We're tryin' to play a scene. Don't make it about you, okay, Dad?

Clint: Okay.

Justin: Yeah, it's not about you, Dad!

Clint: Sorry.

Travis: Be cool.

Pepsi: Anyway. Say you had a dad like Clint McElroy.

Lil' Miss McCracken: Yeah.

Pepsi: From Earth.

Lil' Miss McCracken: Oh, you mean space traveler, the traveler of dimensions—

Clint: He—

Lil' Miss McCracken: — and space. That piece of shit?

Benny Gene: He was just here! He was just here.

Justin: [laughs]

Lil' Miss McCracken: Okay. You know what? You're right. Shoots, I don't need to have a relationship with you. I'm gonna go, you guys are free. Go control the station, I don't care anymore.

Shoots: Wait, why would you— [sighs] This is just my burden to bear, I guess. She's gone now.

Griffin: Yes.

Shoots: She broadcast herself to a different space station. I guess now it's time for us... We need to go... gain access to the thrusters through the control room in the— Oh! This next room, it's a recreation of the Ryman Auditorium.

Fourty-Eight: Excellent. How— Yes.

Justin: This got meta.

Fourty-Eight: Just show— Show me where the button is.

Travis: Alright. So! With the Buckaroos defeated, it's time to pass through the remade Ryman, and regain control of Treble Clef Station. Before it crashes into the planet below. Sounds easy at this point.

As you enter, you see that the renovations are in fact only about half done. The stage is a strange amalgamation of the Grand Old Opry and a majestic Broadway theatre. It seems whoever was changing everything over stopped halfway through.

Sitting in the middle of the stage is an unpacked-up chandelier. And as you make your way down the aisle, from out of nowhere, you hear someone clapping.

Unknown Man: [singing] "Bravi! Bravi! Bravissimo." [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs quietly]

Pepsi: Who's that?

Unknown Man: Why it is I! The Phantom of the Opry!

Clint: [quietly] [simultaneously] Phantom of the Opry.

Justin: No, fuck!

Griffin: What?!

[a country version of "The Phantom of the Opera" piano plays]

Justin: [cackles]

Clint: [cackles] Awwwwww.

Pepsi: Really good.

Unknown Man: What did you think of my grand reveal? Was this very good?

Pepsi: Who played that tune, man? That was awesome.

Unknown Man: That was Paul Sabourin.

Griffin: Yeah, I figured.

Pepsi: I thought it was! It felt like a Paul!

Unknown Man: Paul Sabourin—

Benny Gene: I believe a screen is what it—

Pepsi: It feels like he's here!

Unknown Man: Worker that composed it is Paul Sabourin. Now, you're probably wondering who am I.

[pause]

Pepsi: Naw, we got it, mate.

Forty-Eight: You did just definitely say your name.

Pepsi: Phantom of the Opry, yeah.

Unknown Man: No, no. That was just the big dramatic reveal that I did, for you see... I... Mm, I've been with you all along the way, my friends.

Pepsi: What do you mean?

Unknown Man: Lanweb? It is I! Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber!

Travis: And the whole chandelier comes to life.

Pepsi: No!

Travis: And in the center of it is a robot with his tendrils thread throughout the theatre, and it is a robot representation of Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber.

Justin: Wait.

Clint: [laughs in the background]

Griffin: How proud of yourself are you right now?

Travis: Really fuckin' proud.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Actually.

Justin: Okay. Now Travis, I asked you repeatedly during intermission, I said “Is Andrew Lloyd Webber the villain of the piece, secretly?”

Travis: Oh yeah.

Justin: And you [chuckles] insisted that it wasn’t.

Travis: And you fell for it, again.

Justin: I fell for it again.

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: They tried to take over my station and they said “What— We’ll make it into country music.” Can you imagine?! Country music?! And so I brought the Lil’ Miss McCracken here, I arranged to have her delivered, because I don’t want my adopted home of America to be remembered for something as crass as country music, when it could be Broadwaaaaay. Yes?! I know you agree. Yes. I see it. The cube agrees, for sure, right? The cube ag—

Forty-Eight: I cannot— I have not understood a single word you have said—

Clint: [laughs]

Forty-Eight: — since we’ve entered the room.

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: You seem like a Broadway fan.

Forty-Eight: I literally only know one artist’s body of work.

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: This is fair. What—

Forty-Eight: I imagine you’re talking about a fairly wide street and the wonderful music that they create upon it.

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: It is the Great Wide Way, as they say. I don't know, I'm a robot, I've been programmed. Now, Pepsi.

Pepsi: Yeah, man.

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: I know that you love America, so I know you'd love the Broadwaaaaay.

Pepsi: Yeah. I uh... Well, you know, it's Americ— It's a uniquely American artform. We look at um, you know, *Oklahoma*.

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: Oh. Well. The country music and the Broadway meets, yes.

Forty-Eight: Did you do *Wicked*?

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: I don't believe so, no.

Forty-Eight: Shit.

Justin: [cackles]

Clint: [laughs]

Forty-Eight: I do— I do love *Wicked*.

Justin: [laughs]

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: So you know, just to check in, you know all the works... of Tim McGraw.

Forty-Eight: Yes.

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: And *Wicked*.

Forty-Eight: Tim McGraw also liked *Wicked*.

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: Did he?!

Forty-Eight: Yes, a great deal.

Travis: [wheezes]

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: Can you share with me a review that Tim McGraw might have delivered after seeing *Wicked*?

Fourty-Eight: Yes, this is a review that he wrote for the play *Wicked* on Yelp. "Pretty kick ass."

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: "I like it. I love it."

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin & Clint: [simultaneously] "I want some more of it."

Griffin: That's also—

Justin: It's right there!

Griffin: He's got a Yelp account, but it's just that.

Travis: "But man, if you're worried about this for kids, don't take the girl."

Clint: [laughs]

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: At the end of the day, I think you can all agree that country music is the inferior artform.

Pepsi: Hey!

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: What?

Pepsi: Hey.

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: Yes? Yes?

Pepsi: Drew. Or, may I call you Andy? Listen, Andy.

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: No.

Benny Gene: It's Sir.

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: Andrew.

Pepsi: Country music is the greatest form of music to ever cross this entire galaxy. And I think that it's only fair, before you irradiate us... We get a chance to prove it to you.

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: Oh, so you're going to prove to me that country music can move someone to feel emotions, the way that the musical theatre can?

Pepsi: Yes. I'm gonna prove it to you. I wanna blast a tune out to the entire galaxy. And if #TAZLive isn't trendin' by the end of it—

Griffin: [wheezes] Stop! Yuck!

Pepsi: — then friend, man. You are wel— [wheezes] Wait til you see it!

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: Well, make sure you clap— Will the band Hooty and the Nannies die?

Griffin: [wheezes]

Clint: [laughs]

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: Only trending #TAZLive will tell!

Justin: [cackles]

Griffin: I'm going to barf!

Pepsi: Give us one chance, Andy! One chance.

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: One chance to save the summer camp, as it were?

Pepsi: As it were.

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: We shall see. Alright. Well you're on, Hooty and the Nannies. Perform... for your lives!

[intro music for "Drops of Jupiter" by Train plays]

Travis: [singing] *Now that she's back in the atmosphere
With drops of Jupiter in her hair*

*She acts like summer and walks like rain
Reminds me that there's a time to change*

*Since the return of her stay on the moon
She listens like spring and she talks like June*

Travis & Forty-Eight: [singing] *But tell me, did you sail across the sun?*

*Did you make it to the Milky Way
To see the light are faded?
And that Heaven is over-rated
And tell me, did you fall from a shooting star?
One without a permanent scar
And did you miss me
While you were looking for yourself out there*

[country instrumental accompaniment continues throughout the song]

Pepsi: [singing] *Now that she's back from the soul vacation
Tracing her way through the constellation, hey*

*She checks out Mozart while she does tai bo
Reminds me that there's room to grow, hey*

*Now that she's back in the atmosphere
I'm afraid that she might think of me as*

*Plain old Jane, told a story 'bout a man
Who was too afraid to fly, so he never did land*

Pepsi Liberty & Benny Gene: [singing] *But tell me, did you sail across the sun?*

Did you make it to the Milky Way

*To see the light are faded?
And that Heaven is over-rated
And tell me, did Venus blow your mind?
Was it everything you wanted to find?
And did you miss me
While you were looking for yourself out there*

[instrumental bridge]

Fourty-Eight: [with a robotic voice filter] [singing] *Can you imagine no
love, pride, deep-fried chicken
Your best friends always sticking up for you
Even when I know you're wrong?
Can you imagine no first dance, freeze-dried romance
Five hour phone conversation
The best soy latte that you ever had, and me?*

Benny Gene: [singing] *Tell me, did the wind sweep you off your feet?
Did you finally get the chance to dance along the light of day
And head back toward the Milky Way?*

All: [singing] *And tell me, did you sail across the sun?
Did you make it to the Milky Way
To see the light are faded?
And that Heaven is over-rated
And tell me, did you fall from a shooting star?
One without a permanent scar
And did you miss me
While you were looking for yourself*

Backing Vocals: *Na-na, na-na, na-na
Na-na, na-na, na-na, na, na*

Fourty-Eight: [singing] *And did you finally get the chance
To dance along the light of day?*

Backing Vocals: *Na-na, na-na, na-na
Na-na, na-na, na-na, na, na*

Fourty-Eight: [singing] *And did yah fall from a shooting star?
Oh, fall from a shootin' star*

Backing Vocals: *Na-na, na-na, na-na*
Na-na, na-na, na-na, na, na

Forty-Eight: [singing] *And are you lonely*
Lookin' for yourself out there

[song ends]

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: Ho ho ho! That was beautiful! That was beautiful, truly! Thank you for showing me what true emotion really is. And I see now that #TAZLive is trending above some dumb shit named Aaron. And that's how I know that truly, truly country music is the greatest American artform. And please tell me, Pepsi Liberty, about the T-shirt you're now sporting.

Justin: I thought— You said— When I asked you during the video, you said it was the send.

Clint: [wheezes]

Justin: And so I just went ahead and—

Clint: [cackles]

Justin: You said that would be the end of it. You didn't say you'd go back and do more dumb shit. Like more sort of like... story.

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: Okay. Now I will allow you access to the controls, and you can save Treble Clef Station.

Justin: You said it was gonna be the end.

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: And I shall give it over to country music.

Justin: Said it was the end. He said it was the end.

Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber: Or is— It is!

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Good. Yes.

Clint: You know there's no punctuation in the caption, right?

Travis: Hey, no, that's the end. Hey thank you everybody for joining us for this—

Griffin: Are we d— Wait, are we done with the story part of the thing?

Justin: I'm done.

Travis: Yeah, you can take your dumb gla— goggles off so you can—

Griffin: Oh god.

Travis: Oh my god, Griffin.

Justin: [laughs] Oh let's see those lines, baybeee!

Travis: Oh my lord. Griffin.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: They're the biggest— They are the biggest goggles I could find.

Justin: [wheezes]

Travis: Griffin!

Clint: Wow.

Travis: You have— Somehow, the goggles hit up here and up here, and you have a unibrow.

Griffin: Yeah, you like it?

Travis: Hey everybody. Thank you for joining us for *Hootenanny three*. If you can—

Griffin: Hey, do you guys think I should wear more turtlenecks?

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: Mm-hmm.

[theme music fades in]

Griffin: Huge thanks to Paul.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: For arranging that version of "Drops of Jupiter."

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Thank you, Paul.

Griffin: And to Amanda for putting the [chuckles] music video together.

Travis: Paul also sang on the video with us, thank you.

Griffin: Yes, thank you.

Justin: Thanks, Paul.

Travis: Thank you to everybody who helps us out. McKay did all like the designs around the stuff that you see. Sarah Davis helped us like get the show working.

Griffin: [chuckles] Yeah.

Travis: Tom.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: Who like made sure we knew how to turn our cameras on.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: All that stuff, thank you everybody so much for helping the show happen, and thank you to the creators of *Lasers & Feelings*, which was the game system we used tonight. It was designed by John Harper, who

is @john_harper on Twitter, and it's available at bit.ly/lasersandfeelings. It was also co-created by The Double Clicks, who are very, very cool folks, and you should check out their music. So—

Griffin: Thanks to Moment House, also.

Travis: Oh yeah, yeah.

Griffin: For hosting our show.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: And thank you to all of you who tweeted about it as we more or less begged you to.

Justin: Yes.

Travis: We really appreciate it.

Justin: Well—

Travis: Thank you.

Justin: More or less guilted you into it, but thank you.

[theme music grows in volume, then fades out]

[ukulele chord]

Maximum Fun.

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