

The Adventure Zone: Abnimals Ep. 10: Taking Out the Trash!

Published December 5, 2024

[Listen here on mcelroy.family](https://mcelroy.family)

[Abnimals theme music plays]

Travis: So, Herr Dryer activates his, you know, drying apparatus.

Griffin: Do you want to take another pass at that, man?

Travis: Yeah, yeah.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: Herr Dryer grabs the pull cord on the front of his mech suit, and pulls. And you hear the kind of engine start as these like, you know, dryer tubes, these silver tubes, arc out from him. The hot air blowing from them lifts him off in the air, as other tubes kick in from the back. And he comes flying into the house. You see him hover over the syringes laid up on the floor in the front as he goes past, knocking over the animatronics that have been set up in the hallway.

Griffin: Certainly not all of them? Surely, he had to get bonked or scared by the big tree with the face on it?

Travis: You know what? Give me, Griffin, because he's moving pretty fast, give me a two D8 roll.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Two D8 roll. One success.

Travis: With one success, it knocks him, you know, back for a second. He doesn't get scared, but it gives you guys—the two of you, Navy and Roger, are still up on the main floor, while Lyle is down on the lower level. You have a second to react as he's coming charging in. What do you do?

Griffin: I think I'm just gonna try to reset position, right? Go back to my little hiding space near the stairwell, behind these bushes. Because I see that Roger is kind of doing the same thing. Roger's posted up next to the screening room. So I think if we can get the element of surprise here, it would only, I mean, it worked so well with the last guy.

Travis: What about you, Roger? What are you doing?

Clint: Hm, I think staying in place until he gets a little bit closer, and then... taking action then.

Travis: Okay. He comes hovering in. He makes his way, he gets in here, in the center of the space, and begins kind of scanning around.

Herr Dryer: Hot Boys! Hot Boys? What have you done to my Hot Boys?

Travis: Give me a three D8 roll, Roger, for the folks in the movie. We're gonna see if they can hear over the movie and through the closed door.

Clint: Ah, okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: One, five, four.

Griffin: I like the idea that you locked them in there and then turned up the volume all the way. That immediately becomes like a black sight, like torture experiment at that point.

Travis: "No, no, no." So, they hear, and you hear them react to it, but they cannot get the door open. They are still trapped in the room. He's hovering around. You can see this hot air as it is spreading around from him, and he's blowing around, spinning in a circle. He's just knocking books off the shelf in the library, knick-knacks, decorations, picture frames are falling off the wall.

Griffin: Oh, man.

Travis: Destruction is happening all around.

Clint: Are there any of the traps that have not tripped? Are there any untripped traps?

Justin: Trip trapped bobble cop. Hit with the bottle in the hospital for talking that mess. [titters]

Griffin and Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: I think the flashing lights and ghost sounds or whatever I had come on.

Travis: Yeah, the only ongoing ones are the waxy, slippery floor at the top of the stairs and the lights and sounds.

Clint: And where are the lights and sounds?

Travis: Happening all over the place, every like 15 to 20 seconds.

Clint: Okay. I'm trying to figure out if it would make sense to try to lure him nearer to any of the unsprung traps.

Griffin: Man, let's get him out of this space. Like, the bottom floor seems so much more... indestructible, with all the training stuff and the pools and stuff. I would rather—he is going to destroy this whole room.

Clint: Where do we want him?

Griffin: I think downstairs, right? Because Ax-o-Lyle is already down there.

Clint: Okay. All right, Roger is going to use Counterfeit to imitate one of the Hot Boys.

Travis: Well, which one?

Griffin: Oh, man.

Justin: The classic query.

Clint: Curdy—

Justin: Which Hot Boy to imitate.

Clint: Curdy.

Travis: Oh, that was a great choice.

Clint: Curdy Hot Boy.

Griffin: I hope Curdy wasn't one of—

Travis: Curdy's one of his favorites.

Griffin: I hope Curdy wasn't one of the ones that stepped on the syringes—
[chuckles] the medicine surprise.

Clint: Well...

Travis: A medicine whoopsie.

Griffin: A medicine whoops.

Clint: So he's gonna imitate one of the—should I roll or try to do the thing first?

Travis: You know what, dad? I want to hear you do the thing first.

Griffin: Be a Hot Boy.

Clint: Okay.

Travis: Just do what comes naturally.

Clint: Okay. [oafish grunts] "Uhr... oh... weh-ah!" No, wait a minute—

Justin: Yes...

Clint: The—is that the...

Griffin: Oh my God, Mac! That was—

Travis: What in the... what?

Griffin: One of the wilder sounds I've heard you make in my life.

Travis: Is the Hot Boy so hot he's melting?!

Justin: Hot Joseph Merrick summer.

Curdy: We're upstairs!

Clint: It's upstairs, right?

Travis: "The acid!"

Clint: Are we upstairs?

Griffin: No, it's downstairs.

Travis: Downstairs.

Clint: And we want him to go upstairs?

Griffin: Okay, so we are on the first floor. The other—that is the thing on the left, right? The one on the right is the basement. And the basement is where—

Clint: Okay.

Travis: The lower levels.

Griffin: Yes.

Curdy: We're downstairs, boss, and we need help! We're in big trouble! Big, big trouble!

Herr Dryer: Oh my God, Curdy!

Curdy: Save us!

Herr Dryer: What happened to you, Curdy?

Curdy: If I describe it, it will cause so much emotional trauma for you, you won't be able to function! You just—get down there and help! Ah-ho-ho-ho!

Travis: Okay, now roll three D8.

Griffin: Clint, this voice is next level good. It is a shame that you are not playing Curdy this—as much as I love Roger.

Clint: I'm not always this phlegmy though.

Griffin: You brought Curdy to life—that's a good point.

Travis: Yeah, dad.

Curdy: Thank you!

Clint: Okay...

Travis: There better be a Curdy spin-off.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Eight, two, a two?

Griffin: So one success.

Travis: Okay, yeah, so he's... he's unsure how to feel about—he gets to the top of the stairs. He moves over there. And he's still hovering, right? So the waxy four isn't quite getting him. And he says:

Herr Dryer: Curdy, you sound different?

Griffin: Can I pop out and try and knock him down the stairs, get him where we want him?

Travis: Absolutely you can, yeah. Absolutely.

Griffin: Then in one of the light flickerings, I'm gonna wait until it gets dark and then sort of just like step up right beside him. So when the lights come back on I'm just like, "Hey, cool the—" Oh, wait, I'm doing the Curdy voice. It's so good, dad. It magnetic, dad.

Travis: It's catching, yeah.

Clint: "Stay in your lane, dude!"

Griffin: Sorry.

Navy: I see you've also got a cool tech backpack.

Herr Dyer: Wha—

Travis: Okay, with using your lights and sound trap, give me bulky boy three D8, and add an extra D8. So we're gonna do four D8.

Griffin: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: And the fact that the floor's slippery, right?

Griffin: Wow, not great, guys. One success, one, three, three, eight.

Travis: He is surprised and attempts to like grapple you.

Griffin: Oh, that's great. That's what I wanted.

Travis: And you slip.

Griffin: Oh, no, that's not what I wanted.

Travis: On the waxy floor. And the two of you go down the stairs.

Griffin: That's what I wanted. [titters]

Travis: Yes, but you are not in control.

Griffin: You're sending me on a real emotional journey right now, Travis.

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: Listen, that's what a mixed success does, bud.

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Travis: So the two of you are down, he is in control of your form. You know what I mean? He's guiding this.

Griffin: Eh, I don't know how I feel about that.

Travis: Well, he's holding on to like your lapels. Onto the straps of your water pack, right? But he is coming out on top.

Griffin: Cool.

Travis: Let's put it that way.

Griffin: Yeah, I want to get him downstairs.

Travis: Roger, you've just seen this happen, and they disappear down the steps. What do you do?

Clint: I go charging after. No, you know what? Here's what he's going to do.

Justin: Oh?

Clint: He is going to go charging after, but at the very top of the stairs is going to... nimbly, is that a word? Is nimbly a word?

Travis: Yeah. Yeah!

Justin: Of course.

Clint: Nimbly leap over.

Travis: Now you've said it too much and I'm not sure anymore.

Clint: Yeah. Nimbly leap over. Nimbly, nimbly, nimbly. No, it doesn't get better.

Travis: Nimbly, bimbly.

Clint: Yeah.

Travis: Okay.

Clint: Leaps—

Griffin: Say it in the Curdy voice?

Clint: Leaps over the—

Griffin: For me.

Clint: Slippery—

Curdy: A nimbly niminey nimbling!

Travis: Yeah, okay, now it makes sense.

Griffin: [laughs] It's great! Travis, how are you not loving this, man?

Travis: I am! Are you kidding me?

Griffin: Okay, okay, just making sure.

Travis: I'm loving it!

Clint: So he nimbly leaps over the slippery part and just launches himself to do a—to do a cowninball.

Justin: A cowninball?

Clint: It's like a half of cannonball, cow and Calvinball.

Justin: Hold on, let me look in the back here.

Griffin: [chuckles] Dad just has a bucket—

Justin: No, no, I'm sorry—

Griffin: That says 'cow puns.' And it's got—we're talking about morsels. Tiny crumbs left unused.

Justin: I'm sorry, sir—

Travis: Well, I'll tell you guys, I'm looking at the judges. And one of them just thumbs-upped so hard he broke his wrist, so...

Griffin: Oh, man, okay. So, you're also—

Justin: In my folio, we've never stocked anything like. So, I don't know...

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: [chortles]

Griffin: You're also cannonballing into me too, because we are wrestling, right?

Travis: Yeah, Roger, give me—you're a pretty graceful man, as an infiltrator and spy. We've established this. So, first, you're gonna give me a three D8 roll to avoid the slippery floor.

Clint: Okay.

Travis: And then a three D8 roll to come down—

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Ooh, a mixed success, okay.

Griffin: That's... whew!

Travis: So we're gonna change that to a two D8 roll, to cannon ball down the steps.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Since you only got a mixed success.

Griffin: Another mixed success.

Travis: And a mixed success.

Griffin: Guys! We need to be—we need to get off the fence here. We need to pee or get off the pot. Get real.

Justin: [chuckles] Get real.

Griffin: Start failing. If you fail, you get experience. This is the—mixed success is the worst result.

Travis: So with that makes success, you're gonna come down, maybe not as graceful as you had intended. You're gonna knock into Navy and Dryer as they are together. You are going to knock Navy out of Herr Dryer's control.

Griffin: Thank you.

Travis: But you are both prone. And he goes kind of spinning off.

Clint: Okay. Did I take any damage?

Travis: No, not on a mixed success.

Clint: Okay.

Griffin: Us big boys don't gotta worry about that falling down the stairs. We're big boys.

Clint: Right.

Travis: Yeah. You two are prone, though, so... you are like hands and knees.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: Lyle, you are up.

Justin: I'm downstairs. Has anybody made it down to where I am?

Griffin: Yeah, man—

Travis: Yes, if you look on Roll20, you'll see.

Griffin: We just both leaped and rolled down the stairs. [chuckles] And tumbled and fell.

Justin: No, but I mean bad guys. I don't care what they're doing.

Travis: Yeah, Herr Dryer's there.

Griffin: Yeah, we're all down here now.

Justin: Down the stairs. Okay, perfect. They don't see me.

Travis: Hm?

Justin: They don't see me.

Travis: In what way?

Justin: I'm in the river.

Travis: You're in the lazy river?

Justin: I'm in the crazy river. [chuckles]

Travis: Whoa. Can you tell me the difference between a lazy river and a crazy river?

Justin: I'm in it, and I'm on—

Travis: Oh.

Justin: And I'm ready to fight.

Clint: Ah, that's crazy.

Justin: And I turn this lazy river into a crazy river. So I'm cycling in the river.

Travis: Uh-huh?

Justin: Until...

Travis: Oh?

Justin: I can't make any noise, right? Because they'll hear that. So I'm just floating in the cycle until I can get the jump on them.

Travis: Oh? Okay.

Justin: So I'm gonna have an advantage on this roll because—[chuckles] I—I'm not—I don't want to put words in your mouth, but I am using the crazy river to float up on them and get the jump on Herr Dryer.

Travis: Can I tell you what you've done here, Justin?

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: Now I'm torn, because I was gonna give you advantage. Now I'm worried you've taken words out of my mouth.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: What I meant was, I didn't mean like literal rolling advantage. I meant I'm getting the advantage on them. That's why I was careful with my phrasing—

Travis: Oh! Okay, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Justin: I don't want a technical—I don't mean technical advantage, I mean narratively. Narratively having an advantage.

Griffin: Yeah. I don't actually know if you realize this, Travis, creator of this game, but I don't think there's advantage in the Abnimals game.

Travis: No, I can just add dice.

Griffin: Yeah, right?

Travis: At my whim.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Right.

Travis: Well, Justin, you already have extreme hiding. You use camouflage to hide in the environment.

Justin: Yes.

Travis: So give me a four D8 roll, and we'll see how it turns.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Holy crap!

Justin: That's four success.

Travis: Wow! Wow!

Griffin: Okay, is there a—here's—rule on the fly, Trav.

Lyle: This is the crazy river.

Griffin: We got a straight here. We got a five, six, a seven and an eight. That's got to be something, right?

Justin: It feels like something. [chuckles]

Travis: I mean...

Justin: It's gotta be something.

Travis: Let me think, let me think. Okay, Justin, here's what I'll say. This is your reward for four successes here. One, you have become one with your environment. This crazy river is now, it's as much you as you are.

Griffin: You were born in these waters.

Travis: Yes, he has merely discovered them. You were born in them. He adopted them. I want you now to feel like you can move through them with ease. But two, you also are going to get, when you are ready to act upon Herr Dryer, you are going to get two extra dice to roll against him. It is Herr Dryer's turn. As far as he's aware, the two of you, Roger and Navy, are the only combatants he's facing. So four of his many—

Justin: Oh, they're know where I'm at!

Travis: Oh, okay. They know.

Justin: Oh, they know! They know the old crazy river routine, for sure.

Travis: He's gonna turn his hoses upon you and blast you with two extreme blasts of hot air. Both of you now crouch down on the ground. So Griffin, normally Navy would have Bulky Boy, but as you are prone, you're going to only roll two D8s.

Griffin: Well, bulky boy is also, it makes him hard to knock down. It doesn't make him more resistant to damage or whatever. And I've already been knocked down, so Bulky Boy definitely don't apply.

Travis: And... yeah. You, Roger, you get one D8 to try to avoid taking full damage here.

Griffin: How many is he rolling?

Travis: Well, so I'm having you guys resist, because he's not attacking, he's trying to like throw you around with big blasts of air.

Griffin: Cool, cool. Okay.

Clint: I'm going old-school—

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: That's—oh, no! That's double ones!

Justin: Double ones?

Griffin: That's totally bogus!

Justin: That is totally bogus.

Griffin: Oh, that's so bad. Practice makes perfect, though! Practice does make perfect.

Clint: What happens to him?

Griffin: Well, you gotta roll too, man. You might be joining the double—the snake eyes club.

Justin: Yeah, don't get all—[chuckles]

Clint: I thought I was just—

Justin: Those bad guys over there.

Clint: Am I rolling one or two?

Travis: You're running one.

Griffin: There's not even a button for that, Trav.

Clint: Okay, I'm rolling an actual D8.

[sound of dice thudding]

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Big D8. Jesus.

Clint: I swear to God, it's a one.

Griffin: All right!

Travis: Oh my God, guys!

Griffin: Wee!

Travis: Yeah, so you guys, like he turns on you and you two are like ready to get just absolutely tossed around like rag dolls.

Justin: Until...

Griffin and Clint: [laughs]

Justin: [titters]

Clint: And then...

Travis: Yes, Justin?

Justin: He hears a splash from behind him. And out from the water, he hears a whisper in his ear.

Lyle: Splish-splash, I've been biding my time.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Lyle: And I kick him in the butt.

[group laugh]

Travis: An undeniably perfect maneuver.

Griffin: That's really good. That's cool.

Justin: A well placed, a *perfectly* placed—and here's the thing is, I know I got two D8 on this, Trav. You already told me that. So I know whatever kick this guy's about to get is gonna be the best kick I could give to a butt.

Griffin: This feels like a time to shine situation. This feels like a faithful butt kick.

Justin: I'm gonna use three time to shine dice, because this is exactly Ax-o-Lyle in his element, in a crazy river, kicking butt. This is it.

Griffin: The very act of kicking butt crystallizes the tone of this season of the show. It's not a Gargoyles thing. They don't kick butts on Gargoyles.

Travis: No, no, not as a rule.

Griffin: It's trending more Samurai Pizza Cats.

Travis: Yeah, true. Okay, Justin, that's three dice plus two. Plus, let me think here, this is... I mean, this isn't training, this is a kick. So, eight total? Yes, eight total.

Griffin: No button for that either.

Justin: I don't know how to do that.

Travis: Yeah, you're gonna roll six D8s and two D8s.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Oh my God. Oh my God.

Griffin: Holy—

Justin: Wait.

Griffin: This has to be something too, right?

Justin: Oh, God, I got a triple Cowabunga.

Griffin: Triple—he got eight, eight, eight.

Travis: A triple mega cowabunga.

Griffin: And a six.

Justin: [chuckles] Triple mega cowabunga. Sorry, I got an ultra-mega cowabunga, Trav.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: Yeah, man. This is the greatest thing I've ever seen. Triple eights and a six. So, four success total.

Justin: It's an ultra-mega. I want to call it—

Travis: Ultra-mega cowabunga.

Griffin: And sandwiched between these two rolls was a double total failure, on mine and dad's parts. The dice are being kind of silly today, I feel like.

Travis: Yeah, so not only do—

Justin: In preparation.

Travis: Not only do Navy and Roger not take any damage, right? As they're sitting there, you get that like hot blast of air that starts to like vibrate their cheeks and lips as it's like blowing them backwards, right?

Justin: Sure.

Travis: Their eyelids flapping, right? In the wind. You come springing up out in a like just kind of perfect... like a perfect just hovering kick into his butt. And not only does he go flying and bash against the wall and take two damage and kind of crash to the ground for a second. It's perfectly framed in the security camera footage.

Griffin: Oh, God, so good!

Travis: Of this amazing moment.

Griffin: Yes, that's good.

Justin: That's so good, man. Thank you.

Griffin: I point at Ax-o-Lyle and I say:

Navy: That one's gonna be in the TikTok reel, for sure.

Lyle: Thanks.

Travis: And then you hear, bing-bong! The front doorbell has just rung.

Lyle: Oh, man...

Griffin: [chuckles]

[theme music plays]

[ad reads]

[theme music plays]

Lyle: Oh, wow. Okay...

Justin: Hm, how's it looking down here, Trav?

Travis: I mean, he's knocked low for a second.

Justin: Oh, hey, let me see—

Lyle: Camera, activate.

Travis: You can see like this connects to the front panel. It's an intercom system throughout the house. And there—you see on the video a delivery person with, you know, boxes of parts. And he's just kind of standing there at the front door, looking around, checking his watch.

Justin: Oh, okay, well...

Lyle: Hey, time out on this. All right, guys? We've got a delivery, hold on.

Justin: And then I carefully walk upstairs, avoiding the slippery things on the stairs.

Griffin: Nice try, Travis!

Justin: I walk to the front door, avoiding the drug needles that I strewed about. [chuckles] And I'm opening the door carefully, in a ginger manner. And I say...

Lyle: Hello, my name is Ax-o-Lyle. I'll take the package, thank you.

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: "Oh, yeah, man. Yeah, man... I just need you to sign here."

Lyle: Of course. I would never want to impede your business.

Travis: "Oh, thank you so much, man. Deeply underappreciated—"

Lyle: Absolutely. And here is your—here is your signature, my friend. Have a good day. All right.

Travis: "Ahem! Ahem..."

Lyle: Oh, of course. Yeah, one second. My wallets in my... dad's house.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: What?

Lyle: Thank you for—thank you for everything.

Justin: And I close the door. [titters]

Travis: "Well..."

Justin: And I head back downstairs.

Travis: Well, before you can head back downstairs—

Griffin: Yeah, give us a little solo scene with Jim Bob here.

Travis: Herr Dryer is kind of, you know, shaking off the daze, he's still on the ground.

Herr Dryer: Sorry, did he just... where did he go? Did he say time out?

Navy: Yeah, we did a time out on the battle so he could sign for a package. You've never been interrupted by like a delivery driver in the middle of a—

Curdy: It happens all the time, boss.

Herr Dryer: What, you were Curdy?

Curdy: All the time.

[chuckles]

Justin: Wow! [titters]

Travis: Whoa!

Curdy: It was always—I was always Curdy.

Herr Dryer: Hey, can I ask you guys a question just real quick?

Curdy: Yeah.

Navy: Yes?

Herr Dryer: Did you kill any of my Hot Boys?

Curdy: Nooo!

Navy: Well, I saw a bunch of mystery syringes. No telling what was in those. And—

Herr Dryer: Sorry, what?

Navy: There may have been a big fart blast. Actually, I think I was the only one to suffer that particular fate.

Curdy: It could have been Covid boosters. Or vitamins?

Navy: Did any of them have a pre-existing heart condition?

Lyle: All right, I'm sorry about that, guys.

Curdy: I can't get out of this voice!

Lyle: Sure, one second... Just a delivery? I don't know.

Herr Dryer: It was the—sorry, you got a delivery?

Lyle: Yeah, one sec. I haven't opened it yet.

Curdy: This is my favorite part.

Justin: And I find...

Travis: It's some spare parts for the oven upstairs.

Curdy: Oh...

Lyle: Oh... Well, actually... continue the time out for a second, because I'm gonna move this upstairs.

Herr Dryer: What?! No!

Navy: Just sort of, just for a minute.

Lyle: Because if I leave it down here, that's actually really irresponsible. I'll forget.

Navy: I'll be—

Lyle: If I could just put 'em near the oven.

Herr Dryer: These too?

Lyle: Yeah, of course.

Navy: I do like a mid-fight—

Herr Dryer: Okay, cool.

Navy: Time out, though, because you can like catch your breath a little bit and put your best—really, put your back into the rest of the—

Herr Dryer: I saw that there was a—there was a Rainforest Café over there. Can I go grab like a drink or something?

Lyle: I really—I mean, it'll have to be short.

Navy: I mean, if you're about to fix the oven, like why don't we stop in at the Rainforest Café and have a drink?

Roger: Well—

Lyle: Yeah, you guys want to go to the Rainforest Café and have a drink together, and I'll just fix the oven.

Navy: Okay, sounds good to me.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Herr Dryer: You're gonna fix an oven?

Lyle: It's pretty basic repair, and if you do it incorrectly, it's a real fire hazard.

Justin: [titters]

Herr Dyer: Well, do you want any help with that? Like, I built my whole mech suit here. I could help you out.

Lyle: Um...

Herr Dyer: Yeah?

Lyle: Actually, that would be great.

Herr Dyer: Yeah, I went to DeVry.

Lyle: Oh? They're serious about success. Yeah, come on.

Herr Dyer: Yeah, man.

Lyle: Come on up.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Herr Dyer: Okay! We'll just take a quick time out and I'll fix your oven.

Lyle: Okay.

Roger: Okay, do you want me to bring you something from Rainforest Café?

Lyle: Can you actually try to climb up?

Justin: [chuckles] Sorry, let me say that again. I misspoke.

Lyle: Can you actually try to clean up?

Griffin: [chuckles]

Roger: Oh?

Herr Dryer: Oh, like...

Lyle: Would you mind cleaning up?

Roger: Me?

Herr Dryer: Me or—

Lyle: Yeah. Actually, no, I need your help in the oven. I need you to clean up down here, if you could. There's so much mess, they're gonna be so angry with me.

Herr Dryer: Okay, but then we're gonna time in and keep fighting, right?

Roger: Oh, sure.

Navy: Absolutely. Maybe outside?

Roger: Okay, where is the Swiffer?

Travis: Okay, so 45 minutes later—

Griffin: [guffaws]

Lyle: Thank you again, by the way.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Lyle: I'm sorry that you burned yourself. That's so embarrassing.

Justin: [chuckles]

Herr Dryer: No, it's okay! It was minor. You know, all things considered, it's a pretty easy fix. He said they had a guy coming to fix this?

Lyle: Well, you know—

Herr Dryer: Would have charged them an arm and a leg, I bet.

Lyle: I'm sure, yeah. Well, thanks again. I appreciate it.

Herr Dryer: Hey, no problem.

Lyle: So... where was—oh, right.

Herr Dryer: Yeah? Oh, time in?

Lyle: Yeah.

Herr Dryer: Oh, okay, great.

Lyle: Only if you're ready.

Herr Dryer: No, no, no! I'm good.

Travis: And give me—

Roger: You didn't ask if we're ready?

Justin: They're still waiting at the Rainforest Café. There's no way they got served in 45. [titters]

Travis: No.

Justin: They wish. [titters]

Travis: Give me, Lyle, a... I'm looking to see what you've got here... Yeah, okay, just two D8 reaction roll here. Or, excuse me—yeah, two D8, instinct.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Mixed success.

Justin: Mixed success.

Travis: One of those dryer tubes from his suit comes whipping at your head—you know, by the blast. You're able to duck it, but you have to kind of jump out of the way.

Lyle: Pretty rude.

Herr Dryer: You said it was time in?!

Lyle: Well, yeah. I guess—

Herr Dryer: Okay.

Lyle: Yeah, no, that's true. All right.

Herr Dryer: Okay.

Travis: And he is gonna tackle you. Well, more like pick you up as he—you know, you jump out of the way, he grabs you by the back of the shirt. And he's gonna take you... back into the library. The two of you both flying back towards the library.

Griffin: [chuckles] Just finished putting all the books up in there.

Navy: So rude...

Travis: Okay, what do you do, Lyle?

Justin: So, we're back upstairs?

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Tell me about the library. I know I've been here a million times, but tell me what I see.

Travis: So, in each corner, you see tall bookcases, maybe 12 feet high, you would guesstimate. With some ladders that would move between them. There's a set of three in each corner, so that they make kind of an angled, you know, straight—angled straight, kind of across the corners. So, 12 book cases total. Varying sizes of books, thicknesses of books. Mostly books about amphibians.

Justin: I mean, one would hope, right?

Travis: Yeah.

Lyle: Hey, is your butt okay? I meant to mention it.

Herr Dryer: It hurts really bad! But it has been 45 minutes since you kicked it, so I've had time to recover slightly.

Lyle: Oh, perfect. Okay, that's just what I wanted to hear.

Justin: Drop kick to the butt.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: It's like when you focus on a... like a mech's eyes.

Justin: [chuckles] Flying drop kick to the butt.

Travis: So, in your mind, this is—yeah, this is like a God of War, original series, big battle where there's like a glowing gem or something you have to hit, in the giant evil thing. And it's his butt. Right?

Justin: It's so weird that we're actually like not just brothers, but psychic brothers.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Yeah, okay. Great, yeah—

Griffin: When you fight—

Travis: I just wanted to make sure.

Griffin: When you fight like an octopus monster in an RPG, and suckers will just try and take out the tentacles. But it's like, nah, you got to focus on that one spot, or else it's just going to keep making more tentacles. And for him—

Travis: Well, and Justin—

Griffin: It's his butt.

Travis: Frankly, you're using my own logic against me. Because I've argued many times before that the butt is nature's perforation.

Griffin: Sure.

Travis: And would be the easiest way to tear a person in half.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: Ah, yes.

Griffin: That's a good point.

Justin: [chuckles] Yes, Travis. That and many other interesting things you've said to be over the years—

Griffin: We have—

Travis: Have all stuck with you!

Griffin: We have—

Travis: I know, thank you.

Griffin: We have so few exposed lobes, if you think about it.

Justin: [chuckles]

Travis: Yeah. But you you could not—if you're gonna rip someone in half, why not start at the butt?

Justin: That's the place to get a grip. [titters]

Griffin: It's not just perforated. It's not just perforated, Travis. You can really get a pretty good grip on that thing.

Justin: Mm-hm.

Griffin: A pretty good—

Travis: This is my logic.

Griffin: Anyway.

Travis: Give me an attack roll there, kicking him in the butt. You do have battle training in your Ab Skills. You have three D8 with your Ab Skills. So give me a three D8 roll to kick.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Oh, my golly!

Griffin: Oh, no...

Justin: Ah, sheesh, that's three big failures.

Travis: That is three big failures.

Griffin: Hey, that could be our—the name of our superhero—of our Abnimals team. [chuckles]

Clint: [sings] Three big failures.

Justin: Super Scott meet me in.

Griffin: Three big failures. [chuckles]

Travis: As you go to kick it, first of all, make sure you get your practice makes perfect points—

Griffin: Did you almost say poifect?

Travis: Poifect.

Justin: If you named it that, it might be easier to remember the mechanic.

Travis: Maybe. He grabs your ankle and attempts to throw you—oh my God.

Clint: Wow.

Travis: He attempts to throw you into one of the bookshelves. But he does not do so with three failures. Tell me how you avoid getting thrown into a bookcase.

Justin: I look at the spine of a book. And one has fallen open, actually. And I look at the open page that says like how to avoid getting grabbed 101.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Mm-hm?

Justin: And so I noticed that book and I'm like, what the heck? [chuckles] And then I'm reading it and it just says 'duck.' And then I duck.

Travis: Okay, so he grabs your foot as you try to kick him. You see the book. He goes to let go, right? And you just kind of duck as you're reading the book.

Justin: Yeah. And then one I'm at the ground, the—

Travis: And it just goes sailing past the ladder? Yeah.

Justin: Then once I shrink down—now I'm on the ground. Like the book said. And then I bite his hand.

Griffin: Does the book say to do that? Are you still following the book at this point?

Justin: I don't have teeth. Shoot. I—okay, I... I'll... I can't kick him again. It's too embarrassing. [titters]

Travis: He'd be expecting that.

Justin: [chuckles] He'll see that coming. Okay, so I avoided the attack. Why is he—why is the—why is it on me to do something else? I—

Travis: It's not!

Justin: Masterfully.

Travis: Okay! All I asked is how you avoided the attack, Justin.

Justin: Why didn't you-Travis, why didn't you interrupt me? [chuckles]

Travis: I'm trying to do that less in life!

Justin: Well, you gotta—

Travis: Better start now!

Justin: You gotta have limits, Travis. [chuckles]

Travis: Okay, so Roger and Navy, you hear a scuffle going on upstairs. What do you do?

Griffin: We're just chilling. I believe we're chilling in the Rainforest Café?

Travis: That is where we left off, yes.

Griffin: I look at him—I look at Roger, I say...

Navy: Oh, is it time in? We missed time in!

Roger: They didn't let us know. That sucks!

Navy: I feel so excluded. Let's go.

Roger: Foul play! Foul play, sir! Let's go.

Griffin: I am covered—I am covered nearly head to toe in spaghetti as I rush up the stairs into the library. I tried to eat—

Justin: Is that part of your plan?

Griffin: No, I just have never eaten spaghetti before, and he didn't really know how it... works and how to do it. Like, he is still kind of an animal, and he tried his hand at like pasta with a knife and fork situation.

Justin: Was he bad at it? Or did he just eat it with such childish abandonment?

Griffin: It was—nom it was a skill issue for sure.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: Oh, okay. Roger, is there any food you would like to voluntarily coat yourself in?

Clint: Well, Roger was trying to be the good—no, not coat himself in, but Roger was trying to be a thoughtful host. He is bringing a leftover bag with him and—

Travis: Oh? Excellent.

Clint: Goes rushing up to the confrontation and says:

Roger: All right, fellows, I've got beer lava nachos. I've got a—

Travis: What?!

Roger: I've got a volcano cob salad. Some pastalya. But I—

Navy: Careful with pasta—careful with the pastalya, it's tricky.

Roger: Yeah. Look—

Navy: It's real tricky.

Roger: Look to my left to see. And I brought a Rumble in the Jungle wrap. And I think you'd really like this, Herr Dryer!

Clint: And he throws the Rumble in the Jungle wrap at whatever—if he's a giant dryer, he's got to have some kind of intake.

Travis: Oh, there's an intake! Yeah, there's an intake for sure.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: Yeah, he throws the Rumble in the Jungle wrap at the intake.

Griffin: I thought for sure you were about to attempt diplomacy. I genuinely thought that's the way this was going.

Clint: This is my style of diplomacy.

Justin: That's—but that—you can't—

Griffin: Is to jam a dinner wrap in someone's air hole?

Clint: Throw wrap first, ask questions later.

Travis: Oh, so you're establishing dominance.

Justin: It's so important.

Travis: A wrap-based dominant system.

Clint: I'm trying to remove his—

Travis: That then allows you—okay.

Clint: I'm trying to remove his advantage of being able to hover above everything.

Travis: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Clint: Let's bring him down to ground level.

Travis: As we've established before, if you wish, you can use your prehensile tail to whip something, to throw something. Giving you three D8 on that attempt.

Clint: All right, here it comes.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Nice, dude.

Clint: Seven and an eight!

Travis: That's two successes. Yeah, on two successes, it hits that intake. And it's not a permanent clog, but I mean the wind stops while he needs to like pull the cord and try to get it unclogged and try to clean it out. And he is now, for the moment, his dryer system is incapacitated.

Justin: Nice.

Griffin: While he is down, I want to rush up, really get a good look at this. Is it—describe his suit, Travis. Is it like an end of Alien like walker mech? Or is it more of a—

Travis: No, imagine more like Dr. Octopus, except instead of like arms that come out, it's like dryer hoses.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: A combination of dryer hoses and like drones. So he can position the dryer hoses around, as well as having kind of a rocket pack on the back of it.

Griffin: Awesome.

Travis: With direction.

Griffin: Now that it's—his mech suit is—

Travis: In fact, you know what? Make, with your big ol' eyeballs there, give me a like looking around, you know, checking something out roll.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Two failures, one success.

Travis: With a mixed success, you get a very distinct impression. It reminds you a lot of your—

Griffin: Yeah!

Travis: Of your water blaster.

Griffin: I just, I'm gonna take an action here. And maybe it doesn't make a lot of sense, but I want to kind of see what happens. You guys ever get like that on this show? Where it's like, this isn't gonna be good, but I'm curious—
Travis: Yeah, one time I ate a rock.

Griffin: Yeah, that's true.

Justin: Sometimes you just do stuff, see where it goes. You gotta follow the muse.

Griffin: I'm gonna run up, grab one of his hoses, shove my hose inside of it, and blast. And that—

Travis: Yes you are.

Griffin: [titters]

Travis: I love that. Hey, Griffin?

Justin: Ask me if I saw that coming. I mean...

Travis: Ask me if I think it's romantic.

Griffin: It might—I'm concerned it may be. I don't think it's romantic.

Justin: That's how they do it in Avatar, I think.

Griffin: Yeah, that is what they do on Avatar. [chuckles] We connect our hoses and I blast, thinking like maybe I can fry this thing from the inside out, if it's not built for wet.

Travis: Okay. Give me, using your signature item, [Slash Back??], give me a four D8 attack roll.

Griffin: I'm gonna spend—I have only used one time to shine dice, I believe. So I'm gonna spend two here.

Justin: There are hose scientists that are gonna see you in the Hague for this.

Griffin: Yeah, for sure.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: This is the forbidden hose connection that they have warned each other about for years.

Griffin: I'm gonna do three—

Travis: There are some that—

Justin: We were never supposed to do this.

Travis: It could open a black hole.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: They're not sure what happens.

Griffin: No, I'll just use two time to shine dice. All right, I'm gonna roll six d8 then.

Travis: Do it.

Griffin: Please...

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: You have got to be kidding me.

Travis: Holy crap, Griffin.

Clint: Wow.

Griffin: Three, four, three, three, four, one. You know what I do? I run in and I say... I say something really great.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Hold on, my mic's being—hold on, my mic's be weird.

Travis: That's what you say?

Griffin: No, no, no.

Justin: That's not much of a closer Griff, but I guess that's where we'll end the episode. "Hold on, my mic's being weird." I mean, it's not our most exciting ending.

Griffin: Just trying to think of a good like catch—he wants to say like some really cool—I mean, let's do a—I think that this makes a—he jumps in and he's like:

Navy: Time to hose down—time to hose down...

Travis: What?

Navy: Time to—time—oh, looks like it's time to hose down the... Ah, just forget it.

Griffin: And I jam it in. I'm like looking at the—cheesing at the camera like, this is gonna be really good stuff. As I'm covered—

Justin: [titters] At that moment.

Griffin: In spaghetti like:

Navy: It's hose time for big boy—it's hose time for the big boy!

Justin: At that moment, two hose guys explode.

Griffin: [guffaws]

Travis: [chuckles] Now, unfortunately—

Justin: [mouths tune] Teh, teh, teh, teh-teh-teh, teh.

Griffin: [laughs] That is fully what he's looking for here. Like he is looking for like *the* clip. He is trying to get *the* clip.

Justin: [chortles]

Griffin: And he's covered in spaghetti, and he's just, at this point, shouting monotone like:

Navy: The—looks like the hose knows when it's time—when it time to goes.

Justin: [yells] Aah! The hose knows! It looks like the hose knows this time.

[group laugh]

Griffin: And I'm just trying to blast his pack with my pack. Just blast it off in there.

Travis: With six successes, you—

Justin: [chortles]

Griffin: Travis, six failures!

Travis: Oh, sorry, with six failures, excuse me. For me, Griffin, from my point of view? You blast the wrap remnants out of the intake.

Griffin: [guffaws]

Travis: And you have just pressure washed his system.

Griffin: Yeah!

Travis: Absolutely clean.

Griffin: Can I get hit by the wet wrap?

Justin: He's not—

Travis: Oh, absolutely!

Justin: He's not—

Travis: In slow motion, Griffin!

Griffin: On six failures, I just want to be—just shame me. Punish me, papa.

Travis: Yeah. And you know what, Griffin? It's perfectly framed in the security camera.

Griffin: [chuckles] Oh, no.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: Oh, no. Well, I mean, this could be good. This could go viral in a different way. I take a mental note of that. I look down at Herr Dryer like:

Navy: I'm gonna—permission to... undock here. I'm gonna just, I'm gonna—

Herr Dryer: Yeah, no, no, you want to sling backwards?

Navy: Yeah, that was—if you don't mind.

Herr Dryer: Yeah, go for it.

Travis: And he pulls—he pulls the rip cord on his system once more, and the engine kicks in. And the hot air begins blowing from his hoses again. And Lyle, you are up.

Justin: What does he do with the hot air?

Travis: Right now, you can see like almost like something starting to achieve lift off. You know like when you see a rocket jet start, the engine start, you can see like the... the, you know, the warm air start to shoot out from the bottom, the hot air. And he's like just starting to hover off the ground.

Justin: I'm gonna try to tackle him into Sergeant Salamander's security center.

Travis: Yes, excellent. Give me... since he is just starting to hover and doesn't have full control yet, give me—

Griffin: I was gonna ask if the fart trap was still in there, but it's been 45 minutes fully at least.

Travis: Well...

Clint: I didn't fart in there, did I? I thought I farted in the theater?

Griffin: No, you farted—sorry, dad—

Travis: No, no, no. No, no, no.

Griffin: Maybe you're confused. You farted in two different rooms since the last episode.

Clint: I did.

Travis: And you might have farted multiple times.

Griffin: It was really—

Clint: Was it like a crop dusting? I mean, is that...

Travis: Well, so for you, Lyle, you are gonna give me, four D8s total to tackle him into the fart room.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Man...

Clint: Hm...

Justin: Man... one success.

Travis: With a single success, you tackle him into the far room, but you are also in the far room.

Justin: Ah, man! Okay...

Lyle: Well... gotcha.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: Battle over?

Travis: He begins kind of hovering the different—his tentacles around him, for lack of a better word. And trying to create like an area of clean air around him. And you see the fart begin to swirl around him, in a visible way. So powerful are Roger's farts.

Griffin: He's a fart bender.

Travis: Ha-ha!

Griffin: From the fart tribe.

Travis: We're gonna see how successfully it works. Oh, with two successes, yeah, he's able to create a little pocket of air around his head. What do you guys do? Now I will say, Lyle, you have just thrown him into the security room. You are now between him and the door.

Clint: Roger is going to use his prehensile tail to pull Lyle out of there.

Justin: Okay?

Travis: Yeah, give me a three D8 roll there—

Justin: I concede.

Travis: Good, cool. That's important.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: With a mixed success, you get hold of him and you are able to get him, I would say, to the doorway. So now you're kind of half in and half out of the room. Navy, what do you do?

Griffin: What do I do... I mean, I'm kind of really shook by what happened in the last—

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: In the last sort of section.

Justin: Of course.

Griffin: How messy is it in here right now? Are we expecting them back today?

Travis: Yeah. He went to go see an opera and—but it's been about two hour and 15 since he left.

Griffin: Yeah, I'm gonna, I'm gonna start cleaning up a little bit. I feel pretty bad.

Travis: Ha-ha!

Griffin: I made such a big mess. And then I—I mean like earlier with mud, and I guess like pasta. And I don't really think—I don't really feel like being in the video anymore. And so I'm gonna just start sort of cleaning things up in here. Just sort of cleaning up, following them as the battle goes.

Travis: So currently, he is in the room filled with farts in the security room. Roger, you have your tail around Lyle's firefighter suspenders. You pulled him to the doorway. Lyle, you are in the doorway. What do you do, Lyle?

Justin: So, I'm out. I'll use Hatchet Man to attack the door keypad, locking it and sealing him in there.

[sound of dice thrown]

Navy: Hey, do you know if you guys have any Clorox wipes?

Justin: Two successes. [titters]

Travis: On two successes, you slam Hatchet Man into the security panel outside the door. You see the power inside the room go down and the door slams shut. As a security measure, if anyone tries to hack that panel, the whole thing shuts down and becomes kind of a reverse panic room. And you have locked Herr Dryer successfully in Sergeant Salamander's security center.

Justin: Whoow!

Clint: I would like to make an observation. I would like to observe that Herr Dryer, there has to be a heat element involved in his system, right?

Griffin: If you're about to suggest that the temperature of the air coming out of his pipes is so extreme that it would ignite the farts—

Clint: Yes! Exactly what I was going to suggest!

Griffin: Well, but that's—the fart—this is a chemical reaction.

Justin: This is the man who was responsible for half of our upbringing.

Clint: Farts is methane—

Justin: Like half of our upbringing is this guy.

Clint: It's methane?

Justin: Farts is methane, he says. [titters] Thanks, Dr. Wizard.

Travis: You hear Herr Dryer just kind of like very... well, for lack of a better word, impotently, just banging his fists on the door.

Herr Dryer: [muffled] Hey! Not cool! It stinks like butts in here!

Navy: Did his accent change again? Is he from New York all of a sudden?

Herr Dryer: [muffled] It's just the door!

Lyle: All right, we gotta—

Herr Dryer: [muffled] It's a New York door! So you're gonna—

Navy: It's a New York door that makes sound sound more New York like?

Lyle: Listen, we gotta think fast, guys. Listen, we cannot have one stinky room when they come back.

Griffin: [guffaws]

Lyle: We gotta think of a—we gotta clear this out. I don't—I'd love to watch him just, you know, get knocked out in there, but we gotta get the stink out?

Navy: Well, it looks like you buried your axe right in the control panel that opens the door.

Lyle: Yeah, you're—hey—

Navy: It'll be a while before anyone—

Lyle: Herr Dryer! Do you see a vent in there or anything, man?

Herr Dryer: [muffled] I am a vent!

Lyle: Hey, great. Can you—

Navy: That doesn't make any sense.

Lyle: Purify the air?

Herr Dryer: [muffled] If I do, will you let me out?

Roger: I don't think that's—

Justin: Can I roll for if I will?

Griffin: Oh, that's interesting.

Travis: Are you asking me that you want to roll and see if Lyle wants to let him—like, you're letting the character control themselves?

Justin: Sometimes, Travis, I just throw these things out. Just a mere—

Clint: [titters]

Justin: Just a mere dalliance, Travis. Not everything needs to be held up to daylight and under such hard scrutiny. We all knew is a simple bon mot. Let's just move on, shall we?

Navy: Oh, I got it, I got it, I got it, I got it. We'll say Herr Dryer attacked. Look at all these dudes we knocked out. This place is just spotless. And we locked him in there, and he's been farting like crazy. And so we pin it on him. We say he filled it up with his... passings.

Lyle: Perfect.

Justin: [chuckles]

Herr Dryer: [muffled] Are you guys—

Lyle: I think I understand.

Herr Dryer: [muffled] Are you guys talking about letting me out? Are you talking about letting me out or—

Lyle: I think I understand this fart plan.

Roger: Be with you in just a moment, hold on! Just breathe deeply and calmly. Breathe deep. What you want to do is breathe in four counts, hold it for four counts, and then let it out in eight counts.

Lyle: Just how quick does methane burn? This is all I'm trying to figure out.

Roger: Well, if you've got a sparking control room panel in there—

Lyle: Hey, Herr Dryer, are you able to get a spark going in there, pal?

Justin: [titters]

Herr Dryer: [muffled] No way, man, this is methane!

Lyle: Yeah, it's a different kind.

Herr Dryer: [muffled] Oh, cool!

Navy: It's safe methane from free-range cows.

Clint: [laughs]

Lyle: It's ethical.

Travis: Okay. I...

Justin: I'm trying to get him to light a spark to—

Travis: No, yeah, no, I get that. I get that.

Justin: Burn off the gas quickly.

Griffin: You think it's gonna just burn off—

Justin: We've all had a lot of fun in here. But—[chuckles] we've all had like so much, like tons of fun.

[group chuckle]

Justin: The simple fact is, you can't fart enough to blow up a whole room. It's impossible. Right? This is like not a danger anymore, except in the scent department. So, I just need somebody to light a match, you know? That's all I'm trying to get to.

Griffin: Yeah. I get you, I get you.

Travis: Okay, Justin?

Justin: Yeah?

Travis: I'm gonna have you roll to convince Herr Dryer to light a match in this—that it's safe. It's totally safe.

Justin: I just said all that.

Travis: Yes. And I'm gonna say because you are an extreme firefighter, you're more trustworthy in this scenario.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: You sound more convincing.

Justin: Uh-huh.

Travis: And you have three trained ab dice. So, roll four D8s.

Clint: Ooh...

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Okay, yeah, you got two successes there. And he goes:

Herr Dryer: [muffled] Okay, sounds good! I'm gonna kind of cycle it through. I got... let's see here...

Travis: And you hear, [spoofs combustion sounds] whoosh! Vrrr!

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: And because of the swirl of flame he got, he lights a match on your instruction. And he is then going to roll...

Justin: Well, no, first he's got to stop and drop.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: I want you guys—what did—what did he get? I rolled it right there.

Griffin: Yeah! Okay—

Clint: Two eights.

Griffin: Two eights—

Justin: What did I get? I get a comedy Oscar.

Griffin: You got a comedy Oscar, he got a double cowabunga.

Travis: So, he funnels the methane through his vent into one of the venting pipes there. And uses it as kind of a makeshift like flame throw—like a...

what's the word I'm looking for? Like a laser cutter, one of the plasma cutters. And uses your methane to cycle through, to open the door. To cut the mechanism to open the door.

Clint: Wow.

Griffin: Insane—

Clint: Can I add that to Roger's powers? That would be cool.

Travis: Do you have a powerful like Herr Dryer-esque venting system?

Clint: I'll work on that.

Travis: Okay.

Clint: I'll work on that.

Griffin: It's inside—

Clint: Next time we go see the cat.

Travis: Snarf.

Griffin: Can't believe you forgot Snarf's name. That's crazy.

Herr Dryer: Okay, what do you guys say we call this one a draw?

Lyle: What could that possibly mean in this context?

Navy: Also, if you check the scoreboard, it's like 40 to zero.

Roger: Yeah, we whipped up on your boys.

Herr Dryer: Yeah, you guys won. You guys are formidable, man!

Navy: Hold on, hold on. Can you look up there and say that again?

Herr Dryer: Yeah. Where, at the camera?

Navy: And say like, "These guys are formidable."

Herr Dryer: Yeah, you got it.

Navy: And like, "Give them a call for of the—" And we'll superimpose the phone number later. "Give them a call for all your heroic needs."

Roger: Oh, that's good.

Herr Dryer: Oh, yeah, you got it. You got it. You got it.

Roger: Do we have one of those little scan things we can put in the corner?

Herr Dryer: A QR code?

Roger: Yeah, yeah. Could we—I guess we—

Navy: I don't know how to make those.

Herr Dryer: One of my Hot Boys does. I think... Stephan?

Lyle: I'm pretty sure I've only heard of Zoo-R codes.

Travis: Justin, you are on fire today, bud.

Griffin: I feel like just—

Clint: You are, literally!

Griffin: Let Justin roll every time he says a pun, because it hasn't gone awesome so far.

Travis: He looks up at the camera and goes:

Herr Dryer: Oh, these abnimals? They're formidable. They stopped me in my tracks. Call them anytime you have a bad guy related issue.

Navy: And they got great prices.

Herr Dryer: What was that, great prices?

Navy: And they got great prices.

Herr Dryer: Reasonable prices!

Navy: Great prices.

Herr Dryer: Great prices?

Navy: Don't ad lib, please.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Herr Dryer: Okay, sorry, sorry, sorry.

Roger: And can you sing the theme song at the end?

Herr Dryer: Yeah, yeah. They have great prices. [sings] Contrary to what you've heard, they're at the height of their power.

Roger: Yeah!

Herr Dryer: [sings] Atop the tallest of towers, they'll stand.

Travis: And then he sings the rest.

Justin: [sings] So-weh-weh-weh-weh.

Griffin: Yeah. Jonathan Coulton smashes in through the skylight above.

Clint: "Oh, yeah!"

Griffin: [chuckles] That's what he says?

Travis: "Oh, yeah! IP theft!"

[group laugh]

Griffin: "Welcome to my cruise!"

Justin: Re: your IP theft.

Griffin and Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: And he says...

Herr Dryer: So, would it be cool if I just kind of collected my Hot Boys and like left? Or...

Navy: Yeah, as long as you clean up as you go. Because, I mean, we have quite a bit to do on this floor.

Lyle: Herr, can I ask, out of curiosity, what was the grand plan here, man?

Herr Dryer: Oh, I was gonna take over this building and turn it into kind of my headquarters, the Dryarrhea.

Roger: Mm-hm...

Navy: Oh, that's right.

Lyle: So, I will just say for future reference, pretty much any... let me think, yeah, any place on Earth is going to be a better sort of place to do that.

Herr Dryer: Yeah, but I've kind of—I've... but I've like built myself up as like the nemesis of the. Because, you know, they're all amphibians and like I dry them out. And like we have this like back and forth.

Lyle: Right, but there are so many places that are... there are so many... great buildings that just need an occupant and a little TLC. And you could put this time and energy into those properties. And you'll get a return on your investment other than a life of imprisonment.

Navy: We actually think we have like a real estate guy.

Roger: We do, don't we?

Lyle: We do. We have a real estate guy. And he's been—

Navy: I think his name's Neil, but it's been a long time.

Herr Dryer: It's Dean.

Navy: Dean. Dean.

Herr Dryer: And he's an accountant.

Lyle: Dean Niel is our accountant, and he has been very good to us. And I think that would be a better use of your time. That's all I'm saying, man.

Roger: But we also have a real estate guy named Neil Dean.

Herr Dryer: Okay?

Roger: That we haven't brought up before.

Lyle: Now, he is thoroughly corrupt.

[group chuckle]

Lyle: So, I do not like him.

Navy: Which you might like, actually, now that I'm thinking about it—

Lyle: Maybe that's your thing—

Navy: You should hit up Neil Dean.

Lyle: Real estate guy.

Herr Dryer: So, you're saying buy my own building, legally.

Navy: Yeah.

Roger: Mm-hm. Right.

Herr Dryer: And make it the Dryarrhea.

Roger: Right.

Herr Dryer: And not have it be like a criminal enterprise?

Lyle: Not at all a criminal enterprise.

Herr Dryer: Huh.

Lyle: It's just a place for people to come and be dry. You charge them out the nose. And you sir—you theme it, right? Dry wines.

Herr Dryer: Okay, dry rub.

Lyle: Dry your clothes.

Roger: Dry rub!

Lyle: Dry your clothes here.

Herr Dryer: That was going to be the primary thing, that it was like a come—like, because you know, everybody knows where to wash your clothes. You put that in a washer, right? But like, maybe you want a separate place to dry 'em.

Lyle: Right.

Roger: Mm-hm.

Navy: Yeah.

Lyle: Makes perfect sense.

Herr Dryer: Huh...

Lyle: Hey. I'd like for you to go now.

Herr Dryer: Okay!

Lyle: Although—

Herr Dryer: You've given me a lot to think about. I'm gonna vacuum on my way out.

Lyle: Sure, I think we've been more than fair.

Navy: Yeah. Also, you have 40 employees. It's a little wild you don't have an HR person. The size of your organization demands it. It's—

Herr Dryer: No, one of the Hot Boys is... yeah, Hot Richard, that's how we remember. HR, right?

Justin: [chuckles] Hot rod.

Roger: Hot Richard, mm-hm.

Herr Dryer: He also is HR! To make it clear, it's not just a pun, he is—Hot Richard is our HR person. That's how we remember him.

Roger: It works on so many levels.

Navy: All right, man—

Roger: So many levels.

Navy: Take it—now hopefully next time our paths cross, maybe we can do like a team up? If you join the side of the righteous.

Herr Dryer: Huh.

Navy: Yeah.

Herr Dryer: We'll see, I might just stick with neutral. But I'll invite you guys to the grand opening.

Navy: Yeah. Oh, yeah, I'm there.

Travis: So, he collects his Hot Boys. They clean up on the way out. And you see them loading up into their—the bus that they all travel in. The school bus that has been converted into the hot rod. And as they're heading out, the dragon lands that you saw Sergeant Salamander leave at the beginning of all this. He lands and he says:

Sergeant Salamander: Hey, boys, I'm back. Hope everything went smoothly. Have you guys seen Madam Actual Butterfly? I think you'd love it.

Griffin: Is this place clean? Are we like—is it—if our parents come home after throwing a party are we getting in trouble clean?

Justin: How are we feeling right now, cleanliness-wise?

Clint: Yeah.

Travis: So I would say looking around at this point, you have repaired as much as you can. The security room, without like a full-blown, you know, repair team in here, there's been some damage to the panel. But besides that, it's pretty clean.

Griffin: Cool.

Travis: You're feeling pretty good.

Sergeant Salamander: Did I miss—you guys made sure to take Mud Puppy out and feed him and everything, right?

Lyle: We did, sir. We are—we also expected—we received an unexpected attack from Herr Dryer and—

Sergeant Salamander: What?

Lyle: 40 of his cronies.

Sergeant Salamander: The Hot Boys?!

Lyle: Yeah, that's them.

Sergeant Salamander: Oh, what dastardly deed did that dry no good guy do?

Roger: Farted.

Navy: Farted up the storm in your—

Roger: A whole lot of—

Navy: Big office.

Roger: Farted.

Lyle: Farted.

Navy: So much all the plants died in—

Sergeant Salamander: He farted in my office?

Navy: We were like, "Yuck, dude." We were like—

Lyle: He tried to make—

Navy: "No way, man."

Lyle: He tried to make it to your office is what happened, sir.

Navy: He did a little squat—a little roadie run into your office and he said, "I run like this so I can blast off in the office he has to work in."

Lyle: He made in your—he made it to your office—

Sergeant Salamander: He showed up with 40 of his minions so he could get in my office and fart?

Justin: [titters]

Lyle: Among other dastardly—

Sergeant Salamander: That's just like him!

Navy: Yeah. Weird.

Lyle: But we fended off the attack handily. And I don't believe there is any damage that remains to the property, sir.

Sergeant Salamander: Well, I mean, I can see right there that my security panel has been cut open too. And somebody like blow torched open my door.

Lyle: Right, so here's what I want to suggest.

Sergeant Salamander: Uh-huh?

Lyle: I would like to become a fully-fledged member of the Amphiboforce.

Sergeant Salamander: Oh, I see.

Lyle: Otherwise the insurance will not cover this damage.

Roger: Mm-hm.

Sergeant Salamander: Wait a minute, did you guys fix the oven?

Lyle: That is just one of the many services I am staying ready to provide—

Clint: [laughs]

Lyle: As a full member of the Amphiboforce, sir. Oven repair, HVAC, analysis. Not service. It's complex, those are. But I can tell you usually what's wrong with them.

Sergeant Salamander: I see.

Griffin: Can I discreetly grab the security footage that's been recording this encounter?

Travis: Yeah, give me... how sneaky are you?

Griffin: I mean, not very, but I don't know how sneaky I need to be. I'm going into the office where Herr Dryer was locked and the farts happened, right?

Travis: Yeah, as it will forever be known.

Griffin: I'll say—

Justin: The room where farts happened.

Griffin: [guffaws] I say...

Navy: Oh, I'm gonna go light that candle real quick.

Griffin: And I'll go into the security office.

Travis: Yeah, okay, that's reasonable. He's pretty distracted talking with Lyle.

Griffin: Sure, sure. Cool.

Clint: We really need a hacker on this team.

Griffin: You guys keep saying you're gonna be like the technology guy, but then it never really comes through. So do you still want me to roll, or can I grab it?

Travis: I think I'm gonna have you roll to like, figure out the system, you know what I mean? To make sure you can grab whatever the recording device is. I think it's recording onto like CD-Rs and CD-RWs.

Griffin: Amazing, great. I'm gonna just go ahead and guess that this is gonna be one of our last rolls of this particular fiasco, so I'm gonna burn the rest of my time to shine dice. So, what am I rolling? Standard. Am I using—

Travis: It would be just your standard—this is like an abs move, so what do you got in abs? Two D8?

Griffin: Yeah, okay. Well, I'm gonna use my three other time to shine dice.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: So, five D8s...

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: That's four successes. This is when the money works and it counts, and we do a good job for the first time.

Travis: Okay, so you also had a double six in there, so you had a cowabunga as well, but so many successes and a cowabunga. What are you hoping to do with this footage?

Griffin: I mean, with this roll, I'm hoping I collect the footage and somehow I look cool in this fight, as well as everyone else. I'm thinking promotional material for our team. I am thinking we have done some great work since we first encountered Carver in the museum. But I also think that our profile has not grown at all, and we still operate out of a corner booth in a half-demolished café.

Travis: Yeah, fair, fair.

Griffin: And if we wanna—I think just being here has reminded Navy Seal what it feels like to be in the headquarters of a place that is like pretty set up, pretty well-established, pretty well-known. Which maybe wasn't as

important to him before, but I think that this experience has kind of made him think like, "What if the three of us had a nice spot?"

Travis: Yeah, so with not only a cowabunga, but four successes there, you collect the footage, all the footage you need. And I'm going to say that when you do this project, you are able to cut together like a really pretty convincing, efficient, everybody looks cool, kind of promo.

Griffin: Sure. And I'm just gonna—

Clint: Good enough for those things they show before the trailers in movie theaters?

Griffin: Well, yeah.

Clint: At the local spots.

Griffin: This is more going to be like late night TV on the USA Network—

Travis: You might be able to get it on movie. I mean, do any of you know Maria Menounos in like a person—

Griffin: I don't.

Travis: Like, have an actual connection to her?

Clint: I know Maria Moo-nounos?

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: All right. I don't think so.

Griffin: That one hits. Hey, man, if I have to—if I have to stomach 10 of those at a sub optimal quality for the one that really slaps, dad, I am fully, fully willing—

Travis: Nothing could slap dad.

Clint: I'm glad to hear that you are invested that like.

Griffin: I start making mental notes of like how to ADR my own bad attempts at one-liners. [chuckles] Just to sort of make myself not look like a real goofus in this particular video.

Travis: Back out with Lyle and Sergeant Salamander. Sergeant Salamander says:

Sergeant Salamander: You know what? Lyle, right now, I'm not gonna lie to you, don't got an open spot in the roster. But I'm gonna bump you up from like on call, you know, when needed, to like alternate. How's that sound?

Lyle: Wow, I will take it. For sure.

Sergeant Salamander: Okay, yeah, the next time Newt Brute's off on, you know, one of his retreats or you know, Cecily Ann takes another cooking class, we'll give you a call. Come help us out.

Lyle: Fair enough. All right. Well, thank you. I really appreciate it. Thank you so much.

Sergeant Salamander: You're welcome. Hey, did any of you eat or drink anything? Like, did you pay your tab down at the Rainforest Café? Because if not, they're gonna charge your card.

Navy: Are the animatronic animals, does that count as buying them? Can you just buy those? Is that on my tab?

Sergeant Salamander: What happened to 'em?

Navy: Look to your right.

Sergeant Salamander: Oh, god!

Navy: Yeah. See? I told you guys—

Lyle: We gotta go. We gotta go. Let's go.

Navy: The tree hits every time!

Travis: You head outside. Another job well done with the security footage in hand. Are you calling a car? Or I guess you still have your roly bot, if you want to.

Lyle: Oh, boy. Hey, I want to thank you guys so much for your support in there. You really paid attention to cleanliness in a way that I didn't genuinely expect. Thank you guys.

Navy: Yeah.

Roger: We knew it was important to you.

Navy: Yeah. I gotta ask, Lyle...

Lyle: Yeah?

Navy: Don't you think these guys are maybe taking advantage of you a little bit?

Lyle: Oh, for sure. Yeah, absolutely.

Navy: Oh, okay. You're—

Lyle: I don't have... I mean, I don't have medical insurance. And I'm—I would just really like that. So now I have it. Because at alternate, you get it. So I have that now.

Navy: Are you sure about that?

Lyle: I'm actually, yeah, I'm 100% sure. I spent hours researching it.

Roger: You know, I know a guy. I know a guy named Dean Dean. He's an insurance agent.

Lyle: Now, he is the one who is... chaotic neutral? I don't have my chart with me, so I'm trying to remember which—

Travis: No, I think Neil Dean.

Clint: Neil Dean is the real estate guy.

Justin: Neil De Dean Tyson.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: Well, there's three others. Neil Dean, Dean Neil, Dean Dean. And then I want to say Dean De Dean Dean Dean.

Clint: [chortles] Listen, which leads into the theme song. [sings tune] Dean-de-dean-dean-dean.

Navy: Listen, Lyle, not for nothing, but I think you're better than just alternate. And if it's just some benefits that you're doing all this for, we could get on, you know...

Roger: Aflac!

Navy: We could get on the—yeah. Oh, crap, hold on, the Aflac Duck, who is actually real in this world—

Travis: And incredibly evil.

Navy: Really evil.

Justin: [chuckles] Time to fight.

Navy: Get out of here, Aflac Duck! I think we could figure—I think we could figure it out, man.

Justin: He's still listening, man.

Clint: [laughs]

Navy: Aflac Duck, could we please have some privacy?

Justin: Please.

Travis: "Sorry!"

Clint: Aflac!

Travis: "Are you looking for another team member?!"

Justin: There's two of 'em now 'cause they love doing it so much.
[chuckles]

Roger: Wait a minute, Aflac, are you a hacker?

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: "Aflacker!"

Griffin: His name is Aflhack.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: It's not even jokes anymore, it's just words that sound the same.

Griffin: No, it's just garbage.

Justin: Like it's just—

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: This has got to be the end of the adventure, right?

Navy: We're good, Aflac Duck. We've got to get going.

Travis: "Okay!"

Justin: Please leave us—

Travis: The Aflac ducks head off into the sunset.

Clint: They're actually called an A-flock.

Justin: [chortles]

Travis: I don't think there's two of 'em.

Clint: A-flock!

Griffin: Why are we stopping, man? We're hot! We are just hitting our stride now!

Travis: We're hot!

Justin: We're crackin' on this!

Travis: That is when Navy Seal, your cell phone begins to ring.

[Abminals theme music plays]

Sergeant Salamander: Hey, kids, Sergeant Salamander here with another Amphibofact from the Amphiboforce. Cliffside coastlines are a beautiful natural wonder and a great place to bond with your family on vacation, but not a great place to fly a drone. High coastal winds will smash that drone right into the cliffs, leaving sharp plastic debris on the rocky shore below. That's a no bueno, compadre. Next time, leave that drone alone and leave your cliffs clean. Ankles!

Maximum Fun.

A work-owned network...

Of artists-owned shows...

Supported directly by you.