

The Adventure Zone: Abnimals Ep. 11: Warehouse Wipeout!

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[Abminals theme music plays]

Travis: You guys are ready to head out. The roly bot... Navy Seal's pet roly bot is outside, ready to take you guys on to your next adventure. And Navy, your phone starts ringing.

Navy: Hold on, guys. I gotta get—I gotta take this.

Griffin: I pull it out of my pocket. I brush the spaghetti off of it. That's right, I got the spaghetti in my pockets too. It was a mess down there. I had no idea what I was doing. No idea.

Travis: When you answer the phone, it is a little hard—you hear a lot of background noise. You hear like crates being smashed in The Carvery and things being broken.

Carver: Hey... hey, guys... it's Carver.

Navy: What's going on? You sound distressed.

Carver: Yeah... I messed up.

Navy: What do you mean?

Carver: Hey, so... ah! And—hold on—hua!

Travis: And he like—you hear a guy like, *oof* as he like throws him. And you hear like punches and stuff. And he's like:

Carver: So, heh, I didn't just take Slugger back—there's some guys here wanting to take... hold—I'm... I think I'm in trouble—

Travis: And the line goes dead.

Navy: I told him not to mess with the docents.

Justin: Do we have Carver on Find My Friends or find—

Griffin: That's a really good question. I gotta have everyone I care about on Find My, so I can make sure they're safe constantly.

Justin: Find My Fur Friends? I don't know.

Griffin: That's a different app, and it's cool.

Travis: No everybody has Pet Finder. [titters]

Griffin: Okay.

[group laugh]

Justin: We all have ID chips.

Travis: Uh-huh. You do, let's see if you can access it.

Justin: All right.

Griffin: It should be a canonical thing that anytime one of our characters uses a phone, we should have to roll dice, because they're not made for us necessarily.

Travis: Well, and also, I don't know if you've ever tried to use Find My Friends and stuff, but the accuracy ain't what you would think.

Griffin: That's not true, one time I found Rachel in a Target. In the same Target I was in—

Travis: Whoa?

Griffin: Couldn't find her, loaded up Find My, I was like, she's northwest. Found my wife at the Target.

Travis: My wife.

Clint: Could we use our practice points to... to give ourselves a new ability or something? To maybe able to use the phone?

Travis: Okay, this is silly. It's a phone, you can use it.

Clint: Okay.

Justin: Thank God!

Travis: Yeah, so Find My Friends kicks on, the phone is registering as being at The Carvery.

Griffin: Oh. Well, that makes sense, that's where he like lives, or whatever.

Justin: Yeah, that's actually—that tracks pretty good for me. [titters]

Navy: We need to—is this situation all resolved here? Did we take care of—no loose ends?

Roger: Oh, I think all the loose ends—

Lyle: They're all wrapped up.

Roger: They're all tangled and untangled, and knotted up neatly.

Navy: I'm actually pretty beat from taking out like 50 dudes and then cleaning up the mess we made. And now it seems like we're gonna have to go get into... perhaps a kerfuffle. And so, I'm a little beat. But let's—

Roger: Well, I'll drive, if you want to crash in the back?

Lyle: Do you want to get a quick snooze in before we head out?

Navy: No, he sounded pretty pressed. We should get over there. Where's our sensible sedan?

Travis: Well, I think that Dean still has the sedan, but you guys took the roly bot over here.

Griffin: Oh, okay.

Travis: So, you could just let him drive for you while you snooze in the back?

Justin: I would love that.

Griffin: Is it—

Justin: I would love that.

Griffin: Is there some sort of gyroscopic like saddle on this guy that we ride around in? Or we've never really talked about how we ride—do we climb inside him and roll like a ball or like—because he's a sphere, you know?

Travis: There's a gyroscopic center that you can like huddle up in and chill out.

Griffin: Okay, cool.

Travis: So you're not just spinning around like a tumble dryer.

Griffin: Cool. I like that. Cool. Let's go. I mean, a hamster ball would be appropriate. But...

Travis: If you want to roll around like you're in a tumble dryer, Griffin, I can make that happen.

Griffin: Maybe it could be like—

Justin: Yeah, it's all imagination.

Griffin: It could be like the thing that they ride around in, in the new bad Jurassic World movies. Where you get in the sphere and then you don't move, but the ball rolls.

Justin: Griffin, why—can I just say.

Griffin: Yeah?

Justin: For future reference, as we expand more into Hollywood, I—we don't need to just take these one word swipes. [chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Justin: An entire franchise is ruling our participation out—

Griffin: Yeah, no.

Justin: You don't have to just like drive by, shove Jurassic World into a ditch—

Griffin: No, you—

Travis: Trevor what-his-face just like erased us from his contacts.

Justin: You're right, it's like there's no—there's no call. [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: There's no call—

Griffin: I think not remembering the guy's name—

Travis: Colin—that's it, Colin Trevorrow. Not Trevor whats-his-face.

Griffin: Too late. Too late. You didn't remember at first, we're not getting—

Travis: Darn it.

Griffin: In these flicks. Okay, cool, let's hop in our—hop in the ball and zoom, baby. Do we have to drive this guy, or does he drive himself?

Travis: Oh, this guy? Self-driving. But in a good way.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: Non-evil.

Griffin: I'm glad you had to couch that—

Travis: In a non-evil, definitely safe way.

Griffin: Okay, cool.

Clint: Roger's gonna listen to some ASMR and relax.

Griffin: Absolutely outrageous. Absolutely outrageous.

Clint: It's awfully soft moo reading.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: I never doubted you for a second, dad, I knew. I knew that there was—

Griffin: Did and still do.

Clint: Sorry. Can't hear you. Noise Canceling.

Griffin: Whoa?

Justin: Doubt would have been a waste of time, I skipped straight to certainty. [chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: That's beautiful, Justin.

Justin: Yeah. [titters]

Travis: You reached—

Justin: I had no room for equivocation, I knew it was coming. [chuckles]

Travis: You reach The Carvery, and the layout is as you remember it. The clear signs of a fight are present. You know, you have the training ground in the middle, but things are broken, things are smashed. There's, you know, maybe a couple scorches here and there. The desk is flipped over. That kind of—

Justin: Do I have a—do we have a sense upon entering whether or not The Carvery has been vacated? Or we—it is still an active threat scene.

Griffin: Mm-hm.

Travis: So, cursory glance is—

Justin: That's all I'm saying. Do we hear people like, "Punch me."

Travis: No, no, no.

Justin: "Ah, don't punch me there."

Travis: As far as you can tell—

Griffin: [chuckles] The sound of fighting. Yeah, sure. We know, Juice. That's the sound of fighting.

Travis: "Ow, ow, ow. Not again."

Griffin: "Don't punch me there."

Justin: Yikes!

Travis: "Hey, I thought we established no punching there?" No, upon entering the building, your cursory glance is that it is been cleared out, that the fight has been over for some time.

Griffin: I'm gonna start rooting around. Didn't have like a little desk here at the back of the room that we were like trying to get to?

Travis: He did, yeah. The desk has been flipped over, but it is still there.

Griffin: Oh, crud. Is there anything—I don't know... Is there anything around the desk area that would suggest kind of like—can I tell if anything was taken from the desk, right? Documents, or whatever a turtle warrior keeps in their desk.

Travis: Absolutely. Give me a... just, you know, looking around check.

Griffin: Bug Eye?

Travis: Good ol' Bug Eyes.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Failure, the biggest, one, two, three. If we were playing Cielo, I would have just lost all my money. And that's—

Travis: Oh, wow?

Griffin: What it feels like right now, yeah.

Travis: So, you can definitely tell like the drawers have been pulled out and things have been rifled through. Like the desk wasn't just flipped over, right? Because the drawers wouldn't have fallen out this way.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: The drawers were pulled out and things were rifled through, but you can't really get a sense of what was taken. But you very clearly get the idea that it was rifled through.

Navy: Guys, someone messed up the desk.

Roger: Hm...

Navy: They really, really, really jacked it up crazy. Pulled all the drawers out and went crazy on it.

Lyle: Are there any clues?

Navy: The desk they got really—they got the desk really bad. So, they seem to—that was maybe their main objective here, was to just wreck this desk.

Lyle: Whatever they were looking for, we can assume it's not there anymore, right?

Navy: Well, I don't see Carver anywhere, so it's possible that Carver is what they were after.

Roger: Well, we're only on one floor. Should we check out the other floors just to see?

Justin: I'm going—

Lyle: Everyone, stay still.

Justin: I'm gonna shut off the lights.

Griffin: Ooh?

Travis: Okay?

Justin: And I'm gonna activate my Nocturno Sense. "In a darkened environment, and when not in active peril, Lyle can use sound and chemical detection to understand more about his environments, enemies, et cetera." I'm reading that text even though I wrote it. [titters] So, it's not like—I guess I'm trying to imbue it with some sort of power by reading it—

Griffin: It had gravitas. It sounded like it was from a thick booklet.

Justin: I know, from a thick—no, but it's just for my mind's eye. So, yeah, I want to like, now that I've got it darkened, I can just activate my senses to see what clues I can pull out this environment.

Travis: Okay, is there anything in particular looking for, or just like whatever you can—

Justin: Smells. Mainly smells. I want to harness the smell of battle. There's a lot of chemical musks that are going to be released in a combat scenario. And usually I'm pretty good, even without a nose, at being able to tell the different scents.

Travis: Okay, yeah, give me a roll with your Nocturno Sense.

Justin: Yeah, let me activate that. Three D8, would you say?

Travis: Mondo move, four D8.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Nice!

Justin: Well, no.

Griffin: Not.

Clint: No?

Justin: Not nice. That's three failures and one success. I mean, that sounds like... pretty bad.

Griffin: It's sub-optimal. It's less than good.

Justin: Yeah, it's like 25 bad. [titters] 25% is bad.

Travis: One, Griffin, did you take a practice point?

Griffin: No, thank you. Gosh, I'm really racking these up.

Travis: For your failure. You're welcome. Justin, with a mixed success, with a single success, the only thing you're able to pick up on—and there's pools of water, little puddles, you know, little splashes on the ground. Which those were present before, I mean, this is a like warehouse kind of converted into a thing. It's not super protected from the elements. But you get a very strong scent of like brackish salt water.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: They're on the main training ground?

Griffin: Yes.

Clint: Or are they up on the floor with all the equipment?

Justin: Oh, good question.

Travis: The—okay, so, if you look at the two maps, right? There's two floors.

Clint: Right.

Travis: The first floor has all the training equipment and everything, and then there's like a grid thing above it. That was like where the lights and stuff are. That's where you were sneaking around the first time you came to The Carvery. That everything is like dangling from and everything like that.

Clint: Okay, Roger is going to access that catwalk up there, the grid, and find the spot right above where these puddles of water are, and see if there any clues up in the grid.

Travis: Okay, yeah, give me a looking around roll for you.

Clint: Looking around.

Travis: Just two D8s. I don't believe you have anything trained in it.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Four and an eight.

Travis: Okay, yeah, with a mixed success, you find some spots along like the catwalk and there in the middle, where there's more kind of signs of like moisture. Maybe like a piece of seaweed. But you don't find any other particular clues to lead you along. But what you do all hear is The Carvery door opening and the click clack of sensible, hard-soled shoes come in.

Griffin: I turn, jets at the ready.

Travis: And you see intrepid reporter JJ August entering into The Carvery.

Griffin: I lower the jets.

Navy: Sorry.

JJ August: Oh, so you guys got the call too, huh?

Navy: Wait... oh, it's you, from the night at the museum.

JJ August: The movie?

Navy: No, the night we were all at the museum together.

JJ August: Oh, right, yeah.

Lyle: It's pretty—people forget, it's like half the time at the museum.

JJ August: That's an excellent point, yeah, because there's like Day at the Museum and Night at the Museum.

Lyle: That's what you get.

Navy: Hey, listen, we would love to catch up and chat, but someone really jacked up this desk and whatever, and they might have jacked up Carver too. And we're trying to get to the bottom of it.

JJ August: Yeah, I—

Lyle: Yeah, can you look at this for—you're a reporter, right? Do you see any clues? Because I'm coming up dry. Dry as a popcorn fart.

JJ August: Funny you should mention dry, because I see here puddles of brackish water.

Lyle: Well, yeah, that is—I didn't want to toot my own horn, but I discovered some piles of brackish water, man.

Travis: And she kind of looks at you, Navy, and she's like:

JJ August: Are these... did you?

Navy: Did I make 'em... make water? Did I make a mess?

Lyle: No, are not his puddles. You should—

JJ August: You have a hydro blaster that you were pointing at me when I walked in. Were you the ones fighting with Carver?

Navy: No, I may have used my thing like when we were in here doing our like test for glory. But no... no, that's not me.

Griffin: I mean, we're on the—The Carvery is sort of on the pier, right? Like it's on—it is ocean side, if memory serves?

Travis: The warehouse district is yes, yes.

Griffin: Yes, okay. Let me check out, can I do an assist on the sort of clues we've found so far? Something seems off to me.

Travis: Yeah, go ahead and give me... with your Bug Eyes, and add in—

Griffin: I wanna go lick the—I want to go lick the brackish water, see what my—we've used all of our other senses, and taste might be like the hot one.

Travis: Well, as they say, you know, taste starts with the eyes. So I'm gonna still let you use your Bug Eyes with this.

Griffin: Sure, sure.

Justin: Yeah.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: One success. It would be way better if it was two, though, huh?

Travis: Well, I was gonna say you get an extra die—

Griffin: Oh, perfect.

Travis: Because of all the clues you collected so far.

Griffin: Well, that's four successes, then.

Travis: Okay, there you go.

Griffin: And a double six.

Travis: So, with that cowabunga and the clues you've collected so far, the taste of the brackish water, the kelp that you found, and the way that these puddles are laid out, this is water and kelp from an area of the kind of bay off of River City that you are familiar with. This is a—been used as like a hideout and been used as like a headquarters for some of the like worst villains in the ocean that you and the Royal Seals have fought before. But that said, this is surprising to you, because they almost always focus their attacks on stuff based in the water.

Griffin: Okay. I mean, he's a turtle. Which is sort of a—sort of both walks, both worlds.

Justin: Hm...

Travis: He's a tortoise, to be fair.

Griffin: Same thing. I—

Travis: It's not.

Justin: Frick yeah, dude. You know our audience too well.

Griffin: I look up—

Justin: That's Griffin—

Griffin: [chuckles] Yeah, find me. Don't find me. I look up from the brackish water.

Navy: I think we're dealing with the Bayside Baddies here, guys.

Lyle: Oh, man, they're some of the weirdest dudes in town.

Navy: True, true. But now we're gonna be on my home turf... the ocean, baby. The salty one. And we're gonna be able to find him, no problem. I've had to mess up a few of these... a few of these baddies in my day. They're... I mean, they're wet, but you guys look like you can handle it.

Roger: Well, I don't know if I can? I'm not that submergible. You guys— what am I gonna do?

Lyle: You float though, right?

Roger: Well... probably.

Clint: [chuckles]

Roger: I'm full of gas.

Navy: There's one way to find out.

Roger: Do cows float?

Lyle: There's only one way to find out.

Roger: I like that attitude, mister.

Clint: [chuckles]

Lyle: Well, it's pretty low risk for me, man.

Griffin: I look at JJ.

Navy: Hey, I don't know why, but some of the Bayside Baddies, it seems like they took Carver. He called us to tell us that he messed up in a panic. Did he call you too?

JJ August: Yeah, he called me and only talked for a second. He said that, you know, some ruffians had started a kerfuffle. A donnybrook, I think he said?

Navy: Yeah.

JJ August: And I—

Roger: Ah, God.

JJ August: You know, showed up looking for something that he had taken. And then it got cut off.

Navy: Do you think it's the stuff he took from the museum?

Griffin: Remind me, did he just get away with his bat that first night? Or did he—

Travis: That's all you saw him take.

Griffin: Okay, cool.

Navy: I mean, I guess maybe they would have gone for his bat? But who would want his bat bad enough to kidnap him? None of the Bayside Baddies come to mind.

JJ August: And you're sure the bat's all he took?

Navy: I mean, it's all we saw him take.

Lyle: We didn't do a thorough inventory.

Roger: There was no checklist involved.

Navy: We'll get to the—we'll get to the bottom of this. What's your relationship with Carver? Because I understand why he'd call us, we're like his best buds and trainees. His heirs of adventure, they might say. Like justice inheritors. But what's—

Roger: Justice Inheritors, ooh!

Navy: Sounds cool. Maybe that's a good team name. Write that down. But what's your... what's your relationship with Carver?

JJ August: Oh, well, he and the other Guardians worked really closely with my mom when she was a reporter. And he's kind of my godfather.

Navy: Cool. I like that. Well, don't worry, we'll find him and get him back. And maybe you could do big story about like the Inheritors of Justice come and...

Travis: And you hear from the open doorway behind her: "The only story there's gonna be about you, is your obituary." And standing in the doorway, you see three of the Bayside Baddies.

Lyle: I knew it..

Travis: Navy, you recognize them as Eel Patrick Harris—no, is that it?

Griffin: Eel Patrick Harris?

Travis: No, that's not the name I came up—that's not the name I came up with.

Justin: Hey, Travis?

Travis: Uh-huh?

Justin: It is.

Griffin: Own that.

Justin: Page master.

Griffin: Own that.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Stand in it, page master.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Your words on this side of the veil have power. Okay? So—

Clint: Yeah, trust in the force.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: You said Eel Patrick Harris, and there he lives.

Travis: Yeah, there's Eel Patrick Harris, Hammer Ned and Squid Mark.

Clint: [titters]

Justin: Hold on, I need a second to think about Squid Mark. I need to write a book about Squid Mark, hold on.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Hold on. Hold on, I'm starting a new crypto about Squid Mark. They're called Squid Marks. Okay, I'm good. Move on. [titters]

Navy: Well, if it isn't, the Bayside Baddies' three most sinister invertebrates.

Lyle: And my ex-roommate, Squid Mark.

Griffin: [titters]

Squid Mark: Hi. Hi again.

Lyle: I can't believe you have the nerve to show your face in this city again, Squid Mark, after you left me with all those bills.

Squid Mark: Me? You're the one who racked up all of the long-distance phone calls.

Lyle: Your girlfriend stayed with us for free for a month, and she left her stinky cooking all over the stove.

Squid Mark: You said that was okay. You didn't mind her staying with us.

Lyle: You used all the towels, and I had to dry myself with Bawnies more times than not.

Squid Mark: It's good for the skin.

Lyle: Don't start again with the good for the skin.

Squid Mark: I saw it on TikTok.

Lyle: You don't have skin!

Squid Mark: How dare you.

Griffin: [titters]

Lyle: Squids don't have skin!

Griffin: [chuckles] It's Justin—if you want to...

Justin: [titters]

Lyle: No, I just meant skin so thin.

Griffin: Oh, right. Okay, cool.

Lyle: It's like—

Squid Mark: I have a condition. How dare you.

Navy: It seems like you three are late for the party. The party of kidnapping. Kidnapping party of our boss.

Hammer Ned: Yeah, we was left behind—

Travis: This is Hammer Ned.

Hammer Ned: We was left behind to keep an eye on the place to make sure nobody followed.

Navy: Okay...

Lyle: Well, unfortunately, we didn't follow you guys, but we do have to beat your butts.

Hammer Ned: Oh... okay?

Lyle: Because we need answers about Carver. I guess there's no—we won't actually beat your butts—

Hammer Ned: No, no, no! It's just, we was gonna beat your butts.

Lyle: Well, okay, can you first tell us where Carver went?

Hammer Ned: No.

Justin: Travis, can I ask a clarifying question?

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Earlier, when I said that Carver... I got a look on Carver.

Travis: Uh-huh?

Justin: What was communicating that information?

Travis: Well, that would be his phone, Justin.

Justin: So his phone is still here?

Travis: Yes.

Justin: Okay, have we found that yet?

Travis: Well, a lot of mixed success is abound, Justin.

Griffin: Yeah, that's true.

Justin: Okay, but I've just now thought to specifically look for the phone.

Travis: Okay, yeah, give me... give me a roll to look for the phone.

Lyle: Can you give me a second?

Hammer Ned: What?

Lyle: Can you give me a second? I should have done something when I got here.

Hammer Ned: Do you need to go to the bathroom?

Lyle: Yeah, I'm gonna go the bathroom everywhere. Close your eyes.

Hammer Ned: Ah, gross!

Lyle: Close them, now! You don't have long.

Navy: You gotta follow the etiquette when a battle starts. This is established.

Travis: They do kind of like... like flinch away and like, "Ah, gross."

Lyle: A mixed success is all I need.

Justin: [titters]

[sound of dice thrown]

Hammer Ned: You had a mixed success at bathrooming?

Justin: [chuckles] I found half the phone.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Justin: You find the phone, you see the phone.

Griffin: Poop-poop, but no peep. [titters]

Travis: You see the phone, but it is behind where the baddies are kind of like—it's been flung into a corner.

Justin: [mumbles incoherently]

Travis: What?

Justin: [chuckles] The Devil's blend.

Travis: The Devil split is—

Griffin: Devil split.

Justin: [chuckles] The Devil's blend!

Griffin: The Devil's blend is poop but no pee. He did a mixed success of going to the bathroom, so he can only do half the stuff.

Justin: [chuckles] The movement that shall not be named, the worst one you could have. Poop but no pee.

Travis: [titters] Oh, no. Not like this.

Justin: [chuckles] That's the one where there's no pee sounds to hide the plops, and there's just plops and everyone knows it!

Griffin: Everyone hears the plops.

Travis: And you're not able to relax one thing or the other enough to make both happen, you know what I mean?

Griffin: Yeah, yeah, sure.

Justin: Forget about the third one!

Travis: Whoa. Justin, we don't talk about that.

Justin: Don't tell kids about the third—

Travis: No, don't—that's something they're gonna have to deal with when they get older. So you see the phone thrown into a corner behind where they are. You're all over at the desk and searching around. Squid Mark steps over to JJ and says:

Squid Mark: Hi, Miss August. I'm a big fan.

Travis: And JJ says:

JJ August: Ah, thank you so much.

Squid Mark: But I'm gonna have to take you hostage now.

JJ August: Yeah, no, I—yeah, I know how this works. I've been in the game for a while. Whenever you're ready.

Travis: And Squid Mark wraps a couple tentacles like kind of around her shoulders, holding her in place.

Griffin: All right.

Travis: Let the fight begin! After the break. [mouths sound effect]
Dlulululululul-ah!

[theme music plays]

[ad reads]

Travis: And we're back. Hey, Abnimals fans, and other people who listen for various reasons—

Justin: I'm actually still on my OSHA mandated break, Trav.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: You had me take those trash cans out, so my break didn't start until—okay, I'm done!

Travis: Okay! So currently, it is on one side of The Carvery training grounds now broken. And you know, stuff smashed and thrown apart with fight detritus. We've got Lyle and Navy and Roger and roly bot. On the other side we've got Hammer Ned, Eel Patrick Harris—I meant to say—it's not important. Eel Patrick Harris, Squid Mark holding JJ August hostage.

Griffin: Cool.

Clint: Roger is going to—he's been quiet this whole time, just because he was being sneaky, and not because I was playing Elden Ring while you guys were making jokes.

Justin: Yeah, really.

Travis: Yeah, I should hope not, Clint.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: This is as close to a job as you have.

Griffin: That is true.

Travis: When last we left Roger, he was up in the grid. Has he moved down since then, or is that still-

Clint: Oh, yeah, I think the whole time all that discussion was going on, he was putting himself in position up on the grid. And he's going to launch himself into a giant phoon, and try to land on Hammer Ned. Horns first!

Travis: Ooh? For the listeners at home, dad, will you describe what a phoon looks like?

Clint: A phoon, basically, is a very awkward looking dive into a pool. And it's like a jackknife that doesn't fully open up, so you're making basically an inverted V when you hit the water. So if you do it right, the first thing that hits the water will be your face, rapidly followed by your feet. And if you are in the—you know, with the legs positioned correctly, you are not going to hurt yourself in a personal way.

Justin: So the phoon in this case, being a shortened version of typhoon.

Clint: Typhoon, yes.

Justin: Hinting to the—

Travis: Excellent.

Justin: Amount of water generated by the—

Travis: And which of—

Clint: As far as I know, it's a dive we invented, as far as I know.

Travis: It sounds like a dive you did wrong once and then gave a name to, to make it seem like you did it on purpose.

Clint: That is the nature of invention, Travis.

Travis: That's beautiful, father. Now, dad, are you doing this onto Hammer Ned?

Clint: Yes.

Travis: Okay. You are a beefy boy, quite literally, yeah. Give me, let's see, I'm going to say, because of your positioning, that this is going to be an attack with three D8. So give me that attack roll.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: I'm hitting it, and nothing is happening.

Travis: No, I see it. Four, four, six.

Clint: Okay.

Griffin: Not our best rules today, fam.

Travis: Well, with attack, it's just about damage.

Griffin: Oh, yes, that's true.

Travis: So that is going to be your attack roll to give damage to him. I'm going to have you roll in a second to see how well you land.

Clint: Okay.

Travis: And how well you do it. But he is not wearing armor, he's a shark man in pants. So you are going to hit him for one damage. And now I'd like you to roll, you've just jumped 10 feet off the ground onto a large shark man, horns first. So go ahead—

Justin: Like there's another way of doing it, of course he's going horns first.

Travis: Of course! So give me... I'm looking to see what you have here. You're a dancer, so give me a three D8 roll to see how well you land.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Seven, one, six.

Travis: Ah, okay. Full success. Two successes there. So you land, you roll away. He staggers.

Hammer Ned: What was... hey! That was a cool, man. What was that about? Ow!

Griffin: That's the sound of fighting. I mean, that's what it sounds like.

Hammer Ned: Don't hit me there!

Clint: [chuckles] We've established that, right?

Justin: That's fighting.

Griffin: I'm like right here at the end of the conveyor belt, that proved so problematic for us on our journey the opposite way across this obstacle course.

Travis: Mm-hm.

Griffin: I would like to turn it on to its highest setting and jump on it and sort of assume the position to blast forward with the splash pack. And just kind of launch myself at sound-barrier-breaking speeds towards Squid Mark.

Travis: Okay, excellent! You see like just some wires have come loose in the fracas that occurred earlier. So all you really need to do is twist those together.

Griffin: Yeah, easy.

Travis: So it's not a complicated fix, but we'll see how it goes in the turning of it on.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: So give me a two D6.

Griffin: Oh, this stinks. I didn't think... I didn't think I'd actually have to...

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Ah, farts. One and a four. Shoot! Dang...

Travis: So, it does work and it does turn on, and it's going super-fast, but you don't get a chance to assume the position. Like you're kind of hunched over it and it launches you forward.

Griffin: [chuckles] Yeah, it's sort of like if you try to jump onto a moving treadmill, you just kind of end up rolling and getting thrown backwards while on your spine.

Travis: But this one is moving towards Squid Mark.

Griffin: Yeah, yeah. So I just have to... be launched gracefully. [chuckles]

Travis: Well, I'm going to roll to see if he avoids you.

Griffin: Oh, okay. Get out of here, Squid Mark! Get out of here, Squid Mark!

Justin: Come on, pal.

Griffin: With these cheat rolls. Cheat dice!

Travis: Well, it was rolled—it was rolled in Roll20, Griffin.

Griffin: I know, I'm saying—

Travis: Seven, eight, five.

Griffin: He hacked the system.

Travis: He jumps out of the way and is able to keep a hold on JJ August. And you are launched in a bit of a heap next to him. Hammer Ned is going to take a swing at you, Roger. Oh, and he did very badly. He rolled two, three, four, and misses you completely.

Clint: Whew, whiff!

Travis: Lyle, what would you like to do?

Lyle: Squid Mark, I thought you were past this. Crime, really?

Squid Mark: I love crime.

Lyle: I know that, but you said you're gonna try to go clean, man. What happened?

Squid Mark: I did go clean for a while, and it just didn't pay as well.

Lyle: They say that, man. You knew that?

Squid Mark: Debbie left me, man.

Lyle: Oh, no... all right, okay.

Squid Mark: I mean, she'll be back in a week, but...

Lyle: Well, come on then!

Griffin: [laughs]

Squid Mark: Just during this time—

Lyle: What are you trying to get me... I was gonna let you punch me in the stomach.

Squid Mark: No, I'm just finding a lot of time on my hands. She's been gone a couple days now, and...

Lyle: All right, well, you're just being a dingus about this.

Justin: I'm gonna drop kick him in the chest.

Travis: You're across the room, but the conveyor belt is on. And you could—

Justin: Yeah, I'm gonna use the conveyor belt to build up speed. And then I'm gonna give him the full slippery blast.

Griffin: There's no result of this that isn't pretty funny, after I just tried the same thing and ended up eating dirt.

Justin: But this time, Griffin, I have lubrication on my side.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: That's true?

Travis: Gross? Okay—

Justin: It's only gross—you can't say that when there's kids listening.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: You gotta stop. Just saying gross, no?

Travis: Okay, delicious?

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: So, Justin, using Anything's a Drum, right, in this case, you are the melee weapon being improvised.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Yeah. And that's two successes.

Travis: Oh, it's a—

Griffin: Two matching success.

Justin: Two matching success.

Travis: Yeah, you're gonna slam into him. This is how well you use the conveyor belt, right? You've got yourself a cowabunga. You're gonna slam into him with very cleared and controlled force, so this is only going to knock him and not JJ August. So now give me a two D8 attack roll, but either way, you're knocking him away from JJ August.

Justin: Okay. What should I roll for the attack roll?

Travis: Two D8.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Okay, a one and a five.

Travis: Okay—

Lyle: Here's something—here's something I'd like to convey, night-night!

Justin: And then I do the conveyor belt, and then I give him a kick for six points.

Travis: Yeah, he has just enough time to go like:

Squid Mark: Oh, I get it.

Travis: And then you slam into him, you're gonna do one damage to him. And it knocks his grip loose of JJ August, who is able to roll away and pop up.

Griffin: While I'm laying on the ground, can I look up at Lyle like:

Navy: So did you watch what I did and like learn from my mistakes, and then incorporate that into your—

Lyle: Yeah, you were going backwards, man, that's it. I just went the right way, no problem. Anybody could have done it. You had a 50/50 shot, I just got lucky.

Navy: No, you did amazing. It's just I wanted to feel like I contributed.

Lyle: It was luck, I just—yeah, I just learned from watching you. I sort of like—

Navy: Thanks.

Lyle: Ran where you fell and hurt yourself.

Navy: I appreciate that.

Roger: Yeah, Lyle—well, thank you, Lyle, for sharing the glory with him.

Travis: Eel Patrick Harris is gonna step over and lay some, you know, tentacle-like arms on you.

Griffin: Who?

Travis: On you, Navy.

Griffin: Oh, okay. I am laying down.

Travis: Yeah, and attempt to shock you. Okay, he does one point of damage. Do you have any armor?

Griffin: No.

Travis: Okay, yeah, you take one shocking damage.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: One lightning damage. And roly bot sees his adopted father being hurt, and he is visibly upset. He is in your control, though. So what would you like him to do, Navy?

Justin: I would prefer that to him hiding his pain.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: [titters] To be fair. I mean...

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: I'm going to whistle my internet whistle.

Travis: Uh-huh?

Griffin: [spoofs old dial-up internet sounds] Vsssvv-vssvv.

Travis: Well-established.

Griffin: And I want him to set off like his car alarm. Just to sort of distract them for a moment.

Travis: Oh? Very good. Okay, cool.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Oh, yeah, his car alarm goes blasting out with double sevens.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: And you see, not only does it distract them, but it is causing them like visible kind of discomfort.

Griffin: Mm-hmm?

Travis: As he directs it towards the three of them.

Griffin: I look at Lyle and Roger, and I make a series of hand signals. And then I twist one of my jets backwards. And sort of just like lay on my back on the floor and turn them both on, so it sort of does a spinning maneuver, full blast jet. Since all the bad—the Bayside Baddies are around us.

Justin: Oh, yeah, he kills—and he kills all—

Griffin: And it kills all—it cuts them like clean in half. Because it's like water, like pressure cleaner. Like turbo power.

Travis: Now here's what I'm gonna ask, Griffin.

Griffin: Yeah, yeah, yeah?

Travis: Would you rather you roll to see if Lyle and Roger understand your hand signals and avoid getting knocked down, or have each of them roll individually?

Griffin: Hm... I mean, I guess them roll individually. This is definitely something we've communicated about.

Travis: Yes, definitely. All right, so dad, give me a two D8 roll to see how well you understand the hand signals. Justin, you have trained in-app, so a three D8 roll for you.

Justin: Okay, let me... do that.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Oh, nice.

Justin: All right. Let me see...

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: What'd you get, dad?

Clint: A six and a three.

Travis: Okay, it mixed success. So Griffin, what was Navy attempting to convey with the hand signals?

Griffin: Get down. Get down. Drop down to the floor and get down. Not to party, but to like literally get your body lower on the floor.

Justin: [sings] Everybody walk the dinosaur.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Yeah, so Roger, you pick up that he's like, "Time to drop it."

Justin: Drop it like it's hot.

Travis: Get low. But very much in the kind of yin-yang twins. You know, apple bottom jeans get low, low, low.

Justin: Low, low—

Griffin: There's a different hand signal for that.

Clint: One of my favorite songs.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: So, give me a three D8 dance roll, Roger.

Clint: Okay. [titters]

Justin: Nice.

Griffin: It's kind of you to give him the way out of this.

Travis: You're welcome.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Five, eight, four.

Travis: Okay, yeah. With two successes, complete success, you get low in such a way no one's ever gotten as low as you are now. As Roger—

Clint: Certainly not in the bovine world.

Travis: Well, you twerked to such—you're so close to the ground, it's glorious. And you are able to—

Griffin: You bounced off the window and the wall.

Travis: Yeah, it's amazing. As the water sprays down the walls, and all the Lyles call—

Griffin: All these baddies fall, yeah.

Travis: All the baddies fall—

Griffin: I have not actually rolled to do this attack.

Travis: Yeah, so give me your attack with your hydro blaster, Griffin. Four D8.

Griffin: Four D8, yes. I still have time to shine dice, I think? Maybe I don't, maybe I burned them all.

Travis: No, you do. You have three time to shine dice available.

Griffin: Well, I feel like I forgot to mark them. I'm gonna just use them all, I guess. Or no, I use a couple. I'll bring it up to six D8.

Travis: Six D8.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Please. That's, oh my God, this is—what does this mean? Because I got a five, and then I got a six, six, six. And then I got a four—

Travis: Well, the Devil appears, Griffin. And he's like, "I'll take—I'll take care of these bad guys for you! Straight—"

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: "Straight to hell with you boys." With the—you have three successes. I'm going to call this a mega cowagunga. You spin just like the most dangerous, wettest Beyblade. And it sweeps all three of them off their feet and deals four damage to each of them, which knocks Hammer Ned unconscious. And Eel Patrick Harris and Squid Mark are not looking great, as they are flattened.

Griffin: As we stop, I look around and I say:

Navy: Was anyone recording that? We don't—like I've got a lot of great footage of you guys doing cool stuff, but I haven't gotten any cool stuff on tape yet. Just like any chance anyone... JJ. You got your—

Clint: JJ probably has a body cam, right?

Travis: No, I don't have a body cam, but—

Griffin: For a reporter?

Travis: But I have my phone out. I filmed it.

Navy: Ah, yes! Air Drop me that, please.

JJ August: Yeah, you got it.

Travis: So what do you guys do with the two remaining—I'm gonna say Squid Mark goes—is starting to stand up with his multi tentacles, but slithery eel is having a harder time getting up. But they are—

Clint: And his Squid Mark—Squid mark is soaking wet?

Travis: Yeah, now.

Griffin: [chuckles] He's gonna get cattle prodded. He is so gonna get cattle prodded.

Travis: Then do it.

Clint: Yeah! And he's probably standing in a puddle of water too, right?

Justin: No, it's his own pee, because he's so scared of you.

Travis: Well, it's a combination of ink, which, as we know, is squid pee and water.

Griffin: Yeah, yeah. Ink is a squid's pee, we all know this.

Travis: And there's just streaks. There's streaks everywhere.

Griffin: Gross. Gross. Too much.

Clint: So I roll two D8 for the cattle prods, right?

Travis: Three D8 for the cattle prods.

Clint: Three D8. Three D8 for the cattle prods.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Oh my God.

Clint: Eight, eight, three.

Griffin: Impossible.

Justin: Yikes, dad!

Travis: With a mega cowabunga, he is knocked fully unconscious. And definitely has a chance to think about like life choices and what he does with himself when his partner, Debby, is out of town. And I don't know, some money falls out of his pocket too, if you want that.

Justin: Oh, nice!

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: Killer. How much?

Clint: Then Roger says—

Travis: It's \$23. It's exactly how much he owed you in bills.

Justin: [chuckles]

Roger: Calamari, anyone?

Navy: That's offensive.

Lyle: Yeah, no one really says that anymore, man.

Navy: I'm gonna say something here, and it's gonna upset you. But what if someone like hit you or took you out and was like, "Who's hungry for steak or hamburgers?" It would feel bad to joke about—

Squid Mark: Or, "Where's the beef?"

Roger: I have a very thick skin.

Navy: That's great, but you have to understand that that's—that doesn't give you carte blanche.

Squid Mark: Or, sorry, just something about hide. Like you know, rawhide, or anything—

Navy: Okay, we're done actually coming up with demonstrations.

Roger: Oh, rawhide is good. I like rawhide.

Navy: We're all saying these things very casually.

Travis: Eel Patrick Harris is gonna slither off and jump into the ocean to escape.

Clint: As we all want him to, secretly.

Griffin: I mean, I'd like to pursue him. I don't—

Travis: Yeah, no, that's what he—

Griffin: I'd want to get some information.

Travis: That's what—you see him. You see him slithering off into—like as you guys were talking, you look over, you see Eel Patrick Harris has left a trail of this brackish water as he is attempting to slither off and get back into the water.

Navy: Let's split up. Roger, can you keep an eye on these two? And if they wake up, get some info. And the wet fellas will get it wet?

Travis: "I can call it in," JJ says. And the roly bot comes over and kind of beeps and opens up its side door.

Navy: Rolly bot, what is it? Oh, sorry—

Griffin: [spoofs silly robot-like beep-boop sounds]

Travis: It closes its door, right? And you hear this like hiss as it closes. And it opens again, and then it like hunkers down and beeps again.

Navy: I think it's air tight in there. I think Roger—

Lyle: Yeah, you gotta—you gotta come with, man.

Navy: We could all be wet fellows.

Lyle: Yeah, welcome. Welcome aboard.

Navy: It's a dream come true!

Roger: I'd prefer that to being left behind, to wait for these two... knuckleheads to wake up.

Navy: Okay, JJ?

Roger: I want to be part of the action, man!

Navy: JJ, let's, can you get someone here to like, to take care of these two? And we'll go chase on the eel? We've been arguing—we've been discussing this for such a long time. He's probably long gone—

Travis: She's already on the phone. She's like:

JJ August: Yeah, I'm on it.

Navy: Okay, great. Let's go!

Clint: Okay, Roger jumps into the wheelie bot.

Travis: And Justin, make sure you grab—make sure you grab the phone that you saw before you leave.

Justin: I'm assuming I need to say that out loud, so I'll say it legally. I grab it. I grab the phone.

Travis: You grab the phone. It is without power, but seems otherwise intact.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: Roger, you load into the wheelie bot. Is anybody else going with him? I mean, the other two, you'll be fine.

Justin: Yeah, I'm absolutely going with him, because—just because I can swim underwater, doesn't mean that I want to. I'm just gonna lay down on the floor a bit, to sleep.

Travis: [chuckles] Okay, we're gonna—I want to leave you doing that as Navy dives into the water. Wheelie bot seals up behind and launches itself off of, you know, the pier into the water. And you see its wheels kind of shift so that they are now—they shift 90 degrees and start spinning as propellers. And the three of you, or I guess four of you including the roly bot, launch through the ocean following Eel Patrick Harris.

[Abminals theme music plays]

Slip and Slime: Hey, I'm Slip and Slime, part of the Ooze Crew. And I'm here to tell you that when you use gym equipment, you're gonna wipe that sweat off after you use it with a towel. Because no one wants to touch your yucky sweat when they're doing their crunches, okay? Sweat is the most *disgusting* substance on the planet, so deal with it. Please! I'm begging you. As someone who myself wants to do some crunches and not touch your yucky sweat. All right, thanks everyone. This has been Slip and Slime. Goodbye.

[break]

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