

The Adventure Zone: Abnimals Ep. 22: Escape from Governor's Island!

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[Abnimals theme music plays]

Travis: We pick back off right where we left off. Lamar and Navy, you have just made it outside of the volcano. You see your friends, mid-combat, surrounded by River City Enforcement agents who do not look happy to be there, shrouded in darkness from the blacked out sky above. Lamar has the shield and says:

Lamar: I'll do my best, man, to like protect you guys and try to take hits. You just tell me where you want me to post up.

Navy: Yeah, I was thinking maybe you could post up the edge of your shield into the head of that guy right there, or that guy right there, like hard.

Lamar: Mm-hm.

Lyle: Yeah, I think my friend's endorsing whole-scale murder.

Lamar: Well—

Roger: That's tough for a pacifist.

Lamar: Yeah, wild to come out swing—we've known each other for about three minutes, man, and you're challenging my belief system. But I'm gonna do my best to still protect you, because that's like what heroes do.

Navy: Well, hold on. Actually, I didn't even think about this. Hold on one second. Hey, River City First guys, are you all pacifists as well?

Travis: [in different voices] "No."

"No."

"No."

"No."

"No."

Navy: Yeah, shoot.

Roger: None of you? Not one?

Navy: Did you hear that, Lamar?

Justin: Grylon.

Navy: So, Lamar, these guys are gonna kill us.

Lamar: Yeah, man. And I'm gonna—

Navy: Just so you—

Lamar: I'm gonna protect you. I'll take the hits.

Navy: Okay, great.

Travis: So, you tell Lamar where you want him to stand, and he is going to try to keep some of the heat off, while you guys fight.

Griffin: Cool.

Navy: Lamar, why don't you sort of post up by the east gate there and see if you can't just kind of like block people from coming in towards us?

Lamar: All right, man. I got you.

Navy: I don't know how you're gonna do that without hitting a little bit, but it's up—I guess that's up to you to figure out.

Lamar: All right. Give 'em shell.

Travis: And he goes for a high five.

Navy: Cool.

Lyle: Wow, that's cool.

Roger: Give 'em shell.

Lyle: That's cool.

Navy: Yeah, I mean, I gotta take that.

Lyle: Write that down.

Lamar: High five.

Roger: Okay, let's—

Travis: All right, Navy, what do you do?

Griffin: I look around. I look at Roger, I say...

Navy: What's the—what's the sitch? How many have you guys taken out?

Roger: Well...

Travis: Two.

Roger: Taken—

Travis: Two.

Roger: Out, maybe two.

Navy: Two is... two is not a lot. Okay... well, time for me to bust out some of my new tricks.

Griffin: I'm gonna run over to this fountain at the center of the square here. I assume that's what this circular water feature is?

Travis: Correct.

Griffin: And I'm gonna just kind of get in there while charging up the splash pack. And right as this group of RFC soldiers, goons, roll up on me, I'm gonna look at them and say...

Navy: Well, let's get it wet!

Griffin: And I'm gonna launch myself up into the air, do an incredible triple Lutz up there. Spreading horizontally, just sort of aligning myself with the ground. And bring myself down on these 10 guys in a glorious phoon.

Justin: You're writing a gigantic check with very few rolls here. I'm hearing a lot of adjectives that you're just kind of—

Griffin: "When dropping down on a group of enemies from a significant height, Navy Seal can deal damage to the group with a single—"

Justin: I'm hearing a lot of—

Travis: Okay—

Justin: Graceful elegance. [chuckles]

Travis: Yeah, there's—

Justin: Devastating. [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: I hear a lot of flavor text.

Travis: First thing's—

Griffin: Yes, fair point.

Travis: First, we need to use the hydro propulsion roll to launch you into the air. So, that's 5d8. Since it's your signature item and it's upgraded.

Griffin: I have not used any time to shine dice. I'll use one for this. I imagine I'll probably need more for the actual attack. 6d8, coming at you.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: That's two successes, very glad that I used my 6d8 there.

Justin: Very smart.

Griffin: Because there were a lot of red-colored dice in the mix as well.

Justin: Now, but wait, Griffin. What if the two time to shine dice you used were the first two failures?

Griffin: I only used one, so that's a good point, I could have just wasted that. Dang. You don't think about that stuff, do you?

Justin: You don't—you try not to think about probabilities.

Travis: Nah, man, you don't... you—no one ever thinks about how much statistics and probability play into tabletop role-playing games.

Justin: Thank you, Travis.

Griffin: Well, it gets boring—

Travis: It all seems like fun and devil worship, and then you find out there's math involved?

Griffin: Yeah. Yeah.

Clint: It's chased many away.

Travis: Yeah, man. More devil, less division. Okay.

Griffin: True.

Travis: Griffin.

Griffin: Yeah?

Travis: So, with your phoon.

Griffin: Yes.

Travis: That is going to be a 4d8 roll for it being a mondo move.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: The number of successes you get are going to be the number of guys that you're able to knock back. You could also add time to shine dice to this, if you wish.

Griffin: Yeah. Okay, I'm gonna add two more time to shine dice to this, to try and get 6d8. And really just try to... just try to wreck it. I'm gonna wreck it!

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: That's more like it, that's—

Clint: Whoo! That's a—

Griffin: Five successes with two eights. Which is I think—

Justin: Wow, Griffin!

Griffin: What even is that—

Travis: That's a—it's a mega—

Griffin: A mega cowabunga?

Travis: Yeah, a mega cowabunga. So yeah, with a mega cowabunga, all... let's see, eight of the guys—eight of the 10 go flying.

[water splashing sounds]

Travis: They are not knocked unconscious or anything, but they are definitely some distance away now.

Griffin: Some of them landed on top of buildings.

Travis: Yeah, they're—

Griffin: So like they're probably not going to be a concern for a while.

Clint: Wow!

Travis: This is like that moment, I was always confused in like Xena and Hercules where sometimes they would hit people and it would be like a bar fight. And sometimes they would hit people, and the people would go flying backwards through walls and over buildings. This was one of the they went flying backwards through walls and over buildings.

Griffin: It would be great if like, in the next scene, like one of those guys comes back and is like out of breath. Like, "Dang, man, you really—"

Travis: "Ow."

Griffin: "Sent me a far way away from the fight, but I'm here to pick it back up."

Travis: What I'm imagining, too, is like when you hit the ground with the phoon, not only is it the force of your body from being a bulky boy—

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: But there's also like water expelled from your splash pack. Like one of those like squishy—

Griffin: Yes, a cushion.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: A cushioning—yeah.

Travis: But it also like sprays out, you know what I mean?

Griffin: Yeah, you all definitely still do hear, "Aah-ha-ow!"

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: "Ah! Ow!" It still doesn't feel—but that's how you know it worked, and it is a phoon.

Travis: And Roger, I'm also going to say, since because of your proximity, and this has no effect on you like mechanically, but your shoes do get a little wet from the splash. Because you're in the splash zone.

Navy: Sorry about that.

Clint: Okay.

Navy: Sorry about...

Clint: Yeah, I understand that.

Navy: Sorry, bro.

Travis: But that has cleared out the west track pretty well. You got two more guys over there.

Griffin: I look up at those two guys like:

Navy: Seriously?

Travis: And they stand and they kind of, they—

Agents: We got—we got wet, but we didn't get drenched. You know what I mean?

Griffin: [titters]

Navy: Yeah.

Agents: But it was intimidating!

Navy: [in a strained tone of voice] I appreciate that. Can we maybe skip a turn?

Agents: You need to catch your breath, man?

Navy: [in a strained tone of voice] Y ah, I need to catch my—catch my ribs.

Clint: A phoon will do that to you, man.

Travis: Lyle, it's your turn. You've got some guys here. You're over in the shadows, in the bushes, and two of the RCF agents have approached your location. You can see them kind of sweeping their mag lights around, but they have not spotted you. What do you do?

Justin: Hm... this is perfect. This is exactly... this is exactly where I want them. I am... going to... mimic the sound of a cricket. But a big one.

Travis: Mm-hm.

Justin: Like a big cricket. To where they're like, "That's weird."

Griffin: [in a silly voice] Chirp, chirp!

Justin: Yeah, exactly like that, Griffin. Thank you. Actually, that's... that's weird, that's the exact sound I was gonna make. [titters] So, if you would just—I'll just have you do that whenever I need a little bit of the old paprika. [chuckles] But yeah, so I'm gonna make like a big, manly cricket noise. Griffin, if you could just like...

Griffin: [in a silly voice] Chirp, chirp!

Justin: Yeah, and I'm gonna try to lure several of them over.

Travis: Okay. Roll... I'm looking here, and it doesn't seem like you have any special skills in this area.

Justin: No, that's what makes it art.

Travis: Okay, 2d8, please.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Huh, mixed success.

Travis: Okay, with a mixed success, two more are like, "I gotta investigate what's going on over here." But the two that are looking have found you. The two that were already there, I mean.

Justin: Are you sure?

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Okay, do they clock somebody in the bushes?

Travis: Yes.

Justin: Perfect.

Travis: And they're going to attack you now.

Lyle: Don't take another step, man.

Travis: Uh... hm...

Lyle: My name's—my name is Dr. Bush.

Griffin: [titters]

Clint: [chuckles]

Lyle: And you—

Clint: Oh, Dr. Bush!

Lyle: And I don't know how to tell you this, but you have a pestation problem.

Clint: [chuckles]

Agents: Okay... yeah, man, you?

Lyle: Look around—no, look around you. You've got some serious problems with bugs. And I'm—and Dr. Bush is here to sort it out. Come close, look at this ash beetle.

Griffin: [titters]

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: All right, roll 2d8 for me.

Justin: [chuckles] Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: That's a mixed success.

Travis: Yeah, that's a mixed success. One of them's like...

Agent: Ah, ash beetle? That's rare in this location. And I'm pretty sure that's an invasive species.

Travis: But the other one, he is gonna take a swing at you. Ooh.

Justin: Wow!

Griffin: Jesus kreezus!

Justin: I don't think kids can hear Jesus. [chuckles]

Travis: No? Is it like a—

Clint: They can if they listen with their heart.

Travis: No, it's actually at a pitch too low for child ears to hear.

Griffin: That's... so Travis has rolled a—

Justin: [spoofing a monster-like voice] Jesus take the wheel!

Griffin: An eight, three, eight, eight. So a triple mega cowabunga?

Travis: Well, so on attack, it just means the eight can't be defended and goes through any armor. But Ax-o-Lyle also doesn't have any armor, so Ax-o-Lyle is going to take three points of damage.

Griffin: Yowza...

Clint: Hm.

Travis: And so, Lamar's base defense is three. So, one's gonna take a swing at him. And he blocks the two hits that would have come from that one. And the other one takes a swing at them, and he blocks the two hits from there. It's graceful. He's moving—

Griffin: Right.

Travis: Like the wind, there is no anger to it. But rather, as the wind moves a feather, so does Lamar move his shield. Roger... Oh, not all those guys. But they move—

Justin: That's my whole turn? That's all I get to do, is make a cricket noise?!

Griffin: And even I did it.

Travis: To be fair, Justin, you made a cricket noise and pretended to, and I can't tell if you were trying to be a bush or some kind of like—

Justin: I was just making conversation. [titters]

Travis: [chuckles] Oh, sorry! I didn't realize.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: [titters] I was just chatting. I was just being neighborly! [chuckles]

Travis: So, the Dr. Bush thing was just a coincidence?

Justin: Just—hey, man! It was just palaver! Man. [chuckles] I was just being neighborly. Just like, for the podcast, you have to say *something*?

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: You know?

Clint: It's a rap sesh.

Justin: You can't just like look menacing or be quiet?

Travis: Well, I just want to point out that—

Justin: I could have been quiet, and that would have hidden me better, but that doesn't make for a very good podcast, does it, Trav?

Travis: But there were two guys already drawn to your location, looking for you. And you're like, "Here's what I want, more guys looking for me."

Justin: No, I should have been quiet! You're right, Trav. It would have been way smarter.

Travis: You could have attacked them?!

Justin: [chuckles]

Travis: You have—

Griffin: There we a lot of—

Travis: An axe!

Justin: Lamar!

Griffin: Things you could have done.

Justin: I'm trying to respect Lamar. [chuckles] And he—

Travis: [chortles] Just hearing him from across the sidewalk you're like, "Hm, that's not a bad idea. Pacifism."

Justin: I mean, I have a hatchet that I use exclusively as a tool. Like I, it's—it makes a lot of sense to me. [titters] No, I... [chuckles] That's fine, I'll take my lumps.

Travis: Roger...

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: The two guys in the front of the southern line move forward. They are going to take shots at you. The first one would have gotten two hits with a five and a six, but your Kevlar suit is going to deflect those with two damage reduction. And the other one, one hit. So, they take swings at you with batons and fists, but they are going to bounce off of your Kevlar vest. And it is your turn.

Clint: Roger makes that universal sign. You know, where you... you know, rub like a couple fingers under your nose. And he says to Lyle:

Roger: Lyle, I believe you have a Batman in the belfry? You might want to get that?

Clint: And he makes the universal sign of two fingers rubbing under the nose again. And looks... looks at—looks at Lyle really knowingly.

Travis: Hey, pause real quick. Justin and Griffin, as dad's describing this universal sign, do you guys have any idea what it's a sign for?

Justin: No, I don't know what he's on about.

Travis: I'm trying—

Clint: Batman—

Justin: And now I'm filled with—

Clint: In the belfry—

Travis: But like rubbing it under, is he smelling something? Is it like 'erbs?

Justin: It's just like... it's like the most insane improv impulse. Because it's not just like—it's not a comedy prompt, it's a puzzle. It's like—

Travis: Like daddy—

Justin: A riddle.

Travis: Daddy will say "universal sign," and as soon as he uses those words, I know that I'm not going to understand the thing he's about to say.

Clint: It's a booger! You got a booger!

Justin: And if you can't tell—like he taught us the universe. You know what I mean? Like—

Clint: Yeah! Yeah!

Justin: No! No! No! If we don't know it, it can't be universal, because like you taught us—

Clint: It's universal. It's universal.

Justin: Okay, so you want my—you want my axolotl man to think he has a booger? Okay.

Clint: Yes! And what do you do when you have a booger?

[pause of silence]

Griffin: I mean, I get a tissue and I wipe it discreetly—

Clint: Yeah? Maybe a tissue, but maybe not a tissue? Maybe... a handkerchief or a *pocket square*?

Justin: [titters] I'm not being difficult, I'm just not—I'm not a smart person. I'm sorry. [chuckles]

Griffin: We have these cool new pocket squares and—

Clint: The *red* pocket square?

Justin: [laughs] What are you talking about?

Griffin: How come all of your actions—

Clint: He asked him knowingly?

Justin and Griffin: [chuckles]

Griffin: How come all your actions are dependent on us doing prop comedy?

Justin: [chuckles]

Clint: Because I am a team player!

Griffin: That's not what being a team player means?

Clint: It is very much what a team player is!

Justin: [chuckles]

Clint: It takes two to complete a pass in the NFL. Someone's got to throw it, someone's—

Travis: Yeah, but you're yelling at the quarterback, "Throw it to me! Throw it to me! Throw it to me!"

Justin: You're like mailing the person a letter with where the ball's gonna be if they can solve the rebus. I mean like—

Clint: [chuckles] I guess I gave you too much credit!

Travis: Yeah!

Clint: I don't know?

Travis: You raised a stupid son. [titters] It's kind of your fault, dad.

Clint: Well, I'm sorry.

Justin: I eat my pocket square.

Travis: [laughs]

Clint: No, you don't eat it! Okay.

Travis: [chortles]

Clint: But do you—do you eat it with a flourish?

Justin: I eat it—would I, could I. [chuckles] What? Yes, I daringly eat my pocket square. No, okay—oh! I wave around a red pocket square that I have in my pocket.

Travis: Like telepathy, this is communicated, it's so clear that Lyle, what Rogers is looking for.

Clint: It was the universal move.

Travis: Yeah! Obviously.

Justin: It's like instantly.

Clint: Universal move. And so Roger invokes his ab move, tori a new one. "When somebody waves something red, Roger runs straight at the thing with irresistible force."

Travis: Okay.

Clint: With his goal to be to attack the guys lined up next to Lyle.

Travis: Okay, so you're gonna roll 4d8. And I will tell you this. If you get two successes or less, you will hit people, but you will also hit Lyle, as he is the one waving the red handkerchief. So, if you choose to use time to shine dice, you need three successes or more to not include Lyle in your running into people.

Clint: Then I'm going to use two time to shine dice, because obviously I don't want to make this have bad resonance for Lyle so that he'd never do it again.

Griffin: Yeah, you want it to be a positive—

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Experience.

Clint: I want it to be a positive experience.

Travis: So roll 6d8.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Three successes.

Clint: Three successes!

Travis: A seven, a six and a six.

Clint: You're welcome!

Travis: So there is a cowabunga in there as well. So not only do you spare Lyle, but you are going to take out four of the guys. All four of them that were surrounding Lyle.

Clint: Including the bug expert?

Travis: No, that's Lyle. Lyle was—oh, the one who was looking at the ash beetle? Yeah, you knock all four of 'em away.

Clint: Okay.

Travis: So, Lyle, your pathway has now been—

Clint: Oh, wait! I have something to say.

Travis: Oh, of course you do.

Justin: Oh, good. Good!

Roger: Olé!

Griffin: All right.

Travis: I'm still waiting for dad to say the thing he was gonna say.

Griffin: He said it.

Roger: Olé!

Travis: Uh-huh.

Roger: Molé?

Travis: Oh, okay.

Clint: Oil of olé!

Travis: There it is.

Clint: I don't know?

Travis: Okay, so the two that were—they make their way down the path... where you are now lying in your post-phoon position. And they are going to take swings at you, Navy.

Griffin: Good luck.

Justin: [titters].

Griffin: Oops.

Travis: Do you have any armor, Navy?

Griffin: I don't, I have extra health?

Travis: Okay, good. Because that's three hits from one. And two hits from the other.

Navy: Ow, ow! Ow! Ow.

Griffin: Okay, geez. Yikes. Okay, that's half my health!

Travis: But it is your turn.

Griffin: Man...

Navy: I thought we were gonna take a round off?

Agents: Oh, I thought you meant after we went? To like have it a complete—like you—your half, our half, take a break.

Navy: Just forget the whole thing. This is ridiculous... This is why nobody trusts you guys.

Griffin: I'm gonna press a button.

Navy: No, man, your reputation is dog dirt.

Agents: Aw, man.

Griffin: I'm gonna press a button on my like controller for the splash pack that turns every nozzle frontwards, towards these dudes. And I'm just gonna open her up. And sort of put my back up against this fountain for, you know, leverage. And just really let them have it. Really, really give it to them.

Travis: All right, roll 5d8.

Griffin: I'll add and one—really going through my time to shine dice here, but it seems like this is the time to do it.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: That's gonna be three successes.

Travis: Three successes.

Griffin: A six, a seven, a five.

Travis: So, these guys go blasting back. Not quite to the wall, but it definitely clears you some distance to maneuver.

Griffin: Okay. And I'm gonna get to my feet.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Just so as to not get stomped on by any more bad boys. Can I get on the radio and be like:

Navy: Dr. Killdeath, how's that exfil plan going, pal?

Dr. Killdeath: Yes, it is coming along quite well. I think it's going to be, hm... just a couple more minutes.

Travis: You hear something like sizzle and pop. And he's like:

Dr. Killdeath: Hm, yeah, this is normal.

Navy: Are you cooking right now? Are you cooking like an omelet or something?

Dr. Killdeath: Hm, just some quick back bacon.

Lyle: Will you please—

Dr. Killdeath: It's brain food!

Navy: Dr. Killdeath, I'm—

Lyle: Man, will you please let him cook!

Navy: I'm...

Clint: [chuckles]

Navy: I'm dying. I am dying. So...

Dr. Killdeath: Oh, okay. Cleft, honey, will you watch the back bacon? I need to finish the adjustments on the escape route.

Cleft: Of course, dear!

[theme music plays]

[ad reads]

[theme music plays]

Travis: Okay, Lyle, you're up!

Justin: Hm... this is my moment. This is the moment that I've waited for.

Travis: [sings] This is the moment.

Justin: I'm gonna try to push the... I'm gonna push into the guys that have all crowded around me, that have no idea that I'm here.

Travis: Well, bad news.

Justin: [chuckles] Dang it!

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: I was hoping you've forgotten. Okay, I want to grab the two guys that are closest to me and knock their heads together as hard as I can with my arms and my fists.

Travis: Okay, well, you know what that sounds like to me, Justin?

Justin: Anything's a drum, Trav.

Travis: Anything's a drum! You're playing these boys like symbols. At this point, the improvised melee weapon is the other person's head hitting their head.

Justin: Oh my gosh, and it—and those—that—the way that that like adds to it, it goes back and forth... infinitely. [chuckles]

Travis: Oh, like a Netwon's cradle?

Justin: You know what I mean? Like if both of their heads are the improvised weapon, right? And I get a bonus. That bonus will reciprocate back and forth between those two weapons that are also the things that they are striking. And so that bonus is basically infinite. [chuckles]

Travis: Wow, but that would explode the world?

Justin: [chuckles] Well, no, it will un... it will unmake them.

Travis: I'll say this, you get to roll 3d8. If you roll three eights, you will unmake them.

Justin: [titters] I've wanted a lot of unlikely rolls, but this one...

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Ah! One success. [titters]

Travis: One success. As you bonk them together, one of them is knocked out. But the other one is just kind of... it hurts his head, but it doesn't knock him... unconscious. And he's gonna take a swing at you. But he's only gonna roll 3d8, because his head hurts. He does get two hits, though.

Justin: Wow! Must not hurt that bad.

Travis: He's just mad, mostly. The same two guys at the front line are going to take swings at Lamar... No, no. No hits on Lamar.

Griffin: Wow, where were those roles on my body, on my person?

Travis: That's a great question. Roger, you're up.

Clint: I'm going to—okay, explain one thing to me. The whole... light situation, the—he threw Hatchet Man, right?

Travis: Mm-hm.

Clint: At the ceiling.

Justin: Yes, yes.

Clint: Correct? What did that do?

Travis: It created... they would be hitting with 5d8s, and they're hitting with 4d8s. Because of a circle of darkness. And the ones that have been knocked out of the circle are much slower coming back in, because they're having a hard time seeing.

Clint: Okay. So where is the—is that circle centered around the fountain?

Travis: Yes.

Clint: In the middle?

Travis: And it goes one, two, three, four, five back in each direction. So, you are currently in shadow. And two more of the squares on the grid to the north are also in shadow. Thanks, Roll20.

Clint: Okay. Roger is going to move into the light. Move out of the shadow and into the light. Okay? Is that fair enough?

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Yes.

Clint: Okay, he's going to move out of the shadow, into the light. And is going to do the... . If there's a light source shining on him, like a spotlight, or in this case, the light, I guess, the light from the ceiling, he does a stomping, clapping solo dance on one leg that is impossible for adversaries to ignore. All attention is drawn to the dance. It is irresistible. And he holds all attention for 10 seconds.

Travis: Okay. Roll 4d8 and we're gonna see how many agents' attention you grab.

Clint: Okay, 4d8.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Six and six.

Travis: With a cowabunga, everybody in this area is immediately focused on you.

Agents: That's amazing, man. You must have trained at Juilliard. Maybe Moolliard!

Clint: [sings] Dum-dum-dum-dum-dum-dum-dum-da-da—

Agents: It's incredible! Look at him!

Clint: [sings] Dum! Dum! Dum! Dum! Dum!

Roger: Olé! Away love.

Travis: And that—

Justin: This is sonically just such a—such a lot.

Travis: Lyle, that's gonna leave you clear—

Griffin: It's such a lot.

Travis: To do whatever you'd like to do now.

Justin: What's the status of the two guys whose heads I knocked together? They're... are they dead? Do I need to get a funeral going for them? Or... I can't remember if they died or—

Travis: I mean, you can say... I don't know, last rites or whatever, but I think you just knocked him unconscious. The other one, he has a headache, but he was drawn in by the rhythmic dancing of one Roger Mooer. So right now, you find yourself—

Clint: Remember that? Remember that?

Griffin: Do you remember it?

Justin: No, I remember, dad. It was in my mind's eye, so now I can't ever forget it.

Travis: Now you find yourself unencumbered, unsurrounded, free to move or do whatever you wish.

Clint: I could dance some more?

Travis: Well, you're never gonna not dance again.

Justin: [titters] Dancing forever.

Clint: [sings] Dum-dum-da-da.

Justin: So there's nobody around me, right?

Travis: Correct.

Justin: Okay. And is anybody—who's in the most active—oh, I got it. Perfect. [titters] I know exactly what I'm gonna do. They're just—

Lyle: All right, I'm gonna sit—I'm going to the safest place I can think of!

Justin: And I go and I stand near Lamar!

Clint: Ah-ha...

Lamar: Ah, hey, man.

Lyle: Hey, I'm gonna stand near you!

Lamar: Oh? Okay! Like—

Lyle: I figure if you love protection stuff so much... Next to the big, living shield is like the most killer place for me to be, man. So I just... I just kind of groove it over here!

Lamar: Okay, just watch out, because the shield's kind of unidirectional, you know what I mean?

Lyle: Well, that's fine, because I got something for the guys it can't reach.

Justin: And then I punch the guys nearest Lamar. So, I'm like back-to-back with him. I'm the punching side—

Travis: Oh, okay, great.

Justin: He's the shielding side.

Travis: Because there's a guy that just stepped up to you. You're going to attack him?

Justin: Exactly, right? So I'm going—I'm like Lamar—I'm... I'm kind of like little spooning into Lamar.

Travis: That's beautiful.

Justin: To use his protection on my back.

Travis: That's what every pacifist is looking for, really. Like a really aggressive buddy.

Justin: Someone to—yeah, exactly.

Clint: [chuckles] The yin to yang.

Justin: Yeah, exactly, dad!

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: The pacifist is just waiting for some psychopath to complete them and be all violence.

Travis: Okay, give me—how are you attacking the guy that just stepped to you?

Justin: Oh, I am... does Lamar have anything on him that would be funny?

Travis: Um... give me a second.

Justin: I don't have a minute to think, Travis. I reach into Lamar's pocket and I grab the first thing I can. I gotta improvise a weapon. I pull out my hand, and there in my hand is...

Travis: It's an incense holder in the shape of a ceramic pizza.

Lyle: Smell you later!

Justin: Bung! And then I hit him on the—I hit him in the head as hard as I can with the incense holder.

Travis: Okay, great. Give me an anything's a drum roll with 3d8.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Two successes. Yeah, the ceramic pizza shatters over this guy's head and he goes down.

Lyle: Oh, you looks incensed now.

Griffin: Oh, man, that was good, Juice.

Lamar: I hate that you broke my ceramic pizza, but it was worth it for that line, man.

Lyle: Yeah, sorry, that really stinks.

Travis: And you get a call over the radio.

Dr. Killdeath: Yes, come in, you four, I guess. It's me, Dr. Killdeath—Gregory.

Lyle: Hey, Dr. Killdeath, we're just getting fired up over here with the hurting people, right Lamar?

Lamar: Yeah, I'm not wild about this, man, but... thanks for getting my back.

Lyle: Well, actually, I had no choice but to get your front.

Lamar: Oh, okay.

Lyle: Because, I mean, you were my back.

Lamar: But then you're my back. Ah, you complete me.

Lyle: Whoa. Ouroboros.

Dr. Killdeath: All right, well, it seems like you guys are doing—

Clint: [laughs]

Lyle: Ourobrosos. Hey. Hey. Hey. Hey.

Roger: Oro—yeah—

Lyle: Oro—hey, listen—

Roger: Do it again. Yeah.

Lyle: Everyone, let's get this clean oro-bros—

Roger: Listen.

Lyle: Hey, listen. Shut up, listen. Ourobrosos.

Justin: [titters]

Lamar: Ah, yeah, man.

Clint: [chuckles]

Lyle: Yeah, man!

Lamar: Thanks for hurting people on my behalf.

Lyle: One side's all violence, one side's all chill.

Lamar: You got your peanut butter in my chocolate.

Lyle: Both sides are all vibes.

Lamar: Ah, yeah, dude!

Dr. Killdeath: Oh! Okay, well, I was going to tell you that I finished the modifications and you guys should make your way back in here. But if you're having fun bro'ing, I understand. No rush.

Navy: I'm dying!

Dr. Killdeath: Oh?

Navy: I am.

Roger: Yeah.

Dr. Killdeath: Make your way back into my home.

Navy: Roger, do you need help getting out of there, man? Because it feels like you're lost in the sauce a little bit. And if you stop dancing, you'll be instantly just disintegrated by the 12 dudes around you.

Clint: [chuckles]

Roger: Yes, a bit... weary.

Griffin: All right, can I run over to Roger and try to grab him and like jet pack out of there, and dunk down into the top of the volcano?

Clint: That would be a sweet poster—

Travis: You sure can.

Clint: You know?

Griffin: It's not when you point it out—no, when Michael Jordan goes in for one of his nasty dunks—

Justin: [laughs] Everyone take a picture.

Griffin: On someone, he's never like—

Clint: You don't—

Griffin: Here comes a great poster moment!

Travis: Hey—

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: Take a picture of this.

Clint: You don't think he does that? That's exactly what Michael Jordan did!

Justin: Does. No, does. Use the present—

Griffin: Does, he still does it.

Justin: No, no—

Clint: DNN does.

Justin: You were right the first time, he does it every day on the basketball court, and we don't even put it on TV anymore.

Griffin: No—

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: He's still out there, doing his best.

Justin: He's out there. [chuckles] He's only got half a court, he still does it.

Travis: You run over there. So, I'm gonna have you do first the roll with the splash pack to take off with him.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: And then a roll to see how well the aiming goes.

Griffin: Okay. I'm running out of time to shine dice, so I'm gonna just do this one raw.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: That's okay, though, because that's three successes.

Travis: Three successes.

Clint: Wow!

Travis: Okay, yeah, you're able to get him and launch into the air.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: And so you guys definitely get clear of... you know what? I'm gonna say on three successes...

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Oh no, I stretched Roger out.

Griffin: Oh, geez, wow.

Clint: Oh, wow.

Griffin: Now he's lean beef.

Travis: You are able to make it into the volcano.

Griffin: Amazing.

Clint: Wow.

Griffin: I figure you got Lamar, Ax-o-Lyle. You have—and you're much closer to the door.

Justin: Absolutely.

Travis: So you guys make your way in?

Justin: Yup.

Clint: Yes.

Travis: You reach the inside, and Lamar is guarding the entrance. And he kind of slams his shield down into the ground, creating a bit of a barrier there as you run inside. You guys had knocked everyone back far enough that you have some time here to get into the volcano. And you see Dr. Killdeath standing in his patio area near the fountain. And he says:

Dr. Killdeath: Climb in! Climb in! Climb in!

Travis: And you see that the fountain has opened up into a set of spiral staircase.

Clint: Very Thunderbirds.

Travis: When you reach the bottom of the staircase there, you're in a missile chamber. And he says...

Dr. Killdeath: Yes, I have this saved in case I wanted to do one last attack on the city. But now—

Navy: Wait!

Lyle: What?

Navy: They accommodated that when they built the prison?

Dr. Killdeath: I built it!

Clint: [chuckles]

Dr. Killdeath: It was my plan.

Roger: Oh? Carve it out of soap?

Dr. Killdeath: No, this was just going to be kind of like if City Hall ever got too big for their britches kind of thing. I was gonna call ahead and let them clear out. It was mostly symbolic, a final... fireworks. We don't have time for that. I've modified it, now it will launch you safely out of the prison.

Navy: Oh, gosh... Tell me more about everything you just said because... it will launch us safely out of—is there a landing mechanism on this thing?

Dr. Killdeath: I've aimed it for water.

Lyle: Aimed it? Aimed. Aimed.

Navy: Aimed it for water?

Dr. Killdeath: Yes!

Lyle: How—how—what's your specificity on your aiming there, man? Like how certain are you that we're gonna make it to the splash zone?

Dr. Killdeath: I am very certain.

Lyle: Are you—how certain are you? Like, we will get wet—

Dr. Killdeath: 92%.

Lyle: We may get drenched or where you at?

Dr. Killdeath: 92%.

Navy: Okay. And when you say water, are we talking about like Point Nemo? Like the spacecraft cemetery in the middle of the ocean? Or is it going to be swimmable to land? Or what's—

Dr. Killdeath: No, no, no, I'm sending you back towards land. Listen, would I lie to you?

Lyle: Boy, somebody wanted to flex that he read Mental Floss this morning, huh?

Navy: Hey, I have no stuff about the ocean, okay? I'm an ocean guy.

Lyle: That's absolutely fair.

Navy: Yeah, thank you. All right. So, is there another option maybe? Is there like a high speed rail?

Dr. Killdeath: You could go back out there and keep getting hit a bunch?

Navy: No.

Lyle: Interesting.

Dr. Killdeath: I mean, fight your way out, I guess is the other one.

Griffin: Hey, is... I can never remember this fool's name. It is the River City First officer whose career and life we've ruined. And I should remember his name because of how much—

Travis: Goshua Darnet.

Griffin: Misfortune—thank you so much.

Navy: Is Goshua gonna be okay? Because I think he's still here and he's got like taken—

Dr. Killdeath: Yes, when I spoke to him—

Navy: Are we—

Dr. Killdeath: On the phone, he was definitely taken. But he wouldn't have been taken here, he would have been taken to River City First HQ.

Navy: Okay, cool. Hey, do you want to come with? 'Cause like we actually could probably use some help getting around your old stomping grounds.

Dr. Killdeath: Oh, I'd love to! But I do have a bridge game tonight with Calcugator and Shocktopus. But!

Travis: Any slides you the plans for the HQ.

Dr. Killdeath: This should—this is everything I know. Hopefully they haven't changed much in the remodel.

Navy: Okay, any other questions for...

Lyle: I'm fine, man, it's—

Navy: What are you doing over there, Lyle?

Justin: [titters]

Dr. Killdeath: I hope you're going to the bathroom! There's not one on the rocket.

Lyle: Yeah, I'm sorry, I'm putting on a scopolamine patch.

Justin: [titters]

Griffin: [titters]

Navy: Yeah, important. Wait, hold on, is there like a... is there like a place where we sit in the rocket? Or are we gonna be—

Dr. Killdeath: Yes, I took the warhead out. I took the explosives out. So there should be room for you guys to kind of cram in there.

Lyle: Hey, you took the explosives out so you'd have room for something truly dangerous.

Dr. Killdeath: You?

Lyle: Us.

Dr. Killdeath: Ah—oh.

Lyle: Something truly dangerous... us.

Navy: I don't know who that was for. Like are you trying to intimidate some... Okay, Lamar... are you ready—are you ready to—

Lamar: Hey, man, if Carver's—

Navy: Leave?

Lamar: In trouble, man, I gotta be there for him.

Navy: If Carver's in trouble, you're ready to stand there—

Lamar: And protect him.

Griffin: [laughs] Cool.

Navy: And protect him. Awesome. Let's get rockin', and—

Lyle: Wait. Let's get rockin'—

Navy: What? Let's—okay.

Lyle: And hey, let's... let's rock this—

Navy: Not everything—

Lyle: Let's take out the explosives and fill it with something truly dangerous... Dang it!

Navy: No one's filming this? Do we—is this for the reel?

[Abnimals theme music plays]

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