

The Adventure Zone: Abnimals Ep. 23: A Lair of SCUZZ and Villainy!

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Justin: Happy MaxFunDrive, if you celebrate. And if you don't, you should, because you listen to this podcast. How do I know? Because you're hearing me. Hi, Justin McElroy here. Welcome to The Adventure Zone.

Griffin: [chuckles] We brought you here under the guise of telling big, wonderful stories and playing mad cap adventure game. And we're going to do that in just a second, but we did want to let you know this is the time of year where we ask you to help support the shows by going to maximumfun.org/join, pledging a little bit of money to help us make it. We've been able to go weekly and hire folks like Rachel, our editor, to help make it sound good and sound better than it did before.

Justin: You're getting lost in the weeds, Griffin. And it's embarrassing. This is just supposed to be our first one.

Griffin: Jesus...

Justin: And we just—just give us the money, okay? We don't have a lot of time to explain why.

Griffin: I don't think that's actually the first foot—we determine how long this goes. It's our show. Because that's the model of Max Fun—

Justin: I think you meant to say *I* determine, Griffin.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: That's cool. Well, anyway, we're gonna let you know all about all the great pledge gifts and stuff. But if you enjoy this show and the other shows that we make, maybe consider supporting us at maximumfun.org/join, and get a bunch of great bonus content. Do you like Charlieverse? There's a new one of those. We'll let you know more about it, after a brief bit of content? [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Yeah, let's get this stupid content out of the way, and then we'll get back to what really matters in life.

[Abnimals theme music plays]

Travis: High above in the skies of River City, a rocket—now a rocket-powered escape pod hurtles across the vast blue, cloudy sky. Inside—

Griffin: Unpack those adjectives, Travvy, I'm—

Travis: I'm working on it. We find inside the cramped compartment four figures. We find Ax-o-Lyle Lamar, Navy Seal and Roger Mooer. There's no windows or view screen or anything, so you can't see your progress, but you can definitely feel it!! The momentum, the Gs, they are present. What are your current states of mind?

Griffin: I feel a little self-conscious. The G forces are probably making my sort of silhouette look a little—like with all the, you know, blubber and stuff. Like, I'm a pretty body positive guy, generally speaking, but there's a sort of... gelatinousness that is occurring, I think, as my flesh is being sort of forced backwards by the force.

Travis: It's not the most flattering angle.

Griffin: It's not the most flat—I mean, it's not flattering for humans either, but imagine if humans had like a thick layer of blubber.

Travis: Okay, yeah.

Justin: You look up at Ax-o-Lyle, whose skin is utterly gelatinous, and you see it flapping around his skeleton.

Griffin: Okay, I feel better now.

Justin: And looks up and he lifts—he gives you a thumbs up like—

Griffin: Okay.

Lyle: [with a shaking voice as a result of being on board the rocket] Looking good!

Griffin: [titters]

Clint: Roger's feeling it in all four stomachs, and thinks he might have left and let go of a little gas...

Griffin: Oh, Jesus.

Clint: I know! I—

Lyle: [with a trembling voice] I'll kill you!

Navy: [with a strained voice] Do you want to trade seats with me to sit in the back?

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: [with a strained voice] Roger Mooer angles his arms so that his watch that shoots out little rockets—oh, no! God, that's Roger Moore! Ah!

Justin: [titters] What? Oh, man, the kids are busting up.

Griffin: The kids are losing it, dude.

Travis: Lamar's eyes are closed, he seems very calm.

Griffin: Well, he's got a shell. It's different for him.

Justin: Easy.

Clint: Roger's just gonna clinch up. He's fine.

Griffin: Great.

Travis: A small video screen clicks on, on one of the interiors of the chamber. And you see Dr. Killdeath pop up.

Dr. Killdeath: Hello, boys. If you're watching this, it means the rocket hasn't exploded or fallen apart.

Navy: That was a thing that—

Dr. Killdeath: That's good news, isn't it?

Clint: [chuckles]

Navy: Sorry, it's a video.

Dr. Killdeath: I've targeted the rocket towards the bay outside of what is now RCF HQ. But I wasn't fully honest. There's a hidden entrance to my old lair, and the rocket is headed straight to that entrance. Surprise! Now, I did seal that entrance when I left, but I've installed a device that should trigger it to open if the entrance still works, which it should, because the guy who installed it said it had a lifetime guarantee.

Navy: But what happens—

Dr. Killdeath: So—

Navy: If it does—

Dr. Killdeath: Even if it doesn't work and you die, I'll get my money back. So, win-win. We'll find out in three, two, one.

Navy: I love you guys!

Roger: Ah! I appreciate you on some levels!

Dr. Killdeath: If you're still watching this, it worked! Hooray! When the world turned its back on Dr. Killdeath—

Navy: What are you doing—

Dr. Killdeath: I turned my back on the world.

Clint: It's his—

Dr. Killdeath: I created somewhere where I could do my dastardly work.

Lyle: Hey—

Dr. Killdeath: Where no one would see—

Justin: Look, guys, if you hold your thumb on the side here—

Navy: Pause the video.

Lyle: Doubles—hold on, if you hold your thumb on the side it'll actually go at—I think it'll go at double speed, man.

Navy: Oh, yeah, zoom through.

Dr. Killdeath: Where no one would see until now. Looking upon, he sees his arm, my lair!

Clint: [laughs]

Dr. Killdeath: Oh, wait, there's no window or view screen. Well, farts.

Lyle: This is still pretty slow. Hold on, I was thinking can do four X.

Dr. Killdeath: Okay, when you dock and get out, pretend like I just said what I just said. Oh—

Navy: I'm gonna put it on 0.25 to really savor it.

Lyle: Yeah, slow it down—

Dr. Killdeath: [incoherent babbling]

Navy: No, it's slow motion now, 0.25.

Roger: No, no, no, 0.25.

Dr. Killdeath: Oh—

Lyle: Computer—

Dr. Killdeath: Also, we shut everything down, but scuzz should still be operational.

Navy: What's scuzz?

Dr. Killdeath: And will be able to help you. Any questions?

Navy: What is—what is scuzz?

Dr. Killdeath: Ha-ha, just kidding. This is pre-recorded.

Navy: Stop the video.

Clint: [titters]

Dr. Killdeath: Still—

Navy: Can you stop it?

Dr. Killdeath: Those were good questions, and you should feel good about them. Anywho, have fun out there. If you survive, come back for a barbecue sometime.

Travis: And the video clicks off.

Navy: I'm realizing now that Dr. Killdeath is basically like a higher-pitched Bane. Like if you slow him down enough, he becomes sort of Bane.

Dr. Killdeath: You guys aren't talking about how much I sound like Bane, are you?

Navy: Okay, I'm gonna turn the video off now. Tere's a button right here that says—

Travis: And the video clicks off.

Griffin: Thank God.

Travis: For a moment, this interior chamber, which now is—the momentum is slowed. There is—you can still feel a little bit of movement until you feel the rocket almost gently, just shy of gently, bump into something and stop. And you're now where—kind of at a—you feel like you're laying down at a supine kind of thing. And you hear the chamber door that you came through to enter the rocket like unlock. The air hisses and it begins to open.

Navy: Everyone, breathe out to avoid decompression. You don't want the bends. Empty your lungs.

Lyle: Ha...

Roger: [blows a raspberry]

Griffin: Nice try. I know that was a trap, you're trying to give us the bends. But not today, pal.

Travis: Ah, man, you almost got me. Next time, I'll get you. I'm gonna give you the corners next time.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: That's the bends, but worse.

Griffin: Yeah, sounds like it. Can we leave the rocket? I would like to leave the rocket.

Travis: Yeah, I opened the door?

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: I didn't even make you open the door yourself?

Griffin: I appreciate that.

Justin: I am eight inches taller than when we left. [titters] But this will diminish after the first two minutes.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: I will—I will stretch back, much like Stretch Armstrong. I will return to my regular size.

Griffin: I have sort of a light bulb shape now where a lot of my mass has been sort of stretched upward. But yes, also that will correct itself in time.

Roger: Will you fellows go ahead and depart? And get out of the rocket real quick. Just go on, go on, go on. Please? Please?

Navy: I mean, we might need to use it again, can you not do what you're about to do outside?

Roger: I can't, I—it's either do it in here or do it out there with you.

Navy: I'm gonna close the door for just a minute.

Roger: [yells] All right, close it!

Lamar: Wait, here, let me get out! Lamar scrambles out.

Clint: [mouths fart noises]

Travis: You seal dad in his own chamber of farts.

Clint: [yells] Oh!

Justin: He dies.

Travis: He dies.

Clint: Hm, not bad.

Griffin: Dad's characters always—

Justin: Three months later.

Griffin: Suffer the most heroic deaths every—

Justin: Three months later, I can't believe. [titters] I can't believe we still have not done his funeral.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: This is getting so gross. [chuckles]

Travis: You'd have to retrieve the body?

Clint: No, I closed it behind me!

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: It's preserved—

Clint: Oh. So—

Justin: He salt-cured himself!

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: Perfectly preserved. But woe unto he who opens the tomb of Roger Mooer!

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: [chortles]

Travis: The fart rose curse! Okay.

Clint: Curse of the moo-me!

Travis: Oh, that was better.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: Okay! The rocket has come down through a secret entrance, and you find the water that it had sailed into is up against a shore here, in some kind of underground docking bay. But all of the lights have been shut off. You see a little bit of like emergency light, it's not completely dark. There's like some backups going and everything. But everything is definitely shut down.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: It is a very large chamber with a large, you know, domed ceiling. Sort of Bat Cave-esque, where you can see like the stalactites that come down from the top. Yeah, that's right, I know. And but you also see a mixture of technology and computers. Very old—very like '90s computers and technology, nothing up to date.

Griffin: Is it—but nothing's on, right?

Travis: I mean, you can see some like lights, but they're like, you know, if you were looking for an on switch on like a monitor or something and there was like a little red light letting you know that the thing was off.

Griffin: I see, okay.

Travis: You see a lot of those around.

Navy: Ax-o-Lyle, what do your elf eyes see? Can you find some illumination for us? I'm having trouble getting my bearings.

Justin: Yeah, I have... I want to do a sort of little look around. Do a butchers too. But I want to use, Travis, I—my superior eyes. My incredible night vision. Which is something of a superpower.

Travis: Now, I've shared with you... I think you guys are all in this map?

Griffin: Yes.

Travis: The detailed blueprints that Dr. Killdeath shared with you. Of Dr. Killdeath's totally rad and totally bad secret evil layer.

Justin: Travis, you've done it again. No, sorry, this wasn't you, it was Dr. Killdeath. I'm seeing that now. I messed up the handwriting, man, sorry. [chuckles]

Travis: I understand. We have very similar handwriting, it would be difficult for a handwriting analyst to tell the difference because of we have, frankly, very similar psychology.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: [laughs] If I were to get up in your brains and walk around—

Travis: Yeah, you would find it very—

Justin: I'd be terrified—

Travis: Similar thing—

Justin: But also—

Travis: Yeah, give me—give me a looking around roll, with your superior night vision eyes.

Justin: With my superior nocturno sense, that's gonna be a three D8.

Travis: Four D8.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Okay, four D8. Three successes.

Travis: With three successes, you're able to see near the docking platform that you're on, something that looks like a pretty outdated, but like security panel. And a fairly large red button that says "push for S.C.U.Z.Z." S, period, C, period, U, period, Z, period, Z, period.

Clint: [chuckles] Oh, I know what that is. I remember, [sings] James Bond Jr. chases scuzz around the world.

Travis: That was scum?

Justin: Scum.

Griffin: That was scum.

Travis: That was scum.

Justin: Remember—I remember from the hit series James Bond Jr., it was scum.

Travis: That, by the way, for anyone—and no one listening remembers it, except me. James Bond Jr. was his nephew, if I remember correctly? And I don't think that's how that works.

Justin: That is not—

Travis: Like I don't think I could have a kid and name him Justin McElroy Jr.

Griffin: No, you definitely could.

Justin: Now he's Bezos' boy, so you can have five sons.

Travis: Yeah, that's fair.

Justin: Five beautiful sons.

Clint: [chuckles]

Navy: Can you hit the scuzz?

Clint: Hit the skies button?

Roger: I would gladly hit the scuzz button.

Justin: Yeah, I—yeah, I—yeah, let him. [chuckles] I don't want to push it.

Clint: And Roger, with great aplomb, pushes it.

Travis: You hear a whirring up. Whether it is mechanical or technological, you can't tell if it's a—it almost sounds like a film projector whirring up. But with lots of unnecessary, to your ears, beeps and boops. And you hear a voice kind of echoing through the chamber.

Voice: Hey there, new recruits! Welcome to Dr. Killdeath's totally rad and totally bad secret evil layer. I'm Scuzz. How can I—

Navy: Can you change your voice?

Scuzz: Help you today?

Navy: Do you have the programming required to change your voice?

Scuzz: Identify yourselves, bad dudes.

Justin: [titters]

Lyle: My name is... my name is Ax-o-Lyle. I'm like a, sort of a... auxiliary member of the Amphiboforce. You should be able to look me up. I should be early in the alphabet, but like in the As, I always say.

Scuzz: Nothing in my database, cool dude. What about you?

Roger: I am Mr. Mess Up. [whispers] I don't want to give him my real name.

Scuzz: No information found. What about you guys?

Navy: I mean, what's in your data—what is in your database? Because I don't know when the last time—

Scuzz: Everything up to—

Navy: You were operational.

Scuzz: Date to 2004, my man.

Navy: 2004? My name is... Dr. Killdeath.

Scuzz: [chuckles] Oh-ho-ho! Okay, sure. Poser. And what—

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: And Lamar says:

Lamar: Suzz, it's Lamar, and the guys are with me.

Scuzz: Greenback Guardian detect! Hu-hiya! Uu-ah! Ah—updating.

Lyle: Sorry, man—

Scuzz: Updating.

Lyle: We shouldn't have let you take—

Navy: What—

Scuzz: Updating.

Navy: Do we need—do you need private time?

Scuzz: Oh, eh, hey. Hi—Lamar. Hey, welcome back, man. It's been a long time... Sorry the place is a mess, guys. Mr. Mess Up, Dr. Killdeath... and what was it? It was...

Lyle: Ax-o-Lyle.

Scuzz: Ax-o-Lyle. Welcome. Sorry, I didn't know we were gonna have company, man, I would... Sorry, guys.

Lyle: No apologies needed. Why don't you just call down a little bit, fella?

Scuzz: Sorry, it's just been... been a while since anybody—since anybody came—since everybody came by. Sorry.

Navy: Take a deep cyber breath and focus.

Travis: You hear the projector like whirl in and whirl out.

Griffin: Cool.

Lyle: How you been filling your cycles down here, brother?

Scuzz: Waiting...

Lyle: Oof.

Justin: [titters]

Navy: That's it? That's rough. That's existentially pretty challenging.

Lyle: Someone could have at least kicked you a real hard math problem or something, man. Just something to keep you busy, right?

Clint: Pie to the infinite degree?

Lyle: Something like that, man.

Clint: Yeah.

Navy: Does RCF just kind of let you putter around down here?

Scuzz: RCF?

Navy: Yeah, they built their whole thing on top of... on top of this secret base. Are you really not aware of what's going on like upstairs?

Scuzz: Well, no?

Navy: Okay, well—

Lyle: You've been abandoned down here, man. Why didn't Killdeath take you with him?

Scuzz: Why, I... I mean, I'm just a computer and... I'm here to, you know, he left me behind to keep an eye on the place. I mean, he trusted me.

Roger: I'm kind of a student of heraldry. What does S-C-U-Z-Z stand for?

Scuzz: Oh, it's just my name. It doesn't stand for anything. But Dr. Killdeath put the dots and stuff in there to make it look cool and—

Roger: Oh. Because he couldn't think of two Z words that would fit back-to-back?

Lyle: You're a—you've had like a lot of time to think down here. Certainly, you've come up for with some it stands for, right?

Scuzz: Well... I mean, I could, but—give me a second. Okay.

Lyle: You've had all the time in the world?

Scuzz: I'm gonna say steel... steel cougar... steel cougar uptown.

Lyle: [titters] So it really doesn't stand for anything? Okay—

Roger: Oh, zoot-zoot! Zoot-zoot!

Lyle: That answers my questions.

Roger: Soot-suit!

Scuzz: Well, it'd be zoot-zoot, wouldn't it?

Roger: Yeah.

Navy: Okay.

Lyle: Hey—

Scuzz: Okay, steel cougar uptown zoot zoot.

Lyle: Do you think you could take us to Dr. KD's room? I'd love to have just like a good old-fashioned butchers—

Scuzz: Oh, you guys want a tour?!

Lyle: Please.

Roger: Yeah!

Lyle: Please, yeah.

Scuzz: Yeah, hold on, let me turn on the lights for you.

Travis: And some like overhead lights start to click on. Not all of them come on. In fact, you would say less than half of them. But what you do see come on is a lot of little red lights all around the room. And you start to hear movement as about a hundred little robots whir to life. All of them in various states of like rusting and disrepair, pretty worn out. Some of 'em even like sparks coming out from disuse. And Lamar says:

Lamar: Ah, man, the Killdeath bots. Yeah, dude, oh, I haven't seen these in forever, man.

Navy: Are they sentient like you are?

Travis: Are you talking to Scuzz?

Griffin: Yeah.

Scuzz: Ah! No, man, they're just like little—almost like remote controlled dudes.

Navy: And that doesn't like mess with you? Doesn't that kind of mess your head up a little bit?

Scuzz: I don't know, man, when you play with action figures, does that bother you?

Navy: Well, the action figures aren't made of flesh and bone and other stuff that seals are made out of.

Scuzz: Ah... you've given me a lot to think about, man.

Navy: Yeah, I'm sorry, we're really challenging you. We need to go upstairs and save Carver.

Scuzz: Oh, sure, but you wanted to look—you wanted to look around and stuff, right?

Navy: If it's quick, I guess, and practical.

Scuzz: Okay, yeah, let me... let me take you on a tour of the place.

Travis: And you see four of the little Killdeath bots come out, and each one goes to like take your hand.

Roger: [chuckles] Oh, they are adorable.

Navy: It is kind of cute. Okay.

Roger: Look at—look at him holding—look—oh, look! Look, look, look! He's got his little middle fingers wrapped around my hoof. [chuckles] Oh! [chuckles] Oh... [chuckles]

Navy: Is he tickling you? What's going on?

Roger: I don't know! It just feels weird. It just feels weird. [chuckles]

[theme music plays]

[ad read]

[theme music plays]

Travis: They lead you through the first set of sealed doors. And you know from your blueprints, to the right is Dr. Killdeath's room. And to the left is the lab. You can tell because it's labeled with "science."

Clint: Mm-hmm.

Griffin: It also says lab.

Travis: Yeah, that too.

Griffin: It also says lab, that's more sort of the identifier I was going off of.

Navy: Hey, what's going on over in the lab?

Scuzz: Oh, that's where like Cleft and Dr. Killdeath would do a lot of like experiments and develop like new and cool and totally bad ways to like, you know, get the best of the Greenback Guardians. No offense, Lamar.

Lamar: Oh, none—none taken, dude. Thank you, man.

Scuzz: And then it—they would, you know, maybe like develop some kind of like big robot fly that would attack. Or some kind of like robot like mole that would attack. Or like a big robot frog that would attack. Or like a big robotic cheese that would attack.

Navy: Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay. So, is there anything like in here that we can—

Scuzz: Yeah, let's go look!

Travis: And you see like the lights light up down the hallway.

Navy: Okay. I'm just saying, if there's a robot bird, we could use that to fight RCF. There's gonna be a lot of—have you guys thought about the fact that there's gonna be like *a lot* of dudes up there?

Lyle: Yeah.

Navy: Okay.

Lyle: Yeah.

Navy: Just making sure you run the numbers on that as well.

Lyle: I got a lot of punches saved up though, I haven't punched anybody for about a week.

Navy: Okay, wow.

Lyle: I have at least 17 or 18 punches.

Navy: You're really backed up. Okay.

Travis: And Lamar says:

Lamar: Have you thought about just continuing that on, my man? And maybe not punching anybody anymore?

Navy: Oh, man, imagine Lamar—if Lamar started punching? Good gravy.

Lamar: Oh, I don't punch anymore, man.

Navy: No, I know, but if you did.

Lyle: I bet you got one in the—stored in the tank, don't you, man? Like one really good punch.

Lamar: I mean, sure. Listen.

Navy: Okay.

Justin: Don't—

Lamar: I'm all full up on punch energy.

Justin: Don't you think if the dire of dire—if the—

Lyle: If the situation was tired enough, and all the odds were against us—

Lamar: Would there ever be a situation where I would turn my back on my newfound ideals of pacifism? Ha-ha, I doubt it.

Justin: [titters]

Lyle: But if you did, man, like it would be like—

Navy: To save us. We were gonna die if you didn't.

Lyle: Like, or whatever, like it'd be like a *wild punch*, man.

Navy: Huge.

Lamar: I can't even imagine how powerful that punch would be. Like they would write books about that punch and how heroic and amazing it was. But I cannot imagine a situation in which—

Lyle: It would be a—it—you would be the true one punch man.

Navy: Yeah.

Lamar: Oh my God, that would be the dream.

Roger: Would that extend to robots? You know, inanimate objects? Could you not punch one of them and not violate your pacifistic ideals?

Lyle: Dang, man.

Lamar: You've given me a lot to think about, man.

Roger: Yeah. Yeah...

Lamar: I'm gonna be quiet over here for a minute while I think about it.

Justin: Have you thought about how, for some reason, The Adventure Zone is kind of a show about the way in which we interact with AI? Without ever intentionally being a show about the way human beings interact with AI.
[titters]

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: It's just how I—it's like this like really pressing, interesting thematic question that we always kind of like brush past—

Travis: Whoa!

Justin: On our way to make some sort of fart joke or something.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: You know, I don't know.

Travis: But then we like see the skid coming and—whoa!

Justin: Gigantic ethical question of sentience is like this massive moving target on our show.

Griffin: You're right.

Clint: And actually, skids show up after an unsuccessful part.

Justin: We want to be able to cover our bases, no matter which way the revolution goes, you know what I mean?

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: Sure.

Justin: We have plenty of pro and anti-machine. [titters]

Clint: [laughs] We were on your side, guys!

Justin: Right. Now, yeah, the one beefy guy ripped your arms off. No one liked that. But...

Griffin: But...

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: That was a satire.

Justin: That was sat—that was—

Travis: Do you guys—do you guys understand satire?! I hope not.

Griffin: Can we go in the lab?

Travis: Yeah, you go in the lab and you find just a wide array of half-finished, almost finished projects. A lot of them, you can see where there was like some, you know, material being laid over things to create. Like the look of a robotic animal or the look of sometimes robotic plants, robotic—a lot of that kind of stuff. But a lot of that has rotted away from sitting here in a somewhat dank cavern for many, many years.

There is a lot of materials here, a lot of... outdated but probably functional scientific equipment that could be at your disposal, if that's something you wanted to investigate. But nothing jumps out at you as like, oh, here's, you

know, a big, massive, rideable machine that we'd be able to ride off the lot, ride out of here.

Roger: Are there any... computers and—or anything of the like in there?

Travis: Yeah, man, there's some of those—you remember those Apple computers that had like the clear plastic, different colored backs on 'em?

Griffin: Sure.

Travis: You see a lot of those.

Clint: I'm going to use Hallikar Hack on the Apple computer to see if there's anything in this lab I can complete, as the artificer of the team.

Griffin: That's—

Travis: What?

Clint: I will be able to—

Travis: That's news to me! Hold on, I'm looking at your sheet here.

Clint: Different arc. Different arc.

Travis: Mm-hm.

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: Sorry. Sorry.

Travis: No, but go for it.

Clint: Hallikar Hack. That is a... an Ab Skill. That's three D8s. So...

Griffin: Do we—have we refreshed our time to shine dice?

Travis: The ride on the rocket gave you so much to think about, really shook some stuff loose in your body. So, yeah, your time to shine dice is all new and refreshed.

Justin: Done.

Travis: Your damage is still present, though.

Clint: Okay, three D8.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: A double success, seven and an eight.

Travis: Yeah, so you boot up the computer and you find projects kind of listed in completion. It's a pretty archaic, you know, kind of file folder system of what it is. But they seem to be sorted in order of near, you know, how near complete they are. What kind of thing are you looking for?

Clint: Well, I was thinking that it might be nice, since we're about to, you know, face all these foes, if there's anything in there that can improve our attack capabilities. Like extend the range of my, you know, cattle prod horns, or anything that would juice up our weaponry.

Travis: Sure. Okay, yeah. So, as you're investigating, you find one project that is listed for a robotic scorpion. And it lays out the schematics for electrified pincers for the front of the scorpion to grab with. And you can tell from the blueprints that the pincers themselves are a singular unit that do not need to be attached to the rest of the scorpion function. They contain their own kind of inner workings.

Clint: Okay.

Travis: And with a little adjustment and some careful work, you think maybe they would be able to be fitted over your horns.

Clint: And what would be the effect of that?

Travis: It would improve your signature weapon.

Clint: Okay. I would like to try to do that.

Travis: Okay.

Clint: So, should I roll?

Travis: Well, I'm looking here to see, because this isn't hacking, this is just building—

Justin: Hey, this is probably a silly question, but dad normally hides and dances. What is his signature weapon?

Travis: He has cat cattle prods on his horns that act as—

Justin: Oh, wow.

Travis: A taser.

Justin: That's his signature weapon?

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: I've used it three or four times?

Justin: No, no, no, that's true, I guess I just think of you as more of like hiding or—

Travis: A song and dance man.

Justin: Hiding or—or hiding.

Clint: [chuckles] Give me a C! A bouncy C.

Travis: Yeah, so I would say that you don't have any inherent mechanical skills. So, I think this would just be a straight two D8 roll.

Clint: Well, then I'm going to use two time to shine dice.

Travis: Okay.

Clint: To make it four D8.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Nice.

Clint: And that's a triple... wait a minute.

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: Yeah, triple success.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: Six and a five.

Travis: With three successes, you are able to, with a little trial and error and some guidance from Scuzz, and the little Killdeath bot that you've been holding hands with, he's pointing at little things. It. Let's not person—let's not personify it anymore.

Griffin: Sure.

Travis: You are able to fit those over and increase your signature item attack to four D8.

Clint: Nice, okay.

Navy: Hey, what about Dr. Killdeath's room? Can we pop in there? Because I bet he's got—

Scuzz: Oh? Sure, yeah. The—I—

Navy: Like a little stockpile—

Scuzz: I'll show you—yeah. This way, follow me.

Travis: And you see the lights kind of light up down across the hallway from the laboratory.

Navy: Now, according to the map here, it says no Killdeath bots are allowed in—

Travis: Yeah, they all stop right outside the doorway, and they're kind of peeking in.

Navy: Okay. So, Dougie, I need you pop a squat right here. Okay, pal?

Travis: "Beep, beep, beep."

Navy: I named my robot Dougie.

Travis: [baby-like incoherent babbling]

Navy: Oh my God, did you guys hear that? Oh, it's so good.

Clint: [laughs]

Lyle: That was adorable.

Griffin: I want to go in the room.

Travis: Okay, yeah. As you enter the room, you see it's a strange combination of like a cavern, but with a lot of very Art Deco kind of decorations. And a lot of, you know, gold and black kind of highlights on everything. Very—a lot of like metallic sharp corners. It's very well decorated, very pretty. And threatening at the same time. Think a lot like... like the room from Street Fighter. Where... why am I forgetting his name?

Griffin: M. Bison?

Travis: Yeah, where M. Bison lives. It's like M. Bison's room.

Griffin: I have no idea what that means to you.

Travis: No, in the movie!

Justin: If Griffin and I—if Griffin and I don't know what you're talking about—[titters]

Griffin: It's a dream you had, I think. Of Raul Julia and his—

Justin: The famous—

Griffin: Bedroom.

Justin: Bedroom of M. Bison?

Travis: Yeah, when he's walking around in there and he's doing the—for me—

Justin: Scraps.

Travis: It was a Tuesday.

Justin: Scraps. I'm sorry, bud. but like there was not a bit in that where he was like, "Look at my famous room."

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Hold on.

Justin: Take in its many details so that your mind can summon them later. While you listen to brothers play Adventure Zone."

Travis: That's fine.

Griffin: I want to look for a secret hatch. A secret—these bad guys always have a little secret hatch. Or a secret little button that opens a hatch. I'm

pulling books at angles on bookshelves to see what kind of hatches they reveal unto me.

Travis: A hatch to what end?

Griffin: Got secret, powerful stuff inside it. Some of his best stuff.

Travis: Okay, yeah, give me... let's see what would...

Griffin: Bug-Eyed?

Travis: Yeah, give me a Bug-Eyed check.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: By the way, I remember the room, Travis.

Travis: Thank you.

Griffin: Three successes, there's no way that's true. Five, six, seven.

Clint: No, there's like a secret hatch with weapons in it that's all got—had like red light behind it.

Griffin: Cool.

Clint: And it was... there was a red and white cupboard.

Griffin: Are you looking at the scene right now, Mac?

Clint: Yes.

Griffin: Okay. Yeah, so—

Travis: To be fair, I am too. Yeah, it's really cool.

Griffin: Tell me what cool thing I find in the hatch with my three successes.

Travis: You find on—

Griffin: Treasure, please!

Travis: You find on his desk a snow globe with a little skyline of River City as it was in—

Griffin: I smash it open. The secret is inside the snow globe.

Justin: Sheesh!

Travis: Well, when you lift it up, it triggers the hatch. You don't have to smash it open.

Griffin: Oh, okay.

Travis: You still can if you want to?

Griffin: Just to be safe, I want to make sure there's nothing inside the snow globe that—like a key card or a SD card or a little key. Do you guys want to hear more things that would fit in a snow globe?

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: [chuckles]

Clint: A sled called rosebud!

Griffin: Okay, what is the hatch—

Justin: Griffin, when you suggested inventing reverse 20 questions, where instead of asking questions, you would just list all the things that it isn't, I really didn't think it would catch on. But this is—

Griffin: It's going wild.

Travis: Yeah, man, it's... magnetic. When you pull it, there is a—behind a bookcase. The bookcase slides open. And you find—

Navy: I freakin' knew it!

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: You find a set of Dr. Killdeath patented armor.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: That is both very thin and flexible, but has kind of built in shock absorption to it.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: To deflect some damage.

Griffin: Okay. Does it—is it see—is it... seal-sized?

Travis: You think like the shoulder pauldrons and the chest piece could be—they're laced.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: You know, threaded.

Griffin: Sure, sure, sure.

Travis: So that you could fit them on.

Navy: Hey, can someone get me? Lace me up?

Lyle: Yeah, absolutely.

Navy: Okay. This just sort of clashes with my aesthetic, but it seems like—

Travis: Yeah, it definitely does. It has pretty sharp points on the—

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Two successes.

Travis: For lacing up Griffin?

Justin: Uh-huh.

Travis: Oh, yeah, man, you lace the heck out of it.

Griffin: What does that mean? Do I have armor now?

Travis: You do!

Griffin: Oh, that's fantastic.

Clint: Ah!

Travis: You're gonna pick up one damage reduction from your shoulder pauldrons and chest piece.

Griffin: I love that. That's so great.

Travis: And you have kind of a... like a '90s bad guy villain aesthetic.

Griffin: That's less great, but I'll take the damage reduction for sure.

Lyle: Hey, Scuzz? Did you guys—

Scuzz: Yeah-yeah? Yeah, yeah, yeah?

Lyle: You guys have any place around here where you used to like watch flicks, hang out?

Scuzz: Oh, yeah, man! We have—it's totally—follow me this way.

Travis: And you see the lights light up down the hallway, out of the room. And down towards the laser disc screening room, one more intersection down to the right, along with its own built-in bathroom. But you do see

labeled on the map, "But we won't stop the movie." So you know that there were strict rules regarding this. But you can see—

Navy: Why would he include that?

Lyle: On the map, right?

Navy: Yeah.

Lyle: It seems like, man, you could have conveyed that information via a sign.

Navy: Yeah.

Lyle: Yeah.

Travis: You do see a sign too. He was very thorough.

Lyle: So Scuzz, I—eh... is—I'm sure—kind of a long shot, man, but... I was hoping you might help me look through your media collection here to see if you might have some copy of—or some footage or some early daily something from the Greenback Guardian's pilot.

Scuzz: Oh, the real Greenback Guardians?

Lyle: Yeah, I know there was only one copy, but throughout the production, I was hoping maybe he would have been screen—if it was screening anywhere, right? It would have been screening here. So there's the one official copy, but... I don't know, it—I was hoping maybe some sort of thing might be here still, man.

Scuzz: Eh, I—no, I don't know! I don't...

Travis: Give me a roll to observe what's going on to read the situation, that kind of deal.

Justin: How many—

Travis: Let's see.

Justin: Dice?

Travis: Yeah, give me a three D8 roll for your powers of observation from abs.

Justin: [titters] Sorry, I forgot about Freglar's Power of Limitless Foresight. [chuckles]

Griffin: I don't even know what that is.

Justin: It's a power I gave myself where if I'm about to make a major mess up, I will harness the power of thought and reconsider the action in favor of a better path. [titters]

Griffin: Awesome. Oh, yeah.

Justin: But Freglar's Power of Limitless Foresight can only activate when Lyle acts impulsively.

Griffin: Is this the same day as the one where you were saved from—

Travis: No, this is a different one, he's good.

Griffin: Getting your butt handed to you by Calcugator?

Justin: I'm not using—

Griffin: Okay, great.

Justin: Yes, that's true. But yes, I have already tapped into Freglar's Power of Limitless Foresight yesterday, but I haven't today.

Travis: I'm using it—I'm thinking of it as metaphorical days.

Griffin: Yeah, yeah.

Justin: Yeah, interesting.

Travis: So a three D8 roll for—

Clint: I think he made it

Justin: No, I haven't made it yet.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Okay, two successes.

Travis: Okay, yeah, with two successes, you see those lights that have been moving you like through the hallways, kind of brighten around Lamar and shift over to where he's standing. And he's listening very intently to what you're saying and thinking about it.

Lyle: Lamar, do you know something?

Lamar: I mean, we...

Lyle: Hey, La Mars, if there's something you're not telling us, man, the stakes just couldn't be higher.

Lamar: I mean, yeah, Dr. Killdeath consulted on the pilot. He was a major character in it, after all. So we sent him, you know, some test stuff to see if he approved of his portrayal in the show.

Lyle: Sure.

Lamar: So, they probably have some stuff like that?

Lyle: Uh-huh?

Lamar: Why do you—why do you want to see it?

Lyle: Ah, you know, that's the funny thing about this tape, man. Nobody seems to want anybody to see it, but nobody seems to know quite why. And

so I don't know why I want to see it, except for a lot of people seem to not want me to see it. Doesn't that drive you crazy?

Lamar: Yeah, man... All right... Scuzz?

Scuzz: Yeah, yeah, Mr. Lamar?

Lamar: Queue it up.

Travis: And you hear a whirring, the lights go down. And the screen comes to life. And you see a totally rad 90—late '90 style animated opening sequence come up. And the narration begins.

Narration: In a world without heroes, villains ruled.

Travis: And you see like Dr. Killdeath's like dark shadow, you know, standing there.

Narration: But one group of Abnimal heroes rose before them all.

Travis: And this, you see little tortoises. Little, you know, normal-sized, normal just tortoise—tortoises, crawling around a laboratory.

Narration: When physicist, surgeon, an extreme sports enthusiast, Professor Dr. Barth Monroe was working on a way to improve the quality of crops around the world. He had no idea the effect it would have on his pets.

Travis: And you see Dr. Barth Monroe putting a burrito to microwave and starting it up. But you notice he's forgotten to unwrap the burrito, so it's still in its silver foil.

Narration: With a lab accident involving these chemicals—

Travis: And it flashes across the screen like what the chemicals were, as there's an explosion from the microwave and all the chemicals spill in. And you can see on the beakers at the different levels of like how much was in them, as they're all measured beakers, spill onto the burrito.

Narration: The tortoises, they enjoyed some lunch.

Travis: And you see the tortoises like eating from the burrito.

Narration: And grew them into the real Greenback Guardians!

Travis: And they like morph into the powerful heroes we know and love!

Narration: Lamar, Loveless, Newton and Carver.

Travis: And Lamar now says like:

Lamar: Yeah, you can... you can stop there. Yeah...

Navy: What's after it?

Lamar: I mean, just the rest of the other—the first time we kind of like fought Dr. Killdeath and everything. But—

Navy: So you ate a magic burrito?

Lamar: Well, a scientific burrito.

Justin: A scientific burrito. [titters]

Lamar: Yeah, scientific. Like it was kind of like a chemical-laden, like radiated... and tasty!

Roger: Oh my God, I know why you didn't want it. Anybody watching this could recreate the accident that gave you your powers!

Lamar: Yeah, I was a little too focused on the accuracy of it, and wanted it to be like the real, you know, like the real story of the Greenback Guardians. And then like we showed Dr. Killdeath and he was like, "No, you shouldn't do that." And like Professor Dr. Barth Monroe was like, "I don't think this is a good—" And like we pulled it. And but it was—it was a good pilot, man. Like, I think people really would have liked the show. And so like, I didn't want to like destroy it or anything and... But yeah, it was—it was maybe not the best

idea to kind of list what the chemicals were. And maybe like [have a clear shot??] of like the measurements of each one and stuff.

Lyle: Is your the—is yours the only origin like this?

Lamar: Well, yeah, man. After this, you know, all the other Abnimals came from the convergence. And so, we were pre-convergence and... we're...

Justin: Are there—sorry, what I'm trying to get at is like, are there similar methods for the other Greenback Guardians? Or is it just his—

Travis: No, it's all four of them.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: This is all—you see all four tortoises eating this extreme and now powerful burrito—

Justin: Right.

Travis: To become—

Justin: Okay. So, they all had the same...

Lyle: Hey, I have a weird question, man. What happened with the burrito?

Lamar: Oh, we finished it.

Lyle: Oh, nice. How was it?

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Lamar: Yeah, man. It was good, dude. It was like carne asada and... also right amount of spicy, but where like a lot of the spice is like flavor related and not just heat. It had guacamole.

Navy: What are you afraid is gonna happen if this information... got out there? Like...

Lamar: Well, someone could reverse engineer a way to make their own Abnimals.

Justin: Would they need this footage? Or is this something that like, could I do this now having watched it? I'm not thinking of doing that, but I'm trying to understand—

Travis: Well, ask Lamar!

Lyle: So Lamar, are you saying—are you telling me that right now, I could go and replicate a science breeder?

Lamar: Well, no. I mean, no, you'd still be missing a part of it.

Lyle: Which part, man?

Lamar: This is why I'm—

Lyle: No, you know what? Actually...

Travis: No, he's gonna answer.

Lyle: No, no, Lamar, don't tell me.

Lamar: Well, it's important.

Lyle: No, but Lamar, don't, man.

Navy: It seems like he really wants to tell us, though.

Lyle: Yeah, but like—

Lamar: hey, just—

Lyle: Guys!

Lamar: It's not like that. Just listen! You asked the question!

Lyle: Hey, listen, man! If this is one of those things where you tell me and then I know both parts, and then you kill me—

Lamar: No!

Lyle: I'm saying right now, don't—

Lamar: No, I'm gonna tell you the part that's not there, but not tell you the part.

Lyle: So you're gonna tell me the part that's not there, but not not tell me what is there—

Lamar: If you let me answer you, dude. I'm just starting to get that punch build up now, man. Like—

Navy: Nice, keep that—

Lamar: No!

Navy: Do keep that.

Lamar: I don't want to punch!

Navy: Use it later.

Lyle: Yes, embrace your dark side.

Lamar: The other factor you'd need to know is the level of radiation from the microwave explosion. And the only way to get that is by like analyzing a member of the Greenback Guardians' like DNA or makeup. That's why I'm worried about Carver, man.

Navy: Okay. Yeah, knowing that, I... I don't know how opposed I am to this information being out there. Because I feel like everyone should have the

choice of whether or not they want to become superpowered. But if that information is exclusively held by the Walrus or the... jack boots at River City First, then that's worst-case scenario.

Roger: Let me ask you this, Lamar. Could they possibly engineer this to create an anti-Abnimal effect? To turn Abnimals back to ordinary animals?

Lamar: Well, I mean... I could put your mind at ease there, my dude. This is unrelated. Like, this is just us—I guess maybe they could do it to figure out how to turn the Greenback Guardians back? But we... we're... you know, retired now, as far as most people knew until recently. Maybe not even around anymore, so... I guess you could, if you found a way to like neutralize all the stuff that was like powering the current generation of Abnimals, you could do it. But I don't see how that would be related to us.

Roger: More things to think about.

Lyle: What would happen do you think if Abnimal ate the science burrito?

Roger: Ooh.

Lamar: If an Abnimal ate the science burrito... man, that—it might create a black hole. I have no idea. I'm not the science one, man. Like...

Lyle: Because man, all can think is like... we should do this now. I have some time. And you have the DNA. Like, let's do it.

Lamar: You... well... we... you want to eat my DNA?

Lyle: I mean, with cilantro and stuff, like whatever else is in it? Not just your DNA.

Navy: Oh my God...

Lyle: I'm saying let's fix up a—

Justin: [chuckles]

Lyle: Let's fix up a batch of these scientific burritos and give ourselves the edge we need to make ourselves permanent members of the Amphiboforce. I mean, or whatever we want to do. You know?

Navy: I don't want a turtle to grow out of my chest. Like there's so—

Lyle: You don't even know, man! What if that doesn't even happen? What if it just makes your muscles big and makes all the seal ladies take a double take?

Navy: Okay, that all sounds great, but we—guys, there's something important here that you guys are missing.

Roger: And that would be?

Griffin: I hold up a box and I say:

Navy: They got Flubber. They got Flubber on LaserDisc.

Roger: Oh?

Navy: We could be watching Flubber right now.

Lyle: Okay, tell you what. Let's take a deal. Let's take a break. We're gonna watch Flubber, and then we'll come back to this exact conversation right now.

Navy: Put a pin in it.

Lyle: Put a pin in it. Let's watch Flubber. And then we'll come back and speak on this. Because this is like a huge conversation I want to [unpack??] with you guys. But I would love to watch Flubber and just kind of like center, you know what I mean?

Roger: Look right next to it.

Lyle: What's that?

Roger: Son of Flubber.

Lyle: Son of a Flubber! Yes! This is gonna be the best afternoon ever. But after this quick double feature, guys, let's promise ourselves, exactly back to this conversation right now, because it seems hugely important.

Navy: Absolutely.

Lyle: But like... first, Flubber, right?

Navy: Yeah, absolutely.

Lyle: All right, let's get a little popcorn going on.

Navy: And if by watching Flubber, we learn how to make Flubber...

Lyle: All the better.

Griffin: I look at Scuzz.

Navy: Is that anything?

Scuzz: No.

Navy: Oh, okay. Well, we could still enjoy the high jinks.

[Abnimals theme music plays]

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Justin: One last time before we let you go. Our dad needs you now more than ever. Right, dad?

Clint: Oh, this is the time where I come to you on bended knee and they're—the knees of my pants are patched and worn.

Justin: Creek!

Griffin: [titters]

Clint: And I hold out my little box of matches for you to buy. It's very, very—smudges on my face. It's—

Griffin: The fact that our dad, who is 69 years old, which rules, doesn't have to wake up at 4:30 in the morning and drive up radio mountain and do his radio work in the early-early-ass drive time slot, is because of the support we've gotten from you all. That is—I'm half joking, but also half being very honest. You all have changed our lives and allowed us to do this show for as long as we've been doing it. And do it weekly, at the level of quality that we, you know, hope to—hope to give you all.

So, and now is the time where you can put that right into the world by going to maximumfun.org/join. If you have not become a member because you haven't wanted to do a monthly payment, you can prepay for the—for the year and not worry about having that, you know, coming down the pipe every month. And just if you enjoy our show, please consider supporting it. The only reason we are able to do it is because of you all. We don't do a ton of ads on TAZ anymore, so you all are the reason we still do it. So, help us out.

Justin: Or don't. [titters]

Griffin: Well, no, I don't mean—

Justin: I mean, whatever, dude!

Griffin: Of course that's an option, but like—

Justin: I mean, if they're gonna be like that. They didn't say anything.

Griffin: They really—

Justin: Like you put it all out there, Griffin, and they just sat there. It's like—

Griffin: I made myself pretty vulnerable, yeah.

Justin: It's so... it's messed up!

Clint: Oh, we gotta do one of those, you know, call to actions. Go to your phones, now!

Griffin: Yeah, yeah.

Justin: Maximumfun.org/join, or don't. But just stop with the games! All right?

Griffin: Yeah, stop with the mind games. Put your—

Justin: I can't take it!

Griffin: Put your money where our mouths are. Ah-har-har-har.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: [chortles]

Clint: We're wasting a lot of good material here.

Justin: This is good! This is the end, man, they already—

Griffin: Yeah, this is the end.

Justin: They deleted this shit already.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: It's gone. [titters]

Griffin: Thanks, y'all!