

The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula – Episode 1

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[dramatic piano music plays]

Dracula: Dear diary. How come everybody wants to kill Dracula? I mean, the people whose villages I've razed to the ground, whose family trees I've so thoroughly pruned, them I understand. But how did my vulnerabilities become the topic of casual dinner table conversation? I don't talk about the weaknesses of mortal men, and Lord knows I could.

I may be biased, but it seems these days that haters are coming at me left, right, and center. Trying to... snuff my candle. Well. Fortunately... My light is not so easily extinguished.

[music transitions to tense orchestral music]

Griffin: The realm of Angrave is sick, and the diagnosis... is Draculitis.

Justin & Travis: [laugh]

Griffin: This once fertile peninsula bears countless scars of its rulers' attempts to thwart death's design. Shambling corpses shamble about derelict laboratories. Packs of were-beasts of all stripes roam the endless woods. Some great, bellowing presence howls through tunnels that weave beneath the land like great grotesque arteries.

And at the northern cape, Count Dracula's castle towers over the land, surrounded by impassable, ghoulish-sprinkled marshes. Night fell over Angrave years ago and has since never relented. Fiends of all shapes and sizes thrive in this eternal evening, but so too does beauty.

The city of Lumineaux shines like a beacon in the heart of this land, and it has attracted artists, musicians, authors, and poets like moths to a flame. This bohemian enclave is protected by a lighthouse that bathes the city in a rich amber glow, under which evil is repelled and culture itself has been thoroughly incubated.

The city of Lumineaux is the destination of a vehicle that races up the misty high road from the southern mainland. The hooves of two great,

ashen stallions pound against a hardened clay path, weaving through a forest of tall pine.

[werewolf howl sound effect plays]

Griffin: The horses are huge, beautiful colts.

Travis: Oh yeah.

Griffin: Crazy muscles and definition. And they're towing an equally grandiose enclosed carriage of dark wood and marbled lacquer. This is an incredibly luxurious means of conveyance, but it is running several minutes behind schedule, and for good reason. The driver is dead, and the carriage is on fire. Let's roll for initiative.

[*Versus Dracula* theme music plays]

Travis: Justin made a face when you mentioned the lacquer. Justin, was that a problem for you, as a woodworker? That you were like "That's not the right kind of lacquer for that wood?" [chuckles]

Justin: No, it's not— We're fine with the lacquer. We're fine with the lacquer.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: It's all good.

Travis: Also Griff—

Griffin: You did step— It is important that I do say you do need to roll for initiative.

Travis: Oh yeah, yeah, yeah.

Justin: Oh.

Griffin: So we can play the— the game *Dungeons & Dragons* 5th edition.

Travis: As we're doing that, I also, just quick question, Griffin. You didn't mention, in the artists and stuff that were in Lumineaux, any like influencers or beauty bloggers or anything like that.

Griffin: There is, influencers and beauty bloggers are also definitely, definitely taking up residence there.

Travis: Amazing.

Clint: Oh, and I bet some very successful tanning salons probably.

Griffin: Um... no, not those.

Clint: But it's darkness all the time.

Griffin: I'll grant you— I will grant you spray tan.

Clint: Okay.

Travis: Spray tans. I'll take it.

[sounds of dice rolling]

Griffin: First in the order. Travis.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: Introduce your character to us please.

Travis: [with a gruff, Southern accent] Well, I— I'll be playing Crawford Muttner. Call me Mutt. Everybody does. Uh...

Griffin: I will need Crawford— I do— Let's just— Can we do some quick notes?

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: I do—

Justin: [snorts]

Griffin: I love the voice. I love the tone.

Justin: We love in-show notes here.

Griffin: The tonality. I need Crawford to announce just a little bit more.

Travis: [in Mutt's voice] Yeah, you got it, man. So I'm a hunter. A monster hunter. Genera— Like Crawford Muttner V, my daddy, was a monster hunter. His daddy— His mom and her dad and mom. So it's monster hunters all the way down.

I'm travellin' with my dog, Lady Agatha Thistlewaite. Yeah, we're just... with my little crossbow and, you know, all my huntin' tools and everything.

Griffin: I'm envisioning Sam Elliot, just in terms of vibe, but that might just be the voice that you were doing.

Travis: Uh.

Griffin: And also that I'm just always kinda thinkin' about Sam Elliot a little bit. [chuckles]

Travis: Well listen, we're all always kinda thinking about Sam Elliot a little bit. Yeah, a little— He's got like some— a scraggly mustache and... lots of furs, and dressed like a—

Griffin: I feel— Travis, I feel like I just railroaded you into having a mustache, and I do feel bad.

Travis: No, he already had—

Justin: That's such a personal choice.

Travis: If you look at my character sheet.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: You will see that my— my character image has a mustache.

Griffin: I just took you on a mustache ride, and I just wanna make sure that we're— we're solid.

Travis: No, it was a consensual mustache ride. Do not worry.

Griffin: Okay, fantastic. Alright. Mutt, you are one of three inhabitants of this grand carriage.

[“Trio for Piano Violin and Viola” by Kevin MacLeod plays]

Griffin: It has been a couple hours ride, through— through the night of this dark land. You've been exchanging pleasantries, you've only just sort of come together with your two... co-passengers here.

And just as you start to see the light of Lumineaux Tower peeking over the tops of the pines as you approach the city, you hear a thunk from the back of the carriage, and you smell smoke moments later. And then you see the shadow of your driver stand to investigate this sound, before you hear two more thunks as arrows plunge into his chest, sending him rag-dolling backwards over the driver's perch.

Mutt: Oh, well that's not good.

Griffin: What do you do?

Mutt: Okay. Aggie, get under the seat here. Let me investigate.

Griffin: Aggie is your..

Travis: So he—

Griffin: Your dog. What— Describe your— your dog. Which I will make clear, again, is a cosmetic item.

Travis: She's a—

Griffin: A vanity pet.

Justin: A vanity—

Griffin: For the purpose of this adventure.

Justin: And it is vanity, let's be clear.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Lady Agatha Thistlewaite is what's known as a bloodahoula, which is half-bloodhound, half-catahoula leopard dog. She is descended from a long line of champion hunting dogs, but she was born of an unsanctioned tryst between a bloodhound and a catahoula, so her owners were like—

Griffin: Unsanctioned tr—

Travis: Well yeah, you know about like breeders and stuff, when you have champion dogs, right? They're very like controlling of like "We will breed with other like champion dogs or whatever".

Griffin: So you're—

Travis: And this is a dog born of love and—

Griffin: So a— a noble stud went out on the streets and got wild, is what you're saying, and this dog is the result of that... that.

Travis: Well, a noble dam.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Fantastic.

Travis: Sowing her wild oats.

Griffin: Okay, yeah.

Travis: And Lady Agatha was born of that tryst.

Griffin: This dog is not going to be a— a combat asset at all.

Travis: She is—

Griffin: We have basically established.

Travis: Listen. More than anything, whether it was gonna be reined in by combat or not, this dog ain't gettin' hurt, folks, don't you worry one bit.

Griffin: Yeah, you can get the seal of— a seal of— Or will—? No, I'm not gonna do that.

Travis: So Mutt is gonna— Is this— You said it's enclosed.

Griffin: Well now, hold on, Travis. 'Cause you just set up a situation where you could be in the final boss fight, and then just pick the dog up and hold it in front of your torso.

Justin: [chuckles] Absorb its energy.

Griffin: And then because we've established—

Justin: Like a reverse Care Bear Stare.

Griffin: Right, one of your boundaries is that your dog's invincible.

Travis: Yep.

Griffin: I need your promise that you're not gonna use that to try to break the game.

[pause]

Justin: Mmm...

Travis: That's a big ask here in the first moments of the—

Justin: You can't bend narrative. Like we couldn't— In— In *Steeplechase* we had the no damage to kids rule. Thankfully we've chucked that for this season.

Griffin: [cackles]

Travis: Yeeeeeah.

Justin: But— [laughs]

Travis: Kids! Fair game!

Griffin: [claps] Well—

Justin: [laughs] But—

Clint: Children beware!

Griffin: It's a new—

Travis: In fact, we're gonna make up for it this season!

Justin: Here at *TAZ*—

Griffin: This is—

Travis: We've been holdin' off and it's all pent up.

Justin: We're puttin' kids on notice. Dracula's in town. Sleep tight.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: [laughs] But— To Justin's point, actually I can't believe I didn't think about this in *Steeplechase*. We could've just made ourselves a suit of kids.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: And been invincible warriors.

Travis: Hey. Have you guys seen the new *Iron Man* movie? It's weird!

Griffin: It's wild.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: He makes a suit of kids, and is invincible.

Justin: The new *Godzilla* gets nasty.

Griffin: It's—

Justin: Wait 'til you all see it.

Griffin: Yes.

Justin: He does things.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: With his— With his chiton.

[music starts playing again]

Griffin: Okay so. Your dog, Aggie, hides under the— under the sort of bench that you are sitting on inside of this carriage.

Travis: Yeah, so—

Griffin: This is an enclosed carriage. You got basically two double doors opening up the sides of the carriage on either side.

Travis: Yeah, Mutt's gonna—

Griffin: There are narrow windows— narrow windows in the front and back for you to sort of see out, but you can't sort of make out what's going on with the— the sides of the vehicle.

Travis: Mutt's gonna lean— open the door and lean out.

Griffin: Okay. On which side?

Travis: On the...

Griffin: I guess the side you're sitting on.

Travis: On the right side.

Griffin: Okay, cool. You... You do so, it is easy to swing these doors open. Although this carriage ride has been fairly smooth up to this point, it is no longer smooth. Obviously this happened just seconds before we sorta got into this encounter, but the horses are a little bit freaked out by what's going on.

Travis: Yeah, man.

Griffin: You poke your head out of the side of the carriage, and the first thing you notice is sort of how well you can see these three horseback riding figures that are chasing your wagon.

It is curious how— how clearly you can define them. And then you realize it's because the back of your carriage is on fire, and producing a not insignificant amount of light. So you can clearly see your assailants.

You have three figures, wearing robes of red braided fabric. And judging by the sort of extra adornment of the rider in— in the front of this formation of three, he appears to be the one in charge. All three of their faces, however, appear to be concealed by illusory magic. It's like red s— opaque steam is venting from the neckline of their robes, completely shrouding their faces.

They are wielding crossbows, the— the two riders flanking the carriage. The one at the head of the formation does not, and seems to be holding some sort of fire in his hand, which is not great.

Travis: I see. Okay.

Griffin: What do you do?

Travis: Um... I'm gonna climb up into the driver's seat. Well, first say like—

Mutt: Hey, uh... Just lettin' y'all know. Looks like we got about three horseback-ridin' uh... I'm gonna say bad guys, I'm guessin'. They got steam faces, you know, one of them. So I'm... And our driver's dead, so I'm gonna see if I can, uh, steer the carriage. BRB.

Travis: And try to climb up onto the... the front seat.

Griffin: Okay. You are attempting this sort of shifting of roles on the vehicle, on a moving carriage, that is a little bit on fire, so I'm going to make you make an Athletics check to determine sort of how well you are able to navigate around the side of this— of this car.

Travis: Oh, yeeeeeah!

[sound of die rolling]

Travis: I got a 14.

Griffin: Okay. Yes, on a 14 Athletics check, this is— this was something of a difficult kind of task to do smoothly. You do get up into the driver's seat, and... you are able to kind of share it with this dead man.

And... a— while you climbed up here however, you gave the reins an accidental tug, just trying to kind of like keep your balance, and it seems to have spooked the horses a little bit more than they already were.

Travis: Sure.

Griffin: But you are able to get up here, what do you do now?

Travis: I'm gonna take control of them there horses, Griffin.

Griffin: Okay. You... grab the reins. And... prepare to rear back and take some control of the situation. As you watch trees whip by on either side of you, it takes you back to a memory. Of running through—

Travis: Of another time when I saw trees.

Griffin: Another time. Another incredible tree business.

Travis: "You know, these trees remind me of these other trees I saw once."

Griffin: [chuckles] "Green. Big. Wood."

Travis: "I'll never forget. They were the tree-est trees I ever did see."

Griffin: You remember running through the forest. You, hours ago, saw the flare go up, which is your family's signal that someone is in terrible danger and in need of assistance. And after following the trail of smoke in the night sky and the scent that Aggie picked up on,

[heavy wind sound effects play]

Griffin: You finally pass through a clearing and you see him, your— your oldest and only living brother, Russel, broken and bleeding, lying draped over the roots of a large tree. What do you do?

Mutt: Ru— Rusty? Rusty?

Russel: It's—

Mutt: Hey, hey. Speak to me.

Russel: Is that you, Crawford?

Mutt: Yeah.

Russel: Crawford... I fucked up, man.

Mutt: Oh man, is it fireworks?

Russel: Not this time.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [chuckles]

Russel: Aw, I took a job I shouldn'ta, Crawford. I— I was huntin' down the invisible man and he beat my ass.

Mutt: Yeah man, he's invisible.

Russel: The invisible man beat my ass so bad, Crawford.

Mutt: Did he have invisible friends with him?

Russel: Ac— How am I supposed to know that, Crawford? He was invisible.

Mutt: So yeah— Sorry, wasn't think— wasn't thinkin' right.

Russel: One time I could swear I felt three fists get on me at once, so there may be more than one invisible man.

Mutt: Yeah.

Russel: Aww... But he— Invisible man did beat my ass to death, Crawford.

Mutt: To death?

Russel: I think so, this feels pretty final.

Mutt: Oh man...

Russel: It's too late for me, brother.

Mutt: Okay.

Russel: We're not gonna be able to accomplish that dream of ours I think, brother.

Mutt: We're not gonna be openin'— openin' our themed bar?

Russel: What— The name of it, which we came up with, was of course...

Mutt: The Monster Mash.

Russel: The Monster Mash.

Mutt: We was talkin'— [crosstalk from Russel repeating] The Monster Mash. The taxidermied heads were on the walls, it was gonna have talkin'—

Russel: ... Yeah, that was it.

Mutt: Talkin' taxidermied heads and—

Russel: Heads on the walls that would talk. Yeaup, we know it. We both came up with it a long time ago.

Mutt: But—

Russel: No, not that one.

Mutt: I can't it without you.

Justin: What's the—

Mutt: You're the money man.

Justin: What was the famous— What was the famous potato side dish that you guys had— had talked about? I couldn't remember which one you went with.

Mutt: Oh, the mashed monsters.

Justin: Okay interesting. And Griffin, what was it, you thought?
[wheezes]

Griffin: I thought... They were called... [chuckles] I can't come up with one.

Justin: [wheezes]

Griffin: [in a strained voice] I'm tryin' so hard, but I can't come up with one.

Justin: Let's take it—

Clint: How `bout mashed-og-rotten.

Justin: [wheezes]

Griffin: You weren't—

Justin: That is— That was rotten, Dad. Good job.

Clint: Thank you.

Russel: Listen, not that one. I'm talkin' about the one... of killing Dracula's ass.

Mutt: Oh yeah.

Justin: [wheezes]

Russel: And takin' his fangs and makin' earrings out of 'em, and then going to get our ears pierced so we can wear our Dracula earrings all around town.

Mutt: Yeah. Okay—

Russel: Listen.

Mutt: — well I got two ears, do you want me to wear two for like in your honor?

Russel: Yes Crawford, but most importantly... The most important— Oh no, he's back!

Griffin: And then he just gets picked up by some invisible force and thrown into the tree, and you see your brother getting his ass kicked by an unseen assailant.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: [chuckles] What do you do?

Travis: Start stabbin' wildly. [chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles] Okay, make an attack roll with disadvantage.

Justin: It's weird that we know he survives this.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: [chuckles] Whatever he does, predestined.

Clint: Does he...?

[sound of die rolling]

Griffin: Oh wow!

Travis: Oh yes.

Griffin: Hey, that's a—

Travis: Even with dis— Even with disadvantage, I got an 18.

Griffin: That's really good.

Justin: Either roll.

Griffin: I mean, yeah, with an 18 you see your brother being just sort of flailed around and smashed into the side of this tree. And then you stab a dagger down and there's a— a spray of warm invisible blood that you can feel, and then all of a sudden your dagger is floating in midair.

Travis: I hope it's blood.

Clint: I— Yeah.

Griffin: [giggles]

Clint: If it's invisible, how do you know?

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: Could be bile or pee pee.

Griffin: It could be bile or pee pee.

Travis: If you stab someone so good they piss all over you, that's a fucking good attack.

Clint: [wheezes]

Griffin: That's a good knife.

Clint: [laughs]

Clint: You see your knife—

Travis: Got him right in the bladder. [chuckles]

Clint: [wheezes]

Griffin: You see your knife floating in midair. Is this a knife that you have any kind of emotional attachment to?

Travis: No, I— I have like 20 of `em.

Griffin: Okay, `cause you hear “Fuck!”, and then you see your knife just sort of jog into the woods.

Travis: [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: And disappear. Now your brother is laying on the ground, extra— his ass extra kicked. And he says...

Russel: You gotta kill Dracula, Crawford.

Mutt: Okay.

Russel: You gotta bring this one home for our family.

Mutt: Okay.

Russel: Promise me.

Mutt: Yeah. No, I said okay.

Russel: Say— No, you gotta say out loud “I promise I will kick Dracula’s ass and take his teeth”.

Mutt: I promise I will kick Dracula’s ass and take his teeth.

Russel: Okay. And promise me that you'll tell Mama that I— Oh no! He's back again!

Justin: [cackles]

Griffin: And you— you just see your brother just getting kicked over and over again in the stomach.

Travis: Is the knife still there, or is this a different invisible—

Griffin: Yeah, you see the knife still there, and you hear a guy just goin'—

Invisible Man: I changed my mind!

Griffin: And he's kicking your brother over and over again. What do you do?

Travis: I pull the knife out.

Griffin: Okay. Yeah, you don't have to do— You hear him say—

Invisible Man: Ow, fuck! Why did I come—

Griffin: And you see— you hear branches rustle off in the distance. And you also see Russel off as you look down.

Travis: [chuckles] In the distance.

Griffin: And he is— he is dead, on the ground.

Mutt: Aw man.

Griffin: And you—

Mutt: What you want me to tell Mama?

Griffin: You wake up from this dream inside of a flashback.

Travis: Oh.

Griffin: And you are at home in your family's—

Travis: Spinning a top to make sure this is the real world.

Griffin: [wheezes] It's so important. You spin your top, it is— it is the flashback dream.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Griffin: You know exactly what layer you are on. You— This is not Limbo.

Travis: I got the kick.

Griffin: You got the kick. Your mother is making you breakfast in your very big and empty sort of mountain cottage here.

Travis: She makin' eggs?

Griffin: Where the Muttner—

Mama Muttner: Oh, I... Well. There's— There's no chickens... anymore.

Mutt: Okay.

Griffin: Hold on, let me try that voice again.

Mutt: Well.

Justin: No!

Mama Muttner: Mutt, we ain't got no chickens no more.

Clint: [wheezes]

Mama Muttner: What with all the wolfmans.

Mutt: Yeah.

Clint: [laughs]

Mama Muttner: But we got fake eggs that I got from the grocery store.

Mutt: Oh, yeah yeah yeah. Now they ain't sloppy and slimy, is they?

Griffin: We're not doin' a fuckin'—

Justin: Yeah— [wheezes]

Griffin: I don't know that I wanna conjure that particular energy into our show.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: She says...

Mama Muttner: Well, did you look into gettin' ya a job yet, Crawford?

Mutt: You— You mean like gettin' another like contract? Like killin'— 'Cause I've been— We've been doin' pretty good like sellin' the, you know, things we harvest from the monsters and stuff for potions and, you know, for reagents and what not.

Mama Muttner: Oh, how many times we gotta have this conversation, Crawford? We got— We gotta take a break from all that. You gotta learn to know when to fold 'em, and to find someone, go out there, you can restock the old Muttner gene pool with.

Mutt: Well that's a weird way of puttin' it, Ma. I'd like to just maybe fall in love and have some kids and start a family.

Mama Muttner: Yeah, that's—

Mutt: I don't wanna think of it—

Mama Muttner: What's wrong?

Mutt: The way you said, Ma, makes it— it makes it sound kinda transactional.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Mutt: The way you said it.

Mama Muttner: Like I'm some sort of brood mother.

Travis: [chuckles]

Mama Muttner: Yes.

Mutt: Yeah, that was the vibe. That was the vibe I was kinda gettin', Ma. I'd rather it be more of like a love situation and, you know, I think you're right, Ma. I think it's time for the Muttners to retire from the monster huntin' game.

There is, mm. There is just this one thing that I do gotta do first. I promised Rusty that I would kick Dracula's ass and take his teeth. So I do need to just do that real quick.

Mama Muttner: Aw.

Mutt: And then the Muttners can retire from monster huntin'.

Griffin: She drops the fake eggs. On the ground.

Mutt: Aw man.

Justin: They bounce.

Mutt: I was gonna eat those.

Griffin: They disinter— They disintegrate. [chuckles]

Mutt: Aw man.

Griffin: She says...

Clint: [laughs]

Mama Muttner: Do you know how many Muttners that Dracula has devoured or— or sired, or just straight up killed?

Mutt: 27.

Mama Muttner: 27.

Mutt: Yeah.

Mama Muttner: That's exactly right.

Griffin: And she points at the wall.

Mutt: I know, the tallies on the wall, Ma. I know, yes.

Griffin: [laughs] There's a Dra— It just says...

Travis: [chuckles]

Griffin: "# of Muttners Dracula killed". "KD—"

Travis: [chuckles]

Griffin: It says "Dracula KD Ratio; 0 – 27".

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: "13 days since last Dracula-related fatality."

Griffin: [chuckles] Yeah.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: She says—

Mama Muttner: If you go out there and you beef it, like your great-grandpa and your grandpa and your uncle and your niece and your sisters and your brothers.

Mutt: Mm-hmm. Yeah.

Mama Muttner: And your dad.

Mutt: Yeah.

Mama Muttner: And your stepdad.

Mutt: Uh-huh.

Mama Muttner: And your second stepdad.

Mutt: Yeah.

Mama Muttner: I've lost track of—

Mutt: It was nice of the stepdads to take our last name when they married.

Griffin: [wheezes] [cackles]

Mutt: That was— I thought that was real chill of 'em.

Mama Muttner: We're— [chuckles] It's a progressive time— Times are changin', Crawford. Listen.

Clint: [chuckles]

Mama Muttner: [yells] You may not go after Dracula! I forbid it. And I have spoken on this matter.

Mutt: Mom, I'm 32 years old.

Clint: [chuckles]

Mutt: I think I— I'm just gonna do it.

Mama Muttner: I have spoken on this matter, and I will not be disobeyed.

Mutt: Okay, well I'm— I'm still gonna go though, Ma. I'll send you letters, and I'll come back, and I'll... uh... grow the gene pool.

[piano music fades down]

Griffin: Make a Persuasion check.

Justin: Yup. Yuckiness roll.

[sound of die rolling]

Travis: Man! A 16.

Griffin: Yeah. Okay.

Travis: Good fuckin' rolls.

Griffin: She turns. She's very upset. She says...

Mama Muttner: I suppose there's no talkin' you out of this, but Crawford, promise me if you get in over your head, that you're not gonna try to be a hero. You're the last of the Muttner boys, and I— I need ya here, Crawford.

Mutt: Hey Ma, you— you and I both know this ain't about bein' a hero, right? Like I'm not doin' thi— This is... a promise. Then we get out, Muttners are done. I— I don't— I mean I do kinda wanna kill Dracula, but I'm— I'm not... It's not a— I don't want to, you know what I mean?

Mama Muttner: Naw, you ain't a— you ain't a killer, Crawford. Just promise you are gonna keep... keep the situation under control.

Griffin: And then we jump back to you... trying to take control of this... wagon.

Travis: Situation.

Griffin: Make an Animal— Give me an Animal Handling check.

Travis: Oh, I'm good at that. Let's see.

[sound of die rolling]

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: A 19.

Griffin: Damn, you are good at that. Okay. You rear back.

Travis: I have a +5 in Animal Handling, so I'm using it.

Griffin: Yes. You rear back on the reins and immediately the horses calm down, and they stick back to following the path. That is good, because there was a pretty big hairpin turn coming up, going down the mountain towards Lumineaux, but you are able to navigate that quite well.

[music swells, then fades out]

[ad break]

[tense instrumental music plays]

Griffin: Let's jump back into the cabin, as we move on to Brother Phileaux. Dad, tell us about your character.

Clint: Brother Phileaux is a... a friar. Um... Like Friar Tuck.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: I didn't mean like he was a plucked chicken or anything.

Griffin: [chuckles] Right, or a— an appliance.

Clint: No.

Griffin: In a kitchen.

Clint: No, he's not. He is... an artificer, specializing in alchemy. He has... some... magic, but it's mostly thing— It usually comes from some kind of artifact that he has or some kind of relic that he has, and that's kind of the driving force for his powers.

Griffin: We have not played an artificer on this show before. It is a, just for folks at home, a spellcasting class that uses different—

Clint: Right.

Griffin: — physical things as spells, and you have chosen the sort of alchemist..

Clint: Right.

Griffin: Sub— Subclass here.

Travis: Griffin, didn't you play an artificer in *Imbalance*?

Griffin: Oh I did, yeah. [chuckles]

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: Yeah, it was— That was a while ago. Never mind, we did— we've done this thing.

Travis: "Besides that one time when I played it, we've never played this before."

Griffin: I've played it.

Clint: [chuckles] Anyway, so he's... kinda short, kinda stocky. Um... He has a... a tonsure. Just, you know, because I've always loved those.

Justin: Hey, they're not as fun as—

Clint: Ever since Justin— Yeah.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: [chuckles] Justin had one.

Justin: They're not as fun as they look.

Griffin: Tonsure is—

Clint: Justin made the commitment in *Romeo & Juliet*. So.

Griffin: Tonsure is when they shave the very, sort of the crown of your head.

Clint: Right.

Griffin: But leave other hair in it.

Clint: Right.

Griffin: And that was a part—

Travis: You get that donut of hair.

Griffin: It's wild to see that part of my brother's flesh.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: [simultaneously] Never thought I was see that part—

Justin: [simultaneously] I didn't like that part of my head.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: I put it back away, back in the vault.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: Well I've just brought it back.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay, you are— you are inside this cabin. It is— It's started to get very dicey very quickly, but you're— the guide that you have hired on this journey, Crawford Muttner, climbs up into the driver's seat and takes control of the situation.

You are inside the carriage, it is shaky in here, and you don't even have to poke your head out. Through the— the open door, you can see one of the— the figures, horseback-riding figures now sort of flanking the car. What do you do?

[piano music plays again]

Clint: Can I make a— an Investigation check to kinda check out the riders and see if they're... all using bows, or..

Griffin: You... You can just see that. You can see that they have— The ones flanking the car have a crossbow, the one that appeared to be in charge does not, seems to be having some sort of fire in their hands.

I would say instead of a... You know, these are robed figures. If— If you wanted to make a... you know, Religion check or History check to see if there's anything about their sort of like vibe that smacks of familiar to you, a man of the cloth.

Clint: Umm... Okay. I'll make a Religion check.

Travis: That would've been a wild response, Dad, to your DM being like "You can make this check", and you respond like "Nah. No, I don't want to".

Clint: I considered not doing that. Okay.

[sound of die rolling]

Clint: 19.

Griffin: Jesus Christ, these rolls are very good. Okay, 19. You... You do not... recognize their order at— at sort of first glance. As you were dispatched out here, you were sort of like given a heads up of like current sort of trending dangers in Angrave, and in— in sort of getting that briefing, heard about a sort of fanatical order called the Cult of the Buried Blood.

And based on the sort of description you received in this sort of primer, these— these appear to be— this appears to be the gang doing this. You know that they possess magic, that they have been responsible for some pretty gnarly ritual slayings in the area lately, but not much else is known about them. They're sort of new— new quantity out here.

Clint: Brother Phileaux don't like no competition, so he's going to—

Travis: That's an interesting thing for a man of the cloth to have as their core belief.

Griffin: [chuckles] Right. [laughs]

Clint: Yeah. Sorry. No, this is—

Justin: Got his territory.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: He's very much a— He's very— Yeah. This—

Justin: [chuckles]

Clint: He's very much a man of his— of strong [chuckles] beliefs. So he's—

Justin: I like how quickly we established this character is this career, but it's a bad one.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Justin: He's bad at it. And he doesn't understand the core tenets.

Clint: No, he's really good at it. He's really good at it.

Justin: Yeah, yeah.

Travis: He doesn't want other monks. [laughs] Which is—

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: It's just— It's just like Jesus always says, watch your fuckin' turf.

Clint: [wheezes]

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Watch your fuckin' turf. Keep 'em off. Everybody else.

Clint: He's gonna blast the rider that he sees with a Ray of Sickness.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: [imitates a rock guitar riff]

Griffin: That is... the—

Travis: [chuckles]

Justin: [chuckles] Ooo, ah ah ah ah!

Travis: Rave!

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: That way he'll get sick!

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: But he won't die.

Justin: Right.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: I gotcha, that's beautiful, Dad.

Clint: And then maybe he can heal him and make friends, see?

Griffin: Oh, that's beautiful.

Travis: Well—

Griffin: That's not at all how it works, but it's a— it's a sweet thought.

Justin: I have heard lately, some people have gotten so sick that they've died of it.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: But I do not—

Griffin: [cackles]

Justin: That— [chuckles]

Travis: There's— There's rumors floating around.

Justin: [chuckles] There's rumors you can get sick enough to die. I read about that. [wheezes] [giggles]

Griffin: Ray of Si— What have you done to your character? What is this character sheet madness?

Justin: [wheezes] It's bad. [laughs]

Griffin: [chuckles] It's so wild.

Justin: Utterly indefensive.

Griffin: Okay, so make your ranged spell attack roll for this Ray of Sickness.

Clint: Yeah. He— He has a vial around his neck that he wears. Puts— Wraps his hand around it and... 15.

Griffin: Okay. You have this vial of... goo?

[pause]

Clint: It's an herbal extract of his own creation.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Oh, it's homeopathy. Okay.

Clint: He holds it up, points it at him. It's around his neck.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: And... It's— Now—

Travis: Oh, you're like invoking a talisman kinda deal.

Clint: So does this roll that I made include the +4?

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: It does, it does. That is...

Clint: 15.

Griffin: Describe what it looks like as you begin to channel this Ray of Sickness.

Clint: Take a hold of the vial around his neck and lifts it up and kinda points it in the direction of the... of the rider. Closes his eyes. Says a little... prayer. And... waits for illness.

Travis: "Dear Jesus."

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: "Please make this man sick."

Clint: Please—

Griffin: "Please get this man so sick."

Clint: This— This is how Brother Phileaux smotes!

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: So I'm gonna smote him.

Griffin: So, Brother Phileaux. You— You close your eyes, you begin to recite this ritual prayer to blast this man with a gnarly wave of cold and flu season. As you do so, you also flash back.

You've just finished the sort of opening prayer of the ceremony that you are currently sort of the star of, here at the... cathedral. What is— What is the order that Brother Phileaux— Are we talkin' full— Are we— I mean, is this Episcopalian? Are we goin' more of a fantasy flavor this time?

Clint: Um... Oh, this is... This is... I think more of a fantasy flavor.

Griffin: Cool.

Travis: Like Lutheran.

Clint: Lutheran.

Griffin: Can we— Yikes.

Clint: We could go Lutheran.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: I don't know enough about it. That was just the first—

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: That was my pull.

Clint: No, I— I think Methodist. I'm gonna go Methodist.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: That's good. Get specific.

Clint: And um... it's— they— they all live and work here in the abbey.

Griffin: 'Kay.

Clint: And it just happens to be downtown, so I think you can figure out the name of the abbey.

Griffin: That's— That's, now—

Clint: Downtown Abbey.

Griffin: Yeah yeah yeah yeah. No. Yeah yeah yeah. Downtown Abbey is [chuckles] very, very good.

Clint: You're welcome.

Griffin: Down— Downtown where? Downtown in...

Clint: [wheezes] Well, it— We call it “Downtown” just because we are all pretty aggressive. It’s not really in a downtown area—

Griffin: [wheezes]

Clint: — it’s just the—

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: We go downtown.

Justin: Oh.

Griffin: Okay. [coughs]

Clint: We roll—

Justin: That’s good.

Clint: That’s the way we roll at Downtown Abbey.

Justin: I love this guy, this street priest.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: This is fantastic.

Clint: Yeah.

Griffin: This— This is a—

Clint: That’s it, yeah.

Griffin: This is a cool, cool guy.

Travis: So a— a punk monk, if you will.

Griffin: Alright. You’re here in Downtown Abbey, which is not in a city.

Clint: No.

Griffin: But it's where you take haters and non-believers, I guess.

Clint: [giggles]

Griffin: By making them super sick with your necklaces.

Clint: It's one of our many approaches, yeah.

Griffin: Here in this— in this abbey, you are in the Cathedral of Enumeration, where you are being audited by the Keeper of Ledgers. It's a stuffy old man, stands atop a dais, looking down on you, wearing very gaudy regalia and holding an enormous leather-bound book. And... he says...

Keeper of Ledgers: Brother Phileaux.

Brother Phileaux: Yes.

Keeper of Ledgers: Today... the Order has considered your application to be ascended up the ranks of the church to... the role of Mix Master.

Travis: [snorts]

Brother Phileaux: Oh. Very well.

Keeper of Ledgers: You stand—

Brother Phileaux: I'm trying not to get too excited.

Keeper of Ledgers: Yes. That would be a sin.

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: And you actually see him pick up this leather-bound book and actually like mark something in it and say...

Keeper of Ledgers: I would encourage you to be a tad more careful during this hearing.

Brother Phileaux: Ye— Yes, Brother.

Keeper of Ledgers: We will— It's Father. That's another one.

Travis: [laughs]

Keeper of Ledgers: Today we will consider your transgressions and your kind acts to determine whether or not you have earned enough points to ascend to Mix Master. Before we begin, do you have anything to say for yourself?

Travis: "Do you have any tickets to cash in?" [chuckles]

Keeper of Ledgers: That's a great question, thank you... Brother Dignus. Do you have any tickets to cash in?

Brother Phileaux: Only the— the tickets of... of love and forbearance.

Brother Dignus: Just say no.

Brother Phileaux: No. I don't have any. Why is he in my flashback? I wasn't in his flashback!

Keeper of Ledgers: I don't know, man.

Brother Dignus: Oh no, I'm another monk or whatever.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Keeper of Ledgers: Alright, so—

Brother Dignus: I'm the bad boy.

Keeper of Ledgers: No indulgence tickets. That's weird, but we can— I suppose start here. Let's see. Alright. We got 20 points here for your volunteer work at the soup kitchen.

Brother Phileaux: Yes.

Keeper of Ledgers: And another 20 points... for volunteering at the salad kitchen.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: [giggles]

Keeper of Ledgers: That's strange that there's t—

Brother Phileaux: Oh, oh. Look at the hors d'oeuvre— Look at the hors d'oeuvre kitchen. Look at the hors d'oeuvre kitchen.

Keeper of Ledgers: Yes, a third discrete kitchen for hors d'oeuvres. Why do we have different kitchens for each thing?

Brother Phileaux: I have a rather splendid garden. And the garden provides so much. And— And these days you have to trick people into eating vegetables. So, you know, we make vegetable soup, we make salads. And the hors d'oeuvres are watercress leaves—

Travis: [chuckles] Salad. The perfect way to trick someone into [laughs] eating vegetables.

Griffin: [chuckles] Yeah, right? Real wolf in sheep's clothing.

Brother Phileaux: And watercress sandwiches, so those are the hors d'oeuvres.

Keeper of Ledgers: Excellent work. And it says here that you volunteer as choir director... for... the Man's Choir. What is the "Man's Choir"?

Brother Phileaux: We have— We only do songs by Amy Mann.

Griffin: [wheezes]

Brother Phileaux: And that is—

Griffin: [laughs]

Brother Phileaux: That's where it comes from. Sometimes we do Mannheim Steamroller songs.

Keeper of Ledgers: Oh, that's good.

Brother Phileaux: And Manford Man's Earth Band as well.

Keeper of Ledgers: Oh, not that one.

Griffin: He marks something in the book when you mention Manford Man's Earth Band.

Brother Phileaux: Ah, wait a minute. Well, alright. But...

Keeper of Ledgers: A tad secular, Brother Phileaux.

Brother Phileaux: I understand.

Keeper of Ledgers: Fortunately, you do not have too many demerits. Tardiness, three counts. Um... Cursing... One count. You've cussed one time, that's kind of wild.

Brother Phileaux: Who the hell said that I cussed?

Keeper of Ledgers: Oop. Uh-oh. Yuh-oh.

Travis: [chuckles]

Brother Phileaux: Shit...

Keeper of Ledgers: Oh, oops. Uh-oh.

Travis: [chuckles]

Keeper of Ledgers: I suppose I have one last question for you.

Brother Phileaux: Yes.

Justin: Before we— I render my ruling. 46 counts... of overindulgence. What is— What is "Shrimp Fest"?

Brother Phileaux: Oh, it is a... a boil, Father. Like we... Alright, we put everything in a big pot. Mostly vegetables. [chuckles] And... we add one or two shrimp. Have you ever heard of Stone Soup? Well they— they make this soup with just stones, so we only have like two shrimp in the Shrimp Fest.

Griffin: Is this the truth, or are you trying to cover your Shrimp Fest tracks?

Clint: I'm trying to cover.

Griffin: Make a Deception check for me.

[sound of die rolling]

Clint: 16.

Griffin: Man. He nods. And says—

Keeper of Ledgers: Well, that sounds not too bad. Of course, the consumption of... We— We don't have any sort of restrictions on what you can and can't eat.

Brother Phileaux: Mm.

Keeper of Ledgers: But su— a festival of shrimp certainly... sounds concerning. I sh— I am sorry, Brother Phileaux. But you are... in the red. You will not be ascended to the rank of Mix Master this year. You can of course apply for reconsideration in the spring semester. Mark? You made it. Congratulations. You are now Mix Master Mark.

Travis: Fuck yeah!

Griffin: And Mark— [chuckles] You see Mark, who is now Travis, pump his arms. And someone comes and puts a giant gold necklace around and leads— Mix Master Mark and leads him out.

Keeper of Ledgers: That is all, we are adjourned.

Griffin: And he bangs a gavel down, for some reason. And you are left alone.

Brother Phileaux: [sighs]

Griffin: You... aren't alone for long though as Deacon Atreus, a— sort of a— a friend, albeit one in a slightly higher position with the church, that you are familiar with comes over and says...

Deacon Atreus: I am terribly sorry, Brother Phileaux. That is a bad— That is a bad beat, my friend.

Brother Phileaux: Well. I didn't really want to be the Mix Master, if truth be told. Um... I... I have enough appliances in my life. A friar, I didn't need a mix master.

Deacon Atreus: [chuckles]

Brother Phileaux: So I'm— I'm putting a brave face on, my friend.

Deacon Atreus: I can tell, I know your face quite well, Brother Phileaux. I have an idea. If you wouldn't mind following me.

Brother Phileaux: Certainly.

Clint: And he does.

Griffin: He begins to walk out of the Cathedral of Enumeration, and... down some— some twists and turns of the parish here that you have never been to before, these are restricted areas.

There are some guards stationed at a few doors that you pass through as you reach a lower level of the church that the sunlight does not reach. And as you pass through these darkened tunnels, Deacon Atreus says—

Deacon Atreus: There is an opportunity for you, my friend, to earn your way back into the Church's good graces, and I— I believe that this opportunity is God-sent, just for you, Brother Phileaux.

Brother Phileaux: I'm listening.

Deacon Atreus: Um... As you know... The Crown is not a particularly large fan of the Church, and so we have been on somewhat thin ice for some time now. We cannot afford any type of bad press or anything happening, and yet we have found ourselves in quite a pickle, Brother Phileaux. As you see.

Griffin: And he opens a dungeon door and you see, laid out on a slab in front of you... an old man. He is— He is illuminated by torches in this

windowless room, and as you take a step in, you recognize him instantly. It's the Turbo Cardinal. It is the leader of your entire religious order. And he is... he is laid out on a slab.

Brother Phileaux: Oh no. When did this happen? When did he— When did he pass?

Deacon Atreus: Ahhh, you seem to misunderstand the situation. You're a man of the sciences, yes?

Brother Phileaux: Yes.

Deacon Atreus: You don't notice anything strange about him?

Brother Phileaux: Oh. He's breathing. Oh. So... not dead. May— May I... inspect him? May I look at him closer? Are you looking for me for a diagnosis?

Griffin: He nods. If you would like to do this, make a Medicine check for me.

[sound of die rolling]

Clint: 19.

Griffin: How do you have a -1 in Medicine. That's a— That was a nat 20, actually. [chuckles] And it turned into a 19 because of your -1 in Medicine.

Clint: Oh.

Griffin: So we'll just consider that a crit. With— With a 20, minus one, you start to get close to this body, and then you realize that that is a terrible idea. Because you can see... two fangs sort of burgeoning out of the crease between the Turbo Cardinal's lips. You can also see that he's hovering about an inch off of this slab that he's lying on. And you— you know that he— he has been vampirised.

With a nat 20, I will also tell you that strangely, despite these other symptoms, you don't see a bite mark on his neck. And you also see that

he is moving and shifting and waiting for you to get closer for this inspection so he can try to get him a little Phileaux snack.

Clint: I'm gonna make an Arcana check.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: I want to... do an Arcana check to determine if... he is indeed... been fully vampirised, or only—

Justin: He's faking it.

Clint: — partially.

Travis: Mmm.

Griffin: Uh, okay. No, yeah, that's great.

Clint: Well, I mean—

Travis: He's tryin' to get out of school.

Clint: When a vampire— When a vampire attacks somebody, if they don't drain their blood, they don't become vam— completely vampirised right away.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay, make a— make an Arcana check.

Clint: 24.

Griffin: Holy fuckin' shit, guys.

Justin: Dang. These rolls.

Griffin: Just the— goin' down the list here, 17, 18, 16, 19, 19, 22, 19, 15, 16, 19, 24. We're doin' these online, folks. These ain't cheats.

Justin: We're burning them on flashbacks though, that can't—

Griffin: That's true. That is a fair point.

Justin: — can't go that bad anyway.

Griffin: Okay. He looks vampiric. He... has certainly a lot of the visible symptoms of vampirism. And yet, there is something different about the vibe of him in that the energy he is giving off is like, palpable to you, a— a dealer in the mystic arts.

You feel this— this overpowering demonic energy come— coming out of him, the flavor of which you don't quite understand, but you know is the reason why he is the way that he is.

I would say that your order is familiar with vampires enough to have seen quite a few of them. This is— This is something else entirely. And sort of seeing you register this, Deacon Atreus says...

Deacon Atreus: Ahhh... We are stumped. Something has happened to the Turbo Cardinal that has rendered him in this sorry state. If the King finds out that the Turbo Cardinal is a vampire, we are done. I am asking you, Brother Phileaux, the Lord is asking you, Brother Phileaux, to venture into Angrave and find a cure for our leader.

Brother Phileaux: Do we know who did this?

Deacon Atreus: I mean, Dracula?

Travis: [snorts]

Justin: [laughs]

Brother Phileaux: Well, I know, but you know, you've got son of Dracula, daughter of Dracula... *Dracula vs Jessie James*. There are many, you know, he's had other victims. He's actually—

Deacon Atreus: I mean.

Brother Phileaux: I don't think he's completely turned. I don't think the Turbo Cardinal's been completely turned.

Griffin: Make a Dexterity saving throw.

Clint: 11. There's your bad roll.

Griffin: As you say that, this old-ass man sits up suddenly from his slab and just goes—

Turbo Cardinal: Bleh!

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: And, you know, tries to bite you. Deacon Atreus pulls you back at the last second, and the guards come in and restrain the Turbo Cardinal. He says—

Deacon Atreus: Ah, be that as it may, something is seriously wrong with him, and you must find the cure. If it exists, it is in Angrave, and... barring finding that cure, you must slay the one who sired him. Are you up for this task, Brother Phileaux?

Brother Phileaux: I believe I am. Yes, I have some expertise in vampirism. And I— I know a bit about Dracula. I would be happy to take on this gig. But! I want to be ascended, for sure. And I'd like that on paper.

Deacon Atreus: Yes, of course. I will call in... the... Bishop of Notarizing immediately. But first, can we pray? Can we pray?

Brother Phileaux: Oh yes.

Deacon Atreus: Can we pray on— Can we pray on it?

Brother Phileaux: Yes. Yes.

Deacon Atreus: Let us pray.

Griffin: And you close your eyes and flash forward, what the fuck? You're seeing the future when you're in this carriage that's on fire, with your friends. No, we're just there, and now you are casting a Ray of Sickness,

as you finish your ritual prayer. Make a— an attack roll, a spell attack roll please.

Clint: Okay. Ray of Sickness.

[sound of die rolling]

Clint: 19.

Griffin: Yeah. Wow, these— these rolls are very good. A 19 definitely hits. With Ray of Sickness, you are going to roll 2d8 poison damage.

Clint: Alright, I can do this. Roll 2d8.

[sounds of dice rolling]

Clint: 4 and a 2, that's 6.

Griffin: Okay. You— What's this look like as you—

Justin: Good job, Dad. You got that first click.

Griffin: What does it— What does it look like as you blast this Ray of Sickness? Is it an actual ray, or is it visible in some—

Clint: Oh yeah, yeah.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: It's kind of a— It's kind of a— a goopy like snot green...

Justin: Cool, like booger man.

Griffin: Like booger man, cool.

Clint: It's like a booger, yeah.

Griffin: Hell yeah, man.

Clint: And it comes s— comes schlorping out and— and strikes the guy right in the— right in the mouth.

Travis: Oh, gross.

Griffin: Gross.

Clint: Right in the fa— mouth.

Griffin: Jesus.

Travis: He's— Right in his mouth?

Griffin: What is the—

Clint: Yeah!

Griffin: What is the sickness? Like what's the specific— Is it pink eye? Is it like what sick—

Clint: Shingles.

Griffin: Shingles.

Clint: It's shingles.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Shingles.

Clint: Shingles.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Wow.

Griffin: Alright, you blast him like booger man and—

Justin: Now what if they've already had shingles, Dad?

Travis: Yeah, he's—

Justin: And therefore—

Griffin: [cackles]

Justin: — they already have developed antibodies to this shingles virus.

Clint: He's gonna— Well, he's already had shingles, but he— so he knows how bad it is.

Griffin: Yeah yeah.

Justin: Oh my god, are you saying super shingles?!

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: I'm talking super-duper shingles.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: Wooooah. But that's only a myth!

Justin: I thought it was impossible!

Griffin: You blast this guy with a Ray of Sickness. As you do, the red vapor that his robe was creating vanishes, you can see his face underneath, as the shingles happens to it. I'm not 100% sure what shingles is.

[piano music intensifies]

Griffin: And you see him look at himself and say—

Red Robed Figure: Aww! Not shingles again!

Griffin: And then he falls off of his horse, and is trampled underfoot. And is—

Brother Phileaux: Super-duper shingles, my friend! A little drastic, I'm sorry.

Justin: It's just adult chicken pox, that's all Griff.

Griffin: Oh, okay.

Justin: It's just good old chicken pox.

Griffin: Oh, that sounds bad. Thanks for Googling that, I was not going to.

Justin: Oh no, I know what shingles are. I can get 'em, I had chicken pox. I'm terrified over here.

Griffin: Can we take a—

Justin: Back in my day, we all got chicken pox. These— These punk kids are vaccinated against it.

Griffin: Let's move onto... Lady Godwin. Justin, introduce us to your character, please.

Lady Godwin: My name is Lady Elizabeth Godwin. I purchased Dr Frankenstein's li— reanimation insurance. So my body was supposed to be reanimated on account of my untimely passing.

When I awoke, I found my 73-year-old head attached to the... sinewy... decadent, curvaceous body of some sort of female warrior. So that's because I was killed by Dracula and my body was too destroyed to reanimate. Which I'm thoroughly displeased with.

So I've purchased an axe. From this dreadful little man at the store.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Lady Godwin: He said I had to name the axe, a weapon like this. Her name is Jennifer Meyers.

Griffin: [wheezes]

Lady Godwin: Decent name. Respectable. And I'm going to use it to... kill— kill Dracula.

Griffin: Excellent. You are the last to react as your carriage comes under attack. You have just watched Mutt, the guide that you have hired, climb

up and take control of the wagon again. And then you have seen Brother Phileaux, the friar, open up the side door of the compartment and make a man get shingles so bad that he instantly dies.

Clint: I'd also like to say that was not really Phileaux's fault, he just thought he was making somebody sick. He didn't intend for them to fall.

Travis: Don't take it back— Don't take it back now.

Griffin: Yeah. Sure sure sure sure.

Clint: Not my...

Griffin: Let's— What do— What do you do, Lady Godwin? You have another— another— Hold on, let me kill this guy. Hold on, let me kill this guy. [chuckles] [makes a fart noise]

Justin & Clint: [chuckle]

Griffin: He's gone.

Justin: He— No, I see him! He's hidin' in the bushes! He's not dead, he's waitin' on a sneak attack! [chuckles]

Griffin: Let me do this...

Justin: There, now he's gone. Okay, now he's really dead. Now I believe it.

Griffin: [makes a couple fart noises]

Travis: [chuckles]

Griffin: He's dead.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: You still have two riders chasing your vehicle, that you can't quite see where you are at, as you are inside of it.

Justin: She... Is there an exit on the back of the cart? Or is it just—

Griffin: There is a narrow sort of window that—

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: — you can see through. It's not quite big enough for a person to get through.

Justin: Lady Godwin smashes through that window.

Griffin: Oh shit.

Justin: Triggering— Using a bonus action to trigger her rage, and then she stands up and says—

Lady Godwin: Eyes off of my beautiful body, pervert!

Travis & Griffin: [chuckles]

Justin: And then leaps off the back with her axe to do a leaping attack with Jennifer Meyers.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: At that guy.

Griffin: As you are in midair, you remember the last time you felt this excited. Seven years ago. The city of Lumineaux was a very different place. It was... less about the art scene, it was all elegances and excess, and you, Lady Godwin, were a fucking powerhouse in the scene.

What— What is sort of Lady Godwin's lineage, what is her place in sort of the social hierarchy of— of Lumineaux of seven years ago?

[piano music calms]

[bird song sound effects play]

Justin: [in Lady Godwin voice] She is the seventh of her line, with the Godwin name. The fifth! ... To not have to seek employment, which is extreme— a point of great pride for us. Us Godwins. We are... mainly in

a— a— a booster role. Raising funds for local charity groups, through our various tea gatherings and sandwich parties.

Griffin: Okay. And one such— one such group is...?

Lady Godwin: Hmm...

Griffin: That you have raised money for.

Lady Godwin: Pierre Reynolds.

[pause]

Griffin: One more time.

Lady Godwin: Pierre Reynolds.

Griffin: Pierre Reynolds?

Justin: Wait, are we talk—

Travis: Is that a group or a person? A single person that you raised money for?

Justin: [chuckles] I'm tryin' to get the whole name out, if you guys'd just let me say it.

Griffin: [chuckles] Sure sure, yeah.

Justin: [wheezes] If you guys would just let me say it.

Travis: Yeah. Sorry, yeah.

Justin: Thank you.

Clint: Yeah. Say it.

Justin: It's the Pierre Reynolds Foundation for Shingles Awareness.

Travis: [laughs]

Lady Godwin: Many people don't even know that you can get super-duper shingles.

Griffin: Yeah.

Lady Godwin: They think it's a myth!

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: So. [chuckles] It is seven years ago, you are at a fundraiser that you have organized for the Pierre Reynolds Foundation for Shingles Awareness?

Justin: Yes.

Griffin: Okay. You are sitting in this crowd, it is— this is a decadent affair. It's fuckin' Lady Godwin, like, original, goin' off without a hitch.

[the murmur of a crowd fades in]

Griffin: You got a band playing, you got the absinthe fountain just flowing, and there's— there's a secret orgy happening somewhere probably.

Justin: No, there's none of that.

Griffin: There's none of that.

Justin: There's none of the alcohol or the sex happening, it's all very tasteful.

Griffin: Oh okay. Describe— Describe your party.

Justin: Yes. There are exactly four times as many finger sandwiches as there are for— for as many people coming. Each person gets four, if you eat more than that, we'll talk about you forever. There is big—

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: [chuckles] There is a big bowl of punch. There are no cups. Don't have the punch, that's decadence. That's a trap.

Griffin: That's good.

Justin: That's what you got there, and then over there we've got dessert. Yes, it's toast. [wheezes]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Woah.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: So there— she's pretty puritanical.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Because too much indulgence would be kinda... unbecoming, I think.

Griffin: I feel you, I feel you, okay. So... you are seated sort of just entertaining anyone. Your dance card is quite full this evening, not of literal dancing.

Justin: Mm.

Griffin: Which would be crass, but just people wanting to come—

Justin: People wanting to pay their respects, yeah.

Griffin: Just touch the hem of your garment.

Justin: For sure.

Griffin: You are sort of presiding over the— the event here. And you see the man himself, Pierre Reynolds take the stage, and sort of cling his glass and say—

Pierre Reynolds: Everybody, thank you. Quiet. Quiet!

[backing music abruptly stops]

Pierre Reynolds: Quiet, please! I am Pierre—

Lady Godwin: Shh, shh! Everyone, be— Listen to Pierre. Something sounds dreadfully wrong with his voice. We [chuckles] must understand what's happened to poor Pierre.

Clint: [laughs]

Lady Godwin: His beautiful French accent, [chuckles] where has it gone?!

Pierre Reynolds: [coughs] [dreadful French accent] I apologize for—

Justin: [wheezes] [claps]

Pierre Reynolds: That is what—

Justin: [claps]

Pierre Reynolds: That is what I sound like when... I yell. And now that I am not yelling, I can say... thank you to my—

Justin: [wheezes]

Pierre Reynolds: Thank you to—

Griffin: [wheezes]

Justin: [laughs quietly]

Travis: It's the shingles.

Justin: What?!

Griffin: [laughs quietly]

Travis: It's made it to his tongue! [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Pierre Reynolds: I have suffered from... inner shingles. I would like to thank my friend... Lady Godwin. For throwing this incredible gala.

Lady Godwin: A speech? I shouldn't. Oh Pierre, I— No, I shan't!

Pierre Reynolds: I was about to tell people about—

Lady Godwin: I insist, no speeches, Pierre.

Pierre Reynolds: — shingles, but I suppose that can wait until my— I was going to spread a little bit of shingles awareness.

Lady Godwin: Oh, okay.

Travis: Ha! Zut alors!

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Shingles!

Griffin: [chuckles]

Pierre Reynolds: I was going to do... the whole thing with shingles. But no, please, Lady Godwin. It is your party!

Clint: [chanting softly] Godwin. Godwin. Godwin.

[elegant piano music plays]

Lady Godwin: I feel unprepared for this, of course. No-one ever expects to be summoned to— to deliver remarks such as this. Thank you, Pierre.

Clint: [chuckles]

Lady Godwin: I very much appreciate it. Thank you, everyone.

Griffin: He sits down, looking very sort of chided.

Lady Godwin: I never thought this would be... a monologue.

Griffin: [wheezes]

Lady Godwin: Often, we see our lives in terms of how we think they're going to shake out. We think "Perhaps I'll just... throw in a witty little— little barb", but then things unravel, like so many... snowballs down the hill, the proverbial hill. And then you find yourself delivering a monologue when you thought it would be much more of a dialogue. That happens frequently when we don't listen, hmm?

Griffin: [wheezes] [snorts]

Lady Godwin: Think about it, everyone. How many monologues in your life would be well-served to be dialogues, eh? Something to think about.

Griffin: Everyone just kind of looks around like—

Party Guest: I thought she was gonna say something about Pierre or shingles!

Lady Godwin: I— And I do have an announcement. Since Pierre has been so kind as to walk me to his dais. Everybody knows! About shingles! We've done it!

Griffin: [wheezes] [laughs]

Lady Godwin: Everyone got the news today!

Griffin: That sta— Standing ovation! [claps]

Travis: Woooooah!

Griffin: Yaaaaaay!

Lady Godwin: So I'm proudly changing the name of this organization, with Pierre's consent, of course. I'm sure he'll grant it. The Pierre... Pierre, would you like to say your last name? Your own last name, Pierre. Would you like to say your own last name?

Pierre Reynolds: Do you know— Do you— Do you know what sucks?

Justin: [snorts]

Pierre Reynolds: It is Franklin. But you— But that is not what they called the organization.

Justin: [wheezes] [laughs]

Pierre Reynolds: Oh-ho.

Travis: Wait a minute, I'm starting to suspect that Pierre might secretly be Dracula.

Justin & Clint: [laugh]

Lady Godwin: So—

Justin: [giggles]

Lady Godwin: Okay. We're so close to Pierre, we've decided to name it Big P's Society.

Griffin: [wheezes]

Lady Godwin: For Super Duper Shingles Awareness. We're going two-handed about these, 'cause a lot of people think it doesn't even exist. And everyone knows about shingles no,w so it'll be much easier. Yes, we shall say, it's like shingles, everybody knows about. Scientifically speaking. And that it's a bit of..

Griffin: You...

Lady Godwin: Thank you, Big P.

Griffin: Big P gives a thumbs up.

Justin: [snorts]

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: Everyone is cheering. And... you... celebrate the rest of— of this fundraiser, you bring in so much awareness. For shingles and ev—

Travis: You start filling up like a big thermometer of awareness. Every person that you tell is another red line on the awareness thermometer.

Griffin: Uh-huh. And... as the party fells out, it's just you and Pierre at the end, and he says...

Pierre Reynolds: Well, I suppose that is it. We have... fulfilled our last... dance, if you will. So I suppose... now we shall go our separate ways. Unless—

Lady Godwin: Pierre, I have to be honest with you, there's nothing happening.

Pierre Reynolds: Between us?

Lady Godwin: I'm so sorry, Pierre, but this is nothing, between you and I.

Pierre Reynolds: Oh... I thought maybe.

Lady Godwin: No. This is— This is— You're not the first to get uh... crossed signals. Don't trouble yourself over it.

Pierre Reynolds: I understand. Um... F— Farewell.

Griffin: He turns and runs across the street to his wagon, leaving you standing here on the street of Lumineaux, alone. It is dark always, but particularly so right now. And... you... have a moment where you feel... a bit dis— disquieted by the silence.

And then, you see two bright, bright spotlights in the street in front of you flash on. And an unfamiliar, loud, mechanical sound fills the street. And then the last thing you hear is a voice that says...

Dracula: Punch the Nos, Wolfman! Let's see what this baby can do!

Griffin: And then the mechanical sound gets very loud very fast, and then you... wake up. In a hospital. And... you...

[dramatic violin plays]

Griffin: Can hear the sounds of locusts outside, and you can see the glow of sunrise. You know that some time has passed. And you smell the overpowering scent of formaldehyde.

[faint bubbling sound effects play]

Griffin: You are— You are in a hospital bed connected to all manner of large, noisy machines, with purposes you cannot immediately discern. And you see a man wearing a surgical mask sort of checking on you.

Very kind eyes, and when he sees your eyes open up, he kind of takes a step back. And... immediately starts sort of like punching buttons on some machines and says—

Lady Godwin: You... You! Yoooou! Come closer. Come close.

Unknown Man: This— This is not my first rodeo.

Lady Godwin: Please.

Unknown Man: I have to tell.

Lady Godwin: I don't understand.

Unknown Man: Okay. But you're—

Lady Godwin: Why am I luscious?

Griffin: [chuckles]

Unknown Man: Listen, it's been a big— a big— Time has passed since I— your passing. It's— Try to take some deep breaths. Try to—

Lady Godwin: [weeps]

Unknown Man: Yeah, we try to do a meditative— We do a medi—

Lady Godwin: [through tears] I've got— I've got the hooch! Look at me! I've got the good stuff!

Griffin: [chuckles]

Lady Godwin: [weeps]

Griffin: He sort of looks uncomfortable like—

Unknown Man: Oh. Okay, um...

Lady Godwin: Dangerous curves ahead! How could you?! [weeps] I can't take my eyes off of me!

Travis: [claps]

Unknown Man: Do you want some time alone before, um...

Clint: [laughs]

Lady Godwin: These arms are beautifully toned and—

Unknown Man: I'm gonna come back in like 15 minutes, and you just sort of do— You just have this kind of like sexual awakening that—

Lady Godwin: What have you done?! Where's my old body? It was perfectly decent. You could draw it with five lines! It was like an— a signature. It was perfect.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Lady Godwin: No— No strange curves to be ashamed of in front of God!

Unknown Man: Uh... Uh, Mrs Godwin, I'm— Let me just—

Lady Godwin: It's a— I'm pulling my— I'm sorry to do this. I'm so sorry you had to see this display of— of— of reaction. The fault is not yours, of cour— I'm sorry, I didn't get your name.

Igor: It's Igor. And um... I'm check— just here to kinda... Okay. Are you— Are you feelin' okay now? Can you take some kind of rough news?

Lady Godwin: No! I'm furious! Where's your employer?

Igor: Oh, uh... Frank— Frank's— Well, we haven't seen Frank around here in a while. It's been...

Lady Godwin: Of all the impertinence. You call Dr Frankenstein "Frank".

Igor: Yeah, we're buds. Um...

Lady Godwin: Oh, buds. Listen.

Igor: Let me look at your chart.

Lady Godwin: You'll do no such thing.

Griffin: He picks up your— [chuckles] What?

Lady Godwin: You'll do no such thing!

Igor: I have to look—

Lady Godwin: I'll read you the chart.

Igor: Okay. Are you a doc— Are you a doctor?

Lady Godwin: I can't make heads or tails of this. Igor, explain this to me at once!

Griffin: [chuckles]

Igor: Okay. Yeah, so... You— You're kind of um...

Lady Godwin: Yes.

Igor: You're kind of a— the last— last one. You're the last— You're sort of the last... claim, as it were, for the— for the life insurance policy that we have been handling. We sort of pivoted away—

Lady Godwin: Reanimation insurance.

Igor: The reanimation insurance, yeah. That we— We kinda started to call it somethin' else because... the— there were some— there were some issues with the government that didn't like— They—

We were doing some zombie-craft, they called it, and so we call it “life insurance” now. But we don’t actually call it anything, you’re the last one. You’re the last policy to sort of cash in.

Lady Godwin: Where is this— And where—! Where is— Where... is my body?

Igor: Oh, um... Well, let me look at the chart. Okay, it says here that Dracula hit it with his car so hard that it exploded.

Travis: [snorts]

Lady Godwin: My... body. My... inoffensive, decent, tasteful body.

Igor: Yeah, it—

Lady Godwin: That was no embarrassment to me in front of the eyes of Christ.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Igor: Yeah. Yeah, that body, it got hit by a car that was being driven by Dracula. Some eyewitnesses report that Wolfman was also in the vehicle and—

Lady Godwin: What did you— What did— What... did you say?

Igor: I said a few things... did you not like the Dra—

Lady Godwin: Dra-cu-la.

Igor: Yeah. He’s some—

Lady Godwin: Dracu— After everything! Dracula smooshed me.

Igor: Yeah, with his car. And this— this was— I mean, this was a while ago. This was seven years ago.

Lady Godwin: And the body?

Igor: Exploded, I don't know how many other ways—

Lady Godwin: Whose body am I attached to, Igor?!

Igor: Oh, let me look at the chart.

Griffin: He looks down and says—

Igor: Okay, um... Says here, uh... Brynhilda. And then it says "Liberator of Spines".

Lady Godwin: Oh. Good lord.

Igor: Is, uh, a battle maiden.

Lady Godwin: Ugh!

Igor: And a renowned prize-fighter—

Lady Godwin: Oh.

Igor: — in the Burly Core League.

Lady Godwin: The what?! Oh, God no—

Igor: Burly Core—

Lady Godwin: Don't say it again!

Igor: Burly Core League.

Lady Godwin: Oh no!

Igor: It's for big, strong fighters, and she won seven consecutive— consecutive title matches before she lost the eighth, in which she surrendered her title and her head, but she was an organ donor, so.

Lady Godwin: [sighs] I think... Something to say for the brute.

Igor: I would say that if you are displeased with the body that you have been matched with that we have a customer service department that was

also dissolved when Frankenstein sort of gave up on the whole reanimation business, and um... started shackin' up with Dracula, so we're...

We are sorry. Hold on, let me read the script. "So you don't like your bod. Well. That can be chall— That can be a challenge." Shit, that's all it says.

Travis: [giggles]

Igor: Um... Well. I— I— I guess I'm done. You were my last gig here, so um...

Justin: She— She starts standing up. And—

Igor: Oh, you're t— Wow, you're tall. Holy crap. Wow.

Lady Godwin: Igor.

Igor: Yep.

Lady Godwin: I require clothes and an axe!

Igor: Ma—

Lady Godwin: I'm going to kill Dracula!

Igor: Why?

Lady Godwin: Becau— Igor. The car.

Igor: 'Cause he hit you with— Oh, okay.

Lady Godwin: From a second ago, remember?

Igor: It's just there's lots of people who are trying to kill Dracula and that's a— You know, it was an accident.

Lady Godwin: Lots of people, Igor, trying to make everyone aware of shingles!

Igor: Yeah.

Lady Godwin: Do you know who achieved it?! I! Lady Elizabeth Godwin.

Igor: Okay. Um...

Lady Godwin: Have you heard of shingles, Igor?

Igor: I've heard of— I have heard of it, yeah of course.

Lady Godwin: Yes, of course you have, yes.

Igor: Everyone's heard— Everyone's heard of shingles.

Lady Godwin: Yeah, yes. I know.

Igor: You might want to ch—

Lady Godwin: Seven years on, the word still persists. Everyone knows about shingles.

Igor: Okay, look. You may wanna like chill for like a month or so and sort of get your sea legs under ya before you go out there—

Justin: She shoves him into the wall.

Igor: Okay. Well.

Justin: I wanna roll a Strength check to see how hard I did it. [chuckles]

Griffin: Okay, sure.

Justin: 'Cause I don't know my own strength.

Griffin: Absolutely you don't. In fact, I'm going to say roll it with advantage.

Justin: [wheezes] Great. What's just a— just a Strength check. Is that if I'm unarmed...

[sound of die rolling]

Griffin: Okay. Yes. On a 14, I mean you do shove him with considerable force. He runs into one of those like IV bag racks and goes tumbling to the floor. And... you are— you are shocked by how far you were able to kind of toss this man with not very much effort. He says—

Igor: Wait. Wait wait wait wait wait wait wait. Wait. Wait. Wait. Do you even know where you're going?

Lady Godwin: The axe store!

Griffin: And okay, let's flash back forward to you, sailing through the air. I'm gonna need two checks here.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: One, give me a... either Athletics or Acrobatics check for the jump through the air. And then a... melee attack roll with Jennifer Meyers.

[sound of die rolling]

Griffin: Not great. That is a— a 5 on the Athletics check.

Justin: Yikes.

Griffin: And... a... You—

Justin: What was the other roll you wanted?

Griffin: Well, let's resolve this first.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: You leap— I— But you know what it is, Justin?

Justin: What's that?

Griffin: Brynhilda's body, as you try to give it this command to jump, as it sees the fire on the back of this wagon, it stumbles and you... you trip. You are able to make one more saving throw here. Make a Dexterity saving throw. You fall, you're trying to grab something before you smash into the ground and get pulled under horse foot.

[sound of die rolling]

Griffin: Okay. 16. You are able to grab onto the back of the wagon, there is a little towing hitch. You are able to hold onto that. You would— I would say you're still close enough to this horse that is pursuing you for you to try and take an attack against the rider, so big is Jennifer Meyers. But I'm going to give you disadvantage on the roll, as you're being sort of hauled behind, if that is still what you wish to do.

Justin: Yes, that's what I wish to do.

Griffin: Okay, make an attack roll.

[sounds of die rolling]

Griffin: 11. An 11 hits. This is just a dude wearing a robe, not the highest AC in the world.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: So even with disadvantage, you manage to connect with this... with this guy. So, give me a damage roll please.

[music swells]

[sound of die rolling]

Justin: There you go.

Griffin: I'm so confused by the number that just happened here.

Justin: There's 4 slashing damage... uh... And then 2 rage.

Griffin: Two from the rage, okay.

Justin: Add rage, yeah.

Griffin: Alright, this guy back here is a little bit sturdier than the one who got blasted with shingles and died from it instantly. He... takes the hit, and then you see him rear back on his horse and... start to ready an

attack, and it is in fact his turn next. The cultist is going to launch a... He is going to launch a Fire Bolt at... you, I think. So... Does a 14 hit your AC, Lady Godwin?

Justin: Um... yes.

Griffin: Okay. You take... 3 points of fire damage.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: And... the rider is going to move up to try to get next to... the new rider— the new driver of the vehicle, who is Mutt. The other cultist is going to point his crossbow at you, Brother Phileaux, and take a shot. That is a 10 versus AC.

Clint: Does not hit. AC 11.

Griffin: Okay. It— It shoots right through one window and right out of the other.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: Narrowly missing both you— No, just you, you're the only one still left in the compartment. And then we move back up to the top. Mutt.

Travis: Mutt is going to... take aim with his vicious heavy crossbow.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: To try to shoot the one that pulled up next to him.

Griffin: The— The leader looking one of the sort of... lackey looking one.

Travis: Whichever one just pulled up, that like hurled a Fireball at—

Griffin: Oh, that is the leader. The leader seems to be the one wielding magic here.

Travis: Yuh. Yuh yuh yuh yuh yuh.

Griffin: Well then that is— It looks like, if I'm not mistaken, that green number does mean that this is a critical hit.

Travis: That is correct.

Justin: [exhales in appreciation] Nice.

Travis: And with the vicious heavy crossbow, that is an extra 2d6 piercing damage.

Griffin: Good lord, okay.

Travis: On top of the thing. Is... Griffin, is this rider undead or a lycanthrope?

Griffin: Wait, the vicious heavy crossbow does what now?

Travis: On a nat 20, it does an extra 2d6.

Griffin: Why do you have this?

Travis: 'Cause it's handed down from generation to generation of Muttner.

Justin: Oh yeah, mine is too.

Griffin: Is it handed down from fuckin' generation to generation of... *D&D* player?

Travis: You had— You had plenty of time to go over my character sheet. I gave it to you weeks ago, sir.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: To see that you were smuggling magic weapons fuckin' in it?!

Travis: I gave this character sheet to you weeks ago. I got approval of it yesterday, Griffin. I smuggled—

Griffin: [simultaneously] I didn't know that I needed to fucking go over it with a fine-tooth comb!

Travis: [simultaneously] I smuggled nothing!

Griffin: You fuckin'—

Travis: I declared this on my form, sir!

Griffin: Okay, fine. This happens, and as this incredible bolt comes out and— I— I mean, you can roll the damage if you want, it's gonna fuck this dude right up.

Travis: Is— Is it— Is the rider undead or a lycanthrope?

Griffin: No.

Travis: Okay. Well.

Griffin: I mean, you're gonna fuckin' destroy him either way, so I think it ma— may be hard to tell sort of what his whole vibe is. This amount of damage would shatter any— any being.

Travis: So, it's 19 total.

Griffin: Okay, yeah. On a 19 total, you shoot the arrow and it goes into his head, and his head just keeps— You somehow decapitate him with an arrow. And his lifeless body goes falling off, and then the wagon hits a pothole and bounces weird, and then the crossbow breaks.

Travis: Nope.

Griffin: On the ground.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: And you'll have to get a new crossbow—

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: — that's not an overpowered magical weapon in the very first episode of our *D&D* podcast.

Travis: It was right there the whole time!

Griffin: Travis.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: [softly] The fight's over.

Griffin: The fun's over. You got— You had your fun, this is the family heirloom. It shatters against the side of the wagon as you hit a pothole weird.

Travis: Aw man.

Justin: In accordance with prophecy. [chuckles]

Griffin: And... We move on to Brother Phileaux. You have one more cultist remaining here. This one is so fucking dead, it is not even funny. I am also going to say... I should've done this between turns.

That there's— Now there's— The fire is spreading. There are now two fires on the back of the wagon, as illustrated by the two fire JPEGs that I have placed there.

Clint: Brother Phileaux is going to lean out the other carriage window, in the direction of the person that's still on the horseback.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: And say...

Brother Phileaux: My friend. I... hope you were paying attention a few minutes ago to... to see what has happened to your— your compatriots. We wish you no harm. Now that we know you're not some kind of ghoulish, undead spirit, but just a normal, misguided cultist, why don't you rein in your... rather beautiful horse there, and let us pass in peace?

Griffin: Make a... Persuasion check.

[sound of die rolling]

Clint: A 6. Well the worm has definitely turned.

Griffin: It really fuckin' has. He... This figure... You see... look at you. And it— You all are now racing so fast that the vapor is not quite sort of like completely concealing his face anymore. And you see... a— a pair of pupil-less red eyes looking back at you as you make this impassioned plea. Make a Wisdom saving throw please, Brother Phileaux.

Clint: That's not good.

[sound of die rolling]

Clint: 11.

Griffin: You... see some of that red vapor float away from this figure and towards you. And... just as it starts to... surround... your senses— Oh, no. You know what? You feel it sort of surrounding your senses, and you can only just kind of see the inside of this— this cabin still, and the very scared bloodhound dog underneath the seat in front of you. Next in the order is Lady Godwin.

Justin: Um... Let's see here.

[pause]

Justin: Is the— the one rider there within reach still?

Griffin: Uh, yes. I would say so.

Justin: Okay. It's dragging—

Griffin: You are hanging onto the back of a— a carriage.

Justin: Mm-hmm.

Griffin: So it will be with disadvantage unless you can somehow sort of get— get, you know, use your move to try and get back up into a more stable position.

Justin: Yeah, I'm just gonna— I think she's just gonna huck herself at that rider over there.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Just do another leaping attack on that rider.

Griffin: Okay. Are you just throwing yourself off of the towing hitch, where you are sort of dangling backwards? 'Cause this will be, I would say, a pretty tremendous feat of Athletics.

Justin: Yeah, and I'm not that Athletic. Hmm... Can I do— Is the fire, like, within reach? Is that anything that I can—

Griffin: Yeah, I mean you can climb up to where the fire is pretty easily.

Justin: Yeah, I just don't feel like puttin' that out is my strong suit. I'm gonna climb up to where you said I could climb up just a second ago, and then jump onto the guy from— from there.

Griffin: Okay, make a— Make an— We'll just call this one smooth movement. Make an Athletics check here. You want at least a 10, a 15 would make it quite clean.

[sound of die rolling]

Griffin: Oh no.

Justin: [chuckles] How'd it go?

Griffin: Uh, your—

Justin: Oh, that's bad.

Griffin: That's a— That's a five.

Justin: 'Kay.

Griffin: With a five, you're gonna— you're gonna— I'll give you an option. I will let you grab onto the horse's tail. It's gonna kick you before anything else happens.

Justin: Yeah, I'll grab the horse's tail.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: If you give me that option.

Griffin: Sure, you're grabbing onto the horse's tail.

Justin: Fail up, baby.

Griffin: It is going to make a... melee attack against you. Let's see. Okay.

Justin: It hits.

Griffin: Yeah, that's gonna hit. You feel... You know what it is, actually? The horse... whips around. As it feels you grab onto its tail. And it's gonna bite you, bites your hand. And try to knock you off. You take... three points of biting damage, and I need you to make a Constitution saving throw for me, please.

Justin: Okay.

[sound of die rolling]

Griffin: An eight. Um... You are going to take an extra 1 point of poison damage.

Justin: Dang.

Griffin: As this horse's crazy mouth disease, whatever it may be, gives you a little bit of extra—

Justin: It's not Draculitis? Does it seem to be Draculitis or shingles?

Griffin: Give me a Medicine—

Justin: The two diseases.

Griffin: Give me a Medicine check. Give me a Medicine check.

Justin: Okay. Sure, that's perfect for me.

[sound of die rolling]

Griffin: Five. It could be Draculitis or shingles.

Travis: Oh no, but not both, right? But not both, right?

Clint: Because that would be super-duper shingles.

Griffin: That would be—

Justin: Not shingulising Draculitis.

Griffin: [cackles]

Justin: Noooooo.

Clint & Travis: [laugh]

Justin: They said that was a myth too!

Griffin: You—

Justin: Damn you, science!

Griffin: Well that was your move. You still have an action that you can take here.

Justin: I'm on the horse's tail?

Griffin: Yup, being dragged along by this big, powerful horse.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Great. I'm gonna reach up with Jennifer Meyers and just try to hook the horse's legs.

Griffin: Okay, horrible. Go ahead and make that attack roll for me. But the horse did bite you and poison you.

Justin: Yeah, I know! And I deducted the hit points. You want me to throw a parade? Come on. [chuckles]

Griffin: You have so many beautiful hit points. Make that attack roll, please.

Justin: Yeah, yeah. It's comin'.

[sound of die rolling]

Griffin: Yeah, wow, Jesus. Yeah. Yeah. That's a 19 versus horse legs. That's— You know what? That one's gonna hit. Okay. For 8 points of slashing damage. Here's what happens. The... The horse trips up. And... you can see that you have wounded its— its back leg pretty significantly here, and in doing so, it sort of crashed to the ground, crushing the rider that was on top of it.

You slide to a halt, here in the middle of the road. The rider is dead, the horse is lying down in front of you. You are being left behind by the wagon now, because they are still goin' on a rocket in front of you. You have enough control over this— this wagon, by the way Crawford.

Travis: Mm-hmm. Mutt.

Griffin: To sort of— Mutt. To— To sort of figure out what happens next at this point. It is on fire, which is not great, but we are out of sort of initiative order.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: In this— In this exact moment.

Travis: I stop the horses.

Griffin: Okay. I'm not gonna make you do another check on that, you crushed the last one no problem. You... Immediately your dog jumps out of cover, sensing that being inside of a flaming wagon is not actually the safest place to be. And... what do you do, Brother Phileaux?

Clint: Whips off his monk's cowl.

Griffin: 'Kay.

Clint: And starts beating at the fire to try to put it out.

Griffin: Okay. Make a... Golly, what would that be? I mean, attack roll against the fire, is that wild? It feels wild.

Travis: A Survival check?

Griffin: Yeah, Survival is good, yeah.

Justin: That's a good one.

Griffin: Thanks for remembering that that skill exists, Travis. We never do that on this show.

Travis: Yeah, you're welcome, Dit.

Griffin: Make a Survival check, Mac.

Clint: Mm. I don't want to.

Travis: Well.

Clint: Okay.

[sound of die rolling]

Clint: 12.

Justin: 12.

Clint: Wait a minute. [confidently] 12!

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: It's good.

Travis: I'm also going to help.

Griffin: Okay. With a 12—

Travis: I wouldn't just sit there and be like "You're doin' great".

Griffin: Sure. With a 12 you are going to put out the fire. You are going to lose a— a decent amount of your regalia here, in— in doing so. It is going to get burnt to smithereens. So... And then Mutt, you can... make another check on this second fire.

[sound of die rolling]

Travis: Yeah, I did that. It wasn't great. I got an 8.

Griffin: An eight? You know what it is? With an eight, the remnants of your incredible crossbow are consumed—

Travis: Awwwww, nooooo.

Griffin: — as you are focused on this.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Awwwww, noooo.

Mutt: Well.

Griffin: Upon taking out the fire.

Clint: [coughs]

Griffin: And this situation, it has—

Mutt: You know, my great great great—

Clint: Great run.

Griffin: — has calmed down.

Mutt: — great great grandfather carved that out of a unicorn's bones.
Aww no.

Griffin: As you— As you come back to your feet, Lady Godwin, this horse looks at you with malice and darts off into the woods.

[theme music fades in]

Griffin: And the three of you find yourself in front of... a... carriage that has seen much better days. And a— a— [chuckles] a carriage driver who has seen the last of his days.

Justin: [snorts]

Griffin: And two beautiful fuckin' sinewy, strong, musclebound, sweating horses. In front of... the regal gates to the Singing City of Lumineaux.

[theme music plays, then fades out]

[ukulele chord]

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