

The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula - Episode 6

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[intro theme music plays]

Dracula: Dear diary...

Death and beauty has always been, in my experience, wonderful bedfellows. Not only those that encapsulate my whole spooky vibe, it's truly the defining dynamic of my domain. You see, artsy types, they can't get enough of death and danger. There is a reason why the greatest creative minds in the realm flocked to Lumino. And it's not because of the quality of our public schools. It is—

Justin: [chuckles]

Dracula: It is because there is no muse more inspiring than the specter of death. Though our public school system is pretty good.

[The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula theme music plays]

Griffin: Dracula stands before you.

Justin: Lady Godwin gets one look at him and screams:

Godwin: Zoons!

Justin: And tries to attack him with Jennifer Myers.

Griffin: [chuckles] Okay, give me a... give me an attack roll. Fine. Yeah, great. Give me an attack roll.

Justin: I mean, what do you want me to do, man? It's a barbarian and she sees the thing she wants to kill, like—

Griffin: Yeah, no, give me an attack. For sure, yeah.

Justin: It's out of my hands.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: 17.

Griffin: Okay, pretty good. Is it enough? Let's find out, as I pull up the character sheet for Dracula. Should just probably always have that going. A 17 hits Dracula's armor class.

Justin: Yes!

Griffin: So let's get a... let's get some damage going.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Oh, wow! That is—

Justin: It's two rage, 10 slashing. So 12 altogether.

Griffin: Are you raging? You didn't say that you are, but I will allow it considering—

Justin: Well—

Travis: She said—she said 'zoons.'

Griffin: That's true. That's true. Okay, describe your attack. You're bringing this axe down. Where are you—what are you trying to do to Dracula?

Justin: Well, I mean, there's very little consideration on her part. It is very much overhead chop, like no thought, just sprinting at him to swing. I imagine the swing doesn't find exactly purchase where she was hoping to, because Dracula was not like split in twain with 12 points damage.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: So maybe you could tell me if he does like a... how he doesn't get killed by it?

Griffin: [chuckles] Well, I mean, he's not going to get killed by it.

Justin: Well, I know, but like you tell me what Dracula does to... I'm just saying, with an overhead chop aimed at his head, tell me how it—like what **does** he do? I don't want to say what he does to not get killed by that.

Griffin: Okay, he—

Justin: So, you tell me.

Griffin: You bring the axe down on him, hard. He shifts his weight a little bit, so you don't you know, lobotomize him in this moment. But you sort of slide the axe down the side of his head and bury it in his shoulder. When you do that, his ear comes off.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: And goes flying through the air and lands on the ground.

Justin: What happens to it?

Griffin: It just lands on the ground.

Travis: Does it wiggle around?

Justin: Doesn't turn to dust or wiggle around?

Griffin: It doesn't turn to dust or wiggle around.

Justin: Okay, thank you. I would actually like you to tell us that about everything.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Every object that we encounter from now on. [chuckles]

Griffin: If it's alive or not?

Travis: No, just—hey—

Justin: If it turns to dust or wiggles around—

Travis: Thank you.

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Justin: Okay, thank you.

Travis: After that happened, whenever Dracula looks back up, Mutt has pulled out his DeWalt brand vampliers. And is kind of starting to move forward, ready to extract some teeth. If this is the moment.

Griffin: Okay. He says...

Dracula: Well... rude!

Justin: Okay, so he does talk. His reaction to me attacking him with the axe was talking. I'm gonna throw the javelin at him now.

Griffin: Talking is a free action, he is—

Justin: Okay, okay. Fine.

Griffin: He is going to put a palm out and strike you in the chest with it. And he rolls a... 20 versus AC.

Justin: Yeah, I mean, that hits.

Griffin: Okay. You are going to take... good god... You are going to take 13 points of damage total.

Travis: Whew!

Justin: Okay?

Griffin: You take seven points of bludgeoning damage and you take six points of necrotic damage.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: You are thrown backwards 10 feet and land on your back. You do pull Jennifer Myers out with you.

Travis: Mutt puts the vampliers back into his pocket.

Crawford: Not the moment. Not the moment.

Godwin: [shrieks] Ah! Can't blame me for wanting to grab this beautiful bosom!

Dracula: That is not my intention. Do not put that on yourself.

Godwin: You nasty dog... Zoons! You've slain me...

Dracula: You two are probably some of the most bungling burglars I have ever witnessed. I have caught you. And yet this is a private building and you have taken the belongings out of it. My name is Count Dracula. I assume my rep—

Crawford: Yeah, man.

Dracula: My reputation precedes me...

Crawford: Yeah, bud.

Dracula: Okay. Well then you know what I am capable of?

Crawford: I'm Crawford Muttner, you can call Mutt. Everybody does. You killed or sired 27 of my family members?

Griffin: Give me an insight check as you say that, Crawford.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: 19.

Griffin: 19. His demeanor is... somewhat inscrutable. He is Count Dracula. He seems unfazed by the fact that an axe has just been buried in him. And you actually see the wound beginning to sort of close up, as if he is sort of regenerating. But when you say your name, you get the impression that he kind of recognizes you. And his demeanor softens a little bit. And he says...

Dracula: You, Crawford Muttner, the last of the Muttner clan?

Crawford: Not last. I mean, it's me and ma. But yeah, basically. And you can call me Mutt.

Griffin: He sighs. And says...

Dracula: I have no desire to exterminate the Muttner line.

Crawford: Ah, cool, man.

Dracula: Why don't you give me the puppet. And... go on. I never show this—people who know me will tell you, I never show mercy like this. It is wildly out of character for me. But this place is an ecosystem and monster hunters have an important role to—

Crawford: Hey, thank you.

Dracula: So—

Crawford: I never studied negotiation or whatnot. So I don't think that this is going to work. But how about a counteroffer? I don't give you the puppet, but I do take your teeth.

Dracula: Why do you want my teeth?

Crawford: Oh, I made a promise to my brother, Rusty. He got his ass beaten to death by the Invisible Man. You know the Invisible Man?

Dracula: Oh, yeah, that dude sucks.

Crawford: Yeah, fuckin' hate that guy, right? So—

Clint: That's a little 'the pot calling the kettle black.'

Dracula: Well, it's just, you know... this is a—

Crawford: There's a rudeness.

Dracula: A spooky realm with lots of monsters in it. But a lot of them sort of operate through some sort of internal logic. Invisible Man, he likes to just kick ass.

Crawford: He's just a piece of shit. There's the rudeness.

Clint: By the way, that was Clint that said that. That wasn't—

Griffin: Oh, shit. Oh, no, not—

Clint: Because Pinocchio—because the puppet hasn't moved.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: It hasn't said anything.

Griffin: Oh? Okay, that's good. You're playing... you're playing dead? Is that what you're doing? Give me a performer—

Justin: Hey! Hey! He's playing puppet. I mean—[chuckles]

Griffin: That's fair. Give me a performance check—

Travis: Like if you saw a puppet laying on the ground, you wouldn't be like, "I think that puppet's dead!" [chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles] That's a very good point.

Travis: Oh, no, what happened! [chuckles]

Griffin: Give me a performance check, Phileaux, while this continues to play out.

Clint: How about with advantage, since he is a puppet, which is a performance tool?

Griffin: No.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Six.

Griffin: He... okay. Yeah, I don't know how you would possibly understand his reaction to seeing you. But you pretend to be just a regular old puppet.

Crawford: Anyhoo, so my brother got his ass beat to death. And he made me promise on his deathbed that I will fulfill our final dream of kicking your ass, taking your teeth, turning them into earrings. And so, I gotta do that. No offense. I mean, listen, just like you have no desire to exterminate the Muttner Clan, this isn't like a personal thing. You weren't the one what killed my brother, that was the Invisible Man.

Dracula: I appreciate this. See, and this professionalism, it is this professionalism why I do prefer the Muttner Clan to those Bollgards.

Crawford: Oh my god, yeah.

Dracula: Ah! Bunch of knobs. How about this—

Crawford: Yeah?

Dracula: Let me... pass me those pliers.

Crawford: Okay, what's the—okay, wait. Do I get 'em back? Because they're mine.

Dracula: Sorry. Sorry.

Griffin: He waves his hand in front of you. Give me a wisdom saving throw.

Travis: Wisdom... I'm actually not bad at that. Oh, wait, saving throw. Hold on.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Hm... no.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: A 14 was the highest one.

Griffin: Yeah, no, but a 12 was the save and it's neither—

Travis: Yeah, 12.

Griffin: Neither of those succeeds. It's fucking weird, Trav. It's so weird you didn't realize this. This is your best friend, Dracula.

Travis: Oh, right, man.

Griffin: This is your best friend, Dracula. So when he said says like—

Travis: Oh, good!

Dracula: Yes.

Crawford: Yeah! Here you go. Here's my vampliers.

Dracula: Thank you. I'll make you a deal.

Crawford: Yeah?

Griffin: He reaches up... pops out his two fangs. Like it's nothing. And then he says...

Dracula: The teeth for the puppet. And then we go our separate ways.

Crawford: Yeah, man. Hey, for my best friend? For my friends? Yeah, man.

Travis: And I go to grab the puppet.

Justin: While this is happening, Lady Godwin hucks her javelin at Dracula.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: She has gotten herself—she's got herself the—[chuckles] and out of nowhere, mid-conversation, a javelin hurdles through the air!

Griffin: Give me a—

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: A javelin attack, Griffin?

Griffin: Jesus Christ! That's a 21.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: Go ahead and roll damage.

Travis: Can I use my reaction to try to push my friend Dracula out of the way?

Clint: Oh!

Griffin: No, I don't think you have that ability. That's 10 more fuckin' damage! Okay.

Travis: No! Dracula!

Griffin: [laughs] Where does it get him?

Justin: This one?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: It goes through the—how much, 10 damage? This one, I was aiming for the heart. And I think I got the other side of the chest, maybe. I don't know, you tell me.

Griffin: Okay. This one he takes in the chest. It goes through him. You see the back of his cape kind of billow out as the javelin goes through. This one break brings him back a little bit. You see Dracula stumble a little bit. He says...

Dracula: Okay.

Griffin: He pulls the javelin out of his chest. And now his demeanor is quite different. Now, he is more sort of bestial. You see a lot of wrinkles sort of growing on his forehead as his brow almost extends. You see he does not have his fangs, but it looks like his other teeth are beginning to grow into sharp points. As he—

Justin: Can she talk for a second while he's doing this?

Griffin: Sure. Yeah. This transformation is taking a few seconds.

Godwin: Oh, it looks terribly painful! But I ask you, how many times would I have to hit you with this javelin to equal getting exploded by your stupid car? I caution you, it's going to be a very long night of javelins indeed!

Griffin: You give me an insight check, Lady Godwin.

Justin: It's not her strong suit! [chuckles]

Griffin: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: 12. On a 12, he stops. His brow continues to wrinkle, but now because it's sort of furrowed. And he says...

Dracula: I don't—I splattered—Oh! No! I remember you! I remember just a brief glimpse of your face as it sort of spun upwards and away. Oh, hey, for what it's worth, I am sorry. That was... when the Wolfman and I party together, he is a terrible influence on me. And so, I do—for what it is worth, I am sorry that I splattered you with the car, but—

Godwin: I'm sure he's going to throw you a terribly festive wake.

Dracula: Oh, but the thing is, sorry, I wanted to finish is that I—you have now attacked me twice. And just on principle alone, I cannot allow that in my domain. What if someone is watching?

Griffin: He is going—

Travis: Did the damage—sorry, did the damage break the concentration on the whatever was on me?

Griffin: Let me roll a con save—

Justin: Must have been really concentrating pretty hard, if not. Because I feel like no matter how hard I concentrated—and I'm not Dracula—but no matter how concentrated, I think a javelin, I would be like, "Huh?" You know like, "Huh?"

Griffin: Yes.

Travis: It's like, your attention would be diverted or at least a second. Yeah.

Justin: At least momentarily diverted to see if there was another javelin.

Clint: Yeah, I can remember that time at band camp, Justin, when you were trying to concentrate on playing your tuba and all of a sudden, the track team—a javelin came flying in.

Justin: Javelin came through. It was—

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: Whacked you.

Travis: And it's all he would talk about all day!

Justin: Yeah, that story is 100% true. It was a baritone horn that I played actually though, so—

Clint: Right, oh.

Justin: But other than that—

Travis: The working man's tuba! Yeah.

Clint: Details matter.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Although, it would've been so—can you guys just for a second imagine someone carrying a sousaphone getting hit by a javelin? Because it is fucking funny—

Travis: It is funny! Because you wouldn't be able to fall all the way over. Because between—

Justin: Whoa! Whoa!

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Between the javelin sticking through and the size of the phone, you would end up just kind of propped up like a tent.

Justin: I'm gonna have to reinstall Garry's Mod after this, so I can see that for myself.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Okay. He turns to mist and reforms behind you. He is going to do a multi attack on you. The first of which is an unarmed strike. 20. He is, instead of doing damage, he is going to bite you.

Justin: Oh?

Griffin: And that is a 26 versus AC.

Justin: Okay, that one just barely squeaks in.

Griffin: Biting has some special rules for Dracula.

Justin: He does in our house. Not allowed. [chuckles] That is our special biting rule.

Clint: No biting, no fighting.

Justin: No fighting. No biting, no fighting.

Griffin: You feel your life force begin to vacate your body. It is a horrible, hollowing feeling. And you feel like you can feel death's embrace beginning to sort of enshroud you. Your hit point maximum is reduced by six points.

Justin: Oh, ouch. Sheesh.

Griffin: However, he doesn't kill you. Which, knowing what you know about Dracula, he very easily could. Because just moments after biting into your neck, he draws backwards and spits the blood on the ground and he says...

Dracula: Ugh! Normally I love the taste of bud! I can't get enough of this stuff.

Travis: Of what?

Dracula: Blood! It's so delicious. But something wild is happening. Have you been afflicted with some sort of curse or something? Because it's terrible in there.

Godwin: Well, I don't know where Mosin's body's been. You've destroyed my beautiful, sensible body and left me only with this... this sensual miasma of curves.

Travis: Where them teeth, Griffin? Where are the teeth that he pulled out? Where are those?

Griffin: He dropped them on the ground. He dropped them on the ground as he turned into mist.

Travis: I'm gonna grab—can I grab 'em?

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Travis: Yeah! Teeth!

Griffin: I have not put you all in initiative. Although, it is starting to look very much like maybe that is the direction that this is going. Brother Phileaux, are you playing puppet?

Clint: Has he reformed yet?

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: Is he still mist?

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: He's reformed?

Griffin: He has reformed.

Clint: Okay. Puppet Phileaux—I'm just gonna call him Phileaux.

Travis: Yeah!

Clint: Phileaux—

Justin: Yeah, the other one's in a bottle somewhere. We don't have to—

Travis: Throw the bottle like a Pokéball, dad! Summon your corpse to fight Dracula! [chuckles]

Clint: Phileaux raises his arms and, stumbling in a very awkward way, walks towards Dracula. And says...

Phileaux: Papa?

Travis: Off-putting.

Justin: Hugely. Hugely off-putting. Yeah, for sure.

Griffin: [chuckles] Okay! Okay. I'm gonna need—okay... I'm going to need another performance check out of you.

Justin: You're gonna need a bad idea check.

Travis: No, it's a good idea! But—

Justin: No, it's a good idea! Yeah, for sure. Yeah, it's just a bad idea.

Travis: A weird idea! Bad in like a not quality, but rather feeling.

Justin: Yeah, yeah.

Travis: Are you my mummy?

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Okay, 13.

Clint: 13.

Griffin: He looks at you. He does not look surprised to see you. He looks confused. He kind of crouches down to get a better look at you. And says...

Dracula: So, you are awake. What are you doing? Why are you pretending to be a small boy?

Phileaux: I'm confused, papa. I'm confused!

Griffin: It seems to bring him great joy to see how confused you are. To see you in this state. He says...

Dracula: Well, this was worth everything. Come on. You're coming with me.

Griffin: He takes a step forward to try to grab your arm.

Clint: I let him.

Griffin: Okay. Make a wisdom saving throw, please.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: 11.

Griffin: Okay, He scoops you up in his arm. And he's holding you. And he says...

Dracula: Get out of Ungrave. Both of you. I will not show mercy again.

Griffin: And he... turns into a big bat. Just like that. And scoops Pinocchio up in his arms and starts to fly off.

Travis: Bye! And dad does nothing? You do nothing?

Griffin: Dad does nothing? You don't do anything?

Justin: Dad lets himself get carried away by Dracula.

Clint: Right. Okay, so I assume he's kind of nestled up against Dracula?

Griffin: Yes. I mean, you are in the bat's sort of clutches.

Clint: Right?

Griffin: And you are you are nestled up against his—it's a big bat. Big enough to carry a, you know, a wooden puppet boy.

Clint: Right.

Travis: Standard measurement.

Clint: He kind of nestles his face in close to Dracula's chest and says...

Phileaux: I love you very, very much Dracula.

Clint: And his nose grows.

Griffin: [chuckles] Okay?

Clint: And impales through the bat's chest.

Griffin: Okay? Okay! Yeah.

Travis: The end.

Griffin: The end of the story. This is how it was always—okay, this is going to be an attack roll. You're going to have advantage, because if this isn't a sneak attack, I don't know what is.

Clint: Okay.

Griffin: So why don't you make an unarmed attack roll with advantage, please?

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Holy shit.

Clint: 23?!

Griffin: Yeah!

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Does Dracula have a son that we'll have to fight now or what? Like...

Griffin: Dracula howls as you jab your nose into his chest. And as he does that, he transforms back into Dracula and plummets to the ground. You all have not flown particularly far when this happens. So he still lands sort of in the corner of the junkyard, and you land on top of him. He stands up and throws you off of him. And he says...

Dracula: Okay, I see that you have not missed a step, have you? Bastard.

Griffin: He takes a step towards you to counterattack. And as he does so, a glowing, enormous crossbow bolt flies in and impales him in the heart. And he goes:

Dracula: [gasps] Ah... ah... eh!

Griffin: Pfff. He disintegrates into ash and floats away into the night sky. And you hear uproarious applause. Cheering, clapping and screaming. And in that din, you hear a name. [cheers] "Cedric!"

Travis: Ah, man!

Griffin: [cheers] "Cedric! Cedric!" You look up and see Cedric Bullguard with his giant, heavy, vicious crossbow, smiling and waving to the crowd.

Justin: [chuckles]

Cedric: Yes, another banner day for the Bullgaurd family! My goodness! Dracula defeated, I am hard as a rock right now! Ah!

[group laugh]

Crawford: You absolute dink! I had it!

Cedric: I don't know what you're talking about. You may have loosened the lid on the pickle jar, but to the victor goes the spoils!

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: [cheers] "Cedric! Cedric! Cedric!"

Crawford: You fucking kill stealer! Were you camping? You come in here, we—this... hm! Cedric!

Clint: He literally sniped you.

Travis: Yes!

Clint: He really...

Griffin: The crowd picks Cedric up on their shoulders and bouncing, just like carries him back to town. All just sort of like cheering and raising the roof. Leaving the three of you alone in an empty junkyard.

Travis: I still have the teeth. Do they turn to dust?

Griffin: Give me a luck check.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Six.

Griffin: Not very lucky!

Travis: Aw, man!

Griffin: The teeth turn to dust. The air on the ground doesn't. You get an ear.

Travis: God damn it!

Griffin: But that can be anyone's ear.

Travis: I pick it up and I whisper, "I'm gon' get your teeth," into hit.
[chuckles]

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: Give me an investigation... no, perception check.

Travis: Me?

Griffin: Yes.

Travis: I'm pretty good at that.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: 19.

Griffin: As you are sort of like sifting through his ashen remains to try and find some sort of prize, for a second your hopes get up. Because as you're rooting through the pile, your fingers graze against two sharp, sort of pointy things. And you are disappointed as you pull those things out of the ash pile and the light of the full moon and the light from Lumino Tower glint off of two very small bolts.

Travis: Oh? Huh... huh...

Godwin: Never took him for a music lover. I think you two need to leave me. I feel... just awful. But Dracula's dead. That's the important thing. Good work, all.

Crawford: Dracula's not dead.

Godwin: We've had a lot of fun. I never really got to know either of you terribly well. And I believe our businesses is concluded. I would like to go lay down for three weeks. If you will excuse me.

Crawford: He's not—

Phileaux: Can I do... can I do something first?

Godwin: Oh? Please. Yes.

Clint: And he casts Healing Word on Lady Godwin.

Godwin: Oh!

Justin: All right?

Griffin: So one D4 plus your spell casting modifier. Your spell casting modifier is plus four. So D4 plus four.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Good, okay. Two plus four.

Clint: Two plus four, six.

Griffin: So, you are healed for six points.

Godwin: Oh, is this a cough drop? Thank you so much. Excellent.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Phileaux: A Luden's! A Luden's.

Godwin: I feel marginally better!

Griffin: Can you give me a perception check, Lady Godwin, as you sort of take stock of your bod here.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Okay, 14. With a 14, since you have stepped outside of this building, your hand that is attached to you has been hurting and itching and feeling quite bad. It is the hand with the horse bite on it. And you can't tell—I mean, you don't have a medical background, you don't know if this is an infection or what. But as you're sort of being healed, you realize like, "There's this one part of my body that fuckin' doesn't feel very good."

Justin: My right attached hand? Or my left attached hand?

Griffin: Whichever one the horse bit, as you were holding on to the carriage in episode one.

Justin: Okay.

Crawford: Y'all, I wish this was like the end of the—Dracula's not dead, man. Like this is... y'all... okay... The Bullguard family has 'killed,' air quotes, Dracula like five times now, six times now. It's like a... I don't know, there's just a cloud that blows away and reforms as Dracula. He ain't dead.

Justin: Is that true, Griffin?

Griffin: Yeah, yeah. Dracula has been killed and always comes back, seemingly.

Travis: Yeah. He ain't dead.

Griffin: The Bullguard family has racked up quite a kill count of Dracula, that has just been extended by one.

Crawford: So, like, I wish that it was, you know, victory music time or whatever. But like, that weren't it. I still don't have teeth. I'm almost had his teeth! I was gonna go. I was gonna leave you guys to finish whatever, but the teeth...

Godwin: Brother Phileaux, maybe... I find that my hand has started to... itch. Now that I've said it out loud, in context, that probably doesn't seem very important to you.

Griffin: [laughs]

Godwin: I'm going to tell Crawford instead. Crawford, my hand has started itching terribly.

Crawford: Hm! That's the—

Godwin: You're a—

Crawford: Yeah.

Godwin: You're a... you know animals. Look at this. Is this common for a horse bite?

Travis: I'm gonna look at it with my plus five medicine check. [chuckles] With my Backwoods Wisdom.

Griffin: You know what it is actually? Give me a survival check.

Travis: Oh, okay. I knew that.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: That sucks, that's a nine.

Travis: That's a nine. Geez!

Griffin: It ain't right. This bite ain't right!

Travis: Wait, I wanna... okay... I want to make some kind of wisdom check as Crawford.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: To see if I can connect the fact that Dracula didn't like the taste of the lady's blood and this bite thing. Because I, as a player, have connected it. But I don't know if Mutt would. I can't make that assumption.

Griffin: I will give you that on this check, right. The it looks infected. It looks like something has happened to it. I think logically like you don't have to roll to connect two dots like that, right.

Crawford: Yeah, so I don't—man, listen. I don't know. I have no idea what this is, Lady Godwin. But it may be like sepsis, some kind of infection set it. Makes your blood tastes nasty? Because he spit it out. Like, I was gonna at first say like, oh, maybe you got like undead formaldehyde blood. But he's like shacking up with Frankenstein. He'd know about that stuff, right? So I don't know, man. Maybe you got blood poisoning? Is that thing? That sounds like a thing, right?

Phileaux: Is it only in the hand? Is that the only place you have the itch?

Crawford: Do you have it in your foot or mouth?

Phileaux: No, located from this bite, right here.

Phileaux: Hm... So, it activated when I did the healing spell?

Griffin: No. No.

Clint: No? Okay. Okay.

Griffin: I just love this scene of you all came outside, were attacked by Dracula, almost killed Dracula. Someone else killed Dracula. And then Lady Godwin is just like, "My fuckin' hand itches a lot."

Justin: Well, Griffin.—I mean, Griff—

Travis: You brought it up!

Justin: You brought it up, dog!

Griffin: That's fair. That's fair.

Justin: You might as well say, hey, talk about how your hand itches for a second. I gotta get a drink. Like, I'm sorry.

Griffin: [laughs] All right.

Justin: You said, "Your hand itches." I'm going to talk—what would it—how would you feel if I was like, "Oh, no shit? Anyway. Like, moving on."

Travis: [chuckles]

Griffin: Right—

Travis: Cool. Cool. Anyways, Dracula, huh?

Griffin: You all are now standing alone in this junk yard. You actually here behind you inside of the lab, "Eh, Sloppy!"

Travis: Oh! I close the door. [chuckles]

Godwin: Oh, oh, time to go.

Crawford: Yup!

Griffin: Okay. You all head out from Frankenstein's derelict laboratory.

[theme music plays]

[ad reads]

[theme music [plays]

Travis: Can we like short rest or some shit? Because I am down to seven hit points.

Griffin: Yeah, I mean if you all want to take a short rest, you can absolutely do that. Spend some of your hit dice to recover hit points. If you want to

take a long rest, to get back your spell slots, which I imagine for Phileaux are in short supply, you can do that as well. You just need a place to do it.

Travis: Well, if Pierre Reynolds owns the thing, and we just—

Griffin: The Ghostlight Pub?

Travis: Yeah, we just squished all the things, he'd probably let us chill out there, right?

Griffin: You could certainly to ask.

Justin: Couldn't hurt to ask.

Travis: Yeah. Okay, let's go there.

Griffin: All right, you all make your way back into the city center, towards the theater district, where the Ghostlight Pub is located. It is later, the moon is up, the weather is slightly cooler. The city's sort of omnipresent, amber glow is sort of even brighter as it mixes with the moonlight.

As the theater, as the shows in the district let out the number of sort of like buskers and street performers, has tripled. And the city feels very, very vibrant and alive as you make your way back towards the Ghostlight. As you come inside, the bartender takes a look and sees a puppet walk in and just kind of, "Oh, okay."

And you all make your way back, and Pierre Reynolds is still chilling at his table. His entourage has seemingly increased as the night has progressed. And he is just kind of like holding court in the back of this pub. And his—

Travis: Is Cedric here?

Griffin: Cedric, you passed on your way here, just being paraded around in the streets like a hero. People aren't really stoked that Dracula has been killed here. Some people are. Some people are just like still wrapped up in their own artistic endeavors. And as he sees you, Pierre says...

Pierre: The heroes return. Excellent.

Griffin: Wait, no. I gotta find his voice. Can you guys—can one of you guys kill Pierre?

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: After he talks this time, so I don't have to do him.

Justin: [chuckles]

Pierre: Uh-huh!

[group laugh]

Justin: Absolutely not. Absolutely not.

Pierre: The brave heroes return, excellent. Did you destroy the hands? Have you... wait, what is this?

Griffin: He sees—

Travis: Zut alors! [chuckles]

Griffin: Zut alors! He sees your little—your ringed hand sort of climb up on your shoulder, as you mentioned hands. As though it has sort of like—

Pierre: What is this? I thought I asked you to destroy the hands?

Godwin: Oh, not right now, mummy's talking.

Crawford: That one's domesticated.

Griffin: It nuzzles against you and then scurries back down into your pocket.

Crawford: The rest of 'em though, we did—we destroyed 'em. Destroyed where they was coming from. Destroyed their machine. Left the dog there to eat whatever is left. So them, that's done. We—

Godwin: No more trouble from hands. That's a guarantee!

Justin: And then my hand gives—my shoulder hand gives an okay.

[group chuckle]

Griffin: Good.

Crawford: I would love a nap. And maybe like a burger, if you got one? Something.

Pierre: We do not serve hamburger in this—

Crawford: Sorry, say it again?

Pierre: Hamburger? We do have—

Clint: [chuckles]

Pierre: We have... potato wedges. Stuffed potato skins.

Crawford: Do you do turkey club? Everybody does Turkey club?

Pierre: We can get you a turkey club, yes. I think it is the least I can do for you two. Thank you for your bravery and your service.

Phileaux: What is the most you can do?

Pierre: That puppet is talk! What—

Phileaux: Hello!

Pierre: What?!

Godwin: Oh, yes...

Phileaux: Oh, you think the puppet's talking? Oh, that's adorable.

Pierre: Oh?

Phileaux: You didn't even see his lips moving, did you?

Travis: Yeah, Mutt starts kind of wiggling his lips a little bit.

Pierre: That is incredible. You are not even touching him? So I do not know how you are animating the mouth?

Godwin: Strings, of course.

Crawford: Drone.

Travis: [chuckles]

Crawford: He's a drone. He's a drone—

Godwin: Drone—

Phileaux: Drone strings.

Crawford: Servos.

Pierre: Technology, it is—

Crawford: Simple machines.

Pierre: Technology, it is fantastic.

Crawford: Hey, Pierre?

Pierre: Yes?

Clint: One, can I nap in one of these booths?

Pierre: Yes, I will make you all—I will make you all—I will prepare you all a room and some grub.

Crawford: Before Frankenstein left—

Justin: Pierre's so approachable. Did you hear out he just effortlessly said 'grub' like he's been saying it his whole life?

Travis: He's a shop owner you could have a beer with.

Crawford: Pierre, before Frankenstein left to go shack up with Dracula, did anybody go missing who was maybe like... I don't know, like a pain in Dracula's ass? Like somebody that was like, you just didn't see 'em anymore. Then like, the next day, Frankenstein and Dracula left.

Pierre: This is a very dangerous land and people go missing all the time. I mean, hm...

Griffin: No, I don't think Pierre would know that. Pierre says...

Pierre: It is impossible to track the comings and goings and dyings of everyone who lives in Lumino and the enclave at large. People go missing all the time. People wander into the woods, they do not come out.

Crawford: You should stop 'em from doing that!

Pierre: But it is their liberty.

Crawford: I don't know, man.

Travis: One more thing, Griffin, does Pierre Reynolds have bolts in his neck?

Griffin: Make a... make an investigation check.

Travis: I lean into his neck...

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: And I get a the. [laughs] Oh, no! I kiss him gently on the neck.

Griffin: He leans back like...

Pierre: Are you trying to bite me? Are you a Dracula as well?

Crawford: Nah, man. Listen, I'll just ask you. You got a bolt in your neck.

Pierre: Oh, these puppies?

Griffin: He brushes back his hair and he sure does. He has two small bolts on one side of his neck, that you saw people using sort of as a radio tuner earlier.

Pierre: Yes, I do. Would you like me to have you fitted for some? It usually costs a nominal fee to have them installed. But it is, let me say, worth it. If you want to truly experience Lumino in a that it's meant to be experienced.

Crawford: Would this set work for that?

Travis: And I hold out the two that I got from Dracula's dust.

Griffin: He sees them. He sees them. You know, they're gross. They're a little bloody. He says...

Pierre: I would not advise putting these into you. I can get you some fresh ones? Absolutely. It's not a problem.

Crawford: Well, this is a family heirloom. Would they work?

Griffin: I mean, yes. It is incredibly unhygienic. But maybe.

Crawford: Okay. No, right now. Maybe... maybe later.

Pierre: Yeah, sure. Think about it. Let me—oh! Let me get you your checkpoint passes.

Griffin: He reaches in a little bag that he's got with him and he pulls out a little hand stamp. And he stamps all three of your hands. [chuckles]

Pierre: Do not wash it. If it comes off, it is... it does not work anymore. This is, I will admit, not an optimized system for this. Because it rains and then all of a sudden everyone's like, "Shit." Who can go, who can stay? But this is what we have to work with.

Crawford: Okay, I'm gonna take a nap now.

Griffin: Okay. Are you all settling in?

Clint: Yes.

Griffin: Okay, you all retire to a room here in the Ghostlight Pub. You don't sleep, do you, Brother Phileaux? As a, you know, essentially, a construct of a—a War Forged, I guess in the parlance of D&D.

Clint: I think he does rest. I think he needs to rest.

Griffin: Yeah, but you don't need to become unconscious in order to do so.

Clint: No.

Griffin: So okay, everybody heal up to full. Take your spell slots back.

Travis: Before we do that, before he falls asleep, Mutt sets up an alarm.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: In like, the 20 foot cube that they're like sleeping in.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: So that if anything enters that cube, it will wake me up.

Griffin: Okay... I'm just trying to think if anything would. I don't think so.

Travis: I think at this point, Dracula just showed up someplace and—

Griffin: Oh, for sure. I don't—

Travis: Listen! The Invisible Man can sneak up on you at any moment!

Griffin: [chuckles] Okay, your alarm goes off in the middle of the night. The door into your room creaks open very slowly. Just partially. You do not see a figure approach. As the alarm goes off, it slam shut and you hear [spoofs footstep sounds] bm-bm-bm-bm-bm-bm.

Crawford: G-yah! Away! Oi!

Justin: [chuckles]

Travis: I chase after him in like my sleep clothes.

Griffin: [chuckles] Okay, sure. Okay, yeah. Make a... [chuckles] make a... make an athletics check.

Travis: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: Ah, it's a fail. It's a crit fail. It's a one!

Griffin: You are close. You see footstep impressions on the rug, in the hallway outside. Just in front of you, you reach out. You could swear your fingers graze the hem of his garment. And then he is down the stairs. As your feet hit the tassels at the end of the rug, they lose purchase on the ground and you go tumbling down the stairs. You are going to take... six points of bludgeoning damage. As you crumble at the bottom of the stairs,

you see the swinging doors of the pub go open, as the Invisible Man takes flight into the night.

Crawford: I'll get you someday! You invisible bastard!

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: And then you I guess return to your long rest and heal those six points of damage right back up. [chuckles]

Travis: But not the emotional damage.

Griffin: Right. Okay, it is morning, but it is still twilight outside. It is always night in—

Clint: That's fine. We've had the rest, correct?

Griffin: But you've had the rest. Yes.

Clint: Okay, there is a thing that the artificer does called Experimental Elixir.

Griffin: You used this I believe moment ago to shrink your corpse down?

Clint: Right. But this will surprise you.

Griffin: Okay? [chuckles]

Justin: [chuckles]

Clint: We did it wrong.

Griffin: Okay?

Clint: After every rest, you roll a D6 and it creates an experimental elixir, according to an experimental elixir chart.

Griffin: Oh, I see. So you don't get to decide what the elixir is. Okay. Well, I will still—[chuckles] okay, your body—you hear smash! As your body grows back to normal size inside—[chuckles] no.

Clint: No, no—

Griffin: No, no, no. I will grant that. Go ahead and I guess roll your—

Clint: And it's part of the artificer thing.

Griffin: No, it's cool. I love this mechanic. Just go ahead and roll it so we—

Clint: Okay, so he rolls a D6...

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: I don't have my—what was it?

Griffin: That's a one.

Clint: Okay, so a one is—

Travis: A soda pop.

Clint: A healing elixir. "The drinker regains a number of hit points equal to two D4, plus your intelligence modifier."

Griffin: Shit yeah. Great.

Travis: Great, yeah.

Clint: So, I'll just add that to—I had that to my—

Griffin: Yeah, write that down on your chart, because you will forget.

Travis: And remember that you have it!

Griffin: Yes.

Clint: Okay, I'm gonna put it in my items.

Griffin: You all make your way downstairs. You feel refreshed. Your hand still is definitely not feeling great. Even though the rest of you has sort of recovered, Lady Godwin, there is still sort of something wild going on. And you all have your stamps. And as you come downstairs, you see Pierre Reynolds. And he is sort of cleaning up, kind of putting the stools down off of the tables. And he says...

Pierre: So, I must ask, what is your next sort of plan of attack for... moving forward?

Godwin: I was just puzzling over that myself, Pierre.

Pierre: You still intend to slay Dracula, yes?

Godwin: Well... after a time, yes. But I think we'd rather it be rather more permanent?

Crawford: Mm-hm.

Pierre: Hm... this is tricky. His Castle, it is in the Northern Cape. It is surrounded by the strangle—

Crawford: Dude loves capes.

Pierre: Yes, he can't get enough of them. Surrounded on all sides, basically, Strangle Mire. Which is quite impassable, if you want to not be—not have your soul drained from your body.

Crawford: Mm-hm.

Pierre: Unfortunately, I cannot tell you how to get to Dracula's castle. That's a hard name to say in my—[chuckles] it's hard to say Dracula in any sort of accent that is not Dracula's accent.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: Oui, oui.

Pierre: But wherever your fortunes lie, I suppose they will be found through the Northern checkpoint.

Crawford: That's a lot of stinking thinking you're throwing at us there. I'm just saying like... you're just throwing out problems and no solutions there, my dude. Like that's not very—

Pierre: You must understand the risk. It is incredibly dangerous out there. You make your way out of town through the North, anything goes. You're not protected by the beautiful light of Lumino Tower.

Godwin: Hm... true.

Crawford: Well, cool, man! Thanks for the well wishes. Geez.

Godwin: You have a rather dark cloud, Pierre. I must say.

Pierre: It is my nature as a French gentleman.

Godwin: Oh, is that French?

Pierre: No.

Crawford: [chuckles] Belgian?

Pierre: It's Belgian. But I have a sort of—I am Belgian, but I have a sort of French disposition.

Travis: [laughs] I love that movie!

Pierre: You must leave and never come back to me.

Travis: Oh?

[group laugh]

Pierre: Allow me to die in your minds.

[group chuckle]

Crawford: You know what, Pierre? Why don't you come with us, man?

Godwin: Pierre, we've grown quite attached. [chuckles]

Phileaux: Yes!

Crawford: Or maybe some kind of cell phone where we can call you whenever we want?

Phileaux: The sound of your voice is so mellifluous!

Crawford: You've become like a fourth party member to us, man.

Griffin: Make a persuasion check.

Clint: [laughs]

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: 13.

Pierre: I couldn't possibly. I am a business owner. No one would be here to balance the books. And to work the ledgers. So I must decline. But I wish you all farewell.

Clint: We'll be back!

Griffin: As you begin to walk out of the door of the Ghostlight Pub, I need Lady Godwin to give me a wisdom saving throw.

Justin: Okay?

Griffin: I'm looking for 15 or higher.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: That is a 12... okay... As you walk out of the Ghostlight Pub, you see an old man sitting at a table. And he's eating a bowl of oatmeal. And he nods at you courteously as you walk past. You reflexively, Lady Godwin, grab his oatmeal and just bury your face in it. And just start eating the oatmeal. And after the hot oatmeal hits you in the face, I think it only takes a few moments for you to come to your senses. But you have just reflexively stolen this old man's oatmeal. "What are you doing?"

Godwin: I'm so terribly sorry, I—

Griffin: "I brought those from home!"

Godwin: I don't know what came over me... Let me clean this up.

Justin: She started trying to wipe up the oatmeal.

Griffin: You reach down to wipe up the oatmeal. And some of its splattered on the table, you reach down. And as you reach down, you hear... clunk. And you notice that your hand is not a hand anymore. It is a hoof. And that is when everyone else inside the Ghostlight Pub watches you twist and contort.

You fall down to all fours and you heave an arch your back, which doubles in length. Your legs grow and thicken and all end in big, powerful hooves. Your neck stretches, your face stretches as though it were rubber. And you recover and stand up, proudly, on all four hooves. You have turned into werehorse.

[The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula theme music plays]

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