

The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula - Episode 26

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[intro theme music plays]

Dracula: Dead diary...

Today, I called upon my tutor to teach me the ways of music. He brought me a violin and began instructing me how to play it. My father heard the sound and got very cross. And then made my tutor eat the violin right there in front of me. I think he is probably dead, which is very sad. I wish he could understand how good I felt the night I fled the castle. How the song I heard wafting into my bed chamber window ensorcelled my young senses, parting my teenaged gloom like a shaft of light from the heavens. How did it go again? How did it go again? Ah, well, I'm sure it will come to me eventually.

[The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula theme music plays]

Travis: Hey, Griffin, can I pay you \$100 to just say 'ensorcelled' in that voice like—

Griffin: [in a Dracula voice] Ensorcelled.

Travis: [titters]

Justin: It's good. I like it.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: You all are standing in front of—

Travis: That gave me the feeling that pop rocks do, but like emotionally.

Justin: Oh, yeah, for your brain.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Yeah. I think that's called—

Justin: It's called feeling good. [chuckles]

Travis: Oh, weird!

Griffin: Good feelings.

Travis: Is this what they call, what is it, dope... dopamine?

Griffin: As if the fuckin' four of us aren't constantly doing everything in our power to pump that good shit into our brains, as much as is possible every single day. With every choice we make. The four of you—I mean the three of you are standing in front of a silver Studebaker with monster truck tires. With a vanity license plate declaring its name 'Dragula.'

The vehicle of your demise, Godwin, is standing near you, at the—at one end of a tunnel. At the other end of which is a grate through which moonlight is spilling. Above you, the alarm from the laboratory continues to blare. And blood from the now-opened tanks above is trickling down into the garage.

Crawford: Now, listen. We clearly—we need to move. I think we're on a bit of a timer here. But, Godwin, if you need to key this car up real good, I understand.

Godwin: I'd rather key Dracula. With an axe. If I—hm... didn't come out—

Crawford: Yeah, okay, wait. What do you—so you would scratch like your name in him with your axe?

Godwin: I guess... I want to kill him with the axe. It was... I'm going to kill him with the axe.

Crawford: Oh, okay.

Clint: Yes, but that's not technically, "I'm going to axe somebody." Because that's when you're—

Godwin: Who are you?!

Justin: [titters]

Griffin: [titters]

Crawford: How did you get in here, sir?!

Phileaux: I have a cold. I have a cold.

Travis: So, Griffin, is the—the grate is closed, right?

Griffin: It is, yes.

Travis: Okay.

Crawford: We need to move, right? Can we all agree?

Godwin: Yes.

Crawford: Okay. If you—

Godwin: What do you see in terms of like egresses from this current situation, Griffin?

Griffin: It's basically this—the end of this sort of like tunnel runway, there is a grate through which you can see outside. You can see outdoors.

Crawford: Okay, you guys, see if you can figure out how to open that grate. And I'm going to hotwire this car.

Clint: Wait, let's do an investigation—

Phileaux: Let me do an investigation check first and see if the keys are in it.

Crawford: Well, yeah, I'm gonna get in it...

Griffin: Sure, you can make an investigation check—

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: 21—

Travis: You can't hot—

Clint: 21.

Travis: You can't hotwire a car from the outside?

Clint: 21.

Griffin: Okay, Phileaux, you hop up into the chassis of Dragula, and you begin investigating. I think what a 21 investigation check, it's not in like the sun visor of the car. It's not in the glove compartment. But there is like a little center console that when you pop that open, sure enough, you find— it's actually just one big key. It's not like a ring of keys.

Travis: Like a skeleton key?

Clint: [chuckles] Oh!

Griffin: I mean, it's not a magical key. It's a car key. It has the fucking Kia logo on it. It's a car key, like for cars.

Clint: It's a Kia key.

Travis: Ah, a Kia Studebaker. Yeah, a Kia Studebaker, a classic model.

Griffin: I will also say as you hop in the seat, the lights in this tunnel activate in a row, as if illuminating a sort of like runway.

Travis: Oh, man. This man-bat dude has a great cave with a great car. Just like Batman.

Griffin: I don't know what you—I don't know what you're implying, Travis. But I don't think I like it.

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: Oh, sorry. I was—it's a kind of nice reference.

Justin: Okay, so if they've got—

Travis: You guys wouldn't get it You're not real nerds.

Justin: If they've got the keys, I want to check the trunk.

Griffin: Okay. You go and—I think, Phileaux, you find a lever that pops the trunk open. You open it up and—

Justin: Hey, Griffin. Just tell me before... before you spin. Is there anything in there, before I open it? [titters] Was there anything you there before Lady Godwin decided to open it?

Travis: Is this a Schrodinger's trunk?

Justin: Yes, this is—[laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: I'm just curious, former disgraced GM to another, was there anything in the truck before opened it?

Griffin: There was not, no. But now, I—can I be honest, Juice? I don't even know if this motherfucking car had a trunk in it. But now it does. You not only weaved—

Travis: Hey, Griffin?

Griffin: The contents of it into existence, you weaved the thing itself. And that's—

Travis: Griffin, can I talk to you over here for a second?

Griffin: Yeah, sure, sure, sure.

Travis: Fill it with jack-o'-lanterns.

Griffin: Oh, yeah, that would be good.

Travis: Yeah, man, he'll never see that coming. Put it on springs. So like when they open up, they kind of bounce around a little bit.

Griffin: For sure. For sure. You—

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Okay, your holiness, I'm happy to help. Bye. Sorry, guys. I wasn't listening for a second. What were you saying?

Travis: Don't worry about it. Don't worry about it.

Clint: Nothing. Nothing.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: You open—

Justin: It was the Holy See. [titters] The pope.

Griffin: [snickers] You open up—

Travis: Wait, which pope? The cool pope or the real pope?

Griffin: I don't know either. That was a weird bit, Juice.

Justin: Yeah. All right.

Griffin: You open up the trunk. And you see a few items inside. There's some gym clothes. There's a tire iron in there. There's a big, big tire.

Justin: Does it look blessed or anything? [chuckles]

Griffin: The tire iron? I mean, I guess it's in the shape of a cross, so... I mean, you got that going for you.

Justin: Perfect. I'll take it.

Griffin: Make an investigation check for me.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Not my strong suit, but I did roll a 12.

Griffin: 12... There is a spare tire in here, and it's very big because it's a monster truck. What am I saying? There's no way there's a spare tire in here. That would be fucking insane. I revise my earlier statement.

Justin: [titters] It's tied to the roof.

Travis: How big did this imaginary trunk become?! Is that a Tardis?!

Griffin: You do—

Travis: That's another niche nerd reference. Sorry, guys.

Griffin: Yeah, sure. [snickers] You do, inside of here, you find some bones.

Justin: [titters]

Travis: Oh, no.

Griffin: And you look—

Justin: This is getting curiouser and curiouser.

Travis: Yeah, man. Whoa.

Griffin: It's not a full like skeleton.

Travis: Put the bones together and see who it makes.

Justin: Wait. It's not a full skeleton, that's even scarier. [chuckles] Go ahead.

Travis: Whoa, dude.

Griffin: Like there's no—there's no skull in here.

Justin: It's the skull eaters.

Griffin: It seems like maybe—

Justin: The Killhrafi.

Griffin: Some of the hand—

Justin: They're an alien race I've tangled with before, they eat skulls.
[titters]

Griffin: Some of the hand bones are missing. There's just like a sort of random—

Travis: The ham bones?!

Justin: Can I close the trunk? I don't want to talk about the trunk anymore.

Griffin: Sure.

Phileaux: Wait, could I have one of those bones?

Crawford: What?!

Phileaux: One of the. One of the—like a—is there a thumb?

Griffin: Yeah, you can grab a metatarsal—

Crawford: Hey, Phileaux? We've let a lot of shit go, man. You put a little—you still have a little you in a bottle, my dude.

Phileaux: Yes.

Justin: I give him the thumb.

Phileaux: Thank you.

Griffin: Okay.

Crawford: What?

Clint: I pop it in a vial.

Griffin: All right.

Justin: Oh, thank god. I thought you were gonna say your mouth. [titters]

Griffin: [guffaws]

Clint: Mm-mmm!

Justin: [titters]

Clint: All the umami!

Griffin: Yeah. You grab one of—you grab a thumb bone from this skeleton and—

Travis: [sings] Thumb bone.

Griffin: You all have got this car up and running now, with the key. What do you do?

Justin: Just so you all know, so we don't get like texts or whatever, there's three bones up there. The distal phalanx and then there's a proximal phalanx and then the metacarpal. So, you gotta choose.

Griffin: Okay—

Clint: Proximal carpal—

Travis: Yeah, Justin's—

Clint: Proximal carpal—

Justin: Metacarpal sounds—metacarpal sounds sick. I'm looking at a picture. Metacarpal sounds sick and it's the biggest one. I would take—

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: The metacarpal.

Clint: Okay, metacarpal.

Travis: I think that might be a little too weird for—maybe just a normal carpal?

Clint: Yeah.

Griffin: Yeah, people don't like it when we break the fourth wall with our carpals. Okay—

Justin: It's a floodwall, actually, it's all the carpals.

Travis: Oh, I get it.

Griffin: As you all pop into the various seats of Dragula, the gate at the far side of this tunnel—

Travis: What, who's driving?

Griffin: Beings to slide open. That is my question. What is the arrangement of people in this automobile?

Justin: I'm Teen Wolfing.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: [chortles] Griffin. Griffin. Griffin.

Griffin: It's just, it's got—it's a car—

Travis: The sound your voice just made could be bottled as like liquid DM.

Griffin: Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

Travis: Is that sounds. Okay?

Griffin: It's just a choice. A choice made in defiance of safety and reason. And I guess that's sort of the vibe that we do encapsulate here, quite often here on the show. So, I don't know why I'm surprised.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay, well—

Justin: If you want people to ride in cars, listen to Critical Roll. That's all I'm saying. This is where the bad boys play.

[group chuckle]

Griffin: Yeah. Or listen to Riding in Cars with Boys, with Orcs. The fantasy podcast. That inspired—

Clint: That we're gonna start.

Griffin: Yes. Okay, who's driving?

Phileaux: Mutt, Would you mind if I drove?

Justin: There's one other human-sized person. [chuckles] So...

Travis: Now, Phileaux, I—

Justin: One more person that can reach the pedals.

Travis: I don't mean to sound—

Crawford: I don't mean to sound rude or judgmental. You are the size of a little wooden boy.

Phileaux: I know. Wouldn't that be hilarious?

Godwin: I have... I have a thought.

Phileaux: Mm-hmm?

Godwin: So Phileaux can drive. We knew that your nose grows when you lie. Is it perhaps possible other parts of your body grow when you do other things? Like have you tried damming someone with faint praise or getting too hungry?

Crawford: Or maybe feeling on ennui?

Godwin: Eating something spicy?

Phileaux: Or casting alter self and giving myself long enough for legs to reach the pedals.

Crawford: Okay, but—

Godwin: Oh, that's good too.

Crawford: Let me just—if I could just small note. Just make your toes and fingers longer.

Phileaux: Oh, good. Yeah.

Justin: [chuckles] Ew! No!

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: Yees!

Travis: Keep your arms and legs the same, but just long toes and long fingers.

Clint: I cast alter self and I have long fingers and long toes.

Griffin: God almighty...

Justin: This sucks. God, Dracula's gonna be scared. [chuckles]

Clint: And that also frees up Mutt, in case he needs to do some damage from the shotgun.

Travis: I get in the trunk.

Griffin: [titters] Great. Yeah, you're in the trunk.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: I hang on the bottom of the car. I'm hanging on the shaft. I'm hanging off the muffler. No, I'm—yeah, I'm riding shotgun.

Griffin: Okay. Cool.

Crawford: Hey, Phileaux, you driven before?

Phileaux: No!

Justin: [sings chorus of Dragula by Rob Zombie] Dig through the ditches, and burn through the witches, I slam in the back of my Dragula!

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: Okay, Phileaux, I want you to operate a motor vehicle for me. We're gonna roll... let me think, do you have vehicle proficiency? Doesn't seem like it.

Clint: Oh, I—

Griffin: Has anyone ever driven a car—

Clint: I'm driving a car right now. [titters]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: Well, we did ride carriages. Remember? We were—

Travis: Oh, we've ridden—

Clint: We've ridden carriages.

Travis: Battle wagons.

Griffin: Well, you've ridden in it. But I don't think that you have... So, this would be a tool ability check. So, we're going to use a dexterity check here. You do not have proficiency. So, this is just going to be a straight up dexterity check to see how good a job at driving a car you do.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: 16.

Griffin: Okay, I think it's very much Independence Day, you like step on the gas and it backs up and bumps into the wall for a second. And then you reverse the post-it note. And Jeff Goldblum gives you a big thumbs up. But you then realize like, "Oh, this is the go forward paddle and this big circle in front of me makes it go where I need it to go." And you—

Travis: Now, I'm not gonna do this the whole time. But can we just imagine that Mutt is in the shotgun giving him like parent driver instruction? Like teaching a teenager like, "Okay, now—oh, no, that's your blinker."

Griffin: A lot of—

Travis: Okay?

Griffin: A lot of grabbing the bar above you just, "Ooh-uh!"

Travis: Yeah, pushing the invisible break. Yeah.

Griffin: Yeah, absolutely. Okay.

Crawford: Okay, okay, whoa, whoa, whoa—yeah. That's windshield wipers, that's windshield wipers, that's windshield wipers, I said brake.

Phileaux: Oh, okay, all right. And this is This is a... yeah. Okay, let's burn rubber!

Griffin: You shoot down the tunnel like a cannon ball and come roaring out of the front of Dracula's castle. You are really hauling ass. You are moving at a speed that I don't think the three of you have ever moved before. No carriage could possibly rip as hard as this bad boy is rippin' right now. As you shoot forwards—

Travis: Mutt pops in the mix tape he always carries with him.

Griffin: Oh, what's in it?

Justin: Is it a tape?

Travis: Yeah, it's a mix tape.

Griffin: Yeah, it can be a tape.

Travis: All recorded—it's recorded off the radio. So, there's like some weird you know, bits of like commercial and announcing in there.

Clint: [sings] It's time to turn—

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: [sings] So you can burn.

Travis: But it's a lot of AC/DC. A lot. There's some Led Zeppelin in there. And there's some Rob Zombie, don't get me wrong. But he's a literal zombie in this world.

Griffin: Yeah, yeah, in this universe.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: Who has a song called—

Travis: Rob, the zombie.

Clint: Dragula.

Travis: No way, dad. Really?

Griffin: Yeah, Mac!

Travis: And then... [sighs] hah... I'm just gonna go.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: I'm gonna go.

Griffin: Okay, you—

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: You pop on this mixtape with Rob Zombie's Dragula. Did I say that right? On it. And roar forwards out of the castle. You notice as you come ripping out of the castle, there are tracks in the mud that you can kind of

track going from the tunnel you just came out of, going straight into the Strangle Mire. You can see the mud has very clear track marks leading straight into the Strangle Mire. Which makes the purpose of these enormous monster truck tires very, very clear.

You get the impression that Dragula has made the trek across the Strangle Mire many times, with no ill effects. And you assume you can do the same. As you blast out of the castle, looking backwards, you can still see... you can still see light beaming out of one of the second storey windows where you sort of trapped Renfield in the ballroom with the chandelier above. You also see the shape of a half dozen giant bats fly out of one of the rear windows of the castle and soar up into the perpetual moonlight above.

Travis: I'm sure that won't come back up.

Griffin: Okay, you all have escaped Dracula's castle.

Justin: Hell yeah.

Griffin: You know sort of where Dracula prime is now, at the top of Lumino tower. You know that he has harnessed the power of the sun, using that tower, suspending this realm in a sort of endless night. And that he is controlling or otherwise sort of connected to everyone in Lumino who has those bolts in one side of their necks. You also know that—

Travis: Sort of like when Apple just automatically downloaded the YouTube album onto all those iPods.

Griffin: It's exact—it's, Travis, this—that is the moment, the cultural zeitgeist moment that inspired this entire season.

Clint: [snickers]

Griffin: You also know that you are pretty beat to shit and—

Justin: I would love to take a long rest.

Griffin: Yes, you could probably find a place—

Travis: Yeah, can we stop at the fish man's hut?

Justin: Oh?

Travis: Then I can pick up Aggie and we can take a quick rest?

Griffin: It's not a bad idea.

Justin: They're gonna be fucking jazz to see us too, I'm sure!

Travis: Yeah, I bet there's no way they thought we were coming back.

Griffin: Okay, you all make your way back to the Black Lagoon. You have no problem sort of navigating there, since it's sort of close to the banks of the Strangle Mire. As you roar through the Strangle Mire, sort of kicking up muck and mud behind your enormous tires as you go, you see the occasional like ghostly face from the water below. Like, "I'm gonna catch—oh, shit!" As you just sort of flatten—

Crawford: Holy crap!

Griffin: Running over spirits as you smash through. However, after you know, not much, like a half hour of ripping through the mud, you arrive at the boathouse of one Gordon Clearwater. And his wife, the sports druid, Elizabeth. You see them—

Justin: I feel like we caught—we would catch them on break. Like, "Oh... yeah, yeah."

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: They're still getting their makeup done—

Justin: Yeah, right? "Oh, shit, there they are! Okay, uh-huh..."

Griffin: You actually see on the banks of the Black Lagoon, you see Gordon Clearwater. He's got a big bucket of water there with him that he continues **sort** of ladling over himself. But he's throwing a frisbee, and you see Aggie

running and jumping and grabbing it in the air. It seems like she is more sort of sprightly and active than you have seen her in a long, long time, Mutt. When he sees Dragula approaching at first, he looks scared. But then he sees you all driving it and he's like:

Gordon: Oh, all right! I was so hoping I'd see you three again alive. Well, puppy, I don't know if we could say he's technically alive, but I—what happened to your fingers and toes, man?!

Justin: [laughs]

Phileaux: I just altered myself. Look! Look what I can do. Look. Here's the church, here's the steeple—

Crawford: Aah-aah-aah-aah!

Godwin: Aah-aah!

Crawford: No!

Phileaux: And I'm doing it with my feet! [laughs]

Griffin: Gordon takes the frisbee back from Aggie, who runs and leaps up into the passenger's seat of Dragula, and just starts licking your face.

Crawford: Good girl!

Griffin: Profusely.

Crawford: Who's a good girl?

Aggie: Rarf.

Crawford: Hey, man—okay. Gordon, thanks so much for taking care of Aggie, man. She looks great!

Gordon: Oh, I don't know anything about taking care of little pups. But luckily, my wife Elizabeth does!

Griffin: And he throws the frisbee at the car. And just before it reaches the car, the frisbee transforms into Elizabeth, the sports druid.

Crawford: Jesus! Oh, god. Okay. Sorry, man.

Elizabeth: Gotcha.

Crawford: I wasn't... I thought you were a volleyball?

Elizabeth: I can take the shape of any sports instrument, as is required.

Crawford: Ah, hell yeah, dude.

Elizabeth: I am the home the last of my circle.

Crawford: No...

Elizabeth: And so I find it important to—check this out. Croquet mallet.

Griffin: [spoofs transformation sound]

Crawford: Ah, hell yeah, dude!

Elizabeth: Yes, so, that is a very good dog you have there. She was very anxious when you left, but we have grown quite fond of her. What are you all doing back here? Have you come to take sanctuary in our humble shack?

Crawford: Nah, man. We're just looking for a place to rest real quick. So, I guess yeah? Actually, yes. That is exactly—yeah, man. You nailed it.

Elizabeth: Well, I would obviously—that would—we would love to have you all again. It seems like you all have had a bit of a day, you're covered in blood. I can't tell if it's yours or someone else's. And Lady Godwin, you look half dead yourself. So, any rest and respite we may provide for you, we would love to have you be our guests.

Godwin: Yes, I've had quite an evening. It's been quite a lot.

Crawford: Oh, Aggie, guess what? I'm king of England.

Aggie: Rarf!

Godwin: That's true.

Crawford: Yeah, man. So, you're like a royal hound now. You know what? I'm gonna say you're Duchess Agatha Thistlewaite.

Clint: Aww.

Godwin: Could I lay down?

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [chuckles]

Crawford: Oh, right, sorry. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

Godwin: Thank you.

Gordon: I'll get a—you know what? I'll have—I'll get you bed ready in the guest house!

Griffin: And he walks over. And now you see, like you don't know how you didn't notice this before, but there's actually a pretty sizable guesthouse behind the boat shack. And he's like:

Gordon: Yeah, I've got—it's a three bedroom, two bath. So, you could go in there if you need to take a shower, take a rest. There's a little kitchenette in there if you—

Crawford: Oh, man.

Gordon: Got something you need to cook up.

Clint: So, it's sort of an Air D&D?

Griffin: Wow! That was really good!

Justin: Wow, dad.

Travis: You're back in, dad.

Griffin: Some jokes are so good, you just have to yell at 'em. That was a really good joke.

Travis: Dad, you're back in the will.

Griffin: Yeah, baby. She says...

Elizabeth: The water pressure is... it is not what you may be used to. It's incredibly strong. It's incredibly, incredibly strong.

Crawford: Love that.

Elizabeth: Don't use it, that water. It will—

Crawford: How's the water pressure on the bidet?

Elizabeth: It will—check this out.

Griffin: She points up at a hole in the roof.

Clint: [laughs]

Crawford: Holy shit!

Elizabeth: Yes. We don't know how to do—we built this house ourselves. We had no idea what we're doing.

Phileaux: I'm first!

Elizabeth: Okay... Well, we'll stand guard, I guess. Are you all like in danger? Because it looks like you stole Dracula's car.

Godwin: He's... fine with it.

Crawford: Yup.

Phileaux: Borrowed.

Elizabeth: Okay, cool.

Griffin: All right. You all have a chance to rest and recover, here at the guesthouse of Gordon Clearwater and Elizabeth the sports druid. Go ahead and take your long rest. Heal up to full. Get those delicious spell slots back. Get yourself right with Christ!

Clint: And Brother Phileaux is rolling his potion, that he gets to do every rest.

Griffin: Yes.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: A four. And that would be... boldness!

Griffin: Huh?

Clint: "The drinker can roll a D4 and add the number rolled to every attack roll and saving throw they make for the next minute."

Griffin: Wow, that's pretty good.

Clint: Yeah. All right, I'll put that—

Griffin: Okay, yeah. Stow that away. Yes. Get your inventories, you know, set. Get everything good to go. Because we're getting—we're about to get into it. It is the next morning, maybe? The sun doesn't work so it's hard to tell, but you've rested for quite a while. Do you fill in Elizabeth and Gordon on sort of what has happened? What has taken place in the last 24 hours?

Travis: I mean, Mutt's pretty chatty. So, yeah.

Griffin: Okay. Gordon says...

Gordon: So, what are you gonna do? Because I must be honest, it's been a while since I've been to the big city, but it seems quite fortified. So, if you're going there to try to take out the big boy, you're gotta have some trouble doing so, I fear.

Crawford: I mean, we've got a big car.

Gordon: That you do. That you do. So, just drive the car straight up to the top of the tower and... what—

Crawford: No, we go in the tower—I mean, we drive the car to the tower. Then go in the town and then back like, "Hey, Dracula, knock it off." Or whatever.

Gordon: So, that's the extent to the plan so far, is it?

Phileaux: We're kind of an impetuous bunch.

Godwin: Mm-hm.

Gordon: I'm picking up on that. Well, if me and Elizabeth can be of any help, we do owe you quite a bit. And to be honest, I miss the sun. I mean—

Crawford: You have a son?

Gordon: What's that?

Crawford: You have a son?

Justin: Hm... I don't think so.

Travis: No?

Justin: No, Trav, they said no, buddy. I'm sorry.

Gordon: Oh, no, we have to—no, we've got kids.

Griffin: And he gestures into the water. In the water—

Justin: Oh, no, I meant on his joke. They said no. They said that it didn't work.

Griffin: No, they actually say, "Yes, and—"

Justin: Whoa!

Griffin: It's this new comedy principle I've been working on, Juice, and it's called 'yes and.' And so in this one, you look in the water and you see a bunch of half fish, half tennis rackets splashing around.

Clint: Oh, man.

Phileaux: Will one of them fit in my vial?

Gordon: You can't actually take one of my kids. You understand that's the craziest thing you've ever said, right?

Phileaux: I was joking. [chuckles]

Gordon: Okay. Anyway...

Crawford: You know, actually... I might be able to get us some help. There's like this whole team, family, really, of like monster hunters and... Ah, god... I could ask them for help.

Gordon: Okay?

Crawford: I would love your guys' help too, but you just said you haven't been to the city, like...

Elizabeth: I've been to the city many times.

Crawford: Oh, hey.

Elizabeth: Have you ever been to a game of the Lumino Chargers?

Clint: Ah, hell yeah.

Elizabeth: That's me, the football.

Crawford: Whoa!

Elizabeth: Yeah. I don't know why they don't get a regular football, my fee is quite large. But yes, I—

Crawford: Probably like kind of a superstition thing at this point.

Elizabeth: Yes. I would be proud to accompany you and assist you, if I can.

Griffin: And Gordon's like:

Gordon: Yeah, me too. Maybe we'll take the waterways or something, because I don't want to ride in that big car. That's scary. It scares me how big it is.

Crawford: I get that.

Gordon: It's so big.

Crawford: Well! About time for us to—

Godwin: This has—yes.

Crawford: Head out

Godwin: This has been so nice.

Gordon: All right.

Crawford: Just gonna take some of these Pop-Tarts with me for the road... and just gonna go...

Godwin: Yes, we're gonna go. I think.

Crawford: Oh, did you want us to clean up before—

Godwin: Oh, we can—that's fine.

Crawford: Or were you gonna take care of that?

Griffin: Elizabeth says:

Elizabeth: There's a \$50 cleaning charge, if you don't—actually, here.

Griffin: She hands you a binder with all the rules of the guest house.

Crawford: Oh, I used the washer-dryer. I didn't—I'm sorry.

Elizabeth: God damn it! I'm not helping you in your final battle anymore.

Crawford: Ah, man.

Phileaux: Oh, there was a hibachi. They had a hibachi. An hibachi?

Crawford: Yeah, man. Here it says—it says \$30 charge if we use the hibachi. That's how they get you, man.

Phileaux: Serious?

Crawford: Yeah, man.

Griffin: Okay, you all hop back in to Dragula. And are you heading back to the city of Lumino?

Clint: I believe we are.

[theme music plays]

[ad reads]

[theme music plays]

Phileaux: How about... let's have a—could we have a little beach party? I mean, just kind of hang out by the water and have a little meal? And kind of just talking and... you know, before we head out to slay Dracula.

Godwin: Sort of just the three of us, right? That's the sort of... right?

Phileaux: Yes. Yeah, let's—

Godwin: Is that weird?

Phileaux: No? We haven't really had time.

Godwin: I wasn't asking you, but—

Crawford: Yeah, no, Phileaux, we are standing in someone else's home being like, "Let's party on their beach. You're not invited."

Phileaux: Yes, but they're charging us out the ass for everything. So, I don't know how much—

Crawford: Well, with the bidet, they're charging you in the ass.

Phileaux: Yeah, good point. Good point.

Gordon: Oh, sure. We could set up a little grill for you by the beach side.

Phileaux: Not the hibachi. Not the hibachi.

Gordon: No, clearly not. But we could get you some—

Phileaux: I'm not paying 30 bucks.

Gordon: Some fresh cold ones? For 45 dollars. And we can get you some—

Crawford: What?

Gordon: And we can get you some beach chairs. For 30 dollars.

Crawford: You know what? We could also just like sit on the car hood on the beach and talk. And like not—

Phileaux: Oh, yes. And listen to music!

Crawford: Yeah, man.

Griffin: All right, you all cruise down to the beach and hop onto the hood of Dragula. It's a lovely moonlit morning here on the banks of the Black Lagoon. And you see just sort of scores of tennis racket fish just kind of bobbing up and down. Just propagating wildly, now that the big fish monster has been killed. And things are for the moment—

Clint: Phileaux pulls out a guitar.

Griffin: Oh, sure.

Crawford: No, no—

Phileaux: [sings] I gave my love a cherry, without a—

Crawford: Okay.

Phileaux: No?

Crawford: Mm-mm, no.

Griffin: Give me a performance check.

Clint: [chuckles] Okay. Now I have to live up to it.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Oh, that's a two.

Phileaux: [sings in a silly voice] I gave my love a cherry—

Crawford: Oh, no, your guitar exploded!

Travis: [spoofs explosion sound]

Griffin: Yeah, your guitar just—

Crawford: Ah, man.

Phileaux: It's these damn long fingers! [chuckles]

Griffin: Exactly, yeah. You tried strumming the guitar and your huge fingers just knock the guitar directly into—

Phileaux: I think I'm gonna change back. Would you guys—

Griffin: The water.

Phileaux: Mind if I changed back?

Crawford: I would be so thrilled. Can I tell you... that music... Here's the thing that's eating at me. Can I tell y'all? So like we set out to kill Dracula, you know, because it was like he's a scourge on the land and made like the you know, eternal night. And exploded your body and like turned your cardinal. And The Invisible Man killed my brother. And so, we all have very justified reasons. And—

Godwin: I'm not sure I realized that.

Phileaux: Hm.

Crawford: What's that?

Godwin: The Invisible Man killed your brother?

Crawford: Yeah, man, beat him to death real bad. And then my brother was like, "Please take Dracula's [??] jewelry like we always planned." And now it just feels kind of muddied, like...

Godwin: I think the problem I'm having is that I have... it felt like, tolerated some of the Dracules.

Crawford: Yeah, man.

Phileaux: Yes. Mm-hm. And I, for myself... I'm quite charmed by the diary. I just... I'd buy that. I'd buy that.

Crawford: I do think it's important to note, Phileaux, like it's written by him. Right?

Phileaux: Yes, I know.

Crawford: So like, it's gonna be in his favor, you know what I mean?

Phileaux: Listen, that poor guy has been through it. His dad issues and—

Crawford: Yeah.

Phileaux: You know, the music—

Crawford: But he's eaten a lot of people.

Phileaux: Ah, eaten, drained... I mean, potato, po-tah-to.

Crawford: Yeah, in that they mean the same thing? But it's different ways to say the same thing?

Phileaux: Well, yes, I believe.

Crawford: Okay. Yeah, man.

Godwin: If I may be so bold, though—

Crawford: Please?

Godwin: There's definitely one Dracula. And I don't want to forget this.

Crawford: Uh-huh?

Godwin: And I feel like I liked Vlad enough that I maybe did a little bit. But there's certainly one Dracula that hits me with the car so hard—

Crawford: Yeah, this car.

Godwin: That my body exploded!

Crawford: Yeah.

Godwin: And that, there's a rudeness to that.

Crawford: There is a rudeness, yeah. I would say there's a definite rudeness.

Godwin: And there's an injustice, moreover, that I feel should be rightened!

Crawford: And, if I'm understanding this correctly, he's in peoples' heads. Like, he might not be controlling them or whatever, but he's using Lumino tower to connect to the bolts in peoples' necks. And so there's definitely like an invasion there that—

Godwin: There is. And I want people to know what a stinker—

Crawford: Yeah.

Godwin: What if they forget what a stinker he is?

Phileaux: Yes.

Crawford: Yeah, man.

Phileaux: Oh, you know... and not only that, but free will is one of the foundations of my faith. And if he's taking away even a smallest slice of the free will, that combined with... okay, I'll just come out and say it. Lady Godwin, I like you.

Godwin: Thanks.

Crawford: Oh?

Phileaux: And I think we need to—no, not *like you* like you.

Crawford: There's been tension building for sure.

Godwin: Thank fuck.

Phileaux: No, not *like you* like you.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Godwin: Thank Christ.

Phileaux: Just like you as a friend. But by golly, I want to help Lady Godwin get her revenge on Dracula.

Godwin: Now, I do have a question though, Mutt. Do you or—should we—this is perhaps presumptuous, but should we discuss upfront who gets to, you know, *do it*?

Crawford: Oh? The like—

Godwin: Should we have a plan? Flip a coin? I mean... we'll all be very excited when Dracula's dead, but I think it would be all the—just a little bit sweeter—

Crawford: I don't need to kill him.

Godwin: Okay?

Crawford: I just need his teeth.

Godwin: Take his teeth, all right.

Crawford: So, here's what I'll say. As far as I'm concerned—and Phileaux, I don't know how much skin or bark you have in this game. But Lady Godwin, you can get the killing blow. But if we get the chance to, we need to incapacitate him in such a way that it's not like, "Oh, we could have had him, we didn't do it." Right? So like... you know, like I could pin him to the ground with Xcaliber or something, right? And then you could chop his head off.

Godwin: Oh, I love that. Now, I would say—I would prefer to not deliver the killing blow.

Crawford: Oh?

Godwin: It's... well, it's still a crime, isn't it?

Phileaux: Mm-hm...

Griffin: [titters]

Crawford: Is it?

Godwin: I mean, it's murder. And I'd rather not rack up another one, if I don't have to.

Crawford: Oh? Okay.

Godwin: So... still a crime.

Phileaux: I believe Mutt has probably a monster hunter permit, doesn't he?

Godwin: Oh, is that true? Can you grandfather me in?

Phileaux: Could you deputize us? And we could be—

Crawford: You know what? I'm the—wait, guys! I'm the king. Yeah, man.

Godwin: Oh!

Crawford: Yeah, killing Dracula is totally legal. By decree of the king.

Phileaux: In England.

Godwin: Everyone—

Crawford: Well, you have diplomatic immunity.

Godwin: To kick Dracula's ass!

Crawford: That's right.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: Just jump cut to the fuckin' Dragula just roaring down the high road, away from the Strangle Mire, towards the city of Lumino. From a distance, you can see the tower come over the horizon. And it is shining almost painfully bright. It is tough to look at the top of the spire. You can see from it a thick column of amber light just sort of scouring the city in an enormous beam, almost like a search light.

You can also see in the distance, the portcullis is shut firmly over the northern checkpoint. And standing just right in the middle of the high road in front of it, out of his toll booth sort of, is the shape of Robert Halloween. As the car approaches, in the distance you hear him shout:

Robert: Welcome back to Lumino! I take it your hunt for Count Dracula was a success?

Travis: Remind me what the portcullis is made of?

Griffin: Metal stuff.

Travis: Metals stuff...

Griffin: Metal, bronze.

Travis: Wait, bronze?

Griffin: Yeah, bronze.

Travis: Not like iron?

Griffin: No, bronze. I said bronze, man.

Travis: Okay, we gun it.

Griffin: [titters] All right. I mean, you're not driving—

Travis: I'm pretty sure bronze is softer—wait, let me look it up real quick. Is bronze—

Griffin: No, it's too late. Phileaux, are you driving the car? Or have you all switched it up now that you shrink your fingers and toes?

Clint: Oh, yeah, Mutt should be driving, I guess.

Griffin: Okay. Mutt, give me a dexterity check.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: 19 total and hit the NOS.

Griffin: Fuck yes. Absolutely, you hit the NOS.

Justin: Nice.

Griffin: And Godwin, where are you? You still Teen Wolfing it?

Justin: Yes, but in a very secure way.

Griffin: I was gonna say. Okay—

Clint: And I'm up on top of the antenna, just whipping back and forth and back and forth.

Griffin: Amazing.

Justin: Oh, you know what? Is there anything in the bed?

Griffin: In the bed?

Travis: Of the Studebaker?

Justin: In the—sorry, in the—I keep imagining a giant truck, because of the wheels, that was the first image that popped into my head.

Griffin: Yeah, no.

Justin: And I'm still fighting to get it out. Like, in the trunk?

Griffin: Yeah, there's stuff in the trunk. There's some gym clothes, a bunch of bones.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Not enough.

Justin: Eh, I'm just gonna leave it. I'm gonna leave that stuff. I was hoping there would maybe some this time I looked. Okay, I'm back up on top Teen Wolfing it, baby! Let's go.

Griffin: Fuck yeah, all right. 19 dex check on the vehicle handling roll. You see Robert Halloween just sort of not fazed as the truck is roaring towards him. The headlights just sort of illuminating, washing out his sort of holographic colors. And he does start to look more and more nervous, a little bit, as the car comes closer and closer and closer. And then you all just blast through his holographic form and smash into the portcullis. I need everybody to give me a dexterity saving throw, please, as you crash this vehicle through the gates.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Ooh, six.

Griffin: Mutt?

Travis: Oh, I got a 13.

Justin: And I have got a 16.

Griffin: It's a dex save, not a dex check.

Justin: A dex save, okay. Well, let me do a quick dex save then.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: That's the same roll—whoa, a 21!

Justin: A 21.

Griffin: Fuck yeah! All right. Have you smash through—

Travis: Oh, and my seatbelt is buckled.

Griffin: I don't feel like this car has those.

Clint: [snickers]

Griffin: I'm pretty sure this car doesn't have those.

Travis: Oh, well, you'll be hearing from my lawyer.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: You smash through the gate of the northern checkpoint and immediately send it crashing down to the ground. The front of the car takes a terrible amount of damage, it begins to sort of crumple. And the car fish tails just a little bit and then leaps high up into the air, rolling and spinning as it does. Mutt, you are thrown from the vehicle and crash into a wall of a nearby building. You take four points of bludgeoning damage from this.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Phileaux, you similarly are launched way forward from the car and then it sort of precariously flips over you and lands in a smoking heap. You take 10 points of bludgeoning damage.

Justin: Can I roll my dex save again, please?

Griffin: You wanna do even better than you did?

Justin: I have Dangerous Sense.

Griffin: Oh?

Justin: So, I have advantage on dex saving throws against effects.

Griffin: Oh, yeah. Shit yeah. Give me another dex save, maybe you'll crit.

Justin: Just in case.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Oh, man, it's an 18. Okay, the fates are with me today.

Griffin: The fates are with you today.

Justin: The fates are with me.

Griffin: With a—your highest was a 21 there. With a 21, Godwin, you leap into the air as the car flips and crashes, and land on your feet unscathed. You see, as the car spins through the air, the trunk pops open and the contents of it go flying. You see gym clothes launch hither and yon, you see—

Travis: Aggie's by the way, everybody. Don't worry about Aggie.

Griffin: Did you bring—I meant to ask, did you bring Aggie with you on this assault?

Travis: No, she's doing great back the—there. And she's such a coward, if we're being honest.

Griffin: Sure.

Travis: We'll let her hang out with Gordon and the sports druid.

Griffin: Yes, cool—

Travis: So, whatever they do, she's with them.

Griffin: Elizabeth, the sports druid. You see the bones scatter in the air. And when you see that, Lady Godwin, you are struck with an incredibly powerful sort of sense memory from your last moment alive. The bones that are flying through the air are yours. That was the remnants—

Justin: Fukin' hell!

Griffin: Of your body that land scattering across the streets, the cobblestones of Lumino's streets, like dice rolled on a table. You see your friends sort of laying at the side of the road. You see your own bones scattered all over and you see the smoky wreckage of Dragula—

Justin: So, what, I just know they're my bones now?

Griffin: What's that?

Travis: Yeah, you recognize your bones.

Justin: I just know they're my bones now?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: [titters] And just looked at 'em again and be like, "Fuck, these are my bones."

Griffin: Well, seeing them flying through the air—

Travis: During a car accident.

Griffin: After being sort of launched out of a vehicle is I think enough kind of synchronicity with the actual moment of your death, that you are sort of, you come to that realization.

Travis: Hey, Griffin, I know this isn't the time or the place, but with the bones being tossed around like that, can we do like a divination check to see if it spells out any portents or—

Griffin: Oh, any portents or omens!

Travis: Yeah, just the bones have been rolled and I think it's a good time to see if we can you know, just get any kind of...

Crawford: Sorry, Lady Godwin, I know they're your bones.

Godwin: No, it's quite all right. They're doing me no good. I feel silly with myself about getting sentimental over them, honestly.

Phileaux: Should I do a religion check?

Crawford: Yeah, maybe a religion check, see if the bones give us any clues.

Phileaux: Okay, hold on. Here we go. Religion check.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Hm, nine.

Godwin: Stop doing experiments on my bones!

Clint: [titters]

Griffin: You... I mean, you roll a nine. You don't see any omens or portents in the shape of the bones.

Justin: In my bones.

Griffin: You do however see a light from above and you think for a second like maybe this is Saint Tancred. But actually, it is a... a search light has appeared and shines over to where the three of you are now sitting.

Travis: We made it through the portcullis, right?

Griffin: You did, yes. And you are now... [sings a tune while thinking] Du du-du-du, du, du, du-du... in the City of Lumino. You see a search light appear and begin scouring down the alleyway that you all are standing in. You see some figures in the distance. Four sort of swanky dressed gentleman wearing sort of matching pinstripe vests and like straw hats. All sporting those bolts in the side of their neck.

You see them further down the alleyway, they turn and look in the direction of the smoking car. Which is sort of in front of where you are, your car has landed sort of in between you and the hubbub in the middle of town here. You have a beat, as this situation sort of awakens to your presence. What do you do?

Travis: Hide. That was Travis.

Justin: No, we already dealt with him.

Travis: Oh. [titters]

Justin: Yeah, I'm gonna... I'm gonna take the advantage here.

Griffin: Okay?

Justin: Man, I'm really scared to start this, but I... hide. [chuckles]

Travis: Yeah, let's hide.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: I wanna hide. I wanna hide. I wanna hide. I don't wanna fight yet. I wanna hide.

Griffin: I love that, okay. So, where you're standing in this alleyway, you see a few sort of paths that you could carve out of the way of the search light, as it sort of comes down the alleyway. You know where you are in town. You are in the theater district. You're standing right outside of the of the Ghostlight Pub, Pierre Reynolds' place of business. So, you have a few options. There's like an alleyway here to the west you could duck down, there's an alleyway over here to the east. There is also the sort of rear entrance to the Ghostlight Pub.

Travis: m heading towards the rear entrance of the Ghostlight Pub.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: Phileaux too, but I'd like Phileaux to grab the cross-shaped crowbar.

Travis: Tire iron?

Griffin: Tire iron?

Clint: Tire iron, yeah.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: I mean, it's mine and I took it. But you can—

Clint: Oh, you took it?

Justin: You can ask me for it.

Clint: Okay, I thought you left it in the trunk.

Justin: No. No. No. But here, you can take it. You can put it on your back like a... Keep it, take it. I don't really want it. It's a cross, it's more your thing.

Travis: I don't think it's a cross, guys. Just to establish, a tire iron usually comes as an X shape. I don't think it's an—I don't think Dracula had like a novelty cross tire iron in Dragula. That's my—

Griffin: Are you fucking kidding me?! Of course he did!

Travis: Okay!

Justin: Of course he did. That's hilarious.

Griffin: But he uses it upside down—

Travis: I'm sorry, I backseat DM'ed. Yup, sorry.

Griffin: Yeah. Give me a—

Travis: If a Dracula touches an upside down cross, does it have the same effect, Griffin?

Griffin: If a Dracula touches a lowercase T in a book, does he die? No one's quite sure.

Travis: God damn, that's a good point.

Griffin: Give me a stealth check, please, all three of you, as you attempt to evade this this search light coming from Lumino Tower.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: God, I—oh, no. 16.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: Sorry, which one?

Griffin: Stealth, please.

Justin: Stealth...

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Heh, perfect three.

Griffin: Okay. Phileaux, you scamper in through the rear entrance of the Ghostlight Pub, followed closely with Mutt at your heels. Godwin, I think maybe just being shaken up from seeing your bones scattered all around, it takes you just a fraction of a second too long to scoot. And you are caught in the search light as you make your way into the back door. And immediately hear the sound of running footsteps coming down the alleyway. As you enter the Ghostlight Pub, you see—

Travis: Hey, Griffin?

Griffin: A familiar face.

Travis: Can I attempt to like secure the door in such a way—like is there a bar or a lock or something?

Griffin: There... yeah. I mean, yeah, this is a business. This is a rear employee entrance. I think that there is a—it's one of those deadbolts that like goes into the floor, and you are able to secure that. For how long, you do not know. But I think that is an obvious sort of security measure here. You will see Pierre Reynolds. He is looking out the windows somewhat nervously, but he turns and sees you all. And he smiles, he looks relieved, he says:

Pierre: Oh, bonjour! I was... I... what is going on? Do you all—where have you been? Have you seriously been after Dracula this whole time? Things have gotten very weird in the city.

Crawford: It's been like two days, man.

Pierre: Okay, but that is a long time when you're out in the wilderness of Angrave. That is, people typically do not survive staying outside for that long. It is good to see you. Something strange is happening in town, everybody is acting so strangely.

Crawford: Hey, just a shot in the dark here, does it have to do maybe with the bolts in their neck do you think?

Pierre: Oh, it is possible. I have no bolts, as you can see. I find it to be a weird sort of body modification process, and exactly the type of thing that they would use to control you, the government.

Crawford: Okay?

Pierre: And I have some big thoughts about this.

Godwin: Ooh!

Pierre: You might not—

Crawford: Oh, Pierre. Wait, hold on, Pierre, you and I gotta talk about this, bud, I—hey, do you bunker?

Pierre: Oh, bro.

Crawford: You don't have to tell me, you know what I mean? But like...

Pierre: A true bunker buddy would never knock on their bunker.

Crawford: Mm-hm. Gotcha. Gotcha. Gotcha. All right, man, we'll check in. We'll check in.

Griffin: There's banging at the back door.

Crawford: Yeah, man—

Pierre: Oh, excuse me, I have the customers that need to—

Crawford: No! Hey! No, no, no. No, they—

Godwin: I can help them.

Pierre: Oh, okay.

Griffin: You go to the back door, you hear, [sings] "Let us in. Let us in. Let us in. Let us in!" But they all happen at the same time.

Godwin: Cool. No! Move on. Go ahead.

Crawford: Hey, how full is the place tonight, Pierre? You got a lot of folks in there?

Pierre: There is nobody here. I sent everybody home because people are sort of my—like going around the street like a mindless horde of zombies. Which we do have here, but I do not think they're zombies.

Crawford: Yeah.

Justin: "And I'm not mindless, I'm simply undead!"

Clint: [titters]

Justin: Sorry, that's a really smart zombie that's there. [chuckles]

Griffin: What? Oh, a smart zombie that is there? Oh.

Justin: There was a really smart zombie who was—

Griffin: Yeah, yeah, yeah, okay. It is Rob Zombie, actually. It's Robert—

Travis: Yeah, he was finishing Sunday's crossword in record time.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Just put 'brains' in every spot though. [titters]

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: That's so rude.

Travis: Zombie Ken Jennings got really upset at you.

Crawford: Okay, listen, Pierre. There's some folks we need you to try to get word to, if you could help us out. We're gonna try to fix this and kill Dracula and take his teeth.

Pierre: Oh? That's excellent.

Clint: Yeah. Cool, man. I knew you'd be down.

Pierre: But he's at the castle? So, I do not know why you all are here.

Godwin: No, he's not though, that's a different one.

Crawford: Yeah.

Godwin: There's lots of them. Isn't that fun?

Crawford: Yeah.

Pierre: There is lots—

Crawford: That's a conspiracy theory you and I can get into later. There's more than one Dracula.

Pierre: I would love to—

Godwin: Could it be? It can. It is.

Crawford: Yeah. Watch this video to discover 16 shocking truths about Dracula. There's more of 'em.

Godwin: Avril Lavigne is Avril Lavigne, but Dracula's many Draculas.

Clint: Yeah, that's true, man. They keep replacing him. Whoa.

Godwin: I mean, no, this is—you're saying it in a—this is happening!

Crawford: Yeah! It's hard to believe, but it's true!

Godwin: They're cloning Dracula, Pierre.

Crawford: They're cloning Dracula, man, can you believe it?

Godwin: No, stop saying it like that.

Crawford: Whoa, man!

Godwin: You're stealing credulity.

Crawford: Too weird, but it's true. Whoa.

Godwin: It's not too weird—

Crawford: Look at this blurry footage we took, whoa.

Godwin: It's clear as day.

Crawford: Whoa.

Griffin: You hear pounding at—

Crawford: Pierre, can you believe it?

Griffin: You hear pounding at the back door. And you just hear, [sings]
"We're gonna kick your ass. We're gonna kick your ass."

Justin: Okay, I go back—I go to the door and I kick it into 'em. Off its hinges.

Griffin: Fuck yeah, all right!

Justin: Fuckin'... I tried to deal with you guys.

Griffin: Yeah, absolutely. Give me a... give me a strength check.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: nine, okay. Yeah, you kick the back door, but the deadbolt is still on. And so, it doesn't really—

Godwin: Ow!

Crawford: Yeah, unlock the door—

Godwin: Fuck!

Crawford: Sorry, I locked the door.

Phileaux: Oh... [titters]

Justin: Good thing is I get two attacks. [snickers]

Crawford: Yeah, unlock it first.

Justin: Okay, I unlock it—

Griffin: Do you unlock it first or do you attack it with the lock still engaged?

Justin: Okay, here's what I do. I try the knob. And then once they notice that I've tried the knob, then I kick it off its hinges again. [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Cool. One more strength check, please.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: There it is. 17 plus three, 20.

Griffin: You boot open the back door of the Ghostlight Pub, sending it careening into this row of barbershop quartet singers. You catch everyone but the tenor with it, as the door goes flying outwards and smashes the three... the barbershop bass baritone and lead, they go down as they hit the wall. The tenor looks at you, and looks scared. And you hear him shout:

Tenor: [sings] They're right here!

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: Everyone, roll for initiative.

[The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula theme music plays]

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