

The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula - Episode 29

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Griffin: The doors to Lumino Tower are slammed shut behind the three of you, and the din of battle from outside is immediately silenced. It is replaced by the sound of wind and a sort of low, resonant whistling high above you. You are standing inside the base of Lumino Tower.

Your eyes follow a ladder extending from the floor up 50-60 feet into the air. The exact length is difficult to gauge because the ladder appears to lead directly up into this swirling cloud of fog. At the top of the chamber, inside that fog, you see these random streaks of amber light kind of pulsing through, which are providing the only source of lighting in this room. What do you do?

Justin: I'm going to tentatively throw a piece of jerky into the amber light, to make sure it is not dangerous to flesh.

Travis: Good call.

Griffin: Make an attack roll, with the jerky against the swirling fog cloud. You're throwing a piece of jerky 60 feet straight up into the air, which is... not nothing.

Justin: [chuckles] When I do it, it's gonna be sick. Hold on.

Travis: I could do it. I'm just saying, like I don't want to brag or anything, but my years of playing Triple-A ball I think would really pay off there.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: 18, man. 18.

Griffin: 18, sure.

Travis: 18!

Griffin: You chuck it straight up into the cloud. It gets major hangtime, dude. You hear it clang as it actually moves through the fog cloud. It hits the ceiling—

Travis: What is this jerky made out of?

Justin: [chortles]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Beyond the fog cloud.

Travis: A clang?

Clint: Heavy iron content.

Travis: Are you certain? That's the sound effect we're going with here?

Griffin: When it falls back down, you catch it and it seems to be fine. It doesn't appear to have been, you know roasted by this cloud.

Justin: Yeah, that makes sense. It was nacho dynamic flavored, so it's—

Travis: Mm-hm, resilient.

Griffin: [titters] Right.

Travis: It's a ladder, right? Through a big, swirling cloud?

Griffin: That's right.

Travis: It seems like we should climb it. There's nothing else in the room? Any, I don't know—

Justin: I'm going. I'm going.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Okay, yeah, you climb, leaving behind the pile of magic crystals.
[snickers]

Travis: I knew it!

Griffin: No, yeah, you set up climbing the ladder. As you approach the cloud, the whistling gets louder and louder. But as you head up through it—it's weird, climbing through a sort of solid cloud of fog. But as you scale the ladder and you reach the top, your hand passes up through a hole onto solid ground. And you all climb into the lantern room at the top of Lumino Tower. Boom,

Clint: Oh-ah.

Travis: I'm not looking at Roll20, I assume Griffin just put something cool—
ah-oh!

Clint: A swirling miasma of energy and light!

Griffin: [chuckles] Yeah, dad has described the setting actually quite well.
The contents of this—

Travis: Good job, dad.

Griffin: The contents of this lantern room are striking, but not nearly as eye catching as what you see out of the floor-to-ceiling windows surrounding you. You no longer—

Travis: Is there a swirling miasma?

Griffin: It's a swirling miasma of light and magic.

Justin: Can we talk about the bats, though?

Griffin: There's a lot of bats.

Travis: This, Griffin, is maybe the closest to a wikiHow illustration you've done.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: The way it is depicted is that there's a big, wooden tower, it looks kickass. In the middle, there's some sort of weird metal thing. And there's a swirling vortex like all around it. And then in this—there's like a circle, just lying on top of—

Travis: An inset.

Justin: An inset! Yes, yes, Travis. Is it an inset. Also depicted, bats. And there's just like picture—

Travis: But it's like the concept of bats.

Justin: It's just like a circle of the idea of bats are over here. [chuckles]

Griffin: Many, many bats.

Travis: And there's bats, too. Fill it in, you get it.

Justin: The idea of bats. It looks like... it looks like it's a comic cover. It's like, "In this issue, something about bats!"

Griffin: [guffaws]

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: "Special appearance by bats!"

Griffin: It's letting you know that the swirling vortex has won the Newbery Bat Award.

[group laugh]

Travis: They did it!

Griffin: Okay, stop making fun of my final boss fight battle map, damn it.

Clint: I love it. It's a very nice map.

Griffin: Thank you.

Justin: I'm there.

Griffin: You are—

Justin: I'm scared of the idea of bats.

Griffin: [chuckles] You can see this vortex sucking in all the clouds and light on the horizon outside, into the Lumino Tower like just right below your feet. And you feel, for the first time in years, the warmth of the sun. Not coming from above you, but just sort of from around you, as its rays are being siphoned into the tower. A shadow passes across your party, as a massive colony of bats easily numbering in the thousands flies by, sort of soaring around the tower in a circle, in a sort of defensive formation. At the center of this circular room atop the lighthouse is the lantern, which is massive. It is like 10 feet in diameter.

And it is enclosed in a small sort of chamber composed of heavy brass and thick glass. Sort of like the holding chamber that you saw in Frankenstein's lab so long ago. Through this sort of lantern chamber, on the other side of the room, you see a skeleton that is sitting in a chair, with a silvery steel wired helmet on its head. And this skeleton is surrounded by this shimmering force field of nearly opaque amberlite. Crouching by this barrier, looking at the skeleton within, is Count Dracula. Or at least a Dracula, as evidenced by the bolts in his neck. He stands and examines the three of you. And he takes a deep breath and he says:

Dracula: You bunch of fucking buttholes!

Justin: [titters]

Godwin: Yup, that's Dracula.

Crawford: Okay, man.

Dracula: You have destroyed the most beautiful gift this primitive, uncultured world has ever received!

Godwin: Sorry, can we have a moment? Thank you. Are you all feeling this?

Crawford: The sun?

Godwin: As I got up here, my muscles felt stronger and my bones more dense. I believe... I believe it's vitamin D!

Crawford: [gasps]

Justin: So, Griffin, I'm gonna have to roll insight.

Griffin: [guffaws]

Justin: To see how my abilities have improved.

Griffin: Because of the vitamin D.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: And I did roll an actual-ass one. [chuckles]

Griffin: You got a crit fail. Everybody roll insight, we'll see how the vitamin D improves your—

Justin: Did the people of Lumino have a system for this? Were there gummies or something?

Griffin: Yes.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: I got a 21 total, Griffin.

Griffin: Holy shit. Okay.

Clint: I got a seven.

Justin: Now, okay, Travis, you are definitely sure it had no material impact on your stats. [chuckles]

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: It does not seem to improve Lady Godwin's state. Maybe it has something to do with the sort of tangible disconnect between your head and your body. You feel great, but you can't quite figure out any more than that. Phileaux, there is no effect. You are a puppet. You no longer have vitamins and I'm very, very sorry. Mutt, you've just unleashed the power of the sun.

Travis: [sings] Du-du-du-du.

Griffin: You feel a potent primordial energy flowing through you. And you can go ahead and recover whatever missing spell slots you may have.

Travis: Oh, fuck yeah, dude.

Justin: That's why he's the best in the biz, folks.

Clint: There you go.

Justin: That's teamwork.

Clint: That is.

Justin: That's teamwork. Justin pops it off, Travis slams it down, Griffin finds where it fits and dad's there to watch it all.

Clint: I watch it happen!

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Yeah. And dad nods like he had something to do with it.

Justin: [chortles]

Clint: Yes. Just as I planned.

Travis: Mm-hm, all according to plan. Mm-hm, yeah.

Justin: Dad weeps from the sidelines. Is it pride? Is it sadness?

Travis: Is it shame?

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: [chuckles]

Travis: Is where he thought we'd all end up, himself included? Now way to say.

Justin: [laughs] All right, I gave Travis superpowers with my joke.

Griffin: All right, Travis, you have superpowers. Dracula says:

Dracula: Do you fancy yourselves the heroes of this story? Because history will not remember you as such. Of that, I can assure you.

Crawford: Is that rhetorical, man? Or was that—because I can answer it?

Dracula: No, it was... like having the conversation.

Crawford: Okay, yeah, no, man. Hero isn't really what I was going for. Like, so, long story short, Invisible Man killed my brother. My brother made me promise to take—wait, are you the real Dracula? Or are you one of the like Dracula clones?

Dracula: Let's not pretend like we don't all know exactly what the situation is here. I am a Dracula, nut I am also Dracula.

Griffin: And he gestures to the skeleton inside of the forcefield.

Travis: Does that skeleton have pointy teeth, Griffin?

Griffin: It does indeed, Travis.

Travis: Okay.

Crawford: Okay, so, I need to take his teeth if we want to make it offish. And then I'm going to turn them into jewelry. And then, if I'm not mistaken, I think I need to get on a boat to England.

Godwin: Yes! There's a real lack of leadership over there.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Crawford: Yeah, and because I'm the king. So, we—okay, let me jump back a little bit. We killed Ahn, the god. I took Xcalibur. I'm the king of England now. He's interim pope.

Dracula: Okay. Do you mean turbo cardinal? Because we are actually very careful about that around these parts.

Crawford: Yeah, interim turbo cardinal. No popes allowed.

Dracula: Great, great.

Crawford: And let's see, what else?

Dracula: Well, not no popes—don't say no popes allowed.

Clint: Everybody has to have a boss. You know.

Dracula: It's a turbo cardinal.

Crawford: Well, no, I think I'm the turbo cardinal's boss, if I'm the king of England? Or you know what, I actually don't know the structure of that.

Clint: That has led to many beheadings. So, yeah, we need to—

Godwin: Can I—excuse me. Can I ask a question?

Dracula: Yes, go ahead. Yes.

Godwin: Dracula, why aren't you burning alive?

Crawford: Good question.

Dracula: The sunlight, it is tempered by the lighthouse as it is being sucked in. It is not in its pure form where it can irradiate my bones and turn me into fiery ash.

Crawford: Okay.

Dracula: That's not like a secret to my weak point, it's something that we were very careful about.

Clint: [titters]

Godwin: Oh?

Clint: You wouldn't want to share that with everybody.

Justin: I stream Jennifer Myers at the lighthouse.

Griffin: Okay! Go ahead and make an attack roll.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: And try to catch him by surprise with a natural 20.

Travis: Oh, yeah.

Griffin: That's—yeah. Holy shit, Juice!

Godwin: You should know something!

Dracula: Don't swing that, please!

Godwin: I forgive you! This is spite!

Justin: [titters]

Griffin: Okay, roll damage. I mean, this is an incredibly sturdy sort of room that you are attacking. And yet with a nat 20, it is for sure gonna get in there, man.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: That's 23.

Griffin: Jesus Christ alive! Justin!

Travis: Pretty good. Pretty good. Considering—hey, folks at home, that's two D12 plus three. And Justin got a 23. To give you the scope of the effectiveness of that, basically just below as good as it could have been.

Griffin: All right, man! I mean, yeah, man!

Justin: The follow up's a nine, so we can just ignore that.

Griffin: Yeah, don't get fucking greedy, Juice.

Justin: I didn't! It just would have been very funny if it happened again, that's all. So we can move fast.

Griffin: You swing Jennifer Myers in a wide arc, just sort of horizontally in front of you. Dracula, at first, looks sort of annoyed that you are acting so childish in here. But in slow motion we watch the axe, like a knife through butter, slices through three of these massive brass bars that are surrounding the center of the lantern chamber, where the lantern actually is. Immediately shattering the two big glass panes between them. Creating easily an eight foot wide hole in this chamber, in the center of the room. And it's face immediately turns to like shock and awe, and says:

Dracula: Oh, okay. So no more monologuing then, huh?

Godwin: Do you want to know the most fucked thing? I wasn't even raging yet.

Griffin: [titters]

Justin: And then I activate my rage, just to be clear.

Griffin: Okay, let's roll for initiative.

Crawford: Or no, man! Hey, wait! You can keep monologuing.

Godwin: Oh, please, yes. Don't let me interrupt you.

Crawford: Yeah, I want to make it clear. We can do two things at once, man. So, if you want to keep talking—

Dracula: A man—

Crawford: You could even go—if you want to go, you can leave?

Dracula: A man? What is a man?! A miserable little pile of secrets! But enough talk—oh, shit, hold on.

Griffin: He bends down and he picks up a wineglass in a bottle, and he pours himself a glass of wine. He says:

Dracula: Can you say a thing about man again?

Phileaux: Oh, yeah, yeah, give him... yeah, give him—

Crawford: Hey, man.

Dracula: What is a man?!

Crawford: Okay.

Dracula: A miserable little—fuck! Just, let's fight!

Clint: [laughs]

Godwin: Wait. Wait, are you telling me you drink wine?

Crawford: Yeah, I thought like you famously have said, "I don't drink wine." It's a thing you've said before, man.

Dracula: I don't think I actually said that.

Godwin: What he actually said was, "I don't drink, why?" And then he's like, "I should! Okay."

Crawford: Yeah!

Griffin: All right—

Crawford: Let me try it, man. Whoa! This is better than blood! Blood is gross, I should have been drinking wine the whole time.

Griffin: Jesus Christ, boys, these are—you got some good initiative rolls going here, huh?

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Okay, I got an 11.

Clint: Mm-hm, three.

Travis: Four plus... six. 10! Yeah, they weren't good, Griffin. Yeah.

Griffin: Okay! First in the order is the Dracula clone. He is going to run towards your party. He's gonna post himself up right here, next to Godwin and Brother Phileaux. He's first going to... gosh, he can do so much shit, man.

Justin: Who, Dracula?

Justin: Yeah, how about—

Travis: You'd hope so.

Justin: How about delight a planet for a century, you know what I mean?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: It feels weird—

Travis: Maybe the most lovable villain?

Justin: Yeah. Well, no, The Joker. [titters]

Travis: Yeah...

Griffin: Watch it, Trav. Okay, he is going to—first, he is going to charm you, Lady Godwin. I need you to make a DC 17 wisdom saving throw.

Justin: Ah, my strong suit.

Griffin: Let's see, man.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: How about a 17?

Griffin: Wow! [chuckles] Holy shit!

Justin: Wow! That's an ice cold 17. No boosts.

Griffin: He looks at you—

Justin: No fakes.

Griffin: Holds out a—

Justin: [chuckles] No chaser! No—did not fake the funk on a nasty dunk there.

Griffin: He holds out his hand in front of him and points a crooked finger towards you, and he says:

Dracula: My child... let me get a quick bite going.

Griffin: As he attempts to charm you. But you feel yourself unswayed.

Godwin: Yes, my liege.

Justin: And I start walking towards him.

Griffin: Make a performance check for me.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Because you have definitely—

Justin: Again, again, all my natural talents on display.

Griffin: You have done this I think exact move—

Justin: That is an exact one!

Griffin: [guffaws]

Travis: No! Perfect!

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: A concrete one!

Griffin: Oh, man.

Justin: Straight, no chaser. [chuckles]

Griffin: That's rough.

Justin: All funk has been faked on this dunk.

Griffin: Okay, as you approach him, trying to pull off this same maneuver on him, he is going to swing a crooked claw at you. Nearly critting, 19 plus 9, 28. Which hits.

Justin: Oh, man. [chortles] I have got to change my tactics against Dracula.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: You gotta keep it fresh. Okay, man, he—

Justin: Sorry, did you say 29 points of damage?

Griffin: No, he rolled a 28. The exact number that he does—you feel this scratch of his razor-sharp claws just sort of rake across your torso. You take seven points of slashing damage, and then you take 13 additional points of necrotic damage. It feels really bad where he has scratched you.

Justin: It's a bad feel.

Griffin: It's a super, super-duper bad feeling. Okay—

Justin: Wait, one second.

Griffin: Do you have a reaction?

Justin: No, but I do have resistance to bludgeoning, piercing and slashing damage.

Griffin: Oh, fantastic. Then you would take... you recover three of the points., your—the slashing damage of seven.

Justin: All right!

Griffin: It ain't nothing, man. That shit adds up. It's round one. Next in the order is the colony swarm. The colony swarm is going to smash through these windows on the eastern side of the room.

Travis: Oh, no!

Griffin: And just sort of soar through your party.

Travis: Missing everyone.

Griffin: Smashing through the southwest—

Justin: It looks like a bunch of aliens airbrush the top of their flying saucer.
[chuckles]

Griffin: [titters]

Travis: Yeah, it's sick, bro.

Justin: [in a silly alien voice] "You know what you be kickass?"

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: [in a silly alien voice] "A bunch of bats."

Griffin: Okay, everybody make a dexterity saving throw, please. Trying to beat a 15.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: How about a dirty 20?

Griffin: Dirty 20 is higher than 15, yes.

Travis: Oh, just! Just got it! 15.

Griffin: That's a deck save, Godwin. Not a dex check.

Justin: Ah yes, dex save.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: For that I have a 20.

Griffin: Wow, you all saved? Okay! These bats fly just sort of through your party. They sort of—some of them collide with you, clumsily. But as they soar through the southwestern wall of the room, you find yourself largely unscathed. Next in the order is Lady Godwin. You have the Dracula clone up next to you, having just scratched at you. You have the lantern chamber in the center of the room, that you have basically smashed a gigantic hole in. And on the opposite side of the room is the Dracula prime skeleton, in his chair with the force field around it.

Justin: I am going to try to chuck Fake-ula into the lantern. I've had a real mixed run with trying to throw people into things this season. And I really feel like narratively, it would be so satisfying.

Griffin: Oh, the growth arc.

Justin: [chuckles] The character growth.

Griffin: Right.

Clint: [snickers]

Justin: Of being able to, when it counts, throw someone into something.

Griffin: Okay, make an attack roll against Dracula. If you hit, you will not do damage, but you can move him five feet back, basically right into the lantern.

Justin: All right, we got... let's get this going.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Hey, that's interesting?

Griffin: Hm, let's speak on that?

Justin: Huh, that is... I have again found my friend, the one.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: Huh.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: All 19 of his little buddies were there, but I bumped into him again. What are the odds?

Travis: He's so eager.

Griffin: You're, it feels like—

Justin: Oh, man...

Griffin: It is kind of frightening, Lady Godwin. It feels like your body is not responding to the commands that your brain is sending to it. Maybe it is the pressure of the situation, maybe it—maybe this is the react—maybe the vitamin D is actually bad for you? But maybe it is also the Dracula necrotic magic that is coursing through your veins from the scratched. But you just can't seem to get it a hold on it.

Justin: I thought I was in a triumphant movie. It turned out what I'm in is like a Coen Brothers movie. Where doing the same thing over and over again eventually leads to my downfall. Like my inevitable downfall.

Griffin: Yeah, you do—that was only one attack, though. You have a couple of those, I think.

Justin: Okay! Oh, shit! Everybody's looking at me. Everybody's like, "I can't believe Lady Godwin would try to throw somebody again." You know what I mean? And they're all like—and they start to turn away. [titters]

Travis: Oh, no.

Justin: And then I stand up and I—

Travis: Wait, you were sitting down?

Griffin: Did you sit?

Justin: [chuckles] I sat down—

Travis: Just for a second, we've been there.

Justin: It's all so sad. [chuckles]

Travis: You know when you try to throw somebody and it breaks your heart so bad that now you have to sit down for a second? Just a little crisscross applesauce and think about life.

Justin: But then I start standing up and putting my hands on his hips. And he is like gingerly taking my hands back off his hips like it's sad at this point. You know what I mean? [titters] But then, tell 'em what happens next, Griffin.

Griffin: You roll another attack roll and...

Justin: [titters]

Griffin: Your finger gets stuck in his belt loop. He kind of twists weird and it hurts your finger a lot. And you pull—your arm shoots backwards like, "Ah, fuck!"

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: "He fucked up my—Dracula fucked up my finger with his belt loop. Dang it!"

Justin: So now—

Travis: That was a 12, by the way.

Griffin: That was a 12 that he rolled.

Justin: That was a 12. So, now, Griffin, everybody—[chuckles]

Dracula: Please, Godwin—

Justin: Everybody's counting me out at this point.

Dracula: Just, come on. You've got to be kidding me.

Justin: It's so sad. He like puts his hand on my shoulder like—it's so sad.
[chuckles]

Dracula: That is just—

Justin: But then—

Dracula: Peak Boomer cringe.

Justin: Griffin? What then, Griffin?

Clint: Tell 'em what happened. [titters]

Justin: Tell 'em. I put my hands, somehow, my scarred, battered hands up on the hip. And then, Griffin, tell 'em what happens.

Griffin: He says:

Dracula: Comedy rule of threes, huh?

[sound of dice thrown]

[group laugh]

Griffin: You actually do it with your feet. You put your feet out instead of your hands and he's like—

Travis: Oh, like you're gonna do an airplane?

Griffin: He's like:

Dracula: What are you—no, not with the feet?! You're trying to push me with the feet! This is humiliating!

Travis: That's a 14.

Dracula: My dead skeleton is watching. You're embarrassing yourself in front of me twice!

Griffin: The bats laugh outside.

Godwin: I would prefer everyone remember a few minutes ago. Remember? Remember hitting the thing and—

Crawford: Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Godwin: It was so—

Dracula: But what have you done for me lately? Aside from trying to push me three times.

Justin: [titters]

Clint: [snickers]

Griffin: Next in the order is—you have move, if you want to move and take an attack of opportunity.

Justin: I sat down and stood up, that's my move. [chuckles]

Griffin: You sat down and stood up a second time, finishing off your movement, fantastic.

Justin: I jumped in place. [chuckles]

Griffin: [titters] All right, Mutt—

Justin: Just burn it.

Griffin: You are up.

Travis: Okay, well... so we know throwing him doesn't work.

Griffin: [guffaws]

Godwin: I'm not quitting! I'm not giving up!

Travis: Well, it seems like you guys have him well in hand. I'm gonna go for the skellington one.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: But before I run over, I'm gonna—

Crawford: Hey, Phileaux, with your permission, can I grab something off your vial belt?

Clint: Yeah! What do you want?

Crawford: I'm gonna take the vial of Ahn blood that he collected from the river.

Griffin: Interesting. Okay?

Phileaux: Yup, yup, yup.

Travis: Yeah, I take one of Phileaux's vials from his phylactery.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: And I think of sprinting over to the skellington.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: So, real quick, tell me. Like, you said it's an invisible barrier, Griffin?

Griffin: No, I said it is a—you can—it is hard to see through it. It is clearly made of you know, light and magic and stuff. You've seen sort of similar applications of this like amber light before. But this is—this seems pretty solid.

Travis: Okay, it's the amber light?

Griffin: Yes.

Travis: Okay, so I pour the blood of the god of nighttime onto the bone from the god of nighttime that I collected in the cave.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: And I slam that nighttime god blood bone into the wall of light.

Griffin: That's very, very good. As you reunite this blood of Ahn with the bone of his giant, buried corpse, you feel something. You feel some reaction taking place that I don't think you necessarily understand. Give me an arcana check. You have done something here that is wild.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Well, that's a five.

Justin: Hm.

Griffin: Interesting.

Clint: Could I do an arcana check?

Griffin: No, I don't—

Justin: Let him get up in there. He's already watching—

Travis: You know what, Griffin? I'm going to use my inspiration.

Clint: Oh!

Griffin: For this? Okay, cool.

Travis: Well, don't say 'for this.'

Justin: I think it makes Phileaux—

Griffin: Yeah, Phileaux, if you want—I think it's totally fine.

Justin: I think it makes total sense for Phileaux to get a hand on the ball because he was already engaged in it. It's not random.

Griffin: For sure. Give me an arcana check, Phileaux.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Shit, I have five gold pieces.

Clint: Eh, it's only 12.

Griffin: You both feel a presence. God is moving in this Chili's tonight. You feel a presence in this room that is familiar. I think you hear a voice in your head, time seems to slow. The swirling of the light outside dims somewhat, as time slows down all around you. And Mutt, you hear a voice say:

Ahn: Ah, yes. Now you need my help. Hm, interesting! Didn't seem to matter quite as much when you were striking me down!

Crawford: All right, man. Are you going to be catty about it or do you want to take down Draghoul?

Ahn: I would love to. It would be far easier if I was still, you know, a huge, powerful skeleton.

Justin: What is he looking like right now, Griff? Like, what are we seeing?

Griffin: I don't think you are seeing—I don't think you are holding this bone blade that has been—

Justin: Oh, not me, I'm looking at the ground and kind of weeping softly to myself.

Travis: Yeah, I'm holding the bone to my ear like a phone.

Griffin: Yeah, you don't—

Travis: It's a bone phone.

Griffin: You don't see him, right? You just, you are in this—

Justin: It's free with your Sports Illustrated subscription.

Griffin: You are in a dark, slow space right now.

Travis: [chortles] Justin, I heard that and I loved it.

Griffin: What'd you say?

Travis: The bone phone is free with a Sports Illustrated subscription.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: [chuckles] He says:

Ahn: I have plenty of time. I would rather find a champion who perhaps didn't kill me. I suppose I could help you out though, if you were willing to scratch my back a little bit?

Crawford: Oh my god, this shit again. What do you want?

Ahn: Hm...

Crawford: You don't know?!

Justin: [chortles]

Griffin: Travis, I'm surprised—

Travis: He had to think about it—

Griffin: Surprise you to learn, Trav, that I, Griffin McElroy, your brother, didn't think that you were going to commune with a dark god here today. So, it is—

Justin: That is—Griffin, I—hey, bub? From this perspective, that's on you, I do think. That if you didn't think Travis was going to try to commune with a dark god...

Travis: Yeah, is it your first day? Come on.

Griffin: He says:

Ahn: You make a pact with me that—I know you have recently come into a position of power. I would like some... I would like a pact with you. Nothing crazy, I'm not going to like control your mind or anything. But, well, the night is half the day. And so, I would like to have perhaps a little bit of influence on the crown? What do you say? It won't be the night man.

Justin: And you'll be the day man.

Ahn: I'll tell you what—

Travis: [sings] Ah-ah, ah!

Ahn: Monthly bone phone conversations with me, god of night, just sort of giving you check-ins on how your reign is going and what you might be able to do better.

Justin: Just gonna cost you 30% of your reign.

Griffin: [titters]

Crawford: You know what? If there's one thing—

Phileaux: That sounds reasonable.

Crawford: Yeah, I like the balance of day and night. And that's been real fucked up here. So like, yeah, man. Okay, cool. I wasn't gonna be a very good king anyways, if we're being honest. Like, I wasn't... I wasn't thinking I was gonna nail it. So like, okay.

Griffin: Give me another arcana check.

Travis: I did so good on the first one, I'm just worried about fucking it up.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Ooh! 17 plus one. It was a slow rollover from 10 to 17. 18.

Griffin: Okay. You feel something changing inside of your soul. And you get the idea that this promise you are making is not one that can be easily broken. That isn't to say he is poisoning you or you know, even tricking you necessarily, he is just, this pact is a capital P pact. And it is one that he will expect you to—

Travis: So I just have to talk with him once a month because he's lonely?

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Yeah, man. That's fine.

Griffin: All right.

Travis: Oh, wait. On the phone, for real, in real life?

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: I got to talk to Griffin once a month?

Griffin: [spoofs Ahn] And I'm gonna—I'll do this voice the whole time!

Travis: [titters] Okay. I would actually love that. I think that—I don't know if that was meant to be a deterrent, but it sold me on it. Yeah, let's do it.

Griffin: You feel this uncomfortable, for a moment, swelling like a balloon in in your metaphysical self. And then time catches back up. And this darkened bone blade swipes through the Hard Light barrier surrounding the skeleton of Dracula prime. And it vanishes.

Travis: The what vanishes?

Griffin: The forcefield surrounding Dracula prime.

Travis: So, just to establish, now I have Xcalibur, the glowing sword of holiness, and a dark bone blade?

Griffin: Yeah, you have a lot of—

Travis: And just a regular crossbow, because someone destroyed my dad's like ancient, beautiful crossbow that my granddad gave me. Okay, cool.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: And I can't throw.

Travis: Okay, great! And this is round one.

Justin: It's a good—and one of us is Pinocchio. It's a good team.

Travis: And one of us is Pinocchio. The boy puppet with no strings.

Griffin: All right... I'm going to say that's probably it, right? I think that sort of combining those two reagents—

Travis: That's a lot of shit.

Griffin: And then attacking with it is a good turn's worth of action suit to take place.

Travis: I think so too, yes.

Griffin: Okay. Phileaux, it is now your turn. Again, just to paint the picture, we got Godwin engaged in sad combat with the Dracula clone, right next to the hole in the lantern... sort of chamber in the center of the room. On the opposite end of the room, Mutt has just taken out the barrier surrounding the skeleton of Dracula prime, that is wearing that silvery metal helmet on its head. Outside the window is the swarm of bats. What do you do?

Clint: They are outside the window?

Griffin: They are outside the window.

Clint: Okay. I want to inspect the helmet around...

Griffin: Okay, yes, you can—

Clint: Dracula prime.

Griffin: You can run—

Clint: Can I investigate it?

Griffin: Yeah, I mean, do you want to investigate it before you move over there? It's up to you. It'd be a little bit harder. There's some shit between you and it.

Clint: Yeah, let me move over there.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: And do an arcana check.

Griffin: Okay, give me—

Clint: On the helmet.

Griffin: Yes. You look it over, trying to—

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Jeez! 11.

Griffin: Okay. With an 11, this is the same device—in some ways, the same device that turned you into the state that you are in. This is some sort of transference of consciousness sort of tool. It appears to be a lot less ramshackle than the one that was used on you. You get the sense that maybe that one was a beta, a prototype. And that Dracula probably saved the good stuff for himself. That is what you see.

Clint: Do I see how to remove it?

Griffin: From his head?

Clint: Mm-hm.

Griffin: Pulling it.

Travis: Lifting it upward.

Griffin: Like a hat.

Clint: Okay. All right. I am going to... I still have actions left, right?

Griffin: Yes, I mean, so far, you've just run across the room and looked at something.

Clint: Okay, I'm going to—

Travis: You don't have to sound so dismissive, Griffin.

Griffin: No, I'm not trying to sound dismissive. It's what he's done.

Travis: "So far, you flapped your little puppet feet over and used your stupid wooden eyes to look at something."

Griffin: Dumbass brain—

Travis: "What do you wanna do now?"

Griffin: I just thought a thought.

Clint: I'm going to drop—

Travis: [chuckles]

Clint: I'm going to drop the file, the vial, the Phileaux vial, the file of— anyway, the bottle that has mini Phileaux in it.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Fuckin' hell!

Griffin: You—

Clint: And then I'm going to cast Enlarge on it.

Justin: Oh, yes, baby!

Griffin: Okay—

Travis: Oh, your chickens—

Justin: That don't work.

Travis: Are coming home to roost, Griffin.

Griffin: These are *not* my chickens! I didn't make these—

Clint: It's *my* chicken.

Griffin: I didn't make these chickens and I don't approve of their existence, Travis!

Clint: This is my chicken!

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: How dare you—

Travis: These chickens are abominations!

Griffin: How dare you attribute these chickens to me, sir?! I would never!
Okay... Okay, Enlarge...

Clint: Yup.

Griffin: Give me a moment, please.

Clint: Mm-hm.

Griffin: Okay, so you—

Clint: This is actually the same spell I used to turn it into mini Phileaux.

Griffin: Correct, correct. I was just checking—so, this is an action. You are able to—you take—you pour your body out of the vial and you enlarge it. Just back to regular size or are you giving it a little—

Clint: No, no.

Griffin: A few extra inches?

Clint: No, let's just take it back to regular Phileaux size.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Come, six feet.

Griffin: You can make him pretty big?

Travis: Make him six feet. Come on—

Griffin: I'm going—you know what I want from you, Mac? I want a wisdom saving throw. As you look down at your dead, somewhat bloated, formaldehyde-wreaking body on the ground, just to see if you get a little bit freaked out by the site.

Clint: Yeah, I understand.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: That would probably be no, because that's a 16.

Griffin: Yeah... and that's in a lot of ways even weirder, isn't it?

Travis: Yeah, it's weirder.

Griffin: You dump out your dead-ass body—

Clint: I've been lugging it around in a bottle for like 30 episodes, so—

Griffin: That's true. You—

Justin: I bet it fucking stinks, though. [titters]

Griffin: It doesn't smell great. As it reappears, you see suddenly Van Helsing appears on the other side of it, looking down at it, sort of alarmed. And looking up at you, and he's like:

Van Helsing: Is that you?

Phileaux: Well, that's the old me. That's the old me, Abe. It's... wow. Matter of fact, he looks real old. Ugh. Sorry about the smell. Wooden nose.

Van Helsing: What is the game plan, dude? Because I—Aere you moving out?

Phileaux: I'd rather not reveal that in front of the... you know, D-R-A-C... U-L—

Godwin: U-L-A.

Van Helsing: Took you a second. Okay, then what's the plan? What are we doing?

Phileaux: I don't know. I'm freeballing it.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: Not applicable.

Griffin: He kind of gives you a curious look and then he vanishes back into the void inside of the puppet. Okay, is that all you're doing? Do you have a bonus action? Anything else?

Clint: I don't know if I have any bonus actions left. [titters]

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: No, I think that's it. I think I'll take a defensive stand in front of zombie Phileaux, or whatever you wanna call him.

Griffin: Okay, I have Phileaux's body to the map. We are back up to the top of the order. Count Dracula looks at you pitifully, Godwin, and says:

Dracula: Let me show you how it's done.

Griffin: And he is going to attempt to throw you backwards out of the window.

Justin: Hm. That is... there is a rudeness there.

Griffin: There is a tremendous rudeness to that decision he has made. So... nine plus nine, 18.

Justin: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Griffin: Okay, he grabs you by your... the lapels of your battle tunic? I don't know what Lady Godwin is wearing. And he chucks you backwards. You try to gain—wah! I made you stretched out. [chuckles] I made Godwin too tall, she's 10 feet tall, fix her! Okay.

Clint: [titters]

Griffin: He throws you back. You feel the window immediately give way against your weight and the force of this throw. I need you to make a dexterity saving throw to avoid going over the edge.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Got it.

Griffin: [titters] That is a seven. On a seven, you reach out for the ledge of the window, and you do not get it. You see the room vanish, as you begin to plummet. You are just sort of beneath the surface of the window, as we move on. With that, Count Dracula—

Justin: Wait, wait, wait. Wait! I have a Danger Sense.

Griffin: Oh, that's right! You get to make another dexterity saving throw. Make it a—hey, Juice? Make it a better one!

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: What about the exact same? How does that fuckin' spin?

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: Ah! Boom!

Justin: How does that spin?

Clint: What are the odds?!

Justin: How does that spin you, you dizzy bitch?

[group laugh]

Griffin: All right, Godwin—

Travis: Get him!

Griffin: Godwin begins to fall. Dracula turns into a cloud of mist and flies over towards you, Mutt. And he's going to try to bite you, dude. Oh, wait, no, he can't do this to you. He can't bite you. He's just going to attack you! As you are sort of paying attention to the skeleton of Dracula prime, the clone vanishes, turns into a cloud of mist, reappears behind you. He sees the bone dagger in your hand and he laughs, and he says:

Dracula: Eh-heh-he. A sucker is born every minute, huh?

Griffin: He's going to swipe a claw at you. That is a... 26 versus AC.

Travis: Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Griffin: You take eight points of slashing damage. And you take 15 more points of necrotic damage.

Travis: Snap.

Griffin: Okay, that is going to do it for his turn. Next in the order is the colony swarm. The colony swarm is going to go after you, Godwin. Insult to injury, they're going to fly across you, as you begin falling out of this room. Go ahead and make a dexterity saving throw, with disadvantage, as you have nothing to really leverage.

Justin: Well, then I get add—

Griffin: Just regular. Yeah, it just cancels out. Trying to beat a 15.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: 12.

Griffin: 12, that does not cut it. This time, you feel a few errant bites and some slashing of the hard, bony wings of these bats. And you take 11 points of slashing damage. You are now up, Godwin. You have just begun to fall. Six seconds of combat passes every round of combat, so you are still sort of suspended in the air. But end of this turn, you're going to be falling very, very far, very fast.

Justin: Okay, I reach in my bag. [chuckles] And I grab my hand.

Griffin: Okay?

Justin: It still has a rope affixed to it from the last time.

Griffin: Okay?

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: And I'm gonna throw my hand back at the balcony. [titters]

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: All right, man. This is going to be an attack, right? This is you launching a ranged object, trying to hit a target.

Justin: Can I say that this is the—we're highlighting the biggest problem with DnD, where everything has to be contextualized as an attack. Like, this couldn't be less of an attack. I'm throwing my hand at a balcony.

Travis: I mean, could be sleight of hand.

Justin: [chortles]

Griffin: Nothing slight about the action that is taking place right now.

Travis: It Is a slight against god?

Griffin: [titters] Yeah, it's a slight against me.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: 20.

Griffin: Fuck yeah, man.

Clint: Nice!

Griffin: You throw your hand upwards and it sails into the room. The rope grows taught, for a moment you feel it pulling away. And you actually feel some sort of psychic connection with your hands still, right? You can tell that it has actually grabbed on to the top rung of the ladder, that is just inside the room. And you swing forward and you are now rappelling. You are about 10 feet down from the—

Justin: I actually, I am not rappelling yet. I let the force of the swing carry me and so I slam against the wall.

Griffin: Okay, you slam against the wall of the tower pretty hard.

Justin: How much damage?

Griffin: Well, let's see... I guess we can run this as one 10 foot fall of force, basically. So, you take six points of bludgeoning damage. Never had someone elect to take damage before, it's wearing strategy, Cotton.

Godwin: It is! Well, the first thing is—

Justin: And then I slam into the wall.

Godwin: I need to stay pissed!

Griffin: Okay. [titters]

Godwin: And the second thing—

Justin: I start climbing up.

Griffin: Okay. Make an athletics check for me.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: 10! Absolutely.

Griffin: Yeah, no, this is not a difficult athletics check. You are not far from the top of the window and you have a grappling hook. It is... I think this is going to take all your movement, this is pretty treacherous. But you are able to scale your way back into the room. And it doesn't seem like Dracula— Dracula basically has his back to you now. He has not noticed your arrival back into the tower.

Godwin: It's the—but I'm hurt. She gets thirsty.

Justin: And I'm gonna throw Jennifer Myers at Dracula.

Griffin: So, the lantern is sort of right in between you and Dracula.

Justin: Right, so the cool—but what's gonna kick ass is—

Griffin: You're gonna Wanted? You're gonna curve the bullet?

Travis: Yeah, you ever seen Wanted, Griffin?

Justin: Griffin, I'm—it's gonna go through, and then hit him, and it'll be all charged up with like lantern power—

Travis: Oh, fuck yeah, Griffin. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

Griffin: If you wanna throw you big axe through a lantern and another wall of this chamber, if you crit again, sure. If you—

Justin: No, man. Okay, you're right, bending it. I'm gonna bend it in the air.

Griffin: Yeah! That's a way easier roll! Sure.

Clint: Like Beckham.

Justin: No, wait, I—no, wait, Griff, I do have one hole in it, right?

Griffin: You have one hole in the—yes.

Justin: I made a hole already! I'll just go through that one again.

Griffin: Okay, this is a circle, this chamber, right? So you have smashed out basically one quarter of the circle.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: So, you can go into this center chamber—

Justin: No, I got it. You go in, but you can't get out. I keep coming back to having to bend it around, Griffin, and I don't know if—

Griffin: I will let this happen. I will let this happen with a—but you're going to have disadvantage on your attack. You're good at attacking, so it might still go. But this is a patently insane—

Justin: What if I switch it to the javelin? What if I use my javelin?

Griffin: A curved javelin toss—

Travis: Much easier to bend.

Griffin: Still, I think—

Justin: I feel like I could hit the hole a lot easier with the javelin. And make a new hole. Right? A javelin wants to go through. An axe going through, I know, that's a big—

Travis: No, no, no.

Griffin: You can throw an axe or a javelin at the lantern. In order to hit Dracula, it would need to smash through the wall on the opposite side of the circle, and then still hit Dracula.

Justin: Griffin, you're the one who took all my move action. I don't know what to tell you.

Travis: Yeah, man. Good point.

Justin: This isn't my fault. If you hadn't taken my move action, we wouldn't be doing any of this.

Griffin: Yeah. I think if you want to try to do a curved battle axe throw, that's cool. It's just gonna be with disadvantage.

Justin: I'm to going to try to do it, and I'm going to roll extremely high, okay?

Griffin: All right. Let's see.

Travis: Here it goes.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: [sings] I believe you can fly.

Justin: [titters] I'm leaving the room for a minute. I'm gonna leave for a second, okay? I'm just gonna leave for a second.

Clint: Okay, okay.

Griffin: I mean, yeah, you rolled a crit one, so it doesn't—you don't even really need to roll the second one. That's... they don't get lower than that. You throw Jennifer Myers, trying to curve it.

Justin: This is amazing.

Griffin: Do you throw it around the right side or the left side? Are we going clockwise or counterclockwise?

Justin: Fuck off. [chuckles] Eat shit. Who cares?

Griffin: You throw Jennifer Myers and it just, it doesn't curve! It just goes straight and it bounces off the wall and lands on the floor on the left side of the room. And Dracula turns around like:

Dracula: Oh, you're back in the room? Thank you for not trying to sneak up on me.

Justin: [laughs] Oh, no...

Dracula: How's the fight going for you? Pretty bad, it seems.

Justin: [snickers]

Griffin: Next in the—unless you have another? I guess you could—you do have one more attack roll. You could try to—

Justin: Fuck yeah! Now I've got a clear line of sight, don't I?

Griffin: Yeah, but now you have your javelin. You don't have a clear line of sight, what are you talking—it's still—

Justin: From the... Griffin. He came—he walked around to see what had happened. You told me.

Griffin: He did not walk around. He wouldn't take a fuckin'—

Justin: [chuckles] You said he walked around because he was curious?

Griffin: He would take an attack of opportunity from Mutt if he did that. He's not there.

Justin: [titters] Okay, okay, so he didn't walk around to see what happened.

Griffin: Here we go. You're gonna—but you're gonna curve this javelin so fuckin' good.

Clint: Curve it. Curve it!

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: 23 hits, but let's see—

Clint: Yeah!

Griffin: But next one?

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: 19?

Griffin: 19 hits! Yes, it does.

Justin: Yes!

Clint: Whoow!

Griffin: As he turns, he's kind of like laughing at your dumb axe on the ground. And then he sees, defying the laws of physics and god and Isaac Newton—

Justin: [chuckles]

Travis: And Griffin.

Griffin: And me, a giant javelin, making a beeline in a beautiful parabola, straight towards his gut. Go ahead and roll damage.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Seven, all right. It catches him in the stomach. He very annoyed pulls it out and throws it to the ground. And... that is your action.

Justin: Wait, what about my frenzy?

Griffin: Yes, I suppose—do you have anything else to throw? More jerky, perhaps?

Justin: Yeah, I have one thing. The Toby Slayer!

Clint: [titters] Okay! You throw—

Justin: 13, fuck me.

Griffin: That misses. [laughs] He looks—

Justin: Wait, I've got disadvantage, hold on. It may be worse.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Yeah, okay, 13.

Griffin: 13. So, what happens is you throw your axe, trying to curve it around the room.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: It lands on the floor. He looks back at you and kind of just laughs it off. But then the javelin does get him. And it curves. And he stands up like—

Dracula: What? How the fuck did you—

Griffin: And then you throw your sword. And it just lands on the ground, and he's like:

Dracula: I'm confused as to what the—

Godwin: Okay, can I be honest with you, Dracula?

Dracula: Yes.

Godwin: I'm looking around at the evidence, and sometimes we have to listen to our bodies and our heart as much as our brains. I think the first

time that I broke some of your stuff, and then hurt you pretty bad, I think I worked through it. This is all I can conclude, is that I no longer have a deep and burning desire to destroy you. I feel like I've worked through my stuff.

Dracula: Oh...

Phileaux: This is big. This is big!

Dracula: This is huge. The feeling is decidedly not mutual!

Justin: [chuckles]

Godwin: I can't intellectualize this, I...

Griffin: Okay, these are your two weapons, laying on the ground. Just to remember that you don't have them right now.

Justin: Yeah, no, it's helpful. Thank you.

Griffin: Great. All right, next to me order is Mutt.

Travis: I'm going to two-handed swing Xcalibur at him. Oh, wait, first. I point at him and I say:

Crawford: You're... you're my... I'm gonna kill you, man. You're marked. Get marked, bitch.

Travis: Something like that. You get it. It's like, "Get marked, you piece of shit." Something like that. You know what I mean.

Justin: Whoa.

Travis: Yeah, it's really cool.

Griffin: He looks up at the glowing red arrow HUD—

Travis: Yeah, man.

Griffin: Floating over his head and he's like:

Dracula: Oh, cool.

Crawford: Yeah, that's right. Yeah, man, you're marked.

Dracula: What does that mean?

Crawford: It means... oh, gon' get ya.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Not like that. This is where I'm gonna use inspiration, because I'm gonna get him.

Griffin: Okay, that was a 10, which misses.

Travis: That was a 10, which I don't think would hit a Draghoul. The relentless bloodletting—

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: This was a six, so that's not gonna hit him again.

Griffin: Oh. You slash at him—

Crawford: Okay, cool, man. Yeah, but this time—but this time for real.

Travis: And I use a second attack to get him.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: Oh, stay there. Ah, that was gonna be a crit! It's a 12.

Griffin: No. You got three quick swings at him and three easy sidesteps. He is making this look like child's play, as he is avoiding every attack you all leverage at him. Anything else you're doing on your turn?

Travis: Hm... I mean, no.

Griffin: Okay. Phileaux, you are up. You are standing right next to the skeleton of Dracula and your re-enlarged dead body.

Clint: Phileaux says:

Phileaux: Well, it worked great the first time.

Clint: And he snatches the helmet off Dracula prime and puts it on Brother Phileaux.

Travis: On the body.

Griffin: Yourself or the—

Clint: On the body.

Griffin: Hm...

Justin: Hooh.

Griffin: That's very interesting.

Justin: Isn't that interesting?

Travis: Isn't it?

Clint: I thought so.

Justin: I mean, it can't be—I will say this, dad. Demonstrably, it can't be going worse. You know what I mean? Like it can't—

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: It's gonna have an effect.

Justin: An effect, which almost has to be net positive at this point.

Griffin: Yeah, sure. I want to roll for this. This is a big move that you are doing. And I don't know that we've established that the reversal of this process is like possible. But I want you to roll an arcana check to see how effective this is at sort of fucking up his grasp on the tower and the city and everything.

Clint: Okay, allow me.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: How about 24?

Griffin: Fuckin' hell, Mac!

Travis: Ah, hell yeah.

Griffin: Wow! Okay. Here's what happens. The second that you put the helmet on, on your dead body, you see the helmet activate. And you see power coursing through the wires that are sort of tethering it to the floor, behind this chair that the skeleton is sitting in. Immediately, the lantern in the center of the room begins to flicker. It appears like something is glitching out.

As it flickers, the vortex outside begins to flicker. You see quick flashes of the City of Lumino below you. From their perspective, they see the sun reappear in the sky a few times, as it seems like something is happening to the tower. This effect, I think, is a lot on your body. It is horrifying, I think what happens as your body catches flame suddenly. And begins to—

Clint: Wait, are you talking about my Pinocchio body or Brother's Phileaux's body?

Justin: Yeah, you gotta be more specific, Griff.

Griffin: Your dead corpse on the ground.

Clint: Aw...

Griffin: As Dracula's essence is—

Travis: You weren't using it?

Griffin: Pumped into it. And he is resisting. You hear a scream reverberating through the walls. But he fends it off, as your body is destroyed.

Justin: What are the biological effects of the fucking smell at this point?

Griffin: It sucks so bad.

Justin: Because I feel like I am being absolutely torn to shreds over here with the olfactory—

Travis: Mutt actually lost his sense of smell after a bottle rocket incident, so it's fine.

Justin: Yeah, he burned his stinky, old corpse with Dracula farts and it exploded everywhere. Disgusting! [chuckles]

Griffin: It's no good. Give me a constitution saving throw, everybody in the room. As I—

Justin: Me and my big mouth. Is this from the stench?

Griffin: Yeah, man, it's—

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: 17.

Griffin: You're fine. You're a puppet.

Travis: 14.

Justin: There's that 20 when I need it the most.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Stinky bad smell make your tummy hurt, Mutt. Everybody else is fine.

Travis: Ah, no.

Griffin: What you see as the situation kind of stabilizes, is that in this window of time that Dracula lost his grasp on the tower, and you know, everything it was devouring and broadcasting, you see this clone of Dracula. And he looks absolutely dazed. His eyes are cloudy and he seems stuck, frozen in place. You have temporarily, for a round of combat, you have incapacitated the clone of Dracula.

Phileaux: Sick him, boys!

Griffin: The colony swarm of bats is still flying around the tower, and they are in fact next in the order. They are going to, sensing the incapacitation of sort of their main guy in the room right now, they're going to fly in and attack both Brother Phileaux and Mutt.

Travis: Good luck.

Griffin: Please make a dexterity saving throw, both of you.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Mm-hm, little do you know, I don't have D&D Beyond pulled up yet.

Griffin: The ultimate defense.

Justin: Can't make him.

Travis: Yeah, take that, Griffin.

Justin: Can't make him roll if—

Travis: I'm not in-universe.

Clint: Despite being distracted a little by the ash all over his feet from his former self—

Griffin: Right.

Clint: Phileaux rolls a 16.

Griffin: Perfect.

Travis: I got a nat 20!

Griffin: Whoa, holy shit!

Travis: I'm surfing on the bats.

Griffin: Yes, you are.

Travis: I'm skitching with the bats.

Griffin: Crave that—

Travis: That's the power of love.

Griffin: Okay, Mutt, you just execute a flawless sort of like Resident Evil dodging the laser trap quick time event.

Travis: Can one of the bats high me as it goes by?

Griffin: It can high one you.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: But yes.

Travis: I mean, listen, a wing is just a hand. Have you seen those things? It's fingers.

Griffin: I don't want to talk about that.

Travis: Okay. It's just true, man. I don't know what to tell you.

Griffin: Phileaux, as you were sort of bending over your own ruined body, you made yourself small enough that the bats also zoomed right by you. And back out the northwest window. Next up is Lady Godwin! Lady Godwin, you are enraged. You are blood raged. You have just thrown two of your weapons, well, three of your weapons around the left side of—

Justin: I've thrown my weapons.

Griffin: One of which hit, and the other two are laying on the ground right now.

Travis: But you made a point. That's what matters.

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Next—

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: You are next. What do you do?

Justin: [in a silly voice] Oy-yo, let's see...

Griffin: That's a new voice?

Justin: That's my thinking voice, Griffin.

Travis: Hm-mm?

Griffin: Is it British or Western?

Justin: [in a Southern accent] Well, Lady—

Clint: [in a Southern accent] Let me contemplate on that.

Justin: [in a Southern accent] Lady Godwin was in a bit of a scrape when we last left here. How is she gonna—

Travis: [in a Southern accent] How will those Godwin—

Justin: [in a Southern accent] Get out of this one?

Travis: [in a Southern accent] Get out of this one—oh?

Griffin: Is this why your turns take so long, is because you have an old, Southern narrator inside your head, dictating your actions before you do them?

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: Wait, you don't?

Griffin: Not usually.

Travis: Oh.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: Mine's more of like a Southern dandy type. But that's just me.

Justin: I'm going to—

Griffin: Oh, there is also the hole in the center of this chamber. You have smashed into the sort of like lantern housing unit. And so most of the windows in this room have also been smashed apart by either your hurled body or the swarm of bats.

Justin: So, what's—what in the center, what am I looking at? In the center area.

Griffin: You are looking at the lantern. You are looking at the titular lantern that actually illuminates and shines most of the light here out of Lumino Tower. This was, you know, the spotlight that was searching for you below. Like, it is the thing that made that.

Travis: And it's what Dracula prime's skellington was connected to, right?

Griffin: I mean, Dracula prime is wired sort of into the ground, right? Like his domain is this tower, and then therefore everything that this tower kind of can see.

Travis: Everything the light touches.

Griffin: Everything the light touches, right. So, he was controlling that. He is still, for all you know, also still controlling that. But he is all up in this place.

Justin: I think I'm gonna head on—so, the placement of the—I see two weapons on the ground.

Griffin: Yes.

Justin: What's the furthest away?

Griffin: That would be your axe.

Justin: Okay, and then closest to me?

Griffin: Is your—the Toby Slayer.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: And the javelin that...

Griffin: That's fine, that's the only—that is ironically the only one that hit, so...

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: So, where's that?

Griffin: That's in your hands again.

Justin: Okay, great. I am going to walk over and pick up my weapons

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: Nice.

Griffin: No problem.

Justin: Cool. That was the easy part of the adventure. Now, I'm gonna hit the center lantern with the axe, as hard as I can, three times.

Griffin: Okay! Wow, kick ass. Let's see it.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: That's an 18.

Griffin: An 18 hits. You need to clear 10 damage on—go ahead and roll damage on that. You have to clear 10 damage in order for it to count at all, because it is—

Justin: And what is that called? Sturdy?

Griffin: Sturdy.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Well... no, I can't quite get there.

Griffin: Yeah, so you—I mean, you connect, right? But this lantern is solid brass, with a thick, thick glass aperture.

Justin: 22?

Griffin: 22 hits. Let's see that damage.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: That is 13.

Griffin: Oh, that's max damage—oh, no, it's not a D12, so—

Justin: Plus—

Griffin: 13?

Justin: Plus... two from my blood rage?

Griffin: Kick ass, yeah.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Okay, 15 damage to the central lantern. Your second attack, your axe gets stuck in a bit, into the hood of—

Justin: I need plus two, actually, for the rage as well. I don't think that's automatically added in.

Griffin: Oh, did you check—there should be a little box that you can check to set yourself as raging, which will then I believe—

Travis: Well, if that's true, then just point of order—

Justin: Well, there's a point—

Travis: Six plus two plus two for blood rage and regular rage would have hit. That would be hit.

Griffin: Yup. That is a good point, Travis.

Justin: Thanks, Trav.

Travis: [in a silly voice] No, problem brothers. I'm glad I'm here to do your math for you.

Justin: There's a button that makes it—

Travis: [in a silly voice] Hubu-hubu-hubu.

[group chuckle]

Griffin: In Travis's mind, that character was generated because he added three numbers together. Like that's the bar of math—

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: Three single digit numbers. What a nerd!

Justin: David Krumholtz over here.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Fuck, that was a targeted gag. [titters]

Griffin: It was a good one, though.

Justin: I think just that David Krumholtz—

Travis: It might have just been targeted at me, and my buddy, David Krumholtz.

Clint: [titters]

Griffin: Okay, so that is two hits then. You got 10 on the first, when you add the four to it. And then when you add the four to this 13, that is 17. That is 27 total points of damage for your first two attacks. I mean, the first

one, you leave like a decent gash in it. Second attack, it's like you're chopping a log, like you crack into there. And now there is light that is pouring out of this kind of, you know, slit-shaped hole that you have cleft into the side of the lantern. You have one more attack, if you want to continue this assault.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Okay, now that one is a four plus six, 10.

Griffin: No, your third one, you try to keep hacking into this hole that you've made, but you swing just a little bit wide and it sort of skirts—

Justin: I'm exhausted—

Travis: Yeah, man—

Justin: I think. I'm physically, I'm tapped, man. It's been a rough run for me. I am glad to be attacking a non-moving target.

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Justin: And I'm out of people to throw for the moment, so...

Griffin: [titters]

Justin: [chuckles] I guess a great sword is my weapon.

Griffin: Okay, as you withdraw your axe from your third attack that kind of glances off the top, light is pouring out of this lantern. Filling this small sort of containment unit that you are now standing inside and pouring out into the room itself.

Justin: The bats have to burst to ash by this point, right?

Griffin: The bats did not. Dracula—

Justin: Dang.

Griffin: The clone of Dracula, you see his cape start to catch fire. And he looks—

Justin: Is he getting it like pure now? Is there like, without the filtering, he's getting it uncut?

Travis: Farm to table.

Griffin: Give me... maybe an arcana check? Or maybe just a perception check. Or investigation.

Justin: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: I wish—do you want me to just choose the highest one when you say stuff like that?

Griffin: If you can justify how you are using the relevant stat.

Justin: You're saying that you would be open to any of those checks?

Griffin: Yes.

Justin: Okay. I think... I don't know, fuck. I'm not good at any of these, but arcana makes the least sense. I'm just gonna look here.

Griffin: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: I got a 19.

Griffin: Yeah, 19 perception check. This light is... it is hurting your eyes. It feels bad to look at this light. It's not the same kind of amber color, actually. This is like a brilliant white, radiant, straight-up sunlight. You feel like it is a hot, arid day as you stand in this chamber. And Dracula, you can tell with

such a high perception check, you see the back—the hair on the back of his head start to kind of like wither up. And it looks like a terrible sunburn is kind of forming on the back of his neck.

Travis: Can I tell you, Griffin, I'm really kicking myself. Because right before this encounter, I did have Mutt go to the optometrist and he got his pupils dilated. And I wasn't worried about it because it's been nighttime this whole time. Ah, man.

Griffin: Sometimes, when we're not recording, one of us will like call the DM and be like, "Hey, I want to go on a quick adventure by myself." And so, Travis did that last night and he was like, "Mutt has to go the optometrist. He doesn't want to, but it's been on his to-do list for a long time."

Travis: It's been—

Justin: He made the appointment like six months ago, the dude's impossible to get in.

Griffin: He did find—

Travis: He didn't know it was gonna conflict, it was so long ago.

Griffin: Yeah. And the only things that happen is that my Mutt get his pupils dilated and he found the dagger of A'hug Tar, The Time Splitter.

Travis: Well, luckily that cancels each other out. Okay, great. Cool. Cool, cool.

Griffin: Yeah, yeah.

Justin: That, I feel like when I make a six months appointment at the doctor, that version of me is always the truest and best version of myself.

Griffin: [titters] Uh-huh! Exactly.

Justin: Like that's, "Oh, six months from now? I'll have all this figured out."

Griffin: You're doing the work.

Justin: Yeah. This will be so easy for me, not even a problem. Like six months from now? Absolutely. That guy's got it memorized.

Travis: Do I need a remember? No.

Justin: He'll remember.

Griffin: No way.

Justin: Nah, nah, nah. No, no, I'll remember. [chuckles]

[theme music plays]

[ad reads]

[theme music plays]

Griffin: Okay, next in the order is Mutt!

Travis: Hey, Griffin?

Griffin: Yeah?

Travis: I got two questions for you that I think we should have asked sooner.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: One, is there anything inside the lantern like moving around? Is it like... because the last time we saw this apparatus, it was hooked to a thing and there was a puppet boy inside. And like a creature or whatever all wrapped around it with like tendrils and shit.

Griffin: Yeah, sure. I mean, give me a... give me an investigation check or an arcana check.

Travis: Hm...

Griffin: You're like up against Dracula and this apparatus, so I think this would be two-fold.

Travis: Well, they're the same, so... I'm going to say it's an investigation check.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: An 11?

Griffin: Yeah, okay, with an 11, this is functionally doing the same thing. Only instead of transferring, you know, Van Helsing or Phileaux's consciousness into a puppet body, it has transferred Dracula into the tower. You are standing inside the puppet boy. Only the puppet boy is a giant tower that he is, you know, in control of.

Travis: Is, and the second question, the—

Griffin: Yes, please.

Travis: Skellington of Dracool, is it move—it's dead, right?

Griffin: Yes, it is. It is a skeleton. It is a dead skeleton. I shouldn't say that snarkily, this is a scary world. Skeletons can probably come to life. But he is not moving. And has no organs or skin. Or muscles.

Travis: Okay, cool. So, then there's two things I want to do. First and foremost, let's close this loop. I whip out my DeWalt vampliers. And I'm gonna pry those teeth out real quick.

Griffin: Okay, easy, easy work. Give me a DC 10 sleight of hand check, as you attempt to do this work. It's a little crazy in here. There's bats all over the dang place.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: That's a 14 plus four. I believe that's—[in a silly voice] well, I believe that's 18, sir.

Griffin: Yes.

Travis: [in a silly voice] If I am I adding that correctly? Hubu-woogy-woogy.

Griffin: Yeah, thank you so much, Dr. Puzzles.

Travis: That's—oh, sorry, that's The Human Calculator, is his name.

Griffin: The human—thank you, The Calculator.

Justin: [titters]

Griffin: Okay, yeah. Easy. They come out. They feel heavy in your hands. They are... they are clean. They are pristine. These are incredible trophies you're holding

Travis: Perfect. Okay, finally, my brother's ghost can rest. I think?

Griffin: You see your brother, whose name I don't we ever said out loud.

Travis: Rusty.

Griffin: Rusty.

Travis: We said it many times.

Griffin: Ol' dusty Rusty.

Travis: Mm-hm.

Griffin: Because he was a filthy fuckin' man.

Justin: [titters]

Griffin: He appears in front of you. And he says:

Rusty: Oh, dang, bro. You did it.

Crawford: Cool, man.

Rusty: I'm so proud. I'm so proud of you, brother.

Crawford: Have fun in heaven!

Justin: Do a scene. Travis, do a scene.

Griffin: Do a scene with me.

Crawford: Oh, hey, brother!

Rusty: Hey, bro. You got those teeth, I see?

Crawford: I did get them teeth. I also had a fight with the Invisible Man, but we like—

Rusty: And you killed him too and avenge me, thank you so much, brother.

Crawford: Eh...

Rusty: I'm so glad that you killed the Invisible Man graveyard dead.

Godwin: Just let him go to heaven.

Crawford: Yup, yup, dead as—

Rusty: Oh, that's—

Crawford: That is disco, my man. Killed him real good.

Rusty: That is... I think we all know that is not where I am heading.

Clint: [laughs]

Russ: Straight to hell for old dusty Rusty.

Crawford: Yeah, man, you did murder a lot of folks. And all that embezzlement didn't help.

Rusty: There was also all the lust...

Justin: Yeah, bud!

Crawford: Hell yeah, brother!

Rusty: Yeah, I better hit the road. Hey, real quick, before I go. Thank you so much for killing the Invisible Man. But also, do you ever think about like the... remarkable amount of generational trauma we inherited from our parents?

Crawford: Yeah, but look at me now, I'm king of England, man. So...

Justin: [chortles]

Clint: It worked out pretty well!

Crawford: I'm just saying, man. Like, worth it.

Justin: Man, I'm so happy Travis solved generational trauma.

Griffin: [laughs]

Crawford: Yeah, man, become king! Them royals got it figured out, man. Because eventually, yeah, you push hard, right? And you don't let your kids have any fun, you make them kill the chupacabra when they're four years old. And I don't want to talk about it anymore!

Rusty: I'm going to hell, bye!

Crawford: No, Rusty-Rust!

Griffin: Poof.

Crawford: Okay.

Griffin: He's gone.

Crawford: So, that's solved. Hey, I got an idea.

Travis: And I reach in my bag and—

Griffin: Now—

Travis: What?

Griffin: I do think that removing the teeth from a skeleton would count as an action.

Travis: Oh, yeah, I was gonna give it to Godwin. I was gonna give something—can I give that—can I—

Griffin: Oh, yeah, yeah, sure, sure.

Travis: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Crawford: You could throw this?

Travis: And I hand Godwin the stick of dynamite the stick of dynamite that we bought at Mistoffelees' place, that we've never used!

Griffin: Oh, fuck.

Justin: Holy shit, okay.

Godwin: Oh, that would be much more efficient.

Crawford: Yeah, man. Now that you cracked it open, I figured you could just get that in there and... yeah.

Godwin: Oh, of course! Do we have an exfiltration plan?

Crawford: Oh, good question. Hm... We could jump? Or the ladder. So like we—

Godwin: What's the latter? You only gave me one option, I don't know which is the former—

Crawford: Oh no, no, no. Sorry, man. L-A-D-D-E-R.

Godwin: I can't spell—

Crawford: Right. Them over there, that kind of vertical staircase? Yeah.

Godwin: Of course, yes.

Crawford: So we could just like—

Godwin: This is an excellent idea—

Crawford: We'll start climbing down—

Godwin: What—now, what is your—

Crawford: And you chuck it from there. We go the rest of the way, skedaddle.

Godwin: Skedaddle that ladder?

Crawford: Yes.

Godwin: Yes, all right. What do we do with that?

Justin: [titters] And I point at Dracula's corpse.

Crawford: No, that's what I'm saying, man. You just blow the whole thing, right? So...

Godwin: Oh, my, yes—

Crawford: And wouldn't that be fun? Because you get to explode him into smithereens.

Godwin: Oh, right.

Griffin: Okay, Brother Phileaux, you hear friends discussing this plan to just blow up the lantern. And considering the fact that it's dynamite, a lot more than just the lantern, with this stick of dynamite. What do you do?

Clint: How's your everybody's health?

Travis: You know, I've been better, I've been worse.

Clint: Godwin?

Travis: Godwin's bloodied, right?

Godwin: I'm in bad shape.

Clint: Okay. Phileaux is going to cast Healing Word on Lady Godwin.

Griffin: Okay?

Clint: "When you cast the spell using a spell slot of second level or higher, the healing increases by one D4 for each slot level above first." So, it usually does two D4 plus three. So, do I double that?

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: You would just roll four D4. Plus three.

Clint: Wow. That aint' bad.

Griffin: Yeah, so 11 plus 3, 14 points of healing, Lady Godwin.

Justin: Nice! 14 points?

Griffin: Yes.

Clint: And do I still have an action I can do?

Griffin: I believe Healing Word is a bonus action, so yes.

Clint: Okay. I toss her the one remaining healing elixir that I have.

Griffin: Trying to like smash it on her, to like execute it's effects? Or what's the... If we want to Baldur's Gate this and just, you chuck it at her with your action to expend it—

Clint: Am I close enough to hand it to her? [titters]

Griffin: I mean, you would say... you would not take an attack of opportunity. So, you could certainly walk over there and give it to her.

Travis: Oh, I moved over there too, Ditto.

Griffin: As you gave Godwin—okay, cool. Yeah, you would not take an attack of opportunity.

Travis: Because we wanna be over there anyways.

Griffin: Sure, sure, sure.

Clint: Okay, then Phileaux says:

Phileaux: Here comes the airplane, open up the hangar!

Clint: That means open your mouth.

Travis: Yeah, but you didn't give any context to Griffin with what that—are you pouring it—

Griffin: That means.

Clint: That was kind of weird. Yeah.

Griffin: Okay, cool.

Clint: Can I just pour it down the Lady Godwin's throat?

Travis: There you go.

Griffin: That's up to Godwin, I guess.

Clint: Godwin?

Travis: Nummies?

Godwin: I guess?

Clint: Okay.

Godwin: I suppose.

Clint: Okay.

Griffin: I don't think we've ever had one player feed another player a potion like a baby bird before.

Travis: Yeah, how's it not come up?

Clint: "Drinker regains a number of hit points equal to two D4 plus your intelligence modifier." And of course, my intelligence modifier is... What?

Travis: Your business.

Griffin: It's your business.

Travis: It's up at the top, dad. Where it says intelligence. And then you have a modifier—

Clint: Oh, cool! Okay. Well, here comes the roll.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Okay, that's four plus six, so that's 10 more points of healing.

Griffin: Cool. Take 10 points more of healing, Lady Godwin.

Justin: Nice! I'm killing it now.

Griffin: Okay. This exchange of sticks of dynamite and potions and healing and recovery is going down, in this brief window of time where you have incapacitated the clone of Dracula.

Clint: And did nothing do him in that time. [chuckles]

Griffin: And did absolutely nothing to him, which I think, frankly, was super chill of you guys.

Travis: Well, it's respectful.

Griffin: No, you did—he was burned somewhat by the lantern's light. However, that effect has ended. And... he turns and looks straight through this lantern, right at you, Lady Godwin. And says:

Dracula: What do you have there? A tasty little hot dog for your greasy human body?

Travis: [titters]

Godwin: Ew.

Griffin: He says:

Dracula: Were you thinking about blowing up my tower?

Godwin: No...

Clint: [laughs]

Dracula: Well, just to make sure...

Griffin: He is going to try to charm you again. I need you to make a wisdom saving throw. DC... 17.

Travis: [chants] Roll good. Roll good. That's probably your strength, right?

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Ah-uh!

Griffin: Oof-a doof-a! Did you roll a zero? Plus two?

Justin: No, I got a—I don't have a—I don't have a wisdom modifier, so it's just two. It's just a two.

Griffin: You fight it as hard as you can. You are looking at Dracula, and as you see him through the glass of the lantern, you see him through the glass of the windshield of the car that destroyed you. And you've tried to fight off this feeling inside of you, as that hatred and that rage that you are embroiled in begins to dampen and change. And with another rotation of the lantern, you see through the glass, a trusted friend named Count Dracula. Whose words are to be heeded and whose physical body must be protected.

Justin: Oh, man...

Griffin: You are—

Justin: I know I should be disappointed about being charmed, but as an actual play podcaster, it's real hard to not feel like it's... whoo-who! Like the old pterodactyl just whistle break—

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: It's a light little... take it a little easy. Don't have to be that creative to be charmed.

Griffin: Well, you are—

Justin: It's pretty good.

Griffin: You are not under Dracula's control. However, whatever Dracula requests of you, must be interpreted in the most favorable way possible.

Justin: Gotcha. Would I still attack him?

Griffin: No, he's a trusted friend.

Justin: Okay, got it. Okay, perfect. I understand.

Griffin: "A charmed creature can't attack the charmer or target the charmer with harmful abilities or magical effects. The charmer has advantage on any ability check to interact socially with you." Dracula looks at you and he is going to turn into a cloud of mist—

Travis: Ah, man.

Griffin: And vanish. And when he reappears, he is standing right in front of the ladder. And he looks at you, Lady Godwin, and he says:

Dracula: Let's get this party started, huh?

Godwin: Yes, let's kick it off.

Dracula: Light it up.

Godwin: Let's light it up—no, light it up? What do you mean?

Griffin: He looks down at the dynamite you're holding. The bats are going to fly in. It is now their turn. They fly in, right into the three of you that are standing side by side. And sort of like occupying the same space as Dracula as well. However, they don't attack you, Godwin. Mutt and Phileaux, give me dexterity saving throws, please.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: We should have killed him while he was stunned.

Clint: Crit 20! 21.

Griffin: Hell yeah. Nice!

Travis: I have seven plus seven, 14.

Griffin: That is insufficient, Mutt. It's like these bats just formed kind of two columns that sweep over you and Phileaux. You see Phileaux, again, his tiny body easily kind of able to curl up in a little ball and avoid the bats' attacks. But there is nowhere to hide from the portion of the colony that is attacking you. You take seven points of slashing damage. Godwin, however, the bats don't attack you. Instead, they just kind of form like a... a tunnel, right? That is kind of like putting blinders on you, so all you can see is Dracula. And he says:

Dracula: Don't you want to go out in a blaze of glory? Light it up, Lady Godwin.

Godwin: Light it up? Now, I don't want to die. I'm pretty sure. No, I trust you pretty implicitly, but I think you're misreading me. We've grown apart—

Griffin: [titters]

Godwin: You are a trusted friend, make no mistake.

Justin: But like if Slice came to me and he was like, "Hey, blow yourself up."

Griffin: [guffaws]

Justin: Like, no way. Fuckin' no way, dude. No way. You are a trusted friend to me, I'm not gonna blow myself up.

Travis: That would actually be the kind of thing—listen, I don't want to get too in the weeds with like therapy and stuff. But that's a good—that's a good

sign that is maybe not a healthy friendship. And that maybe you need to set some boundaries, you know?

Clint: You need to talk to Slice.

Griffin: Let's interpret it this way. This is what I—this is what I like. It says here, "Each time Dracula or his companions do anything harmful to the target, it can repeat the saving throw, ending the effect on itself on a success," right? Maybe that's what we interpret this as, right? He is doing something harmful to you by ordering you to light this dynamite.

Justin: So, I get another check?

Griffin: So, you can have a wisdom saving throw here. DC 17, same as last time. If you fail that, I think it would be pretty hard for you to argue that you shouldn't listen to the advice of your trusted friend. Whose request you're supposed to honor in the most favorable—

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Nine.

Godwin: Oh, right, let's do it!

Clint: [laughs]

Godwin: Fucking A!

Griffin: All right.

Justin: All right, I light the wicks. Now, I'm still pretty nervous. And luckily, it's a pretty long wick. It's got to be longer than—

Griffin: So, this wick is actually a six second wick. Which means at the end of Godwin's next turn, the dynamite is going to explode.

Travis: Mm-hm.

Clint: When you say wick, could you mean fuse by any chance?

Travis: Damn.

Griffin: Yeah, probably. A fuse is just an exploding—

Travis: A candle is just a non-exploding dynamite.

Justin: Actually, you know what? Now that I—actually, yeah. Now that we're talking about it, what we meet is a fuse.

Travis: Okay, yeah, dad.

Justin: A wick is for a candle.

Griffin: [guffaws]

Travis: All right. That's one—that's one for dad.

Justin: You're right, dad.

Travis: That's one for dad.

Justin: One for dad! You're right.

Griffin: Okay. If you want to do a bonus action here, Lady Godwin, you know, it's not like you can't do your own thing. You just can't act against Dracula.

Justin: I can't act against Dracula.

Griffin: Right. I'm gonna move these bats out of the way, they've flown. They scattered after their attack. Yeah, are you doing anything, Lady Godwin? Free action, bonus action? Move?

Justin: Can I make an insight check? With my pre-established knowledge that Dracula does have these sorts of abilities.

Griffin: Mm-hm?

Justin: And I would have thought about this. Can I make an insight check so I can see if some—I don't want to go against Dracula, but so I could become aware. Because I do have the preexisting knowledge that this is like something he would do. And even though I think right now in my head, there's no way he would do it, he's a trusted friend. I do think that this is a thought that I would have in my head.

Griffin: Do you know what it is, Lady Godwin? It's not your now thorough knowledge of Count Dracula and what he's able to do. It is decades of navigating the social jungle of the City of Lumino. You know when you are being bullshitted by someone who you think is a pal. For that, I will allow you to have this sort of division of your mind to investigate itself with an insight check, to see if you can pick up on that.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: 13?

Griffin: On a 13—

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: 19, that's better.

Griffin: [titters] Okay, on a 13, you... you get a whiff of it. This man is so hot and floating and powerful, your best friend. And he only wants to party with you. And you know all that, but you've also known a lot of fuckin' guys like that before. And so, I think that you are able to kind of exert a small amount of willpower here in this situation.

Justin: Okay, a small amount is I think all I know.

Griffin: Cool.

Godwin: Well... I seem to have done it to myself again, didn't I? Been down this road before. Another toxic relationship for me. And I'm putting myself on the bench. And I'm putting you in.

Justin: And I hand the dynamite to my hand.

Griffin: Okay!

Clint: [snickers]

Griffin: Dracula—

Justin: My hand can't be under my thrall—Dracula's thrall.

Griffin: Yeah, sure! The hand takes the dynamite, it kind of pinches it between its pinky and thumb, kind of like holding it against the palm. As it stands on the middle and ring fingers, like they are little feet.

Travis: I love that.

Griffin: And Dracula says:

Dracula: Don't do that. What are you doing? That's for us, as a party favor.

Godwin: Listen. It's not up to me. That's my hand, you've got to talk to her.

Travis: Talk to the hand.

Godwin: Talk to the hand, I suppose.

Griffin: Dracula looks kind of nervous. What does your hand do?

Justin: I don't know, Griff. You tell me?

Griffin: No—hm...

Justin: I can't control my hand?

Griffin: Sure, sure, sure. [titters] Okay. Hm. Let me think about that.

Justin: Okay. I'm trying to be very fair.

Griffin: I feel you.

Justin: If I as a player have a plan for the hand, then I might as well do it myself. That's cheating.

Griffin: Hm... okay. The hand is going to...

Justin: I'm not trying to necessarily solve this problem, but I am trying to make it more interesting.

Griffin: I get you.

Justin: So, whatever happens, happens, man. I love my friend, Dracula, so I actually don't care. I'm just happy to be here with him.

Griffin: I think the hand is very small. It doesn't, you know, have a ton of movement speed. I think it realizes it is holding a dangerous object, because we have given certain human characteristics, right? And so, I think it's just going to try to get it away from you. So, I'm gonna say your hand takes the dynamite and it scampers over behind the lantern. Let me find the little icon for it... Surprisingly, there is not just disembodied hand. Okay, looks like we're going to the—looks like we're doing a web search. [titters]

Travis: For disembodied hand? Be careful, Griffin. Turn on safe search.

Griffin: Time just search disembodied—ew!

Travis: No, Griffin, I tried to warn you!

Griffin: Yucky!

Travis: Griffin, no! Get out of there!

Griffin: World's gnarliest skateboard accidents? Ah, no!

Travis: Somebody give Griffin the kick! Get him out of there, he's gone too deep!

Justin: [chortles] Most extreme Russian semi wrecks?

Travis: No!

Griffin: No way, man!

Justin: [chuckles] Dash cam whoopsies?

Travis: No!

Justin: This is no good! This car's exploding!

Griffin: Okay. There's a hand now. It looks pretty badass, if you ask me. It runs around sort of the other side of this compartment that the lantern is housed in, and kind of puts itself and the dynamite between you and a lantern. It's like not that much further away, but it is also now—you are now standing between it and Dracula. So, that's about as far as—

Godwin: Oh, gosh. I'm sorry. Let me get—I'll get it, hold on.

Griffin: Okay?

Justin: So, I start walking, I'm—that's just me talking.

Griffin: Okay, cool.

Travis: Is it my turn?

Justin: I'm just talking.

Griffin: Yes, it is your turn, Crawford Muttner.

Crawford: Hey, Merlin?

Griffin: [spoofs electricity sounds]

Merlin: My liege!

Crawford: Yeah, wuddup?

Merlin: What is your order, sir?

Crawford: Great question. So first, gonna need you to send a boat to pick me up, so I can come and sit on the throne and shit.

Merlin: Ah, at last!

Crawford: Yup. Yup, yup, yup.

Merlin: Hooray! Our king, his reign, may it last long!

Crawford: Well...

Merlin: And—

Justin: [chortles]

Crawford: Okay, so that's point number two. Do you see that dude standing over the ladder there?

Merlin: Holy shit, is that Count Dracula?!

Crawford: One of 'em.

Merlin: Whoa!

Crawford: He is blocking our egress. And if I don't kill him, like now, then your king's about the xplode. So, so I need your help channel in this big ball—like all this sunlight that's coming here through Xcalibur, so we can like blast this fool with your magic. So we can get the fuck out.

Merlin: My man, I'm just a hologram?

Crawford: Oh, come on, man.

Merlin: No, it's—listen—

Crawford: I'll bring you pornography? Like the good stuff. Flip books.

Merlin: I can make my own porn. Do you realize how—

Crawford: Flip books!

Merlin: Insulting that is? Flip books... ah, of course. Eureka!

Travis: [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Hm... He says:

Merlin: I can't do anything about that. But I can teleport things. So, one moment.

Griffin: He disappears, and a second passes. And then in the spot where he was floating just now, you see the throne of the King of England—

Crawford: Ah, sick.

Griffin: Here, right next to.

Crawford: Okay!

Travis: I sit down.

Griffin: You sit down in the throne. Immediately, your head is filled with a dazzling amount of information. You are, all of a sudden, like your understanding of global politics I think increases dramatically. Your understanding of taxes and levies and trade and all that, that shit all hits. It's like you've read every issue of [Lamone??] all at once.

Travis: Perfect, I love that.

Griffin: You also look down and you see the ruby shining in the hilt of Xcalibur, just sort of pulsing. And you see that the runes that are etched down the blade are similarly filled with a golden light.

Travis: Okay! I hit—I hit Dracula. Right?

Griffin: Yeah?

Travis: And I say:

Crawford: All right, man, get fucked.

Travis: And I... I say 'get fucked.'

Griffin: Do you wanna to take another—

Travis: Okay. I say:

Crawford: Hey, I don't like you. You're a doo-doo head.

Justin: Whoa!

Travis: How about:

Crawford: Hey, Dracula, you suck.

Dracula: Nah, man.

Justin: Oo-oooh!

Dracula: Hold up. Hold up. Hold up. No, man.

Crawford: No?

Clint: [laughs]

Dracula: You got a—you think that's the first time I've heard that one?

Crawford: Okay, let me try this one. In the words of—

Dracula: Don't bite me?

Crawford: In the new—

Dracula: Bite me?

Crawford: No, no, no. In the words of my newfound people, this is going to be bloody good.

Justin: [titters]

Travis: And—

Dracula: But I don't under—but you don't have to—

Travis: And then I stab him.

Dracula: Like, I don't know about your journey.

Travis: And I stab him with my—

Crawford: Well, I'm king of England.

Travis: And I stab him with the glowing Xcalibur.

Griffin: Awesome. Make an attack roll, please.

Travis: Now, surely... it's gonna be super great, right? What's the fully charged up Xcalibur's plus to hit?

Griffin: I mean, whatever it is.

Travis: No, because right, now I have—

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Well, it doesn't matter, because it's an 18, plus whatever that is.

Griffin: Yeah, you hit. You hit Dracula on that.

Travis: I stab them straight through is stupid heart.

Griffin: Cool! You stab through Count Dracula with the fully powered up—your hearts are full. And the beam that sort of emerges from the hilt and travels down the length of the blade into Dracula's heart, it is so brilliant and so bright. And you are wielding a power that is unfamiliar to you. But at the same time, like so choice. As the light passes down the hilt towards Dracula—

Travis: Like how many Four Lokos would you say it feels like?

Griffin: It feels like four Four Lokos.

Travis: That's 16 Lokos! Are you sure?

Griffin: It's 16 Lokos worth of—He... I think he just looks down at the blade as the light travels down it, and enters his body. And he just says:

Dracula: Oh, farts!

Griffin: And then he—

Travis: [chortles]

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: Instantly, he shrivels into a, just a corpse of an old, old human being, that immediately stops floating and just drops like a sack of bricks down the ladder that he was hovering over. And you hear him fall 60 feet. There is a nice long pause and then you hear [spoofs impact sound], as he hits the ground below. What else—

Crawford: Well, another job well—oh, wait, we gotta go!

Travis: And I push Phileaux and Godwin towards the hole.

Griffin: Hm...

Crawford: But I'm going. Listen.

Griffin: I mean your move is good. You have acted already—

Travis: But I'm like—

Griffin: You're not going to be able to move your friends, I don't think.

Travis: No, no, no. But I don't want them luxuriating in the moment.

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Justin: You are—also, for me, it would have to be contested.

Travis: Well, no, he's dead.

Griffin: No, so—yeah.

Justin: Oh, I'm free? Okay, good. I'm just mad at you killing my friend.

Griffin: [chuckles] Sure.

Justin: Go ahead.

Griffin: Lady Godwin, you do feel a moment of frustration with Mutt. You hate it when your friends fight. But then as Dracula turns into this desiccated, falling corpse, you immediately remember like, "Wait a minute, that guy's a total dick."

Godwin: Oh, actually, fuck Dracula.

Griffin: [chuckles] Yes.

Godwin: My mistake.

Griffin: All right, Mutt?

Travis: Yeah, I'm—it's ladder time!

Griffin: Okay—

Travis: My classic catchphrase.

Griffin: You, with your movement—what is your movement? 30 feet. You are able to get a decent length down the ladder. You're Dark Souls quick moving it, of just kind of like fire man sliding down the sides. You're able to get about halfway down the ladder with your movement, 30 feet below the lantern room. That is it for you. Next in the order is Phileaux.

Clint: Okay, so, at the end of Godwin's turn, the dynamite's gonna go off, correct?

Griffin: Right.

Travis: If the next words out of your mouth aren't, "I go down the ladder—"

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: What the fuck are you doing, Clint?

Clint: [sighs] I've got to follow my dream.

Justin: I gotta follow—oh.

Travis: What?

Clint: I've got to follow my dream.

Justin: Yeah, dad—

Travis: What?

Justin: Yeah, dad had a dream?

Clint: I dreamt last night, which I've never done. I've never dreamt—

Travis: Never dreamed?!

Clint: About TAZ.

Travis: Oh.

Clint: I've never dreamt about TAZ. And I dreamt last night something to do here.

Travis: Well, I'm glad you waited until this moment.

Clint: Yeah. Okay! Phileaux's an artificer. He has been studying everything that he—everything he does, he's studying. He's always studying. He's always looking. He's always analyzing, he's always trying to figure something out. And he has this internal monologue going.

Griffin: I mean, you can have an internal conversation, a dialogue?

Clint: No, I just want to tell Van Helsing to—

Travis: That would be a dialog.

Clint: To brace himself. To brace himself.

Griffin: Okay. You think that and you see Van Helsing appear, and he says:

Van Helsing: Should I be worried?

Phileaux: Yes... a little.

Griffin: He smiles and he nods and he says:

Van Helsing: I trust you.

Clint: So, Phileaux is watching his two friends make it—head towards the ladder. But Godwin is still inside the structure, right?

Griffin: I mean, no, Godwin isn't trapped. Godwin hasn't acted yet, but Godwin, you know—

Clint: Yeah, but at the end of Godwin's turn, kablooney?

Griffin: Well, Godwin gets a chance to move.

Clint: Okay.

Griffin: At the *end* of Godwin's turn, not at the beginning.

Clint: Okay. Phileaux has analyzed the situation. He's going to look at his friends. He's going to look at the lantern. And say:

Phileaux: I am of two minds about this.

Clint: He puts the helmet on.

Justin: Just get on the ladder.

Griffin: Wow, okay?

Clint: On his own head.

Griffin: On the puppet head?

Clint: On the puppet head, because the rest of him is gone. But his analysis is that the reason it destroyed Phileaux's body is because it didn't have a mind to try to control the energy.

Griffin: Cool.

Clint: But he has two minds, because he has Abraham in there with him.

Griffin: Yeah, okay. You take the helmet off of your charred, unrecognizable corpse.

Justin: I can't believe we're doing this fuckin' trope again, man.

Griffin: And—[snickers]

Justin: [chuckles] This old gag where one—where... when the old Pinocchio takes the helmet off the corpse and puts it on his own head, because Abraham Van Helsing lives in his head.

Travis: When you put the hat onto the puppet head, yeah.

Clint: That old thing.

Justin: That old—

Travis: Oh!

Justin: That old trope.

Travis: It was played out when John Wayne did it, and now we're doing it again.

Justin: [chortles] It was played out in *The Searchers* and it's played out now.

Clint: They're classics, okay?

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: Man, do you know how many times the *Simpsons* has made fun of this? And we're doing it.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: You put the helmet on, and instantly... you are transported. You are floating high above Lumino. The clouds, you do not see—you are below the top of Lumino Tower. And so when you look up, you just still only see night sky. When you look down though, Lumino, from this vantage point, is truly living up to its name. Every streetlight, every electric lantern in the whole city is shining brilliantly below. And there are these narrow sort of ribbons of amber light streaming off of each of these electric lights, trailing high into the sky, joining at the top of the tower.

Floating over the theater district, you see Dracula. And he is floating, his arms sort of folded over his chest. He is not the kind of young, vivacious fellow you've encountered before. This is the form of an old man. His hair is up into just sort of outrageous white buns atop his head. You are taking in your surroundings, you realize you are floating weightlessly too, and that you are not alone. Right at your side is Abraham Van Helsing, who is looking at Dracula with steely resolve. This is happening sort of in a liminal space. This is happening—

Travis: Wait, is this still dad's dream? Are we in dad's dream right now?

Justin: [chuckles] is this all part of dad's dream?

Griffin: Dad you are—this is not a dream.

Travis: I'm real though, right?

Griffin: You are wherever Dracula has been—

Travis: You're not answering me, Griffin. I'm freaking out.

Justin: Travis, Travis... [titters]

Clint: [titters]

Griffin: To control this city and the people inside of it. What do you do?

Clint: I think I've already done mine, right?

Griffin: No, I think we've got to resolve this before the dynamite explodes.

Clint: Okay. I hadn't really—I didn't dream this part...

Griffin: That's the thing about dreams, Mac.

Justin: Maybe, dad, this the moment to go down the ladder. [snickers]
Maybe now?

Travis: Let Van Helsing kill him. Let Griffin figure it out.

Clint: I don't know about the liminal... okay—

Griffin: It feels like—you are flying, right? You're in control of your body. It feels like the flight you have experienced yourself, right? You don't know what form you're in right now. But you do know that it is the same form that Dracula and Van Helsing are in.

Clint: Okay, fine. Okay, fine. I am going to drink one of my Alter Self elixirs. Which works like the Alter Self spell.

Griffin: Sure, man. Yeah, we're jazzing it.

Clint: I'm going to extend my Pinocchio nose as long as I possibly can.

Justin: Fuck! Why?! [titters]

Clint: And fly right at old bun-head Dracula.

Griffin: You—

Travis: He's gonna skeeter him to death!

Clint: I'm gonna skeeter that son of a gun!

Griffin: You turn yourself into god's own missile. As you launch yourself like a dark, sharpened, elongated, swordfish nose in front of you.

Justin: Wait, you have to tell a gigantic lie.

Clint: Oh, okay. Eh... I do—it has to be a gigantic—well...

Justin: [whispers] You're gonna live to see tomorrow.

Clint: Yeah.

Griffin: [titters]

Clint: Yeah... The gigantic lie is:

Phileaux: I know what I'm doing!

Travis: There we go.

Justin: [chortles]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Okay. As you fly towards him, he opens his dark, blood-red eyes. And he holds out a hand towards you, attempting to hold you off. This is going to be a battle of wills happening inside of the tower. You are essentially vying for control in this moment. I think what this is going to be is a... hm... Is it contested—I will allow you an option. Contested sort of wisdom, or contested arcana checks, as you're—

Travis: Arcana!

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: if you're giving me a choice, arcana.

Griffin: Okay, this is going to be a contested arcana check. Let me roll first to let you know what you are hitting. Okay, go ahead and roll.

Clint: All right, arcana check...

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: 16.

Griffin: You see him hold you off and he says:

Dracula: I am the master of puppets. You think you can defeat me here?

Phileaux: [sings] I got no strings to hold me up!

Griffin: The nose continues to grow and grow and grow. And he looks at you. And with a sudden burst, your nose doubles in length and shoots through Dracula's chest and 15 feet beyond.

Clint: [snickers]

Griffin: He arches his back and bends backwards. And like a crimson sheet of fabric being fed through a shredder, he just unravels and vanishes. And then it's just you and Van Helsing floating above Lumino. And Van Helsing says:

Van Helsing: Do you have any idea how we get out of here?

Phileaux: Hm... maybe? Well, first of all—

Travis: The nose grows longer. [laughs]

Griffin: [chuckles] Yeah, the nose grows a little bit longer as you say that.

Phileaux: Oh! Well, I think you can get out of here, because you're free! Dracula's dead. You may go to your eternal rest, my friend.

Van Helsing: Oh, I don't want to do that. No way.

Phileaux: Oh, you don't?

Van Helsing: I don't really believe—no, I don't believe in that sort of stuff, so I'm not ready for oblivion.

Phileaux: Yeah, if you had mentioned that before, I would have...

Van Helsing: Yes, we're a little bit short on time, though.

Phileaux: Yeah. Okay.

Clint: So, I think, back in my corporeal body, do I have control of that?

Griffin: No, I mean, this—you have changed bodies, right? You are inside of this—the helmet is still on Brother Phileaux. But I don't know that we ever really established like how one exits from this situation.

Clint: Brother Phileaux casts Vortex Warp on himself.

Griffin: Oh, shit. Okay?

Justin: What?

Clint: "You magically twist space around another creature you can see within range. The target must succeed on a constitution saving throw, or the target is teleported to an unoccupied space of your choice, that you can see within range." So, I'm going to transport myself to the surface of Lumino.

Griffin: I love this. So, you won't need to do your own con save, right? Like, you can fail on purpose to allow this to happen to you.

Clint: Right.

Griffin: You cast this spell and a vortex appears around you. And you see Van Helsing looking at these ribbons of Dracula that are still drifting upwards into the sky. Which, in this liminal space, it has started to change. And you see beams of light from the sun above part through the clouds. He looks at you as you enter this portal, and he says...

Justin: Let's cut back, while you guys ponder over your liminal situation. I need to talk to Mutt.

Griffin: Okay? Mutt is—

Justin: I know we have less than six seconds, but I feel like with the liminal space thing happening—

Griffin: Yeah, let's—we can fudge it.

Justin: Time is frozen.

Godwin: Hey, Mutt, can I ask you, what the actual hell is going on with Phileaux?

Crawford: Great question!

Godwin: Did he... did he eat some fucking spinach or something? I don't understand, he's been a well-meaning puppet. He'll do a little jig every once in a while. Cure, you know, a single digit number of hit points. It's all very well and good.

Clint: [laughs]

Godwin: But then all of a sudden, he's one fucking Super Saiyan? He's floating through the air, he's extending his body, he's—it's incredible!

Crawford: Yeah, man. I think, can I tell you, we've been fighting a lot of—

Godwin: And I'm not—here's the—here's the worst part—

Crawford: We've been fighting a lot of bad guys up to this point, and I think he's been holding back, if I'm being honest.

Godwin: I guess he's been saving salt. Here's the worst part, Mutt. I'm not even sure if we're experiencing—

Crawford: Yeah, man!

Godwin: That's what's really wild—

Crawford: It's like I'm in a dream state, but I'm not. You know, I'm awake, but it's a—there—

Godwin: We're there but we're not.

Crawford: It's like a whisper of an echo of a dream.

Griffin: You are actually just—

Crawford: How many layers—do we need to give Phileaux the kick? Spin a tarp or something, Jesus Christ.

Justin: Yeah, I'm worried Phileaux's gonna cast the wrong spell and dad's gonna see him behind him.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Like, he's just gonna like appear like fucking PageMaster or something. [chuckles]

Griffin: He looks at you, as you create this vortex behind you, Phileaux. Abraham Van Helsing says:

Van Helsing: I suppose my work is done? I mean, there's definitely probably a few Draculas still out there, but we got the big one. So, I think... I think I am ready. Brother, what does your Saint Tancred say about death? What awaits me when I depart?

Phileaux: Saint Tancred and his two brothers said death is just a state of mind. It's a state you go to, as long as you don't mind.

Van Helsing: Hm.

Phileaux: Saint Tancred was not really good at spitting out the really catchy catchphrases.

Van Helsing: Not to jazz man, Saint Tancred.

Phileaux: No, he didn't... He couldn't skipidee-bap! Doo-ba-de-bap! He couldn't, not to save his life.

Van Helsing: Then perhaps for all Dracula's follies, we have this to learn from him; death is not so scary after all.

Griffin: And the vortex sucks you in and you reanimate inside of your puppet body. The helmet is giving off smoke. Whatever you have just done here, it was not part of the invention's original design. You are back in this space, you see Lady Godwin standing over the ladder hole descending downward. Looking around in just sort of mystified—as it turns out that the liminal space was sort of a kind of arcane superposition created by this incredibly powerful magical device you all are standing in. So, you definitely saw some of that crazy Goku encounter happen outside. That is I think it for your turn. Next in the order, the bats.

Justin: [titters] We have all forgotten about 'em until it was too late!

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Fuckin' hell yeah! Okay, for the for the listener at home, the bats have now quadrupled in size. Their saucer now encompasses the tower. Now, this is not—important to note, these are not actual bats growing in size. It is simply the idea of bats has grown larger in the public consciousness.

Travis: We're way more aware of them now.

Justin: We're so much more plugged into bats!

Travis: Another successful Godwin awareness campaign.

Griffin: Here's what happens. The bats fly into the tower. They are going haywire, now that they are no longer sort of being remote controlled. They have flown into this tower and are just sort of crashing around this room. They have dispersed, that is why they have sort of like increased in size here on the map. But they are basically making it pretty tough to see what's going on in this room right now. And last in the order is Lady Godwin.

Justin: Can you paint a picture for me, Griff? I don't have a great ability—

Griffin: I'm gonna get rid of these bats.

Justin: Thanks, the bats were really—

Griffin: But just trust that the bats are there. I'll put them in the corner, always watching. [chuckles] [in a silly voice] "Hey, guys, what are you doing? Are you playing?" You are standing at the center of the lantern room. At the other end of the room, you can see kind of through this cloud of bats, Brother Phileaux, who has just regained consciousness inside his puppet body, standing next to the skeleton of Dracula. Behind you is the hole with the ladder, leading downward to relative have safety from the dynamite that is moments away from detonating. Which is also inside of this little lantern housing chamber on the other side, where your hand has kind of crawled away towards.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: I mean, you have—you, I think have a lot of options here. If you don't do anything about the dynamite, it is going to explode at the end of your turn. So, if you're not doing something about that, getting either yourself or—you sense that Mutt is probably okay, since he is underneath this room

Travis: Yeah, you guys jump.

Griffin: But you are—that is the scenario.

Justin: Does my hand have the dynamite?

Griffin: You have no reason to suspect it doesn't. Like I said, it is kind of hard to see anything in here. Because of these damned bats.

Justin: How far am I from Dracula and Phileaux?

Griffin: You are about 10 feet from Dracula and Phileaux.

Justin: Great. I am going to dash over and grab Phileaux.

Griffin: Okay. Yes?

Justin: I grab Phileaux. For my second attack—

Travis: I think—hey, Justin, I know that Lady Godwin has been pretty attack-based. But everything doesn't have to be an attack, you just grabbed Phileaux. I don't see...

Justin: I'm sorry, that was an attack.

Travis: Okay, all right.

Justin: [titters] Travis, DnD doesn't understand grabbing.

Travis: Yeah, and all you got is a hammer I guess, you know?

Griffin: It is not an attack. You are moving through incredibly treacherous terrain. I think just to kind of navigate this cloud of bats and make it to Phileaux, I think like maybe a dex save, just to see how easy it is for you to find him and get to him. Like at all.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: two and a three.

Griffin: Not great. You are being battered. [guffaws]

Justin: Yee-hee! Still got it.

Griffin: Yee-haw!

Justin: Reddit agrees, TAZ is back.

[group laugh]

Griffin: You, as you push forwards through this cloud of bats, you are being just constantly lacerated by their wings. A couple of them cling on to your

body and you feel a few of them sink their teeth into you. You are going to take 21 points of slashing/piercing damage, kind of mixed.

Justin: Hell yes. Thank you.

Griffin: I don't think you are raging anymore, I think after being mind controlled. I don't think you did an attack that turn. So, that would be full damage.

Justin: Yes, that's true. Full damage. Got it. Perfect.

Griffin: That's just your move! You've made it to Phileaux.

Justin: Just part of my move, I can break it up.

Griffin: I mean, yes, that's part of your movement.

Justin: Thank you. Okay, next up, we're gonna try an old classic. My one last shot. I'm gonna pick up Dracula's corpse and I'm gonna throw it into the lantern.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: [guffaws]

Clint: The old go-to!

Justin: Here we go, baby. One more. There's been five attempts so far, none of them have worked. Five in a row, I've attempted to throw somebody into something and it hasn't landed. But I think I can remember narratively, it was really—we all thought it was going to happen before, but it didn't. And I think it's just building to this exact moment.

Griffin: You—

Clint: You know what they say, if at fourth you don't succeed.

Justin: [chortles]

Griffin: You grab this gap-toothed skeleton, and lift it and prepare to throw it. As you do, you flashback to high school track team. You are on the javelin toss squad and it's the day of the big meet. And when it's your turn, you get up and you trip. And the javelin, it just snaps on the ground. And everyone points and laughs. And mean Tommy Jefferson in the stands goes, "Nice throw, Sodwin. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha." And laughs and laughs and laughs and laughs. You remember all the times in your life, some of them extraordinarily recent, of where you have attempted to throw something, but you just can't fucking get it right. But as you pick up these old-ass Dracula bones, you realize you have one more chance to prove this. Not to anyone else, but to yourself. Make your attack roll.

Justin: Is it time for the roll?

Griffin: Make your attack roll.

Justin: The big roll.

Griffin: The big one.

Justin: [chuckles]

Clint: The one.

[sound of dice thrown]

[group chuckle]

Justin: He doesn't know.

Griffin: That's a three plus six, a nine. The bones just kind of fall down on the ground like four inches away.

Justin: The other thing—the other thing that he doesn't know. [titters]

Griffin: [titters]

Justin: The other secret about it is that I was just testing his might for my frenzy attack. [chuckles]

Travis: Mutt is on the ladder, halfway down. Like looking up at the hole like, "Here they come, any second now."

Justin: He didn't even know!

Griffin: You know what? You hear, Mutt, from 30 feet above you, you hear [spoofs thudding sounds], and you know that Lady Godwin just fucked up throwing something not a long distance again.

Travis: [laughs]

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: [laughs] You're rolling again?! Justin!

Travis: Oh my god.

Justin: [chortles]

Travis: There is improvement.

Griffin: That's a four—

Travis: You can't deny that statistically it is better than the last one.

Griffin: A four, Justin tries again. Fuckin' Lady Godwin tries again. Rolled four plus six for a 10. Above you, Mutt, you hear it a second time and you're like, "There's no fuckin' way!"

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: I'm like counting seconds in my head. Like, we're on like six Mississippi at this point. Like what are they doing?

Justin: Okay, so they didn't—so, but the first one I got Phileaux. That was a free action, that wasn't my attack. So I do have one more.

Clint: If at sixth you don't succeed...

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: And I pressed the javelin button that time, so that was the wrong button.

Travis: Jesus.

Justin: It accidentally rolled a four again, so—

Griffin: Well, you are not raging, so you do not have your third attack. So, two—you realize, you know what, Lady Godwin? You can try again. It will be the last thing you ever do.

Justin: All right, me and the puppet jump off the tower.

Griffin: All right. I need—Phileaux, you are fine, right? You are small and light. Godwin has no problem picking you up as she smashes through the northern windows. Give me—the moment you smashed through the windows, the dynamite behind you explodes. And you are launched outwards. I need a—

Justin: Well, Phileaux is, but they're—still in the tower, you see Lady Godwin. And you see her scooping up the bones. How could this be? She's willing to sacrifice everything to destroy the bones? Amazing.

Griffin: I need to know how much of that is a goof. Or if you've also jumped out of the tower. Did you stay behind to try—

Justin: No, I jumped out of the tower, man.

Griffin: Okay, cool.

Justin: It's fun to play this, I'm not ready to blow up.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Give me a dexterity saving throw, to see how able to escape this explosion you are, as you jump out at the very last second.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: 17?

Griffin: Fantastic.

Clint: There's your roll.

Griffin: Oh, yeah, there's your advantage.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: No, just seven.

Griffin: With a 17, it is just in the nick of time. You feel this tremendous wave of heat growing behind you that just as you get worried it's going to consume you, you are sort of launched away by the concussive force of this dynamite exploding. You see the bones of Dracula on the floor be swallowed up by the flame. And then moments after the flame sort of shoots overhead, then just a mushroom cloud of brilliant white light emerges from the top of the tower. As it explodes outwards like the fuckin' end of Lord of the Rings. That's cool, when you don't want to describe something, you can just reference like a similar thing.

Justin: Just say it looks like something else.

Travis: Go watch that. You'll get it.

Griffin: It explodes in a sort of spherical wave of force. Mutt, I think you were a safe distance away from the explosion. But now, the thing that the ladder was attached to above has exploded. So, I'm going to need, I don't

know, acrobatics to get down the ladder extremely quickly, or a dex save to try to just avoid the debris falling.

Travis: I want to get down the ladder, because I—now that they're like going, you know what I mean?

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Travis: Oh, yeah, baby, thank you! That is an eight plus four, 22!

Griffin: An eight plus four?

Travis: Oh, sorry. 18 plus four.

Griffin: A wildly different result.

Travis: Yeah, yeah, yeah, much, much different.

Griffin: You take—

Travis: And that's not me, you can see the number. You know it's 18. Okay.

Clint: 22!

Griffin: That's a real 22. You lift your feet from the rung you were standing on, and just kind of like press the like inner soles of your shoes against the sides of the ladder, and shoot down it. You hit the floor and roll off the ladder. And you duck down in the sort of doorframe leading outward to the town square below. And you see that everyone has sort of run off from this tower as it explodes. Debris falls down, it crashes into surrounding buildings, it crashes into the fountain in the center of town square. But you are able to escape danger.

Travis: What do I see? Where—can I see Godwin and Phileaux falling?

Griffin: I don't think we can possibly argue that you slid down a ladder faster than terminal velocity. So, I think that this is kind of happening simultaneously. I don't know—if you do see Godwin and Phileaux falling, it is at the end of that fall. So, let's hop back to like a second or two ago. Godwin and Phileaux, you are both plummeting to the ground. You have moments before this the street, which is about 70 feet below you, comes to meet you.

Justin: Whoow!

Clint: Are we still in initiative?

Griffin: We are not, no.

Clint: Okay. Phileaux has—I know you're going to check this, but it's true. Phileaux has one flying elixir left.

Griffin: I believe you.

Justin: No shit.

Clint: He baby birds Lady Godwin again.

Justin: I mean, hell yes.

Godwin: No!

Phileaux: Let me—

Godwin: Ugh!

Phileaux: No—

Godwin: Fuck, no!

Phileaux: No, it's anise flavored!

Godwin: Ugh!

Phileaux: Not anus, anise.

Godwin: I'd rather have anus, ugh!

Griffin: [laughs]

Godwin: Fucking hell.

Phileaux: Fly!

Godwin: Is that rhubarb? Is that rhubarb? Wee!

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Okay. Godwin, you are falling as you drink this potion. And I think that you start figuring it out as you fall to the ground. You are not flying, Phileaux. So, as she is trying to kind of like compensate for the weight of you, I think that you all are just kind of like spinning. Your descent slows somewhat, but I'm going to need a dexterity saving throw from both of you, as you approach the ground with you know, maybe not fatal speed. As you twist around—

Justin: I reach up and—I reach up and... he's—I reach up and push his nose as hard as I can.

Griffin: Push his nose?

Justin: Yeah, I'm gonna use him as a propeller.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: It's still gigantic, so—

Griffin: So, you're gonna spin his head around real fast, so his nose turns into a propeller?

Justin: Yeah, because it's extremely—it's extremely long. So I can use that to help control.

Griffin: His nose was long in a liminal space, but I'm fully willing to—yeah, sure. Give me a strength check, as you attempt to violently rotate the head of this puppet man who is your friend.

Travis: Yeah, as you attempt to unscrew dad.

Justin: A straight check, now that I can do.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: 17.

Griffin: You do see them, Mutt. You see Godwin and Phileaux. Phileaux looks weird. It looks like Godwin is holding him aloft above her, but then you see that his head is spinning around at about 1300 RPMs.

Crawford: Mm-hm, textbook.

Griffin: As he forms a makeshift helicopter, and lowers himself and Lady Godwin down to the ground, slow and soft—

Justin: I didn't say that, I got a flight potion. I'm gonna go find his bullies. Let's go!

Griffin: [laughs] Okay, well then they don't land! And instead—

Justin: I want to go look for some of his bullies! There's gotta be people who were bullying him earlier? I want to do the like, the Luck Dragon bit where we're like flying around and he's like, "Go get 'em!"

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: I wanna harass all his bullies! No, no, we'll land. No need to harass bullies today.

Travis: That's for tomorrow.

Justin: He can always make more potions. That's for tomorrow.

Griffin: Lady Godwin and Phileaux execute a text book Poppins landing on the ground next to you. And how do you stop Phileaux's head?

Justin: I just set him gingerly on the ground and step away. [chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles] And just wait for him to—

Justin: And just wait.

Travis: Lying down.

Phileaux: Whoa-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o, O, O, O, O... O...

Griffin: Your associates, the fellow—

Travis: He's throwing up sawdust everywhere. And the problem is it's—how do you clean that up?

Clint: [spoofs chundering sounds]

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: You throw vomit on it.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Justin: [chortles]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: You see your fellow defenders of Lumino sort of peeking out of the rubble as they begin to approach you. The musicians and dramatists and artists and everyone kind of shake their heads and come to their senses. And at first, everyone is looking at you. And then they all look up, as the vortex is dispersed from the fractured tower above. And as it disperses,

sunlight begins to beat down hard on the City of Lumino and Angrave. You hear cheering and jubilation, as people celebrate their freedom. From what exactly?

I think most of them probably don't know. But they do know that the sun has returned to Angrave. And music from countless sources just fills the streets as Lumino is consumed by joyous celebration. A parade forms organically, winding through the streets of the city for hours. And as the noon sun rises upward to its apex, this parade passes by a narrow alleyway where a skeleton lays on the cobblestones, broken and charred. The sun creeps towards this skeleton, and it... it glows.

And the beginning traces of musculature start to reform around the skull. And the bones rattle. And then a song, music, begins flooding through this alleyway. As the parade passes, there's a single violent as straggling behind the pack. And suddenly, as Count Dracula revives and reforms and regenerates, his senses are launched six centuries into the past. To the day when the world's beauty first revealed itself to him. And then the sunlight passes over his reforming body, reducing him to a cloud of ash, that drifts gently upwards into the sunlit sky.

[The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula theme music plays]

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