

The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula - Episode 30

Published August 8, 2024

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[The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula theme music plays]

Griffin: It has been some time since you all—

Travis: How much?

Griffin: Well, as we all know—let me think. The year is 18... I want to say 16? Does that feel right, Juice? You're the one who established the time of this.

Justin: 1816?

Griffin: Doesn't that sound right?

Justin: Oh, I like the feel of it, yeah.

Griffin: Maybe it was 1618. Those are two profoundly different times.

Justin: I have a historical rule, okay? And this is how I remember it. If there's a 19 in front, you've got cars to bunt. If there's an 18 up top, there's lights all around. 17 at the begin, candles, my friend. That's how I—

Griffin: It goes candles, lights, cars.

Justin: Those are historical time periods, are candles—

Griffin: Lights, cars.

Justin: Lights, cars—

Griffin: Computers.

Justin: Those are the three eras.

Griffin: What is a computer but the 20th century equivalent of the candle?

Justin: That is our new cars, yes. If you have computer, it's a two.

Griffin: The candle of... today. We've got real epilog, hanging out in the lounge, wiping off the makeup, sleepover energy right now. And I'm enjoying it. It has been some time. The amount of time is up to you, as we spend a moment here at the end of this campaign.

Clint: Not too long.

Justin: Three months.

Clint: Three months, that's good.

Griffin: Three months? Okay, it can be different—

Travis: Yeah, that seems about one boat ride to England plus some time to king.

Griffin: Yeah, for sure, they definitely make you take a boat. Let's start with you, Crawford. Where do we find you in the next fiscal quarter?

Travis: Well, Mutt is strolling through the newly established Teddy, The Invisible Man Plus Chupacabra Equals BFF Animal Sanctuary.

Griffin: Okay?

Justin: That's the name they settled on.

Travis: Well, that's the name that Mutt insisted on.

Justin: Oh, okay.

Travis: Teddy, The Invisible Man Plus Chupacabra Equals BFF Animal Sanctuary for Cryptids.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: Where, you know, there's like some rescued baby chupacabras in there. There's, you know, there's Dracula heads with just wings. I don't know if any of those survived?

Griffin: I mean, you could probably breed them? You could I guess grow them if you wanted to. [chuckles]

Travis: Like Seaman.

Griffin: Yeah, I guess so. I guess that's really the ultimate way to defeat the big bad of the season, is to turn him into multiple Seamans.

Travis: Yeah. But, you know, there's just lots of, you know, little werewolf pups and stuff around there. Just to keep 'em safe. A lot of rehabilitation happening from injured, you know, injured baby cryptids—

Griffin: You may not like this. The people who live in, I guess, London?

Travis: No, I set this up in Manchester.

Griffin: Oh, Manchester, beautiful.

Travis: Can I tell you, I basically just turned all of Manchester into an animal sanctuary.

Griffin: Wow, wild. I bet they loved that. Everyone in town calls it the Tedding Zoo, instead of the long name that you came up with.

Travis: Yeah, that's fair.

Griffin: And okay, you're strolling through this city-sized animal sanctuary, where people live?

Travis: Well, because that's the thing about cryptids, right? A lot of them are pretty person-like, right? I'm not just gonna put 'em in the woods!

Griffin: Your chancellor of the vault, sort of the financial advisor to you—

Travis: Lord Money Bags.

Griffin: Mr. Money Bags, you call him affectionately. He comes sprinting towards you—

Travis: That's not his real name, by the way. That's what Mutt calls him.

Griffin: Yeah, of course. No, his real name is Fran Chester...

Travis: From Manchester!

Griffin: His name is Manchester Franchester, is his full name. He is Mr. Money Bags to you, and he's the chancellor of the vault. He comes sprinting—

Travis: Manchester Franchester?

Griffin: You've gone too far.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: He comes sprinting up to you from where he was hiding behind some garbage cans. His face is terribly scratched up and he's like:

Franchester: Oh, my liege! There you are. Thank you so much for meeting with me. Hah!

Griffin: He looks around nervously.

Franchester: Did you hear that?

Crawford: Yeah, man, it's probably, I don't know, maybe a swamp monster or something. Maybe a spring-heeled Jack or Jill or something. What's up, man?

Franchester: Okay, well, I just wanted to give you sort of the quarterly report on the kingdom's financial wellbeing. Tourism, way up, lots of people coming to visit.

Crawford: Sick, sick.

Franchester: Population, down, lot of people left when you turned the whole city into a zoo, my lord. And so the—

Crawford: But it's just this one city? The rest of England I didn't do nothing to?

Franchester: Yes, no, the rest of England is stoked, because now they can come and see Bigfoot and hang out with him. But the people whose houses then became Bigfoot's house, by way of Bigfoot force, they were not so stoked. But my liege, I'm—don't get me wrong, Franchester's ba-da-pa-pa, loving it.

Crawford: Okay.

Franchester: But yes—

Crawford: Do you know what we should do?

Franchester: What's that, my lord?

Crawford: Let's take France, man. That way we have more room for people, and we'll just add them all into the population.

Griffin: You see from another pile of garbage cans, a bigger, nervous-looking man you know as Slamchester runs up and he's like:

Slamchester: My lord, as chancellor of the sword, you should maybe talk with me first? Like, it's a formality, certainly, but before sort of declaring invasion plans of a neighboring nation.

Crawford: Whoa, man. No, I just thought we'd ask for it.

Slamchester: The implications of that are... can you hang on one second?

Griffin: He leans over and he talks into his wristband. And then seconds later, Merlin appears. He looks so tired. And he's like:

Merlin: Ah! My lord. So, thinking about invading France, huh?

Crawford: Well, I didn't it was gonna be a big deal?

Merlin: Yes, no. I mean your divine will, I suppose, is law? Well, let's—

Crawford: No, no, no, no, no. We don't—is there a country nobody's doing anything with? That like they wouldn't mind if we evaded?

Merlin: Sure! Empty Town, they call it.

Crawford: Okay, that—Merlin?

Merlin: Yes?

Crawford: Is that Antarctica?

Merlin: Yes.

Griffin: [titters]

Crawford: Okay. Yeah, that works.

Merlin: I say that, there might be people living on Antarctica, and I'm not trying to get, you know, shut down. So, let's—my lord!

Crawford: What's that big one that's kind of west over there? It's real cold, but it ain't Antarctica. It's like a big, cold—

Merlin: Canada!

Crawford: No, not that one. That's the... wait, nobody eats shredded wheat... to the east. The one to the east.

Merlin: My lord...

Crawford: It starts with an R, what is it?

Merlin: I feel like you're trying to—

Crawford: Roosa? Roosa.

Merlin: I feel like you're trying to trick me into sort of endorsing a hostile takeover...

Crawford: No, no, no, we're gonna—let's invade Roosya.

Merlin: My lord—okay, you know what? Let's talk about this tomorrow at the meeting of the chancellors. And we'll—

Crawford: Oh, what time is that?

Merlin: That is at... 10 in the morning.

Crawford: Ah!

Merlin: My lord, you have a visitor waiting for you in the royal chambers.

Crawford: Okay.

Merlin: Maybe, let's talk about the war stuff tomorrow? And maybe we can sort of dive into the terrible human cost of it?

Crawford: Okay!

Merlin: And then we'll circle back. Gosh—

Crawford: Sounds good, man, high five.

Merlin: Yes, high five.

Griffin: He puts his hand up and your hand goes right through it, because he's a hologram. And he says—

Travis: Even here?

Merlin: I am sure glad you are the one who pulled the sword out, my liege. You're crushing it. And certainly, things are a lot more exciting around here—

Griffin: And then a werewolf jumps through his hologram and he's like:

Merlin: Ah, fuck!

Griffin: And he vanishes suddenly.

Crawford: Billiam? I told you to be cool, man, you can't scare people like that. That's what makes people afraid of y'all.

Billiam: [snarls] Sorry! Old habits!

Crawford: I know, bud. I know, man. Hey, keep it chill, bud.

Griffin: He snaps at you and points fingers. Do you return to the chambers?

Travis: Yeah, sure, man.

Griffin: You return up to the castle. Which is surrounded by, I would say, a platoon of guards who are in a constant state of kind of roused alarm.

Travis: I do stop by and see my wife first.

Griffin: Oh, you got married?

Travis: Yeah, Misty Bullguard.

Griffin: Misty Bullguard.

Travis: Yup. Once I was the king—listen, we already were kind of dating and interest in each other. You'll remember back to like episode three. But once I became king, like the Bullguards were kind of like on-board a lot

more with it. And I, you know, I freed everybody from the thing. So, we got married. And I need to rebuild the line too, so...

Griffin: Absolutely. You return to the royal chambers. Just outside, you see—

Travis: And I also have a million dollars.

Griffin: [guffaws] Kick Ass. Yeah! I mean, tourism—

Travis: Being king rules.

Griffin: Tourism is good right now.

Travis: Yeah, bud.

Griffin: As you return, you see Misty sitting at a little writing desk in the drawing room. She looks up and she says:

Misty: We've received another letter, my love. It's from my brother, Cedric.

Crawford: Ah, cool, man.

Misty: He begs you to reconsider his proposal of turning the Tedding Zoo into a sort of high stakes hunting grounds for monster hunters.

Crawford: Yeah, we're not gonna do that.

Misty: Yes, no, I know, it's barbaric. It's simply not—

Crawford: Maybe laser tag?

Misty: Laser tag—

Crawford: Paint ball! Shit.

Misty: Paint ball, yes, that certainly won't confuse—

Crawford: We can maybe do that with Bath? We can make Bath into a whole like paintball city.

Misty: I have a cousin who lives in Bath, who is sort of an extreme sports nut. So, I'm sure he would be a fan of that. Listen, your mother is waiting for you in the royal chambers. I told her to make herself comfortable. I don't know if you've kept in touch with her since—

Crawford: Yeah.

Misty: Oh, okay, great.

Crawford: It's my mom. I send Merlin to see her all the time.

Misty: I should probably—

Griffin: [chuckles]

Misty: I should probably know what your relationship is like with your mother, but I suppose we haven't been married too long. [titters]

Crawford: Not long. Hey, are you pregnant yet? Do you know?

Misty: Not yet!

Crawford: We'll work on it. Wink.

Misty: Gross.

Crawford: Love you!

Travis: Hey, in the game, she's my wife.

Griffin: I guess so.

Travis: We have a loving, passionate relationship in the game.

Misty: I can't wait to make a million babies with you.

Crawford: Okay. That's too many.

Misty: What's wrong? Oh, I'm sorry—

Crawford: You know that, you said that.

Misty: Oh, I'm sorry. Now you're freaked out?

Crawford: No, I'm just saying, a *million* babies?

Misty: Yes. I'm going to—

Crawford: That's like a brood mother situation?

Misty: Well...

Crawford: Let's—like four is like tops where I want, right now.

Misty: We'll split the difference.

Crawford: Okay, what is that? 500,000?

Misty: 499,998.

Crawford: Somewhere in there. Yeah, okay, that sounds good.

Misty: Cool thing.

Crawford: Sick, bro. High five.

Griffin: She high fives you.

Misty: Sorry about your—

Crawford: Are you pregnant now?

Misty: Holy shit, yes!

Crawford: Ha-ha! It's good to be king.

Griffin: Generations in the future will speak of—there will be entire religions I think that form around this child that was born. Not of immaculate conception, but pretty—

Travis: A smackulate.

Griffin: A smackulate conception.

Clint: Ah! [snickers]

Griffin: You retire to your chambers, and you find your mother in here. She is cleaning up, even though there's no way it was dirty. Like, you have a lot of people who make sure that the castle isn't dirty.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: She says—

Crawford: Wuddup, dowager Muttner?

Crawford's Mom: Oh, don't mind me there, Crawford. I was just... just got a few smudges here on the silver and I was just getting it spot clean!

Crawford: Okay. Hey, what are you doing here, ma?

Crawford's Mom: Well, it's just been so long since you've come see me. I know you sent your—

Crawford: I sent Merlin?

Crawford's Mom: You sent your old ghost come and visit. And that's—

Crawford: He's a hologram.

Crawford's Mom: He's a hollergram when he's in my neck of the woods.

Crawford: Oh, I get it. Hey, nice, ma.

Clint: [titters]

Crawford's Mom: Thank you. I just wanted to check in on you, just make sure you're eating good. See how you doing.

Crawford: Yeah, I'm king. So, they feed me pretty good here.

Crawford's Mom: All right, I see—

Crawford: All the burgers I want.

Crawford's Mom: I see you... spiced up the neighborhood a little bit? With a little bit of rural charm.

Crawford: Do you mean—you mean the Teddy, Invisible Man Plus Chupacabra Equals BFF Animal Sanctuary?

Crawford's Mom: Yes.

Crawford: And also, you know, all the like fireworks and shit.

Crawford's Mom: There's so many fireworks—

Griffin: [spoofs explosion sound] She like ducks from the window, as a giant firework is set off outside.

Crawford's Mom: Oh, I guess it must be two o'clock...

Crawford: Yeah. And I'm setting up a bunch of dirt ramps over the Thames, and people are gonna be able to take like... their like ATVs and like ramp it and shit. It's gonna be awesome.

Crawford's Mom: That sounds so... Crawford, I'm... listen, I know this is the first time I ever said nothing like this to you before in our whole life—and that's probably hugely been detrimental to your growth. But I just want to tell you that I'm so proud of you. I know your papa would be too. You done

a lot of—well, if your papa was here, he probably would want you to go out with like a big hammer or something and go bonk all the animals outside.

Crawford: And, I'd hope he'd have the, you know, the room for change and whatnot.

Crawford's Mom: You're papa? No way, honey!

Crawford: No? Okay.

Crawford's Mom: He was not—that was not—he was stuck in his ways.

Crawford: Yeah. Hey, ma, can I say something? And I appreciate you opening up to me and telling me you're proud of me and stuff. But killing Dracula and becoming king of England, if that's what it takes to earn your praise, that's a pretty high standard, ma, you have to admit.

Crawford's Mom: That was actually—

Griffin: She pulls out a little slip of paper. She's like:

Crawford's Mom: I actually wrote this letter to myself the day you was born. And it says inside of it that my only wish for you was to kill Dracula and become king of England.

Crawford: That's your only wish, ma? Not like happiness or start a family or like find—

Crawford's Mom: I'm sure you're happy now, son? You got a million dollars, you send this sexy old ghost to my house every weekend?

Crawford: Ma, you got a thing for Merlin?

Crawford's Mom: Hell, yeah, man. He's got some of the wildest pornography I have ever seen in my whole life.

Crawford: Yeah, don't he? Listen, if you guys want to be a celebrity couple, you can be Marlin?

Crawford's Mom: I mean, what if he smells weird? I ain't seen him in the meat space yet.

Crawford: Can I tell you, I haven't either. I'm not exactly sure where he's based out of in this castle. I've been looking for him, though. I'm gonna find him.

Crawford's Mom: This sounds fun, let me know when you find him. I wouldn't mind—

Crawford: There's a big, spooky tower over there, that might be it.

Crawford's Mom: What's that?

Crawford: There's a big, spooky tower over there, that might be it. They won't let me in there. I'm gonna get in there.

Crawford's Mom: Yeah, climb it, son.

Crawford: I will!

Crawford's Mom: All right. Well...

Griffin: She starts talking to you, you start to lose focus a little bit. You hear a rattling noise, and it is coming from your nightstand. From the drawer in your nightstand.

Crawford: Hey, mom?

Crawford's Mom: Hey, man, I'm gonna ride that beard like it's a carousel.

Crawford: Whoa, ma, ma, ma. Time out, time out, time out.

Crawford's Mom: What's wrong?

Crawford: Yeah, hold on.

Travis: I open the drawer.

Griffin: You open the drawer. And for—

Travis: Oh, and just to establish, before any action moves forward, Lady Aggie has her own room. She has—she's the royal dog. Her and Sloppy have had a whole brood at this point.

Griffin: Oh, for sure.

Travis: They've got like nine pups going? I don't know with the timing.

Griffin: Just a really fertile, wild BMX kingdom you founded.

Travis: Yeah. Hell yeah, dude. But not like in Idiocracy. It's thriving.

Griffin: [chuckles] Yeah, no—

Travis: People don't like the change, but it's fuckin' thriving.

Griffin: They are cuddled up with a litter of pups, right next to the nightstand, as you open the drawer.

Travis: Now I open the drawer.

Griffin: For now—

Travis: They also have a million dollars.

Griffin: You move some of the million dollars out of the way. And this—

Travis: The dogs have a million dollars. I have a million dollars. I get my mom a million dollars. Fuck it, I'm the king, dude. I can print this shit.

Griffin: You have three million dollars.

Clint: And you're on every one of them. Your face is on every one of them.

Travis: Yeah, man. It's kick ass.

Griffin: You push aside these huge piles of money and—

Travis: It's just one million dollar bills—or three million dollar bills, I guess.

Griffin: Yes.

Travis: I'm on each of them.

Griffin: You push aside a letter from the chancellor of the vault, begging you, begging you to stop giving people and dogs millions of dollars.

Justin: Or make so many more millions of dollars for yourself that it's not even a thing.

Travis: Yeah, that's what I'm working on.

Justin: You know what I mean? It's like confetti. [chuckles]

Griffin: Your attention is drawn completely to the item waiting for you below these letters and money. And as it rattles, the voice of your mother continuing to talk to you just kind of completely fades into the background. At the bottom of this drawer, rattling on the hard wood floor of it, you see a shard of bone that you have fashioned into a sort of extra dimensional radio. A walkie talkie.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: And you look down at your bone phone that is ringing. Because it's that time of the month.

Travis: Oh, boy.

Griffin: And the god of darkness, Ahn, would like to have a word.

Crawford: Hey, sorry, ma. I gotta take this.

[theme music plays]

[ad reads]

[theme music plays]

Griffin: Let's jump over to Lady Godwin.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: It's been three months.

Justin: Griffin, this is unconventional, but I should also warn you that I've written the ending for mine.

Griffin: Oh, thank Christ!

Justin: And it's a surprise ending. But I've written it for you to read verbatim. So like, you don't have to worry about it, but it will be a surprise. But I'm telling you that now, so you don't get derailed. Does that make sense?

Griffin: Hey, man, if I don't have to make shit up—like, this sets a terrible precedent. But if I don't have to make shit up for a few minutes, hell yes, dude.

Justin: Okay, great.

Griffin: I'm so tired, man. We've been going 20—I'm so tired, dude.

Justin: All right, cool. All right, go ahead.

Griffin: Where did you send this to me at?

Justin: No, I didn't send it to you yet. It's a surprise ending I said. So, we gotta start doing our ending, and then there'll be a surprise ending, that'll be separate from that ending.

Griffin: [titters] Okay, great.

Justin: But you don't have to worry about ending our ending, because there's a surprise ending.

Griffin: So, you don't think it would be easier for me to do an ending if you told me how it ends?

Justin: So, here's the problem, it wouldn't be a surprise. Do you hear me, what I'm saying?

Griffin: Yes.

Justin: It's gotta come out of nowhere, right?

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: And if it's gonna be—if I send it to you before, then it'll be in your head like, “I should start building to that.” And that won't be a surprise. That'll just be narratively satisfying. We don't need that.

Griffin: Okay, cool.

Justin: We need a surprise!

Griffin: All right. This should be fun. Where do we find you in three months?

Justin: Yes, I have recently opened Lady Godwin's finishing school for young professionals. And it is where I teach people all the finishing moves that I know how to get the cleanest kills when you're in the field. I will say this. It has been lightly attended. It's more of a social club for me, honestly, where adventures can just come and hang out and do whatever.

Travis: That's so nice.

Justin: And, yeah, you know, I can teach a little bit. But mainly it's about the tea, it's about the friendship.

Griffin: Amazing. Are you a—do you teach here or are you more of in an administrative role?

Justin: It's like... it's like when I worked at a local news website that was also in a coffee shop. And so people would just hang out at the coffee shop and work on stories why they bought coffee from themselves. It's kind of like that. It's about—it's like the... Elks. You know what I mean?

Griffin: Sure.

Travis: Yeah!

Justin: It's like kind of a lodge. A lodge set up.

Travis: A guild!

Griffin: I love that.

Justin: Yeah, we learn from each other, and from ourselves.

Griffin: You are watching sort of a demonstration, testing for her you know, whatever the Lady Godwin equivalent of like a black belt is. Sandy Four Blades, she is a... very different in style and build from Lady Godwin, she is much more a sort of dualist type. But she holds four swords in her hands at the same time, that's sort of like her thing. And a lot of people have said like why not two double-bladed swords? But she likes the flexibility of just having four swords. You've never seen anything like it. There's a juggling element that is very exciting. And Sandy Four Blades is you know, cutting some bamboo, cutting some logs, and does a sort of final pose on the ground. And then like looks up at you expectantly.

Godwin: Well... I've seen better. But not many.

Sandy: Are you talking about... Myra Five Blades? I fuckin' hate her! She stole my thing! Did you know she was originally Myra Three Blades? And then I stepped up to—

Godwin: You've got four blades. Yes, I know.

Sandy: But then I stepped up the game. I evolved it!

Godwin: Right? And you do make the smoothest, most satisfying cuts. We can all agree. But killing things isn't just about what's in here, it's about what's in here. And also in here. And here.

Sandy: Sorry.

Griffin: She was wearing her blindfold when she was doing this.

Sandy: I didn't see what places you were pointing to.

Godwin: I forgot the ones that I pointed to and the ones I haven't, because I only got halfway through. But it comes from all of you. It's a concert, really, of hurting things. And your body must be the symphony, hm?

Sandy: Mm-hm. That is amazing. Is this something that—sorry... Professor?

Godwin: Oh, you can call me Lady Godwin.

Sandy: Wow. Lady Godwin, is that something that you learned during your quest?

Godwin: No, actually, this body already knew how to do all the killing. I've just been kind of watching it go. I'm kind of a nepo body. You know, it came—

Griffin: [laughs]

Godwin: I already had it. It was muscle memory. Honestly, I didn't—I feel a little guilty. I think that's my—part of what I'm doing, is because I do all the work, you know? But I didn't do the work, so I'm trying to make up for it, I guess, by giving.

Sandy: That's interesting. Are you sure you're qualified then to be a professor of battle?

Godwin: Oh, I feel like we all learn from each other and from ourselves, as much as you learn from me, if not more.

Sandy: I see, okay. Well, again, you killed Dracula. And—

Godwin: I did. And you have to say it every time you step on the mat, and every time you step off. A little bow and then say, “Lady Godwin killed Dracula.”

Griffin: The rules of the dojo.

Godwin: That is the rules.

Griffin: No shoes, no outside food and drink, no cussing.

Godwin: No cussing.

Griffin: You must say Lady Godwin killed Dracula every time you step onto and off of the mat.

Justin: Yes. Absolutely. And also, \$25 a month.

Griffin: That's a—

Justin: Or you cannot come in. [titters]

Griffin: I was gonna say that's a good deal, but we—

Justin: We've gotta get dollars, though.

Griffin: The economy of this world is based on abstract money. And you can buy dynamite for \$4 I think. So \$25 is actually I think—

Travis: To be fair, Mutt's really fucked up the global economy pretty bad.

Griffin: [laughs] I bet, yeah! I think also, around your guild, you just hear constant chatter of like, “Did you hear what's happened in Manchester? They turned the whole city into a zoo.”

“I can't believe they're getting away with this. There are people living there.”

Godwin: Yes, that's true. Did you have your \$25? Because unfortunately, without your \$25 monthly, I can't let you stay.

Griffin: These two people who are gossiping, sweating, just walk over to you and just dump a bunch of money at your feet. You see Four Blades says... [chuckles]

Justin: Right now. Just don't read it to yourself, read it out loud right now.

Griffin: Yeah, okay, here we go. "Slam! From the opening part of the finishing school, right at the door area, you hear it open." The door, I mean. Do I have to read it word for word?

Justin: Verbatim!

Griffin: [chuckles] "Light pours through the doorway hole. And as your eyes adjust, you see a wide-jawed woman with long, auburn hair affixed sloppily in an even longer braid. Her frame is slight, maybe even—"

Justin: Frail.

Griffin: You can't ask me to read it verbatim and leave out whole-ass words. For next time.

Justin: Okay, so maybe even frail. Go ahead.

Griffin: Her frame is slight, maybe even frail, as she strides towards you, knocking over all the fancy furniture in her path. You realize two things at the exact same moment. One, she is aiming a rapier at your throat. And two, the hand holding the rapier and the rest of the body connected to it... is yours. The metal presses into your throat as she gives you a mocking, unpracticed curtsy. She glares at you with withering hatred as she barks; "Fix it!"

Clint: [titters]

Justin: I don't have anything after that. If you're waiting for me to add to it, baby, that's it. I mean, that's the surprise ending.

Griffin: Clean. It is a surprise and it's clean and it's good.

Travis: Is it clean?

Justin: It's clean and rad and powerful. Agreed.

Griffin: Phileaux, three months later?

Clint: I too have written my own ending.

Justin: Fuck yeah, dude. This is what I'm talking about. This is the future of improvised entertainment.

Travis: I didn't know we could do it!

Justin: The future of improvised entertainment is not—

Clint: I didn't write my own ending, I'm kidding.

Justin: Ah, okay. Dang it! That was good coverage for me, all right.

Griffin: Dad, just to sort of keep up the symmetry with every other season of TAZ, it would be great if you could also open a school in your—

Justin: No.

Clint: No, sorry.

Griffin: In your ending.

Justin: Can I say, that's why as soon as I thought of the finishing school gag, I thought, "I can't do another school." And I thought, "Okay, it's more of a social club. That's fine." [chuckles]

Griffin: What does that say about us? That our thing is like—

Justin: [chortles] I know!

Griffin: We've occupied a real space of like 'the teacher are our future.'
Which like, yeah!

Travis: I think, Griffin, what it is, is a very realistic look to the future. When podcasting, we're too old for it.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: But we hope that how it's being taught—

Griffin: After *our* hero's adventure.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Let's all pretend like our unfortunate foray into nonfiction DIY instruction wasn't a commercial—

Griffin: [guffaws]

Justin: Commercial—

Travis: Any indication and the desire to learn from us? Yeah.

Griffin: Justin, it's not about—when you're teaching the children of the future about podcasting, it's not about the financial success. We're doing—this is our quest. This is our duty to the world.

Justin: Opening your own school is like actual play cryo sleep. Because what it says is, they are still—they still enjoy adventure.

Travis: Uh-huh?

Justin: We're going to keep practicing adventure. They will not be in danger and they will be available. This is cryo sleep for your actual play character.

Griffin: Fuck yeah. Brother Phileaux.

Clint: Yes?

Griffin: Three months later, what is your life?

Clint: Brother Phileaux has been spending the time tinkering with the mind transference helmet.

Griffin: Oh, wow. Okay?

Clint: And has also been inspired. A couple of things have kind of changed Brother Phileaux. Watching his own corporeal flesh turned into dust bunnies, I think was a big revelation—

Travis: A huge turn on.

Clint: A huge—

Justin: Can I—I need to say something canonically before I hear what's going on with dad. Canonically speaking, when someone asked Lady Godwin what's going on with Brother Phileaux, she audibly exhales for 10 seconds.

Griffin: [guffaws]

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: [spoofs Darth Vader exhale]

Griffin: You've been tinkering with the mind transference helmet?

Clint: Yeah. Because, I mean, seeing his physical form destroyed has really kind of reconvicted him to get back into the ministry. And I don't mean like evangelizing, but you know, serving people. The spread of the belief, the worship of Ahn, has really bothered him. So, he has come up with an idea to have a representative, in many different towns and villages, that will serve

as a spiritual advisor, somebody who will do good deeds. I mean, really and truly kind of fill the gap that apparently people have been rushing towards this because, yeah, I mean, they started worshiping Ahn. So, he is going to create representatives of himself and—

Travis: Cool.

Clint: And then use—and put one in each town and village. And then use the mind transfer helmet to jump from town to town, wherever he's needed, to jump into a different body. And he calls this effort Ahn and Ahn.

Griffin: [titters] Okay?

Clint: And he's basically creating copies of himself to be able to jump into. Only one at a time! Only one at a time.

Justin: Well, that's generous of yourself.

Travis: Yeah, otherwise it would be weird.

Justin: Yeah, not—so, you don't need omnipresence and omnipotence, it's just one or the other.

Clint: Yeah.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: Yeah. And so—

Justin: You can either be omnipresent or omni-powerful, but that's—but not at the same time.

Clint: Right. But he still needs-

Travis: Yeah, that would be greedy.

Clint: I mean—

Travis: Do you want a million dollars too? Because I can do that.

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: Money would be appreciated, yeah, because there's all the wood I gotta buy...

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: You know. And he thinks back to a word he heard in his native language. And the word, it was a name, actually. That means 'god will increase.' And he thinks that's, I mean, that's just obvious. God will increase. So, he starts calling himself by that name. Geppetto.

Griffin: [titters]

Clint: And so, he is the Geppetto of Ahn and Ahn.

Travis: Dad, I'm so proud of you.

Clint: Thank you.

Travis: I just love being your son.

Clint: The research goes a long way there, Mr. Million Dollars.

Travis: Listen, but I wasn't gonna—I wasn't gonna fact check it. That could be complete bullshit that that's what it means. And I was like, yeah, man, I love it.

Clint: He's looked back on all these people who wasted their lives—

Travis: Yeah!

Clint: People who only showed up once in the narrative. Professor Jasmine, Tricky Doug, Little Michael—

Travis: Yeah, man!

Clint: Father Moore, Lieutenant Cornwallis.

Griffin: Wow, dad.

Clint: Manchester Franchester, Slamchester!

Griffin: There's a wide gap there where I didn't come up with any characters.

Travis: Hey, dad, while you're at it, why don't you say in the story—and we've never done this before, but just see how far this goes. That you, Clint McElroy, were the creator of Apple computers. And see if he can rewrite history with the power of this narrative.

Griffin: Yeah, I mean, you basically made the internet, but for the—but exclusively for the pope.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: For the turbo cardinal, yeah.

Griffin: For the turbo cardinal.

Clint: Okay, we'll say that. I think, I mean—but you changed history by turning Manchester into a—

Griffin: A BMX zoo?

Travis: Yeah, man.

Clint: Yeah.

Griffin: This is, I think, a transformation of the world's kind of understanding of religious orders, right? And it makes sense, your order, the Order of Saint Tancred, was leveled, right? There are no survivors there for you to return to. So, you building this structure where instead of having this hierarchy and complex sort of tree of responsibility, it's just top down. And if

you need something, bam, the turbo cardinal is there. It's a lot of work, but you don't... you don't feel the fatigue as much, because you are no mortal man. You get back from a long journey in Rome. Not a long journey, I think you probably just like, what, you pop into the body, into the, you know, whatever headquarters you have set up there.

Clint: Right.

Griffin: And then hop back to your—is there a core body? Or are you just sort of like in the network now?

Clint: I think I'm gonna work from... No, I think the core body is the original Pinocchio body.

Griffin: Okay. And all the other sort of—

Clint: And all the other ones don't necessarily have to look like him. Matter of fact, most of them bear a strong resemblance to the original Brother Phileaux—

Griffin: [chuckles] Could it actually, could it be—I hate to change your shit. But could it actually just be a It's A Small World After All situation? Where it's like nearly identical dolls, but done up in—

Clint: Yeah, okay.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: Sort of local—

Clint: That's good, yeah.

Griffin: That's fun. You get back from Rome, after a visit there, back to your original body. When you get there, you see a man waiting for you. He's kind of like shuffling into the, you know, the mission that you have set up here. Where is the headquarters? Where are you based?

Clint: Verona.

Griffin: Verona, okay, cool. So, not a big trip that you just took.

Clint: No, not that far.

Griffin: He shuffles up to you and he goes:

Man: Hello there... Father?

Phileaux: Yes, yes. Yes, my son.

Man: Father Phileaux?

Phileaux: How may I help you? I go by Geppetto now, but if you want to go back to old-school, that's fine.

Man: Geppetto. I apologize, Father Geppetto.

Phileaux: Who are you speaking to? Oh, I'm sorry. See? I'm still not used to it. Okay, yes. Yes, my son.

Man: I had a question for you regarding, you know, sin.

Phileaux: Mm-hm? Mm-hm?

Man: I was hoping you could help answer it for me, provide some clarity?

Phileaux: Yes, that's fine. Yes. Do we need to step into the confessional?

Man: Oh, that's okay. It's not a confession, per se.

Phileaux: Yes?

Man: It's a question about sort of the nature of... about the nature of sin and consequence.

Phileaux: Mm-hm. Absolutely, I'm at your disposal.

Man: I know you're busy, what with your sort of hive mind nature. It is absolutely remarkable that you were able to accomplish that, too.

Phileaux: Thank you.

Man: To decentralize your soul in that way, it's—

Phileaux: And what would your name be? Just in case, you know, you aren't one of those characters that only pop up once?

Man: I... You may call me Gabriel. Sorry, that was a weird way to say that. My name is Gabriel. It's weird when you ask someone's name and they say, "You may call me."

Phileaux: Sure. [chuckles] Yeah, it sounds like they're a line. And I'm sure you're not, because lying is a sin. Go ahead, Gabriel.

Gabriel: I... I had a question and it—I know how this all works. You're supposed to be good and avoid temptation and selfishness and violence, all the vices. What is the policy, though, on sins you have not yet committed, but must commit? How does one find absolution for those?

Phileaux: Hm... Are you thinking—you're just thinking of the sin? Or you're contemplating doing the sin, committing the sin?

Gabriel: I am afraid that I am duty-bound to a course of action that some may interpret as sinful, and others may not.

Phileaux: Yes, I see... Could I possibly ask what that action is?

Gabriel: There are... There is a way of nature in the world that has... nurtured it. Hence the name, I suppose. And prolonged it, and made life and beauty possible. And I must... I must try to set right that course that has been diverted. Through... through several different methods.

Phileaux: You're talking about the search for eternal life, perhaps?

Griffin: He nods solemnly.

Gabriel: Not so much I suppose the search for eternal life, but the spread of eternal life. I... I needs must address.

Phileaux: Oh, this is an interesting theological discussion. There is such a thing as sins of the mind, which is where you are thinking sinful thoughts. This doesn't sound necessarily like that. It also... it also smacks a little of heresy. Unless you're talking about, you know, your spirit living on forever, eternal life? No, you're talking more of an actual existence, correct?

Gabriel: I suppose... I realize I am being cryptic. I just, as one of the, I don't know, main sort of scholarly minds in the field, I suppose I should come to the source?

Phileaux: Oh? Oh, well... Gabriel, you're... [chuckles] This is almost silly to ask. You're not considering vampirism, are you? Is that where you're leaning towards erasing?

Griffin: Give me an insight check.

Clint: God, nobody else had a roll...

Griffin: [titters] Yeah, I know.

Travis: Well, Justin scripted his, so...

Griffin: Yeah, which makes things much easier.

Clint: Oh, okay, I'm gonna write my ending. It's an arcana check and not an insight check.

Griffin: [guffaws] No, that's an insight check.

Clint: Insight check...

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Boy, it's a bad one too, three.

Griffin: He kind of chuckles when you say that and he says:

Gabriel: Off the mark, I'm afraid. It's nothing as salacious as all that. I appreciate your insight, Father Gepetto. I know that you are busy, but I hope I can call upon you again to speak to you sometime in the future. Once these future actions become past events.

Phileaux: I say yes, let's keep that option open. But if I may add one caveat, do you mind?

Gabriel: Sure.

Phileaux: If this process of which you describe results in harming any other living creature, I will be forced to take action against you.

Griffin: He nods, looking concerned for a moment, and says:

Gabriel: My orders do not concern the living. Of that, I can assure you. I speak in terms of sin and consequence because that is the way that, well, humans' minds operate. What I am doing is just a... a course correction.

Griffin: And he turns and—

Phileaux: Wait! Wait...

Clint: I want to make an investigation check.

Griffin: Okay?

Clint: I really want to look at him.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: It's an 11.

Griffin: 11 investigation check. He walks to the doors and opens them. You try to like clock him to see like what this dude's deal is. The doors swing shut behind him. You didn't really get a chance to glean anything. And so you kind of follow him and crack the door open.

Outside, you see, first of all, storms are gathering. You see Gabriel throw on a riding cloak, a black riding cloak. And he mounts a tall, muscular, pale horse. And he nods at you. He slings a, what looks like some sort of sword or long blade over his shoulder that is—as it sort of like rests on his back, you see is a scythe. And he takes the reins and turns the horse to ride west, toward the City of Lumino.

[The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula theme music plays]

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