

The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula - Episode three

Published January 25, 2024

[Listen here on mcelroy.family](#)

[intro theme music plays]

Dracula: Dear diary, immortality is a tricky thing. Many have tried to thwart death's designs throughout history. And a shocking number of people have achieved it, myself included. However, every method has its downfall and a cursed painting to be burned. A magic crystal to be shattered. An inexplicable weakness to bulbous vegetation.

When I first embraced the darkness, I accepted these sorts of imperfections, thinking them a necessary evil. But I have found in Dr. Victor Frankenstein an uncompromising collaborator. One who pursues not just the path of true immortality, but also the potential for omniscience.

[The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula theme music plays]

Travis: "And romance." What's that, Dracula?

Griffin: What's that? What's that you say? We're gonna start right where we left things off. Brother Phileaux, you are in the abandoned parish, here in the southwest quarter of the Singing City of Lumineaux. You were just giving your confession to a mysterious presence when a knock at the door interrupted you. You stepped outside to find a body. The body of Father Moore, who you were apparently just speaking to on the other side of the wall.

Travis: He's a little fatherless now.

Griffin: That's a good one, Trav.

Clint: Ah, more or less.

Griffin: Okay? Sort of remix. We don't use a lot on this show where we do just a remix.

Travis: Justin, do you want to do some punch-up on my joke too? Or...

Justin: I'm sure Rachel is just gonna leave the best one, that's what she normally does. So I feel like one those—

Travis: What's that? There was five seconds of silence before this where she cut both of them?

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: You see this man, he is not familiar to you. You are, you know, new in town. But he has all of the sort of... all of the garments of a leader of the church. Only, they have seen better days, because they are cut asunder, as his heart has been removed. He has blood pooling all around him. And also still there is somebody knocking at the door to the parish from outside. What do you do?

[knocking sounds]

Travis: Did you check his pulse?

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: I think Brother Phileaux is going to investigate.

Griffin: Okay?

Clint: Draw near to the body without getting in the blood. Don't get in the blood!

Griffin: Okay. Sure.

Clint: But he wants to investigate even further.

Griffin: Okay, cool. Give me an... ah, gosh, which check would this be? JK, investigation—

Clint: Investigation?

Griffin: Yeah JK. That was JK. I'm pretty sure here.

Clint: Oh. Ha! [chuckles]

Travis: J. K. Simmons, guys. J. K. Simmons.

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: Okay.

Justin: People say this show's too serious, but we're still busting each other up over here.

Griffin: Yeah, we're doing lots of jokes.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: 19? Good lord, okay. With a 19, can you give me sort of an idea of like how you're going about this investigation? Are you looking for... are you looking at the body? Are you looking for clues around the scene? What do you sort of—

Clint: Oh, I want to look at the body, make it like forensics.

Griffin: Okay?

Clint: I think he particularly wants to look at the wound.

Griffin: Okay?

Clint: And wants to check to see if Father Moore is wearing any kind of... amulets or anything like that.

Griffin: You want to loot the body. That's okay. If you want to loot the body, you can say you want to.

Clint: I don't—he doesn't wanna—

Travis: No, no, no! He want—he's collect—

Justin: Right-click the loot, dad. Right-click the loot.

Travis: He's collecting clues that he might use later.

Griffin: Sure, sure, sure.

Travis: For his own benefit.

Griffin: Okay, with a 19 I'll give you a lot. With a 19.

Clint: Okay?

Griffin: There is a significant pool of blood surrounding the body. You see that there are no footsteps or anything along those lines trailing away from this scene. Whoever did this didn't do it and then walk away, as far as you can tell. Or they did it in some sort of tricky way, because there are no footprints to speak of whatsoever. Investigating the body, obviously, this gigantic chasm in this dude's midsection is the star of the show.

But with a 19, you also notice that there are some bite marks around his neck. Not the sort of traditional two-hole, clean bite marks It looks like a... some sort of rabid beast got a hold of him, and went beast mode on him.

Travis: This ain't your grandfather's bite marks. These are new, cool, radical bite marks.

Griffin: With that 19, I'll give you one more thing. You turn your head as you hear the pounding once more, and moonlight—or rather the amber light from the tower outside glints off of a cross on a chain, a silver cross. Ornate and quite bloodied. It is nearby this scene you intuit that it used to belong to Father Moore. But seems to have been hurled away from him with such spectacular force that it has embedded itself into the wood of a nearby pew.

Clint: Okay, that's what I was trying to determine. Because if he was wearing it, it doesn't work. [chuckles]

Griffin: Yes.

Clint: Okay...

Griffin: You hear a voice on the other side of the door. "Hello? Open up, please."

Phileaux: Yes, of course, I'm on my way.

Clint: And can he remove the cross from the wood?

Griffin: Give me a strength check.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Not a hard one, but you'll need to do better than a one, unfortunately.

Justin: [chuckles]

Clint: How about a five?

Griffin: That is a one plus four.

Travis: I was a strength save, dad.

Clint: Oh...

Griffin: Oh, yeah!

Clint: Thank you. Okay, wait a minute—

Griffin: Just for all of you guys, when the number is red, that means it was a critical one and an added a number—

Travis: Red is bad.

Griffin: Red is bad.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Eight.

Griffin: Okay, an eight. Yeah, it's not embedded super deep in. It takes quite a bit of effort. And in doing so, you hear the pew [spoofs scooting sound] err, scooting across the ground. And you are taking a long time to get this done. The voice on the other side of the door continues to shout at you. But finally, you are able to pull it free. Do you stow it in some way?

Clint: I think he would go with the hiding in plain sight better. He puts it around his neck.

Griffin: It is covered in quite a bit of blood. A significant amount of blood.

Clint: Good point.

Griffin: If you want to get a little... you know, spit polish... that's your prerogative.

Clint: Hm... no, he does not pocket it—

Griffin: Okay?

Clint: Okay, wait, hold on. It's very important to me that he does not have any blood on him. So I would say he pulls it from the wood...

Griffin: Okay?

Clint: Without getting any blood on him.

Travis: With like a handkerchief. CSI style.

Griffin: I love it.

Clint: And pockets it.

Griffin: Okay, cool.

Travis: Welcome to CSI: Lumino! [screeches] Yeah!

Griffin: You do that, add a bloody cross to your inventory. Or I can do it for you.

Justin: God, I can't wait until that comes in at the most important time, which is when we're done recording this series and recording the next series and dad's like, "What is this cross?" [chuckles]

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah, it's gonna be so sick when this pays off.

Justin: He reuses the robes for his next character and he's like padding the pocket like, "What is this?"

Travis: Ah, I can't wait 'til a week later, someone on Reddit writes something like, "Did they ever do anything with that cross?"

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: My next character is going to be a guy taking a spritz in a Turkish bath. So yeah, the robe fits out perfectly.

Travis: I don't think it's a spritz, dad. I don't think it's a—[chuckles]

Clint: A spritz?

Travis: I don't think it's that.

Griffin: Okay, "I'm gonna have to insist you open up the door now."

Phileaux: I'm coming! I'm coming. I'm coming. Yes, yes, yes, yes.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: And he... one thing, why is the guy knocking on the door of a church and not just coming in? But that's all right.

Griffin: "I'm very superstitious!"

Clint: And he opens the door.

Griffin: Okay. You open the door to find—

Phileaux: Oh, good, you're finally here. I was... I was wondering...
[chuckles] The body's right over here.

Griffin: "Oh, sorry, fellow." And he nods his head to you. It is a tall, slender man, wearing a—

Travis: What?!

Griffin: It's Slenderman.

Travis: What?!

Griffin: But he's wearing a constable's uniform.

Travis: [in a silly British accent] I got a job! [chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles] And he says, "Carrots and peas, I've been British the whole time! Hello, kids!"

Travis: [in a silly British accent] It costs a lot to look this good!

Griffin: He flashes his badge. He says, "My name is Lieutenant Cornwallis. And we're... pardon me for interrupting your note, fellows. Just we heard some reports of a disturbance in here. We expected that the parish had been long ago sort of abandoned, so I was surprised to find that there was any activity happening here. But I was wondering if I may step inside and take a look around.

Phileaux: You are not here in response to my call?

Cornwallis: No, we didn't get a call? We merely sort of heard the reports from some of the vagabonds in the area.

Phileaux: Heavens, Lieutenant Colonel, you must... you must see. There's been a horrible—there's been a murder! There's been a murder!

Cornwallis: Oh?

Phileaux: A murder!

Justin: How much did you have to pump yourself up to say 'leftenant?' Because I feel like I would have told myself, like say it. Just say it. Don't think about it, just say it.

Travis: Just say it.

Griffin: I didn't even mean to.

Travis: Take a run on it.

Cornwallis: A murder?!

Justin: Wow, you were that deep? You were that deep?

Cornwallis: A murder? Please, let me... let me come in and look for clues.

Phileaux: Well... well, certainly. I would not keep you from coming in.

Cornwallis: Oh, great.

Phileaux: This is a house of worship.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Griffin, is it fair to say that me and Lady Godwin, our business concluded at the tavern, would have gone out looking to see. And like seeing the hammering on the door and stuff, we'd be making our way over there?

Griffin: Well, I mean, the parish is a decent amount—a decent distance from the Ghostlight Pub. So I'm not 100% sure how you would—unless you are using your keen tracking senses to track—

Travis: Yeah I'll do that. I'll make a—

Griffin: Tell me how you're tracking this old man.

Travis: Well, partially, I got Lady Aggie, right? So some scent tracking in there?

Griffin: Okay, I'll grant you scent tracking. Go ahead and—

Travis: Investigation or perception?

Griffin: This would be investigation, if you're hunting—

Travis: Are you certain?

Griffin: Yes.

Travis: One of these things I'm good at.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: A 16.

Griffin: 16, okay. Yeah, 16... dog picks up a trail, no problems. A distinctive scent, I would say, from this gentleman who carries around a lot of balms and tinctures.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Leading him towards the parish. In fact, you get there just in time to see Lieutenant Cornwallis arrive. You see Brother Phileaux through the door, allowing him entry into the church.

Travis: Hey, guys, is a lieutenant the same as a leftenant?

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: No one quite knows.

Travis: Oh, a lieutenant is a—a leftenant is a left-handed lieutenant.

Griffin: That's exactly it. Lieutenant—

Clint: In lieu of a leftenant, you have a lieutenant.

Griffin: Right.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: The lieu leftenant, Cornwallis.

Travis: My name is Lu Cornwallis! [chuckles]

Griffin: Runs to the body and says:

Conrwallis: Oh my god... I'm gonna be sick... ah...

Phileaux: No, courage... courage...

Conrwallis: It's my first one. I just joined the force... Oh, god! Is this what it's like every time?

Phileaux: Hm, okay... Strong. Strong. Take deep breath. Just not over the blood, just away from it so that you don't get the stench.

Conrwallis: Right...

Travis: Dad, does Phileaux have a ray of non-sickness you can cast?

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: To keep him yurtsing all over the dead body?

Griffin: The opposite of Ray of Sickness.

Clint: He has healing? He has healing? Would healing help?

Griffin: He's not injured and Father Moore is past the point of it being—

Clint: Well, I wasn't—yeah, I meant... [chuckles] No.

Phileaux: Wait, wait, leutenant, leutenant, look at me.

Cornwallis: Uh-huh?

Phileaux: Look in my eyes. Look. Look.

Cornwallis: Yeah, uh-huh?

Phileaux: Hm, all right... everything will be all right. You are competent. You are strong. You wouldn't wear that uniform if you didn't know how to conduct yourself. Or comport yourself, whichever one you choose.

Cornwallis: You're right. Okay...

Phileaux: Okay? All right?

Cornwallis: You're right. Back on protocol, Cornwallis! All right.

Phileaux: Very good. Very good.

Cornwallis: So, I will lead to frisk you.

Phileaux: Oh... No.

Travis: [chuckles]

Justin: [laughs]

Cornwallis: No, you've inspired—you've inspired me, sir! I will step back in on protocol and begin frisking the only available suspect. The only one present at the time of the officer's arrival. So, empty your pockets, please!

Phileaux: Well, I believe the first thing you would do would be to investigate the murder?

Cornwallis: I am doing that by frisking the pockets of the most likely suspect right now. Please empty your pockets!

Crawford: Hey. Hey, man. Based on what suspicion?

Cornwallis: Who the hell—who are you?!

Griffin: He turns to you.

Cornwallis: Who?!

Crawford: Crawford Muttner. You can call me Mutt, everybody does. Based on what's suspicious? You can't just for somebody based on like whims or whatnot. That's illegal, man.

Cornwallis: A lot of people telling Lieutenant Cornwallis how to do his job who he does not recognize...

Cornwallis: I've done a lot of research.

Justin: To be fair, the lieutenant was not doing his—like was not doing his job at all. So there's no reason to think that he couldn't do with a little kibitzing. You know, a little bit of guidance.

Crawford: Without consent, man, you can't just frisk somebody.

Cornwallis: All right. That's a good point. That's a good point. I don't even know your name, citizen. Which is?

Phileaux: I am Brother Phileaux.

Cornwallis: Hello.

Phileaux: From the Brotherhood Saint Tancred.

Cornwallis: Mm-hm?

Phileaux: And I... you know, after encouraging you to do your job, I can't believe that I'm trying to stonewall you on doing your job. So, allow me.

Clint: And he reaches into his robe pocket. And using sleight of hand, slides the cross up the sleeve of his robe.

Griffin: Okay, give me a sleight of hand check.

Clint: Okay, so that's... okay, sleight of hand.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Oh my god!

Clint: 21!

Griffin: Holy shit.

Clint: Wow!

Griffin: Yeah, no issue whatsoever. I'm going to tell you, that was going to be a very hard check. And you... you squeaked it out just barely.

Travis: You hide it so good, even you can't find it.

Griffin: This is a trained investigator who you're trying to hide this murder evidence from the job.

Travis: He said he's new on the job?!

Clint: Well, he's a rookie. He's a rookie!

Griffin: Well, he used to do different stuff. It's his first day on murder.

Clint: Right.

Griffin: The murderer beat.

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: And so, he reached into his pocket, doesn't find anything. Fumbles around, he opens up his equipment pack, because he has all these different tools for alchemy and other stuff. Shows it to him.

Cornwallis: Oh, I don't need to see inside your pack, just your pockets.

Phileaux: Oh? Very well.

Griffin: He holds up a little notebook that says 'protocol' on it is and he says:

Cornwallis: It's right here, pockets only.

Phileaux: Oh? Yes.

Cornwallis: It says good the names, number one. So, thank you for that, whoever you are. And then—

Phileaux: Yes, Brother Phileaux, I explained that to you.

Cornwallis: Yes, yes. All right then, I—

Phileaux: Oh, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait! Other pocket... a Werther's.

Cornwallis: For me?

Phileaux: Absolutely.

Cornwallis: I shouldn't. I probably shouldn't. But you know, I can't be bribed by—

Crawford: Or poisoned!

Cornwallis: [spoofs chewing sounds] Om-nom-nom-nom.

Griffin: Is this just a straight-up Werther's, dad? Travis makes a great point. Is this a laced Werther's?

Justin: Great point?

Clint: No, it's not laced. But it is one of the soft ones that has like a chocolate center. And it's Werther's, W-O-R-T-H-E-R.

Griffin: More like worsers. Because they're worse than the regular stuff. He goes:

Cornwallis: Oh, god, this is gonna be my whole day now... Okay, you're free to go! Cleared of suspicion.

Phileaux: Perhaps I could aid you in your investigation here?

Cornwallis: Not necessary, pretty sure this one was a Dracula.

Travis: Can I do... I don't know, would it be investigation, survive— whatever you would call it, based on Mutt's like experience with monsters and—

Griffin: Yeah, give me a survival check.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Many, many, many dead relatives by monster—

Griffin: Holy shit, that's a crit.

Travis: That's a crit, yeah.

Griffin: That's two crits! What the fuck?!

Travis: It's a double—yeah, so had I rolled with advantage, it would have been a double crit.

Griffin: [chuckles] Two 20s, that's absolutely buckwild. Okay... yeah, you... I'll give you a few things... I'll give you two things. One, there are these tall stained-glass windows flanking the sides of the parish. One of them—they are in a state of like fairly bad disrepair. One of them has a, with a crit, a fuckin' huge, bat-shaped hole. Like pretty high up on it.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: There's no glass on the inside of the parish. No spectacular sort of shattering of glass that has happened here. It all appears to have landed outside. It could not be more clear what has happened here. But... you know that Draculas are not able to come into buildings without permission, let alone a church, which strikes you as strange. That is what I—

Travis: The bite marks and stuff aren't a wolf like in—or bestial?

Griffin: No. Well, I mean, they are more bestial than clean Dracula bite marks.

Travis: Okay, but the bat is a pretty clear indication, you'd say—

Griffin: Sure, sure, sure.

Travis: Batman killed this guy.

Griffin: Batman killed this dude.

Travis: Okay.

Cornwallis: All right, well, my crew's come in. And you all should probably get on your way before they arrive, because they're gonna have a bunch of questions for you. But here's my card if you need me.

Griffin: He hands you a—

Phileaux: Excellent, yes.

Griffin: He hands you a card that says Lieutenant Cornwallis. And underneath it, it just says 'police station.'

Justin: [chuckles] [in a silly voice] The local one. You know the one, nearby. [chuckles] Nearby.

Travis: [in a silly voice] Not the one by the coffee shop. The one—you know, the one that's real—you got it.

Justin: [in a silly voice] If you see another one, you've gone too far. [chuckles] Go back to the last one you passed.

Cornwallis: May I ask—yeah? Sorry.

Phileaux: And here is my—I don't have a card. I don't have a fancy-schmancy, vague card. But if you need me to assist in this investigation, you know Jessica-Fletcher-like, please contact me. I am quite well-versed in the ways of... murder...

Griffin: [chuckles] He takes your—

Phileaux: I'm a priest. I do not lie.

Griffin: He takes your card, a normal thing that priests all have. There's no phones, so it's... does it just say, "Brother Phileaux, come find me."

Clint: Yeah, where—

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: [chuckles] Yeah. Wherever you go, there you are.

Griffin: That's true. That's beautiful.

Travis: I just want to say, as a mountain folk, Crawford does not share whatever information he gathered with the police. He does not trust the police.

Griffin: Yes, probably a wise... a wise point. He says:

Cornwallis: Well, you all are new in town, I'm assuming? I haven't seen you around before.

Phileaux: Yes, we just arrived.

Cornwallis: What brings you to the area?

Crawford: Sightseeing.

Phileaux: I am assisting a group that has come here, that needs spiritual guidance.

Cornwallis: Okay... Okay, that sounds good. All right, well, I was gonna say, you seem like you're Dracula hunters. And I have so much great advice if that was the case. But if you're just—

Phileaux: Well, yes. Well, that's what they are. I am merely...

Crawford: Eh! Em-er! Er-mm-mm!

Phileaux: Spiritual advisor.

Crawford: Sightseeing.

Cornwallis: This man back here is scratching his throat a whole lot. Are you ill, sir?

Crawford: No.

Cornwallis: Okay, awfully terse. I understand that. And what is your name?
Ma'am?

Godwin: I'm Lady Goldwyn. It's a pleasure. My eyes are up here.

Cornwallis: Enchanté!

Griffin: He bows.

Godwin: Finally! Finally, someone of distinction in the city who hasn't forgotten the old ways.

Cornwallis: Oh, never mind. Manners makes the man! Anyway, you all should probably be on your way. Again, you don't want to get caught up in this investigation. A lot of my associates are more thorough investigators than myself, you'll be tied up in red tape all day.

Godwin: Oh? Well, I suppose we should vacate. Is your work here done?

Cornwallis: Oh, no. I'm still working on this Worther's. And then once I finish that—

Godwin: I'm speaking to Brother Phileaux, please.

Cornwallis: Oh, my apologies.

Godwin: Phileaux, your conclusion?

Phileaux: I have concluded what I need to do here. Mutt, anything else that you... sense from the area? Other than the bat hole?

Crawford: Shh-shh!

Phileaux: The Wile E. Coyote bat, big hole?

Crawford: Er-er-er... er! Shh-shh!

Cornwallis: Oh, I saw the bat hole. You're being awfully evasive, friend. I saw the bat hole. It's a big hole in the shape of a bat.

Crawford: All right.

Godwin: We are going to be moving along. I would ask though, young man, if I may... a tad bit of discretion for father here? Someone of his standing in the community shouldn't be seen in places such as this. If you could keep our presence—

Cornwallis: In a church?

Godwin: Well... at a scene such as this. This is your first day on murders, isn't it?

Cornwallis: Oh, I understand the murder scene. Yes. Okay. Yeah, no problem. My lips are sealed.

Justin: Not even a roll. Thank you so much. Okay, let's go. [chuckles]

Cornwallis: I like to call you a jib.

Justin: [in a silly voice] "And I'm never going to—" [chuckles] "I'm going forever! Bye!"

Phileaux: Wait, wait, wait! One last question.

Godwin: I asked you! I specifically—

Phileaux: I know. I know.

Godwin: Specifically asked!

Phileaux: I'm so sorry, milady. I was just curious, you identified this person as Father Moore. Is he the only... the only member of the church that was in this building?

Cornwallis: He's the only member of the church in this whole city, i suspect. Well, not anymore! [chuckles] Now it's just you!

Justin: [chuckles]

Cornwallis: Well done, Highlander.

Phileaux: There can be only one.

Griffin: All right—

Phileaux: Now I am done.

Griffin: Okay, great. You all have a chance to regroup out on the... out on the street. I assume you all catch Brother Phileaux up on the task that has been assigned to you by Pierre Reynolds?

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: Which, just as a reminder to go into Frankenstein's lab and stop the source of the hand infestation.

Clint: And he gets 'em up to speed on the strangely clad little boy and the voice from the web-filled confessional booth.

Travis: Does that... Griffin?

Griffin: Yeah?

Travis: I'm sorry to keep asking if I'm a—

Griffin: You are a monster hunter, you do not have to apologize for hunting monsters.

Travis: Okay. When he talks about like hearing a voice and everything from that, especially talking about the Draculas made some new alliances with like the power of the Earth?

Griffin: Are you asking if that strikes you as familiar of any sort of—okay... I don't think offhand it does necessarily—it is not a zoological sort of trait of some sort of like, you know, familiar monster. But if you want to make a roll, I will certainly allow you to do that.

Travis: Yeah, I'm gonna make a history roll.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: Because... so one of the languages that I took as part of my thing is I have Abyssal and Infernal.

Griffin: Okay? Wow. Okay.

Travis: Yeah, so I'm gonna say Mutt had an aunt who was like pagan and big into that kind of stuff.

Griffin: Sure. [chuckles] Yeah.

Travis: He used to visit her a lot.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: He didn't listen to her very good.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: [chuckles]

Travis: Because I got a five.

Griffin: That's a five.

Travis: But she was very cool.

Griffin: I mean, okay, on a five I'll tell you it's not the Invisible Man that this thing is referring to.

Travis: Okay, good to rule that out.

Griffin: This is ancient. Your history check is bad enough to know that it is... whatever this thing was talking, about power of the Earth, that's not really your domain, especially. You know enough to know that like there's dark workings sort of in the very like body of this land itself. But it is so sort of... abstract and occult, that you are not trained in.

Travis: Coo, okay.

Griffin: All right, I'll leave it to you guys to sort of come up with a game plan for what happens next. You have a map of the town, you know where Frankenstein's lab is, if you want to head there. Or... whatever. I'll give your characters a chance to work it out.

Crawford: Not to force nothing, but I kind of need to go buy a new crossbow before we go do anything.

Phileaux: Well, I do not necessarily need Earthly goods so much, but I will accompany you. May we talk while we walk?

Travis: Shopping montage! Oh, sure, yeah.

Godwin: Talking while we walk, of course.

Griffin: All right, it's a long walk across town.

Godwin: Rather unseemly, but desperate times, I suppose.

Phileaux: Lady Godwin, you lived here previously, correct?

Godwin: Yes... I lived here. I can't say I recognize much of the city.

Phileaux: I was going to say, from when you were here before, was the cathedral... abandoned and ran by only one person? And not a force at all in the community?

Godwin: Used to be quite the social hub, honestly. Regularly, ladies from the town would gather there for the sewing in the praying and what have you. And then of course the children would meet there to learn Bible verses and collect the various trinkets for doing so. Of course, the men would... I'm not quite sure what the men did. I've meant to ask. But we were quite content, yes. It was not this destitute little hovel that you found yourself in.

Crawford: Sorry, guys! I'll catch up. Aggie's gotta go, and then I need to pick up after her. You guys go. Good girl!

Phileaux: We'll wait, we'll wait.

Crawford: Good girl, make poop for daddy. Good girl!

Godwin: Where do you hail from, father?

Phileaux: Where do I hail from?

Crawford: I need to find a trashcan real quick. Sorry, guys.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Godwin: Yes.

Phileaux: From the abbot of Saint Tancred. Not really that close, but...

Godwin: Now, is that—I heard Crawford say that—is that a fur piece? [chuckles] From here. Is that a far piece from here?

Phileaux: It is. It's down the pike and up the holler. So, yes. In Mutt Speak. In Mutt Speak.

Godwin: Oh. Of course. I have no frame of reference for what you're saying, obviously.

Crawford: That's three and a half miles.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Phileaux: All right, that's—

Griffin: Is that an actual distance?

Travis: I don't know?

Griffin: All right. You all finish your journey to the Mists Outfitter.

Justin: Griffin, did you like the scene that we made up?

Griffin: I did. It gave me a lot to work with.

Justin: Good.

Griffin: There was a church that ladies used to sew in and men did something in.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: And dad's parish is a long way away from here.

Justin: Great.

Griffin: I've got those—

Travis: And my dog made doodie!

Griffin: And Travis's dog took a shit. So I punched that into my AI narrative generator...

[group laugh]

Griffin: And it's given me a lot of threads that I can—

Travis: Oh, this is like a LucasArts game. I've got it, Griffin. Combine dog doodie with bloody cross.

Griffin: Oh! It's grossest object—

Clint: Bloody doodie.

Griffin: It's the grossest object yet.

Travis: It's Dracula's one weakness, a silver doodie bloody cross!

Griffin: A shitty cross. It is not difficult to find Mists Outfitter once you are in the neighborhood. It is the only building in the shape of a large top hat. You step inside and find yourself in a very crowded, circular room. The walls of which are lined with stakes and sacks of garlic and vials and bags of dust and all other kinds of sort of monster hunting implements. There is a desk in the center of the room with a silver bell sitting on it. There is nobody else present in the building.

Travis: Oh, so it's crowded with stuff?

Griffin: It's crowded with stuff. Sorry, yes.

Travis: Okay. Does the stuff seem legit? Or is this like toursity you know like—

Griffin: Give me a... give me an investigation check with advantage you know your way around monster hunting instruments.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: 19 plus one. Dirty 20.

Griffin: Okay. Yes.

Clint: Oh, we're rolling fools today!

Griffin: There is some stuff here that is very legit. There is some stuff here that is kind of tourist trap garbage.

Travis: Mm-hm?

Griffin: You have a keen enough sort of sense about you to understand these things.

Crawford: Somebody wanna ring the bell? It just feels rude. I hate ringing a bell.

Justin: [spoofs knocking sounds] Doof-doof-doof. That's me knocking on the door.

Griffin: Oh, you are inside the building.

Justin: So I'm knock the first time and it just goes creek. And I open up.

Clint: [laughs] Doof! Creek! Doof!

Crawford: There's a bell on the desk.

Griffin: Did you bring Lady Aggie in with you, Travis?

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: She's freaking the fuck out. She's barking a lot.

Crawford: What is it, girl?

Justin: Rarf?

Griffin: I'm not gonna... okay?

Travis: Okay—

Clint: Phileaux makes an arcana check. Is that okay?

Griffin: Okay, give me an arcana check.

Travis: Yeah.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Yeah, it's okay.

Griffin: Yeah, eight. There's some pretty magical stuff in here, I will say. That's all—sometimes I put a table with a bell in front of you guys and you're like, "Let me smell that bell. Let me smell the bell before—"

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: I rang it already! I said ding-ding-ding!

Griffin: Oh, okay, ding-ding-ding. You ring the bell. [sound of a service bell ringing] When you do that, white mists begin to coalesce behind the desk. Into the form of a bipedal feline figure. Whose black and white fur has grown into a natural tuxedo, complete with bow tie. And as he forms behind the desk, he belts out, [sings] "The world's greatest merchants have something to learn from Mr. Mistoffelees' shopkeeping turn!"

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! I'm so happy!

[theme music plays]

[ad reads]

[theme music plays]

Griffin: Mr. Mistoffelees prances about. Plies. Does a lot of balletic kind of movements around the room as he says:

Mistoffelees: Welcome to my humble establishment! May I show you some of my favorite trinkets?

Godwin: Yes! That would be a delight. We've got a little bit of... monster hunting to do. Do you have any supplies specifically for that purpose?

Griffin: He gestures widely with his hands and says:

Mistoffelees: Literally everything in here! What do you need?

Griffin: He holds out his hand and poof, a bag of garlic appears in it.

Mistoffelees: A little bit of garlic? Maybe some dynamite?

Godwin: I've got this here...

Justin: And I put my axe, Jennifer Meyers, on the table.

Griffin: Okay?

Godwin: But I'm going to be doing some rather dark work with it. Magical work. I will confess that I'm a little bit out of my depth, but I will be pursuing some nocturnal foes... A little bit of splashing the guts around. And do you know if you have any sort of... a way to zhuzh it up. You know, a little bit of extra magic, a bit of extra sharpness. You know, just something to better equipment for the trials ahead.

Crawford: Maybe like a silver coating or a silver dusting you could do?

Godwin: See, this is so good that you're here. Did you hear him? Silver coating? Is that possible?

Mistoffelees: I'm afraid my metallurgy skills need some work. I'm more of a magical cat man. But I can give to you this, for the right price.

Griffin: He holds up his hand and, poof, a vial of silvery oil is in this sort of wide-bodied flask. He says:

Mistoffelees: This is consecrated oil. Apply this to your weapon and I think you'll find those creatures of the night will be cleft beneath your blade like a hot knife through cold butter.

Godwin: So, how is this—this is fascinating. Now, I am out of my depth, of course. How is this consecrated oil created?

Mistoffelees: The most religious guys climb a mountain, a big one. You wouldn't know it. At the top of the mountain, they are able to—

Phileaux: I would.

Mistoffelees: Oh, okay. It's Mount... Tall Mount.

Justin: [chuckles]

Phileaux: Mm-hm, Tall Mount, yes.

Crawford: No, I know that one.

Phileaux: He speaks the truth.

Mistoffelees: Mount-on.

Crawford: Yeah, it's an ironic name like when you call a big guy Tiny.

Mistoffelees: No, it's huge. And when you go up—

Crawford: I've seen bigger.

Godwin: The different—

Mistoffelees: God's right there at the top and he kisses it. He kisses the body. He kisses the body. And it's not even the oil that's consecrated, it's the bottle. Because these super-religious guys get God to kiss it for you. And you can have it for the price of two money.

Godwin: Whew... two money...

Griffin: I will point out, Lady Godwin, I'm envisioning you as sort of the purse of this operation.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: After all of your... sort of life insurance payouts took place, you were left with a purse of 10 money.

Justin: Okay?

Griffin: You all have 10 money to spend on supplies for your voyage.

Justin: Okay, well, I definitely am gonna get the consecrated oil.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Is that a permanent upgrade or is that something that I apply and—

Griffin: That is a consumable item. You apply it to your weapon and it will last throughout the rest of the day. It basically changes its damage type to radiant.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Which you suspect will be quite powerful against a lot of the monsters here.

Mistoffelees: You mentioned wanting a crossbow, did you?

Crawford: Oh, yeah, if you've got any crossbows. I do need one of them.

Mistoffelees: What's your preference? Small, large, pocket, hand-sized? Wrist-mounted? That's probably not a particularly effective crossbow, it would be fairly tiny. Sort of—

Crawford: I prefer something, you know, on the large size. With the aim over long distance. For hunting, you know what I mean? More than close combat.

Mistoffelees: A heavy crossbow?

Griffin: He holds out both hands and poof! A pretty large crossbow appears. And then he is not sort of ready for the weight of it, he is just cat man. And

so it kind of like weighs in down. And he clunks it down on the table. He says:

Mistoffelees: We are selling this in a bundle with some of these bad boys.

Griffin: He holds out his hand. Poof, three silver tip bolts appear and he sets them down. And it can all be yours for the price of three money.

Crawford: Hm...

Travis: What's the stats on that there crossbow?

Griffin: This is a not magical—

Travis: No, I figured, yes.

Griffin: Straight up, heavy crossbow. It does... one D10 piercing damage.

Travis: Okay.

Crawford: I mean, yeah, I would like that, if we could. That'd be great.

Mistoffelees: All right... so far, we're up to five. How much of a—what kind of a budget are we working with?

Justin: We each had 10 monies? Is that right?

Griffin: You had 10 monies to split between all of you.

Justin: Okay, I used two. How much did you use, Trav?

Travis: Three.

Justin: Three, okay. So dad, that leaves us with five. Do you wanna see if they have any prayer shawls or something? I don't know. What do you guys like?

Clint: Okay, let me just point out that Brother Phileaux is an artificer. So I

don't think he actually needs any of these items, because he's—I'm just scanning through it here. I think he's going to be able to duplicate almost all these effects...

Griffin: Just with his...

Clint: Just with the things he creates.

Griffin: His powers.

Justin: You know, dad, I can make ham—I can make hamburgers at home, but I still got to Wendy's, you know?

Clint: I know.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Sometimes it's about the time that you save.

Justin: Sometimes it's just nice to have somebody else do it for you, right? You heard about that old-ass mountain we gotta climb up. You know, treat yourself. Don't you need unguents? [chuckles] Any tinctures?

Clint: Salves.

Griffin: Hold on. Hold on one second, dad. Hold on one second. Travis, I caught you in 4K. You are not getting a vicious heavy crossbow.

Travis: No, no, no, that was already there. I don't think I can remove it from there. I'm trying—that's what I'm trying to figure out.

Justin: Yeah, I can't figure out how to alter the items in my list on D20. I have a—

Griffin: Okay, well write it down, we'll figure it out between ourselves.

Travis: Yeah, that's what I was just trying to figure out. I wasn't trying...

Griffin: Travis, you can't blame me for thinking that. You're always trying to smuggle and snoop.

Justin: Very on-brand.

Griffin: Always smuggling and snooping over there.

Travis: I am not. Not always.

Phileaux: I believe if I were to suggest anything, I would suggest we... acquire the transceivers? To stay in connection with each other. Because in the stories, usually, the party gets separated, even though it's not intelligent. I would suggest—and it's really a suggestion—that we think about spinning three ducats on the transceivers.

Griffin: Just to go down the list here for the folks at home, there's a lot of vampire hunting goods. Stakes, good stakes, a lighter, a lantern, torches, bottled sunlight, dynamite, some healing potions. A holy symbol, which you kind of now have, Brother Phileaux.

Justin: Good job, dad.

Griffin: An alarm construct for any kind of camp you might make. A vial of acid, a can of salt and transceivers.

Justin: I do think that transceiver is smart. I think that makes sense. Especially if you're making a podcast. I feel like you should cut—you should probably have that, right?

Travis: Counterpoint.

Justin: Okay?

Travis: We say together and yell really loud and get dynamite to blow up Dracula's ass.

Justin: Now, wait a minute—

Travis: What do you think?

Griffin: This is the eternal quandary of wise D&D play. Do you get the item that lets you communicate with each other, no matter where you are in reality? Or a bundle of dynamite to blow up Dracula's ass?

Justin: [chuckles] Can I just say—

Griffin: 'Cause you can't get both.

Justin: I feel like that would—the transceivers would pay dividends. Like for me personally, I feel like.

Travis: Yeah, I understand. Listen, I see—ah, Justin. Ah!

Justin: You get it.

Travis: Oh, how I understand what you're saying. But also, counterpoint, we could blow up Dracula. [chuckles]

Justin: Yeah, yeah.

Griffin: He says:

Mistoffelees: These transceivers are actually one a apiece. So with your five remaining money, you could afford the bundle of dynamite and one transceiver?

Justin: Now wait. [chuckles] Now wait, one transceiver, that seems—just the one—

Mistoffelees: You all share it, you take turns!

Justin: [chuckles]

Phileaux: Yes, communicating with whom?

Justin: [chuckles] Yeah, just truckers that happen to be traveling past will be able to hear our... our soliloquies.

Clint: [chuckles] Yeah.

Phileaux: That would be like having a walkie.

Justin: Okay...

Phileaux: Without the talkie.

Godwin: Well...

Crawford: Yeah, no—

Godwin: I don't want to speak for you, Phileaux, but I've been sold on the dynamite.

Phileaux: Well... all right.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: You said you didn't need anything—

Griffin: Are you telling me that Brother Phileaux—can Brother Phileaux recreate dynamite? Is that your...

Phileaux: I must apologize. [chuckles] I mean, as the—

Justin: Yeah, if you wanna spend your money, dad, you spend your money. Otherwise, Trav and I are gonna blow it on dynamite. That's where you find yourself right now, okay? Pick something or get dynamite. [chuckles]

Phileaux: As a recent DM, I'm sorry, I was thinking of story potential. But no, you're right! Absolutely.

Travis: You don't think dynamite has more story but than fuckin' walkie talkies?!

Justin: Dad, if you can't see the story potential of dynamite, I don't know how to help you, my man.

Clint: [chuckles]

Mistoffelees: All right, one bundle of dynamite.

Griffin: This is an industrial strip of dynamite—

Travis: Just a reminder, this series isn't called The Adventure Zone talks to Dracula. [chuckles]

Justin: [laughs] It's called Dracula blows up—it's called The Adventure Zone blows up Dracula's dick.

Griffin: The dynamite explodes for 10 D6 bludgeoning damage after its six second fuse expires. This is an incredibly destructive object, obviously. You have one money remaining.

Crawford: A lighter! Gotcha. [chuckles]

Phileaux: How about a stake? The bundle of stakes.

Godwin: Oh? How much for one... one gold piece?

Mistoffelees: One gold piece for three stakes. It's just sharp wood, so I'm not gonna—

Crawford: For a sharp stick? I can do that?

Godwin: Yes, I'm sure we could forage for stakes.

Phileaux: How about the garlic?

Mistoffelees: Not good stakes... You want a sack of garlic?

Godwin: Hm...

Mistoffelees: I can give that to you for one.

Travis: Now Griffin, so that you don't get us later, it does say lighter on here. Do we not have, between the three of us, any kind of a light, like ignition source currently?

Griffin: I can say that you probably have a tinderbox or something, from making camp. As is your way. But it is not, you know, as—

Justin: On the fly.

Griffin: Not as on the fly as a lighter is.

Travis: Yeah, I would say that if we get the dynamite, we should get the lighter. And then the lighter is beneficial in a lot of ways. We could make makeshift torches—

Griffin: I think we should let dad decide how to spend the one money.

Clint: [chuckles] Thanks. You described the—

Travis: Hey! You had a chance, bud! And you were like, "I'll make it home like a real dad."

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: How about—[chuckles] the holy symbol? Is there a concrete thing or would I be coming up with something?

Griffin: You couldn't afford it, even if you did. And also I will say you have a holy symbol now.

Clint: Yes, I know.

Griffin: You got one from Father Moore. What there is here, it is another cross necklace, but this one is... just sort of a wood carved sort of rosary deal.

Clint: I think since Phileaux is an artificer, he would... let's go with the garlic. Because he can do stuff with that. He can do stuff with that.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Sure.

Justin: That makes sense.

Griffin: Yeah, you can season some chicken with it... and that's about it. Okay, he rings you up.

Mistoffelees: Okay, so the garlic... we have the dynamite...

Griffin: He doesn't poof that one into his hand, he very like carefully picks it up.

Justin: Right.

Griffin: From the table. And sets it down. There's like a box, like a wooden crate with like a nest of like fibers that it is sitting on. And he is being very, very delicate with it. And he closes the box, very carefully scoots it across the table. And one crossbow with three silver tip bolts. And some concentrated oil. That comes to 10 money!

Godwin: Yeah...

Justin: She shoves the pile across the table.

Griffin: He takes the 10 money. He says:

Mistoffelees: My thanks to you. Please don't bring that dog back in my store. Is it for sale?

Crawford: The dog?

Mistoffelees: Yes.

Crawford: Nah, man.

Mistoffelees: Five money?

Crawford: No.

Godwin: Yes.

Crawford: No.

Godwin: 10?

Crawford: No! No.

Phileaux: Ten money is...

Godwin: My coffers are not unlimited, I...

Crawford: The dog is not for sale. The dog's a member my family, guys.

Mistoffelees: Just checking, 100 money?

Crawford: Fuck off.

Mistoffelees: All right!

Griffin: Poof! He disappears. Okay, you all are now strapped to the teeth with an assortment of monster hunting tools.

Justin: Let's head out to the factory. Well, hm...

Crawford: Well, I need—can I go to the bathroom first?

Justin: The real bathroom or the fantasy BAM bathroom?

Griffin: Travis or—

Travis: No, Crawford needs to go to the bathroom first.

Justin: Oh, okay, sure.

Griffin: Yeah, a lot of piss and shit work from Crawford this episode. So I'm wondering if maybe—

Travis: Hey! It's part of the human experience, Griffin! Do you want—it's a little thing called theater veritas, my friend!

Griffin: Okay. It's also part of the canine experience.

Travis: Yeah!

Griffin: And we've had it both ways. Excellent.

Travis: We're on the same cycle me, and Lady Aggie. [chuckles]

Griffin: Apparently not, because it didn't happen at the same time.

Travis: Well, it has to be delayed. If we didn't have the same time that would be very difficult. She goes outside.

Griffin: Good point. Gross. All right, you all make your way over to Frankenstein's lab. It is in another sort of quiet corner of town. Not a residential area at all. You've sort of left behind the homes and businesses of the rest of this sort of metropolitan region. And now you find yourself in a big, open space. Almost sort of junk yard-like. There is sort of mechanical detritus scattered hither and yon. You see crawling around sort of the piles of junk, the occasional disembodied hand, sort of just... scouring the area for supplies, or whatever it is hands like.

Travis: You guys want to hear something wild that just clicked in my brain?

Griffin: Please?

Travis: You know, folks at home, didn't get a lot of sleep last night. But I was like, it's Frankenstein, it's a junkyard. Maybe it's a human junkyard. And then my brain went, "That's a graveyard." Whoa!

Justin: Whoa.

Griffin: A graveyard as a human junkyard? That sucks. That's a bad thing to sort of—

Travis: Whoa! Think about it!

Griffin: Okay! There is one area of this junkyard, it's sort of center of it, that is surrounded by chain link fence. Inside of that fence, you can see a secure sort of door. It looks like it's almost built into like a metal shack, that is sort of sloped down at the back of it. You assume that this is an entryway to some sort of underground area here.

There is a doghouse in the corner of this chain link fence surrounded area. You can see just barely a pretty massive shape inside of it. And you hear snoring coming from within.

You also notice that there is posted on this shack entrance into the underground, there is what appears to be like a search light. With almost that same—not almost, it is the exact same sort of amber light that is coming from the top of Lumino Tower. It is also sort of pointed out onto the space in front of the shack here. There is a gate into this area on the chain link fence. The chain link fence is about 15 feet high. The gate is padlocked, as is the door into this shack.

Justin: I'm going to swing on the padlock with Jennifer Meyer.

Griffin: Right away? Okay, make an attack roll for me.

Travis: Wait, hold on, just for context, Griffin, when you say massive shape, is it massive like that's a big dog. Or is it massive like the size of a bear? Or is it massive like 100 feet tall?

Griffin: Well, a bear wouldn't fit in a doghouse. It'd have to be a very big doghouse—

Travis: Yeah, but I mean a doghouse—like so it is dog—

Griffin: The size of a small bear. The size of a small bear.

Travis: Okay, great.

Griffin: Okay? Go ahead and make an attack roll, Juice.

Justin: Oh, attack roll, yes. I rolled a strength, sorry.

Griffin: With Jennifer Meyers.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: There we go.

Griffin: Yeah, 18. Sure. No problem. You chop right through this first padlock. And in fact, you flatten the gate. It falls off of its hinges and slams down into the dark.

Justin: She kind of raises a hand like:

Godwin: After you, gentlemen.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: As you do that, you hear... [spoofs snarling sounds]

Dog: Ruf-ruf... ruf!

Griffin: Coming from the doghouse. And out emerges an enormous dog. A Neapolitan Mastiff, frothing at the mouth, eyes blood red. It is snarling and it runs towards you all. It gets fairly close, but a chain yanks it back towards the doghouse when it's about 10 feet away from you. But it is losing its mind barking and roaring at all of you.

Travis: I cast Animal Friendship!

Griffin: Okay, that's a good spell for this situation, I think.

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: Can you link that in the chat, please?

Travis: Yes, I can. I think... yes? There we go. "The spell lets you convince a beast that you mean no harm. Choose a beast that you can see within range. It must see and hear you. If it is four or higher, the spell fails."

Griffin: The beast's intelligence is not four or higher.

Travis: I assumed it's just level one, right? Because I'm—

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Yeah, okay.

Griffin: So, I have to succeed on a wisdom saving throw or be charmed by you for the spell's duration.

Travis: Yes, correct. Okay, there it is.

Griffin: Okay, wisdom, not the dog's strong suit. I need to beat a 13. This is just basically a flat D20 roll.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: That's a three!

Clint: Ooh.

Griffin: Okay. The dog is charmed by you.

Dog: Ruf-ruf! Ah?

Crawford: Hey, bud.

Dog: Ruf.

Crawford: Yeah, here, you want kibble, man? I got it right here.

Travis: And I'm like waving them behind my back like towards the door.

Griffin: Okay, the duration of the spell is one whole ass day.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: So that's cool. You now have two dogs, congratulations.

Travis: Yeah! You know what?!

Justin: Dang, you should've sold your other dog!

Travis: You know what? I let him off the chain, bud.

Griffin: Yeah. Sure.

Justin: Quick, let's go back to the shop.

Travis: No, I let him off the chain to come in with me.

Justin: All right.

Crawford: Okay, what's your name? I'm gonna name you... Rufus. How's that feel? Feel good?

Dog: Bleh!

Crawford: No? I'll name you Griffin.

Dog: Ruf! Sloppy.

Crawford: Yeah, no, that's a dumb name.

Dog: Ruf! Sloppy!

Crawford: I'm gonna call you Sloppy.

Sloppy: Rarf.

Crawford: Okay. Okay, Sloppy—

Sloppy: My name—

Crawford: Sloppy, Aggie. Aggie, Sloppy.

Sloppy: Har-rar... her-rur?

Crawford: No. Hey. Sloppy?

Rufus: [chuckles]

Crawford: All right. [chuckles]

Clint: Are they sniffing each other's butts?

Travis: They are, in a very respectful way.

Sloppy: Yes! Sloppy is a gentlemen!

Travis: [chuckles] I've given Griffin a chance to be a dog! In not just a live show! You're welcome, Griffin! Griffin loves being dogs.

Griffin: Sure. Sloppy just starts to prance along behind you, just chatting up Aggie. Aggie seems very sort of like:

Aggie: Hur-ra-ra...

Griffin: Aggie is a much older dog than Sloppy. Sloppy is big and... young and... virile.

Crawford: Oh, I should say; guys, don't hurt that dog in any way or... it's gonna get bad.

Griffin: Okay.

Crawford: Gonna get real bad.

Griffin: You approach—okay, I won't say what happens next. What happens next?

Justin: Hm... I think we can start heading in?

Griffin: Okay. You all... make a perception check for me, please.

Clint: 13 for.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Oh, a 10 for me.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: I got 12.

Griffin: Okay. There is a subtle shift in the light. That's really all you detect. It could be a passing cloud. That's not really an issue necessarily, but it doesn't sort of strike you all as anything odd.

Clint: In the light from the spotlight?

Griffin: You can't tell. It's hard to tell with such bad perception checks. You approach the door of the shack, it is also padlocked.

Clint: Brother Phileaux is going to call upon his past, before becoming a priest.

Griffin: Oh, boy?

Clint: And pick the lock.

Griffin: All right!

Justin: Ooh?

Griffin: Do you have a lockpick kit, Brother Phileaux?

Clint: I have thieves' tools?

Griffin: Okay, yeah, sure. A wild... I guess you do get... you do get a lot of shit, I guess, when you are a... when you are an artificer. So—

Travis: Oh, right! I forgot you're an artificer. I was like...

Griffin: Right. So that is—

Clint: Just about all of [this applies/the supplies??].

Griffin: Yeah, so go ahead and give me a sleight of hand check with proficiency here. You are looking to beat a—this is just a simple padlock, we'll say you're trying to beat a 12.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: 21.

Clint: How does a 21 feel?

Griffin: No problem. Like falling off a log, you get those tools up in the lock and within seconds it pops open.

Justin: Nice.

Godwin: Jesus!

Clint: And kind of turns around to the other two and kind of sheepishly [shrugs??] his shoulders and says:

Phileaux: Well, I wasn't always a priest... at one point I was sort of a... shady character. [chuckles] We'll get into that later. Right now, we're—

Crawford: Ah, hell yeah, man. Wild boy.

Griffin: You all see this door open and begin to trudge down inside. As you all disappear from sight down into this stairwell leading underground, the amber search light turns to gaze towards the doorway. And then the searchlight blinks.

[The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula theme music plays]

Maximum Fun.

A work-owned network...

Of artists-owned shows...

Supported directly by you.