

## **Night Floors**

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**(With help from Robert Parker)**

“Night Floors” is a Delta Green scenario set in Manhattan, New York. The investigators play Delta Green agents and/or friendlies brought in to catalogue the articles of a missing painter. The bizarre tapestry of items in her apartment hints at something more than the everyday; for those few who can solve the mystery the rewards are reaped . . . elsewhere.

### **Background**

Abigail Laura Wright is missing. A successful commercial illustrator and artist, Abigail was last seen four days before she was reported missing by her father, Thomas Wright. Thomas Wright is a Nassau County police officer and he has pulled some strings to get the NYPD more involved than is usually the case.

Abigail had been living in Manhattan for more than seven years and has only been to the police once, to report a mugging in 1994 (still unsolved). Besides this, she has a distinguished academic record and an impressive list of credentials and former clients. Late last year, her first show was held on Franklin Street downtown at The Mercury, a small but trendy art gallery. She managed to sell fifteen pieces, and with this money took a half-year off to paint.

Six months later she disappeared. Her father tried reaching her for four days before calling a friend at the NYPD on June 4<sup>th</sup>. When the police opened her studio on 32<sup>nd</sup> Street East they found a baffling tableaux. What once was a modest apartment had become an obsessive-compulsive’s dream. Every available surface was covered in junk, glued or taped to the walls. Only the floor remained clear, the rug yanked up to reveal a battered linoleum surface. Among the junk were sets of dentures, partial dentures, a 1940s wheelchair, some modern and antique artificial limbs, dozens of shirts, shoes and briefcases, assorted radios spanning several decades (some operational), all manner of jewelry, earrings, rings, and necklaces, and thousands of papers of all designs and ages, some in Spanish, Mandarin, and even a college economics report in Farsi. Almost all these items were glued to the wall with a fast-setting, cheap, full-bond epoxy. Prior to this, Abigail had been a fastidious young woman not given to accumulating odds and ends. There were no signs of a struggle or any other sort of violence, and the neighbors could offer no useful testimony.

On August 4<sup>th</sup>, Abigail’s credit card was used in Patience, Maryland to purchase a pack of Old Gold cigarettes, and the case was given to the New York FBI as a possible interstate kidnapping. The FBI re-examined the tenants of the building and Abigail’s associates and friends, and soon come to the same dead end which stopped the NYPD. The employees at the gas station where Abigail’s credit card was used had no particular recollection of the transaction and did not recognize Abigail from photographs; the

signature on the receipt was her name, but not her handwriting. The gas station had no surveillance cameras.

Among the debris found in Abigail's apartment was a piece of paper with a Yellow Sign hastily scrawled on it in blue ballpoint pen. The occult symbol caught the attention of a Delta Green friendly at the FBI, Sandra Levinson, who reported it to her DG contact.

The investigators have now been shuffled into the case. They are to examine Abigail's disappearance, with an eye towards any possible occult connections.

## **The Secret**

Abigail Wright and the people of the apartment building have come under the influence of the King in Yellow (see "The Hastur Mythos," *Delta Green: Countdown* p. 198). Abigail came upon a copy of the play *The King in Yellow* in a bookstore on 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue five months before her disappearance. Being on friendly terms with the other artists in her rent-controlled building, she offered to lend it out. Each read it in turn, egged on by the others.

Soon the apartments began to change. Odd visitors turned up often, entering or exiting broom closets with no explanation. Strange voices could be heard in empty rooms having heated conversations in an unknown language. Some anonymous writer took to leaving typewritten sections of a new play under each tenant's door, a play about the tenants themselves and their mounting encounters with the strange, sometimes bizarre visitors to their building.

The other tenants went along with the oddities, relishing the unusual quality of their lives as inspiration for their arts. Soon the changes seemed almost comforting. They found their new world much more beautiful and baroque than any they had known before. The building changed, and the tenants changed with it.

Abigail was different. She took the changes like punches, reeling into a stupor from which she did not recover. Her art descended into madness, and with madness, enlightenment. Abigail, alone of all the tenants, had the insight necessary to *use* the change. She went to the basement and from there, other places. She set up her shrine as a last message to those in the building, utilizing every bit of rubbish she could find in the basement and the mysterious Night Floors that appeared in the building each evening. Her room now affects the mind, and those who view it for an extended period of time become open to the advances of the King in Yellow.

Abigail's credit card was found by a homeless woman in a garbage pile outside the building. From there, the card was sold for drugs and found its way to Maryland; it has no connection to the case.

Abigail is lost in the building, and will remain there forever. If the investigators aren't careful, they will join her.

## **Getting Started**

The New York FBI office is pursuing the Abigail Wright case diligently, thanks to her recollection of the transaction and did not recognize Abigail from photographs, the

father's law-enforcement connections, but it is not a high-priority case. The investigators are initially assigned to Abigail's apartment, to thoroughly document through photographs, writing, and other methods the bizarre and exotic contents of the alleged crime scene. The FBI wants chemical analysis of any odd substances recovered, serial numbers found on manufactured items and their ownership tracked down, and every piece of paper accounted for and sent for translation if needed. Their hope is that some piece of evidence in the apartment will lead to Abigail. If the agents work twelve-hour days, it will still take more than ten days to catalog and document all the junk gathered in the apartment.

### **Agent Marcus**

Marcus is the leader of Cell M, and serves as Sandra Levinson's point of contact with the conspiracy. He's one of the new bred of Delta Green, a whole-hearted zealot for the changes in policy since Fairfield died in 1994. This is mostly due to the fact that he lost four people to a machete-wielding madman on the second mission he led, and evidence pointed to another conspiracy, something called Project CATALYST, as the cause of the disaster. (Marcus also serves as the investigators' contact in the scenario "A Victim of the Art." The following information is repeated in that scenario.)

Although Marcus is Carson's contact he cannot get away from his day job for this assignment. After consulting with Cell A he decided to bring in another cell altogether to handle this op – the investigators, whom he contacts however the Keeper wishes.

Marcus's real name is Dr. Marvin Bloom, a bitter young man in his thirties who chain-smokes Kool cigarettes and often laughs at inappropriate situations. He is a forensic expert in the employ of the FBI office in New York. His specialty is the collection and typing of bodily fluids.

Since his induction into Delta Green in 1990 Marcus has been involved in fourteen separate operations in the New York area. He first encountered Delta Green during a series of bizarre murders in the Bronx in which the victims' bodies would disappear from the morgues they were stored in, never to be seen again, and the next murder victim in the series would be covered in the prints of the most recently vanished corpse. This chain continued until Marcus and a medical examiner sat up inside the morgue with one of the bodies. He saw more than enough that evening to be inducted immediately into Delta Green.

Marcus will only rarely make a personal appearance to the investigators. If possible all contact will be by encrypted email or phone. If they request a face-to-face meeting he will dictate all of the arrangements. He is very paranoid and fears that a "counter-conspiracy" is hunting Delta Green members or is preparing to do so. He often asks questions which seem unrelated to the case – are the investigators being followed, can they account for all their waking hours, that sort of thing.

If asked, he will usher questions up the chain of command or have simple tasks completed for the investigators (such as retrieving a book from the Library of Congress, having a DMV file checked out, *etc.*). Being an erratic individual, Marcus will only be available for a given phone call if the investigator with the lowest POW score successfully

makes a Luck roll. He will never reveal his real name, and will insist that the investigators follow this rule as well, so he “won’t know too much.”

Although Marcus has no real connection to the case other than supervisory his paranoia should be played up to keep the players on their toes. His fears of a counter-conspiracy and his nervous manner could both anger and unsettle the investigators, cloaking the entire operation in a sense of insecurity that belies its true simplicity.

### **The Macallistar Building**

The Macallistar Building, in which Abigail lived, was built in 1924. It is a classic three-story brownstone building with a *faux*-castle design. A fake portcullis hangs above the large double doors, artificial ramparts encircle the windows and ledges, and cheap concrete gargoyles watch from the rooftop.

A buzzer allows tenants to unlock the front doors through an intercom system. In the foyer is a small marble-floored room where the tenants’ mailboxes are; often old newspapers, sale circulars, and pizza coupons are scattered about here.

A single hallway runs the length of the building, carpeted in plush burgundy, with two apartments on each side. Two staircases run up and down on either side of the end of the hall. There are a total of twelve apartments in the building (five of them presently occupied), along with four storage rooms in the casement and a boiler room. The apartments are large by New York standards: each has one main room, with a separate kitchenette and bathroom. Each bathroom has an old-fashioned claw-foot bathtub and a hammered-tin ceiling.

Since the tenants were introduced to *The King in Yellow*, however, the Macallistar Building is not right. Few subtle changes are noticeable in the daylight, but at night it is a different place altogether. So far, the police and FBI have come and gone during the day, and so have missed the bizarre nature of the place – the face behind the mask.

At night the building changes. Doorways appear as if by some malignant cancer of reality, windows open on impossible scenes, the exit which once lead to the roof now leads into a near-endless expanse of rooms – the Night Floors. In short, within the walls of the Macallistar Building nothing is impossible anymore, and reality is as unstable as the shifting sands of a windblown desert.

Along with their build, the seemingly normal tenants undergo a transformation when night falls. Their polite smiles are replaced by malevolent grins, and their honest confusion as to the disappearance of Abigail during the day is replaced by first-hand knowledge of her fate at night.

The tenants and the building itself have become inextricably linked, each feeding on the other in an ever-quickenning loop of fantasy. This loop is so quick now that the tenants themselves don’t sleep, instead leading a twofold existence, feeding the fire that the Macallistar Building has become. When their imaginations finally consume them, the building will forever become a part of Carcosa.

[REDACTED] phone call if the investigator with the lowest POW score successfully

## **Timeline of Events**

This timeline of events represent all that has occurred in the Macallistar apartments up until the investigators arrive. Facts in *italics* are not known to the investigators initially, and must be uncovered.

**February 10:** *Abigail Wright finds a copy of the play The King in Yellow in a bargain basket at a bookstore in lower Manhattan.*

**February 21-March 12:** *The plays makes the rounds of each tenant in the Macallistar Building.*

**March 12:** *All tenants cease leaving the building.*

**March 20:** *A cable-television repairman, David Langford, enters the Macallistar Building to disconnect Roger Carun's cable at 5:30 P.M. He disappears at sundown. His van is stolen that evening and enters the black market; there is no evidence that he ever reached the Macallistar.*

**March 31:** *Thomas Manuel's parents, Arthur and Elaine Manuel, are turned away from the Macallistar Building by "A man with a suitcase and a dog. The man said Thomas didn't live there anymore."*

**April 2:** *David Langford, the cable installer, is reported missing by his brother. He is thought to have skipped town due to pending lawsuits from two ex-wives.*

**April 19:** *The last phone call from the Macallistar Building to an outside location is made from Roger Carun's apartment to his editor.*

**May 5:** *After several months of bad dreams, Abigail discovers the Night Floors in the Macallistar Building and comes under the influence of the King in Yellow.*

**May 10-28:** *Abigail creates the shrine in her apartment, using the Night Floors as a place to gather strange and exotic materials.*

**May 28:** *A going-away party is held in the Smoking Lounge on one of the Night Floors; all in the building are in attendance. Abigail leaves with a man known only as "the Encyclopedia Salesman." She is never seen again.*

**May 29:** *The first page of a mysterious new play is left in front of all the rooms in the Macallistar apartments, containing characters based on the tenants.*

**June 4:** *Abigail Wright is reported missing by her father. After several attempts to telephone her, he checks her apartment (to which he has a key) and finds the shrine. He then calls the NYPD.*

**June 5:** *The NYPD investigates the scene at the Macallistar.*

**June 6-10:** *All residents of Abigail's apartment building are interviewed, as are her friends and associates. A lack of further leads puts the case on the back burner.*

**August 4:** *Abigail's credit card is used to purchase a pack of cigarettes in Patience, Maryland.*

**August 6:** *The FBI begins investigating the case as a possible kidnapping.*

**August 9:** *Lack of leads in Patience, Maryland brings investigators there to a dead end.*

**August 10:** *The FBI (and, secretly, Delta Green) sends a team to investigate and catalog*

the Wright apartment.

[[END SIDEBAR]]

## **Ownership**

The Macallistar is owned by a company called ARTLIFE. This non-profit firm purchases property and rents it out to professional artists at low cost to further the careers of up-and-coming artists of all types.

The offices of ARTLIFE are located at 23<sup>rd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> St. East. The small building is open 10:30 A.M. – 6:00 P.M. Monday through Friday and is run by Cynthia Lechance, a well-to-do art collector who enjoys giving the up-and-coming art vanguard a fighting chance.

She will be easily intimidated by federal authorities and will cooperate fully to help the investigation. Questions about Abigail Wright will be answered promptly with motherly concern. She is also familiar with the other tenants in the building: Carun, Vanfitz, Post, and Manuel (described later in this scenario).

Lechance has no knowledge of the Night Floors or the strange tenants who live there. If asked about a “manager” – who some of the mundane tenants may refer to – she’s perplexed; there is no specific building manager or superintendent besides her, and she doesn’t use that title. The building is maintained by ARTLIFE and several workmen for hire.

She may mention that the residents of the Macallistar have not paid their rent in more than a month, and late notices have been sent. In another two weeks, the bills will be sent to a collection agency and ARTLIFE will begin the process of eviction. Lechance has visited the building and tried to talk to the tenants, but none of them will speak with her. She will offer a confused comment as the agents leave: “I’ve never had a whole building get evicted at once before.”

## **The Shrine**

Abigail Wright’s apartment is a testament to a slow and methodical madness. The walls and ceiling are covered in layers of materials: papers, small items, and larger things epoxied in a bizarre and seemingly meaningful pattern of strata. Most of the items cannot be unstuck without damaging them, so very little has been taken down by the police. So far, only three radios – a transistor radio, a small tape player, and a CD walkman – have been wrenched from the wall, one leaving behind a chunk of plastic from its casing.

The floor is bare. The rug has been ripped up and taken away, exposing a battered and stained linoleum surface. There is no furniture. Some of Abigail’s possessions, such as her television and VCR, had serial numbers registered with her insurance company, but none have turned up in area pawn shops or police seizures.

Anyone working within the apartment for more than five continuous hours, or who  
**August 10:** The FBI (and, secretly, Delta Green) sends a team to investigate and catalog

is alone in the apartment for two hours, or who spends the night here, must make a SAN roll. Those who fail experience an odd sensation akin to the feeling of being watched, and lose 1 point. The second time a roll is failed, voices can be heard through the walls, laughing or crying (it is difficult to tell), but words cannot be discerned. The third time an investigator fails a roll, he or she sees an unknown person pass in front of the open doorway to the bathroom rapidly, as if on a brisk walk, only to disappear. Those that experience this last event at least three times have been thoroughly affected by the apartment, and are now open to the full range of possibilities in the building.

Each day of examining and documenting the contents of the apartment grants a Spot Hidden roll for each investigator. If successful, it yields one of the following three clues. The Keeper may choose to space these clues out a bit, depending on the pace of the scenario.

### **Clue: The Map**

This large map shows an architectural floor plan to the building, along with X's marking each closet. Some closets are marked up with scrawled notes such as: "Door on 7/12," "Roses and butter," and "Man with briefcase and white shoes." In addition, doors have been drawn in on the edges of the map in pen, with markings such as "Mr. Castaigne" and "The Parlor." They seem to make little sense. The map shows no intentional irregularities in construction.

### **Clue: The Play**

Pages of the mysterious tenant-written play are present, though no more than one should be discovered each day. The pages are not numbered. The characters mentioned include all of the tenants (though not on every page), as well as several unknowns: The Super, Mr. Castaigne, The Encyclopedia Salesman, Mark Roark, and The Dog.

All the pages are triple spaced, and are often quite sparse. They seem to tell a story involving all the people in the building as characters, but whether they are true stories or fiction is difficult to tell. A sample page appears as Player Aid #1, included later in this scenario.

### **Clue: The Receipt**

This is a yellowed receipt made out to Abigail Laura Wright, but the signature of the person who filled it out cannot be read – it's little more than a scrawl. It's a receipt for one month's rent (\$850.00) in July for the occupation of apartment -10. In the layout of the building this would imply an apartment in the basement. But there are only four rooms in the basement, and they are used for storage.

Although the handwriting is recent, the receipt is obviously quite old. Research into the brand name (printed onto the sheet) indicates that this type of receipt has not been printed in fifty years. See Player Aid #2, included later in this scenario.

## **The Tenants**

During the day the neighbors are a relatively normal lot. They are an assortment of artists and writers who qualified to live in the building through special application, and enjoy a relatively cheap rent for the neighborhood.

At night, the apartment building is a different place. The quiet, everyday dumb stares of the tenants are replaced with clever, malevolent looks of plotting, of a sly understanding of things which should never be understood properly by the sane.

## **Thomas Manuel by Day**

During the day, Thomas Manuel is an accomplished painter who has received considerable praise for someone so young. He lives and works across the hall from Abigail Wrights' apartment, and the two often spoke. He has nothing but good things to say about Abigail – whom he calls “Laura,” her middle name – and often offers the suggestion that Abigail just up and left, because she was such a free spirit that New York couldn't hold her.

He doesn't know what to make of the condition of Abigail's apartment – it was never like this before – and heard nothing unusual coming from it between the last time he saw Abigail and the day the police broke in, four days later. He did not see anyone strange come or go from her apartment during the previous week, and neither did he see her moving furniture in or out.

Thomas's apartment is austere, and no art of any kind (including books on art, art materials, or art of his own making) is present. If asked, he says that the building's Night Manager lets him work in the basement nights, and that he does so often. That's where all of his materials are.

The apartment is a bare minimum, looking rather like a cheap hotel suite, and there is no feeling of comfort or familiarity. It does not feel like a home. A Spot Hidden roll will reveal that for someone involved in the visual arts, Thomas Manuel has a lot of stereo equipment, of very high quality. A second roll will reveal that he seems to own no books, magazines, published cassettes, or compact discs. If questioned on this, he says he got rid of all such items a few months ago because they were distracting him from his work; the stereo equipment remains, he says, because it was a gift from his parents.

He stores his audiocassettes, an incomplete copy of the mysterious play, and a medallion of bronze in the base of his plastic plant. Certain portions of his copy of the play (which has reached a considerable size) are underlined in red ink.

The medallion is an exceptionally made curio. Opened, it reveals a double locket which once held two pictures, each of which has left a bit of paper and glue behind from its removal. Besides the fine craftsmanship and filigree, the locket is mundane and contains no recognizable symbols other than usual ornaments such as swirls and rosettes. If the locket is examined by an expert, they can determine that it was made near the end of the nineteenth century.

Manuel's career has reached a standstill. Among the artists in Soho it is a well-



known fact that Manuel has not sold a painting in more than four months, and he has disappeared from the social scene completely. He is considered a lost cause; many speculate he has fallen under the influence of drugs, new-age religions, or is suffering some other personality change, but no one has evidence pointing directly to the cause.

### **Thomas Manuel by Night**

If asked about Abigail after sunset, Manuel will vehemently tell a different story. He insists that Abigail left the building with some no-account guy who sells encyclopedias and lives on the sixth floor (there is no sixth floor during the day). Thomas claims he has told the authorities this time and again, and has yet to see them follow up on this lead. (The police and FBI have no record of such testimony).

He last saw Abigail on May 28 at a going-away party in the Smoking Lounge on the fourth floor. If asked where Abigail was going, he will state that she had “moved on” or “figured it out” and could now move upstairs with “the others.” On these comments he will not elaborate.

At night Thomas can be found either listening to his cassette deck through headphones or making a tape of Abigail’s apartment with a small microphone that he strings across the dark hall, under the carpet. Sometimes he goes downstairs to one of the storerooms and works on his painting. In these rooms, although completely alone, Thomas can be heard to talk to another person at length – though no other voice can be heard.

If confronted about the tapes or the ghostly conversations he will explode into paroxysms of rage, doing everything short of physical abuse to make the investigators leave him alone. He insists he needs his privacy to work.

Both his audiotapes and the canvasses in the basement are completely blank, but are each carefully labeled with the notation “My Great Work,” followed by a number denoting its place in the series. Anyone studying the canvasses or listening to the tapes at length (Keeper’s discretion) must make an Idea roll. Success indicates that the investigator loses 1 point of Sanity and is now open to all the possibilities at the Macallistar Building, and the advances of the King.

If asked about the play *The King in Yellow*, Thomas has much to say. He will gleefully explain the plot to the investigators, and if he feels the audience is receptive, he will actually affect mannerisms of the characters as he speaks selected lines. As his explanation goes on, however, it becomes evident that Thomas is recounting the events as if they really happened, as if he had been present when they occurred.

Thomas can sometimes be found in the Night Floors playing ball with the dog, and the sound can be heard throughout the building – a ball bouncing and being pursued by a large animal.

Once close to his family, Manuel has not seen them in over two months, and now has no desire to do so. The building, sensing his apprehension, has taken steps to make it all but impossible for his family to see him. He ignores their calls completely.

**Roger Manuel by Day** has reached a standstill. Among the artists in Soho it is a well-

Carun is a middle-aged science fiction author who has enjoyed moderate success with his series of books, *Nightsea*. The investigators may have heard of it.

Carun did not know Abigail very well, but lived in the apartment next door to hers. He had few complaints except for one New Year's party in 1995 which got out of hand. Past that, he rarely spoke to her. They occasionally saw each other in the halls.

During the day, Carun is an unassuming, homely little man who seems obsessed with neatness, but falls short of his obsession. His hair is always askew, his sweater never matches his pants, and his loafers are always dirty and scuffed. His apartment is an extension of his personal grooming habits. The groundwork of order has been laid but never followed up on. The furnishings seem kitschy and somewhat old. He has an aged word processor, but otherwise no writing materials can be seen. The machine's printed output does not match the pages of the play which have been mysteriously appearing.

He knows and is on speaking terms with Thomas Manuel and Louis Post, but does little socializing. He prefers to spend his time reading, writing, or watching television.

### **Roger Carun by Night**

At night, Carun is never heard typing, but is often seen slipping in and out of his apartment and sneaking upstairs. He enjoys the hospitality of all the tenants of the Night Floors, and when returning from his jaunts he reeks of cigars and brandy; in his pockets, bits of exotic fruit and candy (dates, bitras, cinnamon sticks) can be found.

If asked about Abigail at night, he claims that she never left the building, and acts baffled when the story of her disappearance, the investigation, and the ensuing mess is explained. He maintains that she lives upstairs "on six," apartment F-109. If asked about the Night Floors, he readily acknowledges them and will again project an air of complete innocence, as if the building was *always* this way. If asked about Abigail's going-away part, which Thomas Manuel might have mentioned, he will only confess that he did not have such a good time and leave it at that.

His seemingly open and giving mood is a thin veneer over his true nature. Carun often places hairs over the openings in his apartment to see if they are disturbed by intruders, and is quite paranoid when it comes to his possessions. His word processor is protected by a simple password protection program, which can be disabled by a successful Computer Use roll. The password is NIGHTSEA.

Several dozen files are on the system. Each is titled as a short story such as "What the Other Hand Did" or "Smigen's Rule." However, each file is actually a single letter typed over and over again, with no breaks or returns. If the files are read in order, letter to letter, a message can be read: SMOOTH IS THE HAND WHICH MAKES THE WORLD AND STEADY IS THE MIND WHICH GRASPS IT. Also on the system is a copy of the mysterious play, here titled "Night Floors." It is a modification of the actual pages. Anyone comparing it to the pages in the investigators' possession can determine that Carun copied the play and has modified it to his own inscrutable ends; he does not seem to be distributing his version.

### **Michelle Vanfitz by Day**

Michelle Vanfitz is a feminist author. Somewhat withdrawn, portly, and dire, she is not much different by day or by night. She dislikes everyone as a matter of course, and polices more than most.

She has no friends or family, and is not really friendly with anyone in the building, although she knows them all peripherally. She has no television, no radio, and does not read the newspapers. She constantly goes on about “the establishment” and “the man” in a grating manner, referring to obscure and long-outdated books on feminist culture, beliefs, and mystique. In other words, she is absolutely annoying.

Vanfitz writes feminist poetry and fiction. Recently, her first short-story collection was picked upon by Berkeley Publishers and two of her poems have won local awards.

Her apartment is little more than a series of bookshelves covering every open space, blanketed in volumes of feminist and sociological-studies books, feminist fiction, and poetry. Crooked in one corner is a beaten old futon. Above it is a simple photo of Michelle as a young woman in front of her childhood home; no other personal effects can be found in the apartment.

### **Michelle Vanfitz by Night**

Michelle’s apartment is quite affected by the change at night and becomes incredibly large, consisting of huge, airy mahogany rooms full of empty crystal tumblers, cigars, and such, as if a party has just ended. No one can be found in any of the rooms, although conversations and merrymaking can often be heard distantly. Windows open onto other rooms, seemingly without end. At night, all her books are centuries-old texts about history, zoology, and science, the spines aged and worn. Also on the shelves is a copy of the play *The King in Yellow*. Vanfitz will go into ecstasies about the subtleties of that text, claiming it is one of the first feminist plays and that it portrays a patriarchal society shifting to a matriarchal one.

At night, Vanfitz rarely leaves her apartment, though she may not hear anyone knocking at the door since she’s off in some far-distant room. If she is located, she will go on and on about how Abigail got herself into an abusive relationship with “that salesman” and how they live together “on six.”

### **Louis Post by Day**

Louis Post is a painter and illustrator who spends much of his time working. His apartment is a messy dump, littered with grease-stained pizza boxes, paint containers, and dirty clothes. The garbage, once contained under the sink, has spread to cover most of the kitchen floor.

Carun Post took the platform and modified it to his fantasy paperback publishers into one and his paintings gain a presence on the covers of many popular comics. Recently, however, he has

been fired from his freelance duties for missing deadlines and avoiding phone calls from art directors. The last work he turned in was on May 4<sup>th</sup>. Since then he has remained in the building, working on private pursuits.

He lives upstairs in a front apartment with a view of the street, and rarely saw Abigail; even so, he is aware that she is missing and that the police have taken an interest. He openly answers any questions the investigators may have, holding nothing back, but acts somewhat chagrined about the condition of his apartment. While being interviewed he is both polite and funny and will even take the investigators around the premises if asked.

### **Louis Post by Night**

At night Louis pursues his craft with the aid of a large, baroque-bordered mirror he keeps under his bed. He sits at his drawing table for several minutes facing the mirror, and begins his work by asking question to the reflection of the empty room. After some time a voice can be heard responding to his questions, quietly, in a tone which is difficult to hear clearly. In the mirror, the reflection of a vague figure can be seen, which disappears when looked at directly. This costs 1/1D4 SAN.

Louis's current work – which is not present by day – is a nightmare mish-mash of horrible imagery: drowned babies with bloated, water-logged bodies, clawed hands plunging into basins, tangled umbilical cords wrapped about necks. His work now numbers in the hundreds of pages, each more disgusting and horrid than the last. Seeing these gruesome pages will cost the viewer 1/1D2 SAN. If Post discovers the investigators in his room at night he will attack ruthlessly, stopping only if killed or incapacitated.

### **Investigating the Tenants**

Anyone checking the behavior of the tenants will find some odd things:

Everyone has ceased going to the local shops; the workers at Manny's Delicatessen, Destroyer Video, and the Garrett Laundrett have not seen these former regulars in weeks. If phone records are checked, the last outgoing phone call from the building was placed on April 19<sup>th</sup>, from Roger Carun to Carmen Wagner.

Phone and cable-television service is about to be cut off for the whole building, due to unpaid bills. Soon all services will be shut off. (Regardless, the electricity, cable, water, and phone will still inexplicably function.)

Michelle Vanfitz has ceased attending her writing-club meetings. Carun no longer makes appearances at NYC fandom conventions. Thomas Manuel's parents have ceased trying to contact him after they were told he has moved out.

Some tenants' refrigerators contain milk that was dated to spoil four weeks ago – yet are all fresh.

No tenant has used a credit card or their bank accounts in three weeks, and there were no large cash withdrawals prior to that point. His paintings can be seen on the covers of many popular comics. Recently, however, he has

### **Thomas Manuel's Parents**

Thomas Manuel's parents Elaine (54) and Arthur (56) live in Hempstead, Long Island, and in the past were very close to their son. During the last four months, however, Thomas became more and more distant and now refuses to answer the phone or see them at all. This has been devastating to the Manuels, who love their son very much and are very worried about him.

On March 31<sup>st</sup>, the Manuels attempted to contact Thomas directly at the Macallistar Building, but were turned away by a man with a suitcase and a large grey dog who said Thomas did not live there anymore. They are out of their mind with worry, and are at a loss as to their next course of action. If federal agents show up asking questions about their son they will be overcome with fear and may cause a major disruption by endlessly calling the local FBI office, pursuing any explanations for their son's bizarre behavior.

### **Roger Carun's Editor**

Carmen Wagner works for Crescent Publishing, the firm which publishes Roger Carun's *Nightsea* series. She handles his personal appearances and edits Carun's writing. In the past Carmen has rebuffed clumsy romantic advances from Carun, and does not like him much, but she does her job.

Since April 19<sup>th</sup>, however, Roger Carun has made her job very difficult. After one last, bizarre phone call on that day, Carun has not talked to Wagner, and has not shown up to two science-fiction conventions in the city that he was scheduled to appear at. In addition, he has not turned in his new *Nightsea* novel draft, which was due at the end of May. She has kept a tape of the last phone call Carun made to her apartment on the 19<sup>th</sup>, a transcript of which is available as Player Aid #3 (see the end of this adventure). She will happily cooperate with law enforcement.

Wagner does not know what to think and is considering her options, while giving Carun time to calm down. She thinks perhaps he has had enough of the public spotlight and needs time to wind down. Or perhaps he has lost his mind completely. Frankly, she doesn't care, as long as he writes his book.

### **Louis Post's Agent**

Post's agent is Mike Severs, an older, experienced illustration representative who maintains a small, cramped office on the upper east side. As far as Severs is concerned, Post has lost his mind and alienated all of his former clients, effectively ending his career in New York in just three months – a record, he says sarcastically. He does admit that Post was full of promise and could have been the next big fantasy artist. Instead, he just dropped off the map.

Severs has no personal interest in Post's well-being. He manages over fifty large cash withdrawals prior to that point.

freelance artists in the U.S. and abroad, and has little time to spare for emotion. Besides, Post is hardly the first artist to flake out.

## **The Night Floors**

The Night Floors – the nearly infinite and shifting array of rooms which are accessible through the roof door of the Macallistar only at night – represent an interim state between the reality of Earth and the surreality of Carcosa. In Carcosa nothing is as it seems, and observation and belief actually transform reality itself, but this transformation is uncontrollable by Carcosa's inhabitants. In the Night Floors, reality is much more stable than Carcosa but more malleable than that of Earth. Only intense thoughts or feelings affect the reality of the Night Floors. The more concentrated the feeling or belief, the more severe the change in the world of the Night Floors.

These effects are cumulative and total, so if one person believes strongly enough in something in the Night Floors it will become real for everyone else. This can lead to problems. Single-minded individuals and religious zealots may trigger extremely bizarre manifestations, while people without motivation or direction will only find endless dead ends.

The Night Floors are accessible through a stairwell from the third floor that provides access to the roof of the Macallistar Building. Before nightfall the door opens onto a drab rooftop; after dark, however, it opens into the ghostly Smoking Lounge and the entrance to the apartment of the Night Manager, Mr. Castaigne, on the fourth floor. Past the fourth floor, the rooms continue endlessly upward.

The décor of the Night Floors is always that of the Edwardian period, from the late 1800s to the 1930s, though it varies from fine furnishings to cheap wallpaper. Some rooms are immaculately maintained and appointed, while others are water-logged garbage heaps. Occasionally people can be heard talking inside rooms, or can be spotted crossing the distant intersections of hallways, but very rarely can these people be approached or questioned. Many simply vanish before the investigators arrive, others speak no known language, and still others will flee anyone pursuing them until they disappear into a closet. These poor souls are the remnants of personalities completely consumed by Carcosa, and now repeat actions without meaning over and over again for eternity. There are those on the Night Floors, however, who have retained some sense of self, and who are motivated in their own twisted manner: Mark Roark, The Encyclopedia Salesman, and Mr. Castaigne. These individuals exist in Carcosa and on the Night Floors, trying to complete their unfinished earthly business in the shadow world.

## **Effects of the Night Floors**

The Night Floors are a very dangerous place indeed. Travel in them is unsure at best. Six hours' worth of movement in the night Floors may take but moments in the real world. A doorway which opened onto a staircase one moment may open onto a room the next. These changes should become more and more significant and frequent the longer the investigators

Severs has no personal interest in Post's well-being. He manages over fifty

stay on the Night Floors. Those that stay too long may find themselves in Carcosa itself.

Any investigator who suffers a significant SAN loss while in the Night Floors will affect the reality of the Night Floors to a greater degree. Things the investigator says may come true in strange ways. Those that go indefinitely or permanently insane on the Night Floors do not suffer these maladies until they re-enter the mundane portions of the building' until then, they may wander the Night Floors. Such unfortunates will soon feel compulsion to leave the group, however. They will notice a twisting trail of brightly colored confetti and part favors leading through the endless rooms of the Night Floors. If followed, the trail will lead first to the Whisper Labyrinth (see *The Hastur Mythos* in *Delta Green: Countdown*, p. 211) and then to the nightmare streets of Carcosa itself. From there, the palace at the center of the lake of Hali beckons, and in it, the masquerade ball of the King continues – forever.

### **Night Floors Encounters**

The following examples of surreal horror are provided to be unleashed on the investigators to keep them on their toes. It is recommended that these encounters spring up as the Keeper sees fit, to keep the mood of the bizarre nature of the Night Floors forefront in the minds of the investigators stranded there. Also, keep in mind that if any of these sights happen to push an investigator over the edge into insanity, the game is not necessarily over, but may continue for that person in the nightmare city of Carcosa.

Suddenly and without warning a huge chime sounds nearby, although the source of the sound cannot be located. It fades to nothing in moments like an echo. This may cause jumpy investigators to pull out weapons or, even worse, to discharge them by accident. (0/1 SAN)

A single investigator notices framed black & white photographs on the wall of the hallway, room, *etc.* which portray an odd array of people staring into the camera, their faces blank. Each of these people (most dressed in 1920s garb) are holding an odd-shaped bottle of varying design. A single name rides the lip of each photograph, written in a steady hand. None of the names mean anything to the investigators, except the last one. This photograph shows a single dark bottle sitting on the floor, and the name on the bottom is that of one investigator. This is the investigator's bottle from the Whisper Labyrinth (see *The Hastur Mythos* in *Delta Green: Countdown*, p. 211), and if touched the investigator will hear, in a near-silent whispery voice, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living god." (0/1 SAN)

A solid-gold goldfish is found by an investigator, lying unattended in the middle of the floor. The craftsmanship of the piece is breathtaking and when examined closely, it almost appears to be real. It is. Anyone putting it in their pocket will discover a live goldfish there in its place several minutes later. (0/1 SAN)

A sudden eruption of automatic gunfire occurs from deep within the Night Floors, which is silenced by a bloodcurdling male scream. Anyone chasing down the source of the sound will come upon a huge empty ballroom which smells of gunpowder, and which is covered

in odd dragging tracks of blood which lead from a large central stain. Dozens of Tommy gun shells lay on the floor freshly fired. Nothing else can be found. (0/1 SAN)

A dapperly dressed Asian waiter walks up to the investigators, carrying an *hors d'ovres* platter. The waiter speaks in an odd language no one can identify, but seems friendly enough. He offers the investigators some of the gelatinous snacks on his tray. Careful examination of the snacks will reveal a single, dead, tiny gold snake in the center of each cube of gelatin. This costs 1 SAN point for anyone who ate it without examining it.

Anyone searching for windows to the outside world finally comes upon one which is shuttered and locked. If opened, the window shows a view of an endless expanse of rooms. The window opens on a living room, whose windows open on a dining room, *etc.* This sight is mind-bending in the extreme and costs 1/1D3 SAN for any who experience it, as the characters realize there is no longer any outside world.

A fat man is seen at a distant doorway, and he too sees the investigators. He rushes to open his door with a set of keys, looking incredibly nervous and sweaty, as if he had done something wrong. The door swings shut behind him, but remains unlocked. If opened, the doorway opens onto a dark and seemingly depthless elevator shaft. No evidence of an elevator or the fat man can be seen. (1/1D3 SAN)

A little girl is heard singing in the distance. She is found in an empty dance hall dancing to a tune which comes from an unknown source. She is covered in a white gauze-like material which obscures her features. Looping round and round and singing in an alien tongue, she will ignore all questions from investigators. If left undisturbed she will slowly wind down, her dance and voice slowing as time passes. Eventually she will freeze in place and never move again. Anyone touching the gauze at any point will cause her to collapse into a thousand pieces of watch-like clockwork; she was an automaton. (1/1D3 SAN)

The investigators come upon a room full of unmarked books. Anyone opening a book will discover what appears to be a turn-of-the-century text depicting, in great detail, a dream the investigator once had. (1/1D3 SAN)

As the investigators approach the crux of a hallway they find themselves reflected in a mirror. The closer they come to the mirror, the more they realize that they are wearing gaudy part gear in the reflection, and are at the forefront of a much larger crowd, although there is nothing like this to be found in the hallway. If the investigators look toward the back of the hallway in the reflected image they can make out a huge, tattered figure in yellow robes. (1/1D4 SAN)

The muffled voices of what sound like actors delivering lines can be heard carrying on in a room nearby. Occasionally huge outbursts of applause or laughter can also be heard, as if an entire theater full of people was enjoying a performance. Investigators finally locate a tiny child's room with a small puppet theater. The puppets within continue to act as the investigators enter, apparently worked by someone within the tiny curtained enclosure. When opened, there is no one there. (1/1D3 SAN)

The tinkling of a music box is heard nearby. If the investigators pursue this sound they locate the clockwork child: a small, porcelain-faced, wheeled child made of clockwork. It rolls slowly towards the investigators, stopping before them, and its mouth rapidly clacks open and shuts several times. On its back is a small, round, red, impaled, and the child is covered



Carcosa. If the investigators turn their back on the child it vanishes. (1/1D3 SAN)

The sound of vigorous love-making can be heard. If tracked down, a room is found where the bed is covered in blood and shards of chromed metal. No one is in the room, though the words “Where’s my bottle?” are written on the wall in blue-black ichor. (1/1D3 SAN)

A large fracture in a wall opens into what appears to be a cave deep underground. A cool, dry wind blows out of the hole. Digging equipment – evidently used to open the wall – lies discarded nearby. Anyone who steps in the hole is now in the Whisper Labyrinth (see *The Hastur Mythos* in *Delta Green: Countdown*, p. 211), and it is quite obvious to any inside the hole that such a labyrinth could not exist adjacent to the hallway they came from.

(1/1D3 SAN)

A woman and a man are heard arguing in a room, quite heatedly. If the door to the room is opened, two statues – that of an arguing man and woman – can be found, made of a white alabaster-type porcelain. If the door is shut on them again the fighting resumes. (1/1D3 SAN)

An entire ballroom full of human-sized marionettes is found. Marionette couples sway and dance, their strings disappearing up into the dark; marionette waiters bring empty glasses to tables of revelers; a marionette band plays a soothing melody. The investigators are completely ignored by the marionettes. Inspection of the ceiling, perhaps effected by stacking tables, reveals that the strings are locked on tracks without an operator, moving their own free will. (1/1D4 SAN)

An investigator discovers a long crack in the join between the ceiling and wall. If prodded, the entire hallway falls away like a house of cards revealing a huge stage. The investigators stand on stage in the remains of what they thought was “reality,” but which was nothing more than simple plywood backdrops. In the audience, hundreds of human-sized marionettes sit mute, staring at the stage, their strings running up into the dark. If the investigators leave the stage the marionettes begin to file out and disperse into the hallways.

(1/1D6 SAN)

One investigator finds a small piece of paper with the terrible image of the Yellow Sign scrawled on it. As he shows it to his companions, each says “Tell me, have you seen the Yellow Sign?” one by one. They are not aware of speaking these words, though the other investigators all hear them. (1/1D6 SAN)

## **The Smoking Lounge**

The first room of the Night Floors encountered by visitors is always the Smoking Lounge. This is a large, inviting area resembling a turn-of-the-century men’s club. The walls are covered in re-velvet patterned wallpaper, and overstuffed armchairs of burgundy leather dot the floor. A large hearth and fireplace rests against one wall, burning constantly. A wet bar in one corner is available for anyone’s use, and always contains plenty of ice, unlabeled liquors and liqueurs, glasses, bitters, vermouth, olives, limes, lemons, oranges, and assorted other bar goods. In the opposite corner, a large walk-in humidor contains a wide assortment of the finest cigars.

One wall is covered in floor-to-ceiling bookcases made of rosewood, with a rolling

stepladder permanently attached to a rail that runs at the midpoint of the shelves. The hardcover books and folios are of many sizes, but all contain antique pornographic photos. All of the participants in these scenes wear masks, and many are staged in elaborate costumed tableaux. The range of activities is breathtaking, and the photos include many human oddities commonly found at turn-of-the-century sideshows, their peculiar malformations exploited to their fullest sexual potential. A staggering assortment of strange equipment is in evidence, as well, with people suspended from odd contraptions or imprisoned within labyrinths of leather sheeting and gauze curtains. There is no text in any of these works, not even titles or publication information. At the Keeper's discretion, some of the people in these images may look familiar to the investigators; they might resemble tenants of the building, or relatives, or the investigators themselves. All told, there are tens of thousands of vintage pictures in this obscene and inexplicable collection.

### **The Night Floors' Tenants**

Many people inhabit the upper floors of the Macallistar Building at night. An odd lot, they represent the lost and the mad, those irretrievable souls who have passed over to the world that is Carcosa. Some found this path by accident, others through intense study, but all regret having found it, now that they are here. They live their lives in dark caricatures of what they once were, existing in the endless shifting rooms of the building which is slowly becoming one with Carcosa.

Some of these tenants are described herein. The Keeper should also make up other odd folks as needed during play.

### **David Langford**

This poor cable-television repairman has been trapped within the Night Floors since March 20<sup>th</sup>, when he attempted to disconnect a cable junction on the room just as the change from day to night was occurring in the Macallistar. For several weeks he has wandered around searching for an exit, eating old cake and hors d'ovres and drinking flat champagne and beer to survive. So far his mind has degraded only a small amount and he has yet to run into any of the strange people who call the Night Floors their home; he hides at any indication of noise, holing up in any of the multitude of abandoned rooms until the sounds pass.

Terrified and disoriented, Langford will leap out of a doorway if he overhears the investigators discussing federal or police matters, or if they are wearing uniforms. He will have a breakdown, babbling his story over and over again and begging to be released from the "prison," as he incoherently refers to the Macallistar Building.

It's not too late for Langford to be rescued. The investigators can lead him out of the Night Floors and send him home. He will likely spend some months in a mental hospital.

One wall is covered in floor-to-ceiling bookcases made of rosewood, with a rolling

## **Mark Roark**

This enigmatic figure can often be found upstairs in the Smoking Lounge or elsewhere in the Night Floors. His slang and attire are those of the 1930s, as is his knowledge of current events. A portly man with a horrible wig, he is always found smoking a cigar and nursing a drink. His attitude is turbulent, changing from placid to fierce in seconds over the most innocuous remarks. Holding little respect for anyone but himself, Roark answers to no one, not even the police, and refuses to be questioned. If investigators take a kindly attitude towards him, however, he will be somewhat more forthcoming.

He claims to live on the seventh floors of “the Hotel,” as he seems to refer to the Macallistar Building. He knows all the residents well, and has lengthy conversations with all of them, including Abigail. “Gail,” as he refers to her, is “a sweet kid,” and now lives with “a creep of a salesman” on the sixth floor. He is less talkative about his own life, although he will say he knows the manager of “the Hotel,” a man named Mr. Castaigne. If asked, he will guide the investigators to the office of the manager; otherwise he is of little use except for drunken anecdotes or verbal abuse.

If a background check is run on him in the real world, the name of Mark Armin Roark turns up in a missing-persons file from 1933. He was an unmarried door-to-door salesman of Fuller Brushes. Besides this, little else about him can be learned.

## **The Dog**

The Dog resides in the many rooms of the Night Floors, wandering from place to place, occasionally eating leftover party snacks, crapping in the hallways, and generally making a mess. Far from malevolent, it mostly stays out of the way, and the Dog is only visible to those who have suffered three SAN losses within the Macallistar Building; otherwise, it is only observable through the aftermath of its movements, sounds and smells (this costs 1/1D3 to observe).

When visible, the Dog is a large, gray, long-haired mastiff. Stupidly obedient to anyone who feeds it more than once, the Dog is far too slow, clumsy, and stupid to cause any significant threat to prepared investigators.

The Dog is the only phantasm in the Macallistar that can travel anywhere in the building, at any time, day or night.

## **The Encyclopedia Salesman**

The mysterious Encyclopedia Salesman haunts the Macallistar Building from time to time, although only glimpses of him can be seen by the fully sane. A dashing figure in a pinstriped suit and two-tone shoes holding a large briefcase, he is often seen on the Night Floors rushing past open doors or across the crux of hallways, but only peripherally. He is never seen directly by those who have not failed at least three SAN checks. He will likely spend some months in a mental hospital.

Those open to the influence of the King in Yellow, however, tend to see the Encyclopedia Salesman much more readily. In fact, those who lose enough SAN on the

Night Floors to go indefinitely insane in the real world can follow the Salesman (although they can never catch up), all the way to the Whisper Labyrinth (see *The Hastur Mythos* in *Delta Green: Countdown*, p. 211) and perhaps beyond.

The Encyclopedia Salesman is a soul without peace, who even after locating his bottle in the Labyrinth was doomed to wander unfulfilled. He continues to do so, hoping to lure others to a similar fate, so he can have some company in eternity. No statistics are provided for him because he should never be met face to face.

### **The Author**

The Author is a mystery. He is never seen. Only the remnants of his passing can be found in the pages of his play that he leaves around the building. Late at night he can be heard faintly, hidden in one of the many rooms of the Night Floors typing and listening to a single phonograph record over and over again.

An investigator who has failed three SAN checks in the Macallistar can find the room of the Author, but only if he is alone, or with others who have also failed three checks. The Author's room is a mess. Covered in sweat-stained clothes of 1930s vintage and discarded empty glass bottles of bootleg hooch, the cramped room reeks of old smoke and alcohol-tainted sweat, but the author is never there. A battered portable Underwood typewriter occupies the small oak desk and an assortment of blank pages lay scattered about. His writing is never found, although the typewriter's printing matches the pages of the mysterious play.

On the floor next to the desk is an antique phonograph which starts to play when anyone examines it. The record that is always playing is a song called "Whatever Happed to Abby," by Phil Heart and the Heart Heps, which was released in 1938.

### **The Night Manager**

Henri de Calvados Castaigne resides on the fourth floor, which is accessible only at night. As Night Manager of the Macallistar, he lives in a rambling but cramped apartment across from the Smoking Lounge, and is rarely seen outside the doors of his home.

At night Castaigne arranges who resides in which apartments and fixes leaks and such, although due to his nocturnal nature he rarely attends to his duties. Castaigne will claim he simply works for the Superintendent, a party who he will not name under any circumstance. He has no knowledge of ARTLIFE (see earlier in this adventure) or the company's leader, Cynthia Lechance, and denies that they own or operate the Macallistar Building.

Castaigne is an old, old man, and walks with a shuffling limp indicating that some sort of debilitating illness or stroke affected him sometime in the past. His hair is long and white and unkempt, and he looks much like a miniature Einstein. He dresses in exquisite but old clothing, reminiscent of the late 19<sup>th</sup> century. His voice hides a small accent, perhaps central European or Russian, which is all but wiped out by his adopted tongue,

English. Castaigne is quiet, courteous, and seemingly kind, but often those who receive his kindness can feel the manufactured nature of his *bon-mots*, and the mocking nature of his voice.

Castaigne is a difficult man to gauge. He is both giving and purposely secretive at the same time. His past is couched in innuendo and old black-and-white photographs of bombed-out cities with senseless inscriptions (“Downtown Tulips” or “Sovereign Carriage”). Other photographs are of indeterminate battlefield scenes containing groups of people – possibly refugees. Castaigne will only point out faces in the crowds rapidly and say “Father, mother, Anna, Christian . . .” He refuses to speak at length about any of them, instead asserting, “They all died during the war.” He does not specify which war. If asked of his origins, he claims he was born in a country of city called Carcosa, but refuses to get specific, and will not discuss “the old days.”

If asked about Abigail, he explains that she lives on the sixth floor with the Salesman. He does not really know much about the couple except they are quiet and pay on time each month in cash. He says the others in the building would know much more about the subject.

His dark apartment is stacked wall to wall with old, yellowed newspapers and magazines, none more recent than 1940. Some have headlines which are downright bizarre, and which point towards the entropic nature of the Night Floors (such as a New York *Tribune* headline from July 1, 1923: “Russo-Germanic Pact Crumbles, Vienna Liberated”). Mr. Castaigne will not discuss his odd collection, and gets cranky if the investigators start poking around.

Inside his locked bedroom is his most carefully kept secret. Here he maintains *The Imperial Dynasty of America*, a bundle of ragged and worn handwritten pages which track some sort of complex lineage. It is described further in the next section. Castaigne’s name lies inside the hundreds listed within, and if it is discovered by investigators, it will drive the poor twisted man into an ineffectual murderous frenzy. When he is (easily) subdued, he will shriek, “No! No! The crown is mine! Mine!” Once restrained he will not say anything more on the subject, but will pout quietly, mumbling to himself.

(Henri Castaigne is a cousin of Hildred Castaigne, who is described in *The Hastur Mythos* in *Delta Green: Countdown*, p. 212. The two are aware of each other’s existence and have met on occasion, but they bitterly dispute each other’s claim to the crown.

## **The Imperial Dynasty of America**

This leather-bound folio of loose and yellowed pages contains a complex lineage, tracing some sort of royal bloodline from Carcosa to New York City. Over one thousand names are contained within, including that of Henri Castaigne, the Night Manager of the Macallistar Building. On the last page, emblazoned in a splotch of red wax, is the terrible Yellow Sign.

*The Imperial Dynasty of America*, perhaps central European or Russian, which is all but wiped out by his adopted tongue,  
**Langue:** English; **Mythos Gain:** +1%; **SAN Loss:** 0; **Spell Multiplier:** none; **Study**

**Time:** 1 week; **Grants Skill Checks in:** Occult; **Spells:** none

## **The Super**

The Super – short for Superintendent – to which Mr. Castaigne refers is his euphemism for the King in Yellow, the patron of the Night Floors. If properly goaded, Mr. Castaigne may lead susceptible investigators to Carcosa itself to meet the Super, using the Whisper Labyrinth (see *The Hastur Mythos* in *Delta Green: Countdown*, p. 211) as a causeway between the two worlds. Otherwise he will refuse to elaborate further on the nature of the Super, and will only say that he lives “upstairs,” and is having a party.

## **Running This Scenario**

Abigail Wright can never be found. She has moved from her apartment to the Night Floors and from there to Carcosa. At best, the investigators can deduce what happened to her and try to avoid her fate.

The primary challenge of the scenario is simply to explore and survive. Once the investigators have discovered and examined the Night Floors, the resolution of this situation is up to them. ARTLIFE plans to evict the tenants soon, meaning they’ll probably be dragged out by the police and perhaps committed to asylums. But then, of course, other tenants will move in, and will soon fall under the building’s spell.

The only permanent solution is for the Macallistar to be demolished. Desperate investigators may decide to undertake this themselves, perhaps destroying it with a truck bomb or burning it down. Potentially, Delta Green could even buy the building from ARTLIFE at a generous mark-up, and then either destroy it or attempt to examine it (a perilous option).

Either way, other copies of *The King in Yellow* are still floating around out there. The fate of the Macallistar may one day befall another building – or the world itself.

## **NPCs**

### **Roger Peter Carun**

**Obsessive Author, age 43**

**Race:** Caucasian

STR	9	CON	9	SIZ	10	INT	15	POW	13
DEX	10	APP	10	EDU	15	SAN	17	HP	10

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Education:** Masters in English, Catholic University

**Occupation:** Science-Fiction author

**Skills:** Art (Writing) 55%, Bargain 25%, Computer Use 40%, Drive Automobile 39%, Persuade 43%, Psychology 34%

**Languages:** English 81%, Italian 9%, Spanish 14%

**Attacks:** None

**Description:** Roger is a strangely fastidious slob. His attempts at cleanliness only exacerbate his naturally sloppy nature. His glasses are always crooked, his hair unkempt, his clothes clean but poorly pressed and mismatched.

Otherwise, he is short and completely forgettable. He speaks in a quiet, furtive voice, and is insistent in his views, out-maneuvering his verbal opponents with complex and flowery language that never quite makes a valid point.

### **Henri de Calvados Castaigne**

#### **Heir of the One True King, age 75?**

**Race:** Caucasian

STR	8	CON	7	SIZ	8	INT	12	POW	13
DEX	8	APP	9	EDU	22	SAN	30	HP	10

**Damage Bonus:** -1D4

**Education:** Private tutors

**Occupation:** Self-proclaimed Night Manager of the Macallistar

**Skills:** Archaeology 14%, Art 30%, Astronomy 31%, Chemistry 13%, Cthulhu Mythos 4%, History 56%, Law 16%, Listen 45%, Occult 62%, Persuade 41%, Psychology 39%

**Languages:** English 100%, French 55%, German 14%, Italian 39%, Spanish 75%

**Attacks:** None

**Description:** Castaigne is a diminutive man with a shock of white hair, an antiquated taste in clothes, and a quiet demeanor. In his apartment he shuffles around in his slippers like a ghost, re-arranging papers and photos as if by some divine plan.

If his secret dreams of kingship are discovered the little man will go berserk, doing all he can to injure, maim, or kill the investigators, although due to his advanced age he is not very capable of violence.

### **The Dog**

#### **Affable Mastiff, age 5**

STR	12	CON	12	SIZ	10
POW	7	DEX	9	HP	11

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Skills:** Listen 78%, Scent Something Interesting 96%

**Attacks:** Bite 25%, 1D6

**Description:** The Dog is a large grey-haired mastiff. Its narrow eyes give it a harmless appearance despite its size, and its clumsy gait and huge feet often lead it to trip and fall.

### **David Langford**

#### **Cable Guy, age 41**

**Race:** Caucasian

STR	10	CON	11	SIZ	10	INT	11	POW	11
DEX	11	APP	11	EDU	12	SAN	41	HP	11

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Attacks:** None

**Education:** High School

**Occupation:** Cable-Television Repairman

**Skills:** Accounting 12%, Drive Automobile 55%, Electronics 39%, Fast Talk 31%, Mechanical Repair 36%, Persuade 30%

**Languages:** English 60%

**Attacks:** None

**Description:** Langford was once a handsome and garrulous older man, but the Night Floors have been cruel to him. He looks more like a starved victim of a Nazi death camp than a cable repairman now.

### **Thomas Manuel**

**Mad Artist, age 26**

**Race:** Hispanic

STR 11    CON 12    SIZ 11    INT 12    POW 14

DEX 13    APP 12    EDU 14    SAN 21    HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Education:** B.A., Pratt Institute

**Occupation:** Fine Artist

**Skills:** Art History 58%, Art (Painting) 60%, Art (Photography) 31%, Art (Sculpture) 34%, Computer Use 39%, Conceal 19%, Electronics 47%, Spot Hidden 61%

**Languages:** English 70%, Spanish 74%

**Attacks:** None

**Description:** Thomas is an average-looking man with a luxurious mane of black hair which he wears in a loose ponytail. His narrow eyes are blue-grey and are often hidden behind red-tinted sunglasses. He dresses in a casual manner, never in anything more formal than a t-shirt and jeans.

During the day he is withdrawn and polite, but at night, he is an animated and outgoing person who always ends up the life of the party.

### **Louis Adar Post**

**Crazed Illustrator, age 27**

**Race:** Caucasian

STR 11    CON 11    SIZ 11    INT 12    POW 14

DEX 13    APP 12    EDU 12    SAN 29    HP 11

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Education:** High School

**Occupation:** Comic Book and Paperback Cover Artist

**Skills:** Art (Painting) 67%, Computer Use 41%, Fast Talk 37%, Occult 11%, Swim 36%

**Languages:** English 60%, French 18%

**Attacks:** None

**Description:** Louis is a disheveled but attractive man who wears only button-down short-sleeve shirts and khakis. His fingers are always covered in India-ink stains and his hair

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Education:** High School



altogether. Quiet and brooding, any provocation of the dark Thomas will drive him into a murderous frenzy.

### **Mark Armin Roark**

#### **Dead Man Who Tells Tales, age 45?**

**Race:** Caucasian

STR 14    CON 13    SIZ 14    INT 11    POW 9  
DEX 10    APP 11    EDU 9    SAN 0    HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Education:** Junior High School

**Occupation:** Former Traveling Salesman

**Skills:** Chemistry 13%, Drive Automobile 26%, Earth Science 29%, Fast Talk 37%, History 30%, Mathematics 10%, Physics 20%, Sneak 39%, Spot Hidden 44%

**Languages:** English 45%

**Attacks:** None

**Description:** Roark is an overweight man in a seersucker suit, Roark's wig, a comical lump of red hair which sits on his head with all the grace of a dead animal, is his only point of pride. Roark's overbearing nature is compounded by his large stature and bulky frame. There is always a cigar in his mouth.

### **Michelle Vanfitz**

#### **Annoying Activist, age 29**

**Race:** Caucasian

STR 11    CON 13    SIZ 10    INT 12    POW 13  
DEX 12    APP 11    EDU 17    SAN 11    HP 11

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Education:** Masters in Womens' Studies, Bennington College

**Occupation:** Feminist Author

**Skills:** Art (Poetry) 49%, Art (Writing) 38%, Diatribe 81%, Drive Auto 31%, Feminist Literature 53%, Library Use 40%

**Languages:** English 92%, Spanish 31%

**Attacks:** Mace 39%, 1D10 minutes stun

**Description:** Michelle is a squat, distressing woman who frowns constantly. She wears "anti-establishment" clothing; Mustafa hat, African beads, hemp vests and pants, and non-prescription glasses. Pretentious beyond compare, she is caught up in her world-view and will not veer from it one iota for anybody. Those who persist in ridiculing her belief system may find out she carries mace everywhere she goes.

### **Player Aid 2: The Receipt**

This small piece of paper can be found in Abigail's apartment:

**[EDITOR'S NOTE: There's a visual handout here, which I've created an abstract**

**for.]**

A receipt from Teese Paper Products, #00919, it reads in a handwritten script:

Abigail Laura Wright  
July Rent \$850  
Apt. S-10  
<Signature>

**Player Aid 3: Roger Carun's Phone Call**

This taped message lasts about two minutes, and was left on April 19<sup>th</sup> on Carmen Wagner's answering machine. It is clearly identifiable as Roger Carun's voice. Transcript follows:

“Carmen? Carmen? I . . . Listen. I don't know if this is getting through. Listen. I've found . . . something. It's amazing. The book, it's . . . it's just incredible. It's so fucking inspiring! I'm working on something new, something to do with the change, you'll see . . . I love it . . . the way things are now, the way the building, I don't know . . . is. I can't explain it. The upstairs just goes on and on. The doors . . . keep on . . . I don't know . . . going. It's incredible. Like a Borges story. It's like living in a surreal novel. I can't describe it . . . The others warned me not to call . . . but here . . . um . . . here I am. Just wanted to say goodbye. To tell you not to come by anymore, I won't be here . . . I'm hoping to move upstairs soon . . . to live with the others. Abby and the others are waiting so . . . gotta go. Love and kisses . . . Oh . . . this was Roger Carun. Bye.”

**SCENE:       The Smoking Lounge, a large parlor on the fourth floor. In the room are THE DOG, THOMAS and MICHELLE.**

**ENTER MARK ROARK.**

**MARK:        Abigail is gone, she moved upstairs today.**

**THOMAS:     And?**

**MARK:        I miss the kid.**

**MICHELLE: Her dad, that pig, came around. She doesn't like you Mark, no one likes you. Anyway, she ran off with that salesman, everyone knows it.**

**MARK:        Fuck you, you cunt.**

**[EDITOR'S NOTE: There's a visual handout here, which I've created an abstract**

**THOMAS:** Come on guys . . . come on . . .

**THE DOG BARKS.**

Someone is heard coming up the steps, a loud racket reverberating up and down the staircase.

**MARK:** Who is that?

Everyone stops to listen.

**MICHELLE:** Who could be down there? Who is that?

**MARK** steps to the doorway and leans to look down the stairs.

**MARK:** Hello? Hello?

**ENTER FBI AGENTS**