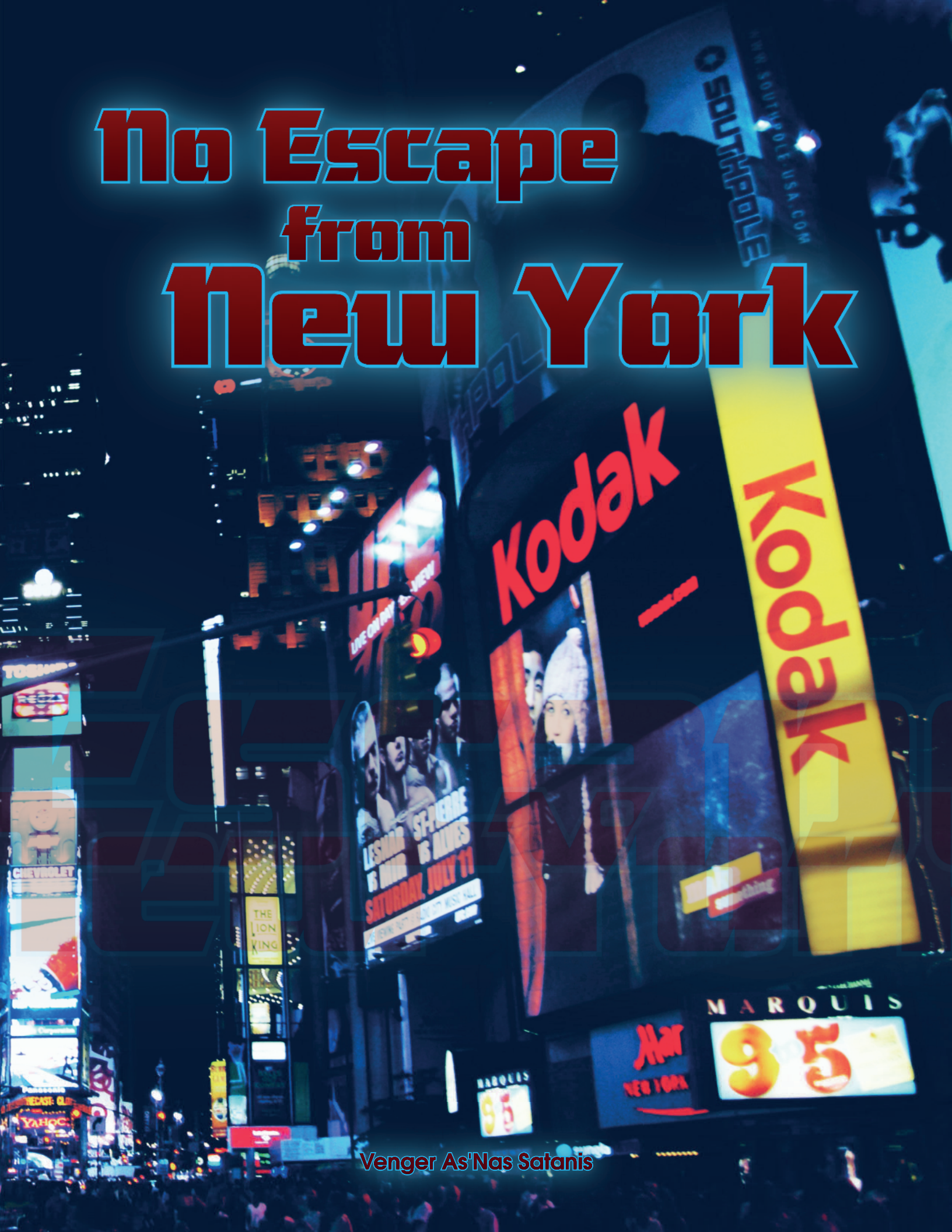


No Escape from New York



Venger As'Nas Satanis

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2015

You'll be adventuring in a parallel world of New York City, circa 1983. After a short but calamitous global thermal nuclear war, the urban landscape became a burned-out wasteland of ruin and mutation. Survivors congregate in the city that never sleeps, making it their nightmarish playground... a shithole of degeneracy and wickedness.

(29-09-2015)

No Escape From New York is an O5R scenario for the science fiction and fantasy paper & pencil roleplaying game Crimson Dragon Slayer, but it is meant to be compatible with nearly every RPG derived from the first of its kind. This work should be considered a parody, joke, or spoof. Kort'thalis Publishing does not own the rights to various intellectual properties paraphrased, mentioned, or implied. The rights to reproduce this work are reserved for the copyright holder.

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Layout: Glynn Seal (MonkeyBlood Design)

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Playtesters: Daniel Kester, Ethan Stoiber, Tim Virnig, Steve Perkins, and Nix.

RUNNING CRIMSON DRAGON SLAYER

Crimson Dragon Slayer is one of those roleplaying games where you can fly your gonzo flag sky-high. There's really no limit to the zany stuff that can be thrown in, knowing that the session or campaign won't be derailed by Mothra made out of mothballs erupting out of the wizard's bag of holding. If it's possible to imagine whatever's going on in some late-night, low-budget 70's or 80's flick, then said thing is appropriate for Crimson Dragon Slayer. Appropriate? Nay, encouraged! The more ridiculous, the better.

Having said that, certain conventions should be adhered to, such as the following (Although, even these rules can be broken if the Dragon Master wishes it be so)...

- I. Start small and work your way up to bigger, louder, crazier, flashier, gorier, and more intense thrills. Don't blow your wad right out of the gate. Work up to it.
- II. Know when to give the player characters a break. Sure, the Dark Star is about to annihilate that vulnerable planet in the Shim-Sham system, but what if the main characters (the PCs) are still on it? Maybe destroy only half the planet, conveniently allow for an escape pod to be found minutes before the death ray fires, or give the fighter a fighting chance to deflect the laser with his magic sword. Wouldn't that be cool?
- III. Let a little realism slip in now and then. Sure, the ranger has dropped his bow in favor of dishing out a never-ending supply of flying kicks to the giant robots devastating Valeece. However, he's going to get tired; giant robots rust without access to an enchanted oil can, and sometimes ninja-appropriating rangers must quest for crimson-hued foot-wraps in order to keep kicking.

DRESS THE STAGE, FORGET THE REST

In an ideal world where there's unlimited time, money, energy, and creative juice, the Dragon Master could flesh out every little detail of his world. All those tiny aspects that could possibly be relevant but are more likely to be part of the background that the characters never encounter - the DM could write a seven-volume set of books on all that stuff.

Since we don't live in an ideal world, that kind of thing is just a big waste of time. Even as a hobby or labor of love, I still think it's a mistake. As mentioned, the players and their characters aren't even going to see that stuff most of the time. And if it's not perceptible, then it really doesn't matter.

Here's the good news: the adventurers will actually see precious little of the game world each session. Like in a movie, events take place scene to scene. The characters arrive, they get the lay of the land, stuff happens, then they move to another location. The DM could mention one or two things the PCs notice along the way, but the real action happens during the encounters, each of which can be described in a few sentences.

Dress the stage for each scene, pay attention to how the stage (the place where a scene takes place) looks and don't worry about what's behind that painted cardboard storefront because nine times out of ten, it won't matter what the bartender's nephew's toy train set looks like or that he's allergic to kiwi. His nephew isn't important to the scene - unless he is, in which case focus on the nephew and stop coming up with material about the bartender's unfulfilled dreams of climbing Mount Everest. Focus on what matters - the drama happening right now on stage - let everything else go.

If something comes up during play, think fast and improvise. If you draw a blank, don't panic. Simply open it up to discussion. Asking the players what they think about something isn't going to ruin the Dragon Master's credibility. On the contrary, the players will know he's confident enough to give up some of his control. Collaboration from time to time is always a good thing.

RUNNING THIS SCENARIO

The adventurers begin on their home-world of Thule. Eventually finding themselves in a parallel universe of New York City, the characters must contend with street gangs, vampires, serpent-men, Lovecraftian abominations, and a crimson dragon!

While a certain order of encounters may reveal itself organically, this scenario can certainly be used as an urban sandbox, allowing the PCs to explore what they want, when they want, and with whom. If there seems to be too much aimless wandering, a wise Dragon Master may want to reinforce the need to do one or more of the following: lead the fractious street gangs out of their ineffectual squabbling chaos, stop the vampires from dominating the city, hinder the serpent-men from their goal of warping the city into some weird Hell-dimension, keep the Lovecraftian gods from waking up, and slay the crimson dragon. Having said that, if everyone is having fun just looking around, goofing off, and occasionally bashing stuff, then who am I to dissuade them? Let them do as they will.

CONVERSION NOTES

If you want a more traditional Armor Class, all you have to do is add 10 to what's listed. For the Attack Bonus, simply give a +1 for every Hit Die. Everything else should be interpreted by the Dragon Master as he sees fit.

**'Let them do
as they will'**

THE ENEMY WITHIN

The members of an adventuring party may know each other quite well; perhaps they've already explored the Cavern of Carnage or descended into the Candy Crypts...

However, such familiarity does not preclude one or more party members from being a snake in the grass. After all, the PCs are adventurers - not saints. There's always a chance that someone is an evil son of a bitch just waiting to shiv his compatriots when they least expect it. Trust no one!

At the start of this scenario, have each player roll 1d6 for his character. In the event of a "1" result, there's something seriously wrong with that dude. He's fucked up, and will do whatever it takes to compromise the mission and backstab his "friends".

As a little incentive, for every party member that the enemy-within kills, he goes up a level. Whenever the enemy-within sabotages the mission in a significant way, all his bonus dice immediately recharge.

REASONS WHY YOUR BUDDY IS A DARK SIDE JACK-HOLE

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | He was always insane. |
| 2 | He may not have been crazy before, but he is now. |
| 3 | Something sent him over the edge very recently. He's not straight-up evil so much as confused, afraid, stressed, and making one bad decision after another. |
| 4 | A Yithian has taken up residence in the character's body. |
| 5 | He was offered a sweet, sweet deal in exchange for betraying y'all. |
| 6 | One of the Demon Gods has a firm grip on the character's soul/balls. |

'Hey, this comes straight from the Infravision CEO'

PRIOR EVENTS

Chances are, the Crimson Dragon Slayer characters were someone before they were "taken over" by the players' consciousness. These past experiences are remembered; moments in time... like tears in the rain. Hopefully, it'll give players a little detail, something to aid roleplaying their character.

EVENT FROM THE PAST

- | | |
|----|---|
| 1 | Spent an entire year freezing your ass off in Frigia. |
| 2 | Briefly went back in time to see if laser-raptors were real (they totally are!) |
| 3 | Drove the Porkchop Express through the Kessel run in under 23 parsecs. |
| 4 | Your rockstar girlfriend dumped you for a talking duck... or it might have been a duck-billed dwarf. |
| 5 | You fertilized the blaspheming bombshell. |
| 6 | You narrowly escaped the cannibal women in the Avocado Jungle of Death. |
| 7 | You taught the Jedi how to get revenge (it didn't take). |
| 8 | You apprenticed as a bio-exterminator. |
| 9 | You had the money and the power but still couldn't get any women, so you decided to become an adventurer. |
| 10 | You survived a massacre at Camp Crystal Lake (aka Camp Blood). |
| 11 | You were part of the Cybernetic Police Force (CPF) until cyborg cops went berserk. |
| 12 | You joined up with the Samurai Surfer street gang until they realized you couldn't surf. |

MAKE YOUR CHARACTER'S NAME THAT MUCH MORE AWESOME

Roll on the table below and shoe-horn that bad boy in somewhere. Should make your character stand out from the crowd! Hey, this comes straight from the Infravision CEO. Trust in his infallible wisdom!

NAME COLUMN "C"

- | | |
|----|--------------------|
| 1 | Pulled Pork |
| 2 | Ballerina |
| 3 | Amigo |
| 4 | Mountain Dew |
| 5 | Atari |
| 6 | Cool Ranch |
| 7 | Kentucky Fried |
| 8 | Sassafras |
| 9 | Darth |
| 10 | Soldier of Fortune |
| 11 | Triple X |
| 12 | Smith |

FROM THULE TO NEW YORK CITY

The adventurers are traipsing through Thule on their way to the next adventure. Their path has led them on the outskirts of the Ultra Zone, where Lord Varkon holds his deadly games. Up ahead is a salvage yard full of old, broken down cars, starships, and various metallic junk.

A high-pitched whirring sound comes from the Zone. The PCs have only a handful of seconds before a sky-drone makes visual contact. The thing is sleek, stealthy, silver, and has an unblinking, electric-red eye that shoots laser beams at anything organic. Their best means of escape is to run for cover in that junkyard up ahead.

Sky-Drone : HD: 10 HP: 60 AC: 10 #Attacks: 3
Damage: 3d6 (laser)

Within the salvage yard is a portal of swirling blue energy. Stepping into it catapults the adventurers into a stream of light, color, strange sounds, and sensations as if the universe were a living, breathing creature and they were flying through it at ludicrous speed.

The journey seems to last for several minutes and terminates within a large, rusty dumpster full of smelly garbage. The adventurers are covered in banana peels, rotten tomatoes, broken glass, and used condoms. They're not alone in the alleyway - a giant mutant cockroach is giving a young woman an abortion with a rusty coat hanger. Welcome to New York City!

THIS IS NEW YORK BEFORE THE CLEANUP AND AFTER THE BOMB

If you've been to New York City or seen it on TV, film, magazines, etc. in the last few decades, then you might be unfamiliar with how the city used to look. I'm talking about the dirty, seedy Times Square and 42nd Street of the good old days, before gentrification. The alternate reality of this New York never got clean and, what's more, barely survived an atomic douche from Mother Russia.

Adventurers will find plenty of Chinese restaurants and dry-cleaning, liquor stores, tattoo parlors, tobacco and drug paraphernalia retailers, pickpockets, prostitutes, pornstars, dealers, pushers, druggies, gangs, graffiti, gun shops, adult bookstores with live peep-shows, and rundown theaters showing horror, exploitation, grindhouse, and XXX films 24/7. Whatever they want, if they can afford it and stomach the pervasive foulness of a nearby street corner where a couple of bums are "crossing the streams" with public urination, they can get it.

Interestingly, this New York is always night. Occasionally, there will be a few minutes of dawn or dusk at odd intervals, but mostly it's constantly nocturnal - just the way they like it. If any of the players ask, tell them it's because of The Torth Effect. Refuse to explain any more than that! Run out of the room screaming if you have to!!!

There are no cyber crowns, gold pieces, gemstones, or precious magic items to be found (ok, there's an enchanted sword). Most "treasure" will be in the form of crumpled up, blood-stained (at least, you hope that's blood) dollar bills. On the plus side, sexual gratification is in plentiful supply. So much, in fact, that once a character's bonus dice refresh, each act of non-solo pleasure (although, having someone watch while the character pleasures himself is fine) yields an additional d6. There's no limit to the depravity and extra dice!

SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS

New York is expensive. It'll cost you a hundred bucks just to get high enough to forget your lesser problems, let alone the stuff that's really getting you down.

New York is cut-throat. If someone can get even a little bit ahead by shooting you in the kneecaps, that's probably what they're going to do - unless their spineless or rich - in which case, they'll probably hire someone to do it for them.

New York is primal. The lowest common denominator is the vocal majority - all the time, every time. The most basic instinct motivates people to instant

gratification. Whatever cheap thrills and easy scores can be had, will be indulged.

Right about now, you're probably thinking to yourself, "Wow, this is some dark shit. I expected this PDF to be more *Escape from L.A.* than an NC-17 version of *Escape from New York*. Well, the late 70's and early 80's wasn't just screwball comedies and barbarians sword-fests. It was also a black mirror held up to the concrete jungle we somehow found ourselves in. This is a celebration of that misanthropic nihilism and lowbrow decadence.

BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY

Neon is everywhere, all the time. You can't escape it. Any vile act, disgusting display, or pathetic presentation is illuminated in the sleazy, artificial glow of a neon light.

In fact, adventurers may pick up a sensitivity to neon. Halfway through the first session, have each player roll a d6 for his character. On a result of "1", he's sensitive to neon lights and has a mild allergic reaction to them. Really, the only way to escape the harsh, unnatural illumination is to hide away in the sewers with the giant mutant rats and cockroaches.

NEON SENSITIVITY

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | You break out in hives. |
| 2 | You're drained of energy (-1d6 to all dice pools that require physical exertion) |
| 3 | Uncontrollable sneezing, accompanied by itchy, watering eyes. |
| 4 | Explosive diarrhea! |

STREET GANGS

The streets of New York are littered with gangs, desperate and violent youths out of control. Walking around in their territory is a death sentence, so plenty of action for the adventurers.

Every time the PCs are either wandering around on foot or taking the subway, the Dragon Master should roll a d6. On a result of "1" or "2", they encounter yet another street gang. Consult the table to see who they've pissed off this time.

GANGS OF NEW YORK

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | The Dugouts - a baseball themed gang. They're wearing baseball jerseys and helmets, carrying bats, and have their faces painted with goofy colors - because that's cool, man! |
| 2 | The Warlocks - they're dressed in cheap Halloween wizard and witch robes, wielding plastic pitchforks. Some have fake beards. |
| 3 | The Sailor Boys - these dudes are wearing sailor suits and wield anchor-flails. |
| 4 | The Terminators - they're completely naked but totally ripped dudes with black sunglasses and Austrian accents; frequently saying such lines as, "Fuck you, asshole", "Get to the choppa... now!", and "I'll be back". If forced to compete in a dance-off, they will invariably do "the robot". |
| 5 | Samurai Surfers - they dress like members of a powerful military caste in feudal Japan and carry katanas and surfboards. |
| 6 | The Gang of Three - this is actually a three-man gang, including Fred Williamson, Chuck Norris, and Rambo! |

'Wow, this is some dark shit'



Cymbaut Egoan
07.2015.

THE CABBIE

There seems to be a plethora of taxicabs driving around the city streets. But for some strange reason, every single time the adventurers get picked up by a cabdriver... it's the same dude!

His full name is Cybernetic Driver and Tour Guide Number Nine, but everybody just calls him Borg-9 (and that's what's printed on the patch sewn onto his overalls). Borg-9 is friendly, jovial, and all too eager to mention some of his favorite sights in the Rotten Apple (that's his little nickname for NYC, incidentally).

FEMME FATALE

The Dragon Master may introduce this mysterious and seductive woman at any time. She may look like a prostitute in her skintight black leather bodysuit - but she's not. She's tougher than nine-inch nails driven into a pair of brass balls by Thor's hammer. Her name is Hard Candy.

Hard Candy has a scar on the left side of her face, running up over the eye. She's a striking red-head covered in tattoos, but doesn't like talking about them - each one reminds her of a fallen comrade or dead partner. Yeah, she's had a few.

Besides staying alive, Hard Candy's motivation is to bring down Prince Logos. He killed her best friend after draining her of blood. Now, she's looking for payback. If the adventurers seem eager to help her, she'll allow them to.

SUBTERRANEAN TRAVEL

The fastest and most reliable means of getting anywhere in New York is by subway. Every dozen blocks or so, there will be stairs going down below street level. Once underground, there will be a short tunnel leading to subway cars sprayed up, down, and all around with graffiti.

Sometimes the subway is "marked out" by a particular gang, other times it contains 2d6 denizens of the slimy, rat-infested city. Roll on the following table to determine what's going on in the subway at the moment...

FUN IN THE SUBWAY

- 1 A gang of clowns just stole a woman's purse. Several of them are standing over her, leering and taunting. It looks like one of them is about to take out his clown-penis.
- 2 A small group of youths are about to shoot up. One of them is tying a rubber hose around his arm while the others are cooking heroin in a spoon and wiping off the needle with some dirty sock they found.
- 3 Giant mutant rats have taken over the subway car!
- 4 While grinning at the party, a samurai surfer cleans the blood off his blade with a shamwow made of human flesh.
- 5 A white-on-white dressed gang of Droogs with fake eyelashes on one eye, wearing bowler hats is beating up 1d4 men and raping 1d4 women.
- 6 Some kind of glowing, toxic waste fluid has splattered all over the subway car windows, seats, and floor. The liquid seems to be throbbing with virulent and/or mutagenic potency.

Once per session, the Dragon Master should allow the PCs to descend into a disused subway system populated by sub-human cannibals, pale and feral humanoids that have filed their teeth into points... the better to eat your flesh off the bone. They aren't that formidable if there's only a few of them. However, in their subterranean hives, dozens can be encountered.

Sub-Human Cannibals : (2d12) HD: 2 HP: 8
AC: 0 Damage: 1d4 (bite, exploding).
Special: Shining bright light in their eyes will daze them for a round.

THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS

They visited the planet earth only a year ago, right after the last nuke dropped. These aliens with super-advanced technology look human and say that they're friendly... seems legit. The out-of-towners frequently take thousands of humans aboard their ship for space cruises. They must be having an out of this world time because no one ever seems to come back!

Yeah, these aliens are actually reptiles, serpent-people to be exact. More than anything, they love consuming human flesh. Serpent-people have another secret, as well. Their advanced technology is just for show - it's a scam. Everything the snakes accomplish is via sorcery.

The first time the PCs encounter one or more out-of-towners, they will get a sense of unease, that something just isn't right. If there's an altercation, one of the out-of-towners' cheeks will get the fake flesh ripped off, revealing the green scales of a reptile beneath! See the back of the book for new serpent-people spells.

Out-of-Towner : (1d4) HD: 4 HP: 12 AC: 2
Damage: 2d6 (laser dagger, exploding).
Special: These visitors will always attack reptilians last, if at all.

WORKING THE CORNER

Here's a table of prostitutes ready, willing, and able to fulfill their clients' needs - or cut 'em, grab their cash, and run like Hell into the night. Every time an adventurer "encounters" a prostitute, the Dragon Master should roll a d6. If the result is a "1", then it's a trick gone bad. The PC is attacked by the hooker and maybe the pimp, too.

NEED A PROSTITUTE IN A HURRY?

- 1 **Champagne** - trailer trash, peroxide blonde, dumb as a box of rocks, fake boobs, wearing some kind of animal print jacket, black panties, and nothing else.
- 2 **Dark Chocolate** - sweet and sassy mamma from the projects, she's street-wise and wears acid-wash jean short-shorts and bra that barely fits her curves.
- 3 **Morticia** - skinny, young-looking, goth in sheer fabrics - black, just like her makeup and hair. Probably wearing t-shirt promoting The Cure (and two sizes too big for her).
- 4 **Elvira** - like Morticia above, except with really big tits. She'll be dressed with trashy elegance: fishnet stockings, a tight black dress that reveals quite a bit, and heels.
- 5 **Sex Pistol** - androgynous, delicate features, blue mo-hawk, leather jacket, spiked collar, combat boots, anarchy t-shirt, and smoking a cigarette.
- 6 **Kabuki** - some kind of abstract art version of beauty makeup... Boy George / Liquid Sky / geisha girl in silk kimono, possibly has a boa-constrictor wrapped around his/her shoulder.
- 7 **Butch** - dude with mustache, chest hair, leather vest, ass-less chaps, and leatherman biker cap.
- 8 **Jenny** - girl next door who fell on hard times and looking to make ends meet. She hasn't been hooking long and still has some of her self-respect.



BAT-MEN RIDING GIANT BATS

Streaking past the moon, PCs notice a giant bat, then another, and another. These bats are being ridden by humanoids who are also bats, as it turns out. Bat-men! The giant bats and their riders of a similar background want nothing more than chaos and destruction. They'll fight to the death... unless it looks like they're definitely going to die, in which case they'll flee.

Bat-Men Riding Giant Bats : (2d4) HD: 6 HP: 32 AC: 4 Damage: 2d8 (bat bite, exploding).
Special: Treat both as one creature for the purposes of combat. Also, on a critical hit, victims must make a constitution saving throw or be turned into a were-bat.

THE GUY WHO REALLY RUNS NYC

His name is Steak Sauce Sinatra and he's ten times the "Guido" than anyone on The Jersey Shore. The man has olive oil skin despite the lack of sun (he owns several tanning salons), wears a wife-beater, sunglasses, and leopard-print board shorts. He keeps telling everyone within earshot that he's the guy who runs this no-good, fucking town. "I'm top of the heap, 'A' number one, you piece of shit you!"

Steak Sauce Sinatra wields a tricked-out triple-barreled machine gun. He's also accompanied by 2d6 armed bodyguards at all times - even when he's taking a leak.

Because he's not a vampire, there are a lot of New Yorkers who consider him to be the boss. The average citizen probably has a wide range of reactions to him. The following table can be used to determine if a random NPC knows who Steak Sauce Sinatra is, loves him, hates him, etc. A wise Dragon Master can extrapolate the information on this table, allowing him to adjudicate many wondrous things...

WHAT'S THE MAN ON THE STREET THINK?

1	Doesn't know and doesn't care.
2	He knows but doesn't give a crap.
3	He cares but has the wrong idea about things.
4	He knows and cares but is undecided on how he should feel.
5	He knows and loves the guy (or place, thing, etc.)
6	He knows and hates the guy (or place, thing, etc.)

Steak Sauce Sinatra : HD: 8 HP: 45 AC: 5
Damage: 9d6.

Special: If anyone tells him that there's something wrong with his hair, Steak Sauce Sinatra will immediately stop whatever he's currently doing to fix it.

Treasure: He wears a bullet-proof vest and has about \$1,000 on him with a lot more back at The Steakhouse (his HQ). Steak Sauce also wears a silver crucifix around his neck, protecting him from vampires. Additionally, the man is constantly eating garlic bread, but that's only because he really enjoys it.

Nameless Goons : (2d6) HD: 4 HP: 20 AC: 2
Damage: 3d6.

Treasure: Each goon has 1d20 dollar bills on his person.

OLD SNAKE SELLING HOT DOGS

A disheveled, one-eyed street vender sells hotdogs from his little cart. The hotdogs are good because their made from the sun-dried meat of the giant aquatic Brazilian centipede.

The hotdog vender calls himself Old Snake - probably because of the snake tattoo on his abs. He also wears urban night-camouflage pants. His low, raspy voice belies a certain world-weary, I-don't-give-a-shit attitude. Old Snake might know a thing or two about New York if customers tip well.

Old Snake's hotdog stand does good business. There's every chance that one of the Prince's thralls or a homicidal robot will be there, indulging in the black meat.

Old Snake : HD: 10 HP: 69 AC: 5 Damage: 2d12.

Special: He wields a super-sized ninja throwing star that opens up mid-flight to shoot out its own ninja throwing star before impact. This device is not magical but from the future!

TRENCH-COATS AND KATANAS

Bald, pointy-headed vampires wearing black trench-coats and wielding katana swords lurk in the shadows with glowing red eyes glaring at the adventurers.

Some have raspy voices, others sound like they're from Eastern Europe. Regardless, one of their kind informs the PCs about the local custom - newcomers must introduce themselves to the Prince of New York. Prince Logos can be found in the sewer pent-house downtown, at the city's center.

If pressed for information, the vampires reveal that the Prince of New York takes direct orders from one of Lord Varkon's crimson dragons.

YOUR INVITATION HAS ARRIVED

While out cruising the streets of New York, the player with the highest charisma is approached by a "slasher mime". He looks like a typical mime on roller skates, except that fake red blood lines his neck and

a machete appears to be decapitating him. The machete is rubber and it's all for dramatic effect. Slasher mimes are unsettling to look at, let alone receive an invitation from. After handing off the invite, the slasher mime skates off into the darkness.

These slasher mimes work for The Metro and are just as mysterious and otherworldly as the theatre itself. This one in particular has been ordered to hand out movie tickets that also double as brochures of the theatre (mentioning facts like the theatre was established in 1890 and that it's capable of seating 666 patrons, etc.). The ticket clearly states that a special showing of **Nostradamus and the Gut-Munching Ghouls** will be screened tonight at midnight. The ticket will allow up to 3 people in for free.

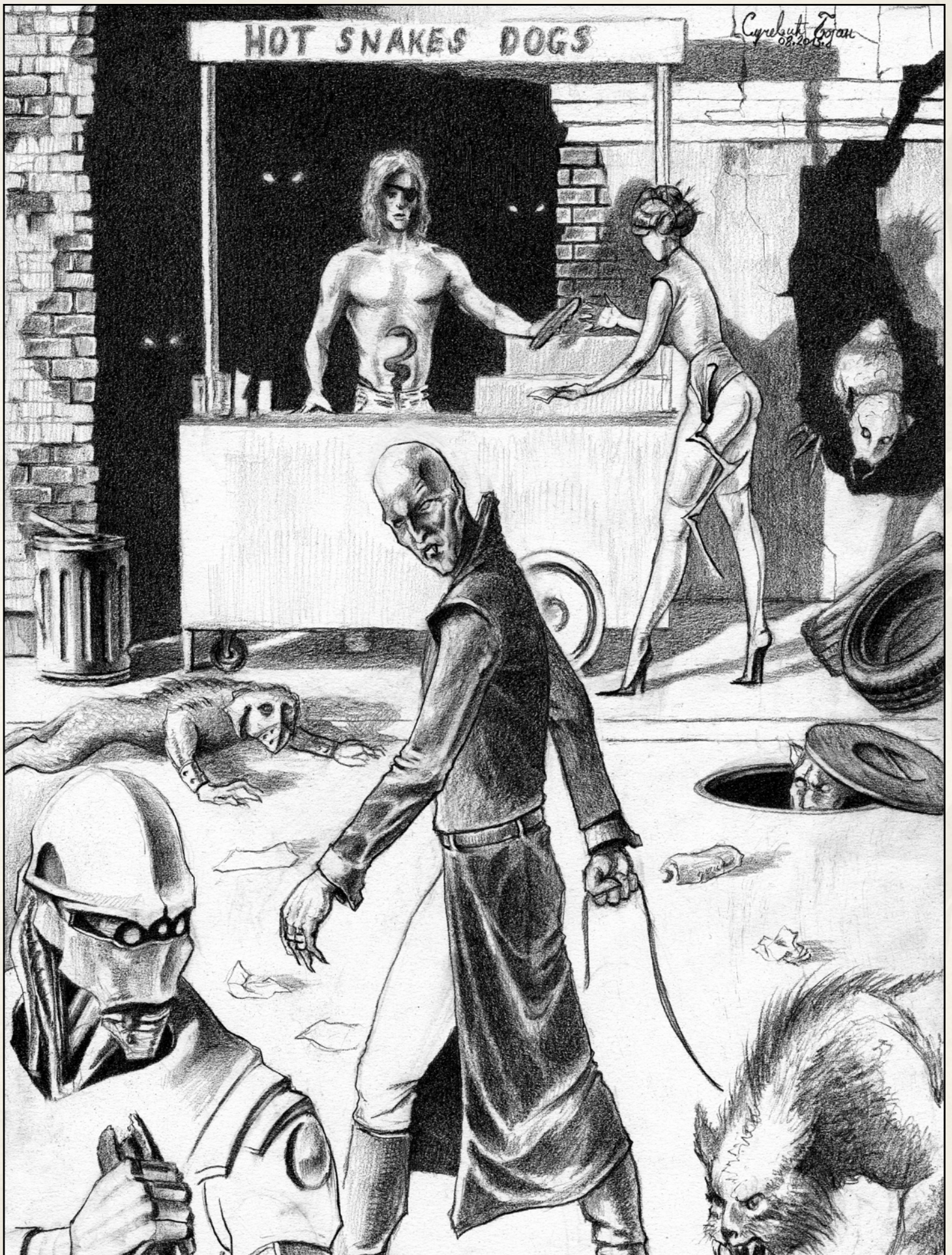
THE ITALIAN CINEMA OF DEMON-ZOMBIE DEATH!

In the cultural epicenter of New York is The Metro. The Metro is a movie theatre, but not just any movie theatre. It's a fancy-looking art house cinema inside and out, while also being a winding, maze-like death trap for those unlucky enough to be inside when its one and only screen plays **Nostradamus and the Gut-Munching Ghouls**, possibly one of the worst films ever made.

There's a low murmur from the audience as they wait for the crimson velvet curtain to be manually pulled open by several slasher mimes. Several patrons are wondering aloud what the film might be like. The crunch of popcorn, slurp of soda-pop, and chew of candy can also be heard.

Restless adventurers may want to explore the cinema. There are no shortage of oddballs present - punks, bikers, sportos, motorheads, geeks, sluts, bloods, wastoids, dweebies, dickheads, and even a few dice-slinging gamers arguing about the "realism" of walking into a 10' by 10' room full of orcs carrying exactly 2,000 copper pieces. Plenty of single girls are also present. Any adventurer capable of pulling off a sexual exploit in the theatre receives double the bonus dice!

If describing the film, the Dragon Master can tell players how boring and tedious it is one minute



when youths are investigating the ruins of a city and then action-packed the next when a dozen demonic undead are tearing through the unlucky handful of stragglers.

Speaking of which, the film plays as a hundred or so movie-goers watch this bizarre, disgusting, and dreadful movie (there's mention of Nostradamus but he's never seen in the film - not once!). Around the half-hour mark, a character in the film looks upon a dead and oozing demon-zombie corpse, contemplating his meaningless existence while uttering something attributed to Nostradamus himself, "They will make cemeteries their cathedrals and the cities will be your tombs."

That's the moment when all Hell breaks loose. Several demon-zombies jump out of the silver screen, attacking the first people they see. The trouble is, the more bystanders are gnawed on, the more demon-zombies will be created until the entire theatre is full of those things. Adventurers will probably want to seek sanctuary once they discover they're fighting lots of these things and more keep coming.

No matter where they hide, there's a 2 in 6 chance every round that 1d6 demon-zombies realize where they are and start attacking.

Demon-Zombies : HD: 4 HP: 10 AC: 0 Damage: 2d8 (claws, teeth, horns, etc... yes, exploding!).

Special: because one needs to destroy their brain to put them down, 1d6 is automatically subtracted from every attack made against them.

PRINCE OF THE CITY

Prince Logos is the nosferatu you don't fuck with. When the adventurers meet him for the first time, he's ripping a human vessel apart with his bare hands, then tasting his handiwork.

Logos is ugly and repulsive. In fact, he's so hideous that there's something fascinating about him... almost hypnotic, like it's difficult to look away. The Prince of New York is elegantly draped in black velvet and always seems to have blood smeared across his face or dripping from his mouth and chin.

What does Prince Logos want? Power, of course. He believes in the divine right of kings and that he was put upon this earth to reign in Hell. Nothing would give him more pleasure than messily dispatching Steak Sauce Sinatra. Unfortunately for the vampires, the Italians carry crosses and wreathes of garlic around their necks.

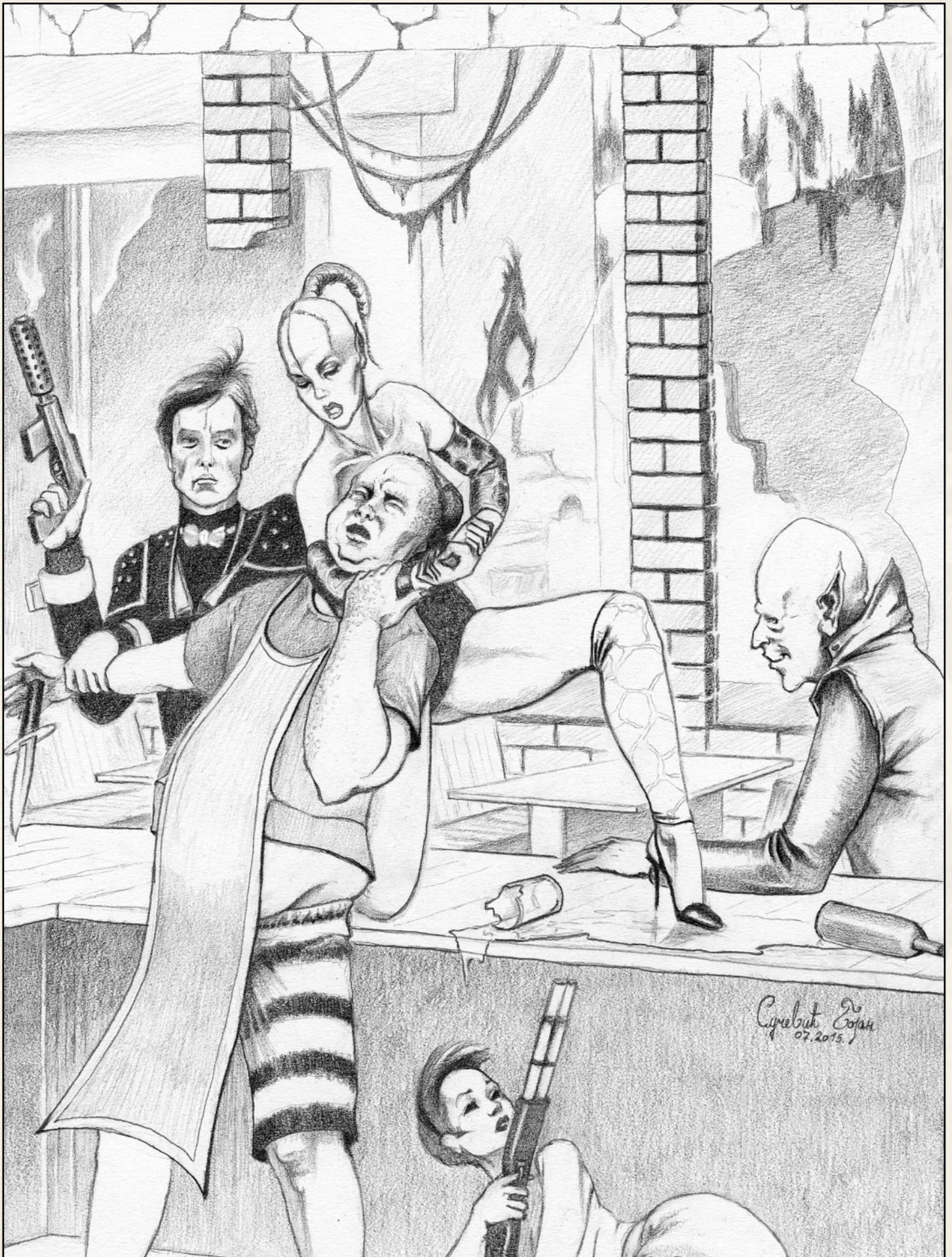
So, Logos wants to make a deal. He'll give the adventurers free passage in his city in exchange for their help in taking down Mr. "A" number one. If they manage to kill the bastard, Logos will give them his sword. The vampire's blade, which Logos calls The Word of God, is a two-handed sword forged of uncompromising steel. Wielding it gives a +1d6 bonus to attack and damage explodes on both "5" and "6" results.

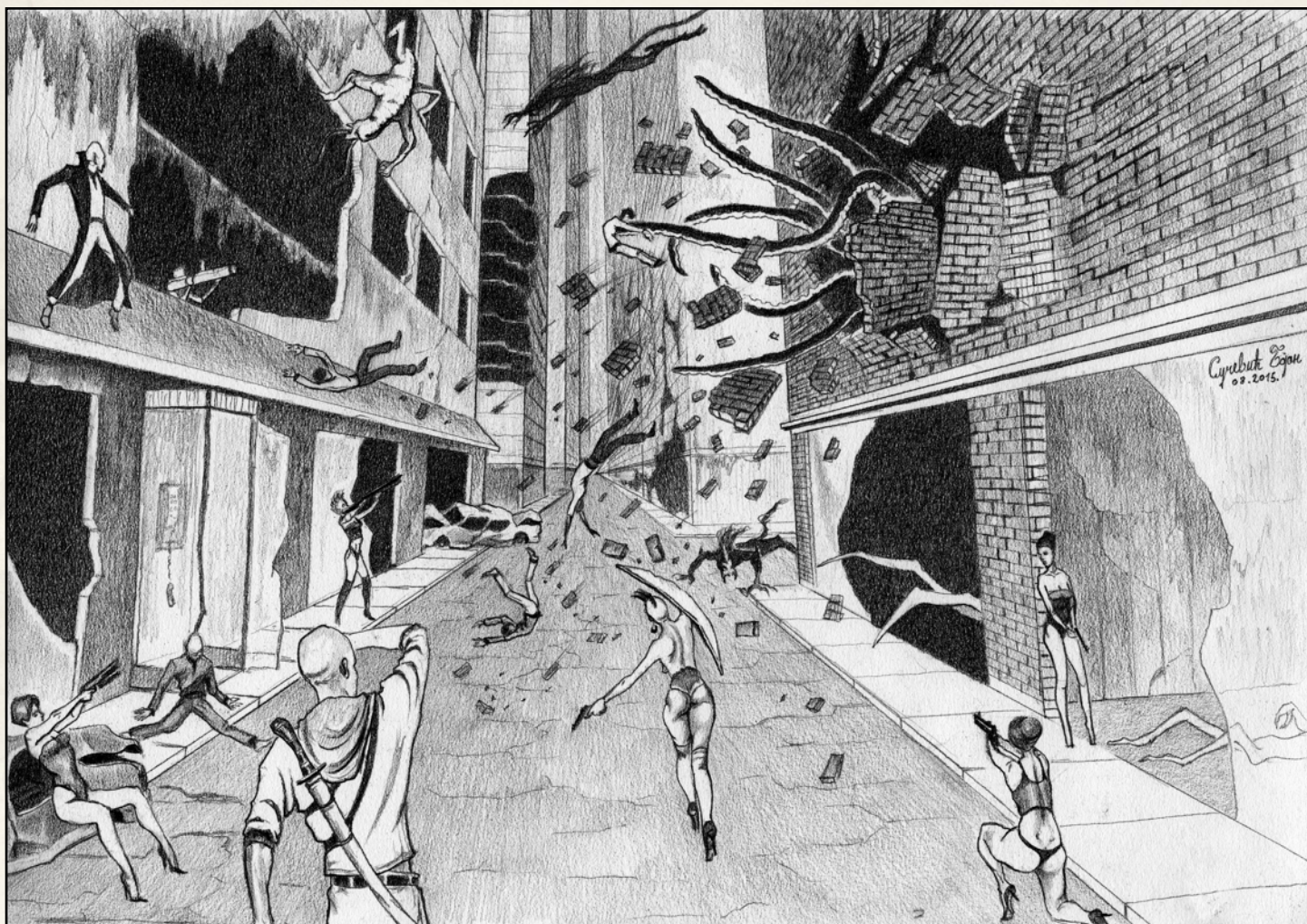
DIVE BAR

All sorts of cretinous vermin can be found in New York dive bars. In fact, the clientele is downright sketchy and alien like a cantina in Mos Eisley.

Chances are good that the PCs can find what they're looking for if they talk to enough people. Maybe that's information, an ally, black market stuff, or a blowjob in the scum-soaked bathroom. Of course, the more bar flies and bounty hunters they interact with, the likelier something weird, bad, or outrageous will go down. Perhaps a drag queen karaoke rap battle?

However, there will be one NPC of note in the bar - the mercenary and video game wizard named Revlon.





Revlon used to professionally play Pacman, Galaga, Centipede, and that elevator game where you shoot people. Now, he's out to make a few million bucks. Revlon's smart and he's ready for the big score. In fact, he's probably scheming to take down Prince Logos, Steak Sauce Sinatra, or stow away on the out-of-towners' spaceship.

Revlon carries a machine gun, wears a studded black leather outfit, and has a dark sense of humor to go along with his sardonic grin. If the PCs double-cross Revlon, he'll make it a personal vendetta to take them down and won't rest until their dead.

Revlon : HD: 8 HP: 44 AC: 4 Damage: 2d8 (exploding).

Special: Revlon is deadly accurate with his machine gun. He doesn't need a critical hit in order to target a small object... or someone's head.

LOVECRAFTIAN HORROR AT CRIMSON HOOKER AVENUE

Weird, slimy tentacled things are all over the place - but you've got to go looking for them. You can't just turn your head and expect to see one. No, adventurers will have to go down into the sewer tunnels, creep into the all-night occult bookstore, or hang out at rooftop raves in order to encounter the Outer Gods and their untenable servitors.

Towards the end of the scenario, if adventurers haven't found much in the way of Cthulhoid beasties, have them stumble upon Crimson Hooker Avenue. Undoubtedly, something greenish black, suckered, and gelatinous breaks through a wall and tries to squish them. Wet t-shirt competition flyers can be found wherever the dark entities shamble and ululate.

Lovecraftian Horror : HD: 12 HP: 77 AC: 7 #Attacks: 3 Damage: 2d10.

Special: If the creature manages to get three or more critical successes in a single throw of the dice pool, then a starless void opens up adjacent to a randomly selected opponent - who falls through just before the gateway closes... never to be seen again.

WAKEY WAKEY, EGGS AND BAKEY

A Great Old One stirs deep beneath the streets of New York City. The gangs are oblivious, the vampires are willing to serve it, the snake-men believe they can bind it, the Lovecraftian horrors will continue to worship it, and the crimson dragon wants to recruit it over to Varkon's side.

However, the Old One will not awaken until the Lovecraftian abominations appease their slumbering god with the wet t-shirt contest to end all wet t-shirt contests!

THE CRIMSON DRAGON

Lord Varkon has named him Arjun. Arjun is more ambitious than most crimson dragons. That's why the others sent him away - to this alternate reality New York. He is supposed to gather allies for Varkon... while staying out of the crimson dragons' way back home.

Arjun can offer the Ancient Ones power over Thule. However, Varkon must be made emperor and the crimson dragons his unholy fleet, ruling the individual realms under Varkon's direction.

Crimson Dragon : HD: 16 HP: 111 AC: 10 #Attacks: 3 Damage: 6d6 (hellfire breath weapon, exploding).

Special: A crimson dragon can only be harmed by spells and magical weapons.

SERPENT-PEOPLE SORCERY

SECOND LEVEL SPELLS

POWER WORD: ANAL VIOLATION BY A PLAGUE OF RATS

This 2nd level spell summons (or calls a nearby) plague of large rats that will enter the spell's target in a most unpleasant manner. Whomever the spell is cast upon takes 7d4 damage (does not explode) as the rats tear him a new one, poor bastard.

FOURTH LEVEL SPELLS

99 CRIMSON BALLOONS

Also known as 99 blood balloons or spheres of blood, this spell of the 4th level was crafted by the bloodlust sorcerer Chang Xikurr during his time imprisoned in the ultra-zone.

Upon casting this spell, the wizard summons exactly 99 spheres filled with a dark red substance - they are actually filled with blood... demon blood! The spheres rise into the air quickly and burst soon after (the very next round).

When they reach a certain height, the spheres explode, dousing everyone within a 30' radius of the caster in the blood of demons - which makes them fight and kill and war as if Hell itself were goading them on. Not only do they act like demons, but they begin to resemble them also... horns, crimson flesh, cat eyes, hooves, claws, forked tongue, sulfuric stench, tons of back hair, the whole nine (or ninety-nine) yards.

The blood's effect lasts 3d6 rounds. Mechanically speaking, those sloshed with infernal gore receive an extra attack each round - but only if the player describes his character's violent escapades graphically.

After the bloodlust has subsided, there's a period (2d4 rounds) of wistful reflection where nothing but moping around and gentle weeping can be accomplished.

FIFTH LEVEL SPELLS

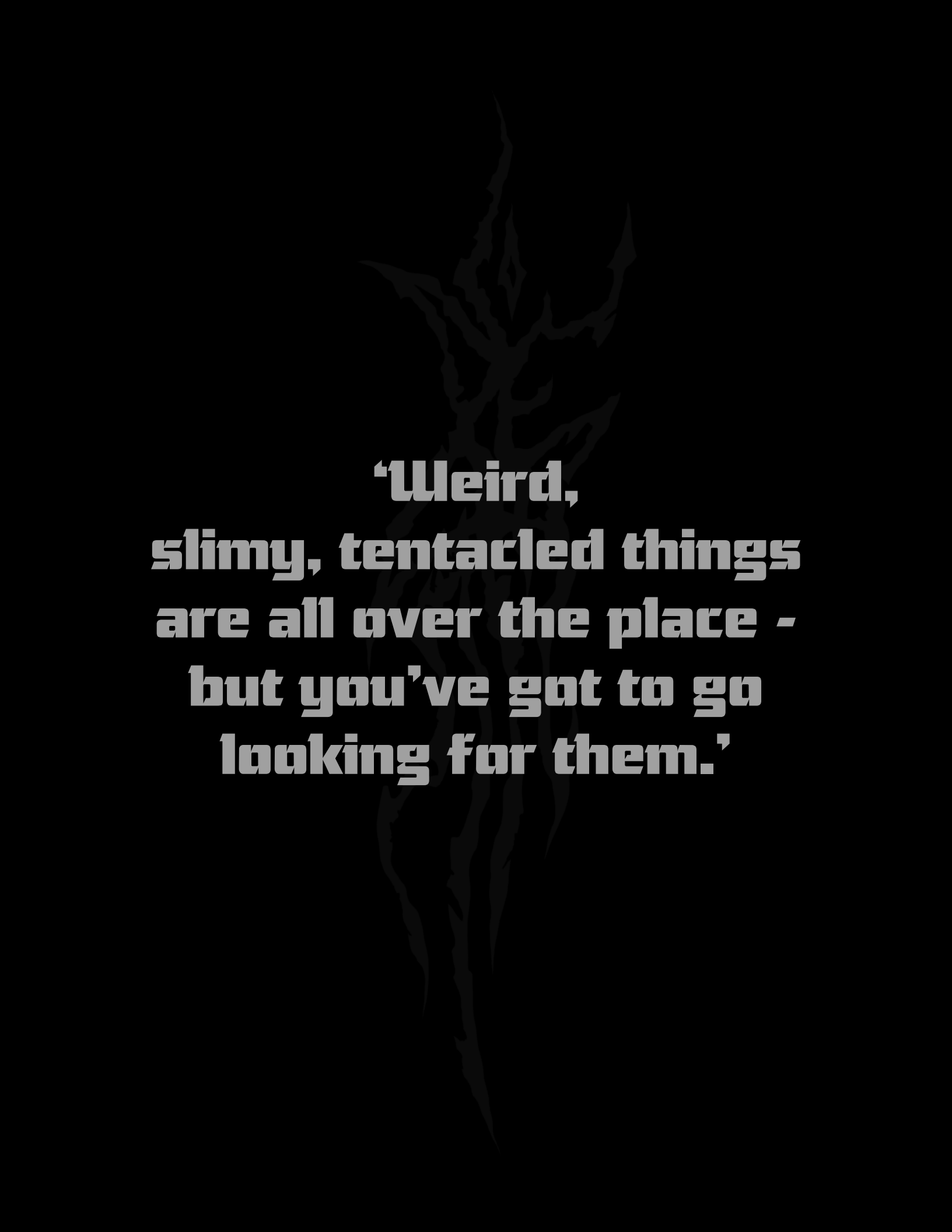
REVERSE CURSE

This 5th level spell allows the wizard to temporarily un-curse an item, person, or location. The spell lasts for one hour per caster level.

Those magic-users with above average intelligence can speak the lingua arcana backwards - effectively cursing an item, person, or location for the same duration. Consult the following table for results...

What an Awesome Night to have a Curse

1. Your hairstyle becomes a neon pink mohawk.
2. No matter what happens, you cannot get laid (or sexually gratify yourself)!
3. Any vehicle you own, use, borrow, or ride within is immediately repossessed by a punk rock repo man.
4. Your favorite magic item suddenly stops working.
5. You lose 1d6 from your dice pool the next time a death saving throw is made.
6. One of the crimson dragon princesses is summoned. She remains constantly by your side, whining, bitching, and complaining at every turn.



**‘Weird,
slimy, tentacled things
are all over the place -
but you’ve got to go
looking for them.’**



No Escape from New York

No Escape From New York is an O5R scenario for the science fiction and fantasy paper & pencil roleplaying game *Crimson Dragon Slayer*, but it is meant to be compatible with nearly every RPG derived from the first of its kind.

You'll be adventuring in a parallel world of New York City, circa 1983. After a short but calamitous global thermal nuclear war, the urban landscape became a burned-out wasteland of ruin and mutation. Survivors congregate in the city that never sleeps, making it their nightmarish playground... a shithole of degeneracy and wickedness.

