

RIN Asian-American F	PERSONALITY Fujiyama Mama	PLAYER	GAME Til Death ~ Drac 08
OBSESSION fast cars	RAGE bad drivers	FEAR being pinned	NOBLE dirty jobs
BODY 50 (20) tiny terror <u>Skills</u> general 15 athletics 25 struggle 30 sweet body 30	SPEED 75 (45) cat-like reflexes <u>Skills</u> dodge 25 driving 45 <u>initiative 43</u> mechanic 45*	MIND 45 (15) one track mind <u>Skills</u> general 15 notice 30 conceal 15 focus 30	SOUL 45 (15) tactless <u>Skills</u> charm 10 lying 40 sarcasm 25

MADNESS

Violence 0, Helpless 0, Unnatural 0, Isolation 0, Self 0
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GEAR

one-piece prison uniform with an attractively placed zipper.

FUEL IN THE TANK

Sampy was your one true love. He was the first guy you could "be with" ... could be completely into, but at the same time also be completely yourself. Since his death you feel like a compass that can't find North anymore. Broken. The weird thing is ... sometimes ... you can hear him talking to you. At first you thought it was stuff you remembered him saying, but then the voice starting talking to you about stuff that was going on at that moment. You think you might be going crazy. Before you got tossed in jail for lifting some stuff for rent money, you spent all your time working on Wanda, Sampy's old car. He put your name on the title when he bought it, because he had this thing about not having his name on official papers. That was lucky, because there was no fight over it when he died. But now she's in the hands of that fuck-up Werner and the checked-out Othon. They had better be treating Wanda right or you will rip them a new asshole when you see them again. You are confined and it's driving you stir crazy. You need to get out. You want to reclaim Wanda, she's yours. You want to understand why you are hearing Sampy. Is he somehow still alive? Is he haunting you? Are you going crazy?

NOTES

WANDA smart car	PERSONALITY naïve alien	PLAYER	GAME Til Death ~ Drac 08
OBSSESSION autonomy	RAGE friends in danger	FEAR being switched off	NOBLE chance to act human
BODY 70 (40) built like a tank <u>Skills</u> sideswipe 35 armor 20 ram 35 sensors 35	SPEED 65 (35) outta my way! <u>Skills</u> dodge (react) 25 driving (maneuver) 35 <u>initiative 33</u> drag racing 40	MIND 60 (30) calculating <u>Skills</u> general 25 notice 15 conceal 15 memory/data 25 override prog 35*	SOUL 25 (0) "Do I have one?" <u>Skills</u> deceive 15 entertain 15 "lie detector" 25

MADNESS

Violence 0, Helpless 0, Unnatural 0, Isolation 0, Self 0
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GEAR

Detroit Motors 1970 Sidewinder drop-top (convertible), black lift-off fiberglass hood, 440 six-pack engine capable of over 390 hp, twin scoops that force air directly into the engine (switch under dash to close/open), "Vitamin C" orange paint job, sensor package, white faux-leather seats, dash-mounted CRT with 8-bit graphics, 6-speaker sound system, cassette deck + AM/FM stereo, hardwired Atari + games, servos throughout for control of all moving parts, antenna, CB radio, secret compartment w/2 x 9mm Desert Eagles (hold 7 rounds) and a box of bullets.

FUEL IN THE TANK

Where is Sampy? You want to go find him. Sometimes, when Werner gets drunk and passes out behind the wheel or leaves your garage door up, you go out at night looking for him. Or Rin. Where did Rin go? No one has changed your oil for months. It's just not the same talking to Werner or Othon. You miss pushing your engine to the limit, driving around the humpbacked country roads or straight through the desert on I-40 to Tacoland with Sampy playing music and Rin 'driving you wild.' Werner tells you that Sampy is dead. But that's not logical, you can still feel him, like the first day you woke up and he was there. He's there now, but at the same time he's not there. It doesn't calculate... You have been programmed to 001 - Prevent injury to passengers, 002 - Prevent your own destruction, 003 - Prevent injury to non-passengers. Your primary worry is controlling the erratic Werner. He is the one who built your brain and can fix or expand it. You worry that he might power you down or erase your memory. Rin is someone you want to keep close because she is a great driver and an excellent mechanic. You want to find Sampy. You want/need Sampy and Rin (and yourself) back together.

NOTES

(CARL) WERNER Whitebread M	PERSONALITY Anal Genius	PLAYER	GAME Til Death ~ Drac 08
OBSESSION elec. wizardry	RAGE stupid people	FEAR being beat up	NOBLE a puzzle to solve
BODY 40 (10) pencil-neck <u>Skills</u> general 15 athletics 15 struggle 15 hide 20 run 20	SPEED 45 (15) poky <u>Skills</u> dodge 20 driving 15 <u>initiative 33</u> fine dexterity 25	MIND 75 (45) dominating intel. <u>Skills</u> general 25 notice 20 conceal 15 programming 50* electronics 40	SOUL 60 (30) Sly <u>Skills</u> charm 15 lying 40 belittle 35

MADNESS

Violence 0, Helpless 0, Unnatural 0, Isolation 0, Self 0
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GEAR

electronics kit, hand-held cb radio unit.

FUEL IN THE TANK

Sampy worked at the same electronics store you did for a while. Just a couple of dudes in corny blue vests trying to get by. When things went bad for you ... like when Shirley dumped you or that time you got fired for jacking albums from the store, Sampy always took you out and got blitzed with you. You guys drank your asses off. The funny thing is that the next day you woke up and felt like you were ready for a fresh start, like anything was possible. Yeah, sure, maybe you felt like you were stretched a little thin, but not hung over really. Just kind of an all over good, limp, exhausted feeling. You felt like anything was possible. Now, when you fuck up. And you fuck up a lot. Sampy isn't there. You drink yourself into a stupor and wake up feeling every drop of it. You did all the work on installing Wanda's computer. Since Rin has been out of action you have had a lot of time to beef up Wanda's systems. Her logic subroutines are getting scary good. In fact, talking to her kind of creeps you out these days, especially when she starts asking where Sampy is ... over and over again ... even after you tell her he's dead. Maybe one more pass through her memory tapes ... You have a complicated relationship with the others. You despise ignorant people, and yet you often surround yourself (need to surround yourself) with people who are dumber than you are in order to feel important. (Not that you really know this about yourself.) Othon is your best friend (now that Sampy is gone) and your roommate. You feel like you take care of him, because he is so stupid. It's mutual though. He takes care of you too. He protects you from bullies and keeps you grounded. Regarding this business of the others treating Wanda as if she were her own person, that's just nuts! She's you. You created her. She's just a machine, albeit a 'needy' one!

NOTES

BILLY Whitebread M	PERSONALITY larger than life	PLAYER	GAME Til Death ~ Drac 08
OBSSESSION rockstar wannabe	RAGE being cheated	FEAR being ignored	NOBLE in front of a crowd
BODY 55 (25) good genes <u>Skills</u> general 25 athletics 35 struggle 15 tight ass 25	SPEED 55 (25) nimble <u>Skills</u> dodge25 driving 15 <u>initiative 38</u> guitar 35*	MIND 35 (05) K.I.S.S. <u>Skills</u> general 15 notice 15 conceal 15 songwriting 10 talk cool 25	SOUL 75 (45) Artist <u>Skills</u> charm 50 lying 25 sing 45

MADNESS

Violence 0, Helpless 0, Unnatural 0, Isolation 0, Self 0
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GEAR

V-shaped-Eddie-Van-Halen-paint-job guitar and amp.

FUEL IN THE TANK

Sampy was your biggest fan. It's such a bummer that he's gone. You lost your friend and your cheering section at the same time. When you doubted that you could do it ... become a rock star ... Sampy always picked up your ego and brushed it off. He believed in you. Now you have to believe in yourself. The others ... sometimes they don't get it. You are going to be big, and when you get big, you want them all to be there with you. Live in your house. Be your entourage. It won't be the same without Sampy though. Maybe you should write a song about him. Life is a party, and it's up to you to make it a good one. You want/need the others to focus on you. You are trying to show them a good time. When you make it, they will be your inner circle. If they help you reach that goal sooner, then it will be better for all of you.

NOTES

OTHON Hisp-American M	PERSONALITY Everyone's Big Bro	PLAYER	GAME Til Death ~ Drac 08
OBSSESSION Takin' it easy	RAGE backstabbers	FEAR being abandoned	NOBLE loyalty to friends
BODY 75 (45) heavy lifter <u>Skills</u> general 25 athletics 25 struggle 40 keep going 30	SPEED 45 (15) plodding <u>Skills</u> dodge 25 driving 15 <u>initiative 23</u> drumming 35	MIND 40 (10) "Huh?" <u>Skills</u> general 15 notice 20 conceal 30 believe 25	SOUL 60 (30) "gets" people <u>Skills</u> charm 20 lying 15 score stuff 30* read people 40

MADNESS

Violence 0, Helpless 0, Unnatural 0, Isolation 0, Self 0
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GEAR

brass knuckles, lighter, \$50 your ancient grandma in Oklahoma gave you for your birthday, a bag of pot, a bottle of mixed pills (downers and uppers).

FUEL IN THE TANK

Sampy was the only guy you could really talk to. He really knew how to listen. In fact, he hardly ever talked about himself. Until he died, you never realized how little you knew about him, and now it's too late to ask. Sometimes, though, when you and Sampy got high, he would talk some weird shit. Scary shit. The next day it all seemed kind of hazy. If you tried to talk about it, or even think about it too much, it would all just drift away from you. Now, when you are really lonely or really high, you sometimes talk to Sampy as if he were there. As long as you stare straight forward and just pretend he is sitting there by you doing the same, it feels real. The minute you look over, though, and see nobody there, you get depressed. Once, though, it was weird. You looked over and for a split second you thought you saw him. Probably the 'shrooms. You want to protect the others, Rin, Billy, Othon, Werner. They are the only family you really care about and you hate the idea of everyone drifting apart now that Sampy is gone. You need to get high a lot. You like the others to be in that space with you.

NOTES

LOU(ISA) African-Amer. F	PERSONALITY Free Spirit	PLAYER	GAME Til Death ~ Drac 08
OBSSESSION spiritualism	RAGE skeptics	FEAR malevolent spirits	NOBLE helping others heal
BODY 60 (30) stocky <u>Skills</u> general 25 athletics 25 struggle 25 meditate 30	SPEED 55 (25) smooth <u>Skills</u> dodge 15 driving 15 <u>initiative 38</u> first aid 45	MIND 40 (20) simplistic <u>Skills</u> general 15 notice 35 conceal 15 ghost hunting 20*	SOUL 65 (35) sensitive <u>Skills</u> charm 25 lying 15 aura sight 35 inspire 20

MADNESS

Violence 0, Helpless 0, Unnatural 0, Isolation 0, Self 0
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GEAR

One-piece prison uniform

FUEL IN THE TANK

You can't believe Rin talked you into stealing that stuff, and now you are stuck in this pig-sty with her. You hate it here. The inmates are all obsessed with stupid pissing contests and status. You want to get out and continue your "studies." You and Sampy used to go to the spiritualist camp together. Those bunch of crazy old outcasts were pretty lame for the most part, but it was fun having your palm and cards read. It was all just a big joke until you hooked up with that dude from the University who was into ghost hunting. Man, that was exciting. You saw some weird shit, or thought you did anyway. It was always hard to tell what you were imagining and what was real. You want to get out and start holding seances again. You want to try and make contact with the other side. You and Rin made a deal that if one of you ever died, the living one would hold a séance on the 13th of every month at midnight while the dead one would try to make contact. You've been in jail for two months, and today is the 9th. You wonder if Sampy is trying to contact you ... whether it matters how long you wait. If you were outside, you would try to talk the others into having a séance with you.

NOTES

TREVOR Brit. transplant	PERSONALITY Heartless Drifter	PLAYER	GAME Til Death ~ Drac 08
OBSESSION dominating others	RAGE being cock-blocked	FEAR burning to death	NOBLE survival situations
BODY 60 (30) hard <u>Skills</u> general 25 athletics 35 struggle 35 hold liquor 25	SPEED 50 (20) wiry <u>Skills</u> dodge 25 driving 30 <u>initiative 30</u> dirty trick 20	MIND 60 (30) shrewd <u>Skills</u> general 15 notice 15 conceal 35 convince 40*	SOUL 50 (30) private <u>Skills</u> charm 15 lying 35 intimidate 30

MADNESS

Violence 0, Helpless 0, Unnatural 0, Isolation 0, Self 0
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GEAR

Custom chopper, motorcycle leathers, lots of condoms, big ass knife, lighter.

FUEL IN THE TANK

Sampy was your wingman. You and he would hit the bars together. His easy nature and natural charm were magic. Women would flock to him like he was holding a baby. And he always picked out the wildest ones and passed them on to you. It isn't as easy now that he's gone, but you get your fair share of tail. That, and you fight a lot. It's so fucking cool when you act all low-key and then BAM, out of nowhere you jack some guy up with a sucker punch. ... Honestly, you pretty much hate his other friends, but they are an easy lot to mooch off of. You keep in touch to see what they have going, and Billy isn't a half-bad replacement for Sampy when you are trolling bars. You are a survivor. Right now, Billy is your meal ticket, so you hang out with him, feed his ego, nail his endless girlfriends when he throws them away. And if he doesn't dump them fast enough, sometimes you don't wait. You get a kick out of manipulating people to get what you want.

NOTES