

# “The Fangover”

*A Vampire fiasco for five terrible people who also happen to be undead and who immediately escalate everything to a ten, where somebody will come in with some preposterous plan or idea, then all of a sudden everyone's on the gas, nobody's on the brakes, nobody's thinking, everyone's just talking over each other with one idiotic idea after another! Until, finally, they find themselves in a situation where they've broken into somebody's house - and the homeowner is home!*

*Not really suitable for kids.*

*By Nuge, originally for Itzacón XI (ish)*

# *The characters (Hereafter referred to as “the Gang”)*

## *Jude the Douche Ventrue*

The self-declared leader of the Gang, Jude thinks he is a rising star in the court of New York; he is not. He gets bumped from one job to another because his Sire has clout. Mostly Jude spends his time trying to rise up in power, while skipping all of the actual work. Jude also has a bizarre ability to make sure someone else gets the worst of his mistakes, and somehow keeps antagonising the goddamn Yakuza.

## *Tang the Hipster Gangrel*

The self-declared sheriff of the Gang. While he can take a beating and then some, he is a grotesque physical coward and not nearly as badass as he thinks, in addition to him not being smart. He boasts about his badass karate mastery but usually comes up with a lame excuse why he shouldn't fight.

## *Smoot the Idiot Mekhet*

Some kind of hyper-functioning moron, Smoot doesn't really know any better than to do stupid things. Smoot is the sort of person who would be outsmarted by a pull door that had a Push sign on it, yet has incredible instincts when not thinking too hard. Smoot is also obsessed with her grappling hook, the cable of unknown length for which is carried about her person.

## *Pitts the Exhibitionist Nosferatu*

Pitts knows better but doesn't care. Also, pants are not optional but in his mind unnecessary and counterproductive. One time, Pitts could have been something of a power in the court of New York, but now he just doesn't give a shit. Pitts fears or hates nuns.

## *Altamirano the Needy Daeva*

A lush, Altamirano thinks she is the charmer and seductress of the group, while in truth she's more of a pushy horny drunk, and ironically the combat monster of the gang. She is fickle and flaky, and as soon as she gets something she wants, she abandons it for something else.

# *Basic Vampire Stuff*

## *Damage*

They take bashing damage from firearms but lethal damage from blades, and aggravated from fire or sunlight.

## *Stat boosts*

They can use Vitae to boost a physical stat by 2 for a round, in addition to disciplines.

## *Weaknesses*

They aren't affected by garlic, religious icons or running water, unless the vampire believes it or someone has powers that make it happen. Every Clan has its own specific weakness, which is on each member of the Gang's sheet. Ghouls and Embracing: Feeding a human blood makes them a ghoul and it's addictive, but doesn't make them a vampire. That requires feeding vitae to a recently drained body and is a big thing to do, requiring Willpower to be permanently spent.

## *The Laws*

Keep the Masquerade. Don't embrace without the Prince's permission. Don't attack people in Elysium. All common sense stuff.

## *Politics*

The local leader is called the Prince. His second in command is the Seneschal. There's usually a sheriff to keep order, a Harpy to drive social activity. For the purpose of this game, the Covenants are something that happens to other vampires, because who'd want the Gang?

## *Werewolves and other Monsters:*

Each of the factions keeps to themselves, but from time to time deals are made for whatever purpose. There's no automatic hostility, but that doesn't mean they're superfriends.

# The "Plot"

The game is a flashback as the Gang tell the Seneschal of Atlantic City how they ended up in their current perilous situation on the balcony of the Prince of Atlantic City' 66th floor penthouse, with some flash forwards for clarification, It's a railroad, as they already know where they end up, so it's less of a matter of where the Gang end up, but more how badly they screw up getting there. The interludes are there to give the opportunity to the Gang to add extra complications and personal stupidity to the mix.

## Prologue:

Cold open in the Prince of Atlantic City's penthouse balcony, 66 floors above street level. As the Gang are left standing waiting certain doom, the Seneschal of Atlantic City asks "What the fuck are you idiots doing?"

## Part One:

Flash back to 24 hours earlier in the Prince of New York's Murder Basement. The Gang each explain why they're in the Prince's bad books. Scene of getting tortured ends when the Prince offers a reprieve, of transporting a crate to the Prince of Atlantic City.

## Part Two:

Getting the crate into the Winnebago with, getting out of New York, and probably taking a look in the crate. It contains "art" (Dominate does wonders)

## First Interlude:

Flash forward to the Balcony - "How did you run out of gas?"

## Part Three:

Gas and Go, Middle of the New Jersey. After a run in with some redneck werewolves and some necessary automotive repair, the Gang finally makes it to Atlantic City

## Second Interlude:

"So what was all that business with the tour bus on the strip?"

## Part Four:

Atlantic City Strip. The Gang runs afoul of the ACPD, Japanese tourists, and a load of nuns.

## Part Five:

The Prince of Atlantic City' penthouse. The Gang arrive, deliver the package and immediately offend the Prince, leading back to the start. It turns out that there's a bomb in the statue, and only the Gang survives as they are blown over the edge.

## Part Six:

A top down drop out onto the foyer of the Casino. Smoot saves the day with a combination of bullet time, grappling hook and inventiveness. In the aftermath, the Gang will need to make a break for it, and Jude will accidentally antagonise the Yakuza who are on a business trip and Pitts will encounter witchhunter nuns.

## Epilogue:

Fleeing into the dawn - "What the fuck are you gonna do?" as the sun comes up.

# ***Prelude: The 66th Floor Penthouse of Nero's Palace Casino***

## ***Almost Dawn***

The Gang are standing on the balcony of the 66th Floor penthouse of Nero's Palace. This high up the wind is whipping any loose clothing about (in particular Pitt's coat. Resolve + Composure roles to avoid shuddering upon seeing more than desired) and the din of traffic is muffled by the noise of the wind.

The Gang have taken a beating and are likely hands up in the air as several armed ghouls point weapons at them. Then the Seneschal (the Prince's 2nd in command), Holloway, steps out from the penthouse, which is the Prince of Atlantic City's haven, through the heavy glass doors. Inside there is fury as the Prince rages, tearing the place up.

Holloway looks wound up by the antics of the Prince. She runs her hands over her shaven head and in an exasperated voice asks "'what the fuck are you idiots doing?'"

## ***Part 1: the 'Murder Basement' of the Prince of New York.***

### ***Yesterday***

The 'Murder Basement' is a light-tight concrete box used by the Prince of New York, or more accurately, his Sheriff Hamrick, when someone needs to be tortured, or brutally murdered in a discreet location. It is a bare walled room with strip lights that half-illuminate the room, the only decorations are chains that hang from the roof or loops for chains hanging from the walls, a basic metal table, and a very small grate that is welded closed.

The Gang are there, handcuffed to metal chairs. Hamrick is a pudgy balding moustached hairy ball of a Gangrel dressed like the manager of a McDonalds. This eternal flab that he can never exercise away hides his musclebound frame. Apart from being physically powerful, he's old and immune to the Gang's sway (WP of 9 and higher Blood Potency)

Ask each one why they're there. If they don't have an idea, give them the suggestion below and get them to stretch it out. The focus here is to get the Gang to really get into how awful they are.

Jude: Picked the college aged daughter of a Senator as his blood doll

Tang: Mucked up a raid on a bunch of Belial's Brood nutbags and let them get away

Smoot: Tried to run a wire so she could get free Cable TV in her haven and ended up shorting the electricity supply for six blocks.

Pitts: Robbed stuff from a 7-11 on Hollywood boulevard while not wearing anything.

Altamirano: Got busted by the LAPD with 5 grammes of cocaine in her purse, used Disciplines to skip out of the arrest.

As the Gang try to weasel out of their fuck-ups, have Hamrick respond to any pithy lines or attempts at seduction by hitting them with a crow bar and reply "How'd you like THAT rejoinder, smartass?" Any teeth that are knocked or pulled out, or wounds will close up in time, so Hamrick will be brutal.

After some work, he will receive a phonecall. A Wits + Composure roll (bonus for Smoot if she's using enhanced hearing) will allow the Gang to determine Hamrick is speaking to the Prince of New York, Don Angelo. After a few more slaps, he will put bags over their heads (filthy if they've been extra mouthy) and drag each of the Gang up. Hamrick has a defence of 5, Brawl pool of 10 and Resilience of 5; even if one of the gang gets a hit on him, he will stare back at them, and then keep dragging. As they can hear the cocking of a shotgun, the bags are pulled off their heads. Standing there is Don Angelo.

"Give me one reason why I should not Final Death your asses." Cue the excuses...

## *Part 2: DUMBO*

### *Seven hours until Sunrise*

As the gang get a bearings, they'll see they're in a disused car lot. Everything is filthy and there's numerous rusted and semi-functional cars here. Don Angelo clicks his fingers and a ghoul grabs a plastic chair from the lot. Is it filthy? More importantly, do the Gang mention it before he sits?

After each of them makes a half assed attempt to explain themselves, she will sigh, and then say:

"I'm getting sick to by back fuckin' teeth with your names coming to my attention again and again". He steps over to one, and close enough to touch their face with his hand says "But am I not merciful?" (whoever points out the Gladiator reference get's a smack).

"I'm gonna give you one chance to redeem yourself. A simple fuckin' errand, that even you assholes should be able to complete. Get this done, and we'll see if we can find a long term use for you. Fail me or try to fuckin' run," pause for effect "...and your ashes are gonna end up mixed in with the Garden State Parkway Capish?."

With that there is the sound of a La Cucaracha novelty horn, and into the lot comes a 1973 Minnie Winnie Recreational Vehicle. It shudders up to parking in front of the Gang, and a ghoul steps out and offers the keys to Don Angelo. A fancy van drives up, opens up the back and another pair of ghouls wheels a heavy crate, dimensions like a large coffin, up to the side of the Winnebago.

"Bring that" points to the crate "To the Prince of Atlantic City, and return when the task is done. Simple as that". He drops the keys in front of one of the Gang and goes to leave in his limo. If any of the Gang tries anything, one of the shotgun wielding ghouls will shoot, an attack that won't kill but will hurt. If they don't try anything, then Hamrick will shoot Jude for being a mouthy douchebag anyway (Jude can dodge and get one of the others get hit instead).

Once the Prince has left, the Gang will have a few minutes before the cops come to investigate the gunshot. The crate is heavy and awkward, and getting it into the Winnebago is not an easy task, given the door on the side is narrow and the RV is fully furnished, if shabby. They will require some Strength + Athletics rolls to get it into the Winnebago. They can opt to try start another vehicle, but where would the fun be in that?

In the Winnebago, the fridge is broken but inside is a cooler with six blood bags, each with 1 BP worth of blood. The sink, toilet and show work but once started requires a Dex + craft roll to stop. The mattresses and bedding is ancient and smells awful. In the oven, which also doesn't work, there is a metal gun box with several small arms, including:

- . A double barrelled shotgun, with 7 shells in a bag. 4 L, 9s again damage.
- . An AK47; the clip is rusted in and there are exactly 3 rounds of combat worth of ammo in it. 3 L, burst adds up to +3 to hit.
- . A Colt 45 revolver: 3 L, 3 bullets. Engraved on the handle is 'Wish I was in you - D'
- . Assorted bullets, none of which fit the Colt or the shotgun.

Once aboard, the Gang can argue over who's driving. The fuel gauge says there's a full 55 gallons of gas in the tank. Getting out of New York is not easy feat. If the Gang take too long, the cops will show up. The cop car is faster and likely better drivers than the Gang (Drive pool of 7 dice, on draws they gain on the slow Winnebago). Navigating through the horrific New York traffic will also require some driving rolls, but unless they make a complete mess of it, they can get out of New York in a little over an hour. The journey should take two and a half hours in a normal car. In this crappy battered RV, it's going to take close to five. better get moving!

# *Interlude: The 66th Floor Penthouse of Nero's Palace Casino*

## *More almost Dawn*

Back on the Balcony, Holloway is listening to the Gang rambling on. She interrupts them going off topic again and again, and asks

"So you had a Winnebago and the statue. How did you run out of gas?"

### *Part 3 : Somewhere in New Jersey*

#### *the Pump 'N' Dump gas station*

Ask the Gang why the Winnebago is out of gas. One of them is responsible, or maybe several. Whoever has the worst reason for causing the tank to run dry so fast should get a willpower back for their sheer stupidity. If no-one fesses up to causing it, have everyone vote as to who they thought caused the tank to run dry - by pointing fingers. Literally, get them to point at who they think caused it. Cut back to the Winnebago, somewhere in back ass of nowhere New Jersey. The Engine starts spluttering as it is nearly out of gas. They will be in the middle of nowhere and there's no sign of life.

If they haven't already looked at the contents of the crate, they can pry open the crate and see the contents. It's a statue. If they ask for more details, get them to role Intelligence + Academics. If successful, tell them it's Art, Greek or Roman marble or something, but really all they see is something arty and maybe expensive (they won't know this till later, but they have been Dominated by the prince to not look too close; the statue is actually plaster and full of explosives).

After enough time for the Gang to argue amongst themselves, salvation will show up, but perhaps not in a form the Gang will want. In a pickup truck is Randy the Werewolf. If the Gang don't wave him down, he will pull over and knock on the door of the Winnebago. Randy is the Alpha and so even in human form, all six foot six of muscle and tattoos, he is scary. If attacked, he will turn into his full Man-Wolf form. Normally he has 8 health, Brawl of 9, willpower of 8 to resist mind control and a defence of 3, in Man-Wolf form his brawl is 12 and does Aggravated damage, he has 12 health, defence of 5 and has a point of tough skin armour, and is immune to all mind control powers.

Randy is not a savage animal, and if the Gang stop attacking, he will turn back to human form, and will still offer assistance, chalking their response up to them being stupid fangers who don't know better. He will offer to tow the Winnebago to the nearest gas garage, and they can talk to his packmate who runs the place.

Back at the Pump 'N' Dump are Randy's packmates, Billy-Bob the Werewolf and Becky-Jo the Werewolf. Becky-Jo takes an immediate shine to Jude, and starts making clumsy sexual overtures at him. At first Billy-Bob is a bit disgusted by her antics, but Randy keeps the peace and Billy-Bob goes to work on the Winnebago. In addition to whatever damage the member of the Gang caused, there is now also a tear in the fuel line. Billy-Bob says he can fix it, and he's got a part, but it'll cost twelve hundred dollars (or if they fought Randy, two thousand dollars). If the gang fight the Werewolves, each of them have stats similar to Randy, though Billy-Bob and Becky-Jo's resist mind control is 6 each.

If the Gang don't / won't pay, Becky-Jo offers to pay... if Jude comes to the lady's room with her. Becky Jo, like most werewolves, is muscular, hirsute and tattooed ("a powerful woman", if you want to be polite), so really not Jude's type. If he goes through with it, or uses Dominate (Becky-Jo has a willpower of 6 to resist mind control), after half an hour they will return, and Becky-Jo will get the part for her "New Beau". After another hour, the part can be replaced, and Randy even throws in a tank of gas as part of the deal.

# *Interlude: The 66th Floor Penthouse of Nero's Palace Casino*

## *Lots more almost Dawn*

After shuddering about hearing about the whole Becky-Jo incident, Holloway asks them to skip past that part. Exasperated and turning briefly to see a sofa being flung across the room, she asks

"So what was all that business with the tour bus?"

### *Part 4 : Atlantic City*

#### *About, oh say an hour and a half earlier?*

The Gang should know how this works by now. One of them causes an incident with a tour bus. Suggestions to drop:

- . Jude: Sees Japanese people taking photos of him and gets paranoid about the Yakuza again.
- . Tang: gets hassled by a bouncer who starts insulting the Winnebago and Tang while they're stopped at a red light.
- . Smoot: Drops her sizeable collection of marbles out the window, causing an old woman to fall in front of the bus.
- . Pitts: The bus is full of nuns!
- . Altamirano: See's a junkie getting high in a side street; chasing him down causes him to get hit by the bus.

Whoever has the worst reason for causing the tour bus incident so fast should get a willpower back for their sheer stupidity. Either way, the Atlantic City PD are now looking for people matching the description of the Gang. The heat should be on. Every few minutes, roll a Wits + Investigation pool of 5 dice for the ACPD. Contest this with a Dex + Drive or Dex + Stealth roll for the Gang. Getting spotted means the police will start a merry chase; if caught, they will be questioned and probably cautioned...or the police will get dominated.

Now the Gang have finally arrived in Atlantic City, they are going to need to find where the Prince of Atlantic City is... and who. Them being New York vampires, they haven't had much or any dealing with vampires from Atlantic City.

An Intelligence + Politics roll is required to actually find out anything about exactly where in Atlantic City they need to go. A success will give them the name of the Prince of Atlantic City (Weiderschmidt), an exceptional success will let them know his base of operations is a casino called "Nero's Palace". If they fail at this, a wits + streetwise roll will put them in touch with a local kindred, who gives them the required information, for a cost.

If the Gang caught the attention of the Police, then a black sports car will pull up beside the Winnebago, and a ghoul will step out. He will say he has been sent by the Prince to bring them to her.

They will finally make their way to Nero's Palace, the casino & hotel where the Prince of Atlantic City resides. The Winnebago will be directed parked in the underground parking lot, and under armed guard, the Gang will be made to carry the crate ...up the steps. Drag this out, and if they ask, the service elevator has a sign saying "out of order". When they get to the top, have someone go to the service elevator, call it, and if asked say "Oh those jokers!"

Even on top of this, the Gang are made to wait. Finally, after at least another hour's wait, the Gang will be admitted into the residence of the Prince.



## *Interlude: The 66th Floor Penthouse of Nero's Palace Casino*

### *Pretty close to Dawn*

The Residence takes up the entire penthouse, and looks out over the Strip. From the balcony windows, which are heavily armoured, there is a huge outdoor screen a few hundred feet away; the balcony presents a perfect view of this screen. Around the main room, which has several heavy leather sofas, are statues, some antique weapons, and some expensive looking drinks cabinets; it seems that the heavier and more dangerous looking the item, the higher value placed on it.

They won't be searched; the Prince, Weiderschmidt, has numerous guards in the room, all armed with SMGs (shooting 7 dice, each has 5 health), and she herself is a scary looking teutonic woman whose movement demonstrate incredible physical power and buttoned down rage. She does not bother to introduce herself at first; Her Seneschal, Holloway, starts talking, asking about the crate, who sent them, and who they are. Of course the Gang's every answer should make them look even more incompetent.

Eventually after sitting silently, Weiderschmidt will rise from behind her desk and stomp over to the Gang. The rage veins on her forehead are massive. She speaks slowly and with a weird accent

"So... Little Angelo has come to send his respects. Are things so fucking awful in New York again that he can only send a pack of fucking morons to deliver his tithe to me? He is ein VEEKLING. Only that I appointed my Childe Günther to be his Seneschal does he manage to hold power. I wonder how he would do if I withdrew my support for his rule. Still, he shows respect for me... even if he is clearly short of intelligent underlings to visit me."

She goes over to a rack of weapons on the wall and picks up a machete, then over to the Gang, and eyes each of them up. She is even more scary this close and stinks of bleach. Kudos to whichever member of the Gang decides to be mouthy. She takes the machete and smashes the lid of the crate, which collapses and exposing the statue within.

Prince Weiderschmidt goes apeshit. She howls, then swings the machete and decapitates one of her ghouls in a single swing - his head goes flying into one of the Gang. She doesn't even use words (at least ones the Gang can understand), just angry noises. Weiderschmidt will start tearing the place up in a frenzy. If the Gang try to run, they will be set on by the guards. Holloway will have them disarmed and led out onto the Balcony at gun and machete point. If the Gang looks at the statue, re-iterate it looks like art. They should have no idea why the Prince has lost it. If they don't come up with something appropriate, casually mention that they don't understand why someone would be offended of a statue of themselves felating a goat? (If that doesn't cue that they've been Dominated, nothing will).

Holloway will continue to interrogate while the Prince tears the place up. Finally Holloway will step back inside. At that point, the prince will smash the statue, exposing the explosives inside. Holloway will look to the Gang... as the bomb goes off. Most of the blast is contained within the armoured penthouse. There is enough force to kille everyone inside... and send everyone on the balcony airborne!

## *Part Six: 66 Floors up from the Nero's Palace Casino lobby Damn near Dawn*

The Gang finds themselves in freefall. It will take around 8 seconds to fall the 66 stories to ground level, giving each member of the Gang 2 actions of desperate panic.

Except Smoot. Smoot's Celerity and Auspex sync up, and she enters a bullet-time type slow motion action. Roughly 22.5 times faster than the rest of the gang, Smoot has around 3 minutes real time to come up with and execute a plan to save herself and maybe the rest of the Gang. Smoot's grappling hook will have exactly as much cable as is needed. Convenient. Smoot can use the cable and grappling hook to swing from some extruding part of the hotel and try smash through a window (they don't open on their own).

Falling 66 floors will cause 30 levels of lethal damage, which would easily roll round into full aggravated damage for anyone. That may be mitigated by

- . The Front of the hotel has letters ("Nero's Palace") that extend around 10 feet out. The last one is 5 stories up, which would be more like 5 lethal damage for the fall
- . The Ugly statue outside the hotel is 2 stories. Bouncing off this may reduce some of the damage
- . The Bleachers start at 6 stories and taper down to ground level
- . The 10 story screen could be used "Captain Blood Style" with a knife or blade and slide down it
- . Landing on a car will absorb 5 lethal damage.
- . The Wrestling ring will take at least 20 lethal worth of impact
- . The Plastic kiosks will collapse on impact but will absorb 10 lethal damage
- . Tang could try Earth melding on impact into the ornamental garden. It's a HORRIBLE masquerade breach but with every success on a Stamina + Athletics roll will negate one damage.

Assuming some survive bar Smoot, the Gang should now be either in the Hotel or at ground level. There has been a massive explosion and the LVPD are coming to investigate. Not to mention the likely masquerade breach by surviving the fall (the ghouls who worked for the Prince of Atlantic City all went splat).

Getting the Winnebago is going to be difficult, not to mention pointless. It's in the parking garage, whereas there are several faster and better cars right here, as people stop to stare at the bodies on the ground and the flaming penthouse. Also, for extra cruelty, ask whoever was driving where the left the keys...

As they grab a car, Jude will end up grabbing one vacated by or currently occupied by a Japanese businessman. In fact, several. Yes, it's the Yakuza on a gambling holiday, all dressed as Elvis. Whatever car they steal will be blocked in by a busload of nuns who are all retired members of the monster slaying Mallus Malificarum society. Time for a jaunty chase scene, as the sun is coming up soon and there's lunatic Japanese gangsters and witchhunters in pursuit. Oh Happy days!

Fleeing into the dawn, time to ask the last question:

"What the fuck are you gonna do when the sun comes up?"

# *Fin*

# Jude

## the douche ventrue

*"Why should I Be in charge? Well, I can think of three Reasons. One, I'm the oldest, smartest and clearly best looking. Second, I'm a Ventrue, and we're just better at leading, well, just better at everything. And thirdly, you're naked on Hollywood Boulevard covered in Kentucky Fried Chicken skins. I wo think its pretty self explanitory but maybe, maybe I'm just missing something".*

Physical Age at Embrace: 35 (claims 27)  
Year of embrace: 1958  
Blood Potency: 2  
Size: 5  
Speed: 9  
Init. Mod: 5  
Defense: 2  
Clan weakness: -2 to all humanity rolls. Jerk  
Willpower: 5  
Vitae: 11 (1 per turn)  
Stats:  
Intelligence: 2  
Wits: 3  
Resolve: 2  
Strength: 2  
Dexterity: 2  
Stamina: 2  
Presence: 3  
Manipulation: 4  
Composure: 3

### Mental Skills (-3 unskilled)

Computer : 2  
Investigation : 2  
Politics : 3

### Physical Skills (-1 unskilled)

Athletics (Posturing Pose): 2  
Drive : 2

### Social Skills (-1 unskilled)

Persuasion (Elaborate seduction): 4  
Socialize: 3  
Subterfuge (Elaborate Lie): 4

You see yourself as the leader, but really you're not as smart as you think you are. Your moments of clarity are immediately overshadowed by your ego.

You spend most of your time trying to work into the upper circles of Kindred society (trying to bypass the middle and lower with no success) or hanging around with losers like the Gang. Your job in the Court changes from week to week, as your sire has enough pull to stop you being staked, but no-one really wants you as their underling.

Bar your social skills, which seem mostly aimed at picking up college girls, you have little to no other useful skills.

### The Others

Tang: Good as muscle, well, ok as muscle. Actually, pretty useless as muscle.

Smoot: Low to medium functioning idiot.

Pitts: Somehow he and your sire go back. God knows how anyone with class would put up with his smell.

Altamirano: The cougar act is a little gross, and a touch pathetic.

Morality : 4 (Ok with other people doing bad things, loathe to do it yourself)  
Derangements: Narcissism

### Merits:

Resources: 1  
Herd (insecure college girls): 2  
Barfly: 1  
Danger sense (Dex + Athletics roll to get another character hit instead): 2  
Status (Kindred of New York): 2

### Disciplines

Dominate: 3

- Command: requires eye contact, 1 word order. 5 Vs resolve + BP, contested, 0 vitae cost.
- Mesmerise: Requires eye contact and time, allows for complex orders. 5 Vs resolve + BP, contested, 0 vitae cost.
- Forgetful mind: Allows alteration of memories, Extended, 10 - Resolve, 0 Vitae cost

### Gear:

- Cheap suit you paid way to much for and you claim is bespoke when it's not, shirt and tie, matching Calvin Klein socks and underpants, slightly fancy leather shoes.
- \$120 in cash
- Credit cards that mostly work
- Knock off Rolex you think is genuine
- Travel Bag with hidden compartment for cable ties, duct tape, and handcuffs

**THING TO REMEMBER:**  
**Stop pissing off the Yakuza!**

# Tang

## the hipster gangrel

*"Sure, you might have fancy disciplines, and maybe sure you know some tricks. But I'm a badass loner and I know karate. So yeah, run along now, with a warning. Cause I don't want to have to explain to the Prince, you know my good buddy the Prince, why I had to off an elder. I mean, I can't be held accountable when the Karate starts...it's got a mind of its own!"*

Physical Age at Embrace: 25  
Year of Embrace: 1982  
Blood Potency: 1 (see disciplines)  
Size: 5

Speed: 10  
Init. Mod: 4  
Defense: 2

Armor: 1 (leather jacket), plus Resilience 1  
Clan weakness: No 10s again on Intelligence or Wits rolls (bar surprise or alertness). Dumbass.  
Health: 10

### Stats:

Intelligence: 2  
Wits: 2  
Resolve: 3  
Strength: 3  
Dexterity: 2  
Stamina: 5 (+1 dot of Resilience)  
Presence: 3

Manipulation: 2  
Composure: 2

### Mental Skills

Academics : 2  
Craft : 2

### Physical Skills

Athletics : 3  
Brawl : 2  
Drive : 2

Weaponry : 2

### Social Skills

Animal Ken (Dogs): 3  
Intimidation (Loud boast): 3  
Persuasion (Loud boast): 3  
Streetwise : 2

Willpower: 5

Vitae: 10 (1 per turn)

Morality : 5 (Likes to act like a coldblooded badass, gets squemish around actual harm)

### Merits:

Heavy Hands: 3 - +1B damage to unarmed  
Iron Stamina: 3 (ignores all wound penalties)  
Status (Kindred of New York): 1

### Disciplines

Protean: 2

- Aspect of Predator: Elder Vampires do not automatically assume you are weaker. They just work that out for themselves after talking to you...

- Haven of Soil: Can merge with earth to find a place to sleep.

Resilience: 1 (adds 1 to stamina, downgrades 1 dot of Agg to lethal, lethal to bashing, or ignores 1 dot of bashing)

### Gear:

- Biker t-shirt with "Karate Master" printed on it, denim shirt, sunglasses, surprisingly expensive diver's watch you found in a bar, stonewashed jeans, Last Starfigher boxers, odd socks and biker boots that do not match the leather jacket.

- Leather jacket: +1 armor

- "Karate staff" (baseball bat with misspelled Chinese letters on it) +2B damage

- \$30 in loose change and small notes

- Broken flickknife, takes 4 turns to open, +1L damage

You see yourself as the Sheriff of the Gang, but really you're not as smart as you think you are. You claim to be a total badass but your memory of the number of actual fights you have been in is a little fuzzy...possibly due to head trauma suffered pre or post embrace. While undeniably you can take a monstrous beating, you are a grotesque physical coward and will always have a justification why you can't fight, usually something along the lines that you don't want to accidentally lose control...

The only job you get trusted with is menial security details, which you have a tendency to foul up with your efforts to show off how badass you are.

### The Others

Jude: Man needs to work on his glutes, learn some karate, maybe he'd then be a badass like you.

Smoot: Some kind of vampire retard genius, like a mix between Dracula and Rainman.

Pitts: Why does a man who lives in a diaper not want to wrestle nude?

Altamirano: Well, you don't want to say it, but a woman like her, all drunk and defenceless, needs a badass like you around. KARATE!

**THING TO REMEMBER:**  
*You are the master of karate!*

# Smoot

## the idiot Mekhet

*“So I I was minding the Blood bank, like you asked. And that place was freezing, i mean like a meat locker cold. And i was thinking, well, you know, blood is warm, so why is it so cold in here? And I was like, oh shit, i’m gonna get blamed if the blood goes bad.*

*So i started a fire to keep it warm. Cause that’s how blood’s supposed to be, right?”*

Physical Age at Embrace: 19

Year of Embrace: 2008

Size: 5

Speed: 11

Init. Mod: 6

Defense: 5

Clan weakness: +1 Agg damage from fire or light

Willpower: 5 (+2 for Stupid Stubborn)

Vitae: 10 (1 per turn)

### Stats:

Intelligence: 1

Wits: 5

Resolve: 2

Strength: 2

Dexterity: 4

Stamina: 2

Presence: 2

Manipulation: 2

Composure: 2

### Mental Skills (-3 unskilled)

Academics (New Jersey Animal Legislation): 1

Craft (Improvised thing with stuff in pocket): 3

### Physical Skills (-1 unskilled)

Athletics (GRAPPLING HOOK!): 4

Larceny : 3

Stealth : 3

Survival : 1

### Social Skills (-1 unskilled)

Animal Ken : 2

Expression (Music) : 3

Subterfuge : 2

You are definitely not smart. You possibly have some kind of neurological damage too, possibly due to being high on inhalants during your embrace. Maybe you’ll smarten up in time, but no-one is holding their breath for that to happen.

Despite not being the brightest, you are surprisingly quick witted, albeit in your own weird way. And you’re quite a skilled musical, when you’re not trying to get high, realising drugs don’t do anything to you any more, and then going looking for a junkie you can get high off instead. A charmed life.

### The Others:

Jude: He’s a bit of a bastard, but he seems to actually care about you, which is nice.

Tang: Your bestie. But you don’t have the heart to tell him he’s terrible at Karate, no matter what he thinks.

Pitts: For the first year you knew him, he insisted he was really your sire. Given your limited mental prowess, you believed him.

Altamirano: You wonder why she keeps asking you to come over and strip off so she can check something.

Morality : 6 (You’re a decent person but you have difficulty understanding social norms)  
Derangements: Manic with random obsessive behaviour

### Merits:

Animal smart (use higher of Dex or Wits for defence): 1

Strong Back: 1 (+1 strength for carrying)

Encyclopedic Knowledge: 4

Stupid stubborn (+2 to willpower rolls): 2

Status (Kindred of New York): 0

### Disciplines

Auspex 1

- Heightened Senses: 1 sense is enhanced at a time. Due to your likely brain damage you don’t actually ever turn this discipline off.

Celerity 2

- 1 vitae per turn use. Add 2 to initiative when active, and base speed is increased to 33.

If running, you can reach around 50 MPH for short bursts.

### Gear:

- Stinky beanie, bomber jacket, converse held together with tape, longjohns that have seen better years, combat trousers, assorted plastic jewellery and a Ramones T-shirt from Hot Topic  
- Grappling hook with unknown length of rope.

- \$7 in loose change

- 200 marbles of assorted color

- June 2003 edition of Playboy Malaysia

- Assorted screwdrivers and other small tools

- Black nail varnish (almost empty)

**Thing to Remember:**  
**It’s all about the Grappling Hook!**

# Pitts

## *the exhibitionist nosferatu*

*"I tried pants. They kept getting wet in my warren, and then people complained about them dripping everywhere. So I can't win... pants, I make a mess. No pants, you say I scare the children. It's not my fault they built a school right there? And even if it was my fault, those kids were being dicks anyway"*

### Stats:

Intelligence: 2

Wits: 3

Resolve: 4

Strength: 3

Dexterity: 2

Presence: 2

Manipulation: 2

Composure: 3

### Mental Skills

Craft : 3

Occult : 2

Science (Electricity): 2

### Physical Skills

Athletics : 2

Brawl (Fat fists): 3

Larceny : 3

Stealth : 3

### Social Skills

Animal Ken : 1

Intimidation (Sweaty naked fat guy): 3

You know exactly what you're doing, you just don't care any more. Frankly, after a century as a vampire you've stopped giving a shit what the kindred of the court think of you. At one point you were getting to be a mover and shaker, but you got sick of the politics, the mechanations, and the Prince's goddamn insistence on you wearing pants. They kept you sidelined and so you did your own thing in your own haven and did so without pants.

Plus, fucking nuns. you'll show em if they try any shit again. You don't know if it was a hunter or just a zealous penguin, but you'll show em what a fat naked guy can do if pissed.

### The Others:

Jude: You know his sire, and you love reminding other kindred of the fact.

Tang: The boy would be useful if he wasn't a useless asshole

Smoot: The girl is dumb as toast and hooked on whatever the retard kids are on these days. But a good dumb retard.

Altamirano: Well hello dolly. Let me tuck some fat, get a toupee and I'll show ya a good time!

Willpower: 7

Vitae: 12 (1 per turn)

Morality : 3 (all out of fucks to give)

Derangements: Sociopathic nudism

### Merits:

Resources: 1

Status (Kindred of New York): 0

### Disciplines

Nightmare: 3

- Monstrous Countenance: 8 Vs Composure + Blood Potency. Requires line of sight, run away for 1 turn per success. 0 vitae cost.

- Dread: Cost: 5 Vs Composure + BP. The atmosphere gets creepy, -2 to all actions and cannot spend Willpower. 1 vitae cost.

- Eyes of the Beast: 5 Vs Composure + Blood Potency. Mortals are paralysed, vampires suffer Rotschreck. cost 1 vitae.

Obfuscate: 1

- Touch of Shadow: 9 dice to hide an object. Palm size +2, large pocket -1, hide in a coat -3, bigger than a man -5. Costs 0 vitae.

### Gear:

Trenchcoat, wellingtons and modesty nappy (pack of 4).

44 snubnose revolver (usually hidden), +3L, 6 rounds, range 20 feet

\$150 dollars in crumpled damp notes.

Pack of pre-embargo Cuban cigars, Zippo

## **THING TO REMEMBER:**

***Goddamn nuns!***

# Altamirano

## *the needy daeva*

*"It's not that I need the crack. I mean, I can quit it any time. Like the martinis and the shopping and the clubbing. I get in where I want. I know you saw me getting kicked out of that club on Vine, but I wanted out. I needed to get some crack anyway".*

Blood Potency: 1  
Physical Age at Embrace: 39  
Year of Embrace: 1979  
Size: 5  
Speed: 10  
Init. Mod: 4  
Defense: 2  
Clan Weakness: Lose a willpower if you turn down an opportunity to indulge in something forbidden. Junky!

### Stats:

Intelligence: 2  
Wits: 2  
Resolve: 2  
Strength: 3  
Dexterity: 2  
Composure: 2  
Presence: 3  
Manipulation: 4  
Composure: 2

### Mental Skills:

Academics : 2  
Politics (Southwestern Kindred): 2

### Physical Skills:

Athletics (Run in heels): 2  
Brawl : 3  
Larceny : 2

### Social Skills:

Empathy : 2  
Expression : 3  
Persuasion : 3  
Socialize (Post work drinks): 3

You think you're charming and witty, but really you're not nearly as smart as you think you are. Unlike many of your clanmates, who glide about, you lunge at the first thing that resists your charms, then spurns it as soon as it relents. You're eternally looking for what you can't have and are never happy if you do get it.

In the court, you manage to hold a very peripheral role assisting one of the Harpies, but whenever you get close to actual power you choke. The one time you had a private meeting with the Prince you threw up on his thousand dollar shoes. And no, he didn't want sex after that.

### The Others:

Jude: He looks older than he thinks he does, dresses like a car salesman and thinks he's in charge. That said, until someone else has a better idea, you'll let him.

Tang: Why does he keep getting in your way saying "Security"? Is he trying to impress you with THAT hair?

Smoot: The girl is a low functioning retard. You're not even sure she's a girl.

Pitts: GODDAMN IT PITTS, THE SMELL!

Willpower: 4  
Vitae: 10 (1 per turn)  
Morality : 5 (still wary of getting caught)

### Merits:

Barfly: 1  
Resources: 3  
Striking Looks (MILF): 2 (+1 to all social rolls, -1 to sneaking or not being spotted)  
Herd (Divorcee men): 2  
Contacts (Club owners in LA): 2  
Status (Kindred of New York): 2

### Disciplines

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#### Majesty: 1

- Awe: 7 Dice, gain bonus equal to number of successes on any Social rolls, -1 dice per 2 people targetted. 0 vitae cost.

#### Celerity: 1

- Celerity 2

- Add 1 to initiative when active, and base speed is increased to 22. If running, you can reach around 30 MPH for short bursts. 1 vitae per turn use.

#### Vigor: 1

- +1 strength (speed also increases to 11). 1 vitae per scene use.

### Gear:

- Cocktail dress, stillettos, pearl necklace and earrings (stolen from a nightclub coat room), impractical underwear

- Martini glass and bottle of premade martini  
- \$200 in cash (paper)

### **THING TO REMEMBER:**

*If it's easy they're not worth your while!*