

DIRECTOR'S MAIL I:

Well, things are getting interesting.

Drake gets home one day (coming up through the underground tunnels that lead into the rear of his crypt) to find Jonathan, sitting on the floor, leaning against his coffin. He's got a fish sandwich and fries, and is wearing sunglasses and smoking a cigar. Jesus is happily munching away at a small bowl of raw fish that Jonathan apparently brought with him.

Now Drake, your first thought is going to be "Crap! The photos!"

[DIRECTOR'S NOTE: Drake has set up a bizarre sort of shrine to Anita and Kat in his lair. The walls are covered with Polaroid photos of the two of them, approximately half of which are immaculate and set up in places of honor, and the other half are mutilated in rather offensive ways. This is how he deals with his frustrations over the mysterious girl in his dreams]

Yes, Jonathan has seen the photos of Kat and Anita, and the shrine. However, he's facing the front door, not knowing where your tunnels are located, and you move pretty quietly. What are you doing?

PLAYERS' INTERACTION:

Drake quietly moves up behind Jonathan and just stands there, looking down at him.

Jonathan notices Drake, raises an eyebrow momentarily, and takes his cigar out with a puff of smoke. He does not, however, get up off of the floor. "Damn Drake, where the hell have you been all day? I got so bored waiting for you I went down to the Strip to get some chow for me and the furball, and came back. I need to find some people in the underground. Well, maybe they're things, I'm not sure yet. I'll know when I find 'em. I figure you and Walter know the underdark, but you're the more stable one. So, here I am."

Drake takes a step into the light showing that his game face is on, "What do you need?"

Jon takes a drag on his stogie, blows the smoke towards the open door, and looks up at Drake again. "Ok. Direct and to the point it is. I need to find out more about a group called the Cult of Wishes. Who they are. Where they are. And how do I blow them into little bits of chunky salsa. I'm pretty sure they have something to do with the Djinn, and that they're some sort of Aztec cult thought wiped out in the 1940's. And I'm sure there's word of them in the underground. This'll need to be done with stealth and finesse of course. Subtle is the watch-word. So you see of course why I couldn't possibly ask Walter for help. So, really, that just leaves you."

Jon then puts his cigar back in mouth with a smile, and puts his hands on his knees and waits.

Drake thinks for a moment. "Okay, Jonathan, if I help you, you forget you were ever here, and you saw *nothing*. Okay?"

"We all got secrets Drake. And this is one that's real close to home for me. I know how to keep my mouth shut. As a matter of fact, I've been trained to resist interrogation techniques by some of the best people the

US government has to offer. Let's keep the Slayer and the Scoobies out of this. But I think it would better if we admit to working together on it, then have them get curious about why we're both so closed mouthed about the whole affair. You don't want them snooping around here, and I don't want them killed for snooping into my past. But finding this Cult and wiping them out is real, REAL personal."

Jon stands up, and dusts himself off a bit. "Now, I'm only planning one trip back here. You need a cell phone so none of us ever have to come and wait here for you. I'm gonna upgrade to a family plan and get a second phone for my "brother-in-law". I'll just leave it on the coffin if you're not here. I'm gonna go out on a limb and say you'll probably have an easier time of it if you don't have a human tagging along with you. Come by my place when you find something. Let's just say that's my little way of showing my sincerity about keeping secrets. See ya later Drake."

Before Jon leaves Drake hands him a slip of paper with the number 555- 3845 on it. "I've already got a cell phone." Drake's face slowly returns to normal as he takes a seat on the coffin and looks at Jonathan. "When you get to be my age you begin to understand the way the world really works. There are some pretty scary things out there. And I'm one of them. Now, for us scary things out there, there are a few things out there that scare US so badly that we soil ourselves on the way to the place with the nice white walls."

Drake pulls out a cigarette and lights it, taking a few puffs before going on. "I will look into this matter for you, but I warn you now that NOTHING good can come from this. On the contrary I think this could be a very unhealthy line of questioning for you. I can tell you now that the cult of wishes worships a god called Tezcatlipoca. I'll get you more info when I can. This may take a couple days." With that Drake falls silent and just sits there smoking.

Jon reaches down to scratch the cat one last time behind the ears, takes his trash from lunch, and leaves on his Harley.

DIRECTOR'S MAIL TO JOHN'S PLAYER:

John gets an urgent voicemail from Cyan, saying that she needs to talk to him, regarding this mysterious quest of his. It seems that after dancing the other evening, Cyan overheard a conversation between a couple very drunk members of some cult worshipping an ancient Aztec god with a wierd name that sounds like "the Cat's Copa" or something. They also refer to him as the Shadow and the Smoky Mirror. Now talk of cults in this city isn't incredibly unusual, but what did catch her attention is that they start talking about having all of their wishes granted, and gaining power beyond belief. They also mention the sacrificing of souls to their god, and there is talk about a platoon of "army assholes" that they sold out to get their souls. For some reason that sparked a thought of Jonathan--Cyan does know that he was once in the military, and doesn't like to talk about his days in the service. It's also come out recently that he was formerly in the Initiative. The kicker is this: they started talking about their temple being beneath an old warehouse out past the Strip District.