

A person in a dark coat and hat walks away from the viewer down a narrow, dimly lit alleyway. The walls are dark and textured, and the ground is uneven. At the end of the alley, a bright light illuminates the scene, creating a strong contrast with the shadows. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and foreboding.

Dawn's Call of Cthulhu

SHANGHAI

WITH

SASSOON

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THE PLAYERS

- **Victor Sassoon** (NPC) – 44 year old patron
- **Stella Densmore** (Bob) – debutant, 20y
- **Dr. Dermot “Mac” Atter** (Jay) – Irish, Medical, 31y
- **Amos O’Leary** (Rob) – Irish mobster, 28 y
- **“Bette” Shen** (Michelle) – Chinese, Cathey concierge, 30y
- **[Frederick Snellenberg](#)** (Captain Joy) – friend/enforcer, 49y
- **Carlton Trusk** (Russell) – old architect, 38y
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DON'T OPEN GATES

Early December 1925

Session 1.01

[Saturday 23 March 2019]



Rosseau's Roundup

Dr. Frederick Maybell, chief of staff at **St. Marie hospital**. A strange body as been brought in. The body was brought to **inspector Mazenq**; it may be **ZuMuShang**, aka "**The Monkey**".—a low level enforcer for the **Four Seas Gang**. It may be cholera.

It is a Jesuit hospital; the emergency room is packed. **Mac** asks **nurse Schultz** to see **doctor Maybell**. He says we can't wait for him. As he's down in the garage working on some vehicle. The men decide to go down and help. Once **Dr. Maybell** hears we were sent by **Sassoon**, he leaves off the repairs and takes us to the morgue. I retrieve the girls from waiting in **Dr. Maybell's** office—they poked around there and nothing seemed out of sorts.

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At the morgue, **Dr. Maybell** takes us to a body on a cart. The deaths—plural—worry him. He's worried it could be some kind of weapon. He pulls the sheet down and the tattooed body looks desiccated, a grimace frozen in his face. **Bette** says he's part of the 4 Seas Gang. **Mac** says his death was caused by exsanguination, about a week ago. There are bruises on his neck and chest.

This most recent corpse was found in an alley in the French concession. About a dozen similar corpses were brought in by **Father Rosseau**. He insisted the bodies be burned, because it was cholera. The deceased's hands are scraped like they were scraped on the ground. The bruises are bigger than a man's hand choking him, but they look like he was squeezed. There are lots of needle marks wherever bruising is—maybe his is what caused the bruising.

Abby Sullivan, the guy who's automobile **Maybell** was working on, is from **Father Russeau's** parish. He found the bodies at the House of Clouds. Funny thing, **Father Rousseau** missed last communion and hasn't been seen since, days ago.

Next we check with **Inspector Mezenq**. **Bette** speaks with him. He tries to push us off on **Doctor Maybell**. **Carlton** sees routine police files on his desk. He's taking the murder seriously, but the **House of Clouds** bodies are out of his jurisdiction.

The **House of Clouds** is an opium den in the international district. It's a rough place. Throngs of all nationalities bustle, but don't mix. Times are rough; it appears to be shut down due to a cholera outbreak. **Mac** chats up a few red headed guards keeping an eye on the entrance. He asks them who here knows more about the outbreak. One of the guy says his friend **Danny** says this is no cholera outbreak, it's a crime scene. 2 bodies were found, then 10 more in the back smoking rooms. It was **Father Rosseau** that insisted it was cholera. A witness—and a drunk and an opium addict, **Sam Griffith**, claims he saw a dragon. **Stella** and **Bette** sweet talk that guards and we get in.

The place smells fragrant, lots of hanging cloth, and erotic art. **Carlton** finds **Father Russo's** name as a regular custom. A visit two weeks ago, he spent over **200 silver pesos**. **Stella** sees another entry close by, same day, renting out the entire back room for 10 pesos.

We move into the smoking room. It's dark, but opening the back door lets some light in. **Stella** has a small flashlight. There was some violence here: blood. **Carlton** finds one booth with a significant blood spray. **Carlton** has heard Chinese tales of blood-sucking demons.

In the back room, again no light. Dim red light as before. Many chairs are pushed against the wall. The room is unusually cold. It stinks of ... something, sour. The ladies open the curtains and I find I'm standing in some kind of alter room. There are chalked Chinese symbols on the floor and wall; they come from the **Book of Changes**. **Bette** and **Carlton**

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recognizes some of these as wards, but it's not a cohesive spell or prayer. **Stella** finds a pile of traditional male clothing, gold silk, under and over garments, for a man on the tall side. **Bette** says it is ceremonial, would be worn by a higher officiate. **Mac** thinks the south west corner is colder, and smells worse, and the red light seems brighter. In the south east corner we find a suitcase with a tag on it: **Father Russo**.

Upstairs, it is very plain, a hallway with a few rooms. Mostly single bed bedrooms. The last door is locked. **Carlton** picks it. It's a nicely appointed Chinese woman's bedroom. We search. **Madam Gau** lived here. No accounting or bookkeeping records. She probably doesn't live here

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Session 1.2
[Saturday 25 May 2019]



Lushes Win

Madam Gau is being held by **Inspector Everson** at the **Shanghai Municipal Police Station**. We buy Chinese and English copies of the **Book of Changes** and look up the meanings of the symbols:

1. A small preponderance
2. Nearing or approach
3. Obstruction or stand still
4. Great invigorating or great maturity
5. Treading or continuing
6. Receptive or acquiescence
7. Coupling or coming to meet
8. Force or strong action

Stella thinks this was used for some kind of summoning.

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Inspector Everson at is a high ranking officer at the **Shanghai Municipal Police Station**. (He recently gave the fire order to suppress a mob of locals who were protesting foreign presence in the area.) **Bette** decides to let **Stella** and **Mac** approach **Inspector Everson**. When Bette drops Sassoon's Name, we are quickly ushered to Everson's office.

EVERSON: What can I help you with, Miss?

STELLA: We would like to interview Madam Gau.

EVERSON: Oh, would you?

STELLA: Yes, I'm a photojournalist. I'm doing a story on ...

Everson doesn't buy Bette's line about researching opium dens or whatever.

Bette, nevertheless, let's us I to have a crack at Madam Gau. So far all she's done is claim her English isn't good. I get Bette. Everson says the only one who has anything to say is **Sam Griffith**, who claims he saw a dragon with glowing red eyes.

BETTY: Excuse me, Madam Gau, do you have some time?

MADAM GAU: A have all the time.

Madam Gau admits Father Russo liked to "chase the dragon". She did sell him the back room. He brought in some Taoist priest; there was some dancing; then all hell broke loose. She says she'll help us, but wants us to get her released. She suggests we check into the **Green Gang**. They are rivals of the **Four Seas Gang**. The **Green Gang** is the most powerful tong. The **Green Gang's** hang out is the **Crystal Garden Club**, a high end underground jazz club in the International Settlement, Old Shanghai. Decorated in ornate black and silver, dragons, nice stage with full band, dance floor, plenty of seating, young girls to keep you company. **Bette** knows one of the girls that works there and gets **Mac** and **Carlton** in through the back door. **Stella** gets me in through the front door; one look at her and the doorman didn't even ask us any questions.

Stella hits the dance floor and quickly loses a shoe.

I chat up one of the younger bouncers. He's tight lipped and complains his boss has noticed us. I leave him to it. Indeed, I had noticed a well dressed man with an impressive gold watch notices me.

Mac finds out from his girl. **Huang Jen Wrong** is the head of the **Green Gang**.

Bette tries to eavesdrop on the proprietors.

Carlton is getting embarrassingly drunk with his girl.

Another wealthy Chinese gentleman, obviously one of **Huang Jen Wrong's** lieutenants, "**Big-Ear**" **Du**, swaggers in from one of the back rooms. He makes the rounds, and eventually approaches **Mac** and whispers in his ear!

Bette tells **Stella** that some rich Chinaman has something in his pocket "that will finish the **Four Seas Gang** for good". **Bette** sidles up to him: "Buy a lady a drink?" She notices a

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scar under his right eye that goes all the way down his cheek; he's about about 30 years old. He seems to be warming up to her. **Stella** feels something square and hard in his coat pocket. She "trips", ripping the pocket with the mysterious device open. A dark-colored pouch falls out onto the floor. He curses in Chinese. **Bette** rushes in to ostensibly help her friend, hoping to retrieve the pouch. Unfortunately, the gentleman finds it. The girls cause enough of a commotion for **Bette** to snag it first and hide it in her dress. I take off a (dark) sock and put an ashtray in it. The gentleman is on his hand and knees frantically looking for his pouch. Bette and Stella are making their way out the front door. Mac and Carlton are leaving as well, the establishment having called the passed out Carlton a cab. I kick my decoy/sock across the floor to keep the gentleman distracted long enough for us to all get in the cab and drive safely away.

We wait till we get to Sassoon's, then Stella opens the dark pouch. Inside is some kind of wooden stamp with some kind of Chinese characters. It some kind of old official seal.

Session 1.03

[Saturday 1 June 2019]



Bites and Bullets

We arrive at **Victor Sassoon** at 12:15 in the morning. We all enjoy a well earned nights sleep. When we wake up, we find notes inviting us to breakfast with **Victor** in his private suite. He asks for our report.

Bette informs **Victor** that there is no cholera outbreak; that's the good news. The bad news: something ... occult it going on. The source seems to be the **House of Clouds**. That's where a massacre occurred.

BETTY: You know I'm not given to flights of fancy, but there were cold spots in the room, a witness claimed he saw a dragon with red eyes, ...

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At any rate, gangs are involved, **Stella** believes an actual “monster” is involved, we all agree the potential for the loss of innocent life is very real. **Victor** suggests we follow the lead of the **wooden stamp** stained with some brown substance (we’re all thinking “blood”) we got from **Huang Jen Wong**. **Victor** has an extensive library. We learn the stamp isn’t language/words, but it’s some kind of iconography for summoning or conjuring spirits. There is usually a prayer associated with the use of such stamps. The Chinese believe everything has a spirit, a taoist priest can open gates to the spirit world; it’s dangerous to move about in a world you’re not native to.

Next we head to the **Shanghai library** and do some research. **Carlton** looks into previous cholera outbreaks that suddenly fixed themselves. I find some Chinese/spiritualism books. They confirm what we already know, but I was hoping to learn what exactly would be summoned with the **wooden stamp**. As we’re about to leave, **Mac** finds a book that actually describes how to perform the summoning ritual.

As we’re leaving the library, a **young boy** (**Mac** has treated his mother or grandmother or something) rushes up and grabs **Mac’s** arm.

YOUNG BOY: Mac! Mac! The clinic! The clinic!

We all head to the clinic. We find a large black crow impaled to the door with a knife; somebody found it that morning. Clearly it’s a message, almost certainly from the **Green Gang**, as the only thing we left behind was a **Doctor Mac** calling card. Once we get inside the hospital, there’s a message that **Doctor Maybell** wants to see **Doctor Mac**.

DR. MYBELL: [Taking off some soiled surgical gloves.] Well, I’m glad you finally decided to show up.

He flips open the cover over the first corpse: an exsanguinate **Chinese male**. The second: a young **Chinese woman**, same condition. No tattoos. Both were brought in late last night, early this morning. The male was killed days ago, was found when he washed up. The girl was killed more recently, and found in an ally. The male looks like he put up a fight: defensive bruising on his arms and more puncture wounds.

CARLTON: Check for ligature marks.

No evidence he was bound, but plenty of bruising from a fight.

The girl has bruising on the arms and shoulders, as if she was held down. Nothing like a hand, but bands of bruising with those pin-prick marks throughout.

An inquiry into their personal effects is interrupted by a scream. “**Doctor Maybell!**” Everyone but **Bette** and **I** rush out of the morgue to see what’s up. **Nurse Shultz** informs them that the screaming nurse found **Father Russo** dead in his bed. The hospital allows some people to keep rooms at the hospital, this hospital provided **Father Russo** a room on the 3rd floor. They look into the room [sanity checks all around] and see **Father Russo’s**

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crumpled body clutching a rosary, laying on his bed. The window is open, letting in a damp breeze.

Back in the **morgue**, based on the clothing and personal effects of the two victims: the **man** was middle lower class; the **woman** was lower class, western style. Neither was high-society nor beggars.

Father Russo has fist-sized wounds with bite-chunks taken out of his face and neck. **Doctor Mac** says it looks like a lamprey or something took bites out of him. **Stella** and **I** check out his closet. At the bottom, there is a **binder of manuscripts**. On the desk the others find his **bible**. **Carlton** finds a **thin booklet** taped to the bottom of his desk! It's water colors of Asian woman wearing nothing but flowers. **Mac** looks through his **journal**; he has been dealing with the death of **Sun Yat Sen** – he was the first leader of non-communist China. **Stella**, looking over some of his **notes**, and an **ancient manuscript** written in Chinese, that there is something about a "**King in Yellow**" and "**Jia Kun**". **Jia Kun** serves the **King in Yellow**. Also something about the "**Lurker at the Threshold**".

Mac suggest we go to **Captain Jau's**. As soon as we exit the hospital, a black limousine screeches up. **Four Chinese men** jump out, handguns drawn and we take cover from a **hail of bullets**. We take cover behind some parked cars.

Stella fires; she's on target, and **a Chinaman goes down**.

Bette fires, hits, **another Chinaman drops behind the limousine**.

Mac fires, misses,

I fire, but my man dodges.

They fire. **Stella** feels a bullet tug the fabric of her blouse.

Stalls fires at her man again, hitting; **he disappears behind the car again**.

Bette fires, misses.

Stella fires, misses.

Bette fires, hits.

Mac fires, hits; **his man disappears behind the car**.

I fire, and hit my man, but it's not fatal. He jumps in the car and they're driving away. We fire some parting shots, but **two of them get away**. There are **two dead** bodies in the street.

MAC: It's coming.

ALL OF US: What?

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Session 1.4
[Saturday 10 August 2019]



Demon Dispatched

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Father Russo looks as if he's been dead for a few days. He was exsanguinated. **Carlton** opens the window, one of the ladies was feeling faint, and noticed claw marks on the window. We check outside; **Bette** finds some tracks. **Mac** says they look like dinosaur tracks – big claws, three toes plus a back claw.

We head over to the **Shanghai Municipal Police** to see if **Madam Gau** knows how to find **Bobby Li**, the only known survivor of **Father Russo's** ill-conceived ritual. We stop on the way for **Bette** to get a gift for **Madam Gau**.

Carlton mentions two people survived the ritual: **Bobby Li** and **Ling Wei**. **Ling Wei** was a member of **Father Russo's** church. We head to the church to see if we can get a lead on **Ling Wei**. There is a Chinaman sweeping up. **Mac** and **Bette** manage to coax some information out of him. We learn the guy from the **Crystal Garden Club** that guy we stole the stamp from was **Ling Wei**; So, we figure he'll be no help to us.

We find **Captain Chougang**, one of the ritual participants, in the parish records, dead.

Under the assumption that "**Bobby**" **Li** will be hiding out somewhere, afraid for his life, we start checking out opium dens. After a few misses, we find "**Bobby**" **Li** at **The Dolphin Hotel**, a cheap flop house, smells of opium. He's drunk and crying. He ran away during the ritual and believes this is what caused things to go so badly.

When **Booby** gets himself together, he recalls for us the night of he ritual. The **Father** had the room ready: chalk drawings on the floor, an alter with candles, a chicken sacrificed. People dancing, **Father** chanting, **Bobby** panicking.

We decide that it's up to us to close the gate. We head to **Sassoon's** and study the ritual. That night, we all head to **House of Clouds** to perform the ritual. We don't see **Madam Gau** there; they begin the ritual: **Mac** reciting the ritual, **Bette** and **Stella** dancing, **Carlton** is holding the seal. I keep guard.

I hear the front door open and investigate. I don't see anything, but there are plenty of hiding places. I take up a position (37/70 sneak) just outside the back room from where the ritual is taking place and wait for the intruder to show himself.

The "**command ritual**" finishes and we all feel the **demon's** presence. There is a flash of green light, and the rooms feels a bit less icy.

It was **Ling Wei** that snuck in and he begins firing into the back room. I confront him and we trade a few rounds, but neither of us hit anybody. **Ling's** gun jams and he comes at me. In hand to hand combat, I subdue him.

The rest of the team closes the gate, or at least our ears pop and things seem normal. **Bette** gathers all the books and scrolls and the wooden stamp and burns it all.

Early December 1925

TBD

Session 2.01

[Saturday, October 16, 2021]



These Baubles Are Trouble

HOTEL CATHAY WITH VICTOR

We've been invited to the **hotel Cathay**, 8:00 pm. The table is set for 10 guests. Drinks are offered; I take a gin rickey. There are only five of us. I recognize everyone except for an **Amos O'Leary** with the Irish mob—what brings him here from Boston? To hear him talk, he doesn't know either; he's just here on his boss's orders.

Victor shows up promptly at 8:00 pm and takes his comfortable seat at the head of the table. **Victor** whispers to **Gupta**, Victor's personal assistant: an Indian man in a turban that arrived with **Victor**.

The food is excellent; the drinks are plentiful.

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VICTOR: Thank you all for coming this evening. I wanted to discuss something with you. I'll get right to the point. A **Dr. Henry Bones**, an American, claiming to be from **Princeton University**, claims to have come into possession of a **statute of the Empress Dowager**.

VICTOR: A month ago I acquired a **snake-like obsidian piece** that dates back to the Jin dynasty: 300 AD. It will fit in your palm. **Dr. Henry Bones** claims he has a **tiger sculpture** from the Empress's tomb. We agreed to meet to compare artifacts.

VICTOR: My interest was extremely high. We arranged to meet in a private room at 9:00 pm. **Dr. Bones** was already there. He was a bit nervous; I attributed this to the excitement. **Dr. Bones** showed me his "**White Tiger of the West**". (I'm not sure how he came up with that name.) I showed him my **black tortoise**.



VICTOR: At that moment, the **door burst open and in came several armed thugs**. I wanted to stop them but felt it was too risky.

VICTOR: I have two questions.

1. How did they know I would be there.
2. Why would they want these objects: not of value beyond curiosities.

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Gupta says the **thugs** were Chinese. **Dr. Bones** seemed surprised, panicked, and ran away.

Heir Limpert's auction house has auction every month. **Sir John St. John** was there. **Dr. Mitchel Harris** made a purchase. **Admiral Richard Stockton** who purchased a **necklace/pendant**. The **auction house** is invitation only: you must be of a certain means/character. I'm surprised **Professor Bones** was even aware of the artifact.

Dr. Harris was at the **auction house**, surprisingly as he's merely an academic, not able to afford any items, but he did make a purchase.

The auction was of a collection of items of various **Chinese artifices**. The other gentlemen would have contacted me personally if they wanted an artifact from me.

The **Chinese thugs** were wearing Western clothing. They said very little, except to demand the objects. One had **tommy gun**—he covered the room, the others had **pistols**.

GUPTA: I did go back to the **tea house** to look for clues, but I found nothing. I thoroughly interrogated the owner. They knew nothing about the attack or who had done it.

VICTOR: I appreciate all your attention to this matter. The hour is getting late and I have another engagement.

VICTOR: One more thing: Do be careful. I have an unusually bad feeling about this.

Most of the higher class/business class Chinese wear Western clothing; only lower class/laborers wear Chinese-style clothing.

Leads:

1. Auction House: who asked for guest list, artifact origins
2. Tongs
3. Artifacts

VOMIT, BLOODY DIARRHEA, & SIR JOHN ST. JOHN

It's late, too late for the auction house, so **Bette** gets us transportation and we head to the **Astor House** to call on **Sir John St. John**. The **Astor House** is known for its tea dances, which are not authentic Chinese, and not too risqué.

Bette leads us through the lobby and engages the **concierge** there. She doesn't know him.

Shanghai with Sassoon

BETTE: We are concerned about a guest of yours that did not show up to an engagement of **Victor Sassoon**'s this evening: a **Sir John St. John**.

CONCIERGE: I'm sorry, we're not ... Did you say...

MR. HENRY WASSER (hotel manager): What can I do for you.

BETTE: **Mr. Wasser**, I'm the concierge at the **Cathey**, I work directly for **Victor Sassoon**. He is concerned about a guest of his that did not arrive...

MR. HENRY WASSER: **Sir St. John** has been a guest with us for several months. He was here yesterday afternoon. He had a visitor.

BETTE: The visitor?

MR. CAMERLING: He had a visit from an older **Chinese woman**. We don't normally get that kind.

STELLA: [hands him some money]

MR. CAMERLING: Oh no no, it's not that. My apologies: I'm usually very good about remembering things like this; but I really don't remember much about her.

MR. HENRY WASSER: He was staying in room 14, on the 2nd floor. May I show you to his room?

Bette asks the desk clerk if there is any **mail** in his box. There isn't.

Mr. Henry Wasser uses his pass key to open the door, but it swings open easily. **Wasser** backs up, surprised. There is a stench of **vomit** and **feces**.

Amos enters and starts scanning the room, alert. I do as well.

There is a man dressed in a tailored suit. Vomit and bloody diarrhea. I let **Doctor Mac** take the lead here.

Bette reminds me this just happened yesterday. The room does not look tossed. It's a nicely furnished room.

BETTE: [to **Mr. Wasser**] Obviously, Mr. Sassoon was right to be concerned. We'll watch the room while you go...

There are **moon cake wrappers** all over the place. It looks like several dozen were eaten. **Dr. Mac** thinks he was poisoned. The palms of his hands have spots—blisters. On his chest as well. Whatever he ate... The wrappers say "**Sanyuan Distribution Company**". Some **Iron Goddess tea** appears to have been drunk as well.

Bette suggests we get samples of the **moon cake** and **tea**; **Dr. Mac** does so.

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Two Irish policemen show up: get our name, address, and statement. We recommend an autopsy.

DR. MAC: He has obviously been poisoned by a very virulent poison. What is the coroner's name?

WO HOP TO TRIAD & DR. MITCHEL HARRIS

Next, we head to **Dr. Mitchel Harris**; he's in the **French concession**. There are a lot of hotels and apartment rent-by-week/month buildings, but we find him. He's in a clean and well-kept working class hotel, just outside of the **French district**.

It's a little after midnight. Things are quiet. There is a black car with a man smoking inside—a pile of cigarettes outside the car.

Amos approaches him. It's a Chinese guy.

AMOS: What are you doing here?

[**Bette** joins **Amos**. There are two guys in the car.]

AMOS: What. You. Do. Here?

CHINESE GUY IN CAR: I'm waiting for a guy. Get lost.

Bette says they seemed unafraid. **Amos** and **Bette** walk away.

We enter into the sparsely decorated hotel. There is a fresh pot of coffee on the table. A woman, **Mrs. Silvian**, is covering away from **two Chinese men** and a **European** who ducked behind a sofa.

Stella plays drunk and loud. Everyone looks at **Stella**. **Bette** martial arts one of the guys. **Amos** uses a fist load. A third **Chinaman** throws his hands up. The two guys out in the car start approaching.

Bullets start flying. I take a round (HP 15 → 9). And another (HP 9 → 6). But we prevail.

Bette and **Amos** and **Mac** convince the **Mrs. Silvian** to not mention us. **Dr. Mitchel Harris** was the armed European in the lobby. The conscious **Chinaman** says there were sent to get **a very old gun**—a hand canon—from **Dr. Harris**. The **Chinaman** says he's with the **Wohop triad**. The dead **Wohop** have **knives** and **hand guns**, but nothing obviously distinguishes them as member of the **Wohop triad**.

Bette reminds us to search the **triad's car**. We don't find anything of interest.

Dr. Mitchel Harris seems happy to be safe and sound with us. He says these gangsters are looking for **6 pieces**. Some archaeologist with a black tortoise artifact is at the **House of Clouds**.

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Dr. Harris's artifact is an **ancient Chinese hand cannon**. It's very primitive. I don't know why anybody would want this one specifically; you find them all over the place here.

Vermilion Bird of the South Hand Cannon



Bette says the gun dates back to some century, I forget. It's very well cast. There is a bird decoration around the barrel. The emperors had many artifacts associated with them, but this particular gun doesn't jog any memory. **Dr. Mitchel** allows **Bette** to store the **gun** in **Victor's safe**.

Dr. Harris is 27 years old; claims he's an archaeologist. A bookish fellow. (I'm at 8 HP after the Doctor works on me this night.)

Going forward, we have:

- one more missing guest to call on: Admiral Richard Stockton, British; and Dr. Bones, an American archaeologist.
- the auction house.
- the Wohop triad.

Shanghai with Sassoon

Session 2.02
[Saturday, October 16, 2021]

Artifact Fact Acquisition

ADMIRAL STOCKTON HAS LOST IT

We head to the **British consulate** to call on **Admiral Richard Stockton**. **Petty officer John Bohler**, after I express my concern about the **Admiral's** absence to **Victor's dinner party**, says he saw him this morning and is currently in the garden as it his morning ritual.

While we're waiting for **P.O. Bohler** to get ready to escort us, a package for the **Admiral** from the **Sanyuan Distribution Company** arrives. **P.O. Bohler** starts getting into the package, but we stop him and inform him of the **Sanyuan Distribution Company's** potential involvement in a recent death.

The **garden** is quite nice: tennis courts, several gated entrances: "No Chinese Allowed". People are sitting on benches, walking dogs. It's a fairly large space, but we see an older gentleman, who is **Admiral Richard Stockton**. He has no memory of being invited to a dinner party.

ADMIRAL STOCKTON: Where am I?

AMOS: **Admiral**, what is the last thing you remember.

ADMIRAL STOCKTON: [thinking for a minute] Breakfast, with my wife. Last night, we were at a **party**. Who did you say you were?

ADMIRAL STOCKTON: [patting a coat pocket] I mustn't forget. I can't lose it.

BETTE: Might we hold that for you. [The **Admiral** declines]

ADMIRAL STOCKTON: It's from my wife.

STELLE: May I see that? I love **jewelry**!

ADMIRAL STOCKTON: [He caves in and opens the **jewelry box**. There is nothing in it.] Uh, uh. I remember giving it to my wife.

Shanghai with Sassoon

Jade Dragon Pendant



P.O. BOHLER: [walking up] The package was nothing but some **moon cakes** and **tea**.

BETTE: [to **Bohler**] These are exactly the substances found near the poisoned man we talked about early.

The **Admiral** eagerly reaches for a **cake**; **Amos** grabs the package before had can grab one.

AMOS: We can eat this in the room.

Bette more fully explains the situation to **P.O. Bohler**.

We get up to the **Admiral's apartment/office**. His wife is not there. He repeatedly asks who we are and opens his **jewelry box** to confirm its contents are still there—they aren't. We leave the **Admiral** safe and sound in the care of the **British consulate**.

DR. BONES' HEAD IS IN THE CLOUDS

Shanghai with Sassoon

We arrive at the **House of Clouds**, in the **No-Man Zone between the French and International Quarters**. It's a couple of blocks long, on the edge of the two districts; neither sides believes it's their problem. Consequently, it lined with opium dens, whore and gambling houses, and unscrupulous antiques dealers.

Bette knows that a woman can become a business partner/owner/empress in **China**; this holds true in the **triads** as well.

Madam Gau runs the place, so **Bette Shen** will take the lead. The entry room is opium and incense smoke-filled and dark. **Madam Gau** is past her prime, and heavily made up.

MADAM GAU: Oh. You.

BETTE: A pleasure to see you again.

MAC: You are lovely as always.

MADAM GAU: What do you want?

BETTE: We have a few question. We are willing to compensate you.

MADAM GAU: My price will be higher than last time. You did have me arrested.

BETTE: That was not us.

MAC: We only helped you.

BETTE: Well. What can you tell us about **Sanyuan Distribution Company**?

MADAM GAU: Stay away from them. They're none of your business.

BETTE: They have made themselves our business.

MADAM GAU: Well then, ask for **Roy Loo** at the **San Juan warehouse**. Now, please do not further trouble my business.

We make our way to **Dr. Bones room**. It's toward the back of the establishment. It's darker, the opium smoke is thick; we walk past the smell of unwashed bodies and urine, and unconscious bodies.

There is a young Westerner in his 20's-30's smoking on a pipe, rumpled clothing, glazed eye's half open. **Bette** encourage's **Stella** to make the introductions.

STELLA: **Dr. Bones**, I presume.

BONES: I've been expecting you.

MAC: Who told you we would come?

BONES: [takes another puff]

We discuss how high **Bones** is. **Mac** offers to take him to his place.

Shanghai with Sassoon

White Titer Statuette



STELLA: Where did you get the **white tiger**.

BONES: Oh, the **white tiger**. So beautiful. It was going to make me famous.

MAC: How were you going to be famous?

BONES: It was the find of a lifetime.

WE GET BONES TO MAC'S HOSPITAL

We have to carry him back to **Mac's hospital**. Along the way he mumbles about various things.

BONES: ... famous archeologist ... I'll come here ... dig was a chance of a lifetime ...

It takes a couple of hours for him to become coherent. **Bones** thinks the **Chinese gov't** was involved as there were soldiers... **Bones** was there due to his knowledge of oriental art. In payment they gave him the tiger.

Stella asks **Bones** about the **artifacts** that we're interested in. **Bones** recalls all, or at least most of them.

BETTE: What were you hoping to accomplish at the meeting?

BONES: I was approached by a **Chinese man** who spoke English–American English. He knew I had the **white tiger**. He told me no one would get

Shanghai with Sassoon

hurt. All I had to do was make an appointment with **Victor Sassoon**. I could keep my life and the **white tiger**. [Is Bones crying now?]

MAC: [gives him a tea]

AMOS: [leaning in] It's time to come clean.

BONES: After the **triad thugs** showed up, I ran. I've been hiding ever since. The Chinaman, **Roy**, that told me to make the **meeting** with **Victor Sassoon**—I think it could introduce you to him. I don't know that it's a good idea. I do feel really bad about setting up **Mr. Sassoon**.

BETTE: Well, just tell us where we can find **Roy**.

BONES: The **Hip Sing Tong business association building** is were to find him.

There will be several business on the first floor. There may be a large room that we could rent. **Stella** remembers this is the **Belt Club Social Club**.

We consider a plan to bait them with an auction or sale of the items we think they still want. But before we commit to anything, we should report to **Victor** what we know so far. **Dr. Mitchel Harris** thinks there are **six wanted artifacts**. We know of five. Only the **hand cannon** is in our possession.

Dr. Harris purchased the **vermillion bird (hand cannon) of the south** for the **Smithsonian**.

PLANNING AT VICTOR'S

We proceed to check with **Victor**. He's not there, but **Gupta** is.

We decide to let **Roy Loo** know that we have a "**hand cannon**" to sell. But where to set up the meet? **House of Clouds** is certainly an option. **Crystal Garden** and **Belt Club** are not to our advantage. There are various tea houses and hotels. But, the **House of Clouds** is neutral and I we can't think of a better place.

BETTE: We need your room for a meeting. Things might get ... interesting.

MADAM GAU: Cash or credit?

BETTE: And, we would like this to be off the books.

MADAM GAU: [smiling] That is extra.

Then we send an invitation to **Roy Loo**.

Shanghai with Sassoon

"I have recently come into the position of an ancient hand cannon that might be of interest to you. You are being given the opportunity to make the first..."

Session 2.03

[Saturday, November 20, 2021]

Artifacts of Empress Dowager Cixi

Gupta approaches us during **breakfast**. **Miss Bette Shen** has a message for us.: she has hotel business to attend to. **Amos O'Leary** claims to be on family business.

We discuss what we know about the artifacts.

Black Tortoise: **Victor's** obsidian artifact, purchased at the **auction**. It represents the North. Stolen by **Roy Loo**.

White Tiger of the West: American **Dr. Bone's** gold artifact, with symbol for King on its forehead stolen at the same time as **Victor's** Black Tortoise. **Bone's** was set up by **Roy Loo**. It represents the West.

Vermilion Bird of the South Hand Cannon: American **Dr. Mitchel Harris** with the **Smithsonian** still has this bronze artifact; the **Wo Hop To** gang tried to take it.

Jade Dragon Pendant: Taken from **Admiral Stockton** by woman who can erase memories.

Blue and Red Dragon Silk Flag: Stolen from **Sir John St. John** by the older **Chinese woman** with an odd accent who can erase memories. We've only heard about this one.

Meteor of Heaven Pendant: Made out of a dark grey metallic looking material. We know about this from **Dr. Harris**.

I recall that **Roy Loo** is with the **Sanyuan Distribution Company** which works out of the **Hip Sing Tong business association building** and the **Fours Seas triad**, who own the **Belt King Social Club**). Yet, the **Wo Hop To triad**, for which the **San Juan warehouse** is a front, are the ones who attacked us. The **warehouse district** is south, borders the **river** and the **old Chinese city** (where Westerners do not go).

INSPECTOR MAZENQ

We need more information. We go to **Inspector Mazenq** in the **French Quarter** and enquire about **Sir John St. John's** autopsy. I remind him we're **Vitor's** friends and that we found the body.

Shanghai with Sassoon

MASSEUR MAZENO: **St. John** was indeed poisoned. [**Mazenq** flips through some files.] He was poisoned with arsenic. The city has recently seen an uptick in these poisonings – filthy Chinamen. I’ve done a number of autopsies recently—quite a number of them—all arsenic.

FREDERICK: When did these arsenic poisonings start?

MAZENO: A few weeks ago

STELLA: What gangs are involved?

MAZENO:

MAC: We’ve found implications the **Wo Hop To** are involved.

MAZENO: They’ve had a dramatic change in management. If you like, we have a member of the **Wo Hop To** in custody. We brought him in; he was acting aggressively.

STELLA: What is his name?

MAZENO: On the street, he goes by “**Crazy Cow**”.

Mazenq gives us directions to the **Ward Road Jail**, where **Crazy Cow** is. It’s a prison that holds criminal and the poor and destitute. **Mazenq** tells us to ask for **Dr. Avery**; he’s German but speaks good enough English.

CRAZY COW AT THE WARD ROAD JAIL

The **Ward Road Jail** is a dull stone building. There are a few people milling around outside. A **Chinese guard** stops us. It’s worse inside than I expected. The **interior guards** are chatting and smoking—very unprofessional. For a fag a **Chinese guard** points me towards a European man.

Dr. Avery is sitting on a stool observing a Chinaman in a cell. We approach and introduce ourselves. **Dr. Avery** is clearly smitten by **Stella**.

DR. AVERY: [with a heavy German accent] And what brings you here?

STELLA: Inspector **Mazenq** sent us here to follow up on **Sir John St. John**.

DR. AVERY: Look at him. [Points to guy in the cell.] He has lost his identity.

Suffering from acute **arsenic** poisoning. It reminds me of post concussion syndrome, what you call “shell shocked”, but worse. I do not think memory will return.

STELLA: [Looking at the mostly naked guy in the cell] Is this Crazy Cow?

CRAZY COW: [He’s clothes are tattered, his body emaciated, dirty, and tattooed. He mutters in Chinese.] Woo shi shay?

Shanghai with Sassoon

STELLA: He said, "Who am I?"

DR. AVERY: Indeed. He has a strange compulsion to eat **moon cakes** and drink **tea**.

Everything indicates **Crazy Cow** has arsenic poisoning. He has scars consistent with being in gang fights.

CRAZY COW: **Zhang** runs **Wo Hop To**. He offered me a prestigious position in the triad.

STELLA: **Zhang** is dead.

FREDERICK: When did you last see **Zhang**?

CRAZY COW: No talk. Need **tea**.

It takes a few minutes, but **tea** is brought.

CRAZY COW: I saved **Zhang** from other gang members. He made me his right hand man.

FREDERICK: From **Four Seasons** triad?

CRAZY COW: From **Wo Hop To**. [He looks at his empty cup.] Why am I here? [He mumbles in Chinese again.] ...jazz club ... the docks ... How did I get here? ... **Zhang** ...

We warn **Dr. Avery** about an older **Chinese woman** with a strange accent.

GUNTER LENTERTZ'S PRIVATE AUCTION HOUSE

Herr **Gunter Lentertz's Private Auction House** in the **French Concession**. The **auction house** and his **home** are identical buildings. It's a gated property. We approach and after dropping **Victor's** name, **Gunter** lets us in.

LENTERTZ: What can I do for you?

FREDERICK: We would like information about all the artifacts and a list if the invitees.

LENTERTZ: My clients privacy precludes me from giving you any information about who was here. I would be out of business otherwise.

FREDERICK: Of course. Given the circumstances – **Sir John St. John** is dead, **Admiral Stockton** is insane, **Dr. Mitchel Harris** was attacked by triad thugs – I think the ethical thing to do would be for you to contact them, inform them of the danger their in, and tell them **Victor's residence** is the safest place for them and their **artifacts** right now.

Shanghai with Sassoon

Gunter does provide the records of the **artifacts**. The two **pendants** were possibly a pair. He goes on and on about the various pieces. The **Black Tortoise** might have been the oldest, and associated with an alchemist. Each represents a direction: North, South, East, West, Heaven, Earth. The **Meteor of Heaven Pendant** represents Heaven.

FREDERICK: And these were all found in one **tomb**.

LENTERTZ: [pauses, looking nervous] Yes, an **eastern King mausoleum** was recently excavated. They are the personal effects of someone of very high rank.

AMOS: Is there any distinguishing mark or symbol common to all of them?

LENTERTZ: No.

LENTERTZ: The **White Tiger of the West** is a gold statue of a tiger, a gift from a **Tang emperor** to a **general** after a successful campaign.

The **Black tortoise of the north** is from the Jinn dynasty (AD 300's), created in Mao-Shan by a **daoist alchemist**.

The **Azure Dragon of the East** is a flag dating to the 1600's. It's a blue dragon on a yellow background. Very colorful. Each claw has five talons. Symbolic of the emperor of China.

The **Meteor of Heaven Pendant** is an 11th Century pendant. Crafted in China. Made at the same time as the other pendant. May be a pair? It was not put up for auction.

FREDERICK: Why?

LENTERTZ: It wasn't the quality of the other pieces; I didn't think it would sell for much.

When **Amos** mentions that **Victor** would be interested in it, **Lentertz** agrees to bring it to **Victor's**.

BACK SAFE AT VICTOR'S

Gunter and the **Meteor of Heaven pendant** are now safe at **Victor's**. **Amos** confirms that **Gupta** safely locks away the **hand canon** and **pendant**. (Nothing happens when they touch.)

We ask **Dr. Mitchel Harris** if he knows what **tombs** of "very high rank" where recently raided.

Shanghai with Sassoon

Harris: Their providence? I don't know exactly. I know they were very old. If I had to guess, I've heard some rumors that the **Empress Dowager Cixi**. This was not an official archaeological dig, mind you. [lowering his voice] Some big wig from the **Chinese military** went up there with a bunch of soldiers. They need the money.

DR. BONES AT MAC'S HOSPITAL

We check up on **Dr. Bones** and **Mac's hospital**.

MAC: How is Dr. Bones doing?

STAFF PERSON: He's a little better; recovering. He stinks.

FREDERICK: Give him a bath.

STAFF PERSON: He's not cooperating.

Mac persuades **Dr. Bones** to get into a tub of hot water. A set of clean clothes later we ask **Dr. Bones** what he knows about recently raided **tombs** of "very high rank".

FREDERICK: What do you know about where these **artifacts** came from?

BONES: You mean the **White Tiger**. It could come from any number of sites.

FREDERICK: We need to know which one.

BONES: When **Roy** gave me the piece...

FREDERICK: You didn't buy it at the **auction**?!

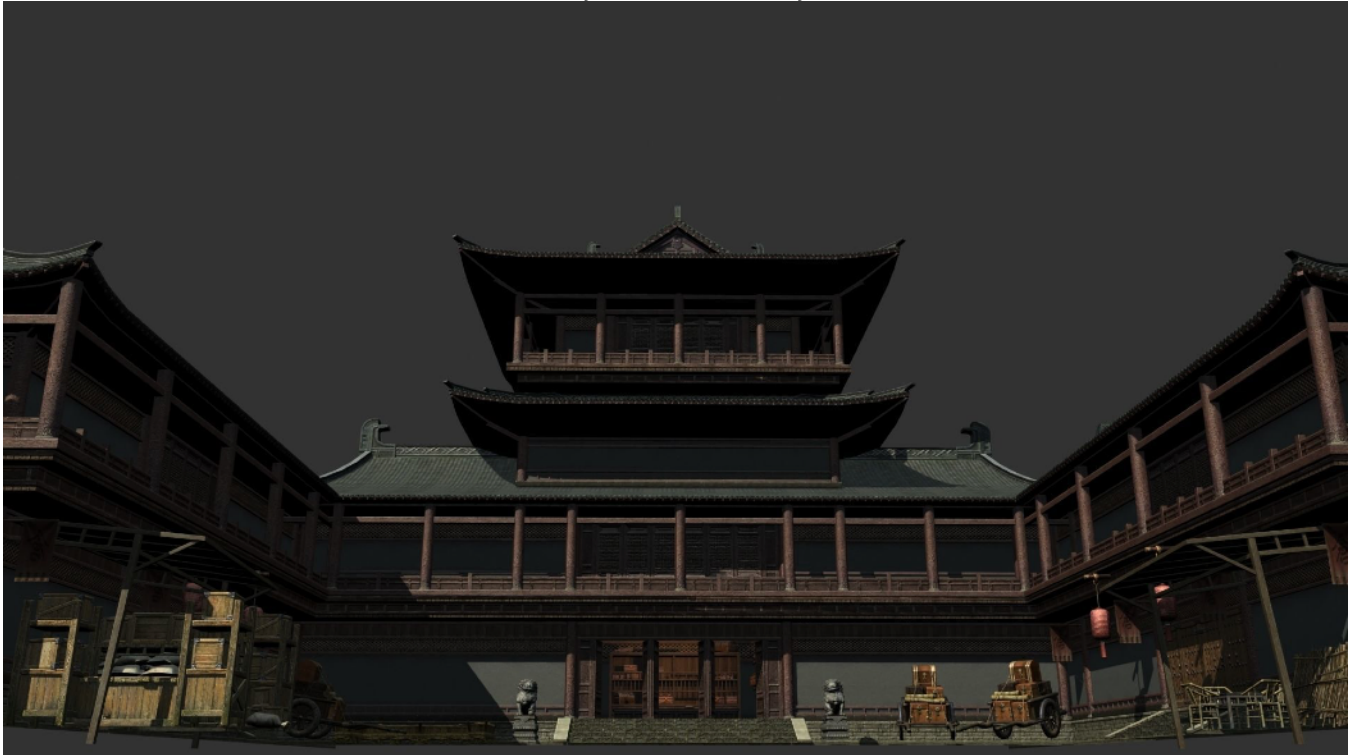
BONES: Ha! If only I could get invited to one of **Lentertz's auctions**.

Mac thinks the old **chinese woman** with the strange accent is **Empress Dowager Cixi**. Yes, she's dead. Yes, I think it possible **Mac** is correct. **Amos** suggests we find a **shoe store** to see if we can x-ray the items?

AMOS: Bet there are rocks in the other **artifacts**.

Shanghai with Sassoon

Session 2.04
[Saturday, November 27, 2021]



Roy's Warehouse

MEETING ROY AT HOUSE OF CLOUDS

Amos will stay outside and keep an eye on things. **Mac** pays for a room near enough the back room to eaves drop and lend backup, if need be.

Madam Gau's House of Clouds smells awful, as usual; there are **several young Chinamen** loitering in and out, maybe a bit more than usual. **Stella** and I make our way to the back room, where we hop to meet with **Roy Loo**. The air in the back room is a little better. An electric light bulb illuminates the room. There is a table with chairs. Two well dressed young men are sitting at the table.

FREDERICK: **Roy Loo** I presumer

ROY: [In a southwest American accent!] My name is **Roy**.

I try to get any info out of him, but he claims to know nothing. He does write a figure for on **business card** for the **hand cannon**. His purchase of the item was ostensibly the reason for this **meeting**. Before we part company, I try one last ploy to see if I can't get something out of him.

Shanghai with Sassoon

FREDERICK: In the interest of fair play, I should inform you that a **Cixi** has also expressed interest in the artifact.

Roy doesn't bat a eye. We return to **Victor's hotel**.

VICTOR HAS RETURNED

Victor seems upset; he's talking in hushed tones to **Gupta**. I fill him in on what's gone on.

VICTOR: [handing over a stack of newspaper clippings going back a few months] **General Song Di Yang** looted several great **tombs** of ancient China, some **tombs** 1000+ years old. Under the guise of military exercise, he blew open holes in the tombs and used soldiers to loot the tombs. This unthinkable grave robbery [he shakes his head in dismay]... I've been hearing rumors that some of these **artifacts** would be coming to market. It was until the **auction** that I could confirm that this thievery had taken place.

The **hand cannon** isn't mine to sell, it's **Dr. Mitchel Harris's**; you should discuss that with him. I think you should meet with **Roy** again – see if you can get more information out of him. Maybe work out a trade for the **black tortoise**.

FREDERICK: Very well, sir.

Time to see if **Dr. Mitchel Harris**, the owner of the **hand cannon**, is willing to allow us to use it as leverage. Given I took two bullets to **rescue him from it's theft**, I'll be disappointed if he doesn't.

DR. HARRIS: What can I do for you?

FREDERICK: We met with **Roy Loo**. He made an offer for your **hand cannon**. [I hand him **Roy's business card** with **Roy's** offer written on the back.]

DR. HARRIS: [eye widen] This is more than the **Smithsonian** offered me.

FREDERICK: Might we use your **hand cannon** to negotiate a trade for **Victor's black tortoise**? It would a fine what to show your appreciation to him.

DR. HARRIS: Yes, sure.

Just in case, I want to confirm we've all got the right **Roy Loo**. I check in with **Dr. Henry Bones**. He claimed **Roy Loo** put him up to double-cross **Victor Sassoon**.

Shanghai with Sassoon

FREDERICK: You've met **Roy Loo**?

DR. BONES: Yes: Chinese, young ... or middle aged. American accent.

FREDERICK: Well, he acted like he didn't know you.

DR. BONES: Well he's a sly one. I don't want any more part of him.

TO THE SAN JUAN WAREHOUSE FOR MORE INTELLIGENCE

Mac thinks we should check out the **San Juan warehouse**. He wants to put a stop to these **arsenic** poisonings. We might also get some idea how the **Wo Hop To triad**, and maybe even the **Empress Dowager Cixi** mummy are involved in all this.

Under cover of dark, we make our way to the winding streets of the **old Chinese area**. The **San Juan warehouse** is a bit off the road. There are a few **vehicles** in the parking lot. Even though it's near midnight, there is still a fair number of lights and torches. **Lorries** are being loaded with boxes of **moon cakes, tea, and other packages**.

Amos spots a guy in a cowboy hat: almost certainly **Roy Loo**. We keep to the shadows and get close to the buildings. From here we can see crates of **moon cakes** and **Iron Goddess tea** being loaded onto **trucks** with Chinese characters: Lao Che. **Mac** says **Lao Che** is the head of the **Four Seas gang: Roy Loo's** father. He's a scary guy, old, been around in the business a long time. **Amos** recognizes the name as well: rival gang.

Dr. Mac, who is not a skulker, decides to hide out in a nearby building and watch the proceedings from there.

Amos moves to the back of the building a takes out **two guards**. They were guarding a door. It opens into a musty hallway about 4' to 5' wide, lit by a single distant bare bulb hanging from a wire. We can a distant noise, maybe people talking. We head down the hallway, it turns left. We see more warehouse: **moon cakes, Iron Goddess tea, calendars, rat poison**.

I can hear the better now: "Move that over there." "Hurry up and get this stuff out of here." "Yes, your father will be very pleased."

Mac stumbles, crashing into a crate. A couple of people look our direction. We hide; they half-heartedly check things out, then leave.

Mac thinks they have poisoned all the shipments, and they're doing it here. We move in further and come upon an amazing site. It looks like an imperial palace: **tapestries, furniture**, bright rich colors. It's like a stage set of a throne room. An **elderly woman** is sitting on the **throne**. And **older gangster, Roy Loo**, and some **thugs** are near here.

ROY: Your majesty, it seem our business has come to a successfully conclusion.

WOMAN: Yes, yes, I'm sure you father has been pleased, but I am not so impressed.

Shanghai with Sassoon

[**Roy** bows.]

OLDER GUY: The empress's displeasure is not something you nor your father would want.

ROY: I recon ya'll wouldn't want to displease my pa.

I realize the empress is, in fact, **Empress Dowager Cixi**. I'm ... **unsettled**.

Roy says something to one of the **thugs** who walks to the front of the **warehouse**. The **older guy** says something to **Empress Cixi** and moves away to talk with some **warehouse workers**.

We can't abide allowing whatever scheme they've hatched coming to fruition. I break out my **fags** and **matches** and we set them up to start multiple fires to as many crates and what-not that we can get to from our hidden positions.

Session 2.05

[Saturday, December 4, 2021]

Roy Is Into More than Cowboys

I had nightmares: the **Empress** and a horde of ancient **mummy soldiers** ravaging **China**, killing westerners like myself.

PLANNING AT VICTOR'S

The older guy with the **Empress Cixi** was probably a triad member, so says **Amos** and **Stella**. We all talk about what to do next:

- destroy the **artifacts**, or would destroying just one be enough?
- kill the (already dead) **Empress Cixi**.

Empress Dowager Cixi



Shanghai with Sassoon

My compatriots are having trouble believing the old woman is the actual **Empress Cixi**. I have doubts.

Mac looks in a newspaper: buried in a few pages is an article about a fire at **San Juan warehouse**: the fire was put out, though it's short on details, especially details of interest to us.

BACK TO THE WAREHOUSE FOR MORE INFO

We take a **rickshaw** back to the scene of our arson. In the area by the large loading bay doors, where they were taking things off trucks, in the rubble next to one of the collapsed walls, I find a strange, out-of-place, bowl of some kind.

Funerary Urn



BETTY: It's a **Chinese funerary urn**. The name on the urn is **Lao Chen**. [Looks at us.] I don't know who that is.

AMOS: We should open it. [He shakes it; there is no noise.] We should x-ray it.

STELLA: [Fearlessly and matter-of-factly] Give it to me. I'll open it. [**Amos** hands it over.]

STELLA: Surprisingly ... ashes. [She sticks her fingers in there and swishes them around.] **Human ashes**.

BACK TO VICTOR'S HOTEL FOR MORE RESEARCH

Empress Cixi was not cremated; she was laid to rest. **Gen. Song Di Yang**, the looter of several great **tombs** of **China**, has fought well against the Japanese. At the time of her death, most Chinese considered **Cixi** ruthless and conniving. Although, given the current situation—effectively military rule—**Empress Cixi** doesn't sound so bad. **Cixi** resigned and her nephew died (poisoned?) a year or two later. The emperor after him has fled.

Shanghai with Sassoon

Lao Chen is apparently not famous. (It is not **Lao Che**, head of the **Four Seas gang** and maybe **Roy Loo**'s father.)

Dr. Mac, after talking with a **woman who works at his hospital**, says her son saw **resurrected people walking around the cemetery**. That merits investigation.

As we're leaving the hotel, an **assistant concierge** approaches.

ASSISTANT CONCIERGE: Message for you party, sir. [He hands a **note** to **Mac**.]

Mac: [Reads the **note** to the party. **Dr. Mitchell** has left for a bit; champagne is on him tonight.] Check the **safe**.

I check the **safe**. **Dr. Mitchell**'s **hand canon** is gone. The **jade dragon pendant** is still there.

BETTE: [to **Gupta**] Can you please get his driver on the phone for me?

GUPTA: Yes, ma'am.

The drive is already back. He took **Dr. Mitchell**, to the **Belt Club Social Club**. That's where the **Four Seas triad** used to hang out. But they're not around anymore, so maybe our mugs will manage to get through the front door.

Bette has some contacts, some singer I think who worked there, that might be able to get us in some other way. **Bette** assures her contact that **Victor** will compensate her for her troubles.

CONNECTING SOME DOTS AT THE BELT SOCIAL CLUB

Our **driver** lets us out a few blocks from the entrance. It's late in the afternoon. **Stella** and **Amos** will enter through the front, as a couple. I will wait five minutes and enter after. **Bette** and **Mac** will be let in a side entrance; **Bette** is masquerading as a new employee.

There are no windows on the first floor. **Amos** talks he and **Stella's** way past a few **guards**—although **Stella's** presence in and of itself probably was all it took. Inside, the 1st floor **noodle shop** is rather empty—the club is open, but it's early. They go up some stairs and see some ... interesting oak doors.

Bette and **Mac** head to the back stairs of the club, all the way to the 4th floor. **Bette** knocks.

BETTE: I'm a friend of **Mary Xie**. I hear she hasn't been in to work in a while. I'm here to fill in.

Shanghai with Sassoon

SOME OLD GUY: Her **dress**ing room is right there.

BETTE: Do you mind if I look around a bit. I want to familiarize myself with...

SOME OLD GUY: Sure.

BETTE: This is my friend. He wants to see my performance. And make sure I'm not alone about this dangerous city.

SOME OLD GUY: [squinting his eyes at Mac] No free drinks.

Meanwhile, **Amos** and **Stella** on the 2nd floor discover the interesting oak doors are locked. I show up (after having had to bribe the **guards** with some **American cigarettes**) just as **Amos** is setting up his **lockpicks**. He has trouble getting the door open. So do I. **Stella** manages to get them open. And just in time: some **mooks** are coming. All but **Amos** manage to duck into the door. Luckily, they seem to ignore **Amos**.

We're in an **office** – we can smell that we're over the **noodle shop**. Ah, there are some pictures of rodeo heroes. **Roy's** name are on many of a stack of **receipts**. **Amos** looks behind the wall-hung pictures. **Stella**, looking through some papers on the desk, finds **photographs of the artifacts**; they look like they came from an **auction house**. There are also receipts of quite a number of **funeral urns**. **Bette** catches the name of **General Song Di Yang** in a paper at the bottom of a stack, regarding a cash payment.

There are a few more closed doors on the 2nd floor, but it sounds quiet, and we're pretty sure we've already found **Roy's office**, so we head up to the 3rd floor.

There is an impressive set of doors here. There are some **lion statues**, bringing good luck and protection, in front of the doors. Based on where the doors are, the room behind may take up most of the 3rd floor. The doors are locked; **Amos** picks them. **Mac** walks in to what is clearly a triad assembly hall: bright reds, black lacquer, thousands of funeral urns. A **book** on a **podium**.

Somebody is coming down the stairs! **Bette** shuts the door before they notice anything. **Bette, Stella**, and **Mac** check out the book. **Amos** and I keep an eye out from our only exit. The book is in Chinese.

STELLA: It's from the **Sung** dynasty, over 1000 years old. It's composed of poems and passages about **Daoism**, maybe—some chants or rituals.

BETTE: [Trying to translate the old Chinese to what she's used to] I think it's a book about longevity. There is some alchemical stuff in here. This is designed to raise the dead. Not some fantasy or illusions; for real.

FREDERICK: [from the only door into or out of the room] Shhh! People are making their way to the club.

Shanghai with Sassoon

BETTE: They do not need a **book** like this. We should take it. [The large **Amos** tucks the **book** under his **jacket**.]

We all agree getting the **book** someplace safe and sound should now be our top priority. We successfully make our way back to **Victor's hotel** with the horrid book.