

Woodhull's Social Ale House

Objective

Several weapons have been recently discovered missing from a rash of Green Box thefts within the Delta Green community. Cell-A believes it is an inside job whereby a person or persons has been stealing artifacts and selling them on the black market to gain more liquid assets to purchase other materials for their own operations. Cell-A believes that Woodhull's is a fencing operation where the weapons are being stored to then be sold on the black market. The items may be hidden throughout the bar itself or be simply hiding in plain sight as 'decorative knick-knacks'.

Agents are to provide evidence to Cell-A that:

- a) One or more items have been removed from the establishment without being detected by the 'Clients'.
- b) The barkeep, Tommy Madigan, is no longer a 'person of interest'

Missing Weapons

The items may be created by the Keeper or simply use the list below generated by:

<http://www.palinola.com/projects/lab/greenbox/>

1. A box of fifty NATO-spec 9mm cartridges. Close examination reveals that someone has been trying to engrave an Elder Sign into the tip of each bullet's jacket with some kind of tool. Closer examination, perhaps with a jeweler's loupe and a successful Mythos roll, will reveal that whoever it was didn't do it quite right.
2. A cheap hatchet of the sort sold at Wal-Mart, spattered with old dried blood, with bits of hair still stuck to the sides of the blade. Analysis of the blood and hair will result in a DNA match for a person killed in a brutal ritual slaying in Miami, Florida in 2004. The fingerprints on the handle, however, are a match for those of long-dead former President Lyndon B. Johnson.
3. One STEN gun, MKII, with wire stock and five loaded 32 round magazines. The receiver of the submachine gun appears to be made from plumbing pipe. No serial numbers or makers marks are present.
4. An old scratched-to-hell Soviet KS-23 4-Bore shotgun. There is one very large shell in the chamber with "БАПРИКАДА" written on its side.
5. Worn but well-maintained Colt Peacemaker revolver in .44-40 caliber. Serial number has been removed but a successful ARMORER roll will tell the player that it was made between 1878 and 1900, and remains in perfect mechanical condition. Box also contains an equally old leather gunbelt and quick-draw holster, with shell loops for fifty cartridges. About twenty cartridges are present. All are loaded with silver bullets, and each bullet has an Elder Sign on its point.
6. Inside a tan carrying case in a corner of the Box is a Freedom Arms Model 83 Field Grade .475 Linebaugh revolver with a 7?-inch barrel and Pachmayr grips and a box of 50 rounds of Hornady Custom 400-grain XTP. A rosary - 50 wooden beads - nestled in the case next to the revolver.

The Bar and The Clients

Woodhull's Social Alehouse. The 'Clients' affectionately call it Woody's. The dark wood and small alcoves create its own ambiance. Secretive and tucked away, not many tourists reach this area of Washington, D.C. Therefore it is a great hole-in-wall for those government types who want to get away for an hour or so cocktail. Built in the late 20's, this little drinking establishment was named after Abraham Woodhull, a spy for George Washington himself.

The rumor is that ex-CIA and Intelligence types are known to frequent the bar. Cell-A has known about the establishment for some time but has been unable to determine if the location has been used as a DG friendly safe house, or an off-the-record depository of 'stolen artifacts'. The previous owners were all ex-government agency higher-ups, but again, that information has not been proven. The bar itself disavows any knowledge that it is, was, or shall be some sort of clandestine meeting area for anyone in the Intelligence Community. But the "Clients" know otherwise.

Tommy Madigan, barkeep, started every day like the last. He tended to deviate his path to the bar though. Human beings, as creatures of habit, tend to get into a set routine and stick with it. Everything Tommy knew was to never become predictable. Sometimes he would park blocks away from Woodhull's and meander through the alleys and side streets of Washington D.C. Other days he would park right out front. Sometimes the side door, sometimes the front, sometimes he would even enter through the service entrance in the alley behind the alehouse. Never, ever become predictable.

Knowing the "Clients" would arrive soon, he set out the early morning edition of the Washington Post for the men to scramble through and argue the day's politics. The large clock opposite his perch struck 10:00am. Within minutes the "Clients" would arrive to begin arguing current conspiracy theories. Tommy Madigan smiled. To at least hear and then disavow any knowledge of the facts and fallacies they brought up only sent the small group howling into another hour's argument.

The Barkeep

Not much is known about Tommy Madigan. He arrived in D.C. by way of Boston, at least his clients assume. That is only known due to his heavy brogue when certain 'R's' are spoken aloud, (ask him to pull the 'CAH' in the 'YAH'D', and you'll easily notice this). Tommy is very resourceful almost to the point where he knows things he shouldn't or couldn't know. Always has a guy that does this or a woman who knows that; places he can 'get that from'.

Rumor is that he fell out of favor with a Government Intelligence Agency for going rogue when his family was targeted while he was overseas. His 'clients' as they are known are truly just his regulars at the bar. As best they can tell, here's the story: Tommy Madigan began working at "The Argonaut" back in the winter of '97. He just arrived at the bar one night and blended in well with the surroundings. Nothing stood out about him. He wasn't flashy, he exhibited none of the younger 'tenders flair for the dramatics when creating a cocktail or pouring a beer. The oddest part about Tommy at the job is that he knew what you wanted before you asked for it. 'Intuition' as he called it. Madigan was always able to guess your next move before you knew it. Another beer would be sat in its forerunner's place before the last drop of condensation would hit the bar top. A second mixed drink, three fingers of Rye Bourbon, or even the check, he knew before you did your next move.

The 'Clients' as they called themselves began to only show up during Tommy's shift. Nothing out of the ordinary stood out about him. Sure, once in a while someone they did not recognize would show up and sit at the far end of the bar. Madigan would pour a non-descript liquor from an unlabeled bottle kept behind the bar itself. Maybe a manila folder would pass hands or a small envelope would be slid discretely under a newspaper. Things that a 'normal' bartender might not have need or want for. Tommy kept it quiet and as hidden as possible. Many of the 'Clients' determined that he was indeed a spy and hiding in plain sight right under the noses of some secret government agency here in D.C. Some scoffed at the admission that Tommy could even carry a weapon, let alone carry national security secrets. Conspiracy theorists abound as they would play their evening game of 'Guess Tommy's Former Life'. Single questions often received single answer from the barkeep never revealing enough for the group to put two and two together. A slight smile and a nod from Tommy would send

the group into fits of laughter each time they thought they had 'Ole Madigan figured out. He would send them another round and the process of investigation would start all over.

Bits and pieces of stories have never truly nailed down Tommy or his background. But 'The Clients' love and respect their barkeep and consider him one of their own.

Wanna beer?

Each alcoholic drink the Agents have (or hourly during real-time) adds:

- a -5% to rolls where the agent must use some applicable skill set, (i.e. alertness, search)
- a -5% to rolls where the Agent must verbally converse with someone not on their team, (i.e. bureaucracy, persuade, etc)
- a DEX x 3 check when they stand to leave the table

The Search

Things seem "off" in the bar. The décor, the sound, the reverberations. Agents will have to leave the bar for a short period of time or lose WP for each hour they are there. Those with a high CON score will be more susceptible to it.

Tommy Madigan Stats:

Ex-CIA Clandestine Services Officer; extremely wary
13 STR 14 CON 12 DEX 11 INT 11 POW 11 CHA

The Clients Stats:

Ex-Agency Types
10 STR 10 CON 11 DEX 13 INT 13 POW 15 CHA