

GABRIEL KNIGHT: SINS OF THE FATHERS

a reconstruction of the game script

recompiled by Bonny Ploeg

This script was built by yours truly since someone on the Gabriel Knight 4 Campaign forum asked for one. As I had done the Gabriel Knight 3 script as well, which was very rewarding, I decided to make this document too. It was created using the amazing SCI Viewer tool. I extracted all documents with subtitle text into Notepad files. SCI orders them in the following manner: Two interrogations per file, except for Gerde; one file for the help interface, one file for the inventory interface, one file for “use inventory item on Gabriel”, one file for the Rada Drum interface, one file for the Tape Recorder interface, two files for St Georges, and one file for each different location. In case of the larger scenes, like Cemetery, Secret Voodoo Hounfour and Jackson Square, there is also one file for the lines that are in each of the sections of the location. I largely used this division for the order in my script.

The questions in the interrogation scenes, and the objects in the inventory, were ordered alphabetically by the programmers.

There is not as startling much new content as in Gabriel Knight 3, but there is still enough to make a bonus section, which is at the bottom of this document.

INDEX

1 Interrogations:

- 1A GRACE NAKIMURA
- 1B SERGEANT FRICK
- 1C MOSELY
- 1D GRANDMA KNIGHT
- 1E WILLY WALKER
- 1F DR JOHN
- 1G MALIA
- 1H MAGENTIA MOONBEAM
- 1I CRASH
- 1J STONEWALL KING
- 1K TOUSSAINT GERVAIS
- 1L MADAME CAZAUNOUX
- 1M PROFESSOR HARTRIDGE
- 1N WOLFGANG RITTER
- 1O GERDE

2 INTERFACE

- INVENTORY INTERFACE
- ST GEORGE'S BOOKS
- GABRIEL'S BEDROOM
- 6 MAP
- GRANDMA KNIGHT'S HOUSE
- GRANDMA'S ATTIC
- POLICE STATION
- 10 MOSELY'S OFFICE
- 11 CEMETERY
 - 11A Tomb interior
- 12 PARK LOOKOUT
- 13 JACKSON SQUARE
- 14 ST LOUIS CATHEDRAL
- 15 CONFSSIONAL
- 16 DIXIELAND DRUG STORE

17 HISTORICAL MUSEUM OF VODOO
18 MAGENTIA MOONBEAM'S RESIDENCE
19 NAPOLEON HOUSE
20 CRIME SCENE
21 CAZAUNOUX PORCH
22 CHEZ CAZAUNOUX
23 GEDDE ESTATE
24 GEDDE LIBRARY
25 TULANE UNIVERSITY
26 HARTRIDGE'S OFFICE
27 BAYOU ST JOHN
28 VODOO CONCLAVE
29 SCHLOSS RITTER HALL
30 SCHLOSS RITTER CHAPEL
31 SCHLOSS RITTER BEDROOM
32 DAY 7 CLOSING DREAM
33 SCHLOSS RITTER LIBRARY
34 OUTSIDE THE SNAKE MOUND
35 SNAKE MOUND
36 WHEEL WITHIN WHEEL
37 SECRET VODOO HOUNFOUR
38 Room 8
39 END SEQUENCE
40 HELP
41 TRITE LINES
42 BONUS
43 CODE

1 INTERROGATIONS

1A GRACE NAKIMURA

GABE "What can you tell me about Voodoo?"

GRACE "I didn't know much of anything about it until you started researching it for your book."

GRACE "Now I know that it's active in the city--there's that shop and museum."

GRACE "It can clearly be dangerous in the wrong hands. You should be careful investigating it."

GABE "Do you know anything else about Voodoo?"

GRACE "I've told you all I know. Sorry I can't be more help."

GRACE "I know more than I ever cared to! I wish you had never messed with this Voodoo stuff in the first place!"

GABE "What do you know about the Voodoo Murders?"

GRACE "Just what I read in the papers, same as you."

GRACE "You won't get far questioning ME about it, Sherlock."

GRACE "I know you shouldn't be messing with it, and I know you will anyway."

GABE "What can you tell me about New Orleans?"

GRACE "I've only been here two months, but I love it."

GRACE "It's so much more 'alive' than any place I've been. It feels like anything's possible

here."

GABE "What else can you tell me about New Orleans?"

GRACE "You're the native, don't ask me."

GABE "How do you feel about New Orleans these days?"

GRACE "Hmph. I'd rather be anywhere else in the world right now."

GABE "Do you know anything about snakes?"

GRACE "(LIGHTLY SARCASTIC--RESPONDING TO QUESTION ABOUT SNAKES)Doing a family tree, Gabriel?"

GABE "Very funny. I mean real snakes. You know--scaly, cold-blooded. I would have thought you'd find them empathetic."

GRACE "Mmmm-hmmm. I know very little about reptiles of any kind and prefer to keep it that way. I think there's a book on snakes around here somewhere, though."

GABE "Okay. Thanks."

GRACE "I told you, nothing. I hope you don't think this subject is erotic. It's not."

GABE "What can you tell me about St. John's Eve?"

GRACE "St. John's Eve? Never heard of it. It must be a local custom. New Orleanians love any excuse to celebrate."

GABE "Do you know what cabrit sans cor' means?"

GRACE "Hmmm. No. Sounds French, though."

GABE "Do you know anything about Marie Laveau?"

GRACE "Wasn't she a big Voodoo queen before the Civil War?"

GABE "That's right."

GRACE "Well, you've just heard everything I know about her."

GABE "Are you sure you don't know anything else about Marie Laveau?"

GABE "Do you know anything about a secret Voodoo hounfour?"

GRACE "In New Orleans?"

GABE "I think so."

GRACE "No, I don't, but it sounds dangerous. You're not going to try to find this Voodoo group yourself, are you?"

GABE "Would I do that?"

GABE "You're sure you don't know anything about a secret Voodoo temple?"

GRACE "No, I don't, but if it exists, I wish you'd stay away from it."

GABE "Do you know anything about animal masks?"

GRACE "I'd rather not hear about your sex life, Knight."

GABE "Are you sure you don't know anything about animal masks?"

GRACE "I don't. Honest."

GABE "Do you know anything about vévés?"

GRACE "Vévés? No, what are they?"

GABE "Ritual patterns. Used in Voudoun."

GRACE "Fascinating. I can't help you out, though."

GABE "Do you know anything about black Voodoo?"

GRACE "BLACK Voodoo? Now what are you getting yourself into?"

GABE "Nothing you need to know about. Do you?"

GRACE "I know there are 'dark' forms of any major religion. Where there's a yin, there's a

yang."

GABE "Speaking of yin and yang...."

GRACE "But, NO, I don't know anything really about Voodoo, dark or otherwise. Sorry."

GABE "Are you sure you don't know anything about black Voodoo?"

GRACE "You ARE desperate. I told you, I can't help you."

GABE "Have you ever heard of Damballah?"

GRACE "(SHIVERING)Ooh, no. Makes my skin crawl, though."

GABE "Are you sure you don't know anything about Damballah?"

GABE "Does Ogoun Badagris mean anything to you?"

GRACE "No. Sorry."

GABE "Do you know anything about Rada drums?"

GRACE "Rada drums? No, 'fraid not."

GRACE "Not personally, but I'll try to get something on it for you, like you asked."

GRACE "No, but hopefully that book I found for you will help."

GABE "Have you ever heard of a Schattjenäger?"

GRACE "No. Is that a Voodoo word?"

GABE "I don't think so. It's German."

GRACE "Hmmm. No, but it has a nice ring, doesn't it? Schattjenäger."

GABE "You can't tell me anything about the word Schattjenäger?"

GRACE "Nope. Sorry. I don't speak German."

GABE "Tell me about yourself, Grace."

GRACE "Yeah, right, Knight."

GABE "I mean it."

GRACE "What do you want to know?"

GRACE "What else do you want to know?"

GABE "How come we haven't gone out yet?"

GRACE "I'm still waiting around for that lobotomy. Soon as I get it, I'll let you know."

GABE "How do you like working at St. George's Books?"

GRACE "Well, it's not exactly a HUGE intellectual challenge..."

GRACE "...although the math in your record books could confuse Einstein."

GRACE "Still, I love old books, and it's a nice way to pay the bills while I explore the city for a summer. If you ever pay me, that is."

GABE "What do you do after work?"

GRACE "I either go to my oil painting class or my Tai Chi. You know that."

GABE "You know, you can go overboard with this improving yourself stuff. You don't want to alienate us mere mortals."

GRACE "I suppose I should just allow my mind and body to atrophy?"

GABE "Works for me."

GABE "How old are you?"

GRACE "Old enough to know about men like you."

GABE "Just tell me anything at all."

GRACE "I just got my Masters in History and Classics. My folks wanted me to go on right away for my Ph.D., but eighteen years of school was enough! I needed a break."

GRACE "I came to New Orleans because I'd read so much about it. I thought spending a few months here would clear my head."

GRACE "I've always wanted to do something really adventurous, you know? Something...REAL LIFE. I'm sick of libraries and lecture halls."

GRACE "My folks are traditional Japanese. I don't even remember Japan, myself. I was three when we came to the States."

GRACE "I've been studying Tai Chi for ten years. It's a very spiritual discipline. I'm sure discipline of any sort isn't something that would appeal to you, Gabriel."

GRACE "My folks want me to get married to a boy back east--Mark Kobayashi. His parents are traditional Japanese, too. I might eventually, but right now...."

GABE "I can't think of anything."

GRACE "Okay."

GABE "Do you have messages for me?"

GRACE "Nope. None right now."

GRACE "Dana called, and Susie left a message about a lawsuit."

GABE "Toss 'em."

GRACE "Okay-dokey. There's more when you want them."

GRACE "Your Grandmother called...."

GABE "(INTERESTED. WARM)I keep meaning to get over there. What'd she say? Did she sound good?"

GRACE "She sounded great, and we had a nice little chat about you."

GABE "(WARNING TONE)Grace....!"

GRACE "Don't worry. I didn't go into detail about your cardinal sins. Not that anything about you could surprise her. She adores you anyway."

GABE "She's my girl."

GRACE "But she said to remind you to stop by and go through your father's things."

GABE "Hmmm. Okay."

GRACE "Here's a strange one. You got a call from someone named Wolfgang Ritter. He said he was calling from Germany."

GRACE "He told me it was urgent; maybe you should give him a call...."

GABE "Call Germany? Like hell. If it's really important, he'll call back."

GRACE "Well, fine. Let's just hope he's not with the German lottery for pitiful American authors."

GRACE "Your friend Detective Mosely called. Talkative, isn't he?"

GABE "Especially with you. What'd he want?"

GRACE "He left an interesting message. He told me to tell you that his mother's maiden name is Humphrey. That's 'H-U-M-P-H-R-E-Y.'"

GABE "Fascinating."

GRACE "...and that he left some photos for you at the station. At the front desk."

GABE "(ENTHUSIASTIC)It's about time."

GRACE "Gabriel, those photos wouldn't have anything to do with the Voodoo Murders, would they?"

GABE "Now why would you say something like that?"

GRACE "Because I know you! You're getting privileged information, aren't you? Did you tell him you'd put him in your new Voodoo book?"

GABE "A writer has a certain obligation to his readers, you know...."

GRACE "Gabriel! You know you'll never put him in your book! Your main character is a female orthodontist! You're going to be reincarnated as a pit bull if you keep screwing with your karma."

GABE "As long as it's a MALE pit bull, with a really big...."

GRACE "That's enough, thanks! Anyway, that's all the messages. Thank God."

GRACE "Your pal Mosely called. He left a message that they're interrogating a suspect this morning, and you MIGHT want to be there."

GABE "Sounds fun!"

GRACE "Mmmm-hmmm. I bet."

GRACE "That man from Germany called again. Wolfgang Ritter? Now he's claiming to be a relative of yours."

GRACE "I took down his number. If you change your mind and want to give him a call back, just ask me for it."

GABE "Do you have more messages for me?"

GRACE "I've given everything to you."

GABE "Could you do some research for me?"

GRACE "Sure, what?"

GABE "Could you see what you can find out about a woman named Malia Gedde?"

GRACE "Hmmm. The name Gedde sounds familiar. What's your interest in her?"

GABE "Oh, just, you know, stuff about the Voodoo Murders. If you can get an address...."

GRACE "(FROWNING, DOESN'T LIKE IT)Mmmm-hmmm. The murders. Right. I'll see what I can find out."

GRACE "Anything else?"

GABE "I need you to look up a Madame Cazaunoux."

GRACE "(RRCC. SARCASTIC. JEALOUS)Madame Cazaunoux? Is she 'related to the murders' the same way your friend, Malia Gedde, was?"

GABE "Grace! Cazaunoux's at least seventy!"

GRACE "As if that makes a difference to you. Okay. I'll see what I can find."

GRACE "Anything else?"

GABE "Could you research Rada drums for me?"

GRACE "Rada drums? Sure. I don't think we have any books on that topic in the shop, but I'll contact our suppliers."

GRACE "(ARCC. DRYLY)Assuming any of them will extend you any credit."

GABE "Tell them it's an emergency."

GRACE "Uh-huh. I can see where a Rada Drum book would be incredibly urgent."

Anything else?"

GABE "I have a pattern I need you to research."

GRACE "How interesting. What is it?"

GABE "It's a reconstruction of the tracings they've found around the murder victims--the ones done in flour and blood."

GRACE "(DISGUSTED)Yuck! You shouldn't carry this kind of thing around. Who knows WHAT these symbols mean!"

GABE "Well, wear your 'evil banishing' gloves if you want, but check it out for me, would you?"

GRACE "I'll see what I can find out. Anything else?"

GABE "Nothing, I guess. Never mind."

GRACE "Suit yourself."

GABE "Can I get that phone number for Wolfgang Ritter?"
GRACE "Sure. I'll give it to you when we're done talking."

GRACE "I told you, I can't help you with that."

1B SERGEANT FRICK

GABE "What can you tell me about Voodoo?"
FRICK "Me? Nothin'. I'm a Catholic boy."
FRICK "I told ya, I ain't got nothin' to say about Voodoo."

GABE "What do you know about the Voodoo Murders?"
FRICK "I'm not allowed to give out information on police cases."
GABE "Are you sure you can't give me the scoop on the Voodoo Murders case?"
FRICK "Hey, Buddy, do I look like the kind of low-life that'd betray my sacred oath to this department?"
GABE "I don't know. What would that kind of low-life look like?"
FRICK "Like hamburger meat if I gotta hold of him. Kinda like what YOU'RE gonna look like in about five seconds."
GABE "Okay, okay! Sorry I asked!"
GABE "There's nothing you have to say about the Voodoo Murders case, huh?"
FRICK "You're really pressing your luck, Pal."

GABE "What can you tell me about New Orleans?"
FRICK "I'll tell ya, I'm glad as hell it's not Mardi Gras. If it weren't for that one month a year, being a cop in New Orleans would be a real pleasure."
FRICK "As it is, I'd rather stick behind this desk."
FRICK "Best food in the world, ya can get it right here in New Orleans."
FRICK "Muffuletta sandwiches, um-um!"
FRICK "Beignets! Good Cajun coffee!"
FRICK "Yup. A man can die happy in this city."
FRICK "Look, I love this city good as anybody, but I already gave ya my opinion. Why don't you check out the travel bureau?"

GABE "Do you know anything about snakes?"
FRICK "What does this look like? A zoo?"
FRICK "Never mind, don't answer that. Nah, I don't know nothin' 'bout no snakes."
FRICK "I told ya I didn't, and I ain't got time to answer stupid questions."

GABE "What can you tell me about St. John's Eve?"
FRICK "A bunch of crazies out there on St. John's Eve, that's what. We're busy all night."
GABE "Really? What kind of crazies?"
FRICK "Oh, your usual howl-at-the-mooners, I guess. They don't look no weirder than them that comes in during Mardi Gras. Never can tell, though."
FRICK "I already told ya, it's a busy night for us, Pal. You want a history lesson, go read a book."

GABE "Do you know what cabrit sans cor' means?"
FRICK "Can't say that I do."

GABE "Do you know anything about Marie Laveau?"

FRICK "Marie who? Is she the one that hangs out on Conte and Nash?"

GABE "Uh, no. Never mind."

FRICK "I told ya, I don't know the girlie."

GABE "Do you know anything about a secret Voodoo hounfour?"

FRICK "Hound WHAT?"

GABE "'Hown-four.' It's a temple."

FRICK "Hmph. Sounds like someone's pulling your leg on that one."

FRICK "I told ya, you're barkin' up the wrong tree."

GABE "Do you know anything about animal masks?"

FRICK "I see plenty of masks during Mardi Gras. Not many animals, though. Course, there're plenty of animals underneath."

GABE "Do you know anything about vèvés?"

FRICK "Revays? Never heard of it."

FRICK "I told ya, I never heard of it!"

GABE "Do you know anything about black Voodoo?"

FRICK "Black? Voodoo? Isn't that kinda the same thing?"

GABE "Actually, no."

FRICK "Well, all I know about Voodoo is to keep away from it. You should too, Knight."

FRICK "You keep wanting me to know about this Voodoo stuff, don't ya? What, do I look like someone who'd dance around in a loincloth to you?"

FRICK "No and no and no."

GABE "Have you ever heard of Damballah?"

FRICK "No. Sounds foreign or somethin'."

GABE "Does Ogoun Badagris mean anything to you?"

FRICK "Hell, no."

GABE "Do you know anything about Rada drums?"

FRICK "I like Lawrence Welk, myself."

GABE "Have you ever heard of a Schattjenjäger?"

FRICK "Can't say that I have, but it sounds dirty."

FRICK "What is it with you? I said no."

GABE "Tell me about yourself."

FRICK "Who, me? I'm the desk sergeant, Frick. Why?"

GABE "Frick?"

FRICK "(ARCC. INSULTED, BULLYING)That's right. You got a problem with that?"

GABE "Not at all."

FRICK "You see that front door?"

GABE "Yeah."

FRICK "Well, I watch people come in. See this book?"

GABE "Yeah."

FRICK "Well, I write people's names in it, see. People that bother me. Want me to put your name in this book?"

GABE "Uh...I think not."

FRICK "That's what I thought."

FRICK "I hate people who ask stupid questions."

GABE "I'm here to see Detective Mosely."

FRICK "He's out at a crime scene. Sorry."

FRICK "I told you, he's not here!"

FRICK "He's in his office. Go on back."

FRICK "He left for the day. Sorry."

FRICK "(ARCC. RENUM. NERVOUS)Um.... We...we don't have a Detective Mosely here."

FRICK "(RENUM. DISBELIEF, OUTRAGE)What? I've seen him all week!"

FRICK "(RENUM. FIRM. NO-NONSENSE)Listen to what I'm saying. We don't have a Detective Mosely on the force."

GABE "(RRCC. FIRM, INSISTENT>About Detective Mosely...."

FRICK "(RENUM. ANGRY)I told you, there's no Mosely here. Now get lost."

GABE "Where is the crime scene? Is it related to the Voodoo Murders?"

FRICK "Crime scene information is police confidential. We don't need any more lookie-loos than are probably already there."

GABE "Come on, you can tell me where the crime scene is."

FRICK "Look, I know the paper's got everybody stirred up 'bout these killings, but that don't make it public information. Back off!"

GABE "So this IS a new Voodoo Murder, then?"

FRICK "Hey! I didn't say that! You'll read all about it in the papers tomorrow--oh, I'm sure."

GABE "(BEGGING TONE)Please tell me where the crime scene is?"

FRICK "Look, buddy. You keep it up, and there'll be a crime scene right here!"

GABE "I was supposed to pick up some photos from Detective Mosely at the front desk."

FRICK "Is that right? And who are you?"

GABE "My name is Knight. Gabriel Knight."

FRICK "Yeah, I got something for ya, all right. Soon as you're done talking, I'll give it to ya."

FRICK "You don't want to make me repeat myself, Bud."

1C MOSELY

GABE "What can you tell me about Voodoo?"

MOSELY "There's Voodoo that goes on in this city, sure!"

MOSELY "I looked into it a bit at the beginning of this case."

MOSELY "But the Voodoo stuff found at the crime scenes is all faked--it doesn't have anything to do with the real stuff. I know. I asked some experts."

MOSELY "It's intimidation tactics, that's all."

MOSELY "I told you, don't worry about that part of it. It's all faked."

MOSELY "You're the big expert now, not me. This stuff is way beyond anything I was looking into at the beginning of this case."

GABE "What do you know about the Voodoo Murders?"

MOSELY "Lots. Can you be more specific?"

MOSELY "What else do you want to know?"

MOSELY "The case is closed! There's nothin' more to discuss!"

MOSELY "Well, you and I know who did 'em, don't we? But we've got to prove it to somebody who'll listen!"

GABE "What's the coroner say?"

MOSELY "The victim's heart is always ripped out of the chest and missing. We haven't located a single one of 'em."

GABE "Lovely. Any idea what they do with them?"

MOSELY "Don't even want to know."

MOSELY "Also, the coroner says some of the victims had heart attacks before the incision--literally 'scared to death.'"

MOSELY "The knife wounds are consistent with a long, narrow, wavy-edged knife. Probably a ritualistic dagger."

GABE "What kind of evidence have you found?"

MOSELY "No fingerprints. A few bare footprints."

MOSELY "Found a few fibers, but not many. The weirdest one was leopard fur."

GABE "Leopard fur!"

GABE "Oh, nothing. Never mind."

MOSELY "Sure. No problem."

GABE "How many murders have there been so far?"

MOSELY "Seven murders have so far been linked to the Voodoo Murders case."

MOSELY "The first murder occurred about eight weeks ago."

MOSELY "The M.O. is the same in each murder. Lake Pontchartrain was the seventh."

GABE "Do you know anything about the killers?"

MOSELY "At least 20 people attend the killings. We know this from the variety of footprints found at the scenes."

GABE "Footprints! Aren't those as good as fingerprints?"

MOSELY "Can be. But we'd have to have a suspect in custody first, and the suspect would have to match one of the few distinct prints we have."

MOSELY "Most of the footprints are smudged, trodden over, unreadable."

MOSELY "These guys are so casual in their expertise it's maddening--like they know we'll never find 'em."

GABE "Describe the crime scenes."

MOSELY "There's the corpse itself--minus the heart. Around where the body was killed, we find marks in flour and blood."

MOSELY "There are traces of wax from candles, red and black. Ordinary wax candles, so the lab reports."

MOSELY "Also blood and feathers of chickens, also goat's blood. And plenty of the victim's own, of course."

GABE "Know anything about the victims?"

MOSELY "The victims are all out-of-towners. We still don't know why."

GABE "Any witnesses?"

MOSELY "Nope. There's never been a single witness. No one's even heard a disturbance."

MOSELY "It's damned weird--like they just don't want people to see, and so nobody sees nothin'."

GABE "What can you tell me about New Orleans?"

MOSELY "You and me grew up together, you tell me!"

MOSELY "It's a pretty nice place, even seein' the stuff I see. You know."

MOSELY "The Quarter's gettin' a bit TOO wild, though. Gettin' hard to control."

MOSELY "Not quite what it was when you and me used to hang here, but...."

MOSELY "Hell, I've never known anything else."

MOSELY "Ah, I'm too sentimental to say anything else about it."

GABE "Do you know anything about snakes?"

MOSELY "(RRCC. DISGUSTED)The only thing I know about snakes is that I don't like 'em."

GABE "What can you tell me about St. John's Eve?"

MOSELY "That's comin' up, isn't it?"

MOSELY We get some occasional weirdness in the Quarter, but nothin' much."

MOSELY Used to have a lot of strange things happen though, or so I hear."

MOSELY "I don't know much except what I already told you."

MOSELY "Talkin' about that won't help at this point."

GABE "Do you have any idea what cabrit sans cor' means?"

MOSELY "Hell, no. Is that French? My mother spoke it, but I always had a hard enough time just speakin' English."

GABE "(RRCC. MISSED. TO MOSELY. SARCASTIC)True enough."

GABE "Do you know anything about Marie Laveau?"

MOSELY "Is she that red-headed chick that works at Freddy's?"

GABE "(RRCC. TO MOSELY. AMUSED)Er...no."

MOSELY "Then I don't know her."

MOSELY "I told ya, I don't know her."

GABE "What can you tell me about a secret Voodoo hounfour in New Orleans?"

MOSELY "Oh, come on! Someone's pullin' your leg, Knight!"

GABE "Are you sure?"

MOSELY "There's nothin' secret about Voodoo in New Orleans. There's a museum, fer Christ's sake!"

GABE "Yeah, but that's the stuff they WANT you to see."

MOSELY "You're gettin' mighty paranoid, Knight."

MOSELY "I told ya, you're nuts. Drop it."

MOSELY "Do you know where it is?"

GABE "I have an idea."

MOSELY "Great. Let's talk about it when we make our plan."

MOSELY "I believe you, Knight. Let's make a plan about it!"

GABE "Do you know anything about animal masks?"

MOSELY "Animal masks? You mean like those Halloween masks they sometimes use in robberies?"

GABE "I don't think so. More like REAL animals."

MOSELY "Never ran across anything like that."

GABE "Do you know anything about black Voodoo?"

MOSELY "Black Voodoo? Sounds like a put-on to me."

GABE "Do you know anything about vévés?"

MOSELY "WHAT?"

GABE "Vévés. They're ritualistic patterns used in Voodoo. You know, like those marks we found around the body."

MOSELY "You know what the department says about that, Knight. That Voodoo stuff is faked."

GABE "Yeah, well, they're wrong. These vévés...."

MOSELY "Look, just stop worryin' about those marks. I don't think they're relevant."

MOSELY "I told ya, I don't think that's relevant."

MOSELY "I know what you told me about that Gedde one. That's all I need to know."

GABE "Have you ever heard of Damballah?"

MOSELY "You mean gumbo?"

GABE "No, I mean Dam-bal-lah."

MOSELY "Never heard of it."

GABE "Does the name Ogoun Badagris mean anything to you?"

MOSELY "Say WHAT?"

GABE "Ogoun Badagris. It's a Voodoo Loa."

MOSELY "Speak English or shut up, Knight!"

GABE "Sorry. Didn't mean to confuse you. Guess I'll take that as a no."

MOSELY "Don't start with that again! I've already got a headache!"

GABE "Sorry."

GABE "Do you know anything about Rada drums?"

MOSELY "No."

GABE "They're these African drums, and they're being used all over the French Quarter to send messages for the Voodoo cartel."

MOSELY: "Yeah, right. When these drums announce a blue-light special at OK-Mart, lemme know."

MOSELY "Stop with the drum stuff, would ya?"

GABE "Tell me about yourself."

MOSELY "For the book?"

GABE "Sure. Why not?"

MOSELY "Okay. Whaddya wanna know?"

MOSELY "What else do ya wanna know?"

GABE "How do you like working on the police force?"

MOSELY "Are you kiddin'? You know I love bein' a cop! And New Orleans--it's the best place in the world to be one."

GABE "What are your plans for the future?"

MOSELY "Well, you know, I don't like to count my chickens before they're hatched, but...."

MOSELY "I don't see why I can't be the Chief of Police of New Orleans someday."

MOSELY "I already know the Mayor, and my record is one of the best in the department."

GABE "(PRETENDING SINCERITY) I'm sure it's just a matter of moments, Mostly."

MOSELY "Yeah, yeah. You'll see."

GABE "Just tell me anything at all."

MOSELY "Remember how we used to play Monkey-in-the-Middle? Hah! We used to piss off our Senior year teacher, what was her name, Ms. McKelly?"

MOSELY "You'd act like you were gonna toss her an eraser or somethin', and then throw it to me over her head."

MOSELY "And we used to do it at your Grans, too, like with the remote when she wanted to watch her soaps?"

GABE "Yup. And it was a great way to pick up women in the library. Ah, those were the days!"

MOSELY "You know, my doctor told me I've got a little family of ulcers startin'. I wish this case would end so I could get some rest for a change."

MOSELY "My back hurts."

MOSELY "For the book--I wanted to be an astronaut when I was young. Or a fireman."

GABE "Fascinating."

MOSELY "I'm 6'2."

GABE "You are not!"

MOSELY "Oh, come on! I'm close enough. Just write me up that way."

GABE "<sigh>"

MOSELY "You know I kind of like women with dark hair."

GABE "Yeah, I know. It's a regular thing with you."

MOSELY "Now that Grace..."

GABE "You're on your own with that one, Pal. I don't even want to know."

MOSELY "I'm scared shitless! That's all you need to know!"

MOSELY "(RRCC. GABE ASKED ABOUT 'HIMSELF')Whaddaya wanna talk about that for now? We're not doing the book anymore. Besides, you already know too much about me, Knight!"

GABE "Got any hobbies?"

MOSELY "Yeah. Makin' your life miserable!"

GABE "I'm serious! Don't you shoot, or chew, or something like that?"

MOSELY "No, I'm a frickin' ballet dancer! Sheez!"

MOSELY "Yeah, I was number one at the Louisiana State Fair marksman contest. I play trumpet, too."

MOSELY "You know...put your lips together and blow."

GABE "How's your home life?"

MOSELY "Oh, real funny, Knight. Why don't ya just bring in some frickin' salt?"

MOSELY "You know Annie left me. My home life is shit."

GABE "Right. Sorry about that."

GABE "What's the status on the Voodoo Murders case?"

MOSELY "It's goin'. Can't seem to make any progress, though. Sluggish damn case. It's weird."

MOSELY "You're as filled in as me."

MOSELY "It sure as hell ain't goin' well."

MOSELY "There are a lot of brakes being applied in different areas of the investigation."

MOSELY "We're gettin' some real info on the victims now, and they're not exactly upstanding citizens."

MOSELY "I was hoping to get more out of Crash, but he's scared shitless. We'll have to let him go tomorrow morning."

MOSELY "(RRCC. ADAMANT)The case? What case? I TOLD you, the Voodoo Murders case is CLOSED!"

GABE "How can you just CLOSE it? It's not solved, is it?"

MOSELY "Oh, it's 'solved.' Turns out the Chicago Mafia was tryin' to invade local territory--use the Mississippi for drug running now that Florida's so hot."

MOSELY "What we had here was a little resistance from the local 'businessmen.'"

MOSELY "Word came in this morning that the Chicago group is giving up and pullin' out of New Orleans."

GABE "But that doesn't bring the killers to justice!"

MOSELY "Well, the boys upstairs seem to figure it this way--let the slime kill each other. Better the vermin we know than Chicago vermin, I guess."

MOSELY "The attitude in the department is that we've just been done a huge favor--and

they're probably right."

GABE "What about the local cartel? Are you just gonna let them go?"

MOSELY "At least they're part of US. We'll deal with them over time--always have. New Orleans is pretty clean that way, you know."

GABE "Well, that's the illusion, isn't it?"

MOSELY "Look, I'm not totally in agreement here, either, but what can I do? These guys are not about to get caught."

MOSELY "I'm disappointed about the book, too. Next big murder case I get, I'll call ya in and we'll do that one up right, okay? In fact, I could probably dig up some old cases, and you could spice 'em up."

GABE "No thanks!"

MOSELY "I told you, it's closed!"

MOSELY "I told you, it's goin' for shit."

GABE "I got those photographs you left for me."

MOSELY "Really? Great! What'd ya think?"

GABE "Astonishingly life-like."

MOSELY "Yeah, that's what I thought. Got any more ideas for photos for the book?"

MOSELY "So ya said. Did ya think of any other shots for the book?"

GABE "A cop/author photo might be nice."

MOSELY "(UNSURE) You and me? Together?"

GABE "Why not? Of course, you'll have to try to tone down your masculinity."

MOSELY "Well...okay. I'll call the police photographer."

GABE "Let's take another cop/author shot."

MOSELY "What for?"

GABE "I don't think we got your best side."

MOSELY "Really? Okay. I'll have Franks come in again."

GABE "Nope. I think we have everything we need."

MOSELY "Okay, but you shouldn't underestimate the power of beefcake, my friend."

GABE "Do you know anything about the patterns around the bodies?"

MOSELY "Yeah, weird, huh?"

MOSELY "All seven victims had those marks around 'em."

MOSELY "We've got all the marks on file, but we haven't figured out what--if anything--they mean."

GABE "Can I see the other six patterns?"

MOSELY "Uh...sure. People like that kind of stuff, don't they?"

MOSELY "Might make the book seem more mysterious."

MOSELY "Go talk to Officer Franks. Tell her I said you could see the file."

GABE "How about getting me some coffee?"

MOSELY "Coffee? You want coffee?"

GABE "Should that surprise you?"

MOSELY "Nah, you've always been a caffeine addict. It's just that what we got here hardly qualifies."

GABE "So, I'm desperate."

MOSELY "It's your stomach. I'll get you some when we're done talkin'."

GABE "That long?"

MOSELY "All right! I'll go now!"

MOSELY "What am I, your slave?"

GABE "Hey, I'm working my butt off here!"

MOSELY "Yeah, yeah. Fine."

MOSELY "No way! Enough is enough!"

GABE "PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, PRETTY PLEASE!"

MOSELY "All right! All right! Just shut the hell up!"

GABE "Crash is dead!"

MOSELY "What? What're you talkin' about? I just let him go this morning."

GABE "Yeah, well, that turned out to be a brilliant move--though they probably would have gotten him anywhere...."

MOSELY "They? You're losin' it, Knight."

GABE "It was the Voodoo cult--they did it! Crash said...."

MOSELY "You're an amateur, so lemme give you some advice. Crash is--was--a junkie. Ya gotta read through the hallucinations, know what I mean? Where's the body, anyway?"

GABE "St. Louis Cathedral."

MOSELY "Lovely. Well, we'll make sure he's picked up sometime today so he doesn't scare the shit out of some nun. But chill, Gabe. In this business, you see a lot of stiffs."

MOSELY "What? What are you talkin' about? I let him go yesterday."

GABE "Yeah, and I watched him die yesterday. At St. Louis Cathedral."

MOSELY "At the cathedral? Guess he was tryin' to get a last minute A-train ticket, eh? Poor bastard."

GABE "I think you should go find the body at the morgue. He was killed by the Voodoo cult. Crash said...."

MOSELY "CRASH said? Did he mention pink elephants, too?"

GABE "Aren't you going to investigate?"

MOSELY "Civilians! Did you actually SEE someone kill him?"

GABE "No. Actually, I was with him when he died. Could have been poison, though."

MOSELY "Yeah, well, when they get the body in, they'll do a quick autopsy--standard procedure. If it's anything other than an overdose, I'll get a report."

MOSELY "But it won't happen. I know these guys. Lock 'em up overnight, and they tend to overdo it the next day."

GABE "Your professionalism is astonishing."

GABE "There's been another murder. A professor at Tulane."

MOSELY "Oh, Christ! You're not gonna to start this again!"

MOSELY "You know, you're really gettin' your ass in a sling over this thing, Knight."

GABE "It's not about ME! Look, Hartridge's death looked just like Crash's. I'm telling you, they were both murdered--and by the same people who did the Voodoo Murders!"

MOSELY "Did either Crash or this new guy have their hearts ripped out?"

GABE "No."

MOSELY "Then there's nothin' to link either to the Voodoo Murders' M.O. Besides that, the case is closed, Knight. If the coroner's report asks for a homicide investigation on either of these guys, fine!"

MOSELY "But it's not gonna be related to the Voodoo Murders case unless WE find damn good reason to do so!"

MOSELY "What? What're you talkin' about?"

GABE "Just listen! This guy's name is Hartridge. He was a professor in African studies at Tulane. Yesterday, I went to see him about the Voodoo Murders case."

GABE "He agreed to do some research for me! He calls me up this morning, tells me he's onto something big, and when I get over there, the guy's dead!"

MOSELY "People die, Knight. Was the guy's heart ripped out?"

GABE "Well...no, but...."

MOSELY "Then there's nothin' to relate it to the Voodoo Murders case, which is CLOSED anyway. The coroner will pick him up. If he asks for a homicide investigation, we'll do one, otherwise...."

GABE "But I'M the link to the Voodoo Murders case, don't you see?"

MOSELY "Look, if I were you, I wouldn't repeat that to anyone, because if I weren't an old friend of yours, I MIGHT take you seriously and lock you up."

MOSELY "As it is, maybe you should start keeping your mouth shut and not involve other people with this shit, if you think it's so dangerous."

GABE "He agreed to do some research for me! He calls me up this morning, tells me he's onto something big, and when I get over there, the guy's dead!"

MOSELY "Look, if I were you, I wouldn't repeat that to anyone, because if I weren't an old friend of yours, I MIGHT take you seriously and lock you up."

MOSELY "As it is, maybe you should start keeping your mouth shut and not involve other people with this shit, if you think it's so dangerous."

GABE "How can I convince you to reopen the case?"

MOSELY "Look, the department's not interested."

GABE "So. Couldn't you MAKE them interested?"

MOSELY "With what? I've got seven bodies and still no leads! The Voodoo angle's worthless, and besides, these people aren't hurtin' anybody but out-of-town drug dealers and hitmen!"

GABE "The Voodoo stuff is NOT worthless--it's the key to the whole thing! And these people are dangerous! They need to be stopped!"

MOSELY "Okay. You want me to reopen this case, prove what you just said."

GABE "What do you mean?"

MOSELY "I already told you...."

MOSELY "You need to..."

MOSELY "...get me a lead on the cult."

MOSELY "You still need to..."

MOSELY "...prove that they're a threat."

MOSELY "...get me a lead on the cult."

MOSELY "...prove that there's a legitimate Voodoo cult in New Orleans."

GABE "Oh, nothing. Never mind."

MOSELY "It's your dime."

GABE "Let me fill you in on what I've learned in the past five days."

MOSELY "Okay. Have at it."

GABE "Well, Malia Gedde is the head of the cartel. Dr. John is her right hand man."

MOSELY "I learned that much. You sure know how to pick 'em, Knight."

GABE "Uh-huh. She's not really responsible, though, because during these ceremonies she's 'ridden' by the spirit of her ancestor, Tetelo."

MOSELY "(DRYLY) You don't say."

GABE "It's true. Anyway, I have something--a talisman--that I can use against them. It will help, but they probably still have a power source somewhere in their hounfour."

GABE "Also, this whole thing kind of ties in with my nightmares, see, and my family history. My family does this shadow hunting thing, and about three hundred years ago...."

MOSELY "Look, don't confuse me, okay? You worry about all that metaphysical stuff, and

I'll just try to catch the bad guys."

GABE "Yeah, you'd never believe me anyway."

GABE "So, fill me in on what you've been doing for the past five days."

MOSELY "I've been gettin' smart, that's what."

MOSELY "They've got me runnin', I'll admit, but the day a bunch of drum-banging, mumbo-jumbo chanting magicians can catch ole 'light foot' Mosely is the day I die!"

GABE "Can't argue with that logic."

MOSELY "Now, these guys have it wired, I tell you! From the Mayor, to a couple of MAJOR judges, right down to the beat cops. The Geddes are untouchable from that angle!"

MOSELY "But once I really started diggin', it was like I could see clearly. These guys are into EVERYTHING that happens in this city. And most people are scared shitless of 'em--or they don't know about 'em at all."

GABE "What should we do about Grace?"

MOSELY "Them Voodoo people have taken her, the goddamn bastards! We have to find her and save her, and we can't count on the police department for any help."

MOSELY "I told you, we gotta find her! We sure ain't gonna help her by sittin' around here!"

GABE "Let's make a plan. What do you think we should do?"

MOSELY "We need to find the headquarters of the Gedde cartel, rescue Grace, and dig up some concrete evidence so that I can take this straight to the FBI."

GABE "Sounds easy."

MOSELY "Uh-huh. Do you have any idea where their headquarters might be?"

GABE "Perhaps."

MOSELY "Well, you do seem to have a knack for sniffin' out this Voodoo stuff. Why don't you see if you can locate it for sure."

MOSELY "Meanwhile, I've got some things I've got to do. I'll meet you there later."

GABE "How will you find it?"

MOSELY "Damn! That's right! If only I had the tracker from my office!"

GABE "I have it."

MOSELY "Really? Good goin'! You give it to me and leave a signal device at the entrance to the headquarters."

GABE "All right."

GABE "What was that plan again?"

MOSELY "Sheez! You're gonna go locate the headquarters. I'm gonna go get some supplies. You're gonna signal me when you've found the headquarters. I'll meet you there."

MOSELY "We go inside, find Grace, collect some evidence, and get outta there."

GABE "Oh, yeah. Right."

GABE "Trying for a real estate job with that coat?"

MOSELY "No. Are you tryin' out for a janitorial job with that hair?"

GABE "Have you ever called the hair club for men?"

MOSELY "I'd rather have NO hair than YOUR hair, Knight."

GABE "So how do you ever find anything in this office? It looks like ground zero."

MOSELY "Hey, I get my job done! I'm a detective, not Betty Crocker!"

GABE "Are those new shoes? What are those, hush-puppies? Kind of a mud-brown-suede kind of a thing?"

MOSELY "Hey, I'm on my feet all day, all right? Is that okay with you?"

GABE "Mostly! I'm being perfectly sincere!"

MOSELY "Yeah, you and my grandmother. Right."

GABE "You know, you have a unique way of wearing clothes that's.... Well, the way they hang, kind of pleating over that stomach of yours, drooping off of your butt...."

MOSELY "We can't all have the body of a twelve year old like you, Knight."

GABE "You know, if you started carrying a lollipop around, you might get more respect as a detective."

MOSELY "Go to hell."

GABE "You know, Mostly...."

MOSELY "Don't EVEN start with me, Knight. I've been through too much for you lately."

GABE "Yeah, you're right. Sorry."

1D GRANDMA KNIGHT

GRAN "No, Dear."

GRAN "I don't know what else to tell you, Dear."

GABE "What can you tell me about Voodoo?"

GRAN "Voodoo? What an odd question, Gabriel!"

GRAN "Of course, you always were interested in monster movies and all that other weird stuff. You get that from your father and grandad."

GRAN "I don't know anything about it, Dear. Of course, it was very big in New Orleans at one time, but you don't hear so much about it these days."

GRAN "Too much else in the world to worry about, I guess."

GABE "What do you know about the Voodoo Murders?"

GRAN "Oh, Gabriel! Nothing, and I don't want to! I sometimes wonder what this world is coming to!"

GABE "What can you tell me about New Orleans?"

GRAN "New Orleans is very Southern, of course, though not as much as it used to be when I was a girl. It's gotten much more influenced by the east coast and that California stuff!"

GRAN "Still, it hasn't changed as much as other places, I reckon. We've always been happy here."

GRAN "My goodness, Boy, you've lived here all your life, just like me! I can't tell you much that you don't already know."

GABE "Do you know anything about snakes?"

GRAN "Snakes? What kind of snakes, Dear?"

GRAN "I don't know--local kinds?"

GRAN "Well, we used to get cottonmouths in the park when I was a girl, but I haven't heard of one being sighted for years. Milk snakes and garter snakes are also around these parts, but they can't hurt you."

GABE "Thanks, Gran."

GABE "What can you tell me about St. John's Eve?"

GRAN "St. John's Eve? Hmmm. I remember when I was a girl, we always had a St. John's Eve mass."

GRAN "The mass was said at midnight and we held candles...."

GRAN "One time, on the way home, we were waylaid by a large group of drunken revelers."

They didn't hurt us, but I was frightened!"

GRAN "My father was furious! We never went to St. John's Eve mass after that."

GRAN "I haven't celebrated it in years, Gabriel. I'm sure there's still mass in the more traditional churches, but I don't go."

GABE "What can you tell me about Cabrit Sans Cor?"

GRAN "Mmmm. <Something> without <something>, I think. My French is so rusty! I swear, my mind is going!"

GABE "It's okay. Thanks."

GABE "Do you know anything about Marie Laveau?"

GRAN "Marie Laveau! Of course! She was that Voodoo woman, wasn't she?"

GRAN "She preyed on people's fears and superstitions, is what I think! There are always those willing to take other people's money for nothing."

GRAN "You stay away from people like that, Gabriel."

GABE "<sigh> Yes, Gran."

GABE "Do you know anything about a secret Voodoo hounfour?"

GRAN "Gabriel, my goodness! What ARE you up to these days?"

GABE "Nothing, Gran, really."

GRAN "You'd better not be! You know you're the only family I have left."

GABE "I know, Gran. It's okay."

GRAN "I don't believe in such things, Gabriel. But if there IS one, YOU stay away from it!"

GABE "Yes, Gran."

GABE "Do you know anything about animal masks?"

GRAN "Why no, Dear. Do you mean Mardi Gras masks?"

GABE "Never mind, Gran."

GABE "Do you know anything about vevés?"

GRAN "What, Dear?"

GABE "(RRCC. MISSED. TO GRAN. KIND)Never mind."

GABE "Do you know anything about black voodoo?"

GRAN "Black Voodoo? Is that something new?"

GABE "I don't think so."

GRAN "I don't know much about any kind of Voodoo, Gabriel."

GABE "Do you know anything about Rada drums?"

GRAN "Rada drums? Your father had a little drum set when he was small...."

GABE "I don't think that's quite the same thing, Gran."

GRAN "Well, your family's always been in the arts, but no musicians so far."

GABE "Have you ever heard of a Schattinjäger?"

GRAN "Schattinjäger? Schattinjäger. How odd, Gabriel. I haven't heard that word in years!"

GRAN "My goodness, you've given me a chill! Your grandad used to say that sometimes in his sleep."

GABE "Really? Do you know what it means?"

GRAN "No, I'm afraid not. I asked him about it once. I don't think he answered me. Odd."

GABE "Hmmm. Thanks, Gran."

GABE "Tell me about yourself."

GRAN "Me? Surely you have something more interesting to talk about!"

GABE "Oh, come on, Gran!"

GRAN "All right, Dear. What do you want to hear?"

GRAN "What more do you want to know, Dear?"

GABE "How are you feeling these days?"

GRAN "(ENTHUSIASTIC)Fit as a fiddle, and don't you worry your head about it!"

GABE "Tell me how you met Granddaddy."

GRAN "I met Harrison at a church revival. There was a traveling preacher back then--a big fella named Reverend Jim. I even remember his slogan--'Come to Me to find your Way.'"

GRAN "Your grandad was sitting right behind me and my girlfriend Alma, and at one point ole Reverend Jim was flinging his hair around with his fire 'n brimstone antics..."

GRAN "And a piece of it--one of those small add-on doos for men--went flying off. I swear Harrison and I were the only ones that noticed!"

GRAN "We both started laughing to beat the band! Everyone looked at us like we were a couple of loonies. It was then I knew that he was for me."

GABE "Tell me about before you met Granddaddy."

GRAN "Well, you know I was born Rebecca Wright. My daddy owned a lot of land outside of town. We grew peas, corn, cotton--all kinds of things."

GRAN "It was a good childhood, but my father was very strict. He didn't much let me out of his sight."

GABE "What do you do all day?"

GRAN "You know how I love to knit and work in my garden. I also take long walks. It's the only way to keep an old body like mine from stiffening up."

GABE "You're not old!"

GRAN "(SWEETLY CHIDING)Don't be foolish! I'm older than the hills!"

GABE "Just tell me anything at all."

GRAN "I had your father when I was twenty-two. The doctors told me I couldn't have any more after him, so I'm afraid I spoiled him rotten."

GRAN "I never loved any man but your grandfather, and I never will."

GRAN "I hate to admit it, but I was a jealous little thing when your granddaddy and I were younger. I loved him so ferociously...and he DID attract the eyes of the ladies--whether he wanted to or not."

GRAN "I get lonely sometimes, but I have lots of girlfriends in the neighborhood. I call one of them if I'm feeling blue."

GRAN "(MOCK HARSHLY)I wish you'd settle down and give me a great-grandchild!"

GABE "Oh, Gran!"

GABE "Oh, nothing. Never mind."

GRAN "All right, Dear."

GABE "Tell me about our family."

GRAN "Who would you like to hear about? Your grandad, your father, or your mother?"

GABE "Tell me something about Grandad."

GRAN "Your grandad immigrated to America when he was 21."

GRAN "He worked his way through school, met and married me, and we had your father, Philip."

GRAN "Your grandad supported me and your father with bookkeeping. I'll tell you what, though, he hated every minute of it. Didn't really like bookkeeping one bit."

GRAN "Maybe that was why he had the worst luck with jobs! Oh, the nights he'd come home afraid to tell me he'd lost another! And I would tell him, it didn't matter to me, but he felt ashamed, Gabriel."

GRAN "Harrison was only thirty-six when he died. Your father was eight years old at the time. Your grandad was hit by a streetcar in the business district."

GRAN "It took me nearly a year to believe he was really gone."

GABE "I'm sorry, Gran."

GRAN "I know you are, Dear."

GRAN "Did you know that your grandad was a poet? He was! He wrote the most beautiful poetry for me when we were courting."

GRAN "I always thought he should have done something with that gift, but he was such a practical man. Didn't believe in chasing after dreams."

GABE "Do you know anyone named Heinz Ritter?"

GRAN "Heinz Ritter..."

GRAN "Oh, Gabriel! Where did you hear that name?"

GABE "I found a letter in Granddaddy's clock."

GRAN "<sigh>I promised I'd never tell you or your father, but I suppose it doesn't matter now."

GABE TELL me, Gran."

GRAN "Your grandad's name was Heinz Ritter before he came to America. He changed it to Harrison Knight legally when he arrived."

GABE "Why did Grandad change his name?"

GRAN "I don't know. I tried to ask him about his family, his life before America, but he didn't want to talk about it."

GRAN "He never even told me about his name change--I found out one day when I saw his passport in a drawer."

GRAN "Since he obviously found it painful, I never questioned him about it, but I'm sure it wasn't trouble with the law. Your grandad was the best man I ever knew."

GABE "Didn't Grandad ever say ANYTHING about his past or his family?"

GRAN "Only that his family was 'crazy' and that he never wanted to see them again!"

GRAN "He believed in some family curse, thought that he could spare Philip and Philip's children from what he called 'old nightmares.'"

GRAN "Whatever Harrison wanted to spare you, though, it cost him plenty! He never did sleep well, and he would often get a faraway, guilty look in his eyes."

GRAN "He was wrestling with something he thought he SHOULD be doing, someplace he thought he OUGHT to be."

GRAN "I don't know how he could think that he should be anywhere but with me and our child. It's a terrible way to live."

GABE "Do you know anything else about Heinz Ritter?"

GRAN "I've told you all I know about your grandad's past."

GABE "Tell me about my father."

GRAN "Your father was my only child. How we adored him!"

GRAN "Philip suffered from terrible nightmares, just like your grandad did! They were two peas in a pod."

GRAN "When Philip met your mother, it was love at first sight. They were married two weeks later! Never looked at a girl seriously until then--and he'd looked at plenty!"

GRAN "You have your father's way with women, Gabriel--and your grandad's <blush>!"

GRAN "I wanted to just lay down and die when he and your mother were killed in that car crash

when you were only eight! It was the thought of taking care of you that kept me going, Gabriel."

GRAN "The police say your father swerved off the road after being frightened by something. Perhaps a deer in the road--or a wild cat."

GRAN "Your grandad wanted Philip to have a 'normal life.' He was obsessed by that thought. He pushed Philip to go to law school, but Philip was driven to art."

GRAN He painted almost in a daze, he would get so inside himself when he worked!"

GRAN "He always hated that it was Margaret's money that supported the three of you when his painting couldn't."

GRAN "I kept telling him, 'Try something more cheerful--like a landscape or two,' but he couldn't do it. His work was just too dark and disturbing for the public, you know."

GABE "Tell me about my mother."

GRAN "Your mother was Margaret Templeton when your father met her. She came from a very wealthy Creole family in New Orleans."

GRAN "She was beautiful and reckless. She was madly in love with your father, of course, but I also think she liked defying her family."

GRAN "Your mother's family refused to give her money after the marriage. All she had left was a modest trust fund from her great-aunt, who happened to like Philip."

GRAN "The remainder of your mother's trust fund became yours when she died. That's what you used to open your book shop."

GRAN "The Templetons are all gone now--every last one of them. They never wanted anything to do with us, of course. What a waste."

GRAN "Since you're so interested in family history these days, why don't you go by St. Louis Cemetery #1 and visit the family tomb? It would be a sweet gesture."

GABE "Maybe I will."

GABE "Do you know anyone named Wolfgang Ritter?"

GRAN "Wolfgang Ritter? Er...no, Dear."

GABE "Hmmm. Odd."

GRAN "As I said, your grandad's surname was originally Ritter."

GRAN "I never learned much about his family, but from things he said I always thought he had a brother back in Germany."

GRAN "I don't know if Wolfgang Ritter is related to your grandad or not."

GABE "You know, you get prettier every time I see you."

GRAN "(BLUSHING)Oh, you!"

GABE "Have you baked any of your incredible molasses pies lately?"

GRAN "No, Dear, but you let me know when you want some, and I'll whip up half a dozen!"

GABE "You've lost weight. Are you courting a new man?"

GRAN "Oh, Gabriel! Don't be silly! You know there'll never be anyone but your grandad for me!"

GABE "Your hair looks very pretty today, Gran."

GRAN "(SHE DOESN'T LIKE HIS HAIR CUT)Why, thank you, Dear! So does...er...you've always had such nice, THICK hair, Gabriel."

GABE "You know, I always tell people that my gran is the prettiest grand ole belle in the city."

GRAN "(EMBARRASSED)Oh, Dear! You shouldn't talk so!"

1E WILLY WALKER

GABE "Can you tell me what you know about Voodoo?"

WILLY "This is a novelty shop, M'sieu'."

GABE "Do you think I'm stupid? This is a Voodoo shop--look at all this stuff!"

WILLY "These are novelties--curiosities! If people want to think they're magic, it's not my concern, you know."

GABE "Are you telling me that you own a Voodoo shop, but you know nothing about Voodoo practices?"

WILLY "Z'affai' neg' pa' z'affair' blanc!"

GABE "What does THAT mean?"

WILLY "It means you should mind your own business, M'sieu'."

GABE "Look, I'm researching Voodoo for a book...."

WILLY "I don't have your answers, me. Do you want to buy something, M'sieu'?"

GABE "What do you know about the Voodoo Murders?"

WILLY "(RRCC. SAY THIS UNDERBREATH, SUPERSTITIOUSLY/SLIGHTLY FEARFUL)Cabrit sans cor'."

GABE "(GK-AM2. AS IF HE DIDN'T QUITE HEAR IT.)What did you say?"

WILLY "(RRCC. DENYING. FIRM.)Nothing. Those killings have nothing to do with my shop, M'sieu'."

WILLY "(RENUM. ANGRY, FIRM)M'sieu', that has nothing to do with my shop!"

GABE "What can you tell me about New Orleans?"

WILLY "I've lived here all my life, me."

WILLY "I'm a busy man, M'sieu'. I don't get out of my neighborhood much."

WILLY "If you're not from around here, M'sieu', you should sign up for some tours."

GABE "Do you know anything about snakes?"

WILLY "What kind of snakes?"

GABE "Um...the kind they use in Voodoo?"

WILLY "Pythons and boas. So I've heard."

GABE "Really? Do you have one?"

WILLY "Are you crazy? What would I want with a python?"

WILLY "I've already told you everything I know."

GABE "What's the significance of St. John's Eve?"

WILLY "It's the biggest night of the year in Voodoo."

GABE "What goes on, exactly?"

WILLY "Ah...I couldn't say."

WILLY "I've said all I'm going to say about it."

GABE "(RENUM)What did you mean when you said cabrit sans cor'?"

WILLY "(RENUM)I didn't say that."

GABE "(RENUM)You did! I heard you say it!"

WILLY "(RENUM)You heard wrong, M'sieu'. I said no such thing!"

GABE "(RRCC. SUSPICIOUS)I found out what cabrit sans cor' means. How did YOU know about human sacrifice?"

WILLY "(RRCC. VERY FIRM)I never said those words, M'sieu'. You must have heard them from someone else."

GABE "Have you ever heard of Marie Laveau?"

WILLY "Marie, she's somebody from the old days--one of those folktales. The tourists eat it up, non?"

WILLY "I don't know much, M'sieu'. Someone at the Voodoo museum can tell you all about her."

GABE "Can you tell me anything about a secret Voodoo hounfour?"

WILLY "There's no such thing. Not around here."

GABE "Do you know anything about animal masks?"

WILLY "Like the ones in the Voodoo rituals they do for the tourists?"

GABE "Right!"

WILLY "I used to sell a few--as souvenirs."

WILLY "The only one left is 'Willy Jr.' over there. The old crocodile. He's sort of a mascot now, him."

GABE "Can you tell me anything else about how animal masks are used?"

WILLY "They're curiosities, non? This is a curio shop."

GABE "Oh, yeah. I keep forgetting."

GABE "Do you know anything about vévés?"

WILLY "No, Sir. Never heard of them."

GABE "Oh, come on! You have to know about vévés! They're Voodoo symbols."

WILLY "Not any kind of Voodoo I know about."

GABE "Do you know anything about black Voodoo?"

WILLY "Black Voodoo? No such thing, I tell you for sure."

GABE "Have you ever heard of Damballah?"

WILLY "(LYING)Damballah is an African legend about a 'Great Serpent.' Folklore--that's all."

WILLY "Some old African god, that's all."

GABE "Does the name Ogoun Badagris mean anything to you?"

WILLY "Don't talk like that around here, man."

WILLY "What I know, I wouldn't be talking about with you."

GABE "Have you ever heard of a Schattensjäger?"

WILLY "Man, I don't even know what language that is."

GABE "Tell me about yourself."

WILLY "My name's Willy Walker. I own the place."

GABE "How did you get into this kind of business?"

WILLY "Why should I discuss my business with you, man?"

GABE "That customer of yours, the little old lady..."

WILLY "Customer?"

GABE "The woman I saw in here. Madame Cazaunoux, you called her."

WILLY "I don't talk about my customers to men who come in off the street."

GABE "It's important that I talk to Madame Cazaunoux. You see, I'm doing some research and..."

WILLY "I can't tell you anything about her."

GABE "About Willy Jr.--would you be willing to let him go?"

WILLY "Hmmm. Maybe. For a hundred dollars."

GABE "A hundred bucks? You've got to be kidding!"

WILLY "Me and Willy Jr. are very close, non? I couldn't part with him for less."

GABE "Would you take fifty for Willy Jr.?"

WILLY "Don't insult me, M'sieu'. The price is one hundred dollars."

GABE "(GK-AM2)Are you still interested in selling that crocodile mask?"

WILLY "You show me one hundred dollars, and the mask is yours."

1F DR JOHN

DR JOHN "I am afraid I have little else to say about that subject."

GABE "What can you tell me about Voodoo?"

DR JOHN "Historical Voodoo or the Voodoo currently practiced in the city?"

GABE "What do you know about the Voodoo Murders?"

DR JOHN "(STIFF. UNFRIENDLY)The killings in the newspaper? I know that they have nothing to do with true Voodoo in New Orleans."

GABE "What makes you think the Voodoo Murders AREN'T being done by local practitioners?"

DR JOHN "Voodoo is a popular bogeyman, Mr. Knight, especially in New Orleans. Anyone can pretend to use it, just as anyone can pretend to be a black belt in Karate, and for the same reason--to intimidate."

DR JOHN "I know Voodoo in this city, Mr. Knight, and believe me, it is not about killing. Even the police have stated that the killings have nothing to do with local Voodoo."

GABE "So you know nothing about the Voodoo Murders case?"

DR JOHN "I neither know nor care to know, Mr. Knight. My only possible interest is in how it might affect the public's attitude towards the museum."

DR JOHN "So far, it has not been an issue. No one has even had the bad taste to bring it up. Until you, that is."

GABE "What do you think of New Orleans?"

DR JOHN "It is the ONLY city in the United States, as far as I am concerned."

GABE "What is it about New Orleans that you so admire?"

DR JOHN "It has a real culture of its own, Mr. Knight. Amid the horrid blandness that is Americana, New Orleans alone has a voice."

GABE "Spoken like a true New Orleanian."

GABE "Do you have anything else to say about New Orleans?"

DR JOHN "I have already given you my opinion, Mr. Knight."

GABE "Do you know anything about snakes?"

DR JOHN "Ah! You have perhaps noticed the museum's snake, Mr. Knight?"

DR JOHN "They are beautiful creatures, do you not agree? And the tourists seem to associate them with Voodoo."

GABE "Is the snake yours? Do you use it in your practice of Voodoo?"

DR JOHN "I admire the spirit of the snake, Mr. Knight, but snakes like the museum's can be quite dangerous to handle."

GABE "You didn't really answer my question...."

DR JOHN "I think I did, Mr. Knight."

GABE "I'd really like to know more about your snake...."

DR JOHN "There is really nothing more to say, Mr. Knight."

GABE "What can you tell me about St. John's Eve?"

DR JOHN "It is one of the important ceremonial nights in Voodoo."

GABE "What else can you tell me about St. John's Eve?"

DR JOHN "I am afraid I do not know the origins of St. John's Eve. I only know that it was a night of ritual long before Voodoo came to New Orleans."

GABE "Do you have any idea what cabrit sans cor' means?"

DR JOHN "(HESITANT, LYING)I fear my French is not all it should be, Mr. Knight."

GABE "You're sure you haven't heard the term cabrit sans cor?"

DR JOHN "I am sure, Mr. Knight."

GABE "Tell me more about Marie Laveau."

DR JOHN "There were actually two Marie Laveaus--mother and daughter. Most people thought they were the same woman. Her 'continued youth' added to the mystique."

DR JOHN "The original--the mother--was also known as Widow Paris. It was she that began the empire."

DR JOHN "When the Widow Paris began to practice there were many Voodooiennes in the city. By 1830 she was Voodoo queen of all New Orleans."

DR JOHN "The Widow Paris was a hairdresser for rich Creole ladies. She also paid household servants to spy for her. Between the two, she knew everything about everyone who mattered in New Orleans."

DR JOHN "She was not above using her information to appear psychic, to intimidate, or even to blackmail."

GABE "You sound as though you admire her."

DR JOHN "For a black woman in the mid 1800's to gain power is an incredible thing, Mr. Knight, however she achieved it."

DR JOHN "She kept a pet snake--danced with it, too. She held traditional Voodoo ceremonies out by the lake."

DR JOHN "She took herself seriously--very seriously--but she was not above selling tickets for her 'events' to curiosity-seekers."

DR JOHN "She was not above using Voodoo any way she could to make money, that is for certain."

DR JOHN "But if she had been in another line of work, in another age, that would be interpreted as entrepreneurial genius rather than a sign of fraudulence."

GABE "Hey, you don't need to convince me. I admire anyone that can actually make a living."

DR JOHN "It was Marie Laveau who defined the Voodoo that is truly and uniquely the Voodoo of New Orleans."

DR JOHN "She invented hundreds if not thousands of spells, potions, charms, and incantations. These form the basis of the modern practice--not to mention the folk tradition of Hoodoo."

DR JOHN "Her daughter, Marie Glapion, took over when the Widow Paris got old. Most people thought it was the same Marie Laveau. Both Marias encouraged that point of view."

DR JOHN "The Widow Paris died in 1881. Marie Glapion had been reigning a long time by then."

DR JOHN "After the death of the Widow Paris, other Voodoo queens surfaced and by 1890, the cult was fragmented again. Marie Glapion just sort of faded away."

DR JOHN "The Laveau tomb--where one or both of the Marias are believed to be buried--is in St. Louis Cemetery #1."

DR JOHN "It is a popular shrine for practitioners and tourists alike."

DR JOHN "I, myself, take tours through the cemetery on a regular basis."

GABE "Really? Do you have any running this week?"

DR JOHN "No, but the cemetery is open to the general public as well."

DR JOHN "You have heard everything about Marie Laveau that a layman might expect to understand."

GABE "Do you know anything about a secret Voodoo hounfour?"

DR JOHN "(MOCKING, VAGUELY THREATENING)Don't be ridiculous, Mr. Knight. The Voodoo churches in the city have no need for secrecy."

GABE "Do you know anything about animal masks?"

DR JOHN "I used to have some antique African totem masks, but they were on the point of disintegration, so I removed them."

GABE "Are you sure you can't educate me further about animal masks?"

DR JOHN "Unfortunately, I do not know much about totem masks. The practice was more African than American, and that is not my area of expertise."

GABE "Okay. Thanks."

GABE "Do you know anything about black Voodoo?"

DR JOHN "(NOT PLEASED)That sort of viewpoint makes my work very difficult, Mr. Knight."

GABE "I'm not implying that all Voodoo is evil, but there are certain practitioners that use Voodoo towards a...darker end, aren't there?"

DR JOHN EMPHASIS ON 'I')No one that I am familiar with. If there are one or two ignorant believers, that is none of my concern, and I do not care to promote a Hollywood interpretation of Voodoo by discussing it."

GABE "You really don't know anything about black Voodoo practices?"

DR JOHN "I believe I already indicated my intolerance for that line of inquiry."

GABE "Do you know anything about vèvés?"

DR JOHN "(TIGHT)I believe they have something to do with Haitian Voodoo, but that is not really my area."

GABE "Have you ever heard of Damballah?"

DR JOHN "(HESITATES, BUT CAN'T LIE)Of course. It is one of the Loa."

GABE "What can you tell me about the Loa Damballah?"

DR JOHN "Damballah is a snake Loa. It originated in Africa and is also worshipped heavily in Haiti, I believe."

GABE "Do YOU worship Damballah?"

DR JOHN "Mr. Knight, in Voodoo, ALL of the Loa are given their due respect."

GABE "What else can you tell me about the Loa Damballah?"

GABE "Does the name Ogoun Badagris mean anything to you?"

DR JOHN "(TIGHT, LYING)I do not believe so."

GABE "Isn't he one of the Loa?"

DR JOHN "Hmmm? Perhaps. I am not familiar with some of the more obscure Haitian and African Loa."

GABE "Are you sure you don't know anything about Ogoun Badagris?"

GABE "Do you know anything about Rada drums?"

DR JOHN "There are some against the wall, but I do not play myself."

GABE "You don't know anything about a drum code?"

DR JOHN "I do not believe there is such a thing, Mr. Knight."

GABE "Have you ever heard of a Schattensjäger?"

DR JOHN "No, I have not."

GABE "Tell me about yourself."

DR JOHN "Me?"

GABE "Yes, if you don't mind."

DR JOHN "What is it you wish to learn?"

DR JOHN "What more can I tell you?"

GABE "Actually, I can't think of a thing."
DR JOHN "Then let us discuss something else."
GABE "Just tell me anything."
DR JOHN "I am originally from the West Indies myself, you know."
GABE "Really? What brought you to New Orleans?"
DR JOHN "I was drawn here for personal reasons."
DR JOHN "I am a vegetarian."
GABE "Really? I can't imagine living without meat."
DR JOHN "That must be the hunter in you, Mr. Knight."
DR JOHN "I do not care for small talk, Mr. Knight."
DR JOHN "I am not an easy person to get to know. I am a very private man."
GABE "Isn't that unusual for someone in the museum business?"
DR JOHN "Not at all. My displays speak for me."
DR JOHN "Not everyone can come see the museum, so I occasionally do public speaking on the subject of historical Voodoo."
GABE "Anything coming up that I might attend?"
DR JOHN "No. But then, you have me all to yourself right now, do you not?"
GABE "Why did you open a Voodoo museum?"
DR JOHN "The subject has fascinated me all my life--and I wanted to help preserve the cultural heritage it represents."
GABE "What kind of background in Voodoo do you have?"
DR JOHN "Let us say that I cut my teeth on it, Mr. Knight. It is in my blood."
GABE "Do you do anything besides run the museum?"
DR JOHN "No. The museum does not make me a rich man, but my material needs are simple. I prefer to focus on my one true interest in life."
GABE "What are your own religious beliefs?"
DR JOHN "My beliefs are too personal--and too complex--to discuss with a layman, Mr. Knight."

GABE "Tell me about historical Voodoo."
DR JOHN "Very well. I will start at the beginning, Mr. Knight, and will go on from there at your prompting."
GABE "Sounds good."
DR JOHN "As you may know, Voodoo is a grass-roots religion formed by the mixing together of many different African tribal religions and Anglo religions such as Catholicism or Protestantism."
DR JOHN "In other words, it is a religion born of the African slave trade. But African slaves were imported not only by the United States but also into the West Indies where the French and Spanish ran plantation islands."
DR JOHN "Prior to 1803, the New Orleans area was owned by France. The French Creole in those days owned many African slaves."
DR JOHN "But the Creole did not permit their slaves to gather, giving no chance for Voodoo to breed here natively."
DR JOHN "(RRCC. RERECORD. LAST WORD IS 'REGION' NOT 'RELIGION'.)The Creole also knew enough about the 'corrupted pagan practices' of the West Indies slaves to ban the importing of slaves from THAT region."
GABE "So how did Voodoo come to New Orleans?"
DR JOHN "After the Louisiana Purchase, American legislators relaxed regulations. Slaves were permitted to gather. The Americans also removed the ban on West Indies slaves."
DR JOHN "(RRCC. RERECORD. LECTURING.)Around the same time a slave revolt occurred in Santo Domingo--what is now Haiti. Between the lifting of the ban and the Haitian revolt, West Indies slaves began pouring into New Orleans."

DR JOHN "Some of them were free people of color--freed or escaped slaves. Some came with their white owners who were fleeing from the revolt."

GABE "What happened when the West Indies slaves got here?"

DR JOHN "They brought Voodoo with them. The native slaves were more than enthusiastic about embracing it. It gave them POWER, Mr. Knight--if only in the form of a communal bond."

DR JOHN "Among the first meeting places were the Bayou St. John and the shore of Lake Pontchartrain."

DR JOHN "The early Voodoos were heavy snake worshippers, worshipping the one they called the Great Zombi."

DR JOHN "By 1817 the Voodoo activities were beginning to cause fear among the white slave owners. An ordinance was passed to forbid slave gatherings except in designated public areas at designated times."

DR JOHN "The time was Sunday afternoons and the place, Congo Square. The slaves and free people of color gathered to dance simulations of their Voodoo dances--right in sight of Creole society."

DR JOHN "Of course, they also continued to meet in private for the REAL thing."

DR JOHN "There were a variety of kings and queens at first--Voodoo priests and priestesses, but from about 1830 a single power emerged."

DR JOHN "This was a Voodoo queen named Marie Laveau. Marie Laveau ruled Voodoo in New Orleans for many years."

DR JOHN "I've given you as much detail as I can, Mr. Knight. Look around the museum if you desire more information."

GABE "Tell me about current Voodoo."

DR JOHN "Many people think of Voodoo in terms of magic spells or gris gris. That kind of practice is actually called Hoodoo, and is only a part of true Voodoo."

DR JOHN "Voodoo, the religion, has a strong following in New Orleans. In fact, it is growing quite rapidly."

DR JOHN "There are several Voodoo churches or temples in the city, and others all across the United States."

DR JOHN "African-Americans see it as a tradition all their own. Whites--and there are many in the religion--are attracted to it because they think it is exotic."

DR JOHN "I, personally, am more interested in the history of Voodoo."

DR JOHN "Some of the new movements are copying Haitian or even African Voodoo, but it is the Voodoo of New Orleans that I find so intriguing."

DR JOHN "There are many Voodooiennes in New Orleans. They often do business selling gris gris, telling fortunes, providing luck...and, occasionally, misfortune."

DR JOHN "Perhaps you would like to meet a Voodooienne? We refer those who seek a deeper experience with Voodoo to a local practitioner--Magentia Moonbeam."

GABE "Sure, I'd love to meet her."

DR JOHN "She lives on the corner of Orleans and Dauphine. I will call her and tell her you might stop by."

GABE "Great! Thanks."

GABE "Tell me more about current Voodoo."

DR JOHN "You have tapped my resources--my expertise is really historical. Perhaps Ms. Moonbeam can be of further help."

GABE "What, exactly, is Hoodoo?"

DR JOHN "Hoodoo refers to magic folk traditions of the south."

DR JOHN "Hoodoo is a bastard of Voodoo. Many of the gris gris are similar, but Hoodoo does not have the religious aspects of Voodoo."

GABE "Is there anything else I should know about Hoodoo?"
DR JOHN "Not if your interest is primarily in Voodoo."
DR JOHN "Hoodoo is of interest to those who study rural folk traditions, but it will not aid you in understanding true Voodoo."

GABE "Do you know Malia Gedde?"
DR JOHN "(SUSPICIOUS)Should I?"
GABE "She referred me to your museum."
DR JOHN "Many have read about our museum in the newspapers, Mr. Knight."
GABE "That's a good point."
GABE "Are you sure you don't know Malia Gedde?"
DR JOHN "(LYING, FIRM)Quite sure, Mr. Knight."

1G MALIA

MALIA "No. I'm afraid I can't help you with that, Detective."

GABE "What can you tell me about Voodoo?"
MALIA "Voodoo? Why would you want to know about that, Detective? It's rather...silly, isn't it?"
GABE "There's nothing silly about the Voodoo Murders."
MALIA "But that Voodoo is faked. That's what I've read in the papers."
GABE "That's what the papers say all right...."
MALIA "But you're not convinced?"
GABE "No, frankly, I'm not. The police department isn't known for its imagination."
MALIA "Oh? Well, I can see that YOUR imagination is considerable."
MALIA "I really don't know much about it."
MALIA "Isn't there someplace in town that you can find out about that sort of thing? A museum or something?"
GABE "I believe there is a museum."
MALIA "Then maybe you should check there."
GABE "Are you sure you can't tell me anything about Voodoo?"
MALIA "Quite sure."

GABE "What do you know about the Voodoo Murders?"
MALIA "The murders? Only what I read in the papers."
GABE "And what DO you read in the papers?"
MALIA "(A LITTLE IRRITATED)I'm sure you know much more about it than I, DETECTIVE."

GABE "Tell me about your life in New Orleans."
MALIA "The Gedde family came to New Orleans in 1800. We worked very hard to get where we are."
MALIA "On the other hand, we've done a lot for this community."
GABE "I can believe that. You're doing a lot for ME right now."
MALIA "I'm afraid I don't get out into New Orleans society much. Because of the Gedde money, we have slots in the best country clubs and on the best Mardi Gras courts."
MALIA "But, I must admit, I hate it. I avoid actually making an appearance unless it becomes absolutely necessary."
GABE "I know about those courts. They're very exclusive."
MALIA "(DISDAINFUL)Yes, especially when it comes to people of MY race. That's why we don't turn down the appointments. It's a rare opportunity to rub their noses in it."

MALIA "But that's not where I spend my time. I have more important things to do with my life."

GABE "That's admirable. Many women would love the chance to get caught up in that kind of life."

MALIA "I'm not ANY kind of woman you might be familiar with."

GABE "Yes. I can see that."

GABE "Do you know anything about snakes?"

MALIA "I'm afraid I quite abhor them."

GABE "What can you tell me about St. John's Eve?"

MALIA "I believe it's some sort of local holiday, but I don't know much about it."

GABE "Do you have any idea what cabrit sans cor' means?"

MALIA "(VERY COOL)No, I don't. What DOES it mean, Detective?"

GABE "That's confidential information, Ma'am."

GABE "Do you know anything about Marie Laveau?"

MALIA "I have heard of her, of course, but that's about it."

GABE "Tell me about yourself."

MALIA "I suppose I don't really have a choice. What do you want to know, Detective?"

MALIA "What else do you want to know, Detective?"

GABE "Can you tell me anything about what happened out at the lake?"

MALIA "I wish I could, but I've never seen or heard anything unusual at the lake, and I do spend quite a bit of time out there."

GABE "Do you have a career?"

MALIA "A career? Being the head of the Gedde family is a twenty-four hour a day job. We have many holdings and many responsibilities--financial and otherwise."

MALIA "The management of our business affairs and properties leaves me with time for little else."

GABE "Poor little rich girl?"

MALIA "(IRRITATED)Believe it or not, Detective, wealth DOES have its price."

GABE "Tell me about your family."

MALIA "The Geddes? We're a very private family."

GABE "How many people are there in your family?"

MALIA "Well, my mother just passed away...."

GABE "I AM sorry."

MALIA "So am I. She was a magnificent woman. We were very close--I was an only child."

GABE "And your father?"

MALIA "I never knew him."

GABE "It's hard to believe that any man would leave a woman like you--or like your mother must have been."

MALIA "(COLD)He did not LEAVE, Detective...but, that's really none of your concern."

GABE "I'm sorry. Go on."

MALIA "There are, of course, other Geddes in the city. I have a large extended family."

GABE "I see."

GABE "What kinds of things interest you?"

MALIA "I don't have a lot of free time, but I do appreciate the arts. Opera, symphony, ballet, fine art...."

MALIA "If you look around, you'll see that we collect African art, for example."

GABE "Yes. It's very beautiful."

MALIA "It IS, Detective. It means a great deal to me."

GABE "Do you have a husband? Boyfriend?"

MALIA "I'm very independent, Detective. The women in my family have always preferred it that way."

GABE "So you've never been married?"

MALIA "No, and I never will be."

GABE "What about children?"

MALIA "Yes. That is likely. Someday."

GABE "I'd like to hear just about anything."

MALIA "I do a lot of charity work around the city--primarily in the prison and reform system. I'm not a professional Sociologist, but it does interest me."

MALIA "I have a business degree from Vanderbilt. I wanted to study Psychology, but my family's interests came first."

GABE "Oh? Why not something like Law, then? Surely that would have been an asset to the family."

MALIA "Law? Please. I do have SOME morals, Detective."

MALIA "For the record, I'm twenty-eight, Detective."

MALIA "I have few friends. A woman in my position can't really afford them."

MALIA "I try to stay away from the media as much as possible. Last year there was that story about John Kennedy Jr. and I. The phone didn't stop ringing for weeks."

MALIA "I prefer to keep my private life PRIVATE. I would appreciate it if you would keep my name away from any public association with the police, Detective."

GABE "Of course."

MALIA "I don't know what else you want to hear, Detective. Anything you might care to know about my public life you can easily look up in the papers."

GABE "I wouldn't know where to begin."

MALIA "As you wish, Detective."

GABE "(FLIRTING)Excuse me, but...your eyes are really distracting. I don't think I've ever seen a color quite like that brownish-gold. It's so deep and rich. Man, if I could bottle that, I'd make a fortune."

MALIA "Thank you, Detective. That's an...interesting observation, though probably not relevant to your case."

GABE "A good detective never knows WHAT might be relevant, Ms. Gedde."

MALIA "(DRY)Then you must be truly exceptional at your job."

GABE "I can't help noticing that you're in incredible shape, Ms. Gedde. Your legs are so...strong. Do you work out at one of the clubs by the lake?"

MALIA "Well, Detective, I do enjoy physical activity...."

GABE "(ENTHUSIASTIC)Oh, me too!"

MALIA "ACTUALLY, I was referring to swimming and modern dance. I can't say that I do much exercising at the lake, though."

GABE "(COLUMBO-TYPE GIVING UP)Ah! Well, it was worth asking."

GABE "A beautiful woman like you must know a lot of people in this city."

MALIA "(RRCC. SKIPPED IN FIRST SESSION. TALKING TO GABE.

RELUCTANT)Well, I am on a number of boards, and I do a fair amount of charity work...."

MALIA "But I have very little time for social activities. I'm really more of a recluse than you might imagine."

GABE "No! Really? It's a tragedy to hide a light like yours under a bushel, Ms. Gedde."

MALIA "Your opinion is noted, Detective."

GABE "(SINCERE)I'm not making many points here today, am I?"

MALIA "No, you're not."

GABE "(SINCERE)Ms. Gedde...Malia, there's something about you. You really touch me."

MALIA "(HESITANT)I almost believe you, Detective."

GABE "I wish you would. I've never been more sincere in my life."

MALIA "Now THAT, I can believe."

GABE "Could I see you again sometime? For coffee? Dinner?"

MALIA "Look, you seem like an interesting person, and I'm sure you have some fascinating stories to tell...."

GABE "Storytelling is only ONE of my gifts."

MALIA "But, I'm afraid I'm quite unavailable at the moment. With my mother's recent death, I'm completely absorbed in the family business."

GABE "Are you sure you won't go out with me? I promise I'll be good."

MALIA "It's really out of the question."

MALIA "I think this has gone on long enough. You're not really a detective, are you?"

GABE "Who, me? Well, I AM on this case, Ms. Gedde."

MALIA "I saw you at the lake yesterday. I thought you MUST be with the police since you were there, but you don't act like a police officer."

MALIA "Besides, I'm rather certain that the OTHER man said his name was Mosely."

GABE "All right. You caught me. I'm not with the police. My name is Gabriel Knight. I'm a writer working with Detective Mosely on a book."

MALIA "Well, Mr. Knight, now that we've established WHO you are, perhaps you can tell me the real reason you're here?"

GABE "Well, I AM researching the book, and I thought you might have seen or heard something at the lake...."

MALIA "(FIRMLY)I don't like liars, Mr. Knight."

GABE "Okay, okay. You're right. I really just wanted to see you again. You can be mad at me if you want, but I swear I've never done anything like this before...."

MALIA "Mr. Knight, you've lied about your identity and wasted my time with meaningless questions. If it weren't VAGUELY flattering, I'd really be angry. You're lucky I don't call the REAL police."

1H MAGENTIA MOONBEAM

MAGENTIA "I don't know anything about that."

MAGENTIA "I don't know what else to say about that."

GABE "What can you tell me about Voodoo?"

MAGENTIA "My practice is mainly selling charms and potions with magic power, such as gris gris and Voodoo oils."

MAGENTIA "You know, everything from unrequited love to wandering spouses to winning a law suit."

MAGENTIA "But my spells and charms are powerful, and they work!"

MAGENTIA "Much of a Voodooienne's work is protecting her clients from the spells of others."

MAGENTIA "I mix special protective gris gris to be worn in secret. They keep evil spells from working against my clients."

MAGENTIA "The recipes for Voodoo charms have been handed down from master to apprentice for centuries."

MAGENTIA "I have told you all it is proper for you to know, Monsieur Knight."

GABE "What do you know about the Voodoo Murders?"

MAGENTIA "(ARCC. NERVOUS)Why, that has nothing to do with me and my clientele!"

MAGENTIA "But I can tell you that you should stay as far from it as possible!"

MAGENTIA "There is badness there--very bad!"

GABE "So you don't think the Voodoo aspects of the case are fake?"

MAGENTIA "Fake? Let me tell you about fake!"

MAGENTIA "If I get information through the grapevine and make use of it, is that fake?"

No! That is part of a Voodooienne's power."

MAGENTIA "If people don't believe, there is not much I can do, but if they DO believe, that is a part of my power, too."

MAGENTIA "But there are things, Monsieur.... Things not even a little bit fake, I can tell you. Believe it or not, but stay away from it!"

GABE "What do you mean? Do you know something about the case?"

MAGENTIA "I work hard on fine-tuning my spiritual antennae, Monsieur Knight, and I get a clear signal from that direction--BEWARE!"

MAGENTIA "New Orleans is the center of Voodoo practice in the United States."

MAGENTIA "It is a fascinating city with many dark secrets."

MAGENTIA "It is my favorite place in the world."

GABE "Do you know anything about snakes?"

MAGENTIA "Snakes? You mean like my beloved Grimwald? She's a python, you know--quite deadly in the wrong hands."

MAGENTIA "I was trained by one of the great Voodoo queens to learn how to hypnotize and handle snakes."

GABE "Tell me more about snakes."

MAGENTIA "Oh, I wouldn't want to give away my trade secrets!"

GABE "What's the significance of St. John's Eve?"

MAGENTIA "St. John's Eve! It is the greatest night of the Voodoo year!"

MAGENTIA "There is always a traditional conclave on St. John's Eve. Most of our Voodoo churches these days hold functions in the church hall..."

MAGENTIA "...but in the old days, they had ceremonies out in the wild. They wore animal masks and had a huge bonfire and dancing. I used to go when I was an apprentice."

MAGENTIA "Sometimes in the swamp, you know, Bayou St. John. Sometimes at the lake, Lake Pontchartrain."

MAGENTIA "Special ceremonies are performed, and the Loa come to ride the faithful."

MAGENTIA "There is no night more powerful to Voodoo magic."

GABE "Do you have any idea what cabrit sans cor' means?"

MAGENTIA "(NERVOUS, LYING)No. No, I don't."

GABE "Do you know anything about Marie Laveau?"

MAGENTIA "Oh, yes! She was the first of the great Voodoo queens!"

MAGENTIA "She ruled Voodoo in New Orleans for a hundred years, they say."

MAGENTIA "I'm sure a historian could help you with that, if you want to know more."

GABE "Do you know anything about a secret Voodoo hounfour?"

MAGENTIA "There are many Voodoo churches in New Orleans, no?"

GABE "Yes, but have you heard of a secret Voodoo hounfour?"

MAGENTIA "(NERVOUS)Wherever did you hear such a ridiculous story? There is no such thing."

MAGENTIA "I told you, I don't think that's worth discussing."

GABE "Tell me about the animal masks."

MAGENTIA "I saw them used once or twice when I was younger, but you don't see them much anymore. They're too... close."

GABE "Too close to what?"

MAGENTIA "Just...bad karma."

GABE "Do you know anything about black Voodoo?"

MAGENTIA "It is the oldest, darkest heart of Voodoo."

MAGENTIA "There are some things it is better not to know about, Monsieur Knight."

GABE "Tell me about yourself."

MAGENTIA "Yes? What would you like to hear?"

GABE "How did you get into this business?"

MAGENTIA "I trained in the Voodoo arts for many years with the great Queen Tabitha."

GABE "Really? Who's she?"

MAGENTIA "You have never heard of her? For shame! I can see you know little of the world of magic!"

GABE "I'm beginning to get that impression, yes."

GABE "How many Voodooiennes are there?"

MAGENTIA "No one knows, exactly--many practice in secret. There are probably hundreds."

MAGENTIA "But, of course, the level and the power of the Voodooiennes differ greatly depending on their training and natural gifts."

GABE "What kind of people come to see you?"

MAGENTIA "Seekers after the truth, such as yourself."

GABE "Do you do anything else?"

MAGENTIA "I am a Voodooienne. That is plenty. It takes much spiritual effort."

GABE "Tell me anything at all."

MAGENTIA "I haven't always lived in New Orleans. I came here from Kansas as a young woman."

MAGENTIA "I began studying Voodoo more than twenty years ago. I am well-versed in the magical arts."

MAGENTIA "Many nonbelievers come to me. They are usually believers when they leave."

MAGENTIA "Dr. John sends me many seekers such as yourself."

MAGENTIA "I am happy here with my clientele and my snake."

GABE "I can't think of anything."

MAGENTIA "Very well."

GABE "Uh...about Grimwald...."

MAGENTIA "What about her?"

GABE "Where did you get Grimwald?"

MAGENTIA "She belonged to a traveling reptile show. She was being terribly mistreated, so I offered to buy her."

MAGENTIA "She's named after a spirit guide I had once. The spirit Grimwald was a very powerful female snake priestess in Egyptian times."

GABE "Grimwald doesn't sound Egyptian."

MAGENTIA "(DEFENSIVE)I only know what the spirits tell me, Monsieur. I am sure they know better than we."

GABE "How did you learn how to handle Grimwald?"

MAGENTIA "I told you, a great Voodoo queen taught me. She learned from Marie Laveau herself!"

GABE "Uh-huh. Fascinating."

GABE "How about showing me your snake dance again?"

MAGENTIA "It IS inspiring, is it not? All right."

GABE "(TRYING TO LURE HER INTO SHOWING HIM A SNAKE DANCE)How about showing me how you handle Grimwald?"

MAGENTIA "(FLIRTATIOUS)Really? You would like to see me dance, perhaps?"

GABE "That would be...swell."

MAGENTIA "I won't make you wait, Monsieur Knight!"

GABE "Nothing, never mind."

MAGENTIA "All right."

GABE "Tell me anything at all."

MAGENTIA "You have to be careful when handling a snake. They're more delicate than they look."

GABE "I'll bet."

MAGENTIA "Many people are afraid of snakes. Isn't that silly?"

GABE "Totally."

MAGENTIA "Snakes shed their skins from time to time. You have to be especially careful of them when they're shedding."

GABE "I'll keep it in mind."

MAGENTIA "Grimwald is very responsive to vibration. She doesn't recognize her name, but if I stomp three times, she looks right at me."

GABE "Would you consider giving me one of Grimwald's scales?"

MAGENTIA "No, I couldn't do that! You might do some gris gris of your own, no? One must be very careful with such things--hair clippings, nail parings...and snake scales."

GABE "Are you sure you wouldn't consider giving me one of Grimwald's scales?"

MAGENTIA "I told you, I couldn't do that."

GABE "Give me an example of a gris gris."

MAGENTIA "All right. Here's an old one: take a lodestone and some brimstone to a crossroads at midnight. Light the brimstone with a match. A spirit will come and give you advice in gambling."

MAGENTIA "Here's an old Hoodoo doctor gris gris: place a dime under your client's tongue. If the client is under a spell of any kind, the dime will turn black."

MAGENTIA "To send someone away, take a rotten egg and write that person's name on it nine times. You can also write on it where you want to send that person to. Take it and throw it

against his door at midnight."

MAGENTIA "Here's a nasty one. To kill someone, get a sock or shoe that belongs to that person. Put graveyard dirt in it and bury it under their front steps."

GABE "Does that WORK?"

MAGENTIA "I don't know. I never tried it."

MAGENTIA "To ensure the safety of your child, cut a lock of its hair while it is still a baby and keep it with you. The child must have all its hair before it can die."

GABE "These are interesting."

MAGENTIA "They've very old. The gris gris that I prepare is much more powerful, I can assure you, but I don't give out those secrets."

II CRASH

GABE "(RRCC. WITH DYING CRASH. URGING)Tell me what you know about Voodoo."

CRASH "(RRCC. IN SEVERE PAIN)Look, take some advice. Stay away from this Voodoo shit! You don't really want to know, man! Believe me! Do yourself a favor and leave me alone!"

GABE "Come on, tell me what you know about Voodoo!"

CRASH "I told you, man, leave me alone! Can't you see I'm dying?"

GABE "(RRCC. HARSH. WITH CRASH. USING BLACKMAIL)Now tell me what you know about Voodoo."

CRASH "(TELLING SECRETS. FEARFUL)All I know is these people are into some weird shit! They have power, REAL power! They can write your name on a piece of paper and chew it...and you end up minced meat--like you've been through a grinder."

CRASH "They know things--in their heads--things that no one EVER knew about you. They know when you lie--they can smell it! They are fuckin' SCARY, man!"

CRASH "I don't know if it's the devil or what, but it ain't no faked shit, man--it's REAL!"

GABE "(RRCC. URGING. WITH CRASH. HARD LINE)Crash, tell me more about this Voodoo cartel!"

CRASH "I told you all I know. I don't want to talk about it no more."

GABE "(RRCC. WITH CRASH. HARD LINE, PUSHING)I want to know about the Voodoo Murders."

CRASH "(RRCC. SCARED)You're on the right track, that's all I can say. I'm not gonna risk my life by talkin' about it, man!"

GABE "(USING BLACKMAIL)Now tell me about the Voodoo Murders."

CRASH "(TELLING SECRETS. SCARED)THEY did the murders. And that's not the ONLY way they kill--they can get you from miles away, just by sayin' your name!"

GABE "Come on--you don't really believe that, do you?"

CRASH "I SEEN it, man! You can't cross 'em!"

GABE "(RRCC. URGING. PUSHING. WITH CRASH)Tell me MORE about the Voodoo Murders."

CRASH "There's nothin' more to tell. They kill people."

GABE "What can you tell me about New Orleans?"

CRASH "Man, can't you see I'm sick? Don't bug me with stupid questions!"

GABE "Do you know anything about snakes?"

CRASH "(TERRIFIED)The eyes! Snake's eyes! Damballah!"

GABE "Okay. Calm down."

GABE "What can you tell me about St. John's Eve?"

CRASH "Nothing! Leave me alone!"

CRASH "(TELLING SECRETS. SICK.)They always meet outside somewhere that night--I saw them last year, dancing and howling!"

CRASH "(AFRAID)You don't want to be anywhere near 'em!"

CRASH "I told you everything I know about that!"

GABE: "What can you tell me about Cabrit sans cor?"

CRASH "I never heard of that!"

GABE "Do you know anything about Marie Laveau?"

CRASH "I don't know her! Honest!"

GABE "(RRCC. HARSH, URGING. WITH CRASH)Tell me what you know about a secret Voodoo hounfour in New Orleans."

CRASH "Ah, man! Shut up about that shit! Can't you see I'm sick? Are you tryin' to kill me?"

CRASH "I TOLD you, I'm not gonna talk about that! Go away!"

GABE "Do you know anything about animal masks?"

CRASH "(SICK, DOESN'T WANT TO TALK)No! Leave me alone about that shit!"

GABE "(EXCITED--ONTO A SCENT)What do you mean? You've seen them, haven't you?"

CRASH "Not me! Leave me alone!"

GABE "(EXCITED. INSISTENT)Tell me about the animal masks you've seen!"

CRASH "I said drop it!"

GABE "Now tell me about the animal masks."

CRASH "(SCARED, SICK)They wear them...when they're dancing...at the rituals. They don't just WEAR them, they BECOME them--they BECOME the animals."

GABE "(DISBELIEF)Stop talking nonsense!"

CRASH "It happens! That's all I know!"

CRASH "I told you everything I know!"

GABE "Do you know anything about black Voodoo?"

CRASH "(DISDAINFUL)BLACK Voodoo? What the hell is that? Voodoo's Voodoo, man!"

GABE "Tell me about the Rada drums."

CRASH "(IMPATIENT, SICK)I already told you about that!"

GABE "Tell me about yourself."

CRASH "(SICK)I'm sick! Dying! Eating the big enchilada! What the fuck else matters?"

GABE "(ACCUSING)I saw you talking to that drummer. What did you tell him?"

CRASH "(UPSET, VERY SCARED)You saw me with the drummer? Nobody's supposed to see! Shit! I blew it again!"

CRASH "(RRCC. BEGGING GABE, TERRIFIED)Promise you won't say nothin' to no one! It'll get back to 'em--everything does! Promise me you won't tell ANYONE you saw me!"

GABE "(BARGAINING)Okay. But you have to tell me everything I want to know."

CRASH "(RELUCTANT)Okay, okay. I was sending a message, man. They have these Rada drummers posted around the Quarter. They see everything, and they report."

GABE "Report? How?"

CRASH "The drums, man! It's some kinda code."

CRASH "(RELUCTANT TO GIVE INFO, BUT BLACKMAILED)All right! There's this underground cartel in New Orleans--a Voodoo cartel."

CRASH "They control everything that happens on the street--I mean EVERYTHING that's bought or sold. They have fingers in the legit world too--banks, foreign stuff, you name it."

CRASH "There's supposed to be this temple--what you said, a 'hounfour.' That's their headquarters. I heard people say it's underground, somewhere in the French Quarter--I don't know where."

GABE "Have you ever been there?"

CRASH "No, no, I've never been in it. I'm nobody. A runner."

CRASH "(GETTING MORE FEARFUL)But I saw them once--out at the lake. They became animals, man--beasts! I remember the eyes! <choke> The eyes!"

GABE "(CONCERNED)Hey, are you okay?"

CRASH "(ARCC. DYING)The eyes...the eyes...of the snake!"

GABE "(ABOUT TO GET UP)I think I should go get a doctor!"

CRASH "(LAST DYING BREATH)Dam...ball..ah! <gasp>"

IJ STONEWALL KING

STONEWALL "Never heard of it."

GABE "What can you tell me about Voodoo?"

STONEWALL "Voodoo? Don't believe in it myself. I invented a drink once called Laveau's Tomb, but it wasn't very popular."

STONEWALL "Some people do believe, though. Even some of our regulars here at Napoleon House."

STONEWALL "That guy Sam? The chess player? He's really into Voodoo. He's always talking about spells and gris gris and stuff."

GABE "Really? Great. Thanks."

STONEWALL "I'm no expert. You might want to talk to someone who believes in it."

STONEWALL "Some people do believe, though. Even some of our regulars here at Napoleon House."

GABE "What do you know about the Voodoo Murders?"

STONEWALL "It's all over the papers. Some kind of serial killings."

STONEWALL "They say a lot of Voodoo stuff is found near the bodies."

STONEWALL "Everybody's talking about them. It's starting to scare off the tourists."

GABE "What can you tell me about New Orleans?"

STONEWALL "Greatest city in the world. I'd never want to live anywhere else."

STONEWALL "This city must get about a million tourists a year, especially around Mardi Gras."

STONEWALL "A lot of people come here because they think it's mysterious. All that talk about Voodoo."

STONEWALL "You should probably find a book on the subject, you know?"

GABE "Do you know anything about snakes?"

STONEWALL "What about 'em?"

GABE "Oh, just anything."

STONEWALL "Man, you ask the weirdest questions. I don't know anything about snakes."

STONEWALL "I told you, I don't know. I don't care, either."

GABE "What's the significance of St. John's Eve?"

STONEWALL "All I know is, it's some kind of Voodoo holiday."

STONEWALL "People who believe in that stuff think it's a real special night. Magical."

GABE "Does the phrase cabrit sans cor' mean anything to you?"

STONEWALL "You know what goes in it?"

GABE "I don't think it's a drink."

STONEWALL "Oh. Then I probably don't know anything about it."

GABE "Have you ever heard of Marie Laveau?"

STONEWALL "Sure. She's kinda the patron saint of Voodoo in New Orleans. Don't know too much about her, but the tourists sure get off on all that stuff."

STONEWALL "There's a Voodoo museum in town. They'd know more about it than I do."

GABE "Can you tell me anything about a secret Voodoo hounfour?"

STONEWALL "Are you kidding? Around here? Hope they aren't serving drinks."

GABE "Well, if they are, I don't think anyone in his right mind would want one."

GABE "Do you know anything about animal masks?"

STONEWALL "Come Mardi Gras, you see all kinds of masks in here."

GABE "Do you know anything about black Voodoo?"

STONEWALL "(RRCC. ANSWERING GABE'S QUESTION)Black Voodoo? Nah! I prefer not to think about that kind of stuff, personally--crime, perversion, weirdos. Just makes me depressed."

GABE "Do you know anything about Rada drums?"

STONEWALL "Rada drums? Are those some special kind?"

GABE "I guess. They're African."

STONEWALL "Hmmm. Sorry, I don't know much about music."

STONEWALL "Nope. Sorry."

GABE "Tell me about yourself."

STONEWALL "A good bartender listens to other people's life stories without telling his own."

GABE "What can you tell me about your regulars in here?"

STONEWALL "This crowd? The ones you see are mostly regulars. That guy and girl in the corner come here a lot. When they're not fighting, they're all over each other."

STONEWALL "In other words, they're in love."

STONEWALL "I'd call you a regular, Gabe. And one of our local writer celebrities, too. Been coming in here, what, ten years now?"

GABE "<groan> Don't remind me."

STONEWALL "We're still waiting for that best seller."

GABE "Don't hold your breath."

STONEWALL "That's about all I can say about this crowd."

STONEWALL "See those old guys at the chess table? That's Sam and Markus. They've played there every day for twenty years."

STONEWALL "Sam...the one with the purple jacket? He's lost every one of those games."

STONEWALL "It's not that he's a bad player. I've seen him beat guys twice as good as Markus, but Markus has Sam so psyched out, he loses his nerve every time."

STONEWALL "By the way, Sam, the chess player? He's into that Voodoo stuff. He's always talking about spells and gris gris and stuff."

GABE "Really? Thanks."

GABE "So what has Sam told you about Voodoo?"

STONEWALL "Well, about fifty years ago, Sam was too shy to talk to this pretty girl he was in love with."

STONEWALL "He went to a Voodooienne and had her make him a love charm. It was a little pouch that he had to bury under the girl's front porch."

STONEWALL "Well, he buried the pouch, and the next day he went up and talked to the girl and--sure enough--she didn't reject him."

STONEWALL "Now she's his wife, poor guy."

STONEWALL "That's about all I can remember."

GABE "Tell me about the street musicians around here."

STONEWALL "I like music as much as the next guy, but they get pretty monotonous sometimes, you know?"

STONEWALL "Like that drummer right outside. They say there's been a drummer outside Napoleon House since the day it opened."

STONEWALL "I like drums, but this character really gets on my nerves."

STONEWALL "It sounds like the same thing over and over! I just wanna say, 'enough, already!'"

GABE "Sounds like my life."

STONEWALL "Don't know what else I could say."

IK TOUSSAINT GERVAIS

TOUSSAINT "I don't know what you're talkin' about."

TOUSSAINT "I told you all I know 'bout that."

TOUSSAINT "No. Can't say that I do."

GABE "What can you tell me about Voodoo?"

TOUSSAINT "They say it was part of an old religion from Africa, brought here by slaves."

TOUSSAINT "I don't really care to talk about it. I don't do it none myself."

GABE "What do you know about the Voodoo Murders?"

TOUSSAINT "Isn't it just awful, them findin' those bodies with Voodoo things around 'em?"

TOUSSAINT "I don't think there's any REAL Voodoo goin' on. Somebody's tryin' to cover their tracks, 'sall."

GABE "What can you tell me about New Orleans?"

TOUSSAINT "It seems like everyone wants to visit New Orleans at least once in their lives. And they love the cemetery tours. I see tourists in here every day of the year."

TOUSSAINT "There are lots of things to see here, but none are as beautiful as St. Louis Cemetery #1."

TOUSSAINT "If you want to know more, you should ask someone else."

GABE "Do you know anything about snakes?"

TOUSSAINT "Snakes? I see snakes around here all the time. Most of them aren't poisonous, 'course."

TOUSSAINT "I don't mind snakes myself, but lots of folks're afraid of them."

GABE "What's the significance of St. John's Eve?"

TOUSSAINT "Why, St. John the Baptist is the patron saint of Voodoo!"

TOUSSAINT "Sometimes we get some WEIRD goin's on in the cemetery on that night--more often the few nights before--people takin' grave dirt, bones, and more!"

GABE "That's pretty disgusting."

TOUSSAINT "Yup. Don't know what they do with them, but it can't be pretty."

GABE "What else can you tell me about St. John's Eve?"

GABE "Do you know anything about Marie Laveau?"

TOUSSAINT "Sure! Sure! She was the Voodoo queen of New Orleans. A powerful Voodooienne and a powerful sorceress."

TOUSSAINT "Believers still come to her tomb, you know. They write secret marks on the walls, leave offerin's.... Then there's the tourists. They come out of curiosity."

TOUSSAINT "As a matter of fact, that big Dr. John fella from that Voodoo museum? He's here at least once a day."

TOUSSAINT "But Marie Laveau's tomb isn't the only one the believers visit and make markin's and leave offerin's at."

TOUSSAINT "Her tomb's on all our tours. Even the Baptists come round here to gawk."

TOUSSAINT "Course, you may not know this, but some of the real serious Voodoo types argue that she ain't in this one at all, but down in an unmarked tomb in #3."

TOUSSAINT "'s'all the same to me, I say. Save me a lot of clean-up work if she WEREN'T here, if you ask me."

TOUSSAINT "Boy, go out and buy a book if you really want to know. I ain't too sure of my facts these days anyhow."

TOUSSAINT "Black Voodoo? I seen lots of Voodoo markin's in this cemetery. I've seen graves dug up and stuff you don't wanna know about stolen from 'em."

TOUSSAINT "But Voodoo? Black Voodoo? Sounds like a devil of a distinction if you ask me."

TOUSSAINT "I told you, it's all one to me."

GABE "Tell me about yourself."

TOUSSAINT "My name is Toussaint Gervais. I'm the watchman here at St. Louis #1."

GABE "What exactly do you do here?"

TOUSSAINT "Oh, I keep the place tidy, 'course. But a big part of my job, too, is lookin' out for the grievors, you know."

TOUSSAINT "People come to pay their respects, and they need lookin' out for. Sometimes they're so grief-bound, they don't know what they're doin'."

TOUSSAINT "That's about all there is to say."

GABE "You said there were other marked tombs?"

TOUSSAINT "Yup! I've seen bull hearts left on tombs in a nest of vulture feathers, plates of peas and congris..."

TOUSSAINT "...animal parts, HUMAN parts, even, it looked like. MALE parts, if you get my meanin'."

TOUSSAINT "And this at one of the great family crypts, mind you. Odd, how them types just pick a spot and stick to it."

GABE "What other tombs get marked? Can you show me?"

TOUSSAINT "No, no. I ain't one for namin' names. I don't like to encourage that kind of thing--it's distressin' to the families and rightly so."

TOUSSAINT "Don't know how that sort of thing gets started--why folks come to start leavin' stuff at that one spot, but it happens all the same."

GABE "Tell me something about St. Louis Cemetery #1."

TOUSSAINT "You know why the dead are buried in tombs, and not in the ground, doncha? The water table's too high. Them coffins would float right outta their graves!"

TOUSSAINT "(RRCC. THINKS ITS FUNNY)Hah, hah! Them dead would go floating right down into the Quarter! 'Course if it were Mardi Gras, nobody'd even notice!"

TOUSSAINT "It's a historical place. People buried in here from the Civil War--and back further, too. Take a look around. You'll see."

TOUSSAINT "Just look around. You'll get the feel of the place."

IL MADAME CAZAUNOUX

GABE"(IRISH)What can you tell me about Voodoo?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(KNOWINGLY)People think I'm just a foolish old woman, but I know the things they do! My family's been in New Orleans since 1750, so I know more than most!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(THIS LADY IS SERIOUSLY PARANOID)Voodoo people are all over this city--in the shops--everywhere! They'll curse you like THAT, and most people don't even notice!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "Spit on your bread at the bakery, take strands of your hair at the store when you try on clothes--you have to be so careful!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "But I know their ways, so I can protect myself! I know how to use the magic, too, and I can counteract their evil spells!"

GABE "(IRISH)Tell me more about Voodoo in New Orleans."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(PARANOID)It's just plain evil! It's dangerous to even discuss it!"

GABE "(IRISH BROGUE WITH CAZ)What do you know about the Voodoo Murders?"

"(KNOWINGLY, FED UP)Voodoo Murders! Hah! They are nothing new to me, Father, they happen all the time! I hardly go out anymore--it's too dangerous in the streets."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "They can get you anywhere, you know, even here in this room--but I try not to let them know about me--that's the best way!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(PARANOID. WHISPERING)Shhh! They'll hear you!"

GABE "(IRISH)What can you tell me about New Orleans?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(VAIN)The only true New Orleanians are of French origin, you know."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "My family were among the original settlers of New Orleans--they came here from France!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(WISTFUL, THEN SAD)The Creole society used to be so gay in New Orleans! Now, it barely hangs on by its fingernails."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(WISTFUL)You know, I can stroll the streets of the French Quarter and see in my mind's eye the way it used to be. It was wonderful in the old days!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(DISDAINFUL)New Orleans isn't what it used to be, I can tell you. There's too few of the REAL people left!"

GABE "(IRISH BROGUE WITH CAZ)Do you know anything about snakes?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(HORRIFIED--PARANOID SCHIZ HERE)Snakes! They're evil creatures!

Did you know that evil people can send them into your dreams? They can! That's why I never sleep."

GABE "(SARCASTIC)Right. Thanks."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(FEARFUL)It would be bad luck to talk about that anymore."

GABE "(IRISH BROGUE WITH CAZ)What can you tell me about St. John's Eve?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(DELIGHTED)St. John's Eve! Mais oui! I used to love the St. John's Eve mass at St. Louis Cathedral!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(CONSPIRATORY)Of course, it is also a night of great wickedness--worse than All Hallows Eve! They will corrupt anything, Father!"

GABE "(IRISH. SUSPICIOUS)They? They who?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(KNOWINGLY)Oh, YOU know."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(KNOWINGLY)I don't think I should say anymore about THAT."

GABE "(IRISH)Do you have any idea what cabrit sans cor' means?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(SNOTTY LAUGH)Mais oui! I know. I bet you do not, Father. N'est-ce pas?"

GABE "(IRISH)About cabrit sans cor'...."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(DISDAINFUL)Oui? Are you going to tell me what it means, Father?"

GABE "(IRISH)That cabrit sans cor' thing...."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(FRIENDLY RIBBING)Do not continue to tease me, Father! You know what it means as well as I!"

GABE "(IRISH. EMBARRASED)No, I don't."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(ADMONISHING/DISDAINFUL)Just as I thought! You shouldn't talk about things you don't understand."

GABE "(IRISH. FAKING TRANSLATION)It means 'don't eat the chili.'"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(DISDAINFUL)Hmph! Shows how much you know!"

GABE "(IRISH)It means 'that's too bad.'"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(ADMONISHING)It's too bad you don't know what you're saying, young man."

GABE "(IRISH. TRYING TO FAKE HER OUT)Of course I know what it means. Do you?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(ADMONISHING)I wasn't born yesterday, Father. I won't tell you what it means if you don't already know!"

GABE "(IRISH. DRAMATIC REVELATION)It means 'goat without horns.'"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(SURPRISED)Father, you surprise me! You DO know what it means!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(NRCC. CONSPIRING TONE)You know what they mean by 'goat without horns,' don't you? A human being! That's right! Slit your throat, cut out your heart--pure evil murder!"

GABE "(IRISH)Do you know anything about Marie Laveau?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(DISDAINFUL)Oh, HER. I could tell you about HER. 'Voodoo queen!' Hah!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "My great grandmother was an acolyte of Marie Laveau--she knew the truth about her!"

GABE "(IRISH PRIEST BROGUE WITH CAZAUNOUX)Tell me more about Marie Laveau."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(DISDAINFUL)No, no, I won't say anything more! Not to you, Father. I'm sure you mean well, but you ARE an outsider."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(CONSPIRATORY TONE. SPEAKING OF GREAT EVIL.)She was only a front for the real evildoers, Father, and that's the truth about Marie Laveau!"

GABE "(IRISH. INTRIGUED)Tell me more about this secret Voodoo hounfour."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(CONSPIRATORY)Well, I've never SEEN it--I wouldn't go near it if you paid me! But it's here in New Orleans, I guarantee it! I hear their drums at night, oh yes! That's why I'm so ill, I tell you--those drums!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(PARANOID)But we shouldn't TALK about it! They'll hear us! It's the devil's work that happens there, I can tell you!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(WHISPERING)I'll show you something--something secret. You mustn't tell anyone, Father."

GABE "(IRISH. FACETIOUS)I swear on my collar."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(PARANOID)I told you, we shouldn't TALK about it!"

GABE "(IRISH)Do you know anything about black Voodoo?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(SCANDALIZED)Oh yes, Father! It is the wickedest kind--the kind they practice here in New Orleans!"

GABE "(IRISH)Tell me more about black Voodoo."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(IMPATIENT)I already told you, black Voodoo is what they practice here!"

GABE "(IRISH)Do you know anything about human sacrifice here in New Orleans?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(CONSPIRATORY)Well, my great grandmother could tell stories--she saw it! People say that sort of thing wasn't done in New Orleans, but the REAL Voodoo queens did it! Oh, yes!"

GABE "(IRISH)Can you tell me anything else about human sacrifice?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(IMITATING CUT SOUND AT END)What is to tell? They cut your heart out!"

GABE "(IRISH)Tell me about yourself."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(PROUD)Me? I am Creole! My family has been in New Orleans for over two hundred years."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "REAL New Orleansians are French, you see. These days, the city is overrun with people with no heritage at all--no offense, Father, but it's true!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "But the French, naturellement, will always be the true blood of New Orleans!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "Well, Father, I don't know what else to say."

GABE "(IRISH. CONSPIRATORY TONE)Who were the REAL Voodoo queens?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(CONSPIRATORY. GOSSIPING)Well, my great grandmother told me that Laveau was just a front--a flamboyant decoy! She distracted authorities from the REAL Voodoo queen of New Orleans."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "It's been the same one for almost two hundred years! She's head of a secret Voodoo hounfour--that's what they call their temples, you know. It's so secret most of the Voodoo people in this city don't even KNOW about it."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "The real Voodoo queen controlled Laveau--gave her a little bit of power and used her like a puppet."

GABE "(IRISH PRIEST BROGUE WITH CAZAUNOUX)Is there anything else you remember about the real Voodoo queen?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(THOUGHTFUL, THEN GOSSIPING)Hmmm. Well, my great grandmother said the real Voodoo queen was the most beautiful woman on earth--she had the most incredible copper-colored skin!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(PLAY FOR HUMOR)Well, they're all brides of Satan. Other than that, I can't think of anything."

GABE "(IRISH. FAKE CONCERN)Can I see that snake bracelet again? I'm not sure the first blessing took, and I'd like to re-bless it."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(ARCC. RELUCTANT, THEN POLITE)All right. I do admire your thoroughness, Father."

GABE "(IRISH BROGUE WITH CAZ)Do you know anything about vévés?"

GABE "(IRISH BROGUE)Have you ever heard of a Schattenjäger?"

GABE "(IRISH)Does the name Ogoun Badagris mean anything to you?"

GABE "(IRISH)Do you know anything about Rada drums?"

GABE "(IRISH)Have you ever heard of Damballah?"

GABE "(IRISH PRIEST)Do you know anything about animal masks?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "No, Father, I don't know anything about that."

IM PROFESSOR HARTRIDGE

HARTRIDGE "(RUDE)I'm not in the habit of repeating myself, Mr. Knight.

HARTRIDGE "(RUDE)If you'd taken notes during my lecture, you wouldn't have to ask."

GABE "What can you tell me about Voodoo?"

HARTRIDGE "(SARCASTIC)You already sat through my lecture on the subject, Mr. Knight. Perhaps next time you could stay awake and learn something."

GABE "What do you know about the Voodoo Murders?"

HARTRIDGE "(RELUCTANT INTEREST)I've read about them in the papers. I must admit to some interest."

HARTRIDGE "(NRCC. NOW DISMISSING IT)But according to the newspapers, the Voodoo aspect is faked, so I haven't really pursued it. You know how Americans--especially Hollywood--treat Voudoun."

HARTRIDGE "I'm sure there are many so-called 'practitioners' out there that have no idea what they're doing or the power they're playing with."

HARTRIDGE "As I said, I don't know anything but what the papers say. According to them, there's no reason for me to be interested."

HARTRIDGE "(RRCC. INTERESTED)Just what I read in the papers until you showed me that vévé."

HARTRIDGE "I wasn't interested before, but now...yes, I'd like to figure out where these people come from--and what they're up to. They are obviously some very frightening--and deadly serious--Voudoun."

HARTRIDGE "(SLIGHTLY DRY)I'm hoping YOU'LL tell ME more about it."

GABE "What can you tell me about New Orleans?"

HARTRIDGE "(RELUCTANT ADMIRATION)I find it interesting to see the occasional fragment of Voudoun practices in the everyday culture of New Orleans."

GABE "(RRCC. REGULAR VOICE. INQUISITIVE)What else can you tell me about New Orleans?"

HARTRIDGE "(LECTURING)The Catholic church has always dominated in New Orleans, and its imagery, in turn, has dominated New Orleans Voodoo."

HARTRIDGE "(SLIGHTLY RUDE)If there's more you wish to know, perhaps you should read my books."

GABE "Do you know anything about snakes?"

HARTRIDGE "(RUDE. DISMISSIVE)I'm not a zoologist, Mr. Knight, but I know all I care to

about reptiles."

GABE "What can you tell me about St. John's Eve?"

HARTRIDGE "It's June 23rd--the feast day of St. John the Baptist. But June 23rd has been a sacred day since the earliest times."

HARTRIDGE "Ancient sun worshippers used to roll a flaming wheel down a hill to celebrate the sun's descent on that day."

GABE "(RRCC. SOFTER. THOUGHTFUL. CURIOUS)A burning wheel. Huh."

GABE "Do you have any idea what cabrit sans cor' means?"

HARTRIDGE "(THOUGHTFUL)Cabrit sans cor'? Yes, I do. It's a Haitian term, I believe."

HARTRIDGE "(LECTURE MODE)It's French, and literally translates as 'goat without horns.'"

GABE "As in a female goat?"

HARTRIDGE "No. As in a human sacrifice. Sacrifices in Voudoun are usually of the animal variety--chickens, bulls, goats...."

HARTRIDGE "If the gods demand a 'goat without horns' it means a human being."

GABE "(FORGETFUL)What was that translation for cabrit sans cor' again?"

GABE "Do you know anything about Marie Laveau?"

HARTRIDGE "(DISDAINFUL)While I find the colloquial bastardizations of Voudoun somewhat interesting--from a sheerly intellectual point of view--there's not a lot of relation between people like Laveau and true Voudoun practices."

GABE "Do you know anything about a secret Voodoo hounfour?"

HARTRIDGE "(INTERESTED)Secret Voodoo hounfour? Where, Mr. Knight?"

GABE "In New Orleans."

HARTRIDGE "Well, I don't know anything about a secret hounfour in New Orleans, but if YOU find something along those lines, let me know."

HARTRIDGE "(SLIGHTLY RUDE)I told you, I'm as clueless as you on that one."

GABE "Do you know anything about animal masks?"

HARTRIDGE "(RUDE)As I said in my lecture, which I assume you actually listened to, is that animal masks--totems--are used extensively in most African Voudoun religions."

GABE "Tell me about vèvés."

GABE "Can you tell me anything about that vèvé I showed you?"

HARTRIDGE "(GETTING ANNOYED)I told you I would research it, Mr. Knight. When I have anything concrete, I'll let you know."

GABE "Tell me what you mean by black Voodoo."

HARTRIDGE "(LECTURE MODE)Well, like any religion, the beliefs can tend toward positive or negative ends--can be used for good or evil."

HARTRIDGE "Christianity, for example, has its Doppelgänger, Satanism. Any time you attempt to set up an icon to explain evil, you invite some warped mind to worship it."

HARTRIDGE "The same is true of Voudoun--there are those who are drawn by and desire personal power from the darker, bloodier Loa."

GABE "Can you give me an example of Black Voodoo?"

HARTRIDGE "(LECTURE MODE)All right. There is a very secret, very dark cult in Haiti called the Cult des Morts--Cult of the Dead. Their primary Loa is Papa Nebo, Loa of the cemetery."

HARTRIDGE "They practice a particularly disgusting form of necromancy--magic using the

dead. They dig up corpses and use their decaying bodies for various spells and curses."

GABE "Can you give me another example of black Voodoo?"

HARTRIDGE "In tribal Africa there were--and still are--black bokors, shamen bent toward the dark, who not only practiced necromancy but also human sacrifice."

GABE "Is there anything else you can tell me about black Voodoo?"

HARTRIDGE "(WARNING TONE)Only that if it's being practiced in this city, none of us are safe."

GABE "Do you know anything about Rada drums?"

HARTRIDGE "(DISDAINFUL)Yes, Rada drums are used in most Voudoun ceremonies."

GABE "Have you ever heard of a Schattenjäger?"

HARTRIDGE "(BORED)I'm afraid I can't help you there, Mr. Knight."

GABE "Tell me about yourself."

HARTRIDGE "(PLAY FOR HUMOR)All right, Mr. Knight. I'm 35, a fully tenured professor at this University as well as a fellow at Cambridge. My doctorate was obtained at Syracuse--yes, Syracuse--in Religious Studies."

HARTRIDGE "I'm an agnostic, but I find human belief systems fascinating. I specialize in African religions because I grew up there--my father was a Protestant missionary."

HARTRIDGE "And I am heterosexual--when I practice sex at all--which isn't very often. Any other questions?"

GABE "Uh, no."

HARTRIDGE "Fine."

GABE "I'd really like to know more about you."

HARTRIDGE "(DISMISSIVE)There have been several articles written about me, Mr. Knight, as well as blurbs on my book jackets. If you want a biography, read."

GABE "(RRCC. REGULAR VOICE. INQUISITIVE)Tell me more about human sacrifice."

HARTRIDGE "(LECTURE MODE)It's very rare. Most Voudoun practices do not include human sacrifice as a matter of record, but it IS theoretically possible--if that's what the gods demand."

HARTRIDGE "For example, one of the chants I had translated for me from a Haitian ritual went like this..."

HARTRIDGE "(RRCC. DRAMATIC)Mistress Erzulie, come and aid us. If a cock is demanded, we will give it..."

HARTRIDGE "If a bull will suffice, behold it. But if a goat without horns is required for sacrifice, oh, where will we find one?"

HARTRIDGE "(RRCC. LECTURING)Erzulie is the gentlest of Loa, so they call on her for mercy. But I have seen grown and powerful houngan tremble before a possession by one of the more violent Loa--such as Papa Nebo."

HARTRIDGE "Clearly, they are afraid that something of the sort will be ordered--or that the Loa will simply take it for themselves."

HARTRIDGE "(DISMISSIVE)I wouldn't dwell on it. Most Voudoun sects probably haven't seen a human sacrifice for several generations."

IN WOLFGANG RITTER

GABE "Let's discuss the possible African homeland."

WOLFGANG "All right. Have you learned anything that might help us locate it?"

GABE "(WRY AT END)I spoke with a Professor Hartridge--unfortunately for him."

GABE "He thinks the tribe's name was Agris, and that they lived near the Fon tribe in what's

now called the People's Republic of Benin."

WOLFGANG "(RRCC. EXCITED)That is incredible, Gabriel! I must go research this new information in my library right now!"

GABE "(SURPRISED)Wait! What should I do?"

WOLFGANG "(LOW AND EXCITED)Stay low. If you get a chance, you might look into the possibility that Tetelo's remains are somewhere in New Orleans."

WOLFGANG "(WARNING)But don't try to broach their private areas without my assistance, Gabriel. You will make a fine Schattenjäger, but only if you are not dead."

GABE "(LYING)Sure. I'll wait."

WOLFGANG "Good-bye then, Gabriel. And...remember, if you need a place of safety, come to Schloss Ritter."

GABE "Good-bye, Uncle Wolfgang."

GABE "Do you know anything about animal masks?"

WOLFGANG "(TUTORING VOICE)Yes. Tetelo's people wear animal masks for their rituals, don't they? It is not at all uncommon. Many occult groups are based heavily on animal totems."

WOLFGANG "Animals have such pure, primal traits. Spirituality--good or bad--is about reaching these pure levels; aggressive and cunning--like the snake, agile and nurturing--like the monkey."

WOLFGANG "Even our family is associated with the image of a lion."

GABE "Tell me more about animal masks."

WOLFGANG "My library contains many books on the occult and religions, and I have read about some particularly evil Voudoun cults..."

WOLFGANG "...but you, at this point, have more direct experience than I."

WOLFGANG "I don't know anything that would help our current situation."

GABE "Do you have any idea what cabrit sans cor' means?"

WOLFGANG "No. What does it mean?"

GABE "It means 'goat without horns'--it's a term used for human sacrifice in Voudoun."

WOLFGANG "(DRY)Well, let's hope we can avoid any more of that in this family."

GABE "Do you know anything more about cabrit sans cor'?"

WOLFGANG "I know only what you've told me--that it refers to human sacrifice."

GABE "Have you ever heard of Damballah?"

WOLFGANG "Damballah, the snake. He is a Loa--a Voudoun god."

GABE "Yes. He's one of the primary Loa of the Gedde tribe."

WOLFGANG "(CONGRATULATORY TONE)I see. Good work. That information might prove useful."

GABE "Do you know anything more about Damballah?"

WOLFGANG "(REGRETFUL)No. My knowledge of the Loa is fairly limited."

GABE "Tell me about yourself."

WOLFGANG "(REGRETFUL)I hope there will be time for that later, Gabriel, after this is all over. For now, we must deal with the matter at hand."

WOLFGANG "(REGRETFUL)This is not the time nor the place, Gabriel. I am sorry, but I assure you, my life has not been all that instructive."

GABE "I've heard rumors of a secret hounfour here in New Orleans."

WOLFGANG "(WARNING TONE)Ja. I am sure they have a temple there--and probably a

very elaborate one. You should not go near it, though. Not alone."

GABE "Any ideas on where the Gedde hounfour in New Orleans might be?"

WOLFGANG "No. If I were in New Orleans and could look around, something might look familiar to me--strike a chord, so to speak."

WOLFGANG "But, I am not, so you must use your own judgment."

GABE "Any ideas on where the Gedde hounfour in New Orleans might be?"

WOLFGANG "(REGRETFUL)Leider nicht. You will have to try to find it when you return to New Orleans. You must not go in alone, though. Even if we find the talisman, it will be quite a battle."

GABE "Do you know anything about Marie Laveau?"

WOLFGANG "No, I am afraid not."

GABE "What can you tell me about New Orleans?"

WOLFGANG "It was just another American city to me until I started dreaming about you."

WOLFGANG "(WORRIED)Now I feel it is not safe for you there. I wish you would leave."

WOLFGANG "I told you, I wish you would leave there, Gabriel."

WOLFGANG "(WORRIED)I don't know enough about it to offer you any advice, but be careful when you return there, Gabriel."

GABE "Does the name Ogoun Badagris mean anything to you?"

WOLFGANG "It is a Voudoun Loa, is it not?"

GABE "Yes. A particularly nasty one, so I understand. Have you come across anything about it in your research?"

WOLFGANG "He seems to be feared by most Voudoun groups. I haven't come across very much specific information."

GABE "Do you know anything else about Ogoun Badagris?"

WOLFGANG "I'm afraid I can't tell you any more about that."

GABE

WOLFGANG "Rada drums? You mean ceremonial drums?"

GABE "Yes. The Gedde tribe uses drummers around the French Quarter as relay messengers, to keep track of their business."

WOLFGANG "Hmmm. Those drums have a ceremonial use, too. It would be useful to know their code, Gabriel."

GABE "I had Grace find some information on them."

WOLFGANG "(PROUD)That's my boy."

WOLFGANG "I don't know anything that could help you with that code, Gabriel."

GABE "Have you ever heard of a Schattenjäger?"

WOLFGANG "(NORMAL, THEN GETS ANGRY)Yes! Of course! I sometimes forget how little you know of the family, Gabriel. I never understood how Heinz could allow his sons to remain ignorant...!"

WOLFGANG "(TRYING TO CALM DOWN)But, now is not the time for that discussion. Schattenjäger is really two words in English, Gabriel. Schatten means 'shadow' and Jäger means 'hunter.'"

GABE "(CURIOUS)Shadow hunter."

WOLFGANG "(REVERENT)Yes. Shadow hunter."

GABE "Tell me more about Schattenjägers."

WOLFGANG "(PROUD)We Ritters have been Schattenjägers for many centuries. No one is sure when it began, or how, but we have records of ancestors as early as the 13th century

fulfilling this role."

WOLFGANG "(PROUD, THEN EMBARRASSED)Some believe that the role was given us when.... Ah, but such fantasies cannot be of use to you at the moment, Gabriel."

WOLFGANG "(ADAMANT)Most people are completely blind to the fact that evil DOES exist. It is out of vogue at present. But I tell you, shadows of darkness--spirits, vampires, witches, demons--these things are real."

WOLFGANG "(DANGEROUS SOUNDING AT END)It is to their advantage that the world has become so scientific--so cynical. But WE know they exist, Gabriel. And we hunt them."

GABE "(SERIOUSLY QUESTIONING)How do we hunt them? And why?"

WOLFGANG "(FIRM)Why? Because it is our duty. We are the Ones Who Know, Gabriel. As for how--that is something you will have to learn, but it is not easily explained over the phone."

WOLFGANG "(KINDLY)We have not the time to discuss that here. You have started the path; I can see it in your eyes. You must trust yourself and be true to your inner voice."

WOLFGANG "(SLIGHTLY REPROACHFUL)The GOOD voice, Gabriel. You'll know it when you hear it."

WOLFGANG "(RRCC. EMPHASIS LATER. KIND, BUT WANTS TO MOVE ON)We can talk more about that later, Gabriel. For now, you know enough."

GABE "Do you know anything about snakes?"

WOLFGANG "I have not studied the subject. I have an intense dislike for them."

GABE "What can you tell me about St. John's Eve?"

WOLFGANG "I'm afraid I've never heard of it."

GABE "(SPEAKING OF FAMILY POWER TALISMAN)Let's talk about the talisman."

WOLFGANG "(REVERENT)<sigh> I myself have only seen it in old sketches and paintings...and in my dreams."

WOLFGANG "It was in the family for centuries before Tetelo took it. It is believed to be as old as the role of Schattenjäger itself."

WOLFGANG "The talisman has genuine power, I don't know how or why, but it is so. The Schattenjägers swore to use the power for good, never for evil--for defense, not offense."

WOLFGANG "(UPSET)Since it fell into Tetelo's hands, I'm afraid to think what the power has been used for--or what it WILL be used for in the future."

WOLFGANG "(ADAMANT)With the talisman, Tetelo has all the power, and we none. The only possible way to fight her is to regain the talisman. Then we will at least be on more equal footing."

GABE "(REALLY WANTS TO KNOW)How can we regain the talisman?"

WOLFGANG "(UPSET)We've been searching for the talisman for years, ever since we lost it. It is a terrible thing to know that something powerful that was entrusted to us is in the wrong hands."

WOLFGANG "The talisman is probably buried with Tetelo's remains. That's what gives her Loa so much power."

GABE "Is there anything else you can tell me about the talisman?"

WOLFGANG "(ADAMANT)The most important thing about the talisman is that it be once again in the hands of the Schattenjägers!"

GABE "Tell me about Tetelo."

WOLFGANG "(TUTORING TONE, BUT EXCITED)Well, from your description of the ritual last night, I'd say that Gunter's mistress, Tetelo, is now the primary Loa for the Gedde tribe."

WOLFGANG "It seems she still controls them by possessing her female descendants and speaking through them."

WOLFGANG "You remember in Gunter's journal, he said that Tetelo was possessed by her father's Loa during the killings in Charleston."

WOLFGANG "(RRCC. RERECORD. SIMILAR, NOT FAMILIAR. ENTHUSIASTIC, SLIGHTLY WORRIED.)This sounds similar, but Tetelo has obviously become a much more powerful Loa than her father ever was--probably because of the added power of the talisman."

WOLFGANG "(SYMPATHETIC)I believe she truly loved Gunter. After all, she was raised to be her father's daughter. Their religion was not a choice she made, but a duty she endured. How can she be blamed for that?"

WOLFGANG "(ANGRY)The spirit that she has become--that is a different matter. It IS utterly evil. I am certain that the Loa Tetelo bears little resemblance to the woman Tetelo was before the burning in Charleston."

WOLFGANG "(SAD THEN A LITTLE DISGUSTED)She once was a beautiful and intelligent woman, and she probably did not deserve Gunter's betrayal. But the Tetelo we fight now is more akin to her tribe's dark gods than to anything human in nature."

GABE "Is there anything else you can tell me about Tetelo?"

WOLFGANG "(NERVOUS. SPEAKING OF EVIL PRESENCE)I can feel her presence here. I wouldn't be surprised if she knew we were violating her sanctum."

GABE "(TRYING TO FIGURE OUT A PLAN)How would we find Tetelo's remains?"

WOLFGANG "Hah! We have pondered that question a long time, we Ritters. There are two probabilities. The first is that her remains are with the tribe at their current location."

WOLFGANG "The other is that the remains were returned to a sacred place near the tribe's original homeland."

WOLFGANG "We've tried to locate Tetelo's African homeland, but Gunter says so little in his journal about her tribe, and slaving records are practically nonexistent."

WOLFGANG "Also, Tetelo's tribe was utterly destroyed in its African form in the late 17th century. There was nothing like a census in Africa then."

WOLFGANG "As for the other idea, we had no clue as to where Tetelo's people went after fleeing Charleston...until now."

GABE "How would we find Tetelo's remains, again?"

WOLFGANG "(RRCC. THOUGHTFUL)We must locate the tribe's original African homeland. Her remains might be there, or they might be in New Orleans--buried among her descendants."

GABE "Do you think Tetelo's remains are here?"

WOLFGANG "(FOREBODING)I have a feeling that they are, Gabriel."

GABE "Do you know anything about v, v, s?"

WOLFGANG "(TUTORING TONE)It is a visual symbol of one or more Loa."

WOLFGANG "Each Loa has its own sign, which is used to summon it."

GABE "Do you know anything else about vévés?"

GABE "What can you tell me about Voodoo?"

WOLFGANG "It sounds as though you have learned much during your investigation in New Orleans."

WOLFGANG "Perhaps YOU will fill ME in when we have a chance to sit down and talk."

GABE "What do you know about the Voodoo Murders?"

"I know only what you have told me. They seem to be very similar to the killings in Gunter's journal."

WOLFGANG "I've already given you what limited knowledge I have on the subject."

10 GERDE

GERDE "That is something Wolfgang would know about, Herr Knight."

GABE "Oh, nothing. Never mind."

GERDE "As you like, Herr Knight."

GABE "Just tell me anything."

GERDE "(SHE IS ALWAYS VERY WARM WHEN SPEAKING OF WOLFGANG)Wolfgang has dedicated his entire life to the role of Schattenjäger."

GERDE "He has not had a very happy life, but I have done my best to provide him with a little comfort."

GERDE "He thought he was the last of the Ritter line until he found out about you."

GERDE "He knows the history of the Ritter family from many centuries past."

GERDE "He is a good man--a strong man. I am...fond of him."

GABE "Where do you think Wolfgang went?"

GERDE "(WORRIED)I don't know! But I have a feeling he has gone off to go be Schattenjäger again!"

GERDE "He is too old for such chasing around! His heart is very weak. He has not left this castle for five years, and now this!"

GABE "Do you know when he'll be back?"

GERDE "(VERY ANXIOUS)I only pray he WILL be back! Before he left he said, 'Schloss Ritter now belongs to Gabriel.'"

GERDE "It worried me so to hear him say that! I'm afraid Wolfgang knew he would never return!"

GABE "(INTERESTED IN HIS FAMILY)What is Wolfgang like?"

GERDE "(WARM BUT SAD)Wolfgang is a truly wise and good man--the best I have ever known. But his life has been so full of disappointments."

GABE "What kind of disappointments?"

GERDE "His only son died in infancy, so there was no one to carry on the family line. And the family's financial troubles have been hard on him."

GERDE "Wolfgang wanted to do so much for the world, but it was all he could do just to hold on to Schloss Ritter. He has not left his mark as he wished to."

GABE "(CURIOUS)What is your relationship with Wolfgang?"

GERDE "(EMBARRASSED)Herr Knight! My relationship with your uncle is really none of your business."

GABE "You're right, Gerde. I apologize. Forget I asked."

GABE "Can you show me Wolfgang's library?"

GERDE "(SURPRISED)How do you know about his library?"

GABE "When we talked on the phone, he said he was going to do some research in his library. I thought maybe if I saw what he was researching...."

GERDE "(INTERESTED, THEN REGRETFUL)Ah! Ja! A good idea, Herr Knight, but I am afraid I cannot show you the library."

GERDE "You see, I have never been in it. Only a Schattenjäger can enter the library."

GABE "(THOUGHTFUL)I see."

GABE "Do you have any idea what cabrit sans cor' means?"

GERDE "That is not in a language I understand. So sorry."

GABE "Tell me something about yourself."

GERDE "(POLITE, SHY WHEN TALKING ABOUT HERSELF)I was born in Rittersberg, the village below the castle."

GERDE "I am not well-traveled, but Wolfgang has been kind and has tutored me in many subjects. It was from him I learned to speak English."

GERDE "He must have sensed you were coming, Herr Knight, and that you would have need of me."

GERDE "I am very devoted to my position here, with Wolfgang."

GERDE "I love Rittersburg. No place on Earth could be as beautiful."

GABE "Tell me about the Schattenjäger initiation ceremony."

GERDE "(RESPECTFUL)Each young man of the Ritter line must go through the ceremony when he dedicates himself to be a Schattenjäger."

GABE "(TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT)But what does the ceremony DO?"

GERDE "(SURPRISED, SHE RESPECTS THE SECRECY)I do not know, Herr Knight. The only people present are the old Schattenjäger and the new..."

GERDE "(RESPECTFUL)...but I think it must be similar to a priest's ordination or a wedding--a ceremony of intent and oath."

GABE "(DISGUSTED)<shiver>Yeeuuw!"

GERDE "(CONCERNED)Is there a problem, Herr Knight?"

GABE "You said 'wedding.' I'm okay now."

GABE "Is there anything else you can tell me about that initiation ceremony?"

GERDE "I really do not know any more about it, Herr Knight."

GABE "(ARCC. SLIGHTLY SUSPICIOUS)You wouldn't know anything about this key I found in Wolfgang's bedroom, now would you?"

GERDE "(PRETENDING INNOCENCE--LYING)Key? Why, no, Herr Knight. I cannot say that I do."

GABE "What can you tell me about New Orleans?"

GERDE "I have never left Germany, Herr Knight. Perhaps, some day, YOU will tell ME about it."

GABE "What can you tell me about those wall panels in the chapel?"

GERDE "(SURPRISE--LIKE EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW)The hangings? They describe the Schattenjäger initiation ceremony."

GABE "(CURIOUS)There are some words over the locked door in Wolfgang's bedroom. What do they mean?"

GERDE "(PLEASANT MEMORY)Ah, yes--Wolfgang had me translate it as part of my English lessons! In English it means:"

GERDE "Only the purest here may pass,
He whose heart is pure as glass,
He whose soul is pure as fire,
Through this portal passes higher."

GABE "(INTERESTED)Great. Thanks."

GABE "What was that door poem again?"

GABE "Do you know anything about Rada Drums?"

GERDE "Is that some sort of music? I do not know much about music, but I like the Beatles."

GABE "Tell me something about the Ritter family."

GERDE "(RESPECTFUL OF FAMILY BUT SORROWFUL)I can tell you what they say in the village--what I heard when I was small. To the villagers, the Ritters are a little...how do you say...tragic--to be pitied."

GERDE "They say that the Ritters were chosen by God to fight evil. But something happened, one of them was cursed, and so the Ritters lost the way."

GERDE "They struggle still, but like a lame dog, you see? Without the power or magic they once had."

GERDE "(AWED)There are legends of how powerful the family once was, of some of their mighty deeds, of the richness of the castle and, in turn, Rittersberg itself."

GERDE "(SAD)But at the end of the 17th century, that all changed. Since then, the Ritters, and Rittersberg, have been in decline."

GERDE "(WORRIED)It is a troubled family, Herr Knight--that much I know."

GABE "Tell me something about Schloss Ritter."

GERDE "(ADMIRING)Schloss Ritter has stood for many centuries--no one knows how long. It was once the pride of Bavaria, but now it is in disrepair."

GERDE "Wolfgang received offers to open the castle for tourists. He has resisted, though, even though the castle is in desperate need of repairs. To him, this ground is sacred."

GERDE "The castle has many, many rooms and passages, Herr Knight. Most have been closed off and are decaying in the dark and damp. Only a few rooms have been kept up due to the cost."

GABE "Didn't Wolfgang mention a library?"

GERDE "(SECRETIVE)There is a library, but I've never been in it. There are places in the castle where only the master is allowed to go."

GERDE "(PROUD)Schloss Ritter is the center from which the Schattenjägers have always gone out to battle the forces of evil."

GABE "Tell me what you know about Schattenjägers."

GERDE "(PROUD, THEN EMBARRASSED)As Wolfgang may have told you, Schattenjäger means 'Shadow hunter.' The Ritter family have always been Schattenjägers. It is a kind of priesthood, though not <blush> as restrictive as most."

GERDE "(RESPECTFUL)Each Schattenjäger passes on his knowledge to a younger man in the Ritter line when the time is right."

GERDE "(THINKS OF THIS AS A GREAT COMPLIMENT)I am sure Wolfgang meant for you to take his place someday as Schattenjäger."

GABE "Do you know anything about snakes?"

GERDE "We do have snakes here in Germany, but I do not know much about them."

GABE "What can you tell me about St. John's Eve?"

GERDE "I have never heard of such a day."

GERDE "Wolfgang is the only one who would know about that."

GABE "What do you know about the Voodoo Murders?"

GERDE "(NERVOUS)What murders?"

GABE "In New Orleans."

GERDE "(RELIEVED)Oh. I have not heard of them. I am sorry."

GERDE "I told you, I know nothing about that."

GABE "Tell me about Wolfgang."

GERDE "(THIS IS HER FAVORITE SUBJECT TO TALK ABOUT)What would you like to know?"

TAPE RECORDER INTERFACE

GRACE

:

Ask About:

Other?

Exit

^ EJECT ^

[FASTFWD >>>>

GABRIEL:

[PLAY >

<<<< REWIND]

[STOP]

Whose tape?

SERGEANT

Please select one of the tape recorder buttons.

[START OF DIALOGUE]

[END OF DIALOGUE]

Please select a labeled tape or the "EXIT" button.

Please select a topic, the "TAPES" button, or the "EXIT" button.

RADA DRUM INTERFACE

Select the ERASE PHRASE button to erase the last phrase written.

Select the EXIT button to leave the drum book and end translating.

Select the EXIT button to leave the drum book. If you have selected phrases to play, they will play when you EXIT.

Select the NEXT BOOK button to view another book containing drum codes.

(PONDERING)Hmmm. If Gabriel's translation of the drum code is correct....

(EXCITED)There'll be a conclave tonight in the swamp! That must be the Bayou!

Select a phrase as translation.

Select a phrase to send.

There are no phrases to erase.

That seems like too many phrases somehow.

INVENTORY INTERFACE

Those two objects would have no effect on each other.

Gabriel is carrying nothing.

This is the last page of inventory.

This is the first page of inventory.

This window shows Gabriel's inventory.

Gabriel can see that just fine without magnification.

Gabriel is already using the magnifying glass.

That object does not open.

That object cannot be operated.

That item cannot be read.

The ARROW will allow you to select an inventory item for use in the game or on another inventory item. Click on the ARROW, then click the ARROW cursor on an inventory item.

Gabriel is carrying Mosely's badge.

The badge says "New Orleans Police Department" and "Detective Mosely."

Grace actually managed to find a book on the Rada drum code.

"Ancient Digs of Africa" by Professor Seymore Shards.

Gabriel opens "Ancient Digs of Africa."

"The most fascinating archaeological site in Africa is the great snake mound in the People's Republic of Benin, located 50 miles south of the capital, in the Red Basin."

"Like the snake mounds of North America, the origin and meaning of these great mounds remain a mystery, though, clearly, they were the result of profound and urgent spiritual belief."

"Unlike other snake mounds, the African example is a double snake mound--a small snake ring within a larger snake ring. The mound is thought to have housed an ancient temple."

"Although archaeologists have explored the mound site, the interior remains largely unchanged from ancient times."

"This is partially due to stringent Government regulations, and partially to local superstition. The local people regard the mound with fear, and won't go near it."

Gabriel looks at the picture again.

The book looks like an accountant's record book. The cover is printed with the words "Gedde Tribe."

It's a clay mold of Madame Cazaunoux's snake bracelet.

The clay doesn't work that way.

Sam's replica of Madame Cazaunoux's snake bracelet looks just like the original.

There's no writing on the bracelet.

It's a piece of brick.

One hundred dollars in cash--that's the most money Gabriel's had in his pocket in two years.

The money says "In God We Trust."

It's a technical drawing of St. Louis Cathedral.

There's nothing written on the drawing.

The chamber pot is old but clean.

There's the name of a porcelain manufacturer on the bottom of the chamber pot, but that's about it.

That's an interesting thought, but there would be less chance of spilling the salt if Gabriel put the chamber pot down first.

There's no reason to make a clay impression of that.
Gabriel is carrying a lump of clay from the banks of Lake Pontchartrain.

Hartridge's notes are scribbled on notepad paper.

Gabriel reads through the pages Wolfgang marked. He reads of Gunter Ritter's journey to Charleston as Witch-hunter, hired by the townsmen to solve a series of ritualistic murders.... He reads about Gunter's meeting with a beautiful slave woman, Tetelo, and of Gunter's tormenting urges for her.

GABE "(SPEAKING OF A GUY WHO'S TORMENTED BY LOVE)Poor bastard!"

He reads of their physical union and passion, and of Gunter's investigation into the murders. The victims were all crew members on a certain slaving expedition to Africa, it seems. The second-to-the-last entry describes Gunter's plan to set a trap for the coven committing the murders. He'd found the name of one of the surviving members of the crew--a man now living in the West Indies....

Gunter has spread a false rumor that the man is returning to Charleston. He, himself, will impersonate the sailor and allow himself to fall into the hands of the coven.

Naturally, Gunter has arranged for able-bodied assistants to follow and attack the coven before they can do him harm.

GABE "(ADMIRING)Ballsy son-of-a-bitch, wasn't he?"

Gabriel turns to the final entry of the journal....

!!!This is the text for the final pages (in art--here for translation purposes only):

Dearest Father: I offer these final words as apology for the failure I have made of my life and the harm I have done our sacred family office. Last night I learned that the woman I wrote of, Tetelo, was the witch I sought. I committed terrible crimes, Father. First, I loved this witch. Second, I betrayed her. Third, I used our sacred family power to free her and aid her in destroying this colony. The talisman is gone--Tetelo took it. I can but pray for thy eventual forgiveness, for thy swift recovery of the talisman, and that my punishment in Hell will be long and bitter.

Thy undeserving son--Gunter

The partial pattern from the crime scene intrigues Gabriel. What does it mean?
The police file contains partial patterns from the first six Voodoo Murders.

Somewhere there's a New Orleans phone book missing one of its "C" pages.

The book contains several pages of Rada drum codes.

The artist's reconstruction of the Voodoo Murders pattern looks accurate to Gabriel. Something about it seems vaguely familiar--and creepy!

(RRCC. DARK)Images haunt the pages of Philip Knight's sketchbook the way they must have haunted his mind.

The images touch a deep chord in Gabriel. So familiar are they, that he finds it hard to believe they aren't from his own subconscious.

The double ring snake mound in the People's Republic of Benin.
Creepy, isn't it?

The Gedde tribe record book contains the names and Rada drum codes for tribal members.

Gabriel gazes at the translation of the code that Moonbeam gave him, pondering who wrote it, and

for whom it was meant.

Gabriel gazes at the translation of the second Voodoo code message. A few letters are still missing. Looking at the series of crosses, Gabriel can't help but think that they have a pattern and meaning he is not comprehending.

The fortuneteller's veil is studded with sequins.
That sequin looks a little strange. Why, it's a snake scale!
There's a snake scale caught on the veil.

The Ritter dagger is solid, weighty, and highly polished.
The dagger is unmarked.

The PLAY icon will erase the inventory window and return you to the game.

Gabriel got the flashlight free in the mail when he ordered a magazine subscription. It works, though. At the moment.

Believe it or not, the flashlight does not open. It's a disposable.
There's enough light without the flashlight at the moment.
The flashlight has printed on it the legend: "Cold-Sell Brokers: Mortgages R Us."

The small bottle is labeled "Master Gamblin' Oil."
The oil is better preserved with the bottle cap on.
The label reads "Master Gamblin' Oil" but no ingredients, warnings, or instructions are included.

The scroll from the display case is very old.
GABE "(READING SCROLL. SLIGHTLY DRAMATIC)St. George, patron of the light,
who hunts the shadows of the night..."
"upon my blood, I call thee now,
purify me, for I avow..."
"to set my feet upon thy road;
thy sword, I take up for mine own."

The \$20.00 gift certificate for St. George's looks pitifully new and unused.
The gift certificate is written up generically and has the store's name and amount penned in by Gabriel himself.

Gunter Ritter's diary is leather-bound. Its parchment pages are old and fragile.

The jar contains fru-fru hair gel.
Gabriel doesn't want to open that jar until he's ready to use the hair gel. It will get all over everything.
The label on the hair gel jar talks about mysterious Hawaiian roots and ancient oriental secrets.
The copy is almost as believable as Gabriel's novels.

Select the HELP icon and move it over another icon to learn about that other icon's function.

The keycard has a magnetic strip on the back.
The card is not marked.

The key is from Mosely.
(LAST PART IS SARCASTIC)The key has "Property of the New Orleans Police Department"

stamped on it. Right. Not anymore.

The long rod is shaped like a snake. The head of the rod is the snake's angled, triangular head.
The rod does not appear to open.

There are some strange symbols on the rod, but Gabriel doesn't know how to interpret them.

The letter is addressed to Heinz Ritter, Gabriel's grandfather.

The letter is addressed to Heinz Ritter, whoever that is.

The letter is written in German, but Gabriel determines what he can about it....

It was sent from a place called "Schloss Ritter" in Rittersberg, West Germany.

The letter is addressed to "Mein Sohn Heinz" and signed "Wilhelm Ritter."

One of the reoccurring words strewn throughout the letter is the word "Schattenjäger."

The only other thing that Gabriel can decipher about the letter is a sense of urgency in the handwriting and in the heavy use of a quill tip, bold strokes, and underlining.

The letter is addressed to Gabriel from Wolfgang Ritter.

Wolfgang's letter says....

WOLFGANG Dear Gabriel: Please read the enclosed journal carefully. It might help you understand your family's special obligations and our current predicament.

WOLFGANG God be with you, Uncle Wolfgang

The LOOK icon will give you a description of an inventory item. Click on the LOOK icon, then click the LOOK cursor on an inventory item.

Gabriel feels a little guilty as he looks at the stacks of bills. He hopes he isn't breaking any Schattenjäger rules.

Of course, the family castle really is in need of some serious repairs.

The lucky dog is plump and juicy.

That would be a mess.

Although the mustard is teasingly poured into a pattern-like shape, Gabriel's eyes can make no sense of it.

The magnifying glass is an expensive one with an inlaid jade handle--an heirloom from Gabriel's grandfather.

The magnifying glass doesn't open.

There's nothing written on the magnifying glass.

Gabriel's carrying a boar's mask and robe from the hounfour supply room.

The disguise doesn't open.

There's nothing written on the mask or robe.

The wolf's mask and robe are from the hounfour supply room.

The crocodile mask is made of genuine crocodile head. It looks heavy, hot, and smelly.

The mask doesn't open; it fits on over one's head.

The mask has no writing on it inside or out.

The wolf's mask is from the hounfour supply room.

It's a boar's mask from the hounfour supply room.

(LAST PART IS SARCASTIC) Mosely's "Americans Repressed" card. Credit. What a concept.

The card has Mosely's name written on it. It expires next month.

Gabriel eyes the surreptitiously-delivered envelope. There doesn't seem to be anything unusual about it.

Gabriel opens the envelope and finds....

A note from Mosely and a small brass key.

The envelope is unmarked.

The envelope from Mosely is a plain manila one. It feels pretty light.

Gabriel opens the manila envelope and finds....

Two photographs.

The envelope has Gabriel's name written on it. Misspelled.

It's a man's wallet.

Mosely's wallet has obviously been in his back pocket for a long time. It's shaped just like him.

Gabriel opens the wallet and finds....

Some I.D. belonging to Mosely and an "Americans Repressed" card.

The other items in Mosely's wallet don't interest Gabriel.

There's nothing written on the wallet.

It's a newspaper clipping from the year 1810.

The newspaper clipping doesn't need to be opened.

The newspaper clipping describes a ritualistic murder in Congo Square.

It includes a rough sketch of a pattern found around the body. The sketch is very similar to the reconstructed vévé.

It's a note from Mosely.

Mosely's note says....

MOSELY Gabe--I have to go underground with this thing. It runs wide and deep throughout the department and the city board....

MOSELY I'm already being watched. It was "suggested" that I take vacation time, so I am-- at least, as far as they know.

MOSELY Try to keep out of this--it's too hot for a rookie. Just in case, I'm sending you my office key. You might find some useful things there.

MOSELY P.S. I think this note will look great in the book, don't you? Make sure you save it.

The note is signed Detective Mosely.

Gabriel magnifies the scale from the fortuneteller.

The iridescent scale is brilliantly hued with greens and purples.

Gabriel magnifies the scale from the lake.

Gabriel magnifies the shed skin from Magentia Moonbeam's snake.

Gabriel magnifies the snake scale from the Voodoo Museum's python.

He places the two scales together.

The OPEN icon allows you to open an inventory item. Click on the OPEN icon, then click the OPEN cursor on an inventory item.

The OPERATE icon allows you to "use" an inventory item that has a mechanical function. Click on the OPERATE icon, then click the OPERATE cursor on an inventory item.

The photograph of Mosely was apparently taken upon his graduation from the police academy. He had hair then.

The photo of Mosely reads "cop nerd" to Gabriel's eyes.

One of the photos from Mosely is an official "Voodoo Murders" crime scene shot--a graphic close-

up of a victim.

The photograph cannot be opened.

The murder photo has nothing written on it.

(RRCC. RERECORD. GRANDFATHER, NOT FATHER)The old photograph shows Gabriel's grandfather with two other men--apparently his German father and brother.

The old photograph shows Gabriel's grandfather with two other men that Gabriel has not identified.

The back of the photo has the following written on it; "Schloss Ritter, 1925."

It's a white priest's collar.

The collar does open in back, but there's no need to do that until Gabriel puts it on.

Inside the collar is a message: "Lt. starch pls." What could that mean?

The READ icon allows you to read printed materials. Click on the READ icon, then click the READ icon on an inventory item that you think might be READable.

It's a robe from the hounfour supply room.

The robe will open when Gabriel puts it on.

There's nothing written on the robe.

The shaker of salt is nearly full.

Gabriel doesn't want to open the shaker until he's ready to use the salt.

It's a snake scale from the Voodoo Museum's python.

Heh, heh, heh.

It's hued with purples and greens. It matches the scale from Lake Pontchartrain!

Gabriel has matched the Lake Pontchartrain scale with the scale from the museum python.

Gabriel magnifies the two scales.

Gabriel has a scale from the fortuneteller's boa.

The iridescent scale is hued olive green. It doesn't seem to match the scale from Lake P
ontchartrain.

Gabriel is carrying a scale he found near the crime scene at Lake Pontchartrain.

It's hued with purples and greens. It matches the scale from the Voodoo museum!

It's the shed skin from Moonbeam's snake.

The snake scales are hued brown. They don't match the scale from Lake Pontchartrain.

The hair-clipping scissors are spotless.

It looks like Wolfgang uses his scissors as infrequently as Gabriel uses his own.

The SCROLL BAR will allow you to scroll through inventory. Click on the UP arrow to see the previous page of inventory items, the DOWN arrow to see the next page.

The iridescent scale is hued olive green.

The snake skin is translucent. The scales are hued in browns.

The two iridescent scales are a perfect match.

Gabriel is carrying a priest's shirt and collar which--surprise, surprise--do not belong to him.

There's no reason to open the shirt and collar.

It's a priest's shirt.

It's a signal device for the tracker.

That's not the way it works. Gabriel has to leave the signal device somewhere and the tracker part will locate it.

The large brass key is ornately shaped and must weigh a pound at least!

There's nothing written on the key.

Gabriel looks fondly at his father's sketchbook and charcoal pencil.

The stone is etched with a peculiar snake design.

The stone doesn't open.

There doesn't seem to be any writing on the stone--unless the snakes themselves are a code of some sort.

Gabriel has in his possession the Ritter family talisman. He'll never forget that it was regained only through Wolfgang's blood.

The talisman does not open.

The talisman has no writing on it--only the emblems of the lion and the serpent.

The tracing is of a snake tattoo from Crash's chest.

The snake tattoo tracing says nothing.

This device is called a tracker. Gabriel remembers a time when he and Mosely used it (illegally) with a couple of babes in a white convertible.

It operates as follows: the signal device attaches to an object (such as a car). The signal device emits a signal that appears on the tracker L.E.D., allowing the object to be tracked.

The tracker doesn't open.

It would be useless to turn the tracker on here.

It says "Made in Japan."

The tweezers from the book shop are an old stainless steel pair that Gabriel's had forever.

The veil belongs to the fortuneteller. It's covered with shiny, iridescent sequins.

There's a snake scale caught on the veil.

Gabriel examines the veil with the magnifying glass.

Gabriel has no reason to use the tweezers on the veil at the moment.

Gabriel has already removed the scale from the veil.

Gabriel carefully uses the tweezers to remove the snake scale from the veil.

It's the official police file containing the partial patterns from the Voodoo Murders.

The folder is marked with the warning, "Not to leave the Police Station."

Gabriel opens and reads the police file.

Gabriel has a photocopy of the official police file containing the partial patterns from the Voodoo Murders.

The single sheet of paper doesn't need to be opened.

The reconstructed vévé was done for Gabriel by a technical artist.

It's Gabriel's sketch of the series of crosses from the Laveau tomb wall.

It's Gabriel's sketch of the series of crosses from the Laveau tomb wall--with Magentia Moonbeam's

translation penciled in.

Gabriel checks the two messages for duplicate symbols, and transfers the letters from the matches to the new message.

He finds that he has the translation for all of the symbols except for three.

Gabriel has already transferred the letters for all of the symbols that match.

It's Gabriel's sketch of the new series of crosses from the Laveau tomb wall.

Gabriel sketched a new series of crosses from the Laveau tomb, and added what letters he could match from Moonbeam's translations.

Wolfgang Ritter's phone number, written in Grace's pretty scrawl.

The small note cannot be opened.

The number written on the note is: 49-09-324-3333.

USE INVENTORY ITEM ON GABRIEL

GABE "(THESE NEXT LINES ARE TRIGGERED WHEN PLAYER CLICKS ITEMS ON GABRIEL)I've already got it."

GABE "(TO PLAYER. FUNNY/SEXY)Hey! I'll ask the questions around here."

GABE Gabriel doesn't want to "display" his possession of that badge. When he's ready to use it, he'd be better off flashing it at someone specific.

GABE "(TO PLAYER)I haven't carried books around like this since college."

The clay mold wouldn't look very good on Gabriel.

GABE "(SPEAKING OF VOODOO BRACELET)I don't want that thing on my wrist!"

Gabriel can't think of any sane way to use that piece of brick on himself.

GABE "(TO PLAYER)I wouldn't feel right spending it on myself."

Fortunately, Gabriel doesn't need to use the chamber pot on himself at the moment.

GABE "(SEXY)Mold me, use me."

Gabriel isn't the artist his father was. He can sketch specific things, but isn't inspired to just draw for the fun of it.

GABE "(DRY)It's better than most postcards I've seen."

There's enough light without the flashlight at the moment.

Gabriel can't think of any way to adorn himself with that scale.

GABE "(TO PLAYER)The oil would be wasted on me. I don't gamble."

Gabriel doesn't want to handle the scroll too much. It's very old.

GABE "(TO PLAYER)I already own everything in St. George's."

GABE "(DRY)I already see about as much of Mosely as I care to, thanks."

GABE "(VAIN)My hair looks perfect the way it is at the moment."

GABE "(SPEAKING OF NOTEPAD)Thank God Hartridge was a doodler."

The keycard doesn't unlock anything on Gabriel himself.

GABE "(PONDERING)I wonder what these lines mean."

Handsome, isn't he?

Gabriel riffles through the money guiltily. He wonders if he's broken any "Schattenjäger rules" by taking it.

GABE "(SPEAKING OF A HOT DOG)I'm hungry, but not for that."

GABE "(DRY/SEXY)There's nothin' on my body that would require the use of a magnifying glass."

Gabriel doesn't want to put on the disguise until he has to. It looks hot.

The shed skin doesn't fit Gabriel.

(SARCASTIC)Gabriel rubs Mosely's credit card. So THAT'S what one feels like.

Gabriel hefts the envelope. It's fairly light.

The wallet doesn't fit in Gabriel's back pocket. His jeans are too tight.

Move Gabriel? Try the walk icon.

GABE "(GROSSED OUT)That's pretty disgusting."

GABE "(TO PLAYER)The clipping is pretty old. I don't think I should handle it too much."
GABE "(SPEAKING OF MOSELY)What an egotistical bastard."
GABE "(TO PLAYER)If I want to open up, I'll go to a shrink."
GABE "(TO PLAYER)I'm doing the best I can."
GABE "(TO PLAYER)You've already got me, you lucky devil."
GABE "(SPEAKING OF POLICE EVIDENCE)Norman Mailer, eat your heart out."
There's no reason to wear that at the moment.
There's no reason to use the Ritter dagger on Gabriel here.
GABE "I wish I spoke German."
GABE "Nice picture of Grandad."
Gabriel doesn't want to put that robe on until he has to.
GABE "(SPEAKING OF EATING SALT)No, thanks. I'm trying to cut back."
GABE "(ADAMANT)I'm not cutting my hair without a mirror!"
GABE "(TO PLAYER)I don't need to track MYSELF."
The key doesn't fit any of Gabriel's slots.
GABE "(SARCASTIC)I don't even want to think about what it is you want me to do with that rod."
GABE "(SPEAKING OF THROWING ROCKS)You know what they say about people who live in
glass houses."
GABE Gabriel clutches the talisman. He'll be damned if he lets it get lost again.
GABE "(THESE ARE TO PLAYER)Man, I'm beat. This sleep thing is getting to be a real
problem."
GABE "Can somebody tell me what's going on?"
GABE "Don't ask me. I'm even less informed than you."
GABE "Ever have one of those days?"
GABE "Could you just shoot me?"
GABE "Knight. Gabriel Knight. In case someone wants to know."
Gabriel can't draw that tattoo on himself. He'll have to find someone to lend him an artistic hand.
Gabriel doesn't need to start the tracker here.
GABE "(TO PLAYER)Don't get personal." (tweezers)
Gabriel can't think of any way to adorn himself with those scales.
GABE "(SPEAKING OF PUTTING ON A HAT)Pink is not my color."
(Erroneous: the item in question is the fortune teller's veil)
GABE "(SPEAKING OF VOODOO SIGN)I don't think using that thing on anyone would be safe."
GABE "(SPEAKING OF VOODOO CODE)I don't know how to make sense of those crosses."
Gabriel isn't sure how he could use the Voodoo code message on himself.
Uncle Wolfgang's handwriting is bold and hurried.
Gabriel doesn't want to put the mask on until he has to.
GABE "(DRY)I can't dial myself."

ST GEORGE'S BOOKS

St George's has so many files, the game divides them into 2 script files.

GABE "(IMITATING RICKY RICARDO)Lucy, I'm home."

GABE "Hey, Grace. Here I am."

GABE "Phew. It's humid out there. Made it back, though."

GABE "Hello, beautiful. It's me."

GABE "I knew you'd miss me, so I came back."

GRACE "Really? I forgot you were gone."

GRACE "(SARCASTIC)Oh, boy. Party time."

GRACE "The excitement of seeing you is killing me."

GRACE "(MRCC)I wish you wouldn't wear that coat outside in June. I can smell you from here."

GRACE "Oh, joy."

Grace keeps her art supplies here.

Gabriel wouldn't dare touch Grace's oil paints.

It's an ashtray.

There's no point in magnifying the empty ashtray.

Gabriel doesn't need the ashtray.

The item in the ashtray is too small to pick up by hand.

Why use the tweezers on the empty ashtray?

Gabriel plans to turn the balcony into a shmaltzy cafe if he ever gets the cash.

The balcony floor needs work and is unsafe.

That shelf contains historical references--biographies of kings and queens, that sort of thing.

Grace would have a fit if Gabriel rearranged the books.

The bookshelves don't open. You've been watching too many old horror movies.

The books cannot be operated.

The history books on that shelf don't interest Gabriel at the moment.

Gabriel stopped talking to the books once Grace came to work here.

That shelf holds used copies of the Dime-Strife series--"Secrets of Unsolved Ancient UFO Mysteries" and such.

They just LEAP out the door.

Gabriel's had all those books in the bathroom and doesn't care to read them again.

Old medical reference texts are stored on an upper shelf. Real old.

The old medical reference books are useless to Gabriel--and, apparently, to his customers.

(GK-AM2)Under the window are reference books: dictionaries, foreign language dictionaries,

quotation books, and others. Gabriel "borrows" them often when he's writing.
(GK-AM2)Gabriel leafs through a German-English dictionary....
GABE "(GK-AM2. READING RANDOMLY FROM GERMAN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY. MILDLY CURIOUS.)'Mittag' means midday, noon."
GABE "(GK-AM2)'Spiel' means game. Interesting."
GABE "(GK-AM2)'Himmel' means heaven. Uhuh."
GABE "(GK-AM2)'Drei' means three."
GABE "(GK-AM2)'Besessen' means possessed. That's handy to know."
GABE "(GK-AM2)'Drachen' means dragons. I wonder if Mosely would know he was being insulted if I called him 'Drachen breath.'"

The books on the table have been chosen for their special appeal--recent fiction by the biggies. In other words, nothing written by Gabriel.

Gabriel's not interested in opening the books on the table.

Gabriel finds those popular authors very mediocre. As though they would care.

The top shelf contains a set of German books that once belonged to Gabriel's grandfather.

Gabriel selects a volume of German poetry that he always found strangely compelling.

GRACE "That's nice. Kind of creepy, though. Who's the author?"

GABE "Let's see...Heinz Ritter. Heinz Ritter! No wonder it gives me chills."

GABE "Heinz Ritter. I'm not sure what it says, but I get the feeling the guy was one sick puppy."

GABE Gabriel selects a volume of German poetry that he always found strangely compelling. For the first time he notices the author...Heinz Ritter!

GABE "I have the feeling old Granddad didn't sleep too well at night either."

GABE "Drei Drachen.

Drei Drachen kriechen in meinen Schlaf,
die Seele woll'n sie lebendig zum Frass."

"Feurigen Atems, gespaltener Zunge
geniessen sie jedes Mahl."

(GK-AM2)The books on the desk all need repair work.

(GK-AM2)Gabriel doesn't want to work on the damaged books right now.

The bookrack contains cookbooks, true crime, and puzzle books. An inspired combination.

That old rack is so rusty, it would fall apart if anyone even touched it. Fortunately, there's no danger of that.

The bookrack doesn't open.

Gabriel isn't interested in the books on the rack.

The top shelf contains books on animals, including snakes and other reptiles.

Gabriel pulls down a book on snakes.

GABE "Snakes are legless reptiles. Some snakes kill their prey with poison, some by constriction."

GABE "A snake smells by tasting the air with its forked tongue. The smells are passed back to a sense organ in the mouth."

GABE "Constrictor snakes, however, sense their prey by vibration."

GRACE "(RRCC. STUDIOUS/BRAINY)Hmmm. Did you know that medieval legends about dragons and giant worms are actually based on snakes? You know, dragons, devils, sea monsters--they've always been associated with snakes."

GABE "(GK-AM2. MOCK SERIOUSLY GIVING ADVICE)Grace, get a life."

(GK-AM2)The books on that top shelf include mysteries and other pulp novels from the 50's and 60's.

Gabriel's life IS a pulp novel. He doesn't need to read one.

Why use that on the cash register?

Gabriel wouldn't have sold his father's painting just to put cash in the register.

The gift certificate wasn't doing anyone any good sitting in the cash register.

Gabriel looks at the cash register, checking for cobwebs.

Gabriel would love to move his cash register. To Nordstroms.

(RRCC. SARCASTIC)Gabriel opens the cash register to examine the take. Or, in the case of St. George's Books, the MIStake.

Gabriel checks the drawer again, just in case life as we know it changed significantly since he last looked.

Wishful thinking.

It's certainly light enough, but rather useless, as Gabriel well knows.

The cash register is silent, as usual.

Grace's chair. Gabriel's had occasion to envy it.

GRACE "Real funny, Knight."

The chair doesn't work that way.

The chair has nothing to say.

The chandelier is original. Gabriel finds it charming.

All right, all right. He can't afford to replace it.

Why would Gabriel want to do that to his coat?

Dramatic, isn't it? Gabriel didn't eat for three weeks after splurging on that coat. He has a thing for black leather.

It's a bit warm in here. Gabriel decides to wait until he leaves to put on his coat.

GRACE "Leave my coat alone, Gabriel."

Messing with Grace's coat would not solve anything.

Grace's coat is a simple, but classic, trench coat. Gabriel hates people with good taste.

Gabriel considers taking Grace's coat with him, but he decides against it.

Grace's coat is even less of a conversationalist than Grace herself.

The shop's mascot is an old, knight-shaped coat rack.

The coat rack's made a dent in the floor. If Gabriel moved it now, he'd have to fix the linoleum.

The only way to use the coat rack is by putting a coat on it. Well, there may be OTHER ways, but it's a bit heavy to lug into the bedroom.

Blessed caffeine.

The coffee pot would get cold anywhere else.

The coffee has already been made.

GABE "Mmmm. Good coffee."

GABE "My kidneys are already floating, thanks."

Talk to the coffee? Even Gabriel isn't THAT addicted.

The table provides a comfort center for customers--coffee, today's paper, and the most recent best-selling paperbacks.

Unfortunately, few customers come in to enjoy it.

Gabriel's financial structure is fragile enough without playing with the money.

The cash register contains about \$20.00 in small bills and change.

Shifting the money around to make it look like there's more won't help.

GRACE "Gabriel, that's all the change money I have. Touch it, and you can kiss your hand good-bye!

GABE "Would I do that to you?"

Slim pickin's.

It's a gift certificate left over from yet another dismal failure of a promotion.

The gift certificate doesn't do that.

GABE "I trust you can live without this old gift certificate?"

GRACE "Knock yourself out."

The curtain doesn't provide much privacy, but Gabriel's rarely in his bedroom during shop hours anyway.

If Gabriel took that down, the customers would have to look at his messy studio.

GABE "Is anyone back there?"

GRACE "(SPEAKING OF HIS STUDIO APARTMENT)Don't be silly! Who would be back there? Who'd WANT to be back there?"

The desk drawers mostly stick.

Gabriel doesn't even want to know what Grace keeps in those drawers.

Grace likes the little banker's lamp. She has the soul of an accountant.

The lamp is fine where it is.

The lamp is as "on" as it's going to get, and there's no sense in turning it off.

Really, taking Grace's lamp is not necessary.

The old desk is one Gabriel picked up near a dumpster. Not too shabby, huh?

Well, okay, maybe it is.

The desk is too heavy to be moved.

The top of the desk is Grace's private domain.

Gabriel doesn't need anything on that part of the desk.

The welcome mat is well-worn. Unfortunately, that's only because Gabriel picked it up second-hand, not because of a stampede of customers.

The welcome mat may not be all that successful, but moving it won't help.

There COULD be a secret passage under the door mat, but we didn't have time.

Gabriel's shoes aren't muddy, thanks.

Gabriel doesn't need the welcome mat.

Welcome to you, too.

Cute gargoyle, eh?

The gargoyle has no function but sheer ugliness. Not unlike...oh, never mind.

The gargoyle is heavier than it looks.

GRACE "Life is too short to talk to ugly statues."

GABE "You'd never know it by the women you date."

The ladder provides access to the uppermost shelves of the book case.

GRACE "(SPEAKING OF HIM CLIMBING A LADDER IN THE SHOP)If you try to look down my shirt one more time, I'm leaving."

GABE "(RRCC. VERY SEXY)Just trying to refresh my memory."

GRACE "I know what you're trying to refresh, and it isn't your memory. Get down."

The magnifying glass is a handy item for reading old manuscripts or the fine print on Gabriel's lease.

GABE "Mind if I borrow the magnifying glass?"

GRACE "No, Sherlock. Just bring it back when we get the next estate shipment."

GABE "No problem."

Perhaps Gabriel should find out what it is first.

Special delivery, it seems.

GABE "It's just an envelope."

GRACE "I can see that."

"Three Snakes in a Skull." Gabriel's father painted it.

GABE "What a wacky, off-beat kind of guy Daddy was."

Gabriel likes the painting where it is.

Nope. No safe full of money back there.

Gabriel can't lug the painting around.

The shop's phone is silent at the moment.

Gabriel would rather use the phone in his studio--for privacy.

The front door leads to Bourbon Street.

Gabriel rather likes the front door where it is.

GABE "Are you going to be okay here by yourself?"

GRACE "(NERVOUS. SPEAKING OF THE JAM THEY'RE IN)I'll be fine. Just...fix this, okay?"

GABE "I'm trying, Gracie."

GABE "I'm going out."

GABE "See ya later."

GABE "I've got some things I need to do."

GABE "I'll be back later."

GABE "I'm outta here. Try not to sell out the store while I'm gone."

GRACE "Have fun."

GRACE "Uh-huh."

GRACE "Don't hurry back on my account."

GRACE "Good luck."

GRACE "See ya."

There's a pair of tweezers on the counter. Grace uses them for book repair work.

Gabriel could move the tweezers around on the desk, but it would be rather pointless.

GABE "I'm going to take the tweezers for a bit."

GRACE "Good. You're beginning to look a bit scruffy."

GABE "Just trying to make you feel at home."

Gabriel doesn't want to put anything else on that wall.

GABE "That wall sure looks bare without Dad's painting."

The man in the street doesn't look interested in Gabriel's possessions.

GABE "Have you noticed this guy outside the shop?"

GRACE "(ARCC. UPSET)Yeah! He gives me the creeps! I wish he'd go away."

Gabriel watches the man watching the shop.

GABE "He's still there. I wish he'd move or something."

GRACE "He hasn't moved an inch since he showed up."

GABE "This guy is really starting to bug me."

GRACE "No kidding. I have a feeling if HE can see us, THEY can see us."

GABE "(SPEAKING TO ZOMBIE GUY WHO'S STANDING OUTSIDE SHOP LOOKING IN)Get the hell out of here!"

The figure outside does not respond.

The windows of St. George's Books overlook Bourbon Street.

The windows are sealed shut with old paint.

Those windows aren't going anywhere.

GABE "Gotta minute, Grace?"

GRACE "What's up?"

GABE "Do you know anything about this?"

GABE "Gee, thanks."

GRACE "No. Sorry."

GABE "Like my badge?"

GRACE "(ADMONISHING)WHERE did you get that?"

GABE "(LYING)Mosely let me borrow it."

GRACE "Gabriel, you're such a shit! I'm going to call him up right now, and tell him you have that."

GABE "No! I might need it. I'll give it back to him later."

GRACE "Well, I hope he throws you in jail when you do."

Grace wasn't amused the first time around.

GRACE "It means you have no scruples at all, selling your father's painting like that."

GRACE "Sure. I ordered it for you, remember?"

GABE "Oh, yeah. Right."

GRACE "It's your flashlight. You know, something you can actually turn on."

GABE "So what do you think of this gift certificate?"

GRACE "(FAKE SINCERITY)I think that promotion was the best idea you ever had. And I mean that sincerely."

GRACE "It's your friend, Mosely. Why?"

GABE "Oh, no reason."

GRACE "(READ IS PAST TENSE--RED)Yeah, I read it. So should you."

GRACE "Yeah. You should cut that mop of yours and throw that stuff away."

GABE "Never."

GABE "(RRCC. SLY. SHOWING HER PRIEST DISGUISE)Like to make a confession, Grace?"

GRACE "Whatever you're planning to do with that, Gabriel, I DON'T want to know."

GRACE "(SARCASTIC)What, the magnifying glass? It makes things look big. Out to impress a girl, are you?"

GABE "I HOPE you're insulting the size of my brain."

GRACE "That goes without saying."

GABE "Will you do me a favor?"

GRACE "What?"

GABE "Use your paints to copy this snake tattoo onto my chest."

GRACE "Now why on earth would you want me to do that?"

GABE "Come on, Grace. I really need that tattoo."

GRACE "Then give me a good reason."

(GK-AM2)Grace would probably start screaming if Gabriel mentioned that tattoo again.

(RRCC. RERECORD. EMPHASIZE 'COULD')Hmmm. Gabriel could ask Grace to use her paints and put the tattoo on his chest, but he should wait until he's ready to use it. It would probably wash off in the shower.

GRACE "(PATRONIZING)They're called tweezers. You know, you should get out more."

GRACE "I did research for you on that already, Gabriel."

GABE "Er. Right. Exactly."

GABE "(GK-AM2. EXCITED)You want to see something really cool?"

GRACE "(GK-AM2. REACTING TO MURDER PHOTO)That's disgusting! That's really horrible!"

GABE "(GK-AM2)I know. Great, isn't it?"

GRACE "(GK-AM2. DISGUSTED)God. Somebody ought to lock you up."

GRACE "Sure. I'm the one that gave that to you, remember?"

GABE "(SLIGHTLY DISGUSTED)I don't even want to think about what you mean."

GABE "(WISTFUL)If wishes were ponies...."

GABE "Like I haven't tried."

GABE "(SEXY--SPEAKING OF LOOKING AT GRACE)Don't mind if I do."

GRACE "(SUSPICIOUS)Do what?"

GABE "Oh, nothing."

GABE "(SARCASTIC--REFERRING TO "MOVING" GRACE)Move THAT wall of ice? Good luck!"

GABE "(BORED, CHATTY)So. What's new, Grace?"

GRACE "Your use of mathematics, for one thing. These books are unbelievable."

GABE "(EGOTISTICAL)What can I say? I refuse to be bound by rules."

GRACE "(SARCASTIC)The strap-marks on your bedpost speak otherwise."

GABE "Are you okay?"

GRACE "I'd be peachy if you'd give up all this Voodoo crap, Gabriel."

GABE "(GK-AM2. SERIOUSLY CONTRITE.)I'm sorry I got you involved in this, Grace."

GRACE "(GK-AM2. SERIOUS)Don't worry about me, just get YOURSELF out of this mess."

GABE "(TALKING ABOUT LEAVING FOR GERMANY)I'm really going, Grace."

GRACE "I really hope you'll be safe, Gabriel."

GABE "Got any ideas, Grace?"

GRACE "Yeah. Get out of town."

GABE "You're so helpful."

GABE "Grace, about last night..."

GRACE "I've already said everything I have to say about that."

GABE "(BORED. CHATTY)Done anything interesting lately?"

GRACE "By your definition? No. I prefer it that way."

GABE "Keeping busy?"

GRACE "Not really. If you need any research done, let me know."

GABE "Seen any good movies?"

GRACE "I saw a great documentary last night on pyramid excavations."

GABE "You mean small, dark places that haven't been touched in centuries? Sounds right up your alley."

GRACE "Well, it did help me gain a better understanding of your mind."

GABE "Did I ever tell you that you're actually quite attractive?"

GRACE "(DRY AS DUST)Be still, my heart."

GABE "Had any customers lately?"

GRACE "(RRCC. SARCASTIC. RESPONSE TO 'HAD ANY CUSTOMERS LATELY')No, but I'm sure YOU have."

GABE "You know, you really should get out more."

GRACE "But then who'd take care of St. George's?"

GABE "Or me?"

GRACE "(DRY)Exactly."

St. George's Books could use some serious renovation, but Gabriel likes to think that the place has character.

There's no one in that part of the shop to talk to.

Gabriel's studio apartment lies behind that curtain, but it's not available for the day 1 playable demo.

GRACE "It's time to close shop."

GABE "So it is. Have a nice night."

GRACE "You, too. See you tomorrow."

GRACE "Well <yawn>, it's about closing time."

GABE "So it is. Good night, Gracie."

GRACE "Good night, Gabriel. And try not to dream, okay?"

BRUNO SECTION

BRUNO "Hey, kids!"

GRACE "(SARCASTIC)Bruno. How nice."

GABE "Gee. A customer."

BRUNO "(SEXY, SARCASTIC)Of yours? HARD-ly."

GRACE "How's the flower business?"

BRUNO "Well<sniff>, better than the used book business, I see."

GABE "RARE books."

BRUNO "That explains why I so RAREly see anyone in here. Are you going to sell me that wonderful painting of yours today?"

BRUNO "Hey, kids!"

GABE "(VERY UNENTHUSIASTIC GRUNT)Uhm."

GRACE "Bruno."

BRUNO "Gabe, pet, I just popped in to see if you're desperate enough to sell me that painting."

GABE "(SPEAKING TO BRUNO)How much would you give me for it, Bruno?"

GRACE "(WARNING TONE)Gabriel, don't you dare sell your father's painting!"

BRUNO "From the looks of this shop, I'm sure you WILL, my boy. And soon."

GABE "(RRCC. THOUGHTFUL. RELUCTANT)Well...I guess I don't need the money that badly."

GABE "Are you ready to drop dead today?"

BRUNO "<sniff>Well, REALLY!"

GABE "Stay out of this, Grace."

BRUNO "Ooh! You're serious? You'll let me have it?"

GABE "Yeah, I'll let you have it, all right. How much for the painting?"

BRUNO "Hmmm. Well, I could give you a hundred. That's all I can let go at the moment, you know. My affairs are so tied up...."

GRACE "(VERY DISAPPROVING)Gabriel! A hundred dollars for your father's painting!"

GABE "Grace, let me deal with this."

GABE "Gee, is today the day that hell freezes over?"

BRUNO "WELL, one needn't be RUDE."

GABE "Forget it, Bruno. Not for a hundred. Not now."

BRUNO "Have it your way. The hundred goes with ME. I'll be back, though. I can see how much you want it."

GABE "(ANGRY, FLUSTERED, TRYING TO THINK OF A COME-BACK)Yeah? Well...I'll show you wanting it!"

GRACE "Careful. You don't want to damage the door with your incredible wit."

GABE "(AGREEING, BUT VERY RELUCTANTLY. ANGRY)Fine. It's yours."

GRACE "(HORRIFIED THAT HE'S SELLING AN HEIRLOOM)GABRIEL!!!"

BRUNO "(EAGER, CAN'T BELIEVE HIS LUCK)Here! Here's the hundred."

GABE "(WARNING TONE)You'd better take good care of this, Bruno. This is not just another of your hip art pieces, you know."

BRUNO "REALLY? Well, I fully intend to make the most of its display, though not for YOUR sake, I'm sure. At least in MY shop, there'll be a chance of someone actually SEEING it!"

BRUNO "I can't BELIEVE I actually got it! Just WAIT until I show Cid!"

GRACE "(PISSSED. PAUSE BETWEEN DON'T AND BELIEVE)I don't believe you."

GABE "(REGRETFUL)It's...it's just a painting, Grace. There are things I have to do."

Day 1

GRACE "(ON PHONE AS GABE COMES OUT OF STUDIO IN THE MORNING)Mmmm-hmmm. I bet. Just a minute."

GRACE "(TO GABRIEL)It lives, I see. Do you want to speak with 'Lolita?'"

GRACE "(TO PHONE AGAIN)<sigh> I'm sorry, but Gabriel is a lout...I mean, he's out."

GRACE "Yeah, if he ever comes back, I'll tell him. You know, you could do better. I know I don't know you, but you could do better. Sure. Bye."

GRACE "(TO GABE)Good morning. The phone's been ringing off the hook all morning. Let me know when you want your messages."

GABE "(GRUNT)Uh."

GRACE "Gee, you're lively. Did you have another nightmare last night?"

GABE "Sort of."

GRACE "Mmmm-hmmm. I told you, it's that Voodoo book you're researching. That stuff can seriously screw up your karma."

GABE "(SARCASTIC)I'm sure that's it. Maybe I should write a horror novel on passive resistance instead."

GRACE "<sigh> So don't sleep. It's your body. Anyway, your hand-held tape recorder came today."

GABE "Really? Great!"

GRACE "I can't wait to see what human rights you violate with this one."

GABE "I can't wait to violate them. For example, if you would just let me...."

GRACE "AND I located some local Voodoo references for you. Dixieland Drug Store and The Historical Museum of Voodoo. Both are right here in the French Quarter."

GABE "How would I ever manage without you?"

GRACE "You? Give me a break. The devil himself couldn't change you."

GABE "Well...if the devil had great legs, perhaps...like yours."

GRACE "(RRCC. MISSED FIRST WORD. SARCASTIC, THEN DRY)And a riveting personality, I'm sure. If you need any more research done, just ask. It's not as though we're swamped with customers."

Times Picayune, dated June 18, 1993. The front page has an article about the Voodoo Murders.

The article says that the victims are all identified as members of the underworld. "The general public of New Orleans is in no danger."

Police claim the "so-called Voodoo trappings" found at the crime scenes are fake--a scare tactic--and that the murders are not associated with any genuine practitioners.

Gabriel also scans the Aquarius horoscope for the day....

Potential storms ahead. Proceed with caution and do not get involved with anything new at this time.

GABE "Hmmp. Right."

Day 2

GRACE "Good morning. Don't you look swell today...actually, swollen."

GABE "(GRUNT PROTEST. PRE COFFEE NON-VERBAL.)Uhhh!!!"

GRACE "So have some. There's a fresh pot on the table."

GRACE "Seriously, you look like hell. Your hair is sticking straight up like a.... Oh. It always does that. Never mind."

GABE "(NOT-A-LAUGH LAUGH)Hah. Hah."

GRACE "(RRCC. MORNING DIALOGUE LINE CHG. CURIOUS)Did you dream about the fire and the hanged guy and that lion thing last night?"

GABE "LEOPARD, not lion. Did YOU get anything on Malia Gedde?"

GRACE "Well.... I DID get her address, but you're a little out of your league here, big

fella."

GRACE "The Geddes own three local hospitals, just to name a few of their assets. They run in VERY high circles."

GABE "Did you get an address?"

GRACE "I GOT the address. I suppose this has nothing to do with the fact that Malia Gedde is incredibly gorgeous. I should have known you wouldn't go for a rich, UGLY socialite."

GABE "And that address is..."

GRACE "Hey, far be it from me to postpone your total humiliation. It's 557 W. Ingrahm. That's the Garden district. Estate city."

GABE "That's all I wanted to know. And yes, my dear, Malia Gedde is the most dangerous-looking diversion I've EVER seen. Ouch."

GRACE "<sigh>Men."

Times Picayune, dated June 19, 1993. A front page article describes the most recent of the Voodoo Murders. Gabriel scans it but learns nothing new.

The article reiterates that the Voodoo aspect of the crimes is faked. Gabriel shivers. It looked real enough to him!

Elsewhere, there's an article about the history of Jackson Square.

Called "La Plaza d'Armas" under French rule, it was used for executions: firing squads, hangings, even impalement and breaking on the wheel. Yikes!

Of course, these days, it's mostly a hang out for tourists, street musicians, and local artists.

Gabriel also scans the Aquarius horoscope for the day....

Chances of a dark star rising on this day. Do not trust your instincts.

GABE "I feel a dark star rising all right! Grrowl!"

Day 3

GRACE "I'm so glad you could join us today. I've got messages when you want them."

GABE "(IRRITATED)Mmmm."

GRACE "I also checked out Cazaunoux. There are multiple listings in the white pages. I got the page, but you'll have to figure out the right one."

GABE "Great. Thanks."

GRACE "(RRCC. FISHING FOR INFO)Now. Are you going to tell me what happened yesterday with Malia Gedde, or is it just too embarrassing?"

GABE "(SENSUALLY)MMMMM."

GRACE "Don't tell me you actually got to see her?"

GABE "(SINGING)Are the stars out tonight...?"

GRACE "Gabriel! You don't SERIOUSLY think she's interested. She can have any man in the city! You know, men with bank accounts!"

GABE "You underestimate the Knight family's 'tragic poet-samurai' appeal."

GABE "When Daddy married Mom she was the hottest catch in town."

GRACE "Hmph. I always suspected there was something fishy in your family tree. But seriously, I think you should be careful."

GABE "(CAT MEOW--SHE'S BEING CATTY)Me-OW, Grace."

GRACE "I'm SERIOUS! I don't know why, but I have a bad feeling in the pit of my stomach about this...."

GABE "It's called jealousy, my dear. And you're right. You SHOULD be jealous of Malia Gedde. As should every woman on this planet."

GRACE "<sigh> I just.... Oh, never mind. I'll just fix these books. Your life is in your own slippery little hands."

GABE "(SEXY VOICE)The point is to get it into somebody else's hands--and soon!"

GRACE "Here's that phone number."

GABE "Thanks."

Times Picayune, dated June 20, 1993. Gabriel scans over an uninteresting front page.

Under the Cultural Events section there's a notice about a lecture on "African Religions."

The lecture is at Tulane University.

Gabriel's horoscope for the day: An evil eye is upon you. Change course before it's too late.

GABE "Lighten up!"

GABE "(THROATY. TURNED ON)You came. I didn't think you would."

MALIA "(SOFT)I didn't think I would either."

GABE "(SEXY, NERVOUS)Your eyes.... Mmmm.... Uh, I could show you around a little. It's not much, but...."

MALIA "(INTERRUPTING. FOCUSED ON GABRIEL)Please, don't. I couldn't focus on much of anything right now."

GABE "(HONEST, AMAZED)Yeah, I know. God, what IS it about you?"

MALIA "(IN HEAT)Just shut up and kiss me."

Day 4

GABE "You're not speaking to me this morning?"

GRACE "(FLAT. PISSED)Don't be silly. I just have nothing to say."

GABE "Have it your way."

Times Picayune, dated June 21, 1993. Gabriel's eye is immediately drawn to an article about the Voodoo Murders. He scans it quickly.

GABE "I don't believe this! They've closed the case!"

GRACE "What case?"

GABE "The Voodoo Murders case! The paper says that the police have learned that the murders were the result of an underworld cartel war, and that the war is over."

GRACE "That's not good?"

GABE "It's ridiculous! What about the killers? And the Voodoo angle, they never got anything on that!"

GRACE "(MRCC)I know you were into it, Gabriel, but if it's over, that's hardly a NEGATIVE. Anyway, if you're that upset, why don't you talk it over with your pal Mosely?"

GABE "You don't get it, Grace. Just...forget it, OKAY?"

Gabriel decides to check his horoscope, despite his disgust.

Gabriel skips the Voodoo Murders article (what a farce) and rereads his horoscope.

Death walks close to you today. Resist temptation lest His eye fall on you, too.

GABE "Peachy!"

Day 5

GRACE "Are you OK, Gabriel?"

GABE "<yawn> Sure. Great. Why?"

GRACE "I'm worried about you."

GABE "If I were any better, Grace, I'd be dead. Now what's up?"

GRACE "You got another package this morning. Fed. Ex. from Germany."

GABE "I was expecting that. Where is it?"

GRACE "Well...it kind of came open, but I salvaged the contents. There was a letter from your great uncle Wolfgang and a journal."
GABE "The package just 'came open,' huh? How'd you like the journal?"
GRACE "SOMEONE has to look after you. You're in trouble, in case you don't know it."
GABE "Yeah, you've been reading my horoscope again, haven't you, Grace?"
GRACE "Just read the journal carefully, Gabriel. PLEASE."
GABE "(ENTHUSIASTIC GETTING PHONE--THINKS IT'S MALIA CALLING)I got it!"
GABE "(OVERLY SEXY VOICE)St. George's Books."
GABE "(DISAPPOINTED)Oh. Professor Hartridge. I'm glad you called. Did you...."
GABE "You did. Wait, slow down.... The Agris? Really? You think that's them?"
GABE "The wheel-within-a-wheel? Ogoun Badagris, huh? Well, that does sound like it."
GABE "Damballah, the snake? That's the wavy pattern at the bottom. Okay."
GABE "The 1791 slave revolt in Santo Domingo? Well, why would the vévé show up there? Uh-huh."
GABE "(READ OKAYS SLOWLY, AS THOUGH TRYING TO INTERRUPT LONG-WINDED TALKER ON OTHER END OF PHONE)Okay. Okay. Okay. Look, I'll come over as soon as I can. Okay. Relax, Professor! I'm excited too, but you're going to give yourself a heart attack!"
GABE "Okay. Thanks. See ya."
GRACE "(VERY WORRIED)I wish you'd tell me what's going on. I swear, you're going to step into a hole you may never get out of."
GABE "Don't look so worried. No one knows what I'm doing. I'm perfectly safe, and I'm getting some GREAT stuff for the book. Besides, there's something about all this. My dreams...."
GRACE "What ABOUT your dreams?"
GABE "Nothing. I'll be careful. I promise."

GABE "Did you find out anything about that pattern I gave you?"
GRACE "Yeah. I did find something."
GRACE "I checked the micro-fiche at the public library. I found an article about a murder in 1810. The newspaper published part of a pattern found around the body. It looks damn close."
GABE "You're incredible. All that work..."
GRACE "(MIFFED BECAUSE HE'S DATING MALIA AND SHE FEELS MARTYRED)Forget it."

Times Picayune, dated June 22, 1993. Disgusted with the state of the Voodoo murder case, Gabriel turns right to his horoscope.

The shadow upon you is no longer reversible.
GABE "Wonderful."

GRACE "What happened to you?"
GABE "Who, me? Nothing. Why?"
GRACE "(MRCC)You're kind of a pale green color. Come here."
GABE "(RRCC. TO GRACE. DRY)Pale green, you say? Charming."
GRACE "What's that on your face?"
GABE "I'm sure you'll tell me."
GRACE "Looks like a sparkly or something. Got it."
GABE "I love it when you pick stuff off my face, Grace."
GRACE "(RRCC. RERECORD. SLIGHTLY MIFFED. EMPASIZE EXCUSE)Hmph. Well, excuse me."

GABE "Looks like the python left me a souvenir. Verrrry interesting."
There's a snake scale in the ashtray.
There's something in the ashtray.

Day 6

GRACE "(SCREAM OF HORROR-SEES VOODOO CURSE LEFT ON RUG AS WARNING)Ahhhh!"

GABE "(STARTLED, READY TO FIGHT)What is it? What's wrong?"

GRACE "(CONFUSED, AFRAID)Gabriel?"

GABE "(GRIM)I see it, Grace. Hold on."

GABE "(RRCC. URGENT. RERECORD--WATCH BRITISH ON FIRST SENTENCE)There's no one in the shop, and I know there's no one in back. It's okay."

GRACE "Okay? Gabriel, that thing is still barely alive! How could someone DO this?"

GABE "(TRYING TO BE FUNNY, BUT SHOOK)With a knife, maybe?"

GRACE "God, don't even start. We should call the police."

GABE "(FIRM)No. I'll take care of it."

GRACE "But, Gabriel...."

GABE "I said I'll take care of it. Why don't you go get some coffee. I'll have it all cleaned up before you get back."

GRACE "<sigh> They know where you live now."

GABE "Shhhh. It's going to be fine. Now go on."

Later...

GABE "(GK-AM2. SINCERELY CONCERNED)Are you sure you don't want to go home? I could close the shop today."

GRACE "(GK-AM2. SHE'S SHOOK. ANXIOUS, THEN NERVOUS)No! I'd rather keep busy! I'll be fine. At least that creepy guy is gone. <shiver> Not that they aren't still watching."

GRACE "(GK-AM2. REVERT BACK TO NORMAL TONE)Anyway, speaking of keeping busy...."

GRACE "We got that book you ordered in this morning--the one on Rada drums."

GABE "Really? Great!"

Times Picayune, dated June 23, 1993.

Gabriel finds an article about St. John's Eve. It discusses the day's Catholic roots and its adoption by Voodoo devotees.

In the early to mid 1800's, St. John's Eve was celebrated with elaborate Voodoo gatherings at Lake Pontchartrain, Bayou St. John, and other sites outside the city.

These days, the day is commemorated commercially in some of the local shops and a few churches still hold a St. John's Eve mass.

Despite his better judgment, Gabriel reads his horoscope.

Today you will either die, or your life will change forever.

GABE "(RRCC. SARCASTIC)Sure. Why not? It IS St. John's Eve."

GABE "(RRCC. TO HIMSELF. THOUGHTFUL, THEN DESPERATE)They'll be out tonight, for sure. But where?"

TATTOO SECTION

GABE "I'm going to a party tonight. Costume, you know."

GRACE "You don't say? I guess you're going with Malia."

GABE "Uh...yeah. That's right."

GRACE "And why should I help you out when I don't even like Malia?"

GABE "Oh, come on! I need it for that costume party!"

GRACE "You haven't told me why I should help you get ready for a date with Malia."

GABE "You know what they say, 'All the world loves lovers.'"

GRACE "(PRETENDING ENTHUSIASM, THEN FLAT REFUSAL)You know what else they say? No."

GABE "I can't tell you, Grace. It's a secret research thing."

GRACE "I see. Well, I'd like to help you, but I'm not allowed to do snake tattoos. It's a secret artist thing."

GABE "Oh, forget it!"

GRACE "Fine!"

GABE "It wards off evil. It's a 'good luck' snake."

GRACE "Yeah, well, about that tattoo job? Good luck finding someone else to do it."

GABE "I'm sure Malia would appreciate it."

GRACE "(SARCASTIC)Really? Do ya think? Maybe she'd even let me into one of her hospitals the next time I split my head open. Imagine that!"

GABE "Grace!"

GRACE "No. No, I just couldn't live with that much richness in my life. I'd rather stay the poor nothing that Malia Gedde never knew. Thanks anyway."

GABE "(FLIRTATIOUS)It would be a good way for us to get...closer."

GRACE "(PRETENDING EXCITEMENT, THEN FLAT REFUSAL)Really? Well...no."

GABE "I know you feel inferior to Malia but, you know, get over it."

GRACE "Your persuasive power is astonishing, but I'd hate to use my 'inferior' painting skills on your manly chest and ruin it for her. No."

GABE "(INSINUATING)Well, if you're jealous about my feelings for her...."

GRACE "(PROTESTING)You KNOW that's not it. I just think, as your friend, that she's trouble."

GABE "(FAKE SYMPATHY)It's perfectly understandable. I know that you have certain feelings for me, quite naturally."

GRACE "ME? I would rather be hung by my hair over a bed of scorpions!"

GABE "(REALLY LAYING IT ON THICK)I know it must be hard having it in your face like this. No chance to avoid hearing about it, seeing it day by day...."

GRACE "FINE! I'll DO it! Just shut up!"

GRACE "(ARCC. LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH TONE)Can we at least go in the back?"

GABE "(FAKING A TURN ON)Sure, but...could you say that one more time...and pout your lips more?"

GRACE "(TOTAL DISGUST)Uggg!!"

GABE "What'd I say?"

Day 7

GRACE "(SCARED)Gabriel!"

GABE "I see it. Stay back."

GRACE "How did you get Mosely's credit card? Never mind. I don't even want to know. Tell it to the judge."

GRACE "(NERVOUS--THINKS A BOMB IS IN THE BOX)No! YOU open it!"

Times Picayune, dated June 24, 1993. There's nothing about the Voodoo Murders case in the paper today.

Gabriel finds a humorous tidbit under the "Life is Stranger than Fiction" column.

Apparently, there were reports of ghosts in the Bayou St. John last night.

Various people called the newspaper with stories about hearing strange noises and seeing weird lights over the swamp.

Some folks claim it's the ghost of Marie Laveau. The paper relates it to similar 'delusions' that crop up every Halloween.

Gabriel knows better.

Gabriel's horoscope today reads....

Wise is the warrior who knows when to fight and when to get the hell out of Dodge.

GABE "God help me, I'm actually starting to listen to this guy!"

GABE "I'm going out for a bit."

GRACE "Be careful."

GABE "Good-bye, Gracie."

GRACE "Good luck. Let me know what's going on, will you?"

GABE "Of course."

GRACE "(WORRIED)Where have you been? I was worried about you!"

GABE "(SLIGHTLY IN PAIN)For good reason, apparently."

GRACE "(CONCERNED)What happened? Do you need a doctor?"

GABE "Nothing you want to know about and no, just some aspirin."

GRACE "Gabriel, this is nuts; you HAVE to get out of New Orleans."

GABE "No kidding."

GRACE "Well, listen. Wolfgang called while you were out. He said, and I quote, 'Tell Gabriel that I found what I was looking for. It's time for me to do my duty. Schloss Ritter is his now.'"

GRACE "Now, call me crazy, but I DON'T think that's good news."

GABE "(PONDERING)Not for Uncle Wolfy, no."

GRACE "What are you going to do?"

GABE "If I figure it out, I'll let you know."

GABE "That envelope was just a note and a key from Mosely."

GRACE "(RELIEVED)That's good."

GABE "Guess what. I'm going to Germany."

GRACE "Really? That's great, but how on earth can you afford...."

GABE "A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do."

GRACE "Oh, my God. I wouldn't like the sound of that even if you WERE a man."

GABE "I'll miss you too, Grace."

GRACE "(SPEAKING ON PHONE TO GERMANY. WORRIED)But why did he go to Africa, Gerde?"
GRACE "<sigh>No, it's okay. I'm just a little...anxious."
GRACE "No, they haven't. I just need to talk to Gabriel."
GRACE "(SCREAM OF TERROR--SHE'S ATTACKED BY TETELO)Ahhhhh!"

Day 10

"Deep in the earth I faced a fight that I could never win.
The blameless and the base destroyed, and all that might have been."--Gabriel Knight

GABE "(RRCC. WARM, THEN CONCERNED.)Grace, I'm home!"
GABE "(RRCC. CONCERNED)Grace?"
GABE "(RRCC. JUST REALIZED GRACE IS MISSING)Oh, no! Grace!"

Times Picayune, dated June 28, 1993. The weather service is baffled by the series of bizarre storms that rocked the South yesterday.

Twenty died and close to a hundred were injured. The storms only accentuate the bad luck that seems to have gripped the South.

The crime rate for the past three days has peaked to unprecedented levels, and there have been fifty reports of food poisoning in New Orleans alone.

In other words, keep your heads down, folks, and pray that August will return us to sanity. Warily, Gabriel reads his horoscope for the day....

Gird thyself with mercy, arm thyself with righteousness. The final hour awaits.

GABE "There's a schoolteacher somewhere who's damned confused."

Today's newspaper is on the counter.

GABE "It's today's. I wonder who brought it in?"

Gabriel is feeling a little tense, and would prefer not to tempt the fates by talking to closed doors. The gargoyles can hardly take the place of Grace.

GABE "(RRCC. WARM)Daddy's painting. I bet Grace bought it back from Bruno herself."

GABE "If I need any legal tender where I'm going, it will more likely be my soul."

Wherever Grace is, she's not wearing her coat.

Grace's chair looks hastily abandoned.

There's no point in moving the chair now.

GABE "It just wouldn't be the same without Grace here."

There's a note on the desk.

The note is from Malia. It says:

MALIA Gabriel--I hope you survive long enough to get this. Tetelo knows you have the talisman. Your life is worth nothing, my love. I fight to save you, but she controls things far more than I!

MALIA She has taken Grace. Return the talisman and leave New Orleans forever. If you don't, I can't help you. PLEASE. I can't bear to see you die.

MALIA Please believe me--I love you. Malia

GABE "(SCARED)Who.... Who's there?"

GABE "(TRYING TO SOUND BRAVE)I have the talisman!"

MOSELY "(GRUMPY)Yeah? Good for you. I've gotta headache."

GABE "You! Don't come near me! You're dead!"

MOSELY "Huh? Oh! Hah! That was you at the tomb? You shoulda said something!"

GABE "You mean you weren't dead, you son-of-a-bitch?"

MOSELY "Do I LOOK dead? No--don't answer that."

MOSELY "I was searching the tomb. When I heard someone coming, I broke the light and got in the drawer. Sorry I brained you, but I thought you were one of them."

GABE "Christ! You about killed me!"

MOSELY "I said I was sorry. Besides, I owed you one for stealing my badge. If it makes you feel any better I lost my wallet that day."

GABE "(DAWNING REALIZATION. HE'S USED MOSELY'S CREDIT CARD)Your wallet. Ohhhh. I guess you're right. We are even."

MOSELY "Like I said. Anyway, we shouldn't stand out here and gab; someone on the street might see us. Let's go in back and talk."

BOURBON

The street where Gabriel lives. This is where most of the days start and end.

BOOK I

Day 1

You have reached the end of the Day 1 playable demo. There are 9 more days of this adventure due out Fall '93. If you have any feedback, let us know....

"I dreamt of blood upon the shore, of eyes that spoke of sin.
The lake was smooth and deep and black, as was her scented skin...."

Day 2

"A mask I wore as I approached, I was what I am not.
And though the pattern was unclear, its meaning could be bought...."

Day 3

MALIA "(DISMISSIVE)Excuse me. I'm going inside."

GRACE "(I.E. OH NO YOU'RE NOT)Oh? I'm afraid St. George's is closed for the day."

MALIA "(STIFFLY)I'm not a customer. I'm here to see the owner."

GRACE "Why don't you just leave your name and number with me, and I'll tell him you stopped by."

MALIA "(BEGINNING TO GET MIFFED)Listen, if Gabriel is here, he'll want to see me. Is he? Here?"

GRACE "(HEDGING)I really couldn't say for certain, but in the morning...."

GABE "(WARNING TONE, THEN PATRONIZING)Gracie.... Say good night."

GRACE "(PISSSED--STOMPS HER FOOT)OOH!"

"Drawn to Bacchus's abode, I sought there to conspire.
But it was in the city of the dead that I found my heart's desire...."

Day 4

MALIA "(ANSWERING PHONE. LOW. SEXY.)Hello?"

GABE "(HESITATION, THEN SOFT)It's me. I can't sleep."

MALIA "< sigh > Me neither."

GABE "(SUGGESTIVE, NEEDING)Can I...?"

MALIA "(URGENT)Yes. Come."

"I spoke to one who smelled of death, he gave to me his ears."

And crosses that were marked were made into a veil of tears...."

Day 5

GABE "(RRCC. UPSET, FRUSTRATED)Damn!"

"The road was blocked, the truth was shunned, the white flag had been waved.
Reversal cost me all I had, and everything I'd braved...."

Day 6

"And then the night became as day, I glimpsed nature's reddest claw!
The face of fear looked back at me as I gazed into the maw...."

BOOK II

Day 7

"My last ally laid to waste, I ran towards the light.
I prayed for one to change my path, to give me strength to fight...."

GABRIEL'S BEDROOM

The place where everyone wants to be for a little while, but absolutely not longer: Gabriel's bedroom hosts the phone, the radio, the tattoo sequence on Day 6, the opening of Day 7, and the conversation with Mosely on Day 10.

It's Gabriel's bathroom.

GABE "I've really got to get around to cleaning up in there."

The bathroom doesn't move.

GABE "I don't need to, thanks."

There's nothing Gabriel needs from that part of the bathroom.

It's Gabriel's bed, unmade as usual.

(MRCC)Gabriel doesn't feel like rearranging the furniture right now.

GABE "It's no use. I can't sleep."

Several dozen books, including a few of Gabriel's novels, occupy the shelves above his desk.

All the shelves do is hold books.

Gabriel doesn't need anything from the bookshelf.

An office chair waits for Gabriel to sit down and write something.

Jeans and T-shirts.

The closet remains open.

GABE "All my clothes look the same, so why change them?"

GABE "I think I'll travel light."

Gabriel's reference books occupy a space near his typewriter.

GABE "I like them where they are."

Gabriel doesn't feel like reading right now.

GABE "I don't need them right now."

Gabriel's desk has been gathering dust since his last novel.

GABE "There's nothing interesting in there."

The curtained door leads to the book shop proper.

GABE "Move it where?"

The dresser holds a meager supply of underwear and thirty-eight pairs of mismatched socks.

Gabriel doesn't look in those drawers unless he has to.

There's a flashlight on the dresser. This building's wiring leaves a lot to be desired.

It would be easier to pick it up first.

GABE "I might need a flashlight."

Mardi Gras mementos left by some female or other.

The beads wouldn't be much help.

GABE "I don't think putting on a Mardi Gras mask right now would help."

(MRCC)A little cold bubbly and brie cheese is about all Gabriel's fridge ever has in it. Bills from last Christmas gather dust on the door.

GRACE "Gabriel! Shut that refrigerator, please! I can smell it from here!"

GABE "Women!"

Gabriel can't even think about food--much less what might be in that refrigerator--while Grace is missing.

The refrigerator is already functioning.

Grace says the refrigerator is alive, but it hasn't spoken yet.

Gabriel likes a subdued lighting effect in his studio.

GABE "I'll just leave it on."

A poster on the wall advertises Mardi Gras, the biggest party of the year in New Orleans.

The medicine cabinet contains a few old prescriptions, personal hygiene stuff, and lots of hair products.

The medicine cabinet contains a few old prescriptions, personal hygiene stuff, and lots of hair products, including some hair gel.

The medicine cabinet doesn't operate.

There's nothing else Gabriel needs from the medicine cabinet.

GABE "I'll take this hair gel. You never know when you'll need a touch up."

GABE "Another month of missing my mortgage, I'll be pushing those pencils on the street."

Gabriel's not in the mood to write.

If Gabriel picked up a pencil, he might actually have to write something.

It's customary to pick it up first.

The desk phone is cheap but functional.

There's no more time for phone calls, and 911 can't help Gabriel now.

There's nothing there to operate.

Gabriel's mini-stereo isn't exactly high-fidelity. Then again, neither is he.

Gabriel's robe hangs on the wall. It's a bit hot for it in June, though.

GABE "No, thanks. I don't have time to relax."

Gabriel can't think of any way to use that here.

Gabriel might need that. He doesn't want to leave it here.

Gabriel's bedroom is also his office, studio, and library.

Gabriel's not in the mood for tidying up.

Gabriel might as well leave that here.

There's no one here to talk to.

Mosely is the only person here to talk to.

The carpet was Gran's. She gave it to Gabriel to cheer the place up.

Lying there is all the rug does.

GABE "It's busy."

Gabriel never has figured out how to operate the memory function on this phone.

RADIO "Do you have men problems? Someone put a hex on you? Call Sister Cross. Through the power of love and the Lord Jesus Christ she can fix what's ailin' you."

RADIO "Hi! This is Ray-Bob Guillaume saying come on down to Guillaume Auto for the best deals in new and used transportation. You'll be glad you did."

RADIO "The Creole Grande Dames will hold their annual Gardenia Festival and tea this coming Tuesday at the Sons of Burgundy Hall. Admission is free."

RADIO "It's frightening! It's terrifying! Don't miss 'Run For Your Life,' now playing at the St. Antoine Theater!"

RADIO "At Giant Discount Book Store, we discount every title fifty percent. When you see our selection and prices, you'll never want to shop with those little guys again."

RADIO "You're listening to KLEB in New Orleans, where we play the best music twenty-four hours a day."

RECORDING "The number you have dialed has been disconnected."

RECORDING "Please hang up and try your call again. This is a recording."

GUY "Yeah? Whaddya want?"

GABE "Uh...sorry. I think I have a wrong number."

GUY "Good!"

WOMAN "(SEXY VOICE)Hello? Robert?"

GABE "Uh, no. It's not Robert."

WOMAN "Then get off the phone!"

PIZZA "Flanny's Pizza. May I take your order?"

GABE "Uh, wrong number, I guess."

PIZZA "Sheez!"

CHAPEL "Hello. St. Genevieve's Wedding Chapel. How may I help you?"

GABE "Boy, do I have the wrong number. Sorry."

CHAPEL "That's perfectly all right. Good-bye."

GUY "Allo? Qui est la?"

GABE "Gabriel."

GUY "Gabriel? Je sais pas. Qui es ti?"

GABE "Wrong number...uh, tromp,. En erreur. Whatever."

GUY "Quel idiot!"

GABE "(RRCC. FIRM. TO PLAYER.)No. I can't afford to call Germany again until I've figured more of this out."

GABE "(GK-AM2. ADAMANT)I'm not calling some stranger in Germany! I still don't know who this guy really is."

A small trunk serves as a table for the radio.

Gabriel already knows what's in the trunk, and he doesn't want it.

Gabriel doesn't want to take the trunk with him.

The typewriter is beginning to accumulate cobwebs.

GABE "Should I feel guilty?"

GABE "Naaah."

GABE "Writer's block."

The typewriter is too heavy to lug around.

The wastebasket overflows with crumpled pages of mediocre glory.

GABE "(SPEAKING OF CLEANING HIS REFRIDGERATOR)I'm not going to empty the damned thing now."

GABE "If I threw that stuff away, it wasn't worth reading."

Day 3

Cazaunoux puzzle

CAZAUNOUX 1"Hello?"

GABE "Hi. Is this the Cazaunoux residence?"

CAZAUNOUX 1"Yes. What can I do for you?"

GABE "Do you or does anyone in your family patronize the Dixieland Drug store?"

CAZAUNOUX 1"I'm a busy man. What are you selling?"

GABE "Nothing."

CAZAUNOUX 1"Good. Good-bye."

CAZAUNOUX 1"Hello?"

GABE "Hi. Sorry to bother you again, but I was wondering if you know anything about Voodoo?"

CAZAUNOUX 1"I don't believe this. Buzz off, Guy!"

CAZAUNOUX 2"Hi, Cazaunoux residence."

GABE "Hi! I was wondering if you could help me...."

CAZAUNOUX 2"Yeah?"

GABE "A woman in the Dixieland Drug Store dropped her purse today, and the name Cazaunoux was inside it."

CAZAUNOUX 2"Dixieland Drug Store? Never heard of it. Sorry."

CAZAUNOUX 2"Hello? Cazaunoux residence."

GABE "Hi. I called before about the Dixieland Drug Store?"

CAZAUNOUX 2"I told you it wasn't me. Stop bothering me!"

CAZAUNOUX 3"Cazaunoux residence, may I help you?"

GABE "Hi! You've won a customer raffle at the Dixieland Drug Store!"
CAZAUNOUX 3 "No soliciting, please!"

CAZAUNOUX 3 "Cazaunoux residence, may I help you?"

GABE "I'm calling from the Dixieland Drug Store. You've won a prize."

CAZAUNOUX 3 "Mmmm-hmmm, and I suppose you're Ed McMahon. Stop calling me!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(RRCC. ON PHONE. GABE IS TRYING TO GET HER ADDRESS)Hello?"

GABE "Hello. I'm calling from the Dixieland Drug Store. We have an order for you."

CASTRO "Yap-yap! Yap!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(RRCC. TO HER DOG, THEN PAUSE--SUSPICIOUS, THEN DEMANDING)Castro, be quiet! Who is this?"

GABE "I'm a friend of the owner."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(RRCC. DISMISSIVE--READY TO HANG UP)I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(RRCC. DEFENSIVE)Yes?"

GABE "Hi. I called earlier about your drug store order?"

CASTRO "Yap! Yap! Yap-yap-yap!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(RRCC. TO DOG, THEN GABRIEL. ADAMENT)Hush, Castro! I told you, I don't know what you're talking about!"

MELISSA "Cajun Critters Animal Clinic. This is Melissa."

GABE "Do you know anything about snakes?"

MELISSA "Our doctors see just about any type of animals, but we don't get many snakes."

GABE "Okay. Thanks."

GABE "Do you have a Madame Cazaunoux as a client?"

MELISSA "Madame Cazaunoux? Sure, I know her. She's not here right now, though."

GABE "Really? Hmmm. She told me she'd be there. Would you happen to have her address, by any chance?"

MELISSA "Ah, yes, but I'm not sure I should give it out. Who are you again?"

GABE "Know anything about animal sacrifice?"

MELISSA "What are you, some kind of sicko?"

GABE "Sorry. Wrong number."

MELISSA "Whatever."

GABE "About Madame Cazaunoux?"

MELISSA "Yes?"

GABE "I really need to get her address."

MELISSA "I just don't know. Why did you need it again?"

GABE "She's my aunt, and I've sort of lost touch."

MELISSA "I'm sorry, but I don't feel right about giving her address out. Good-bye."

GABE "I'm worried about Castro. He's missed three dance lessons."

MELISSA "Castro, her little doggie? Oh, he's so sweet."

MELISSA "Well, I guess if you know Castro, it's okay. Her address is 345 Dauphine."

GABE "Thanks."

GABE "She's won a major prize."

MELISSA "I really don't think I can. Sorry."

Calling Wolfgang

GABE "I'm looking for Wolfgang Ritter."

GERDE "Ja! Einen Moment."

WOLFGANG "Ja, is this Gabriel on the phone?"

GABE "This is Gabriel Knight. Why are you calling me, Mr. Ritter?"

WOLFGANG "I have been having premonitions of great danger for you, Gabriel. You must leave New Orleans this very day!"

GABE "What the hell are you talking about?"

WOLFGANG "It is hard to explain on the phone. I have had...senses, feelings about you. It took me a long time to have you tracked down."

WOLFGANG "I had a sense that Heinz had a grandson, but until these dreams started, I did not know if I should contact you."

GABE "You say you're related to my grandfather?"

WOLFGANG "Yes! Heinz was my brother! There is much about the family that you should know, Gabriel!"

WOLFGANG "Come to Schloss Ritter in Rittersberg, West Germany. It is our family home. I will tell you everything when you come. You must come immediately. You are in great danger there!"

GABE "Look, I appreciate the family spirit and all, but frankly, I don't know you from Adam, and I'm not going to fly off to Germany, even if I COULD afford it!"

WOLFGANG "Gabriel, please! If you won't listen, at least let me send you something. It is a journal from one of your ancestors. Promise me you will read it."

GABE "Well, I'm pretty busy."

WOLFGANG "(ARCC. BEGGING, SINCERE)PLEASE, Gabriel. You are the last of our line. I am too old to carry on--you are our last hope. PLEASE--for your family--read the journal."

GABE "All right. I'll look at it."

WOLFGANG "Good. Now be careful, and come to me as soon as you can. Good-bye."

Day 6

Tattoo scene

GRACE "(GETTING READY TO DO TATTOO ON HIS CHEST. BUSINESS-LIKE.)All right.

Let's go. The shirt please."

GABE "(FAKING FLIRTATIOUSNESS)You don't know how long I've been waiting for this moment."

GRACE "NOW."

GRACE "Hold still!"

GABE "Maybe you'd like to tie me up."

GRACE "One more remark, and I'm leaving."

GABE "Okay, okay."

GRACE "Done. It's just stunning."

GABE "Sorry I couldn't make it last longer."

GRACE "Well, it was about what I expected from you."

Day 7

Opening

GRACE "Gabriel! Gabriel, wake up!"

GABE "Ow! My head!"

GRACE "It's about time! I've been trying to wake you up for hours! There's no time to lose!"

GABE "I had another dream."

GRACE "It wasn't a dream, believe me. Now come on, get dressed."

GABE "Wait a minute! I'm starting to remember. Something about Malia...."

GRACE "She's the head priestess of the Voodoo cartel. They're responsible for the murders--they've been doing it for years."

GABE "Malia?"

GABE "Last night...she was the leopard! Like in my dreams, Grace!"

GRACE "I know. Those dreams were a warning. Now come on, get dressed."

GABE "But last night, Malia changed. She became...someone, something else. And then I blacked out, I think.... How did I get home?"

GRACE "I followed you last night. I had my doubts about the Geddes. Did you know that they arrived in New Orleans in 1800? Just in time for the Voodoo influx."

GRACE "I knew you were going to try to sneak into a ceremony last night, so I followed you."

GRACE "Lucky for you that I did. If you'd been left at that circle last night, I don't know WHAT she would have done to you."

GABE "You're wrong. Malia wouldn't hurt me."

GRACE "What about Tetelo?"

GABE "Tetelo! They were chanting that last night. That's the name from Gunter's journal--the woman who took the talisman!"

GRACE "Yes. Gabriel, it's your destiny you're facing. You can't just blunder your way through this, or you'll end up dead."

GRACE "Tetelo will be after you now. You have to call your great uncle in Germany."

GABE "Uncle Wolfgang?"

GRACE "Yes. He knows more about this than we do."

GABE "Okay, I'll call him. But Malia isn't responsible for those things, Grace. It's that spirit...that...Loa. It's Tetelo."

GRACE "Yeah, possession is convenient that way. Call Wolfgang, Gabriel. I'll be in the shop."

Calling Wolfgang

GERDE "Guten Tag. Sie haben Schloss Ritter erreicht."

GABE "This is Gabriel Knight. Can I speak to Wolfgang, please?"

GERDE "Ja, Herr Knight. Einen Moment, bitte."

WOLFGANG "Gabriel! It is so good to hear your voice! I had such a dream last night!"

GABE "There's a good reason for that, Uncle Wolfgang. We need to talk!"

Gabriel fills in Wolfgang on the events of the previous evening.

WOLFGANG "Ach! It is even worse than I thought!"

GABE "You bet it is! We have to talk about what I'm supposed to do!"

GABE "I need to speak with Wolfgang, please."

GERDE "Ja, Herr Knight."

WOLFGANG "Gabriel? What is it?"

GABE "Let me speak to Uncle Wolfgang, please."

GERDE "Ah! Herr Knight! He cannot come to speak here!"

GABE "What do you mean?"

GERDE "(VERY UPSET)I cannot get him. Sorry. Good-bye."

GABE "But...."

C the World travel agency

C THE WORLD "(RRCC. FRIENDLY)Hello. C the World Travel Agency. How may I help you?"

GABE "What are your specials?"

AGENT "Two weeks in India for 2000 rupies."

GABE "Well, that's certainly special...."

AGENT "Uh-huh. Is there something else I can help you with?"

GABE "How much for a trip to the Carribean?"

AGENT "Well, our least expensive trip is 4 days, 3 nights in St. Croix for \$1250.00. Of course, we have much nicer packages available."

GABE "I'm sure your packages are astonishing, but that's out of my league."

AGENT "Is there something else I can help you with?"

GABE "I've always wanted to visit Anderson, Indiana."

AGENT "I'm so sorry, but you can't get there from here."

GABE "Can you just get me out of here, please?"

AGENT "I'd be happy to send you anywhere, Sir, but I need a destination!"

GABE "How much for a trip to Rittersberg, Germany?"

AGENT "Rittersberg, Germany? Hold on, let me look that up...."

AGENT "I can fly you into Munich--that's the closest airport to Rittersberg. You can rent a car from there or take the train."

AGENT "Let's see, the best price I can see for the flight is \$1400.00."

AGENT "What would you like to do?"

GABE "Sorry, wrong number."

AGENT "Thank you, good-bye."

GABE "What about that trip to Rittersberg, Germany?"

AGENT "Oh, yes. There's a flight from New Orleans to Munich for \$1400.00."

AGENT "Did you want me to book that, Sir?"

GABE "I can't afford it. Sorry."

AGENT "I see. Good-bye."

GABE "Charge it to my Americans Repressed."

AGENT "(RRCC. POLITE)Yes, Sir. And your name was....?"

GABE "Mosely."

Feeling a little guilty, Gabriel gives the travel agent Mosely's card number and is informed that he can pick up his tickets at the New Orleans International Airport.

Gabriel's already arranged all the travel he needs.

Day 10

Talking to Mosely

MOSELY "Okay. Now let's talk."

There's no point in showing that to Mosely now.

GABE "All right, let's talk."

Mosely looks nervous and tired.

GABE "I found your credit card."

MOSELY "Thanks! Uh...you didn't put anything on this, didya?"

GABE "Who, me?"

MOSELY "Yeah. Sorry."

GABE "By the way, I found your wallet."

MOSELY "Really? Great! What a pal!"

Mosely's probably not up for that.

GABE "So, what's up?"

MOSELY "This is no time for chit-chat--get serious!"

Gabriel should speak to Mosely first.

There's no time for that! Grace is missing!

GABE "Here's the tracker."

MOSELY "Great. Don't forget to leave the signal device near the entrance to the hounfour...and be careful."

GABE "You too."

GABE "How about going out to the shop for a minute?"

MOSELY "Not until we've got a plan."

Not while Mosely's here.

MOSELY "I'm not sure we've quite got it right, Knight."

FRENCH QUARTER MAP

St. Louis Cathedral is unavailable from the day 1 playable demo.

The Napoleon House is unavailable from the day 1 playable demo.

The Historical Voodoo Museum is unavailable from the day 1 playable demo.

The Dixieland Drug Store is unavailable from the day 1 playable demo.

St. George's Book Shop

St. Louis Cathedral

Cazaunoux Residence

St. Louis Cemetery #1

Greater New Orleans Area Map

Jackson Square Overlook

Jackson Square

Moonbeam Residence

Napoleon House

Police Station

Historical Voodoo Museum

Dixieland Drug Store

A sign on the front door of Magentia's home reads "Attending a Channeling seminar until August

1st."

(GK-AM2)Posted on the door of the museum is a sign saying "Closed today only." This time, the door is actually locked!

(GK-AM2)Posted on the door of the museum is a sign saying "Closed for St. John's Eve."

Posted on the door of the museum is a sign saying "Closed until further notice."

The Dixieland Drug Store is locked and barred tight.

It's getting late. Gabriel decides to go home for the day.

Please select a destination icon.

Barracks Street

Basin Street

Bienville Street

Bourbon Street

Burgundy Street

Canal Street

Chartres Street

Conti Street

Dauphine Street

Decatur Street

Dumaine Street

Esplanade Avenue

Governor Nicholls Street

Iberville Street

Orleans Street

N. Rampart Street

Royal Street

St. Ann Street

St. Louis Street

St. Peter Street

St. Philip Street

Toulouse Street

Ursulines Street

NEW ORLEANS MAP

Grandmother Knight's house is unavailable from the day 1 demo.

New Orleans International Airport

Audubon Park

Bayou St. John

Central Business District

City Park

French Quarter

Garden District

Gedde Estate

Grandmother Knight's House

Lake Pontchartrain

Crime Scene

Mississippi River

Tulane University

It's time to stay in New Orleans and face the music.

Gabriel picks up his tickets at the airport and boards a plane for Munich.

It's getting late. Gabriel decides to return home for the day.

No one answers Gran's front door, but a note sticking from the mail slot bears Gabriel's name.
The note is from Gran and says that she's taken a short trip out of town on Grace's advice. Good old Grace!
Please select a destination icon.

GRANDMA KNIGHT'S HOUSE

Grandma Knight needs to be shown the Schattenjäger letter and the Ritter family photo. Otherwise it's a heartwarming visit to the old dear.

Granny's side-chair still has that annoying loose spring in the seat.

GRAN "That's it. Take a load off, Hon."

Gabriel's already using the chair.

That clock has been in the Wright family--Granny's family--for centuries.

Granny doesn't like anyone messing with her clock--including Gabriel.

GABE "Well, Gran, I'd better get going."

GRAN "All right, Dear."

GRAN "Be good and keep safe, Gabe Honey."

GABE "I will, Gran. See ya."

GRAN "Thanks for stopping by."

GABE "No problem. Love ya, Gran."

GRAN "Take it easy on those women out there, will you, Gabe?"

GABE "Women? You're my only girl, Gran."

GRAN "Don't take any wooden nickels, Boy."

GABE "I'm trying, Gran."

GRAN "Remember that I love you, Gabriel."

GABE "Love you too, Gran."

The doors aren't going anywhere.

As Gran would say, it's a fireplace, not a garbage can.

Grandmother Knight rarely uses the fireplace these days. Too much of a hassle to clean.

Gabriel doesn't need to mess with the fireplace.

Granny likes soft lighting.

Granny likes the lamps lit.

Fresh carnations--Granny's favorite.

On the wall are portraits of Gran and Gramps when they were young.

Gabriel's inherited some good-looking genes.

GRAN "Sorry, no, Gabriel."

GABE "Can we talk, Gran?"

GRAN "Of course, my boy! How can I help?"

GABE "Do you need any money, Gran?"

GRAN "No thank you, Dear, I'm fine."

GRAN "I believe that was your father's, Gabriel. You keep it."

GABE "That's my Gran. Adorable as always."

GRAN "You're such a tease!"

GABE "Hey! That's my Gran! Show some respect!"

Gabriel doesn't want to upset his grandmother with that photograph!

GRAN "1810? Goodness, Gabriel, I'm not THAT old!"

GRAN "Er...no, Dear. I'm afraid I don't speak a word of German."

GRAN "That one in the middle is your grandfather. Those other two I don't know."

GRAN "Is that from your uncle in Germany? I hope you like him, Gabriel. Perhaps one day I'll get to meet him."

GABE "How have you been, Gran?"

GRAN "Just fine, dear. I'm sorry I bothered you at work, but I was hoping you'd get a chance to go through your father's things in the attic."

GABE "Don't be silly! You can call me anytime."

GABE "What's new, Gran?"

GRAN "I've been working on baby sweaters for the church bazaar. It keeps me busy."

GABE "Done anything interesting lately?"

GRAN "I raised you!"

GABE "LATELY, Gran."

GRAN "Oh, you know me, Gabriel; I always got my nose poked in something!"

GABE "It must run in the family."

GABE "You're looking well, Gran."

GRAN "Thanks, Dear."

GABE "Is there anything you need?"

GRAN "Me! No, no! I'm just fine, Gabriel. I have more than enough of everything."

GABE "Nice weather."

GRAN "Oh, Gabriel, please! It's been just awful. Muggiest summer of my life!"

GABE "Are you okay, Gran?"

GRAN "I'm right as rain, Boy."

Granny's knitting basket might make an excellent hiding place, but only if she weren't poking her nose into it every five minutes.

Gran's knitting. She whips through that stuff like there was no tomorrow.

Gabriel doesn't want to disturb Gran's knitting basket.

Gabriel doesn't knit.

Okay, okay, so Gran did teach him once. But he hasn't done it in years.

Steal Granny's knitting? How low can you get?

Gabriel doesn't want to leave anything in the magazine bin.

The magazines in the bin include issues of Southern Living, Ladies Home Journal, and McCall's.

The magazine bin contains nothing that interests Gabriel.

Mostly pictures of Gabriel, his dad, and Harrison Knight.

Gabriel is sentimental enough without dragging those photos into it.

GABE "Does this mean anything to you, Gran?"

GRAN "Make yourself at home, Son."

Gran has a way with plants--and kids.

That ficus tree would be REAL helpful. Right.

Gabriel grew up in this room. Just being here makes him feel safe. And, after about five minutes, claustrophobic.

Grandmother Knight has always been most particular about the arrangement of the house.

Gabriel doesn't want to take any of Granny's things.

Granny might get worried if Gabriel started rambling to thin air.

The sofa has a worn blue chintz pattern that Gabriel remembers fondly.

There's nothing inside the sofa but stuffing.

Gabriel doesn't want to crowd Granny. He prefers the chair.

GRAN "Gabriel! I'm so glad you stopped by!"

GABE "Sorry it's been a while, Grandma."

GRAN "Not at all! Give us a kiss."

GRAN "Now come and sit down! Tell me how you're doing!"

GRAN "Gabriel, my love. How nice to see you!"

GABE "Nice to see you too, Gran."

GRAN "Gabriel, come in!"

GABE "Hi, Gran."

GRAN "It's my favorite Grandson! How nice!"

GABE "Your only Grandson, but nice try, Gran."

GRAN "My precious boy! How wonderful of you to stop by!"

GABE "Can't stay away from you, Gran."

The stairs lead up to the attic.

Gabriel can't move the stairs.

To use the stairs, Gabriel only has to walk on them.

GABE "I'm going to go up to the attic, Gran."

GRAN "Be careful of the dust!"

GABE "I'm going up to the attic again."

GRAN "Enjoy yourself, Dear."

The wood in the bin is southern pine--and is probably fossilized by now.

Gabriel doesn't need any wood.

GRANDMA'S ATTIC

The brass bed frame is from God-knows-where.

That box of knick-knacks has been up here for at least five years.

GABE "There's nothing I want in there."

The sheet-covered upholstered rocker used to be in Gabriel's nursery.

GABE "The chair is fine where it is."

The chair is too dusty to sit in.

GABE "Sure brings back memories, though."

A secret drawer has opened in the base of the clock.

The secret drawer is closed.
There's an interesting design in the base of the clock.
Gabriel can't open the secret drawer that way.

Using that on the clock won't help.
Why move that part of the clock?
Gabriel can't operate the clock that way.
Gabriel doesn't want to take the clock.

The face of the clock is hand-painted.
The face of the clock doesn't move.

A key winds the clock's mechanism.
The key doesn't open.

GABE "Granddaddy, you old fox!"

Nothing happens.
The key should stay with the clock.

It's the minute hand.
The hands of the clock don't open.
The hands don't appear to have any mechanical function other than to move.

Why do that to the photo?
(MRCC)The photo, probably at least fifty years old, shows two young men standing with an older man outside a castle.
GABE "I wonder who they are?"

A ring of six symbols surrounds the face of the clock; a sword, a sun, an angel, a noose, an eclipse, and a dragon.
The ring of symbols doesn't appear to have any mechanical function--but it does move.

There's no reason to do that to the letter.
It's an old letter on fancy paper.
Gabriel should pick it up first.

It's the hour hand.
Grandad's clock still isn't running, but Gabriel's learned a thing or two from it anyway.
An elaborate mechanical clock--probably of German origin--is among the discarded treasures of the attic.
It doesn't seem to be running at the moment.
The clock won't open that way.

The old velvet curtains hung in the parlor before Gran lightened the place up.

It's a lady's hat from the 1920's.
GABE "From Gran's Virginia Woolf period."
GABE "(PLAYER TRIED TO PICK UP UGLY HAT)Uh, no. No, thanks."

That tennis racket probably hasn't served a ball since the 40's.
GABE "I'm not the tennis court type."

Gabriel has seen these ornaments every year at Christmas for as long as he can remember.

These old picture frames have been up here for years.

GABE "It's Granddaddy's old golf bag!"

GABE "Golf was never my game."

GABE "I'm not sure what my game WAS, but it wasn't golf."

It's an old metal tub full of dust and cobwebs.

There's no reason to use that on the attic junk.

Grandma's attic is a storehouse of forgotten treasures and useless junk.

Gabriel's not quite up to rearranging the attic.

GABE "I think I'll leave that up here."

GABE "Anybody here?"

GABE "Guess not."

Gabriel isn't interested in messing with the dress dummy.

It's an old dress dummy that Gran had in her sewing room years ago.

GABE "My first impression of the female form."

GABE "Do I really look that desperate?"

GABE "Haven't we met before?"

GABE "Guess not."

Why use that on the sketchbook?

There's a sketchbook on the chair that Gabriel vaguely remembers as his father's.

It might be better to pick it up first.

GABE "I think I'll take Daddy's sketchbook with me."

It's one of Grandma's old parlor tables.

Why use that on the stairs?

The stairs lead down to the parlor.

The stairs won't do that.

There's nothing to take on the stairs.

It's an old, dusty bicycle tire.

Using that on the trunk won't help.

There's no reason to put that in the trunk.

The trunk contains...

Some old clothes--including a pair of leather shorts...

GABE "Aren't those called 'lederhosen'?"

...serious hiking boots, more of Harrison Knight's German books...

GABE "JUST what I need."

...and a bundle of letters--love letters between Harrison and Rebecca.

The trunk contains lederhosen, hiking boots, German books, and a bundle of Grandad and Gran's love letters.

The old trunk looks like it's gone to hell and back.

GABE "It looks pretty heavy."

The lid is blocked by the clock.

The trunk doesn't operate.

GABE "I don't think there's anything in that trunk that would interest anybody but my Gran."

GABE "That must of been from the year Grandad caught Santa on the roof."

A skylight lets welcome sunlight into the attic.

The skylight doesn't open.

Letting light in is all it does.

POLICE STATION

Where Officer Frick is on guard, where Gabriel picks up his photos, where he sneakily copies or steals the Voodoo Murders file, and where he sneaks into Mosely's office while the cop is getting some beignets.

Yeah, Gabriel's gotten permission from Officer Frick to go back there, but he can't do it in the day 1 demo!

Gabriel can't do that from the front lobby.

Why do that to the bench?

The bench in the lobby has been well-polished by a million backsides.

The bench is nailed to the floor.

Gabriel's not in the mood to sit down.

Gabriel scans the bulletin board and sees a lot of bad photographs and worse writing.

Gabriel can't read the bulletin board from where he's standing.

Gabriel can't do anything with the vendor from here.

A beignet vendor has stopped outside the police station. He must do great business here!

The camera isn't Gabriel's to mess with.

That camera looks professional.

Gabriel doesn't need to do that with the coat rack.

Nice coat rack.

There's no reason to photocopy that.

There's a photocopy machine in the office area.

It looks a bit heavy.

Gabriel skipped the copier repairman classes at vocational school.

There's nothing in the copier to copy at the moment.

It's too late to copy the file now--Gabriel left the station with it! It would be better not to let anyone here see it at this point.

Gabriel already copied the file.

GABE "(TRYING TO PRETEND HE'S NOT DOING SOMETHING WRONG)<whistle>Just wanna check this machine, here."

FRANKS "I told you, you can't photocopy official police files."

GABE "Right. Sorry. I forgot."

The copier is not voice-activated.

FRICK "Nope."

GABE "(GK-AM1. POLITE)Excuse me, Officer Frick...."

FRICK "(RRCC. MISSED LINE. THREATENING. FED UP)Whatever it is, no! Now get outta here, before I have you arrested for disturbing the peace!"

Officer Frick seems to be in no mood for further interaction with Gabriel.

GABE "Got a second, Officer?"

FRICK "What can I do ya for?"

GABE "Can I bother you again, Officer?"

FRICK "What is it this time?"

Gabriel should go to the counter to talk to the desk sergeant.

(RRCC. WARNING) Showing the badge to the desk sergeant would probably get Gabriel thrown in jail!

FRICK "Hey, now! I don't take bribes! Got that?"

GABE "Sorry!"

FRICK "It's a Police Academy graduation photo. What of it?"

GABE "Just checking."

(*crime scene photo*) FRICK "Hey, where'd you get that!"

GABE "Er...nowhere."

FRICK "Well you shouldn't have that. Put it away before I decide to keep it."

GABE "Yes, Sir."

(RRCC. WARNING) Officer Frick would probably find Gabriel's possession of that credit card highly suspicious!

That might not be wise if Gabriel wants to keep that key.

FRICK "It means you'd better be Gabriel Knight or my ass is grass."

GABE "Oh, I am. Just thought I'd ask."

Gabriel would be wiser not to flaunt that police file.

Gabriel would be wiser not to flaunt that photocopy around here.

That's police equipment! The desk sergeant would just confiscate it.

The desk sergeant looks like a poster boy for heart disease--30 extra pounds between his armpits and his belt, and a complexion the consistency of gray oatmeal.

In other words, a typical product of good Southern cooking.

Officer Frick drools only slightly as he nods off.

Got a fork lift?

Mosely might not be too popular around here right now.

The desk sergeant wouldn't appreciate that.

GABE "(RRCC. INSISTENT) I think we should talk about what's going on around here, Officer Frick."

FRICK "(RRCC. THREATENING) I don't wanna hear it, Mr. Knight. Now do yourself a favor, and keep your nose outta here."

GABE "Hey. Nice precinct."

FRICK "(ARCC. SARCASTIC) Think so? That's peachy. That means more to me than you could know."

GABE "Kind of quiet in here today."

FRICK "Summer's like that. Too muggy to mug. Too hot to heft."

GABE "How clever."

FRICK "It's a gift."

GABE "So what's new around the old police station?"

FRICK "Well, we're now allowed to shoot chatty pedestrians on sight."

GABE "That sounds convenient."

FRICK "I like it."

GABE "So. Anything interesting happening around here?"

FRICK "Look, I've got a job to do. Chat with someone else, huh?"

Don't ruin the man's nap!

Gabriel can't do anything with the drummer from here.
Gabriel can't hear the street drummer very clearly in this location.
One of the Gedde drummers watches the police station.
Street musicians abound in the French Quarter. This one's a drummer.

There's no reason to do that with the file cabinet.
It's a file cabinet.
Gabriel wouldn't be allowed to access that file cabinet.

Gabriel wouldn't want to mess with someone else's desk.
An officer's desk is just behind the front counter.

Why put that in the in box?
There's a file folder in it.
It's an in box.
GABE "Let me see that file again."
FRANKS "That file stays in this room."
There's nothing of interest in the in box at the moment.
Gabriel already has everything he needs from that file.
GABE "I'm done."
FRANKS "Yeah. Thanks."

Why do that to the counter?
A counter separates the front lobby from an office area.
The counter is immobile.

Gabriel can't do anything with the mirror from where he's standing.
GABE "(RRCC. VAIN--TO SELF. LOOKING IN MIRROR)Lookin' good, kid."
The mirror is built into the wall.
It doesn't open.
The mirror reflects. That's all it does.
GABE "Mirror, mirror, on the wall. Who's...oh, never mind. I already know."

GABE "Does this mean anything to you?"
GABE "Could you get me some coffee?"
FRANKS "(DISBELIEVING)Are YOU speaking to ME?"
GABE "Why, yes."
FRANKS "Wow, deja 'Leave it to Beaver.'"
FRANKS "I'm the police photographer, Sir. You might be able to find someone around here dumb enough to get coffee for you, but it won't be me."
GABE "Oh. Thanks, anyway."
FRANKS "(SARCASTIC)I can give you precise instructions for the handling of hot liquids if you need them."
GABE "No, thanks."
GABE "Oh, never mind."
FRANKS "Fine. I'll get back to work."
GABE "Are you sure I can't make a copy of this file?"
FRANKS "I'm REAL sure."
GABE "So, what's it like being a policewoman?"
FRANKS "(DRY)The glamour never ceases."
GABE "Can you get a file for me?"

FRANKS "What file would that be?"

GABE "The Voodoo Murders file. Detective Mosely said I could see it."

FRANKS "Really? Well, if he said so."

FRANKS "There it is. You can look at it all you want, but don't leave this area with it, okay? And no photocopies either, I'm afraid."

GABE "Of course. I understand completely."

GABE "You know, that uniform looks great on you."

FRANKS "Uh-huh. Is that a compliment or are you asking to borrow my dress?"

GABE "It's a compliment!"

FRANKS "Well, you just never know around here. Thanks, but I'm married."

Why do that to the door?

Gabriel can't do anything with that door from the lobby.

Mosely's office door is unassuming--unlike Mosely himself.

FRANKS "Don't leave the room with that file, please."

Officer Franks would not be amused to see Gabriel carrying that file.

MOSELY "Would you just get in here!"

The door is locked.

GABE "Can you tell me anything about this?"

FRANKS "Nope."

Gabriel can't do anything with the officer from the front lobby.

GABE "Can I ask you a few questions, Ma'am?"

FRANKS "I'm sorry, Sir, but I really have to finish these reports."

GABE "Just a few questions?"

FRANKS "Officer Frick or Detective Mosely could probably be more help, Sir."

GABE "Could I ask you a few more questions?"

FRANKS "I think not. SIR."

GABE "She's not bad."

Officer Franks looks miffed.

She probably wouldn't cooperate.

GABE "I wouldn't mind trying."

GABE "I'm done now. Thanks."

FRANKS "You're welcome."

It's too late to return the file.

GABE "Excuse me, Officer?"

FRANKS "Yes?"

Officer Franks looks too miffed about that file incident to talk to Gabriel.

The official seal of the New Orleans Police Department highlights the tile floor.

The seal is inlaid and is not movable.

Gabriel is standing in the lobby of his friend Mosely's precinct. It smells like a cross between a hospital and brewery.

Talking to thin air could get one arrested here.

FRICK "(HUNGRY, EXCITED)Hey, it's the beignet guy!"

FRANKS "Great! I'm starved!"

FRICK "(TO GABRIEL--WARNING HIM NOT TO MOVE WHILE GUARD IS GONE)Stay put, you."

FRICK "Hey! Grab me three, wouldya?"

FRANKS "(SLIGHTLY IRRITATED)Sure."

FRICK "Thanks!"

FRICK "Has that beignet guy been by yet today? I'm starved."

FRANKS "I haven't seen him in a while. I don't think he's coming by here anymore."

FRICK "Damn! You can't count on anything these days!"

FRICK "Hey, it's the beignet guy! He's back!"

FRANKS "Where?"

FRICK "(MRCC)Grab me 3 or 4, would ya?"

FRANKS "Forget it! I'm broke."

FRICK "(IRRITATED)Rats!"

FRICK "(TO GABE. WARNING HIM NOT TO MOVE WHILE GUARD IS GONE)You stay put. I'll be back in a minute."

GABE "(PRETENDING INNOCENCE)Who, ME? I'll be fine."

FRICK "Here's that envelope for ya, Gabriel Knight."

GABE "Thanks."

FRICK "Hey! Get outta there, you!"

GABE "Sorry. Just looking for a restroom."

MOSELY "Now lay low, and let me handle this!"

GABE "Yeah. Fine."

FRICK "Hey! Get out from back there!"

GABE "Oh, is this private? Sorry."

FRICK "I told you not to go back there. That area's for police business only!"

GABE "It IS? Gee, I'm sorry."

The door opens on Conti Street.

The door works pretty well where it is.

Why do that to the swinging door?

A swinging door connects the lobby and office areas.

FRANKS "Don't leave the office area with that file, please."

FRICK "You got no business back there now. Move along."

FRICK "No one goes back there until I say so, Mister."

GABE "Oh. Sorry."

There's no reason to use that on the temperature gauge.

There's a temperature gauge on the wall near Mosely's office.

It's in a locked cage. They must be concerned about the budget.

The security cage has been removed by the electrician.

The gauge is fixed in place.

Gabriel can't open the gauge.

Gabriel decides to give Mosely a break and not change the temperature again.

The control box is in a locked cage and can't be operated.

That's as low as it goes.

That's as high as it goes.

There's nothing to operate on that part of the gauge.

Why do that with the electrician's tools?

The electrician has left his tools behind. He must plan on returning.

Gabriel is no handyman. He has an aversion to screwdrivers of the non-liquid variety.

It's an antique umbrella stand.

GABE "It's not going to look any better somewhere else."

Gabriel would rather admire the umbrella stand from afar.

The officer doesn't seem interested.

GABE "Uh, Officer? Can I ask you some questions?"

COP "(UNINTERESTED)Desk Sergeant's right over there."

GABE "Uh-huh. Thanks."

A uniformed officer of the N.O.P.D.

GABE "Hey."

COP "Hey."

The ceiling-high windows are unchanged elements of this renovated French Quarter building.

The building is temperature-controlled. The windows stay closed.

The windows would be a bit much to carry around.

MOSELY'S OFFICE

Mosely's office will get frequent visits from Gabriel: not only because our favourite cop is there, but also to get to sneak the Voodoo Murder Files through the copier, to nick Mose's badge, to visit an interrogation, to convince Mosely to reopen the case, and to get the tracker.

GABE "Hey, Mostly."

GABE "Detective Mosely. Hard at work, I see."

GABE "Hey, hey, hey."

GABE "Mostly, my man!"

MOSELY "Knight. Come on in."

MOSELY "Knight! I had a feeling you'd show up."

MOSELY "Yeah, yeah. What is it, ya wanker?"

MOSELY "It's you. God help me."

Why do that to the coat?

Mosely's coat is on the chair.

His badge is in the front coat pocket.

Moving the coat wouldn't solve anything.

Gabriel doesn't want anything else from Mosely's coat.

Mosely wouldn't let Gabriel mess with his coat.

Mosely's bookcase holds old magazines and binders.

The board's already cluttered.
-Police department memos and other didactic blurbs.

The coffee cup is empty.

The drawer is empty.
There's a tracking device in the drawer.
There's no reason to go through the desk at the moment.
GABE "This tracker might come in handy."
Gabriel doesn't want to put that back.

Art prints of the mall variety.
Gabriel is not interested in Mosely's art prints.

Whatever goes into those files never comes out.
Logs of unsolved cases, perhaps? Mosely must have a million of them.
GABE "Not me. I've SEEN how Mosely organizes stuff."

Gabriel can't do much with her from this side of the window. Strange...he's had that sensation before.
GABE "Who's THAT?"
MOSELY "Franks. What a babe, huh?"
GABE "I'm looking. I'm looking."

An intercom! How high-tech.
That intercom would be of little use outside this building.
Gabriel wouldn't know what to say.

Gabriel wouldn't put ANYTHING in that microwave.
A microwave. If Gabriel knows Mosely, it's used exclusively for frozen corn dogs.
Gabriel doesn't want anything to do with that microwave.
GABE "No, really. No thanks."

Mosely's got some nice indents going in the seat of that chair.
Nah. Mosely would notice when he came back.
Gabriel would NOT sit in Mosely's chair.

If Gabriel put anything on that desk, it would disappear forever.
Mosely's desk has more growing on it than his head.
The desk is bad enough on the outside.
Gabriel doesn't see anything of interest there.

MOSELY "That's nice, but I'm busy with the real investigation, Knight."

GABE "Can I ask you about some stuff?"
MOSELY "You're the writer. Ask away."

Mosely will notice that his badge is gone soon enough.
Mosely wouldn't be impressed by that clay.
(*bracelet*) MOSELY "Nice. Did you pick that up at one of those tourist places? It'll make a great photo for the book. Add some candles in for effect."

GABE "I have that photo of you graduating from the police academy."

MOSELY "Yeah, my mom loves that one."

MOSELY "Really? Wow, that's a great idea for the book! Me endangering my life investigating at a snake-infested lake! We don't have to mention that it's probably from a harmless local water snake."

GABE "I copied those marks from the lake."

MOSELY "Really? Good for you."

GABE "Do you want to see my sketch?"

MOSELY "No. We have our own copy, Knight."

At least he's taken off that horrible coat.

Mosely was one of those beefy guys in his youth. Now he's getting lumpy.

The badge in his front coat pocket is set off particularly well by the gold polyester of his jacket.

GABE "I have that murder photo you left for me."

MOSELY "Good. Just don't let anybody know I gave it to you."

GABE "I wouldn't show it to a soul."

GABE "This is not a men's encounter group."

Not even the police department can get Mosely to operate any faster.

GABE "He's not my type."

Giving Mosely the file after having pilfered it might not be wise.

Mosely would only take that photocopy away.

(priest outfit) Are you sure that's wise? Mosely would surely wonder where Gabriel got that and what he intends to do with it!

GABE "So. How's it hanging, Bud?"

MOSELY "Lousy. I hate crime scenes. People are sick fucks, you know that, Knight?"

GABE "I'm starting to get that impression."

GABE "You been feeling okay lately? You look like hell."

MOSELY "Me? Ah, you know, I can't sleep at night what with thinkin' about the case and thinkin' about Annie."

GABE "I can relate."

GABE "Played any B-ball lately?"

MOSELY "Does it look like it? I'm so outta shape, I'd probably have a coronary just lookin' at a ball."

GABE "I'm out of it too. We should play sometime. Get back into shape."

MOSELY "Man, I'd love to, Knight. I'll let you know if things ever settle down."

GABE "Anything else new?"

MOSELY "Just work. Sorry I don't have more time to chat, Bud."

GABE "(GK-AM1. FRUSTRATED)I have to tell you, Bud, I'm pretty pissed off about this case being closed. You guys are making a big mistake."

MOSELY "(GK-AM1. SYMPATHETIC BUT FIRM.)I'm not any happier about it than you are, Knight, but I've got my orders."

(GK-AM2)Mosely doesn't even know about Crash's demise yet. He's unlikely to believe Gabriel about the origins of that tattoo.

MOSELY "(ARCC. GK-AM1. PATRONIZING.)I'm sure any extra Voodoo stuff you dig up will make an interesting story, Knight, but I'd rather stick with the case at hand, personally."

MOSELY "The case is closed, Gabriel."

The door leads out to the lobby.

Mosely's phone.

Gabriel doesn't want to use the phone here.

Mosely's office looks a lot like his room at college.

Mosely may not be here, but his aroma still lingers.

Gabriel would prefer to touch as little of Mosely's stuff as possible.

Gabriel could take that, but it doesn't look very helpful.

Unfortunately, the only dialogue to be had in this room is with Mosely.

There's no one here to talk to.

MOSELY "Don't touch anything while I'm gone!"

MOSELY "Some people are never satisfied."

MOSELY "Knight. Hate to tell you this, but you're out of a book. The Voodoo Murders case has been closed."

GABE "I had a feeling you were going to say that. Son-of-a-bitch!"

MOSELY "Hey! You're lucky I don't throw you in jail for taking that file! Franks about had kittens!"

GABE "Who, me?"

MOSELY "Yeah, yeah. I know I can't prove it. But just don't ask me for any more files.

That's all I'VE got to say!"

GABE "Wouldn't dream of it."

MOSELY "Here. Drink it."

GABE "Thanks."

Nice polyester. Looks like something Mosely keeps around for 'formal' occasions.

The suit doesn't open.

The suit doesn't operate.

It's not Gabriel's size--or style.

The visitor's chair is hard and uncomfortable. It must be one of those sly police tactics to keep civilians unnerved.

Either that or a cheap city budget.

Gabriel's already using the chair.

That's funny. That window is a mirror on the other side.

GABE "Well, I'll be seeing you."

GABE "I'm gonna hit the road."

GABE "I'll let you get back to it."

MOSELY "Ciao, Baby."

MOSELY "Have a good one."

MOSELY "Later, Knight."

Day 1

MOSELY "Franks! Come 'ere a minute, wouldya? And bring your camera!"

FRANKS "What did you need, Detective Mosely?"

MOSELY "We need a picture, please. And make it a good one, eh, sweetheart?"

FRANKS "Sure, SWEETHEART."

GABE "Say chintzy!"

MOSELY "Was there anything else, Knight?"

MOSELY "Franks! Come back in here with that camera!"

FRANKS "Now what, Sir?"

MOSELY "This clown wants another picture. You don't mind, do ya?"

FRANKS "(GRITTING HER TEETH)Of course not. What ELSE could I possibly have to do?"

MOSELY "Anything else, Knight?"

MOSELY "Hurry up, wouldya?"

GABE "Okay. Ready."

MOSELY "(TO FRANKS)Thanks, Hon. Lemme know when you get 'em developed...er, the photos that is."

FRANKS "(DOESN'T LIKE HIS PATRONIZING)Yeah, sure."

GABE "(PHOTO SESSION)Let's take another one."

MOSELY "(IRRITATED)Christ! Okay. One more. Franks?"

FRANKS "Ready? Smile."

MOSELY "Okay. Anything else?"

GABE "Hold on a sec while I go check my hair."

MOSELY "Good God, Knight! Make it fast!"

GABE "How about one of me and Officer Franks?"

MOSELY "Gee, I don't know. Franks?"

FRANKS "Er... um..."

MOSELY "Just kiddin', Franks. Ya wanna get me fired for sexual harassment, Knight?"

GABE "Well...."

MOSELY "Yeah, ha, ha. Now is there anything else, or can I let this lady go back to her desk?"

GABE "Oh, come one! Let's take one more."

MOSELY "Forget it! Maybe later. I got stuff to do. Thanks, Franks."

FRANKS "No problem."

GABE "Nope. That's about it."

FRANKS "Great. Thanks, Franks. Hey, I made a rhyme!"

GABE "You're astonishing, Mostly."

MOSELY "Don't call me that in front of the lady, wise guy."

GABE "Nope. I think not."

MOSELY "Good. See ya, Franks."

FRANKS "Uh-huh."

Day 2

MOSELY "(RRCC. TURNED TEMPERATURE DOWN IN HIS OFFICE. TO GABE.)Brrr. It's gettin' cold in here!"

MOSELY "(RRCC. TO GABE)It's freezin' in this office! You'd never know it was June!"

MOSELY "(RRCC. TO GABE.)Damn, it's cold!"

MOSELY "Phew! It's hot in here."

MOSELY "Dang, the air conditioning must be on the blink!"

MOSELY "Are you hot? Man, I'm hot."

GABE "I think I'll just borrow this badge."

MOSELY "Hey! Whaddaya doin' with my coat?"

GABE "Nothing. I thought I saw something crawling on it."

MOSELY "Humph. Just drink this."

GABE "Thanks. Tons. I mean it."

GABE "Hey, Bud."

MOSELY "YOU!"

GABE "Last time I looked."

MOSELY "Give me my badge RIGHT NOW!"

GABE "Oh, is that why you're so excited? If you knew what I needed it for..."

MOSELY "(MRCC)I'm sure it was to impress a woman! You could have asked! Do you know how embarrassing it is to admit your badge was stolen? I had a photo with the Chief, and he wanted me wearing it!"

MOSELY "I should lock you up, Knight!"

GABE "I suppose you could. Seems to me, though, there was that time you 'borrowed' my bike without mentioning it. Right from in front of my shop."

MOSELY "(GIVING IN)Yeah, don't remind me. Just don't do it again."

Day 3

MOSELY "(RRCC. ANGRY)YOU! Give me back my badge. NOW, Knight."

GABE "(GK-AM2. FAKED SINCERITY)Sure. Thanks for letting me borrow it."

MOSELY "Yeah? You BORROW it again, and you're history. <a-hem> Now, about today...."

MOSELY "(ARCC. WELCOMING GABRIEL TO A SUSPECT INTERROGATION)Glad you made it. It'll give you a feel for how I am in action--you know, handling suspects, that sort of thing."

GABE "(DRY)I'm sure it'll be invigorating. Who is this guy, anyway?"

MOSELY "Calls himself Crash. He's been an informant for us before--mostly helping us bust small-time pimps and dealers trying to break into the territory."

MOSELY "He's been staying invisible during these murders, but we picked him up this morning at Jackson Square pushing coke. He knows something. Call it 'detective's instinct.'"

GABE "(FAKE SINCERITY)Detective's instinct. Got it."

MOSELY "(SPEAKING TO SUSPECT--BEING 'TOUGH')All right, Crash. I want to hear about these murders. Have you been present at the so-called 'Voodoo rituals'?"

CRASH "(SCARED--JUST WANTS TO GET OUT OF HERE)I don't know nothing, I told ya!"

MOSELY "Come on now. You can tell me. Do you know anyone who's been to these rituals?"

CRASH "Look, I can't say nothing! Ya gotta let me go!"

MOSELY "Relax. No one knows you're here. The men who picked you up were plainclothes men."

CRASH "Plainclothed! Like you could fool them! They know I'm here. They've got ears

all over the city! They know everything!"

MOSELY "Who are 'they,' Crash? Are 'they' the ones doing the murders?"

CRASH "Lemme go!"

MOSELY "If you're so worried about being detained, start talkin'. You tell me what I want to hear, and maybe I can get you in the witness protection program--but you have to earn it."

CRASH "Witness protection! Are you crazy? Don't make me laugh.... Jesus, just lemme outta here!"

MOSELY "Oh, come on! Who's behind these murders, Crash? Why are the victims all members of the underworld?"

CRASH "(TO HIMSELF, TERRIFIED)By now they know I'm here. It's different when I'm supposed to come here. If I can send a message, tell them I didn't say nothing...."

MOSELY "Christ! He's frickin' useless! Take him back to detaining, would you, Tony?"

MOSELY "I tell you, at times like this, I'd kill for truth serum and damn the civil rights!"

GABE "Can I quote you on that?"

MOSELY "Huh? Hell, no! Damn! We can only keep him for twenty-four hours.

Tomorrow morning I'm gonna have to let him go."

MOSELY "Sorry it wasn't more exciting--for the book, I mean. Maybe you can punch it up some. You know, what do they call that? Fiction! That's it."

GABE "(DRY)It certainly is. I'll see what I can do."

Day 5

GABE "You know the Voodoo museum in town? Well, their snake tried to strangle me."

MOSELY "Uh-huh. I bet. Look, I don't have anything against you playin' amateur P.I., but if I get calls about you molestin' animals, I'm gonna have to put a stop to it."

MOSELY "Great! You track down your little leads, and let me get back to work, 'kay?"

MOSELY "Okay. They're a threat."

MOSELY "Sure, if there IS a Voodoo cult, they're a threat."

GABE "(RRCC. INTENSE. PLEADING HIS CASE.)This is a newspaper clipping about a murder committed in 1810. That murder is an exact match of the Voodoo Murders--right down to the marks around the bodies."

MOSELY "(RRCC. THOUGHTFUL, INTRIGUED)Hmmm. This does sound like the same M.O. 1810?"

MOSELY "1810. They killed then, they're killing now. Isn't that proof that they're likely to kill again--that they ARE a threat?"

GABE "I really think this tattoo is significant."

MOSELY "Even if it were a signal of some sort, that doesn't prove that the murders were done by a legit Voodoo cult."

GABE "I'm telling you, this snake tattoo is a secret membership symbol for the Voodoo cult."

MOSELY "Well, it sounds like good copy, anyway."

GABE "I took this tracing from a tattoo on Crash's chest. It's related to the underworld Voodoo cult."

MOSELY "Yeah? What makes you think that?"

GABE "It's what Crash said just before he died."

MOSELY "He was probably hallucinating from the drugs he O.D.'d on. Probably got that in the navy or somethin'."

GABE "No, I'm sure it's related! It's a snake, see, and...."

GABE "I have these two snake scales, one's from the lake and one...."

GABE "I have these two snake scales. One's from the crime scene at Lake Pontchartrain. The

other's from a snake in the Voodoo museum on Ursulines and Chartres."

MOSELY "Is this common? Do they all look alike?"

GABE "Not at all. They're both constrictor scales and the coloring is the same. A python's coloring is quite individualistic."

MOSELY "A PYTHON?"

GABE "That's right. Hardly an indigenous snake to Louisiana. Somehow, some way, the Voodoo museum's python was at the scene of the Lake Pontchartrain murder."

MOSELY "Well. I'd call that a lead all right. It certainly suggests certain lines of inquiry at the museum. Not bad work, Knight."

MOSELY "If we can tie them into this Voodoo cult, we just might have somethin'."

MOSELY "Whether or not the museum's involved with a legitimate Voodoo cult, though, is another matter. These guys may just be fakin' it, too."

Gabriel has already proven to Mosely that a legitimate Voodoo cult exists in New Orleans.

MOSELY "Hmmm? That's cute, Gabriel. Almost looks legit. I'm sure our police artists would be amused at your 'techniques.'"

MOSELY "What makes you think this is an accurate reconstruction?"

GABE "Well--I...borrowed...the partial patterns from your police file and did my own tracing of the pattern at Lake Pontchartrain. An architectural artist reconstructed it for me from the partials."

MOSELY "Really? So this is the whole pattern, huh? That's pretty good work, Knight."

MOSELY "But that doesn't prove that this pattern is really connected to Voodoo."

MOSELY "Really? So that's what Hartridge used, huh? I guess his analysis is on target, then."

MOSELY "Okay. The murders were committed by a legitimate Voodoo cult. You proved your point."

GABE "I picked up this scale at Lake Pontchartrain."

GABE "You'll never guess how I got this snake scale."

GABE "I have this newspaper clipping from 1810 about a pattern...."

Showing that to Mosely again wouldn't do much good.

GABE "(GK-AM1. SHOWING MOSELY VOODOO CODE. CONSPIRING TONE.)I found these strange symbols on Marie Laveau's tomb at St. Louis Cemetery #1."

GABE "I have this...."

GABE "Take a look at these notes. They're from Professor Hartridge at Tulane University."

GABE "You know those marks you found around the murder victims? This is a reconstruction of the whole pattern."

GABE "I have this snake bracelet. It's a replica of one used in secret Voodoo ceremonies a few decades ago."

GABE "(GK-AM1--SHOWING MOSELY A SECRET VOODOO CODE--PLEASED WITH HIMSELF, PROFESSIONAL)These symbols are from Marie Laveau's tomb in St. Louis Cemetery. They're part of a secret Voodoo code which I had translated by a Voodooienne."

MOSELY "(GK-AM1--CURIOUS)Do they say anything about the murders?"

GABE "(GK-AM1--RELUCTANT TO ADMIT IT)Well...not exactly."

MOSELY "(GK-AM1. DISMISSIVE)I'm sure that's a legit code of some sort, Knight, but unless it gives me the names and addresses of the killers, I don't think it will be much help at this point."

The Voodoo code isn't translating into anything for Mosely. There's no point in showing it to him again.

MOSELY "Yeah? What makes you think it's related to the murders?"

GABE "Well, it was at the crime scene...."

MOSELY "Sure. Must be from the only snake in Louisiana all right, that Voodoo snake.

Christ!"

Mosely's seen as much in that scale as he's going to.

MOSELY "Yeah? What about them?"

GABE "They confirm that the pattern from the murders is of African origin."

MOSELY "Hmmm. This is interesting, if true. But how do you know he had the right pattern?"

MOSELY "Really? That's incredible, isn't it? Somethin' like that showin' up here?"

GABE "It's been 'here' for quite some time, so it seems."

MOSELY "I'm impressed. Okay, you've convinced me. The murders were done by a legitimate Voodoo cult."

MOSELY "Really? What makes you think so?"

GABE "I got it from an old Creole lady whose grandmother was an acolyte of Marie Laveau."

MOSELY "Gabriel, Gabriel. We get those little old ladies in here all the time. That bracelet is probably not genuine and wouldn't prove anything if it were."

Mosely doesn't appear to be impressed by the replica of the snake bracelet.

MOSELY "That doesn't prove anything."

MOSELY "(MRCC)Okay. I'll reopen the case. I hate to admit it, but you've done some pretty good detective work here, Knight."

GABE "Well, you know what they say. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery."

MOSELY "Well <ahem>, point taken. Glad I could inspire you."

MOSELY "(MRCC)I'll check around the department, but I have a feeling I'm on my own. In fact, I'd better lock up this office just in case I step on a few toes. Come on."

CEMETERY

The cemetery is the area of Toussaint Gervais. It is also the place where Gabe can talk to his family members, location of the brick, location of Laveau's tomb which is used as means of communication, and of the Gedde tomb. With so much going around, this is divided into six sections: Toussaint (available at the Laveau section and at the Wright section), Laveau Section, Laveau Tomb Closeup, Wright Section, Gedde Section, and Gedde Tomb.

Toussaint section

GABE "Could I have a minute of your time?"

GABE "Excuse me, Sir?"

GABE "I'm sorry to bother you...."

GABE "Hello there! Gotta sec?"

TOUSSAINT "(RRCC. GREETING GABRIEL)Whatcha need, Boy?"

TOUSSAINT "Yeah? What can I do for you?"

TOUSSAINT "You got something to say, Son?"

An old man tends the cemetery with movements akin to a slow drawl.

The old man wouldn't appreciate that.

Gabriel doesn't want to throw that away.

The old man is apparently doing some clean-up work.

The old man wouldn't appreciate Gabriel messing with his trash can.
Seeing as how this is a cemetery, Gabriel doesn't really want to know what all is in that trash can.
GABE "Mind if I pick your brain a minute?"
TOUSSAINT "(RRCC. SLOW DRAWL)Go ahead. These folks aren't in any hurry."

GABE "Does this mean anything to you?"
TOUSSAINT "It's a piece of brick. You can find 'em all over the cemetery."
TOUSSAINT "It's cash, young fella. Ya wanna give that to me?"
GABE "I don't think so. Thanks."
TOUSSAINT "Nope."
TOUSSAINT "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, Son! Don't be showin' that kinda thing to me! I'm an old man, and I'm liable to jus' keel right over on ya!"
GABE "Sorry."
TOUSSAINT "Sure. I see them marks all the time on the tombs. Don't know what they mean, though."

GABE "You been working here a long time?"
TOUSSAINT "Longer than you've been alive, Son. I mayhaps be here longer than you'll BE alive, for that matter. Heh."
GABE "Kind of a quiet job you've got, isn't it?"
TOUSSAINT "Most of the time, yes. They act up some at the full moon, though.
(LAUGHS)"
GABE "You must enjoy the company of dead folks."
TOUSSAINT "Unlike the living, they ain't never given me any reason to dislike them none."
GABE "How's business today?"
TOUSSAINT "'Bout like every day. It's what you call a seller's market."

Laveay section

A high, iron fence with sharp spikes surrounds the cemetery.
The fence is firmly planted.
That part of the fence doesn't open.

Here and there in the cemetery, straggly plants grow in stone planters.
Gabriel doesn't need any more houseplants.

Vases seem to be a favorite decoration for the dead.
Gabriel has no reason to move the vases.
GABE "These would seriously clash with my decorating scheme."

GABE "No way. Something might answer."
St. Louis Cemetery #1 is one of the most historic and beautiful places in the French Quarter.
(MRCC)Gabriel doesn't want to disturb that part of the cemetery.

The marble denizens of the cemetery only stare back blankly.
An angel with a cross stands guard over one of the tombs.
The statue doesn't seem to work that way.
The marble angel is heavier than she looks.
A stone angel stands silently before a tomb.

Near the Laveau tomb is a piece of red brick--undoubtedly a cast-off from spiritual graffiti writers.
(GK-AM2)Why do that with the piece of brick?

Using that on the tomb wall won't help.
GABE "I want a copy of these strange marks."
Gabriel already copied the marks on the tomb.
The wall doesn't work that way.
Gabriel can't take the marks with him that way.
(GK-AM2)Gabriel can't put his sketch back on the wall.

GABE "Let me get these new marks down."

GABE "(SARCASTIC)A marble snake. Now THAT'S cheerful."
The snake doesn't work that way.

Food, trinkets, and more unsettling things have been left at Marie Laveau's tomb as offerings from believers.

GABE "No, thanks!"
It says "Laveau" and nothing more.
A plaque on the tomb reads: LAVEAU.
GABE "Mosely and I used to switch street signs, but this is REALLY sick."

There's no reason to use that on the tomb.
GABE "I think I'll leave a message of my own."
GABE "I don't want to rewrite it. It's perfect."
Gabriel likes the idea of leaving marks on the tomb, but at the moment he's not sure what to say or how to say it.
(GK-AM2)Gabriel should at least wait until the watchman is gone before defacing the tomb.
There's nothing on that part of the tomb to sketch.
This is the tomb of Marie Laveau, "Voodoo queen" of New Orleans.
Odd-looking marks adorn the Laveau tomb wall.
A new series of crosses is on the wall.
Gabriel's coded message is on the wall.
-The marble and granite tombs are quite heavy.
The tomb is securely closed.
There's nothing on the tomb to operate.

New Orleans is famous for its above-ground tombs. The high water table prevents bodies from being interred underground.

The name "Ross" is inscribed on this old tomb.

Sensing that his message isn't quite right, Gabriel rubs it off in frustration.
Pleased with his message, Gabriel tosses the brick down. Now, if only "dj" reads it in time!

Gabriel doesn't see a name on this tomb.
This old tomb is in a sorry state of disrepair.
GABE "There's probably no one left in the family to maintain it."

It's an imposing marble tomb from the last century. Gabriel can barely make out a name--Hamilton.

This tomb almost looks like a little house.

GABE "But I wouldn't want to live there."

Laveau tomb closeup

Select the ERASE SYMBOL button to erase the last symbol written.

Select the EXIT button to return to the cemetery.

Select the NEXT MSG button to see the other coded message.

Using that on the tomb wall won't help.

The tomb wall doesn't respond.

Gabriel's happy with his message the way it is.

Gabriel likes the idea of leaving markings on the tomb, but at the moment he's not sure what to say or how to say it.

Gabriel doesn't need to make a copy of his own message.

There's nothing here to copy.

Gabriel has already copied the message.

The marks are reddish in color and remind Gabriel of crosses. They look like they've been here a few days at least.

The Voodoo code message is still on the wall.

A second message made from the Voodoo crosses is on the wall.

Gabriel's message is on the tomb wall.

There are no marks on the wall at present.

The wall doesn't work that way.

Gabriel can't take anything from the tomb wall that way.

(GK-AM2) Gabriel can't put his sketch back on the wall.

There are no symbols to erase.

Select a symbol to write.

Wright section

The marble residents of this city of the dead say nothing.

A statue of a small child clings to a cross atop the Wright tomb.

GABE "I don't want to do that."

The statue doesn't work that way.

The grotesquery does not reply.

A grinning grotesquery tops one section of the cemetery fence.

Better to leave the grinning grotesquery where it is.

An odd monument highlights one grave site. It looks vaguely reptilian.

The monument isn't going anywhere.

Using that on the tomb would be pointless.

This above-ground tomb is only large enough to accommodate one resident.

The marble and granite tombs are quite heavy.

The tomb is securely shut.

There's nothing on the tomb to operate.

Gabriel doesn't care to communicate with the inhabitants of that tomb.

This family tomb bears the inscription "Rest in Peace" and the name "Fullermill."

Several generations of an old New Orleans family rest here in relative peace.

A wrought-iron fence surrounds this tomb.

GABE "I hope that's to keep people OUT."

The marker reads: Franklin Wright

The marker reads: Meryl Planter Wright

GABE "These are Gran's folks. I never knew them."

GABE "Ah...hi. I'm Rebecca's grandson."

Much as when they were alive, the Wright elders give no response.

The marker reads: Harley Wright

GABE "Gran's sister. She died young."

GABE "Gran talks a lot about you, Harley."

The marker reads: Harrison Knight

GABE "Grandaddy."

GABE "How's it going, Grandaddy?"

The marker reads: Philip Knight

GABE "Daddy."

GABE "(RRCC. SAD, WISTFUL. SPEAKING TO GRAVE.)Hey, Daddy."

The marker reads: Margaret Templeton Knight

GABE "My mother."

GABE "(TO HIS MOM'S GRAVE)Miss you, Mom."

It's rather rude to interrogate the dead.

The Wright family tomb. Several of Gabriel and Gran's family members are laid to rest here.

If Gabriel wants to address his ancestors, he should choose a specific plaque.

Gabriel doesn't want to take the name plates from his family tomb.

Gedde section

Why do that to the angel?

The marble denizens of the graveyard stare blankly back at Gabriel.

An angel draped dramatically over a stone plinth marks the entrance to a large tomb.

The heavy marble doesn't budge.

Gabriel can't see any way to open that angel.

Gabriel can't see any way to operate that angel.

The tomb is unlikely to respond.

The imposing tomb is elaborately labeled "Gedde."

The tomb door is securely shut against the material world.

Two enormous vases flank the front of the Gedde tomb.

Moving the vases would not solve anything.

The vases don't function that way.

Gabriel looks at and in the vases, but he doesn't see anything he wants to take.

That doesn't work on the locked plate.

There's a small marble plate near the tomb doors.
That key doesn't fit the lock on the plate.
It's locked shut.

The plate is locked in position. There's a keyhole on the plate, but Gabriel can't operate that without a key.

GABE (*talk to plate*) "If only it were that simple."

(GK-AM2)To the east there is only the back wall of the cemetery. Gabriel cannot go any further in that direction.

A stone angel leans down to gaze at something unseen.

This old tomb has a sword carved into the stone below the name of the deceased.
The tomb is much too heavy.

With a few exceptions, these tombs are all beginning to look alike.
The tomb is closed tightly.

This tomb is smaller than most others in the cemetery.

GABE "Kind of a pup tent for the dead."

Another ancient family tomb of the type St. Louis Cemetery is famous for.

The tomb doors would be impassive to anything Gabriel tried to use on them.
Two heavy, solid marble doors provide an entrance to the tomb.
The doors are heavy and shut tight.

Gabriel can't see anything to operate on the doors themselves.

GABE "Open sesame!"

GABE "Nope. That doesn't work."

Day 3

GABE "Malia!"

MALIA "Mr. Knight! What are you doing here?"

GABE "Uh, my family's tomb is here."

MALIA "Mine, too."

GABE "(BEING FACETIOUS)I noticed. Subtle."

MALIA "(OFFENDED)Well, Mr. Knight, if there's nothing else...."

GABE "Don't go. I need to talk to you."

MALIA "Whatever for?"

GABE "(HESITATING)I can't stop thinking about you."

GABE "I've been in your thoughts, too. I can see it in your eyes."

MALIA "Mr. Knight, you don't know anything about me. I'm not in a position to get involved...."

GABE "I've said that a million times myself, but this is different. I think we both know we can't fight it."

GABE "<groan>I can't believe I'm saying this!"

MALIA "I have so many obligations. My family is very traditional. You wouldn't understand."

GABE "Hey, I love tradition! I've seen 'Fiddler on the Roof' a hundred times!"

MALIA "(BITTER LAUGH)This isn't a musical, Mr. Knight. We live in different worlds!"

GABE "(RRCC. PLEADING WITH MALIA. FIRST RECORD HAD SOME BRITISH ON MORE MONEY)Look, I know you've got more money than God. Do you think I care? Do you think that's why I'm saying this?"

MALIA "No. I don't."

GABE "Why don't you come SEE my world? I have a little book shop, St. George's on Bourbon...."

MALIA "I know."

GABE "See, I knew it! You're crazy about me, too! Come by tonight! Please? My world isn't so bad."

MALIA "(ADAMANT, NEARLY TEARFUL)I'm sorry, but there's no place for someone like you in my life...."

MALIA "Not now, not ever!"

GABE "DAMN it!"

Gabriel's done all the begging he can muster at the moment. Malia will have to work this out on her own.

Tomb interior

The plate is up. Beneath the plate is a button.

The plate's already up, and Gabriel doesn't want to put it back down.

There's no reason to use that on the open plate.

Gabriel hears the faint sound of breaking glass.

GABE "Damn! You'd think there'd be a light!"

The broken light can't be helped now.

Someone's broken the light in here. No wonder it's so dark!

(MRCC)Gabriel doesn't need any broken glass.

Why use that on the drawers?

Crypt drawers line the back wall.

Gabriel can't quite make out the name on that drawer's plaque.

That drawer is marked with a pattern like the vévé.

GABE "(HORRIFIED--JUST FOUND MOSELY 'DEAD')Mosely!"

GABE "Shit! I dropped my flashlight!"

GABE "Huh?"

<THUNK!>

Sometime later...

GABE "Ouch! My head! What the hell was that?"

Gabriel can't take the drawers.

There's no point in leaving that in the drawer.

The drawer interiors contain mostly dust and bones.

GABE "Mosely's body is gone!"

There's nothing in the drawer to operate.

There's nothing Gabriel would care to touch in that part of the drawer.

Why use that on the button?

It's a lit button.

The button wouldn't do that.

The broken glass isn't worth messing with.

There's broken glass on the floor.
The broken glass isn't worth moving.
Nothing can be done with the broken glass.

(GK-AM2)There's no reason to mess with the plaque.
(GK-AM2)The plaque on the drawer has an etching of the vv on it, but no name.
(GK-AM2)The plaque on the drawer has a name etched on it:
(GK-AM2)Rosamund Gedde
(GK-AM2)Ceclie Gedde
(GK-AM2)Celeste Gedde
(GK-AM2)Ksila Gedde
(GK-AM2)Jacklyn Gedde
(GK-AM2)Zellia Gedde
(GK-AM2)Helena Gedde
(GK-AM2)Ariane Gedde

Gabriel has a feeling it wouldn't be wise to screw around unduly in this tomb.
Gabriel can't do that in the dark.
Gabriel doesn't see anything in here that looks up to answering a few questions.
This appears to be a mourning chamber--a place for family members to come and sit and remember the dead.
Gabriel can't see anything in the dark.
There's nothing to open in that part of the tomb.
That part of the tomb doesn't operate.
Gabriel doesn't see anything there he wants to take home.
GABE "(WHISPERING)Is anybody here?"
From the blackness there is no reply.
Of course, that doesn't mean there's no one there.

There's a wallet in the drawer. It must have fallen from Mosely's jacket when the body was moved!
Shifting the wallet around wouldn't help.
Perhaps Gabriel should pick it up first.

PARK LOOKOUT

Primarily used to spy on Crash on day 4.

Why use that on the binoculars?
Four pairs of binoculars are rigorously mounted on the cement floor.
Those binoculars aren't going anywhere without a jackhammer.
The binoculars don't open.

St. Louis Cathedral. The original church on this site was built in 1724 and was named for Louis IX of France. That church burnt in the great fire of 1788. The present church dates from 1851.

GABE "(RRCC. SUSPICIOUS, INTRIGUED)That's Crash. What the hell is he up to with that drummer?"

GABE "(GK-AM2. THOUGHTFUL. INTRIGUED. SAW SOMETHING HE SHOULDN'T HAVE)Hmmm.... Crash and the drummer. Interesting."

Nice plant.

There's no reason to do that with the plant.

The Presbytère. This building was begun by the Spaniards in 1795, after a fire in Jackson Square.

It was intended for monks, but now houses historical exhibits.

Gabriel can't do anything with the buildings from here.

A fancy wrought-iron railing marks the end of the balcony.

Gabriel can't do that with the railing.

The Pontalba Buildings are historical landmarks, built in 1849 and 1850 as residential apartments.

Gabriel is standing on the balcony of a building across the street from Jackson Square. On the balcony are four mounted binoculars.

There's no one on the balcony to talk to.

(GK-AM2)There's nothing of interest in that direction.

Jackson Square proper lies below.

Gabriel can't do that with the Square from here.

It's been overcast all week--the air has been moody and thick. Strange weather for June.

JACKSON SQUARE

Jackson Square is the location of many things: the mime and the cop, the hotdog vendor, the tap dancing kid, the artist, Madame Lorelei, the beignet vendor and the Gedde drummer.

The fortune teller who warns Gabe to stay away from Malia Gedde, is listed as Speaker 22: so it's Tetelo.

Benches provide a quiet spot for resting in the park.

The benches are permanently attached to the ground beneath them.

The bench doesn't work that way.

Crash is too far away for that.

It's Crash--the guy from Mosely's office. At the first sight of Gabriel, he slouches away like a beaten dog.

GABE "(RCC. SUSPICIOUS)Hmmm. I wonder what he's up to."

GABE "(RCC. SHOUTING. FORCEFUL)Hey! Crash! Wait up!"

Crash only looks scared and keeps walking.

Using that on the fence would be pointless.

A wrought-iron fence surrounds the Jackson statue.

Gabriel can't bend the bars, he's too big to fit through them, and those spikes on top look sharp.

The iron fence cannot be operated.

A bronze statue of Andrew Jackson marks the center of Jackson Square.

The statue of Jackson isn't going anywhere.

Gabriel can't do that with the Jackson statue.

The statue does not respond.

CRASH "(RCC. HE'S VERY SICK, WALKING AROUND PARK COUGHING)<cough, cough,

cough>"

There's no reason to do that to the lampposts.
Iron lampposts add charm to Jackson Square and provide illumination at night.

The other park visitors aren't interested in looking at Gabriel's stash.
People seem to be enjoying the park, despite the lack of sunshine.
That's a rather rude way to treat the other park visitors.
The other park visitors are enjoying their leisure and aren't interested in talking to Gabriel.

A path leads north to St. Louis Cathedral.
The path north leads to St. Louis Cathedral. The cathedral is not available for the day 1 demo.

A path south leads back out into the French Quarter.
The path isn't going anywhere.
The path doesn't do that.

Jackson Square is a good place to rest while exploring the French Quarter and a great place to be entertained by local performers.
The park officials might not appreciate Gabriel trying to move that.
Gabriel doesn't want to take that out of the park.

Using that on the sidewalk would be pointless.
A wide walk provides a pathway around the square.

Jackson Square boasts some very old trees--left over from the days when the city was under French rule.

Gabriel doesn't want to throw that away.
Give a hoot.
Arranging garbage cans is not Gabriel's idea of a good time.
These particular garbage cans do not open.
The garbage can has no function other than to take whatever people throw at it. Gabriel's had days like that.

(GK-AM2)The artist wouldn't appreciate Gabriel messing with his stuff while he's gone.
(GK-AM2)The artist is off chasing his errant drawing.

GABE "Does this mean anything to you?"
The drummer looks blankly at Gabriel and continues his rhythm.
GABE "Can I ask you a few questions?"
The drummer does not respond.
Gabriel listens carefully to the drum and opens his Rada book to translate....
It's one of the Rada drummers--they transmit coded messages through the French Quarter for the Voodoo cartel.
A lone drummer beats out a haunting rhythm on a large African drum.
The drummer is unlikely to listen to Gabriel's suggestions about moving.
That wouldn't work on the drummer.
GABE "You know--I know who you are."
The drummer ignores Gabriel and just continues drumming. Unnerving, isn't he?
The drummer is busy.
The drummer ignores the mime.

Why do that with the juggler?
The juggler looks like a beginner practicing his act.
The juggler is busy.

The Cajun band is a little busy for that right now.
A Cajun band, inventive as always with their instruments, is having a good old time on the lawn.
 Funny how catchy that toe-tapping can be.
The Cajun band wouldn't appreciate that.

Using that on the drawing wouldn't help.
There's a drawing caught up against the hedges.
Gabriel can't reach the drawing from where he is.
GABE "Hey, float over here, would you?"
 The drawing ignores Gabriel.

That jazz band is pretty good. Of course, most jazz bands in New Orleans are.
The jazz band is moving as much as they're going to right now.
The band doesn't work that way.
The band isn't likely to want to follow Gabriel around, though it would make for dramatic
 entrances.
The band isn't paying any attention to Gabriel.

The band is a bit busy to be bothered with that.
A blues band entertains on the lawn. Now THAT'S music.
The band obviously likes this spot and wouldn't care to be moved.
The band doesn't work that way.
GABE "What am I, a groupie?"
The band is too into their music to talk to Gabriel.

Mime lines

Gabriel doesn't want to encourage the mime by showing him anything.
Interrogating a mime would be an exercise in frustration.
It's one of those mimes. Oh, boy.
Wasn't that mime somewhere else a minute ago?
GABE "Better them than me."
He seems to have a mind of his own.
That wouldn't work on the mime.
Gabriel probably COULD pick up the mime. The question is, would he want to?
It seems that Gabriel has already done that.
Since Gabriel can't read lips, he's disinclined to start a conversation.
GABE "Stop following me!"

KID "Hey, stop picking on me! I'll tell my dad!"
BEEFY MAN "You white-faced geek! You wanna eat my fist?"
OLD WOMAN "Why, you nasty thing, you! I'll call the police! I will!"
WOMAN "Well, I never! Leave me alone you, you, you...MAN!"
CAJUN BAND LEADER "Knock it off, you, before I shove this washboard down your throat!"
BLUES BAND LEADER "Aw, man! Go bother somebody else, Dude!"
JAZZ BAND LEADER "Ya'll gonna get it if ya'll keep at that."

Police lines

MOLLY "<HIst><pOp> Ambulance to <cRack>."

MOLLY "<sNaP> Coroner requests assistance at <gArble>."

MOLLY "...homicide team, attend <wHine>."

MOLLY "<CracKle> Anyone seen Joe?"

Gabriel doesn't need to take the radio to listen to it.

The radio won't tell Gabriel anything that way.

Using that on the police radio won't help.

On the motorcycle is a police radio.

There's no reason to move the radio. The officer would miss it.

The radio doesn't open or close.

GABE "Mind if I use your radio?"

COP "What are you, nuts? Forget it!"

GABE "Touchy."

COP "(YELLING AT MIME WHOSE MAKING FUN OF HIM--THESE SHOULD ESCALATE)Hey, cut that out!"

COP "(TO MIME)I told you to stop that!"

COP "(TO MIME--THREATENING)All right, Mister. You want some of this?"

COP "(READY TO CHASE MIME)Why, you little....!"

Gabriel picks up the headset and listens....

MOLLY "Ambulance 91, have you located the crime scene? They've radioed for you three times."

91 "Damn! Did you say it was NORTH of the Lake Retreat Country Club?"

MOLLY "<sigh>SOUTH. Lakeside Drive, NORTH of the Piedmont Pier, SOUTH of the country club."

91 "Man, I don't know if it's the clouds out here today or what! Good thing this guy's already dead!"

MOLLY "Everyone's having trouble. Must have been hallucinogens in the coffee this morning!"

91 "It's just so misty out here or something, I...hey, I see a squad car! Got it, Molly."

MOLLY "Thank God. Have a good one, 91. <pOp>"

GABE "Interesting."

COP "Stupid mime!"

COP "Hey, you! Get away from that bike!"

GABE "Sorry."

Gabriel doesn't need to do that with the cop's motorcycle.

A cop has driven his motorcycle into the park--something Gabriel would probably never get away with.

Move the cop's motorcycle? Gabriel would prefer NOT to be arrested right now.

Gabriel likes his own cycle much better. Besides, even Mosely couldn't get him out of that one.

The motorcycle cop wouldn't have anything enlightening to say about that.

GABE "Could I ask you a few questions?"

COP "Not now, Buddy. I'm busy."

GABE "I should've noticed that. Thanks."

Yeah, right.

A police officer is either off-duty or patrolling the park. Or both.

The police officer would take offense at that.

Nah. He's not Gabriel's type.

GABE "Good day, Officer."

COP "Yeah, to you, too. Keep moving."
The mime doesn't look anxious to get near that cop again.

Artist

GABE "Say, do you think there's anything you can do with these patterns?"

GABE "Say, do you think there's anything you can do with this pattern?"

ARTIST "(MRCC)I'll give it my best shot. I'll show you what I come up with tomorrow."

GABE "Great. I appreciate it."

ARTIST "Hmmm. The pattern is probably circular...and there's some repetition in the elements...."

ARTIST "What is this from, anyway?"

GABE "You'd never believe me."

GABE "I'll see what I can do."

ARTIST "What do you need?"

ARTIST "(HIS DRAWING IS BLOWING AWAY)Hey, come back here. HEY!"

ARTIST "(GIVING UP CHASING DRAWING)Stupid wind! Now I have to start over!"

What would the artist do with that?

GABE "Could I ask you some questions?"

ARTIST "I'd rather not. I really get focused when I'm drawing."

GABE "Okay, fine."

The artist is an able draftsman, but interrogating him wouldn't lend much to Gabriel's investigations.

GABE "This belongs to you, doesn't it?"

ARTIST "My drawing! How'd you get it?"

GABE "Oh, it was a bit of a squeeze, but I hate to see you lose your work. I lost my only copy of a manuscript once."

ARTIST "Well, you saved my butt. Let me know if I can ever do the same for you, hey?"

GABE "Is there any way you can reconstruct the whole pattern from this partial?"

ARTIST "Okay-dokey. Well, I might be able to reconstruct the pattern if I had more data, but this is just one small area of it."

ARTIST "If you could get me any more of these it would help."

GABE "I have another one of those patterns."

ARTIST "Really? Let's see."

ARTIST "Yeah, yeah. This is great. I think there's enough overlap now."

ARTIST "I'm a student. I don't take commissions."

GABE "Oh. Sorry."

An artist is taking advantage of the fine weather.

It's a public park. The artist has a right to his bit of grass.

Why be rude to the artist?

Gabriel's already given the artist the photocopy of that file. The original wouldn't help.

Gabriel's already given the artist the original police file. The photocopy wouldn't help.

GABE "I have some more of those patterns."

ARTIST "Really? Let's see."

ARTIST "Yeah, yeah. These are great. I think there's enough overlap now."

GABE "Is there any way you can reconstruct the whole pattern from these partials?"

ARTIST "Okay-dokey. Well, there's...hmmm...I think there's an area missing. If you could get me any more of these...."

ARTIST "Uh, I'm kind of busy, and I don't normally do requests."

GABE "Oh. Okay."

GABE "How's it going today?"

ARTIST "What? Oh, it's only you."

ARTIST "Man, I have been jumpy all day. That...that pattern of yours really freaked me out for some reason. There's just something...creepy."

GABE "(EXCITED)You finished it?"

ARTIST "Yeah, and you're welcome to it. Here."

GABE "Wow, this is great!"

ARTIST "Uh-huh. Just don't, like, blow up the planet with it or something, okay?"

GABE "I didn't mean to upset you."

ARTIST "Ah, forget it. I'm probably just being stupid. Do your thing with it, and good luck."

GABE "Thanks again for that pattern."

ARTIST "No problem."

GABE "How's it going?"

ARTIST "Life sucks! I just lost two days worth of work."

GABE "What are you working on now?"

ARTIST "Just starting another drawing of the cathedral."

GABE "Nice drawing of the cathedral."

ARTIST "Thanks."

GABE "It's really precise."

ARTIST "Well, I'm an architectural student, actually. It's good practice."

GABE "What else do you need to do that reconstruction?"

ARTIST "Some more parts of that pattern would be helpful."

GABE "I'll see what I can do."

GABE "Those drawing tools are amazing."

ARTIST "Yeah, they're great for laying lines, angles, circles...anything geometric. It's pretty meticulous, but I prefer it to freehand."

GABE "Can you draw anything with those tools?"

ARTIST "They're great for ordered, complex forms and patterns, but they won't help me do Monet."

GABE "Is there anything else you need to do that reconstruction."

ARTIST "I think I have enough now, thanks."

GABE "Do you mind if I watch you?"

ARTIST "Be my guest."

Gabriel needs that. He doesn't want to return it.

ARTIST "Ooooh! Unbelievable! Rotten luck!"

Kid

GABE "Can you fit through the bars around the statue?"

KID "CAN I? Just watch me!"

GABE "Good. There's something in there I can't quite reach. Come on."

GABE "Can't think of anything at the moment."

KID "Okay, then."

GABE "Can you do the Nutcracker Suite in D Minor?"

KID "Say WHAT?"

GABE "Oh, never mind."

GABE "How about 'When the Saints Go Marching In'?"

KID "Sure."

KID "Hey, guys! Saints!"

JAZZ BAND LEADER "You got it, kid."

GABE "That was great. Thanks."

KID "No problem, Mister."

GABE "Could you do 'Saints' again?"

KID "Yeah, okay. Guys?"
JAZZ BAND LEADER "Hit it."
GABE "That was great. Thanks."
KID "Yup."

What would the little boy do with that?
Interrogating the little boy wouldn't be very useful.
The little boy's dancing has slowed down a little since he ate the hot dog.
A small boy is tap dancing enthusiastically for a Lucky Dog vendor. The vendor ignores him.

GABE "You wouldn't like a Lucky Dog, by any chance?"
KID "Would I!"
KID "Thanks, Mister! Ya got any special requests, lemme know."

Louisiana has child kidnapping laws.
That would be, at the very least, illegal.
GABE "You mentioned something about special requests?"

KID "Yeah, ya got one?"
GABE "You dance pretty well, for a kid."
KID "Gimme some money den."
GABE "I don't have any."
KID "Then don't block the view, Mister."

GABE "Do you do requests?"
KID "Got any money?"
GABE "No."
KID "Sompin' ta eat?"
GABE "Er, no."
KID "Dere you have it. No."

GABE "Can you reach that piece of paper?"
KID "<shrug>Sure thing."
KID "Here ya go."
GABE "Thanks, kid."
KID "Yup. See ya."

Lucky Dog vendor

There's no reason to do that to the Lucky Dog cart.
A Lucky Dog vendor has set up business in the square.

Why would the vendor be interested in that?
GABE "Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?"
HOT DOG VENDOR "(BORED, DISTRACTED. HE'S READING)Yup. I mind, all right."
GABE "Why?"
HOT DOG VENDOR "Because: A) I don't know anything, and B) I'm busy."
GABE "Oh."
(GK-AM2)Gabriel sacrificed his father's painting to get that money. He's not going to waste it!
GABE "I have this gift certificate...."
HOT DOG VENDOR "I'm busy."
GABE "It's good for \$20.00 at St. George's Books. Finest book store in New Orleans."
HOT DOG VENDOR "(STARTING TO BE INTERESTED)Really? I'll have to check it out sometime."
GABE "You could take this gift certificate with you...if you'll give me a Lucky Dog."

HOT DOG VENDOR "(EXCITED)A Lucky Dog for a \$20.00 gift certificate? Sure! Here you go."

The Lucky Dog vendor has his nose buried in a paperback novel. Gabriel notices that it is not--big surprise--one of his.

The vendor wouldn't appreciate that.

GABE "You seem to be quite a reader."

HOT DOG VENDOR "(DISTRACTED)Yup."

GABE "Did you ever read anything by Gabriel Knight?"

HOT DOG VENDOR "Nope."

The vendor is clearly not interested in further conversation.

GABE "Could I get a Lucky Dog, please?"

HOT DOG VENDOR "Not now. I'm busy."

An unambitious person? In the 90's? Amazing!

GABE "Hello? Are you selling Lucky Dogs or not?"

The vendor ignores Gabriel entirely.

Beignet vendor puzzle

GABE "What the heck are 'beignets' anyway?"

BEIGNET VENDOR "(UPBEAT)Deep-fried sweet dough with powdered sugar on top! New Orleans doughnuts, Sir!"

GABE "Oh, nothing."

BEIGNET VENDOR "You're the boss."

GABE "Nice place."

BEIGNET VENDOR "Uh, yeah. I always did pretty well there."

GABE "What happened to the guy who used to be here?"

BEIGNET VENDOR "The Lucky Dog guy? I took over his spot."

GABE "Why don't you go back there?"

BEIGNET VENDOR "D'you think? I've been kind of torn."

BEIGNET VENDOR "Must be the weather--these thick clouds we've had all week? I'm just not seeing the crowds here that I expected."

GABE "I definitely think you should go back to Royal and Conti."

BEIGNET VENDOR "(RRCC. RERECORD. LAST SENTENCE MISREAD. IT'S--YOU THINK, "I OUGHT TO TRY SOMETHING NEW." HE SAYING WHAT HE THOUGHT.)Really? I'm glad you think so. I always liked that beat, but I thought I oughta give this a shot."

GABE "Oh, absolutely. The grass is always greener."

BEIGNET VENDOR "Exactly. You're right. I'm goin' back over there today."

GABE "Say, haven't I seen you before?"

BEIGNET VENDOR "I get around the French Quarter. Used to be at Royal and Conti."

GABE "You say you used to be at Royal and Conti?"

BEIGNET VENDOR "That's right."

GABE "So you're definitely going back to Royal and Conti?"

BEIGNET VENDOR "Yep, in a bit."

GABE "Why did you leave Royal and Conti?"

BEIGNET VENDOR "Well, the guy who used to be here, the Lucky Dog guy? He was my cousin, Ralph. He went off to college, see, and this spot came open."

BEIGNET VENDOR "I thought Jackson Square'd be a better gig, you know. Tourists and all."

GABE "Is it?"

BEIGNET VENDOR "Well...no, actually."

The vendor wouldn't be interested in seeing that.
The beignet vendor is unlikely to have information that Gabriel needs.
A vendor selling beignets and cafe au lait has taken the Lucky Dog vendor's old spot.
Moving the vendor wouldn't be that simple.
The vendor doesn't work that way.
Gabriel's not THAT fond of beignets.
GABE "Hello."
BEIGNET VENDOR "(UP, SALESMAN)What can I do for you, Sir?"
GABE "(POLITE)Excuse me?"
BEIGNET VENDOR "Yeah?"

Madame Lorelei puzzle

LORELEI "Come on, boys, hoopla!"
LORELEI "Thanks, boys."

There's no reason to do that to the veil.
It's a silken veil.
(GK-AM2)Perhaps Gabriel should pick it up first.

She's busy at the moment.

GABE "Does this mean anything to you?"

LORELEI "No. Does this price list mean anything to YOU?"

GABE "Could I ask you a few questions, Madame Lorelei?"

LORELEI "(STARTING TO GET FLIRTATIOUS)The only answers I give are given in my readings. I'm sure YOUR palm would be quite...interesting."

Gabriel wouldn't mind having his fortune read, but he's not keen enough about it to pay cold, hard cash.

(GK-AM2)The belly dancer would probably love it if Gabriel threw money at her, but Gabriel needs the cash. He'll have to think of a less expensive form of expression.

Gabriel doesn't want to return the scale. It might be useful.

GABE "I'm looking, I'm looking!"

(GK-AM2)Gabriel leers at the dancer, but she seems to want a more overt demonstration of his appreciation.

Madame Lorelei, the fortuneteller, is garbed in a belly dancer's outfit and wears a boa around her neck...a REAL boa!

She's pretty good at moving herself.

That would almost certainly be misinterpreted.

Madame Lorelei dances only when she's inspired.

GABE "Not a bad idea."

GABE "(GK-AM2. VERY FLIRTATIOUS)<wolf whistle> Mmmm, Baby, I love the way you...move."

Madame Lorelei winks knowingly at Gabriel, and twitches her hips.

GABE "Yep. She wants me."

Madame Lorelei seems less approachable when she's behind that booth./

GABE "Madame Lorelei, is it?"

LORELEI "(FLIRTATIOUS)What can I do for you, Handsome?"

GABE "I think this veil belongs to you."

Why do that to the booth?

The owner is currently plying a different sort of wares, however.

The booth is a colorful mélange. It announces the owner as Madame Lorelei and gives prices for palm readings--\$20.00, crystal ball gazing--\$15.00, and birth charts--\$50.00.

Madame Lorelei lounges at the booth, fondling her snake.

(GK-AM2)Madame Lorelei would not appreciate Gabriel using her booth while she's dancing.

(GK-AM2)Gabriel wouldn't mind picking up a few extra bucks by using Madame Lorelei's booth while she's gone, but he doesn't know how to belly dance.

Perhaps Gabriel should just talk to her first.

Gabriel wouldn't mind getting his fortune told, but he doesn't want to pay good money for it.

GABE "How's business?"

LORELEI "How's business? I have no time for such dull conversation, darling."

GABE "Er...nothing."

LORELEI "(FLIRTATIOUS)Then move aside, sweetie, but stay where I can look at you, 'kay?"

GABE "How about a reading?"

LORELEI "The prices are listed on the sign."

GABE "They seem a little steep."

LORELEI "Well, I sometimes do my...intimate friends for nothing. But I AM a business woman."

GABE "I'm sure you are."

GABE "(WEASELING)Could you just do a short reading...for an intimate friend?"

LORELEI "Darling, you toy with me. If I thought you were serious.... But, no, I must stay...firm."

GABE "That's a nice snake you have there."

LORELEI "(SEXY)I could say the same of you...."

GABE "Hmmm. Well, I know where I got mine. Where'd you get yours?"

LORELEI "<sniff>That's personal."

GABE "I'd really like to know more about that snake."

LORELEI "Sorry, sweetie, but I don't discuss 'Elvis' with anyone."

GABE "Did you lose a veil?"

GABE "I think this veil belongs to you."

LORELEI "Oh, my veil! I'm always losing those things--you have no idea...."

LORELEI "Well, darling, you're such a sweetie to return a lady's delicates--and soooo handsome as well."

GABE "Well, I...."

LORELEI "And since you have such a clear...interest in fortunetelling, let me see your hands. They look soooo strong. Perhaps they will make both our fortunes clear, no?"

GABE "(DISGUSTED)I wish something would."

LORELEI "(VERY FLIRTATIOUS)Mmmm, strong, yes, and yet so delicate and...flexible <sigh>."

GABE "(FLIRTATIOUS)You don't know the half of it."

LORELEI "Oh, good! I see a mysterious woman in your immediate future!"

Madame Lorelei winks at Gabriel knowingly.

LORELEI "(FLIRTATION AT FIRST, THEN FALTERING)She is a dangerous one, dark and beautiful. Ah...I see the road of your life forking, and very soon...."

The blood drains from Madame Lorelei's face in an instant. Sweat beads on her upper lip.

GABE "Are you okay?"

LORELEI "(BECOMING TRANCELIKE--HER VOICE CHANGES TO A MASCULINE ONE HERE--DEEP AND SCARY)There...are...forces...."

LORELEI "(TERRIFIED, CHOKED)Oh, God! Beware! Beware!"

GABE "What IS it about me lately?"

Madame Lorelei's booth is deserted.

It appears that Madame Lorelei has returned.

Gabriel should get her attention first.

The fortuneteller wouldn't appreciate that.

Gabriel's already screwed that one up. Perhaps he should just talk to her.

GABE "(FRIENDLY. SPEAKING TO FORTUNE TELLER THAT HAD PREVIOUSLY RUN OFF)You're back! You know, you really freaked me out, running off like that!"

GABE "(SHE DOESN'T RESPOND...)Yoo-hoo. Anybody home?"

TETELO "(HORRIBLY EVIL, HISSING)Stay away from Malia Gedde..."

TETELO "(HORRIBLY EVIL, HISSING)Or you shall pay with your LIFE!!!"

GABE "(RRCC. A TERRIFIED, QUICK INTAKE OF BREATH)<gasp>!"

GABE "(SCARED)What the hell is going on?"

ST LOUIS CATHEDRAL

The cathedral is the scene of Crash's death.

The chancel of St. Louis Cathedral consists of a raised dais, an altar, two pedestals, and a choir area.

Gabriel can't do anything with the chancel.

The parish priests wouldn't appreciate finding that in the cherub's shell.

Gabriel might need the good will, but he can't afford to make a donation right now.

At least the cherubs are an aesthetic way of asking for donations.

Why do that with the cherub?

Curtailed confessionals are a subtle, old-fashioned presence on the left of the nave.

The confessionals can't be moved.

Someone is in that confessional. Gabriel will have to wait.

Gabriel can't do that with the flags.

Flags of the world are displayed from the upper story. A promotion of universal harmony, no doubt.

Rows of pews line each side of the nave's aisle.

Crash is in one of the pews.

There's no reason to do that with the pews.

Gabriel is already seated.

That door must lead to the priest's side of the confessionals.

Gabriel can't go in there. That's the priest's part of the confessionals.

St. Louis Cathedral has a beautiful chapel, warm with tones of gold and cream, and rich with delicate frescos and meticulously-carved wood.

Gabriel doesn't want to take that from the cathedral.

There's no one to speak to in that part of the cathedral.

There's an inconspicuous door near the chancel.

The door isn't going anywhere.

It looks like someone found and moved Crash's body.

Day 4

Crash is huddled in a pew. He looks seriously ill.

Crash is still capable of moving under his own volition.

GABE "(APPROACHES CRASH IN CHURCH)Psst. Hey! What are you doing here?"

CRASH "(TERRIFIED)I'm prayin'. Leave me alone!"

GABE "Why are you praying?"

CRASH "(TERRIFIED)I'm prayin' for my life, Man!"

GABE "You look pretty sick. Shouldn't you be in a hospital?"

CRASH "(TERRIFIED)A hospital wouldn't do nothin'! Leave me alone!"

GABE "(TO CRASH)Do you recognize this?"

CRASH "(SICK, DYING, DOESN'T WANT TO TALK)No! Don't waste my time!"

Crash won't be looking at anything, ever again.

GABE "(RRCC. TO CRASH. URGING, EXCITED)Will you answer some questions for me now?"

CRASH "(RRCC. SICK, URGENT)Okay, I'll talk to you--a little, but make it fast!"

GABE "Just a few more questions."

CRASH "(URGENT)Get on with it, Man!"

GABE "I need to talk to you--ask you some questions."

CRASH "No way, Man! I'm too sick. Go away!"

GABE "(RRCC. URGENT, FRUSTRATED)Come on! I HAVE to know what YOU know about these Voodoo people!"

CRASH "You don't know nothin' about nothin', Man! You're so far out of it, you wouldn't understand anything--just like that friend of yours, Mosely! Go away!"

GABE "I'm NOT like Mosely. I know more than you think I do. I'll believe you!"

CRASH "Forget it, Man! It's not worth my breath!"

GABE "Come on! Talk to me!"

CRASH "I'm too sick to waste my time. Now go away!"

GABE "Do you recognize this?"

CRASH "(FEARFUL AWE)Where did you get that?"

GABE "(EXCITED)Why? Do you know something about it?"

CRASH "Know something about it? Look at this!"

Crash opens his shirt and reveals a tattoo.

GABE "(EXCITED)It's the same--the same snake!"

CRASH "(FEARFUL)It's their sign...the mark of the snake! Without it, they'll never let you get close!"

GABE "The sign of the snake.... Right! Your tattoo, my bracelet. Now do you believe that I know SOMETHING about these people?"

CRASH "(RRCC. RELUCTANT, SICK, MISERABLE)All right. Yeah. You know about them, I...<cough>...I guess."

GABE "(EXCITED)Tell me more about this snake sign."

CRASH "(NERVOUS)I need this tattoo to get into their rituals, that's all I know."

GABE "(A LITTLE SCARED)Hey, are you all right?"

GABE "(FRANTIC, LOUDLY)Someone! I need help!"

CRASH "(GURGLE, DYING)The eyes of the snake! Damballah! <gurgle>"

GABE "(SCARED)What snake? Crash?"

Crash spasms twice more, then dies as Gabriel watches.

GABE "(RRCC. VERY UPSET & SYMPATHETIC. JUST WATCHED SOMEONE DIE)Oh, God! Poor bastard!"

Crash is dead. He's not going to be very communicative.

There's no point in using that on Crash's shirt.

There's no point in using that on Crash's chest.

Gabriel doesn't even like Crash's shirt! Why would he want to draw it?

GABE "(TO HIMSELF)I guess I'd better copy this tattoo."

Gabriel already copied the tattoo.

Crash's shirt is closed.

On Crash's chest is a tattoo of a snake.

GABE "(TO HIMSELF)That tattoo looks like Cazaunoux's bracelet."

Gabriel can't take the tattoo with him that way.

Crash's body is slumped in the pew. What a place for a violent death!

GABE "(TO PLAYER. GROSSED OUT)This is about as close as I want to get!"

There's no point in doing that with the corpse.

Gabriel should get a closer look at Crash if he wants to do any sketching.

Crash's face shows signs of strangulation. His death was not a pleasant one.

Moving the body is the job of the coroner's office.

Gabriel can't do that with Crash.

CONFESSIOINAL

Initially the confessionals are merely a platform for silly jokes, but the one on the right harbours a secret...

There's no reason to put that on or under the kneeler.

It's a cushioned kneeler.

The kneeler is attached to the wall.

The kneeler doesn't open.

Gabriel can't take the kneeler.

Gabriel can't see a way to use that on the knothole.

There's a knothole about the size of a quarter in the The knothole is part of the paneling.

The knothole doesn't seem to do that.

The knothole doesn't seem to operate that way.

The priest blesses Gabriel through the confessional window.

PRIEST "Peace be with you, Son."

GABE "Thank you, Father."

GABE "(TO PRIEST)Yes, Father."

GABE "(IN CONFESSIOINAL)Could you give me a blessing?"

PRIEST "(CONCERNED)Do you feel the need for a blessing, Son?"

GABE "(WRY)You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

PRIEST "All right. If it will comfort you."

PRIEST "(CONCERNED)Are you in trouble, my child?"

GABE "Is the Pope.... Uh, yeah. You could say that, Father."

PRIEST "Then I hope this helps."

PRIEST "(CONCERNED)Would that comfort you, Son?"

GABE "(WRY)It couldn't hurt."

PRIEST "Very well."

GABE "I'd like to make a confession."

PRIEST "All right. If it will make you feel better."

GABE "Can I ask you a few questions?"

PRIEST "The confessional is not the best place for interviews, Son. You can contact the parish offices if you need private counseling."

GABE "I understand. Thanks, Father."

PRIEST "Is there anything else?"

GABE "No, thank you."

PRIEST "As you wish. Please feel free to stay and commune with God."

Why leave that in the confessional?

The confessional is empty, and there doesn't seem to be a priest behind the window right now.

The confessional is about the size of a closet, and is richly paneled in lovingly-oiled Cherry.

Gabriel can't see a way to move that part of the confessional.

There's a small shelf under the meshed window.

The shelf is attached to the wall.

The shelf doesn't do that.

PRIEST "(ENDING CONFESSION)Is there anything else?"

GABE "Nope, that's it."

PRIEST "Good-bye, then. Peace go with you."

PRIEST "May I help you, my child?"

GABE "(CONFESSIONS TO PRIEST--PLAY FOR HUMOR, BUT GABE SHOULD SOUND SERIOUS)I've had impure thoughts about a woman I met."

PRIEST "Impure thoughts? You mean thoughts of sexual relations?"

GABE "You could say that.... But worse than what you mean."

PRIEST "Worse? You mean extreme sexual relations?"

GABE "Well...not involving animals or anything."

PRIEST "Oh. Well. I see. Perhaps we should just leave it at that. Pray for forgiveness and say ten rosaries."

GABE "(CONFESSING TO PRIEST)I've done some pretty rotten things to my friend, Mosely."

PRIEST "Rotten? What do you mean?"

GABE "Practical jokes. Insults. Among other things."

PRIEST "I see. Are you sorry?"

GABE "Well...."

PRIEST "Pray for forgiveness and say three rosaries."

GABE "(CONFESSING)I haven't paid my assistant for three months."

PRIEST "Have you had the money?"

GABE "Nope."

PRIEST "Sounds like a matter for the courts, Son, not the church."

GABE "(CONFESSING)I've had a lot of women, Father."

PRIEST "A lot? More than ten?"

PRIEST "More than twenty?"

PRIEST "(GETTING INCREDULOUS)More than forty?"

PRIEST "(ADMONISHING)Son, I don't think this is a matter for a priest. I think you need a good therapist."

GABE "(FEELING GUILTY)<sigh>Yes, Father."

GABE "(CONFESSION. THIS ONE SERIOUS)Some people say I'm a selfish person, Father."

PRIEST "We can always strive to improve ourselves. Patterns can be broken."

GABE "Yes. Thank you, Father."

GABE "(CONFESSING. HUMOR)I think I just need an overall apology to the Universe."

+ PRIEST "I see. Apology noted."

GABE "Thanks, Father."

A meshed window provides access to the confessional from the priest's booth.

Through the mesh Gabriel can see a solid wood wall.

The panel behind the meshed window moves from the other side.

There's nothing of interest beyond the meshed window that would make that action worthwhile.

Day 10

This confessional has turned out to be an express elevator to Hell.

GABE "(TO HIMSELF. PONDERING)Something about this knothole looks familiar."

GABE "(ACTIVATES SECRET ELEVATOR. EXCITED)It's moving! I knew it!"

GABE "(APPREHENSIVE)Ride's over."

GABE "(TO HIMSELF. NERVOUS)I think I've got everything I need. Might as well see it through."

Gabriel can't take the kneeler, and the items under it should be left for Mosely.

Gabriel wonders if Mosely will have everything he needs to follow the trail.

GABE "(SPEAKING TO AN ABSENT MOSELY--LEAVING TRAIL FOR HIM)All right, Mosely. There's your signal."

Gabriel puts the snake rod under the bench for Mosely.

Kneeling is probably not a great idea down here. Who know WHAT deity Gabriel would be supplicating to!

The snake rod key is concealed under the kneeler.

A signal device is concealed under the kneeler.

A signal device and the snake rod key are concealed under the kneeler.

The signal device would be out in plain sight there.

Gabriel has no reason to leave the signal device here.

The snake rod would be out in plain sight there.

Gabriel has no reason to leave the snake rod here.

DIXIELAND DRUG STORE

The Dixieland Drug Store needs a frequent visit from Gabriel at the early stage of the game. On the first day, he will learn of St John's Eve and Cabrit Sans Cor, on the second day he meets Madame Cazaunoux, and on the third day he needs to buy a mask.

The dust on those boxes is older than Gabriel.

Gabriel doesn't want to know what's in those boxes.

Gabriel doesn't want the box.

GABE "Lodestone powder, Five Finger Grass.... Something tells me I'm not in Kansas anymore."

The case opens from the back.

To get what's in the case Gabriel would need money.

Herbal oils for love, luck, power and success.

Root bags, curio boxes and magic candles. "Sold as Curios Only. We Cannot Guarantee Results."

This case holds candles with names like Love Drawing Candle, Confusion Candle, and Black Devil Candle.

GABE "If only they sold a 'Figure Out What The Hell Is Going On' Candle."

It's nearly as old as the one at St. George's.

Willy looks ready to defend that cash register with his life.

It's a mannequin wearing a crocodile mask.

GABE "(SPEAKING OF TRYING TO MOVE A CROCODILE)I think he wants to stay right where he is."

GABE "It must be the crocodile thing, but even I'M not interested in undressing that mannequin." The mannequin is only a stiff form and doesn't do anything.

GABE "There's no room for him in the bookstore."

The mask appears to be made from a real crocodile head.

The mask doesn't open or close. It looks like it just slips over one's head.

To get the mask, Gabriel would have to buy it.

The glass jars contain a number of things Gabriel can't identify.

GABE "And wouldn't WANT to!"

(MRCC)Moving the merchandise would only anger Mr. Walker.

GABE "I'd have to smell those if I opened them!"

The jars look fragile, and their contents unappetizing.

Ropes of garlic hang from the ceiling.

GABE "I'll know where to come if I ever have a vampire problem."

GABE "I'll pass. I ate Italian last night."

""Voodoo & Hoodoo: The Craft as Revealed by Traditional Practitioners' by Jim Haskins.

Available at Dixieland Drug Store and other fine stores."

Gabriel doesn't want the poster, and a small notice says that the store is out of stock on the book itself.

The sign says "Potion Ingredients." These jars must be for do-it-yourselfers.

The sign says: "Special St. John's Eve lagniappe. Free bottle of Lover Come Back To Me Oil or Master Gamblin' Oil with every purchase over \$50.00."

GABE "Lagniappe. My French is lousy, but everyone in New Orleans knows what that means: 'A little something extra.'"

What would Gabriel do with that sign?

Small bags made of felt and flannel hang from the ceiling.

WILLY "Those are gris gris. They're full of magic. No guarantees, though, you know."

The bags are tied with string and look as though they're meant to remain closed.

GABE "No, thanks. I don't even want to think about what might be in them."

The poster reads: "POWER will be yours when you use Papa Legba's Power Drawing Incense and

Master Power Oil. Buy some today!"
The poster itself isn't available, and Gabriel isn't sure he wants what it's advertising.

The sign says "Power Items."

The Dixieland Drug Store is crammed from top to bottom with strange merchandise, some or
all of which seems to be related to the practice of Voodoo.

On the shelf are how-to books for Voodoo neophytes.

GABE "Like I don't already have more books than I know what to do with."

The shelf holds containers of dried items--flowers, grasses, black cat bones.

GABE "I don't want any of this stuff!"

The entire shelf is stocked with containers of High John the Conqueror Root Powder.

GABE "I can't even reach that from here!"

GABE "I don't know what that stuff does, but I don't like the sound of it."

The containers on this shelf all say "Magnetic Sand. Draw Good Luck and Prosperity."

GABE "I should probably buy fifty pounds or so for the book store."

GABE "With my luck, the magnetic sand's polarity would get reversed. No thanks."

The door looks out on Burgundy Street.

The shop would be rather vulnerable without a door.

In this case are Super Concentrated Fixing Oils and packages of pins.

GABE "Hi."

WILLY "Uh-huh."

GABE "I paid a hundred bucks for that mask!"

GABE "And I thought he was funny-looking before!"

Who knows what might happen if Gabriel uses that on the dolls?

A variety of cloth dolls are arranged above the shelf, each impaled with a single silver pin.

GABE "Some guy in New York would probably drop dead."

Gabriel doesn't know enough Voodoo to 'operate' those dolls.

GABE "I don't think Voodoo dolls are my style."

GABE "Does this mean anything to you?"

WILLY "I don't know anything about that at all."

GABE "Mind if I ask you a few questions?"

WILLY "Ask what you want. I'll answer what I want."

GABE "Can I ask you just a few more questions?"

WILLY "Whatever, man."

GABE "Could you look at this bracelet mold, and tell me if you've seen anything like it before?"

WILLY "No, man, I don't know nothin' about that."

GABE "Could you look at this snake bracelet, and tell me if you've seen anything like it before?"

WILLY "(NOT EVEN LOOKING AT BRACELET)Nope. Never seen nothin' like that."

GABE "About that crocodile mask...."

WILLY "We don't give no refunds on head gear."

GABE "Do you know anything about snake scales?"

WILLY "I got some snake root and snake powder, but I order 'em wholesale. I don't handle snakes. I don't like 'em at all."

GABE "You know that Master Gamblin' Oil you gave me?"

WILLY "(SOUNDING OFFENDED)We don't give refunds on the lagniappes, Sir."

GABE "Does any of this look familiar to you?"

WILLY "No, Sir, I never saw anything like that before. Looks like a foreign language."

GABE "Do you recognize this pattern?"

WILLY "Don't look familiar at all, Sir."

The proprietor doesn't look especially friendly. His business probably doesn't depend on walk-ins.

GABE "Do you want this Lucky Dog?"

WILLY "I never touch that stuff, man, and you shouldn't either. Bad for your heart, I'm tellin' you."

GABE "Would you mind taking a look at this photograph?"

WILLY "Cabrit sans cor!"

GABE "Cabrit sans cor? What does that mean?"

WILLY "Nothing. I didn't say anything like that. You heard me wrong, man."

GABE "Can you tell me anything about these murders? Does any of this Voodoo stuff around the body look familiar to you?"

WILLY "Don't you come in here askin' me about this stuff, you hear? Twenty years I run a respectable curio shop in the French Quarter."

WILLY "That don't mean I know about dead bodies and all this...this.... Forget it, man!"

GABE "Look at the Voodoo paraphernalia around the body in the photograph. Are you sure you can't tell me anything about it?"

WILLY "No! I don't know anything about it. Nothin'!"

Willy Walker might not like the idea of Gabriel trying to track down one of his customers.

(GK-AM2)The Voodoo shop owner would not appreciate being manipulated that way.

GABE "(RRCC. SLIGHTLY SUSPICIOUS)Anything new?"

WILLY "(RRCC. WORRIED)These are black days, M'sieu'. Somethin' in the air. Black days."

GABE "Hi there. Is this your store?"

WILLY "This is the Dixieland Drug Store, and I own it, me. Name's Walker. Willy Walker."

GABE "So this is a Voodoo store, huh?"

WILLY "Voodoo? No, man. This is a curio shop. The things you see here are from local folklore. None of it's real, I tell you for sure."

GABE "What about all these 'magic' oils and powders you're selling? Aren't they a part of Voodoo?"

WILLY "Read the label, man. 'We make no claims. Sold as a curio only.' It means what it says, non? These are novelties, not Voodoo."

GABE "So do you get many tourists in here?"

WILLY "Oui, all the time. They want to buy a bottle of Money Drawing Oil or a Ouanga bag to take home with them."

GABE "How's business?"

WILLY "'Bout like always."

GABE "Nice weather we're having."

WILLY "Don't bother me--can't you see I'm busy? St. John's Eve is coming, and I gotta be ready."

GABE "Have you always lived in New Orleans?"

WILLY "My Papa and his Papa and his Papa all the way back to the days of Marie Laveau, we've been living here."

GABE "So does any of this stuff actually work?"

WILLY "Are you crazy, man? These are just curios--novelties for the tourists."

GABE "I'm a businessman, too. I own a book store here in the French Quarter."

WILLY "I don't really care, me. I got a store to run."

GABE "Does this snake pattern look familiar to you at all? Have you noticed it on any of your customers, like as a tattoo?"

WILLY "No. Can't say as I have, me. Marine Corps, is it?"

GABE "Yeah. Could be. Thanks."

GABE "Do you know anything about these crosses? I think they're some kind of code."

WILLY "Looks like a lot of hen tracks to me, man."

Day 2

GABE "Hello."

WILLY "(GRUNT GREETING. DOESN'T LIKE STRANGE WHITE CUSTOMERS)Huh."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(RRCC. ENTERS VOODOO SHOP)Bonjour, Monsieur Walker."

WILLY "Bienvenu, Madame Cazaunoux. Comment ca va? How you be feeling today?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(RRCC. PARANOID. HUSHED.)Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Walker, I'm certain someone's buried a Sleep Not Bag somewhere near my steps. I haven't slept a wink in weeks."

WILLY "Ah, don't that beat all? Gonna need some Easy Night Candles then?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "Do you think that would help? I do hope you're right. I said three rosaries this morning for Our Lady's intervention."

WILLY "Rosaries are good, sure enough, but you burn those candles, too, and you're gonna whip any old no sleep gris gris, I tell you for sure."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "Very well, Mr. Walker. Put them on my account and send them around to my house."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(RRCC. GOSSIPING. UPSET.)Oh, and there's another thing! I didn't catch her at it, but I KNOW Mrs. Le Fevre put Stomach Ache Powder in my tea at the last meeting of the Creole Grande Dames. I've been in misery!"

WILLY "You put nine pins heads up in a little box, add a pinch of graveyard dust, and put it under her front porch step."

WILLY "That'll turn the trick back on Mrs. Le Fevre, and SHE'll be the one with the bellyache. I have the pins and the dust right here if you want them."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(RRCC. PRAYERFUL)If the Blessed Virgin will grant me her protection, I'll be safe from these practitioners of evil!"

WILLY "Oui, Madame, though it don't hurt to be proactive none, neither, does it?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "Naturellement, Monsieur. Merci beaucoup."

WILLY "Mais non, Madame. It is nothing. Au revoir."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(RRCC. LEAVING SHOP)Au revoir, Monsieur Walker."

CASTRO "Yap! Yap, yap!"

Day 3

GABE "I have a hundred dollars. You still want to sell that crocodile mask?"

WILLY "(RRCC. EXCITED)That's a hundred dollars, sure enough! The mask, it's yours, Sir."

WILLY "Here you go. Careful it don't bite you, now."

GABE "Yeah. Thanks."

WILLY "Don't you go forgettin' your lagniappe--a free bottle of Master Gamblin' Oil."

GABE "The sign said I could get Lady Luck Oil instead."

WILLY "Well, I wasn't thinkin' a man as young as you would be needin' that kind of remedying, but if you's havin' problems with your..."

GABE "Uh, that's all right. Believe me, I don't need it. I'll just stick with this. Thanks anyway."

WILLY "(AMUSED)Heh, heh, heh. 'Course it ain't none of my business if you DO need it."

GABE "I DON'T NEED IT!"

WILLY "(ISN'T BUYING IT)'Course you don't."

HISTORICAL MUSEUM OF VOODOO

The location where Dr John can be found, the location of the sekey madoulé where the tracker must be put, the location of the wishing stub, and the location of Gabe's first near-death experience.

DR JOHN "(FRIENDLY, CONTROLLED, SMOOTH>Welcome, my friend."

GABE "Hello."

DR JOHN "I am the proprietor, Dr. John. If you have any questions I will be happy to assist."

GABE "Great. My name is Knight, and I'll probably take you up on that."

GABE "Hello, Dr. John."

DR JOHN "Glad you could return to us, Mr. Knight."

Gabriel doesn't want to disturb the displays.

The back wall displays various Voodoo items, such as....

An artist's rendering of the Voodoo dances in Congo Square in the early 1800's.

An anatomically-correct Voodoo doll with pins strategically placed.

GABE "Now why does that remind me of Grace?"

A feathered African mask.

A poster advertising a Voodoo tour of the city--winters only.

A gaudy shell necklace.

A bandanna that was once worn by a Voodoo queen.

GABE "Nice blood stains."

GABE "They might not like it if I moved the displays."

That display doesn't open.

That display doesn't have any mechanical function.

Even if that were for sale, Gabriel couldn't afford it.

A balcony surrounds the room on the second level. It's closed to the public.

The balcony is closed to the public.

Flickering candles lend an appropriately spooky atmosphere to the museum.

An authentic-looking pole marks the center of the room. Authentic WHAT, Gabriel isn't sure.

According to Hartridge, that pole in the center of the room is called a poteau-mitan.

The pole is solidly connected to the floor.

GABE "I don't think the pole opens."

There's no reason to put that in the small coffin.

On the table is a small coffin--so small, in fact, that it would only fit an infant.

GABE "(DRYLY)Charming."

Professor Hartridge said that in Voudoun, a small ritual coffin is called a sekey madoulé.

GABE "(HE FINDS IT CURIOUS)This coffin is so small."

DR JOHN "How observant of you, Mr. Knight."

GABE "Is it for dolls or something?"

DR JOHN "It symbolizes the afterlife. It is purely decorative, I assure you."

GABE "Huh. Imagine that."

GABE "This is a sekey madoulé, isn't it? A small ritual coffin?"

DR JOHN "(TIGHT. HE'S LYING)I am not familiar with that terminology."

GABE "(SLIGHTLY DISBELIEVING)Really? I find that odd."

DR JOHN "(DEFENSIVE, ANGRY)You may find it odd if you wish, Mr. Knight."

The little coffin is empty.

GABE "Forget it! Knowing my luck lately, it'd talk back."

GABE "I'm close enough to 'using' a coffin as it is."

A counter at the back displays brochures and a donations basket.

They probably wouldn't appreciate finding that in the donations basket.

GABE "Like bloody hell."

It's a basket for donations to the "free" museum.

Unless Gabriel has something to contribute, he should leave the donations basket alone.

GABE "I don't need money THAT badly."

GABE "Besides. It's empty."

Large, elaborate drums occupy a corner of the museum.

The drums don't open or close.

DR JOHN "Please. Do not touch the drums. They are authentic."

GABE "Authentic what?"

DR JOHN "DRUMS. Do not touch them."

The signal device can't be concealed there.

Given the man's size, that doesn't seem advisable.

Dr. John is a huge man. If his manner weren't so pleasant, he'd be intimidating.

DR JOHN "I cannot say that it does."

GABE "Could I ask you some questions?"

DR JOHN "(SMILING, TOO-SMOOTH VOICE)That is why I am here."

GABE "Could I ask you some more questions?"

DR JOHN "(SMILING, TOO-SMOOTH VOICE)Of course. I also find our dialogue stimulating."

GABE "So how is the museum business?"

DR JOHN "Those who truly seek understanding are few, Mr. Knight, but even one can be an audience."

GABE "Yup. Sounds about like MY shop."

GABE "So where do you pick up all this stuff?"

DR JOHN "Oh, here and there. We accept donations of any pertinent items."

GABE "Do you ever get any wackos in here?"

DR JOHN "You mean besides yourself?"

GABE "(THINKS DR JOHN IS JOKING)Hah! Yeah, besides me!"

DR JOHN "I do not care to make those kinds of judgments, Mr. Knight. All are welcome here."

GABE "You're a big guy, aren't you? Do you work out? Play sports?"

DR JOHN "(DRYLY)I do not play basketball, if that is what you want to know."

GABE "Who me? No! You just look like such a natural athlete."

DR JOHN "I do find ways of keeping fit, Mr. Knight. After all, our bodies are temples."

GABE "You sound like Grace. I should get the two of you together."

DR JOHN "Is Grace your wife?"

GABE "No. She just acts like it."

GABE "So what do you think of our summer weather? Have you ever seen it so overcast or so muggy?"

DR JOHN "It IS unpleasant. The heavens are not pleased these days."

GABE "Nice outfit."

DR JOHN "(DRY)I prefer simple cotton to dead flesh, Mr. Knight."

GABE "I'll have to remember that."

GABE "(RRCC. SLY)Do you know of anything...interesting going on this evening?"

DR JOHN "(RRCC. DISTRACTED)You mean for St. John's Eve? Mr. Knight, I know of nothing that you would find...amusing."

GABE "(TRYING TO MAKE SMALL TALK. POLITE.)This is quite a place you have here."

DR JOHN "Thank you, Mr. Knight. I have dedicated myself to the preservation of this unique culture."

DR JOHN It is gratifying to see others reap the fruits I have sown."

GABE "Do you recognize this snake figure?"

DR JOHN "(HIDING UPSET)How curious. Where did you find it?"

GABE "Oh, just lying around."

DR JOHN "(ARCC. WARNING)I would throw it away if I were you."

GABE "(CURIOUS)Why is that?"

DR JOHN "It looks like trouble to me, Mr. Knight."

That tracker wouldn't do much good if everybody knew about it.

DR JOHN "(TIGHT, UPSET)No." (*USE BRACELET*)

DR JOHN "Not unless you care to donate it to the museum." (*USE MONEY*)

GABE "What do you think of my crocodile mask?"

DR JOHN "(DISTRACTED)Hmmm. Nice."

Why would Dr. John be interested in that scale?

DR JOHN "It looks like a simple Hoodoo potion to me. Such things are easy to obtain in the French Quarter."

Hartridge died getting that information. Gabriel doesn't want to endanger anyone else.

Perhaps Gabriel should learn more about the scale before showing it to anyone.

GABE "Do these marks look familiar?"

DR JOHN "They look like the scribbling of a child to me."

GABE "Okay. Thanks."

Dr. John is unlikely to be interested in that snake skin.

GABE "Could you look at this and tell me if you recognize anything about the ritual?"

DR JOHN "(FAKING GREAT OFFENSE)Mmmm! This is truly offensive! This is from one of those recent killings, is it not?"

GABE "Well, actually...."

DR JOHN "But the police already know that this so-called 'Voodoo ritual' is fake! Voodoo is a respectable religion. This kind of thing has nothing to do with Voodoo in this city!"

GABE "Fine, let's say that's true. Are you sure there's nothing about the items in this photo...."

DR JOHN "There is NOTHING about this...sickness that I would identify as Voodoo. Nothing!"

GABE "Thanks for looking, then."

GABE "Are you sure you don't recognize anything about the ritual in this photo?"

DR JOHN "I told you, SIR, that has nothing to do with Voodoo."

GABE "Right. Sorry."

Would that really be a good idea? (*USE PYTHON SCALE*)

GABE "Does this newspaper clipping mean anything to you?"

DR JOHN "(DRY, TIGHT)It looks like ancient history to me."

GABE "I suppose. Thanks."

Why would Gabriel want to give Dr. John the signal device?

GABE "Does this pattern look familiar to you?"

DR JOHN "(SUSPICIOUS, SURPRISED)Where did you get that?"

GABE "You do recognize it, then?"

DR JOHN "(LYING)I have never seen it before in my life."

GABE "Are you sure about this pattern?"

DR JOHN "I am sure, Mr. Knight."

GABE "Do these symbols mean anything to you?"

DR JOHN "(STIFF)No. They look like nonsense to me. Where did you get them, if I might inquire?"

GABE "I saw them scribbled somewhere. Just graffiti, I guess."

DR JOHN "(RRCC. VERY THREATENING)I see. By the way, I forgot to warn you, Mr. Knight. The local cemeteries are quite dangerous. Muggers, vandals. I would avoid going there alone, if I were you."

GABE "Really? Thanks for the advice."

Dr. John didn't seem too thrilled with those symbols the first time he saw them.

It's the exit to Ursulines street.

The doorway is already open.

There's a beaten-up old fan in the window. It's silent at the moment.

The fan might operate, but not that way.

The fan is entrenched in the window frame.

Why use that on the switch?

It's an electrical switch.

GABE "What does this do?"

DR JOHN "(IRRITATED--TRYING TO BE HEARD OVER A NOISY FAN)Turn that thing off!"

GABE "Oh. Sorry."

DR JOHN "(CALMER--TRYING TO COVER HIS ANXIETY)We have air conditioning, you see."

GABE "Yeah, I see."

Gabriel has no interest in the noisy fan at the moment.

Gabriel doesn't recognize the museum's flags.

GABE "Reminds me of a book critic for the New York Times."

Gabriel can't do anything with the drummer on the street.

Gabriel can't hear the street drummer very clearly in this location.

A street drummer has settled outside the museum.
Gabriel wonders if that drummer is one of the cartel's messengers.

A beaded gourd is on display.
GABE "That gourd must be an asson."

A wooden doll with horns is on the back table.
GABE "Looks like Jack Nicholson."

Something about the shape of that knife gives Gabriel the creeps.

That knife looks familiar--probably from Hartridge's slides.

GABE "What'd he call it? A ku-bha-sah?"
Gabriel doesn't want anything to DO with that knife.

GABE "That must be Marie Laveau."
A striking portrait of a turbaned woman is on the back wall. Gabriel wonders who she might be.

GABE "Does this mean anything to you?"
The Historical Voodoo Museum is brimming with items "authentic and original."

GABE "Damn! I've always wanted a skeleton with a bowl on its head."

GABE "He's got more hair than Mosely."

The snake is too far away.
A very large, very formidable-looking snake is secured in a Plexiglas cage.
DR JOHN "The python is quite dangerous. I would stay back if I were you."
GABE "Thanks for the advice."

GABE "That snake...."
DR JOHN "Is deadly--which is why the cage is out of public reach."
GABE "I see."

The snake doesn't look up for conversation.

A leather whip hangs from a peg on the wall.
GABE "Ooh, hurt me."
Don't the Voudoun call a ritual whip a fwet kash?
GABE "Yeah, right. I'd probably cut off my own head with the thing."

The window overlooks Chartres Street.
The dust from the street would be hell to get off the displays.
Gabriel can't take the window.

There's no reason to use that on the wishing stump.
An official Voodoo "wishing stump." Rub it and make a wish, a card says.
GABE "Funny, I say the same thing to women."
The wishing stump doesn't open.
GABE "I wish Malia Gedde were mine forever."
GABE "Really, I mean it."

DR JOHN "What was that?"

GABE "Huh? Nothing."

GABE "I wish Malia Gedde was permanently grafted to my thighs."

GABE "I wish I had a million bucks."

GABE "I wish my publisher would actually PROMOTE one of my novels for a change."

GABE "I wish Grace were as hot as she looks."

GABE "I wish I could afford to take Gran on a cruise."

GABE "I wish my Voodoo book hits the best-seller list."

GABE "I wish I had something better to rub than this stupid stump."

GABE "Thanks a lot. Bye, now."

GABE "I'll be going."

GABE "Good-bye, Dr. John."

DR JOHN "Good-bye, Mr. Knight."

DR JOHN "Come back again."

DR JOHN "Walk carefully out there, Mr. Knight."

Day 1

ASSISTANT "(SLIGHTLY BORED SOUNDING)Hi. Look around all you want."

GABE "Okay. Thanks."

GABE "That snake...."

ASSISTANT "Is locked up for a reason. Even I wouldn't touch it."

GABE "Do you know anything about this?"

ASSISTANT "Nope."

GABE "What does this switch do?"

ASSISTANT "HEY! Turn that off!"

GABE "I didn't mean anything...."

ASSISTANT "Dr. John told me to NEVER turn on that fan."

GABE "I can see why."

ASSISTANT "Don't go near the snake! It's not a pet!"

GABE "Really? And it looks so friendly, too."

GABE "Could I ask you a few questions?"

ASSISTANT "I wouldn't be much help."

ASSISTANT "You should talk to Dr. John, the owner? He'll be back tomorrow."

GABE "I see. Thank you."

She looks thrilled to be here.

GABE "(SEXY--SPEAKING OF TRYING TO PICK UP A YOUNG GIRL)I could, but I don't like to throw my skill around aimlessly."

GABE "I don't even want to think about what that means."

GABE "So how's the museum business?"

ASSISTANT "I dunno. I don't normally work here."

ASSISTANT "Please don't touch those drums, Mister!"

GABE "(TO HIMSELF. INTRIGUED)This coffin is so small. Interesting...."

ASSISTANT "(SINCERE)Cute, isn't it?"

GABE "(SARCASTIC)Adorable. Do you know anything about it?"
ASSISTANT "'Fraid not."

GABE "I'll be going now. Thanks."
ASSISTANT "So long."

Day 5

GABE "Why's it so dark in here?"
GABE "(CALLING OUT)Dr. John? Hello?"
GABE "Uh-oh."
GABE "<choke>!!!"

There's no time for that now!
(GK-AM2--LOOKING AT GABRIEL WHILE HE'S BEING ATTACKED BY A SNAKE--
EXCITED)Gabriel is currently bonding with the museum's python!
(GK-AM2--PLAYING TRYING WRONG ACTIONS DURING SNAKE ATTACK--
ANXIOUS)That won't help get the python off Gabriel!
(GK-AM2. PLAYER TRIES TO GET GABRIEL TO TALK DURING SNAKE ATTACK--
ANXIOUS)Gabriel can't say anything with a python wrapped around his neck!

GABE "(ADDRESSING A SNAKE THAT JUST ATTACKED HIM)You BASTARD!"
DR JOHN "(SMOOTH, CALM)Good day, Mr. Knight."
GABE "(ANGRY)That thing just tried to KILL me!"
DR JOHN "He did? I AM sorry. The museum is closed today, you see, and we were not
expecting visitors."
DR JOHN "But, if you will excuse me, Mr. Knight, I must go look for him. He IS
incredibly valuable."
GABE "You don't need to ask twice. I'm outta here! By the way, you might want to lock
your door next time you're 'closed.'"
DR JOHN "Not a bad idea. Good-bye, Mr. Knight."

Day 6

Opening the coffin again might call attention to the signal device.
(RRCC. SKIPPED. EXCITED)Now if only they take the coffin to the ritual!
(GK-AM2)One signal device is plenty to track the small coffin. Besides, Gabriel might need the
second one for something else later.
(RRCC. SKIPPED. SLY, HUSHED)Gabriel slips the signal device into the sekey madoulé.
DR JOHN "Can I assist you, Mr. Knight?"
GABE "Hmmm? No. Just looking."

DR JOHN "(RRCC. POLITE BUT FEELING A LITTLE PRESSED FOR TIME)I hate to rush you,
Mr. Knight, but I am afraid I must close the museum early this evening."
DR JOHN "This IS St. John's Eve, and it is getting on towards dusk. I have things I
must do."
GABE "(GK-AM2)I see. No problem. I'll just...."
DR JOHN "(RRCC. FIRM, THEN IRONIC)Leave. Good-bye, Mr. Knight. May the spirits

guard you well tonight."

MAGENTIA MOONBEAM'S RESIDENCE

This is where Gabe learns the Secret Voodoo Code, and where he gets a snake skin.

MAGENTIA "Welcome, Seeker. You must be the one Dr. John called me about."

GABE "I guess so. My name is...."

MAGENTIA "(PRETENDING MIND-READING)Wait! Gabriel Knight."

GABE "You're too quick for me."

MAGENTIA "Actually, Dr. John told me. You have come to the right place, Mr. Knight. Tell me how I can help."

MAGENTIA "Mr. Knight. How nice to see you!"

GABE "My pleasure, I'm sure."

MAGENTIA "Gabriel Knight, come in!"

GABE "Hello, Magentia."

MAGENTIA "I had a feeling you'd be back."

GABE "Really? Boy, you ARE amazing."

The shelf holds a variety of unusual objects.

The kind of thing Gabriel refers to as "junk."

GABE "I don't want it."

A small blue chair sits to one side of the table.

Gabriel is already seated.

Gabriel doesn't want to look bored during the snake dance.

It's not that easy to get a message from the crystal ball.

A large crystal ball is prominently displayed.

GABE "No, thanks. My dreams are bad enough."

Magentia's bottles probably contain secret ritual concoctions.

GABE "No, thanks. I'll wait till I get home and grab a Coke."

Whatever they do, Gabriel isn't interested.

There isn't much you can say to a bunch of crystals.

It's a large cluster of quartz crystals.

GABE "I never could figure out what to do with those things."

Gabriel doesn't need the crystals.

It's an old-fashioned parlor lamp, hung with crystals.

It's already on, and Gabriel doesn't want to turn it off.

GABE "Could I ask you a few questions?"

MAGENTIA "Of course, Seeker."

GABE "Could I ask you a few more questions?"

MAGENTIA "Certainly."

MAGENTIA "I can be of no help to you, Seeker."

She's a bit busy at the moment.

MAGENTIA (*use bracelet*) "It's beautiful! I love it!"

GABE "Have you ever seen anything like this before?"

MAGENTIA "No, but if you know where I can buy one...."

GABE "Sorry. It would be rather hard to find one these days."

MAGENTIA "(DISAPPOINTED) Oh. Well, so be it."

Magentia would be happy to take the money, but Gabriel can't think of a reason to give it to her.

MAGENTIA (*show crocodile mask*) "Um...yes, but we don't use those anymore."

Since Magentia has a snake, it might be best not to discuss the snake scales with her.

MAGENTIA "I could have mixed you a much more effective potion than THAT."

GABE "But it would have cost me, right?"

MAGENTIA "The Earth does not give up Her gifts without cost."

GABE "Yeah, I've known a few women who felt the same way."

GABE "(SHOWING HER GIFT CERTIFICATE FOR HIS SHOP) Could you use this?"

MAGENTIA "Do you carry New Age books?"

GABE "No."

MAGENTIA "Then I'm not interested."

GABE "You and everyone else on the planet."

MAGENTIA "Hmmm! These are magical symbols! Deep magic!"

GABE "(EXCITED) Really? Have you seen them before?"

MAGENTIA "No."

GABE "(EXASPERATED) Then how do you know they're magic symbols?"

MAGENTIA "(SOUNDING MYSTERIOUS) Seeker, my eyes are unveiled to see TRULY that which is in front of me."

GABE "Uh-huh. Thanks, tons."

Magentia doesn't seem to know anything substantial about the pattern.

Magentia Moonbeam is wrapped in gauze and silks. She looks vaguely mysterious and mysteriously vague.

Magentia's movements are as liquid and sinuous as those of the snake.

GABE "Would you like this?"

MAGENTIA "(DISGUSTED) I only eat organic foods. Sorry."

GABE "Okey dokey."

Magentia wouldn't like Gabriel having that!

Gabriel really doesn't want to get on Magentia's bad side. Or any side, for that matter.

GABE "Could you look at this, and tell me if you recognize anything about it?"

MAGENTIA "(SCARED) That's from those Voodoo Murders, isn't it? That has nothing to do with me!"

GABE "Are you sure you can't tell me anything about this photo?"

MAGENTIA "(SCARED) I'd rather not look at it again!"

GABE "She's REALLY not my type."

GABE "Dr. John tells me you're a Voodoo practitioner of some kind."

MAGENTIA "Yes. I am a Voodooienne--a Voodoo priestess."
GABE "Nice place you've got here."
MAGENTIA "Thank you. For me, it is a sort of temple."
GABE "I can see that."
GABE "Do you get many people in here on an average day?"
MAGENTIA "Some days the need for my power is greater than others."
MAGENTIA "But I have many regular clients who would be lost without my vision, Mr. Knight."
GABE "I can imagine."
GABE "That's a great-looking mask on the wall."
MAGENTIA "It's from Africa. A gift to me from Queen Tabitha."
GABE "Do you know Dr. John well?"
MAGENTIA "Oh, yes! We are old friends. Those with gifts are often drawn together."
GABE "So let's say I came to you wanting to attract a woman. What would you advise?"
MAGENTIA "(FLIRTATIOUS)I wouldn't think you have any trouble attracting women, Mr. Knight."
GABE "Uh...no. I guess I don't."
GABE "So what advice do you give your clients?"
MAGENTIA "(DRAMATIC)I tell them to follow the light, beware of the darkness, and always get expert spiritual advice from someone with the sight."
GABE "That's what I thought you'd say."

GABE "Can you tell me anything more about this code?"
MAGENTIA "I gave you my translation. If it doesn't make sense, it's not my fault."
GABE "Do these symbols mean anything to you?"
MAGENTIA "Ah! The Voodoo code! It is very secret, yes? I studied it with my mentor, the great Queen Tabitha."
GABE "(VERY EXCITED)Really? Great! Can you tell me what it says?"
MAGENTIA "Hmmm. Let me see."
MAGENTIA "Well, some of it is nonsense, I'm afraid. Whoever wrote this wasn't very good."
GABE "That's all right. Just tell me what it says."
MAGENTIA "It starts with a 'D' and 'J'. Then...okay, this part makes sense. It says 'conclave tonight bring'...then there's more nonsense. 'F', 'W', 'E', 'T', 'K', 'A', 'S', 'H'.
MAGENTIA "That last bit might mean 'cash.' Fresh cash? It doesn't make much sense."
GABE "That's okay. Thanks."
GABE "D, J...conclave...K-A-S-H. It's a start."
MAGENTIA "I'm happy I could help."
MAGENTIA "Please, be seated."
GABE "Does this mean anything to you?"

A glass lamp hangs from a chain over the table.

An overstuffed red chair from the last century dominates the center of the room.

That chair is occupied.

Gabriel doesn't want Magentia's chair.

Magentia's room is unlikely to tell Gabriel much.

The Moonbeam residence looks like a cross between a Voodoo temple and a Victorian fortune-teller's parlor, by way of Haight Street.

Gabriel doesn't want to rearrange Magentia's possessions.

Magentia's parlor is as open as it's going to get.

Magentia's place doesn't work that way.

Gabriel figures that many men have picked up things in Magentia's parlor, but he'd rather not.

The only receptive ears in the room belong to the Voodooienne.

MAGENTIA "Please, remain seated within the protective circle. There are spiritual currents in this room that I can't always control."

GABE "Thanks for the warning."

A small draped table displays a crystal ball.

A large, sluggish snake rests on the floor of the fancy bird cage.

Apparently, Magentia is not a fastidious housekeeper--a shed skin shares the cage with its original owner.

The cage is currently empty.

Except for a shed snake skin, the cage is currently empty.

GABE "No thanks. I'll just leave it right where it is."

If Gabriel opened the cage now, he'd have to get close to that snake.

The cage is already open, and Gabriel doesn't feel it's his place to close it.

The cage is already doing everything it's going to do.

Magentia's snake looks a little sickly, but Gabriel would still rather NOT stick his hand in the cage.

Gabriel has no reason to stick his hand in that cage again.

Gabriel grabs the shed snake skin while Magentia is otherwise occupied.

MAGENTIA "(MYSTERIOUS)No matter what you see, do not be frightened."

GABE "I'll give it my best shot."

MAGENTIA "I shall again amaze you."

GABE "You certainly will."

MAGENTIA "There. Truly inspiring, isn't it?"

GABE "That's certainly one word for it."

The mask is made of carved wood and looks African.

The mask doesn't seem to do anything.

The door leads to the outside--and incense-free air.

GABE "Well, I guess I'll be going now."

MAGENTIA "As you wish."

MAGENTIA "May the protection of the snake god go with you."

GABE "Uh, thanks."

MAGENTIA "Peace and harmony be yours."

GABE "Right."

MAGENTIA "Do what you will, if it harm none."

GABE "Count on it."

MAGENTIA "The only vice is the absence of love."

GABE "I've heard that. Bye now."

MAGENTIA "Open your mind and heart, and the way will be clear to you."

GABE "I'll give it my best shot."

It would be rude to leave now!

NAPOLEON HOUSE

The Napoleon House is home to Stonewall King. It is also where Sam and Marcus play chess, and where Gabe must trade his lagniappe for a snake bracelet.

A stereo and some old jazz albums occupy the back shelf.
Gabriel can't reach the back shelf.

STONEWALL "Can't say that it does."

GABE "Could I ask you a few questions?"

STONEWALL "Sure. I'm not too busy at the moment."

STONEWALL (show mask)"Hey! Watch it! You wear that in here, people are liable to stop drinking."

Gabriel and the bartender are old pals. His name is Stonewall King and he knows everybody around here.

Stonewall looks perfectly happy where he is.

(GK-AM2)That wouldn't work too well on a human being.

Gabriel isn't strong enough to pick up the bartender.

GABE "Hi. How's it going?"

STONEWALL "It's been worse."

GABE "Business picking up?"

STONEWALL "Some. Mostly locals, as usual."

GABE "You ever get tired of tending bar for a living?"

STONEWALL "Never thought much about doing anything else."

GABE "The weather's pretty crappy out there today."

STONEWALL "I wouldn't know. I never get out of here before dark."

GABE "(SARCASTIC)This looks like a lively crowd."

STONEWALL "Lively crowds are trouble. These guys just sit and drink. That makes me happy."

The bar is a nineteenth century antique in lovingly-polished walnut.

The bar isn't going anywhere.

The antique bar stools have been polished by a century's worth of patrons' derrières.

Messing with the stools would be a good way to get on the wrong side of Stonewall King.

That table top has an inlaid chessboard.

GABE "Somebody's using it right now."

The door leads to Chartres Street.

The door isn't going anywhere.

Fancy old liquor bottles contribute to the general decor.

Gabriel isn't interested in rearranging the bottles.

GABE "They aren't mine."

It's a bust of Napoleon. How apropos.

GABE "(RRCC. LOOKING AT NAPOLEAN HEAD)Able was I ere I saw Elba."

If Gabriel tried to take the head, Stonewall would be on him like ducks on a June bug.

Gabriel can't do anything with the drummer on the street.

Gabriel can't hear the street drummer very clearly in this location.

A street drummer has found a spot outside the Napoleon House.

It's one of those cult drummers.

GABE "Better not. Her boyfriend doesn't look too friendly."

GABE "Can I ask you some questions?"

GIRLFRIEND "(TOTAL AIRHEAD)Shoo-were! Ya wanna know my sign?"

GABE "Uh, on second thought, I don't think you could help. Forget it."

A young woman is enjoying drinks with her boyfriend.

GABE "Hmmm. Kind of cute."

GABE "Nah."

GABE "I don't think I want to do that."

Gabriel's already created enough bad karma in this bar.

GABE "Hello there."

BOYFRIEND "(ARCC. PISSED)ExcUSE me? I was talking to the lady."

GABE "(SARCASTIC)And she was listening raptly, I'm sure."

BOYFRIEND "No. Now, do you mind?"

GABE "Can I ask you some questions?"

BOYFRIEND "I'm trying to be with my lady here, Pal."

GABE "Far be it from me to stand in the way of romance."

A young man is deep into conversation with his girlfriend and feeling no pain.

That could only lead to trouble.

This isn't that kind of bar.

GABE "Hi. How's it goin'?"

BOYFRIEND "Could you excuse us? We're talking here."

MAN AT BAR "No. Now beat it."

GABE "Can I ask you some questions?"

MAN AT BAR "I'm here to relax, Friend. Buzz off."

GABE "Right. Sorry."

An unhappy-looking man explores the dangers of drinking alone.

Gabriel isn't here to get into a fight.

GABE "What's up?"

MAN AT BAR "Buddy, I think the place you're looking for is down on Bourbon."

MARKUS "(ALL LINES--VERY CRANKY AND MEAN)Get away from me with that, willya?"

GABE "Sorry to bother you, but could I ask you a few questions?"

MARKUS "I'm not the chatty type; am I, Sam?"

SAM "No, ya old bastard. You're not."

MARKUS "Besides, I'm busy suckin' poor old Sam dry. Go bug someone else."

SAM "Yer a real sweetheart, Markus, ya bastard."

GABE "Sure I can't ask you a few questions?"

MARKUS "Beat it, ya loser."

A sharp-eyed gentleman in a gray sports coat hunches over a chessboard, chuckling to himself.

That would make this guy REALLY cranky.

Gabriel thinks he'll leave the man right there, thanks.

GABE "So. Having a good game?"

MARKUS "Shhhh. I'm concentrating."

GABE "Fine. All right."

The velvet chairs are getting a bit threadbare.

Gabriel has no reason to move any of the chairs.

Gabriel has spent enough hours sitting around in this bar.

GABE "I don't need it."

Several fine old oils line the walls of the bar.

GABE "Why would I want to move the paintings?"

The paintings belong to the Napoleon House.

GABE "Does this mean anything to you?"

MARKUS "Welcome back, loser."

SAM "Shut up, Markus."

GABE "It might make a good salad dressing."

SAM "I'm a meat and potatoes man myself. Sorry."

GABE "Got any squeaky doors?"

SAM "None that I don't WANT to squeak. Excuse me."

GABE "I bet it would work as hair tonic."

SAM "Look, no amount of tonic's gonna help THIS baloney patch. Thanks anyway."

GABE "You might be able to sell it to some poor dumb sucker."

SAM "No, YOU sell it to some poor dumb sucker."

GABE "Never mind. It probably wouldn't work anyway."

SAM "If you say so. Too bad."

SAM "Whoa, hold it! You really think Markus uses this stuff?"

GABE "Would I make something like that up?"

GABE "(SLYLY--CONVINCING SOMEONE OF FOUL PLAY)Don't you ever wonder why Markus wins every time?"

SAM "(THINKS GABE'S KIDDING)Get outta here! Markus would never use something like this!"

GABE "(ARCC. DOUBTFUL)Well...if that's what you want to believe...."

SAM "Markus? Using Voodoo? That old bastard!"

GABE "Pitiful, isn't it?"

GABE "This is a powerful Voodoo oil."

SAM "Ah, go on!"

SAM "....really?"

GABE "This Voodoo oil could make a NUN get lucky."

SAM "REALLY? You think it really works, huh?"

GABE "I'd stake my reputation as a novelist on it."

SAM "(BEGGING TO BE TALKED INTO IT)Course, using Voodoo might not be fair...."

SAM "(LEARNING HIS FRIEND IS CHEATING)Hmmm. And you say Markus uses this? That explains a lot."

A chandelier casts a dim glow over the room.

GABE "Even if I could reach it, what would be the point?"

The Napoleon House is one of the French Quarter's very old, very classic neighborhood bars and restaurants. Gabriel is found here frequently.

Gabriel doesn't have time to rearrange stuff in the bar.

That belongs to The Napoleon House.

With all the people in this bar, Gabriel wants to talk to THAT?

An old wooden table holds some drinks and an ashtray.

SAM "Not really."

GABE "Excuse me. I hate to interrupt your game, but could I ask you a few questions?"

MARKUS "(GLOATING)What game? This isn't a game, it's a slaughter!"

SAM "He's right, you know, so lemme die in peace, would ya?"

GABE "Can I ask you some questions now?"

SAM "Look, I'd be glad to help you out, but I've been stuck in this bar too long to

know much about anything."

GABE "(RRCC. TO SAM)Are you sure I can't bother you with a few questions?"

SAM "Mister, please! I'm tryin' to turn this game around!"

MARKUS "Yeah, right! Got a crowbar?"

SAM "Shuddup, ya bastard!"

GABE "Could you do anything with this?"

SAM "What is this, a clay mold?"

SAM "Interesting. I AM a jeweler, you know."

SAM "But I'm retired! I'm going sit right here in this fricking chair until I beat this bastard."

MARKUS "Hah! You plannin' to be buried in that chair then?"

GABE "Are you sure you can't do anything with this?"

SAM "I told ya, I'm busy with this old fart."

GABE "Could you do anything with this?"

SAM "What is this, a clay mold?"

SAM "Hmmm. Well, I AM a jeweler, you know."

SAM "And I owe you one. Would you like me to cast this for you?"

GABE "If you can."

SAM "You got it, Pal. Actually, it'll be a pleasure to get my tools out--first time in years. I been too busy playing that goddamn game."

SAM "I'll have the bracelet tomorrow. Meet me here."

GABE "Great. Thanks."

(GK-AM2)Sam made that bracelet for Gabriel. He'd be insulted if Gabriel gave it back.

Gabriel has no reason to think Sam might be interested in that Voodoo oil.

GABE "Got a second, Sam? It's about your game."

SAM "I don't HAVE a game. That's my problem."

SAM "(TO MARKUS)Don't you touch those chess pieces while I'm gone, ya bastard."

MARKUS "I ain't never needed to cheat yet, ya loser."

GABE "Thought you might be interested in this gambling oil."

SAM "Let me see that. Master Gamblin' oil? What's it for?"

GABE "Got another second, Sam?"

SAM "Yeah, what is it this time?"

GABE "About this oil...."

SAM "Yeah, what about it?"

A man in a loud tie stares morosely at a chessboard.

Sam is a changed man since his major victory.

The man can move himself if he doesn't like where he's at.

That would be rude.

GABE "So how do you feel now?"

SAM "Couldn't be better!"

GABE "Nothing like a good game of chess, huh?"

SAM "(MRCC)This isn't a good game--this is torture!"

GABE "Oh. Well...have fun."

GABE "What do you guys do when you're not playing chess?"

SAM "I useta be a jeweler. Markus here was a butcher."

SAM "Come to think of it, he still is."

SAM "Now we just sit here and play chess all day."

SAM "Actually, Markus plays. I just sit here and let him win."

GABE "You come here a lot, don't you?"

SAM "Every ever-lovin' day of my life for twenty years."

GABE "Sam, my man."

SAM "Hey there! It's you! I got that bracelet for you."

SAM "This piece was a real toughie--for some reason the metal just wasn't setting. I must be outta practice."

GABE "Well, it looks good to me. Thanks, Sam."

SAM "No problem. By the way, I'm heading outta town tonight."

GABE "Yeah? Where to?"

SAM "Markus used to tell me that if I ever beat him at chess, he'd take me around the world."

SAM "(RRCC. GLEEFUL AT END)The old bastard has enough money stuffed in his mattress to cover the Federal deficit, and he HATES spending a penny of it. I'm gonna enjoy watching him squirm through every mile."

GABE "Sounds like fun. Good luck."

SAM "Are you kidding? Luck is my middle name."

SAM "(GLEEFUL, GLOATING)Checkmate! Hee, hee, hee! Checkmate, ya bastard!"

MARKUS "(CAN'T BELIEVE IT)Sonovabitch!"

SAM "Twenty YEARS I've been waiting to say that! Checkmate, checkmate, checkmate!"

MARKUS "You are the biggest butthead, Sam Singleton, that I EVER met!"

SAM "CHECKMATE!"

MARKUS "You...you...! You can just put this chessboard where the sun don't shine!"

SAM "Hallelujah! I did it! Yippee!"

GABE "Nice game."

SAM "Nice game, hell! I was brilliant!"

SAM "Course, I gotta give some of the credit to that oil of yours."

SAM "I've been losing to that guy for twenty years! If you ever need a favor, you come to Sam, you hear?"

GABE "Will do."

SAM "(CURIOUS)Lemme see that bottle."

SAM "(IMPRESSED)This looks authentic."

GABE "Oh, it is."

SAM "(WISTFUL)If I could really beat that bastard...."

SAM "(CALLING TO BARTENDER)Stonewall, gimme a Pimm's Cup, would ya?"

STONEWALL "Comin' up, Sam."

SAM "(CONSPIRING--SPEAKING OF PUTTING VOODOO LUCKY POTION IN DRINK)How much you think I oughta put in here?"

GABE "Careful! You don't want to overdo it. Too much luck can be dangerous!"

SAM "(CONFIDENT)Hah! There's no such thing as too much! Now stand back."

MARKUS "Come on, already! I'm ready to checkmate!"

SAM "We'll see about that, Mr. Smarty Bigmouth!"

SAM "You peckerwood!"

MARKUS "Heh, heh, heh."

MARKUS "Checkmate! Again!"

SAM "Sonovabitch!"

MARKUS "You know, Sam, you're just about the worst chess player I ever knew."

SAM "Shut up, Markus!"

SAM "Ya bastard!"

MARKUS "You're a sore loser, Sam."

MARKUS "Come on, come on. I'm growin' fungus, already!"

SAM "Shut up! You ARE a fungus."

A small table, recently deserted, holds the remains of someone's drink.

Gabriel doesn't have a good reason to move the table.

GABE "What do I need with a table?"

CRIME SCENE

The location that you acquire by hard work, the Crime Scene only needs to be visited on Day 1 if you got everything you need: the copy of the patterns, the snake scale, and the clay.

The crime scene team is still at the site. Gabriel parks a bit out of the way and walks over to avoid adding to the general confusion.

GABE "(APPROACHING MOSELY AT CRIME SCENE)Hey, Mostly."

MOSELY "(STARTLED)Huh?"

MOSELY "Knight, you wiener, I told you not to call me that!"

GABE "Feeling jumpy?"

MOSELY "Who, me? Don't be stupid. How'd ya find me?"

GABE "Oh, I was just driving by."

MOSELY "Uh-huh. Well, for the book.... But don't tell anyone I let ya see this, huh?"

MOSELY "It's another one, as you can see. Same M.O. and no fricking clues. We're still waiting on an I.D. for the body."

GABE "That's disgusting. Isn't this a rather, er, public area for this kind of thing?"

MOSELY "Yeah, they're fricking ghosts, these guys. Lakeshore Drive isn't exactly the
10 expressway, but it IS open to the public. No reports of nothin'."

MOSELY "(A CAR PULLS UP)Now who the hell is that?"

MOSELY "(TALKING TO A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN)Ahem. Good day, Miss Gedde."

MALIA "What's going on, Officer?"

MOSELY "Detective Mosely, Ma'am. We've got a little problem here, but nothing for you to be concerned about, Miss Gedde."

MALIA "I see. Thank you, Detective. And...good day, gentlemen."

GABE "I'm in love."

MOSELY "Forget it. That's Malia Gedde. She's about as far out of your reach as the moon. Probably on her way to meet some guy with a yacht right now."

GABE "Near here?"

MOSELY "The lake's a popular place for country clubs."

GABE "If she's out here a lot, maybe she saw something, or heard something...."

MOSELY "Nah! Nobody ever sees or hears nothin'. I told you. Besides, you don't just
go around bothering people like her."

COP "We've about wrapped it up, Sir. It's another clean sweep."

MOSELY "Let's get the meat wagon moving, then."

COP "Do you want to leave an officer here, Sir?"

MOSELY "Nah. Just leave the tape up for a few days."

COP "Yes, Sir. If you'll excuse us, Sir, we'll take him away."

MOSELY "Stick around and take notes for the book if you want--watch out for the muck and the water moccasins, though. I'll be back at the station. Stop by if you want to go over the case some more."

GABE "Thanks."

(GK-AM2)It's extremely big bloody sand.

(GK-AM2)Out, out, damned spot! Will these pristine banks n'ere be clean again?

(GK-AM2)Gabriel doesn't particularly want to mess with the bloody sand.

(GK-AM2)The police have already taken samples of the blood. Mosely will be able to tell Gabriel if there's anything significant about it.

Why use that on the marks in the grass?

Gabriel would rather not put the scale back where he found it. He might need it later.

The grass has a matted appearance there.

There are marks in the grass, as though some heavy wire object had been set there.

The marks are part of the grass and don't move.

The marks in the grass don't work that way.

Leaving the scales here wouldn't solve anything.

Gabriel doesn't need to use that on the clay banks.

Gabriel might need the clay--especially now.

Gabriel might need the clay.

The banks of Lake Pontchartrain are rich with clay deposits.

Move the clay where?

The banks of the lake don't work that way.

GABE "Hmmm. Is that clay?"

GABE "Yuck!"

Gabriel already took all the clay he needs.

It's very large grass.

Gabriel is already magnifying the grass.

Using that on the grass would be pointless.

Patches of grass have managed to survive life on the banks of Lake Pontchartrain.

There doesn't seem to be any point in moving the grass.

The grass doesn't do that.

Gabriel doesn't need any grass.

The lake is polluted enough already.

Lake Pontchartrain is impressive. It measures 24 miles across and stretches as far as the eye can see.

But you wouldn't want to swim in it.

Feeling God-like, are we?

The lake doesn't open.

The lake doesn't operate.

Gabriel was just thinking that he could really USE a lake, but he doesn't want to get his pockets wet.

The lake has nothing to say.

Gabriel hates getting his hair wet.

With magnification, the marks in the grass are clearer.

The marks are actually deep indentations in a regular mesh pattern.

Using that on the lines wouldn't be helpful.

GABE "Hmmm. Let me try to get this down."

Gabriel's already done the best he could at copying those lines.

There seems to be a pattern to the lines in the sand.

But if there IS a pattern, it's smeared. There's only one small area that's clearly defined.

The lines in the sand are fairly large. Magnification wouldn't make them any clearer.

Gabriel can't move the lines on the ground.

Gabriel can't take the lines with him that way.

Reflectors mark the curve along Lakeshore Drive.
Gabriel can't take the road reflectors.

Lakeshore Drive runs around the entire lake. This is a particularly lonely stretch, but it's still a public road.

Talk to the road committee.
The road is not up for grabs.
Gabriel wouldn't get far on foot.

Gabriel is on the sand and clay shore of Lake Pontchartrain, at a site where some poor bastard got to see who the Voodoo Murderers really are.

The site is now deserted.
There's nothing worth magnifying in that particular location.
There's no one here to talk to. The place is deserted.

It's extremely big sand.
Gabriel is already magnifying the sand.
Gabriel doesn't need any more rocks in his pockets.
There doesn't seem to be anything unusual there that would call for using tweezers.
There's no reason to use that on the sand.
Moving the sand around would be a thankless task.
The sand doesn't work that way.

Something small and iridescent is barely visible among the indentations. It looks like...a scale of some sort?

Gabriel is already magnifying that.
Moving the scale around wouldn't do any good.
Gabriel can't open the scale.
The scale doesn't do anything.
The scale looks a little delicate to pick up by hand.
Gabriel carefully uses the tweezers to take the small, iridescent scale.

GABE "(GK-AM2. THOUGHTFUL--TO HIMSELF.)I think it's a snake scale, but it beats the hell out of me what kind."

!!!Gabriel walks back to his motorcycle and returns to the main road.
There's nothing of interest that way. The crime scene ends here.

Gabriel has no reason to disturb the police tape.
Police tape marks off the crime scene.
Gabriel doesn't need to take the police tape.

There's no reason to use that on the trees.
The trees on the banks of the lake are mostly oak and elm, very old.
The trees aren't going anywhere soon.
The trees don't do that.
Gabriel would have a tough time carrying around a tree.

CAZAUNOUX PORCH

Trying to get past the dragon at the gate...

The door frame is a beautiful example of traditional New Orleans architecture.

Using that on the front door won't help.

The front door is solid hardwood and at least a century old.

It would be better to be invited inside.

GABE "(SPEAKING OF HAIR GEL)I've used plenty of that stuff, thanks!"

GABE "The things I do for my art!"

GABE "(TO PLAYER. EMBARRASED)Don't look at my hair."

It's Father Gabriel.

GABE "(TO PLAYER--PARTIALLY DISGUISED)Is this convincing enough?"

Gabriel has no way to keep that collar on his T-shirt.

Gabriel won't be needing that disguise today.

GABE "(RELUCTANT)All right, but this is private."

The black shirt won't do Gabriel much good the way it is.

Using that on the door knocker wouldn't help.

It's an ornate brass door knocker.

The door knocker doesn't open.

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(ANSWERING DOOR)Yes? Who is it?"

There's no answer. Perhaps Cazaunoux got even more paranoid than usual and decided to get out of town.

GABE "(TRYING TO GET INTO HOUSE. SALESMAN LIKE)I've got some great pet supplies.

Coochie, coochie, coo, little doggie!"

CASTRO "(SMALL YAPPY DOG)Grrr, yap, Yap, YAP!!!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(ANGRY AT GABRIEL, THEN CUTESY TO DOG)Castro has everything he needs; don't you, Castro?"

CASTRO "<whine>Yap!"

GABE "(RRCC. DRIPPING SARCASM)Thanks a lot...Castro."

GABE "(EMBARRASED)Wrong house. Never mind."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(DISMISSIVE)Fine. Good day."

GABE "(IMITATING BILL MURRAY)Land shark."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(ARCC. DISDAINFUL)You are no Bill Murray."

GABE "(SALESMAN LIKE)I have some fine magazine subscriptions for sale."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(RUDE)I'm sorry, but I'm not interested."

GABE "(BEGGING TONE)Please let me talk to you, Madame Cazaunoux."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(ANGRY)I don't talk to strangers, young man!"

GABE "(FAKE IRISH BROGUE. HE'S DISGUISED AS A PRIEST NOW.)It's Father MacLaughlin ta see ye."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(ADMONISHING)Well, Father, you should be ashamed of yourself, being so ill-groomed!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "I'm sure the Bishop would never approve! You can just go get a hair cut before you come calling again on me!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "I know my duty, Father, but a priest seeking contributions should take pains to represent the Church with respect!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(NICER)I see you've taken my advice, Father! I didn't mean to be harsh, but the Church is the Church."

GABE "(IRISH PRIEST)Well, when you're right, you're right."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "Exactly. Come in, Father."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(POLITE)Father MacLaughlin, you say?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "Hmmm. You must be new in the parish. I'm so pleased to meet you, Father. Do come in."

GABE "(IRISH PRIEST)Thank you, my child."

GABE "(IRISH PRIEST)It's Father MacLaughlin back again, doncha know."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(RRCC. ADMONISHING)Well, Father, I'm ashamed of you! Last time you came to see me, you were so well-groomed! Now look at that mop of hair!"

GABE "(RRCC. IRISH PRIEST. PROTESTING)Well, yes, but...."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(RRCC. ANGRY)Come back when you're more presentable, young man!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(POLITE)Yes, Father. Come on in."

GABE "(REGULAR GABE--CHEERFUL)Hi! I'm doing an article on Voodoo, and I heard that you...."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(HORRIFIED)I'm a good Catholic, young man! Take your evil influence elsewhere!"

GABE "(INSISTENT)But, I just have a few questions...."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(FEARFUL)I can feel the evil eye! Go away!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(ANGRY/FEARFUL)I told you NO! This house is under the protection of the saints! Now go AWAY!"

There's no one outside the house to talk to.

Gabriel stands at the door of an old French Quarter residence. The neighborhood is a little shabby, but this particular building is freshly painted.

Gabriel can't see anything to do on that part of the residence.

GABE "(TO PLAYER. EMBARRASED)I'm not going back on the street looking like this."

There's not much of interest over that way.

Gabriel doesn't need to mess with the shutters.

Pretty shutters frame the windows.

Well-worn stone steps lead up to the front door.

Tall windows flank the front of the mansion.

Like many New Orleans buildings, this one is accented with ornamental wrought iron.

CHEZ CAZAUNOUX

Madame Cazaunoux only needs to be bothered on day 3, but you can visit her after that as well.

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(POLITE)Please be seated, Father."

GABE "(IRISH)Thank you."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "Now what can I do for you?"

Madame seems to like candles. Gabriel wonders if these, too, are specialties of Mr. Walker's shop. Why do that with the candles?

The candles aren't Gabriel's to operate.

GABE "(IRISH)Does this mean anything to you?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(DISINTERESTED)No, Father, it does not."

GABE "(IRISH PRIEST)Do you mind if I ask you a few questions, my child?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(POLITE)Of course not, mon père."

GABE "(IRISH PRIEST)Do you mind if I ask you a few more questions, Madame?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(POLITE)If you wish, Father."

(show badge)

Gabriel's already imitating a priest! One act at a time, please!

Madame Cazaunoux wouldn't be pleased about that clay mold.

Madame Cazaunoux would object to the copy of her secret family heirloom.

Madame Cazaunoux is paranoid and fearful enough without showing her that graphic photograph!

What would "Father MacLaughlin" be doing carrying around the Cazaunoux phone book page?

Gabriel doesn't want to give himself away.

Madame Cazaunoux looks fragile and pale under a thick layer of face powder. If Gabriel is not mistaken, she's a slice short of a loaf.

Madame Cazaunoux would not appreciate that.

Gabriel's impersonating a priest!

GABE "(IRISH PRIEST)It's so nice of you to invite me in."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(POLITE)But no, mon père. I am always happy to see one of the good fathers."

GABE "(IRISH)Do you find the weather to your liking?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "It's terribly humid. I only go out in the morning and evening."

GABE "(IRISH)Have you been attending mass regularly, my child?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(LAST PART ADMONISHING)Oh, yes, Father. I attend mass every morning. Many don't these days, you know."

GABE "(IRISH)You are dedicated, Madame."

The upholstered chair is less comfortable than it looks.

Gabriel is already using the chair.

The coffee table doesn't work that way.

A low wooden coffee table sits in front of the sofa.

It's Madame's front hall.

The front hall does not move.

Gabriel can't open the front hall, he only needs to walk there.

Gabriel can't operate the front hall, he only needs to walk there.

GABE "(IRISH)Well, Madame, I must be going."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(SAYING GOODBYE)Of course, Father. I know how busy you must be tending your flock."

Like all good hostesses, Madame has candy out for her guests.

These appear to be several decades old.

Gabriel doesn't need to do that to the candy.

The candy looks too old to be edible.

Why do that with the jewelry box?

There's an old-fashioned jewelry box on the coffee table.

Madame will open or close her own jewelry box.

Madame's jewelry box is for her use only.
Father MacLaughlin would never steal from one of his flock.

It's a painting of a pretty young lady in old-fashioned clothes.
GABE "(IRISH--SPEAKING OF PHOTO)Madame in younger days?"
Mme CAZAUNOUX "(FLATTERED, EMBARRASSED)Good heavens, no, Father!"
The painting doesn't appear to do that.
The painting behind the couch is a Madonna and child.

The plant looks healthy, despite Gabriel's vague impression that Castro makes great use of it.

Madame's parlor is full of carefully dusted and polished relics of her past.
Madame's parlor does not need rearranging.
Gabriel doesn't want to take any of Madame's relics.
Madame is the only person to speak with here.

A small table holds a lamp, a photo, and a plaster saint.

The folding screen has a colorful pattern. It looks oriental.
Madame Cazaunoux must prefer the screen where it is.
That looks a little large to carry around.

Gabriel doesn't need to do that with the sofa.
The sofa is velvet, and it is wearing nearly as much of Madame Cazaunoux's face powder as
Madame is herself.
Madame is already sitting on the sofa.

Blessing the bracelet...

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(HUSHED, FEARFUL)Here it is, mon père! A true object of evil, if ever
there was one!"
GABE "(IRISH PRIEST BUT PARTIALLY HIS OWN VOICE WRY)It radiates something,
all right."
Mme CAZAUNOUX "(CONSPIRITORY TONE)It belonged to my great-grandmother! She
told my mother that it was a token to gain entrance to the REAL voodoo ceremonies!"
GABE "(IRISH. FAKED AMAZEMENT)You don't say!"
Mme CAZAUNOUX "(ARCC. CONSPIRITORY TONE)To tell you the truth, I've always
felt nervous about having it in the house--you know, evil influence and all."
GABE "(IRISH. FAKE SYMPATHY)I can see how you would, yes."
Mme CAZAUNOUX "And yet I could never part with it--it's been in the family for
generations!"
Mme CAZAUNOUX "(PLEADING)Would you bless it for me, Father? I feel strange
asking such a thing of you, but surely you understand..."
Mme CAZAUNOUX "(HUSHED, FEARFUL)Here's the bracelet, Father!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(FIRM)AHM. I think that's enough, Father."
GABE "(RELUCTANT TO LET GO OF BRACELET. IRISH)Oh. Right. Here you go."

GABE "(THESE LINES IRISH. DRAMATIC)Bless this bracelet of a snake,
even though its vibes aren't great."
GABE "Let it do nobody harm,
when they wear it on their arm."

GABE "Voodoo spirits go away,
don't come back another day."
GABE "And now, let us pray."

There's no point in using that on the bracelet.
Gabriel has a thought about the clay...

GABE "(IRISH PRIEST, DRAMATIC) Bless, oh, bless, this circlet of silver!"

GABE "(IRISH) Take the curse, oh, take it... Wilbur!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(DELIGHTED) A lovely blessing, mon père!"

GABE "(FIRST SENTENCE GABE VOICE/WRY. LAST PART LOUDER, IRISH
PRIEST) Yes, I think it made a lasting impression. Here you go."

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(RELIEVED) I feel so much better now."

It's a bracelet in the shape of a snake.
There's no point in using that during the blessing.
(WRY) "Father MacLaughlin" is blessing the bracelet.

An old table lamp with a fringed shade gives off what little light there is in the parlor.
Doing that with the lamp won't help.
The room doesn't need to be any darker.

The tea service has been polished recently. Madame uses it with her Creole sisters, perhaps?
There's probably nothing of interest in the teapot.
If Madame wants to serve tea, she'll do the pouring.

Madame's antiques are probably worth something.
Madame would think Father MacLaughlin was suspiciously snoopy if Gabriel did that.
The cabinet is Madame's property to use as she wishes.

The crucifix can't help that.
Madame finds comfort in these iconic images, it seems.
A crucifix is a rather personal item. Gabriel wouldn't want to use Madame's.
The crucifix has been nailed decisively to the wall. It isn't going anywhere.

Mme CAZAUNOUX "(POLITE) Good-bye, Father."
Mme CAZAUNOUX "Adieu, mon père."
Mme CAZAUNOUX "Bless you, Father MacLaughlin."
GABE "(THESE LINES IRISH) Good day, Madame Cazaunoux."
GABE "Au revoir, Madame."
GABE "Bless you, my child."

GEDDE ESTATE

The Geddes only really need to be bothered on day 2. Later on in the game you can still visit the place to enjoy hearing Gabriel talk to himself.

GABE "Does this do anything for you?"

ROBERT "(ICILY) No. It does not, Sir."

GABE "Mind if I ask you a few questions?"

ROBERT "Yes. I do mind."

GABE "(HEAVY FAKE 'OFFICIAL' VOICE) My name is Detective Mosely. I'm here on police business."

ROBERT "(BORED)Really? How interesting."

ROBERT "Wait here. I'll inform Ms. Gedde."

ROBERT "Ms. Gedde will see you. Right this way."

The man looks intellectual, polished, and impervious. He gazes at Gabriel with a superior eye.

Gabriel wonders if he's Malia's secretary, bodyguard, butler, or something more personal.

Better not try that. The man looks ready to whip up an army at the slightest notice.

GABE "I've got important business with Ms. Gedde."

ROBERT "Yes. I'm waiting for some evidence of that, Sir."

The door knob is brass, polished to a high shine.

The door is locked. The knob won't move.

The door knob doesn't open.

Gabriel can't take the door knob.

Using that on the door won't help.

The front door of the Gedde mansion looks unusually solid and heavy.

This door's pretty solid.

Gabriel can't get inside unless he's invited.

Why use that on the door knocker?

It's a brass door knocker.

The knocker doesn't open.

ROBERT "(IRRITATED, SNOTTY)Ms. Gedde is busy, OFFICER, and has instructed me to wish you good luck. That is all."

GABE "If you'll just tell her...."

ROBERT "Good-bye, SIR."

ROBERT "(RRCC. COOL, INTELLECTUAL)May I help you?"

ROBERT "(DISREGARDING)Ah, it's you. Ms. Gedde is not at home, Sir."

GABE "(GK-AM2)Can you tell me where she is? It's very important."

ROBERT "(GK-AM2. VERY RUDE.)She's VISITING her mother's GRAVE, Mr. Knight-- something even YOU can't be tasteless enough to want to interrupt."

GABE "Encyclopedias?"

ROBERT "Go. Away."

GABE "I have a fine selection of magazine subscriptions for sale."

ROBERT "We do not welcome solicitors."

GABE "Uh, wrong house. Never mind."

ROBERT "Fine. Good day."

GABE "I'd like to see Malia Gedde, please."

ROBERT "I'm sorry, but unless you have an appointment or official business, I cannot announce you."

GABE "I'd really like to see Malia Gedde."

ROBERT "I told you that unless you have official business with Ms. Gedde, I cannot let you in."

GABE "I DO have official business."

ROBERT "Really? Please tell me the nature of your business."

GABE "Please let me in!"

ROBERT "No! Go away before I call the police!"

GABE "Are you tired of polishing silver day in and day out?"

ROBERT "We don't HAVE silver. All of our utensils are solid gold."

Gabriel didn't come here to mess with the plants.
Potted roses mark the entrance to the house.

There's no one outside the house to talk to.
The Garden District is famous for its elaborate old plantation homes and mansions. This particular mansion is impeccably groomed.
This is private property. Gabriel should stay near the front door until invited to do otherwise.

Perfectly-groomed hedges run along the front of the porch.

Why use that on the shutters?
Tall, narrow shutters provide beauty and protection.
The shutters are attached to the house.
Gabriel wouldn't presume to close their shutters.

GABE "(LOUDLY, BEING SARCASTIC)Thank you very much! I had a lovely time!"
GABE "Ah, shit."

ROBERT "Just as I thought. Good day, SIR."

The steps are impervious to anything Gabriel might do.
Broad steps lead from the walk to the door.

The huge trees bear beards of Spanish Moss.
These trees have been here for a hundred years. They're not going anywhere.

Gabriel doesn't want to do anything to Malia's windows.
The windows are made of thick, heavy glass. The only thing Gabriel can see inside is even thicker drapery.
It wouldn't be worth breaking into Malia's house.

GEDDE LIBRARY

Only available on day 2, when interrogating Malia.

ROBERT "Ms. Gedde will be down shortly."

GABE "Thank you."

MALIA "What can I do for you, Detective?"

Harvard Classics, Homer, Virgil.... Maybe Malia WOULDN'T be impressed by a signed copy of one of Gabriel's novels.

Dante's Inferno. Nothing like a little light reading.
Gabriel's already read that one.

GABE "Mmmm. Romantic."

MALIA "I like firelight, Detective."

Gabriel's hot enough.

The doorway leads out into the hall.
The doorway doesn't need opening.

Roses and gardenias give the air a sweet taint.

The only thing Gabriel's likely to burn here is his bridges.
That would hurt.

GABE "Nice statue. I like it."

MALIA "Thank you. It's 'The Rebellious Slave' by Michelangelo."

The leather on the chair is as soft as butter. Gabriel's coat feels like rawhide in comparison.
Gabriel's already using the chair.

GABE "Modern art?"

MALIA "More or less. It's a Picasso."

Genuine lion skin.

GABE "I can imagine doing things on that rug...."

MALIA "Excuse me?"

GABE "Oh, nothing."

Malia's chair is occupied.

Not that Gabriel wouldn't mind JOINING its current occupant...

GABE "Mind if I ask you a few questions, Ms. Gedde?"

MALIA "I assume that's what you're here for, Detective."

GABE "Would you mind answering just a few more questions, Ma'am?"

MALIA "Not at all."

GABE "(RRCC.SEXY. LOOKING AT ALIA)Undoubtedly proof that there is a God."

He'll have to get her to cooperate, first.

Getting Malia Gedde to open up won't be easy.

GABE "(SPEAKING OF TRYING TO PICK UP MALIA)I'm trying!"

MALIA "Trying what?"

GABE "To reach the...er...truth."

GABE "(CHATTY. TRYING TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO SAY)This is quite a place."

MALIA "Thank you. It's been in the family a long time."

GABE "Done anything exciting lately?"

MALIA "I'm sorry, but I'm very busy. Can we get to the point?"

GABE "So. What's new with you?"

MALIA "Nothing that would interest you, I'm sure, Detective."

GABE "Do you receive all your visitors in this library?"

MALIA "Usually. I feel more comfortable surrounded by things that I love."

GABE "So you like books?"

MALIA "My books, my art. Yes."

GABE "You know, we have a lot more in common than you might imagine."

MALIA "I would love to chat about that sometime, Detective, but I'm really pressed at the moment."

GABE "Does this mean anything to you?"

MALIA "No, it doesn't. Sorry."

MALIA "It got you in to see me, Detective, so it obviously means something to me."

Gabriel is trying to impress the girl, not make her gag.

MALIA (*show voodoo file*) "No. I've never seen anything like it."

GABE "Okay. Thanks."

The Gedde library is as well put-together as Malia herself. Classy, rich, flawless...pure cream.

GABE "I can rearrange things once I move in."

The only thing Gabriel wants to mess around with in this room is Malia herself.

It would be rude to take that now, but Gabriel makes a mental note about it for the pre-nuptial.

The only thing Gabriel cares to communicate with in this room is Malia herself.

The chair-side table probably costs more than Gabriel's shop.

GABE "(SPEAKING OF PAINTINGS ON HER WALL)Beautiful women. They must be relatives."

MALIA "They are."

Ming dynasty, perhaps?

MALIA "I think you should go, Mr. Knight!"

GABE "Malia, wait, if you just give me a chance...."

MALIA "I've wasted enough time. I'll have Robert show you out."

MALIA "Robert!"

MALIA "Show MR. KNIGHT out, please."

ROBERT "(ANGRY)I most certainly will."

TULANE UNIVERSITY

The scene of the lecture. The university does not hold much more, besides a Laura Bow reference.

It looks like the lecture is just starting. Gabriel decides to record the session.

HARTRIDGE "(HARTRIDGE IS GIVING A LECTURE HERE FROM PODIUM WITH SLIDES)Voudoun is the tribal religion of Africa, but the name Voudoun is actually a banner heading under which resides an entire body of distinct tribal belief systems."

HARTRIDGE "The word Voudoun may sound familiar to you. What is known in the States as 'Voodoo' is actually an amalgamation of African religious systems, Voudoun, and European religions, primarily Catholicism."

HARTRIDGE "All of the sub-cults of African Voudoun have certain things in common. The most important is the worship of a pantheon of spirits instead of the single deity that the Christian and Moslem systems have."

HARTRIDGE "Some of these spirits are elementals, some relate to specific tasks or places, some represent important tribal leaders who have died."

HARTRIDGE "This spirit-worship is what makes Voudoun so easily adaptable. With all those spirits, it's no problem to add a few more. Say, for example, the Virgin Mary."

HARTRIDGE "At the height of tribal Africa, warfare was common. One tribe would conquer another, and the Loa important in the conqueror's tribal system would be adopted readily into the conquered tribe's Loa pantheon."

HARTRIDGE "In this way, many of the Voudoun cults spread and mingled throughout tribal Africa, enriching the belief system and causing innumerable offshoots."

HARTRIDGE "The basis for the Voudoun religion seems to be as old as man himself. It has much in common with many early pagan practices: animal totems, sympathetic magic, elemental spirits in the trees, the heavens, the bodies of the sick...."

HARTRIDGE "Africa is believed by many to be the cradle of the human race. Some of the Voudoun Loa may be as old as the Garden of Eden itself."

HARTRIDGE "We still can't explain some of the real power of these primal religions--and note, I said primal, not primitive! There are African bokors who baffle our scientists with their supernatural powers."

HARTRIDGE "Now, let's discuss the elements of Voudoun...."

GABE "(LOW--TO HIMSELF)<yawn>Fascinating guy."

HARTRIDGE "In Voudoun, the spirits are called the Loa."

HARTRIDGE "During a Voudoun ceremony, celebrants are possessed by the Loa. This is called 'being ridden.' The human worshipper is seen as a horse, and the Loa, as the divine horsemen."

HARTRIDGE "A person being ridden by a Loa takes on the characteristics of that spirit and becomes, in effect, merely a vessel for the more powerful entity."

HARTRIDGE "Some of the older, original Africa Loa include Damballah, the great serpent god; Erzulie, the 'mistress of love'...."

HARTRIDGE "Papa Nebo or Gede, the lord of death; Agwe, the spirit of water; Legba, spirit of the crossroads; and the cruelest and most dangerous--Ogoun Badagris--the lord of destruction."

GABE "(LOW--TO HIMSELF)<yawn>I gotta get more sleep at night."

HARTRIDGE "Tribe-specific Loa can have as much or more power as the more widely-worshipped Loa. For instance, a particular tribe might revere highly the Loa of an ancestor who was a legendary hunter or politician."

HARTRIDGE "Voudoun temples are called hounfours, their priests houngan or bokors, their priestesses, mamalooa."

HARTRIDGE "In a Voudoun hounfour, there's a ritual circle marked by a center pole called a poteau-mitan."

HARTRIDGE "The ritual circle is prepared with a vèvé--a pattern of symbols. Each tribe's vèvé is slightly different, consisting of complex symbols that identify their special Loa."

HARTRIDGE "During ritual conclaves, initiates dance under the supervision of a bokor and a mamalooa, or head priestess."

HARTRIDGE "The use of totems, or animal masks and markings, was not uncommon in the original African ceremonies. Now, though, all but the oldest sects have abandoned this practice."

HARTRIDGE "Ritual objects used during the conclaves include the ritual gourd, or asson..."

HARTRIDGE "...the ritual knife, or ku-bha-sah..."

GABE "(TO HIMSELF. LOW. SEES SOMETHING CREEPY)That knife gives me the chills."

HARTRIDGE "...the ritual whip, or fwet kash..."

HARTRIDGE "...and the ritual coffin, or sekey madoulé."

HARTRIDGE "These items are often optional, called for by the mamalooa for specific magical rituals."

HARTRIDGE "The mamalooa is the most powerful figure in any Voudoun sect. Voudoun is a truly matriarchal system. Even the bokor knows his power is limited."

HARTRIDGE "The mamalooa is the supreme woman--she <mutter> butterflies and <mumble> fireflies...."

GABE "(FALLS ASLEEP)<snore>"

WOLFGANG "(THIS IS A DREAM IN WHICH NEITHER SPEAKER IS VISIBLE. A SMALL VOODOO COFFIN COMES SPINNING UP FROM THE BLACKNESS AND CREAKS OPENS)Fire light... <mumble> Gabriel?"

GABE "(ASLEEP, DREAMING)Mmmm. What? Can't see."

WOLFGANG "(GHOSTLY CALLING)Gabriel? Get in."

GABE "(SEES COFFIN. CONFUSED, PROTESTING)Can't! 's too small for me!"

WOLFGANG "(FIRM. SAD)You must get in, Gabriel."

GABE "(SCARED, PROTESTING)'s not mine! Too small!"
WOLFGANG "(GHOSTLY, URGENT)Hide, Gabriel. Hide."
GABE "(TERRIFIED)No! NO! Let me out! Help!"
HARTRIDGE "(SARCASTIC, RUDE)Young man, the lecture is OVER."
GABE "(JUST WAKING UP. STILL SHOOK)Oh, my God. Sorry."

There's no reason to do that with the bulletin board.

Gabriel scans the bulletin board:

Greek night at the Alpha Psi Omega frat house. It looks like it took place sometime last Spring.
There's a notice for a lecture on Investigative Reporting techniques to be given by octogenarian
Pulitzer Prize winner Laura Bow Dorian.

Unfortunately, it's weeks away. By that time, Gabriel will have to have learned on his own!

Need a ride to L.A. the last weekend in August.

GABE "(SPEAKING TO SELF ABOUT L.A.)I wouldn't go there if you paid me."

Work out of your home and make up to \$2000.00 a week in your spare time. Call 555-6789.

GABE "(SPEAKING TO PLAYER OF AD TO MAKE MONEY)I actually called them
once. You sell cat food over the phone."

Will do Algebra or Biology homework for food.

Jazz jam session every Tuesday at seven in the music building.

Hair cuts for \$10.00 a head, perms for \$20.00, at the Tulane Beauty School, west campus.

GABE "(SPEAKING TO SELF OF HIS HAIR)Like I'd let an amateur touch THESE locks."

There's no reason to use that on the door.

There's a door on one side of the stage.

The door isn't going anywhere.

The door to Hartridge's office is locked.

A lighted sign says "Exit."

Why do that with the exit sign?

That door exits the lecture hall.

Before leaving the university, Gabriel notifies campus security about Hartridge's body.

The podium--Hartridge's throne.

Gabriel isn't in the mood to give a lecture.

Those doors lead to the projection booth.

Gabriel doesn't need to enter the projection booth.

There's no one in the projection booth.

There's nothing of interest on that side of the lecture hall.

A projection screen dominates the front of the hall.

The projection screen doesn't work that way.

The lecture hall is deserted.

Gabriel's in one of the lecture halls at Tulane University.

The university wouldn't appreciate that.

Gabriel doesn't need to take that from the lecture hall.

The seats are the fold-down kind.

The seats are bolted to the floor.

GABE "I've spent all the time in those chairs that I care to!"

Gabriel can't reach the speaker.
There's a P.A. speaker on the wall.

Gabriel can't do that with the stage.
The stage provides theatrical lecture opportunities for theatrical professors such as Hartridge.

HARTRIDGE'S OFFICE

The unfortunate Dr Hartridge can be visited from day 3 to 5.

HARTRIDGE "(GABE ENTERS HART'S OFFICE FIRST TIME. SHARP)Are you a student?"

GABE "No. My name is Knight. Gabriel Knight."

HARTRIDGE "(DRY)Well, you have walked into my private office, Mr. Knight. I hope you have something worthwhile to do here. If you figure it out, let me know."

GABE "(TO PLAYER. SARCASTIC)You want me to talk to a fish?"

Exotic fish lend even more color to the cluttered office.

Gabriel doesn't want to upset the fish.

The fish tank is as "on" as it is likely to get and turning it off would kill the fish.

The shelves behind Hartridge's desk are full of old books.

Gabriel's seen enough old books to last a lifetime.

The door leads back to the lecture hall.

Gabriel doesn't need to do that with the door.

Gabriel doesn't want to file that.

It's Hartridge's file cabinet.

GABE "(TO PLAYER)It looks heavy."

HARTRIDGE "(TO GABE. DISDAINFUL)Please don't touch that."

The filing cabinet is locked.

The filing cabinet doesn't operate.

Why do that with the head?

GABE "(RRCC. NORMAL)Ask it what?"

The carved stone head looks African, and very old.

That mask is quite hideous.

Gabriel doesn't want to disturb Hartridge's treasures.

(RRCC. DARKER)The squatter grins maliciously at Gabriel.

It doesn't do anything.

Why do that to the globe?

An old globe sits atop Hartridge's file cabinet.

Gabriel fights the urge to give the globe a spin.

A round pottery vessel hangs from the ceiling.

Hartridge wouldn't put up with that for a second.

GABE "(CHATTY)Your lecture was terrific."

HARTRIDGE "(ARCC. SARCASTIC)Oh, you think so? You were snoring so loud, I didn't think you'd heard it."

GABE "(CHATTY)You must travel a lot."

HARTRIDGE "(DISINTERESTED. WRITING AT DESK)Yes. To Africa, mainly."

GABE "(CHATTY)I suppose having all this Voodoo stuff sitting around doesn't make you nervous at all."

HARTRIDGE "(BUSY)It's 'Voudoun stuff.' And, no. Why should it?"

GABE "(CHATTY)I'm very interested in Voodoo myself, right now."

HARTRIDGE "(DRY)How nice for you."

GABE "(CHATTY. ADMIRING)You've got quite a collection of goodies here."

HARTRIDGE "(DISINTERESTED)My travels have been rewarding, yes."

GABE "(ANXIOUS, CURIOUS)Have you had any luck with that vévé?"

HARTRIDGE "(DOESN'T LIKE BEING RUSHED)I'm still working on it, Mr. Knight. When I'm finished, you'll be the first to know."

GABE "Mind if I pick your brain?"

HARTRIDGE "(RUDE)Not if it will get you out of my office."

GABE "Up for a few more questions?"

HARTRIDGE "(SARCASTIC)Gee, I'd LOVE to."

HARTRIDGE "(DISINTERESTED)No, I'm afraid I can't."

Gabriel seems to be doing well enough with Hartridge without flashing that badge. At least, he hasn't gotten kicked out yet.

Dr. Hartridge is sharp-eyed and even sharper-tongued. When he condescends to look at Gabriel at all, it's with a dismissive glare.

GABE "(SHOWS MURDER PHOTO TO HARTRIDGE)Is there anything you can tell me about the Voodoo aspects of this photograph?"

HARTRIDGE "(PONDERING. INTERESTED)This is serious Voudoun ritual. Nasty stuff."

GABE "(CURIOUS)In what way?"

HARTRIDGE "(STUDYING PHOTO)Let's see, I can't make out much detail from this photograph--except for the corpse, of course...."

HARTRIDGE "But the wound, the face, and what little I can see of the ritual paraphernalia...."

HARTRIDGE "(IMPRESSED)Hmmm. It reminds me of certain black Voudoun practices. Very rare. I've never witnessed them myself, you understand."

GABE "(PLEASED)Really? Interesting. Thanks."

GABE "Can you tell me anything more about this photograph?"

HARTRIDGE "(ARCC. RELUCTANT)No. I'm no coroner, and I can't tell much more about the Voudoun end from that photograph."

ABE "(SHOWS GEDDE VEVE)Can you tell me anything about this pattern?"

HARTRIDGE "(STUDYING PATTERN. INTERESTED)Wow. Interesting...."

HARTRIDGE "(EXCITED)VERY interesting! Mind if I copy this?"

GABE "Be my guest."

HARTRIDGE "(EXCITED)Great! I'll be right back!"

HARTRIDGE "(RUNS OUT AND MAKES COPY. RETURNS)Here you go. You know, this is a fascinating vévé! You must tell me all about its origin!"

GABE "Actually, I was hoping YOU'D tell ME. Can you figure out anything about it from the symbols?"

HARTRIDGE "Well, some. That's why I wanted a copy. I want to research the design

myself."

HARTRIDGE "Each of the symbols in the vèvè represent something--a Loa, a place.... Where did you get this?"

GABE "(RELUCTANT)Have you heard of the Voodoo Murders?"

HARTRIDGE "No! You're kidding! Really? Then the Voodoo IS authentic! The newspapers are wrong. Boy, are they wrong!"

GABE "You think this...vèvè...is authentic, then?"

HARTRIDGE "Authentic? Mr. Knight, that's like asking if the Mona Lisa is a painting."

HARTRIDGE "Tell you what...I'll look into these symbols myself and see what I can learn about the sect that made this. I'll give you a call when I have more information."

HARTRIDGE "(SHARP)Uh...you ARE associated with the police, aren't you?"

GABE "(LYING)Absolutely. But I'm...undercover. You can contact me at the St. George's Book Shop. In the Quarter."

HARTRIDGE "(GOING BACK TO BEING DISTRACTED)All right. Now, I'd like to get started on this, if you don't mind."

Hartridge made a copy of the vèvè. He doesn't need to see Gabriel's version again.

HARTRIDGE "(RRCC. DISMISSIVE)No. I've never seen those symbols. Therefore, they're probably meaningless."

GABE "(RRCC. CURIOUS)Really? Are you sure?"

HARTRIDGE "I am never wrong, Mr. Knight, therefore 'sure' is not in my vocabulary."

Gabriel doesn't want to put that on the desk.

Dr. Hartridge's desk is remarkably neat. Especially considering the rest of the room.

GABE "Can you tell me anything about this?"

Dr. Hartridge's office is crowded with masks, carved figures, and strange objects. It's not Gabriel's place to rearrange the office.

Gabriel doesn't want to take that from Hartridge's office.

HARTRIDGE "(VERY DRY)Mr. Knight. You're back. Oh, goody."

GABE "(LEAVING OFFICE)Okay. Thanks."

GABE "I'll be going."

GABE "I'll see you later."

HARTRIDGE "Good day, Mr. Knight."

HARTRIDGE "Good-bye."

HARTRIDGE "(SARCASTIC)Oh, do keep in touch."

It's an enormous stone head.

The visitor's chair looks unsteady and a little low to the ground.

Gabriel is already using the chair.

HARTRIDGE "(SARCASTIC)That's right. Just make yourself at home."

HARTRIDGE "(AS GABE RIFFLES THROUGH GARBAGE CAN)Did you know there's a whole branch of archaeology devoted to garbage? Maybe you should look into it." There's nothing of interest in the waste basket.

Day 5

GABE "(RRCC. ENTERING OFFICE TO FIND DEAD BODY)Hey, Hartridge, what's the good word...?"

GABE "Hartridge?"

GABE "(RRCC. LITTLE SCREAM OF STARTLEMENT/SHOCK AS HE TIPS OVER DEAD BODY)<ah>!"

GABE "(RRCC. GENUINELY UPSET/SCARED. REALIZED HARTRIDGE IS DEAD)Oh, God. Not again!"

Someone has taken away the body.

This is a crime scene--Gabriel wants to disturb it as little as possible.

On the desk is a sheet of paper with some scribbled notes. It looks recent.

The desk is locked.

Something about Hartridge's death mask reminds Gabriel of the way Crash checked out. Not a pretty ending.

That would be up to the coroner.

GABE "(SPEAKING OF CORPSE)I'm not touching that body."

Whatever Hartridge may have learned, he can't share it with Gabriel now--at least, not vocally.

Nothing means much to Dr. Hartridge anymore.

Why do that with the notes on the desk?

GABE "(TO SELF. LOOKING AT DESK)These notes look interesting."

GABE "(TO PLAYER)Nothing else looks related to my case."

Gabriel doesn't feel comfortable sitting around here under the circumstances.

BAYOU ST JOHN

The bayou only needs to be entered on Day 6, for the St John's Eve conclave.

There's no way to do that with the bayou exit.

The break in the trees marks the exit from the bayou.

There's no way to do that with the entrance to the ritual circle.

The entrance to a clearing is marked with Voudoun skulls. At last!

GABE "(TO HIMSELF. GETTING DRESSED FOR VOODOO RITUAL)When in Rome...."

GABE "Here goes nothing."

Gabriel doesn't want to put that on until he finds the ritual. It doesn't look too comfortable.

The signal device--and anything else of interest in the bayou--is no doubt long since gone.

The tracker doesn't show anything. But then, why would it when Gabriel's still got both signal devices in his pocket?

The tracker doesn't show anything. They must not have taken the sekey madoul, to the ritual.

GABE "(FRUSTRATED)Oh, great. Now what?"

Gabriel pulls out the tracking device, hoping that the sekey madoulé made it to the ritual and that

this thing will work!

GABE "(RRCC. VERY EXCITED, HAPPY)All right! There's a blip! They must be here with the sekey madoulé!"

Gabriel doesn't want to turn off his only means of direction! He can follow it to get to the conclave, or go the opposite way from what it suggests to return to the Bayou exit.

Gabriel activates the tracker.

Using that in the bayou won't help.

Bayou St. John seems denser, thicker, darker than Gabriel remembers it. In the twilight of the heavy growth, everything looks the same.

Gabriel can't see any way to move that part of the bayou.

There's nothing in the bayou to open.

There's nothing in the bayou to operate.

Picking up this dense plant life wouldn't do much good.

Gabriel can't see a living soul to talk to here.

GABE "(FRUSTRATED. IN MAZE)This looks familiar.... Damn! I'm back where I started!"

Something in the Bayou air is confusing Gabriel's sense of direction. He could use some less-susceptible assistance.

Gabriel feels confused.

Hasn't Gabriel seen this part of the bayou before?

Gabriel's head pounds. Which way did he just come from?

Gabriel can hear the sound of drums, but it seems to be coming from inside his head rather than any specific direction.

A cool sweat mists Gabriel's forehead. Where is he again?

Gabriel hopes this tracking thing is working correctly.

Gabriel feels so turned around! Is this thing working?

Didn't he just come from that direction? Or did he?

Gabriel can barely focus on the L.E.D. with those drums in his head. He hopes he's reading it correctly.

Damn Mosely and his infernal machine! This better be working!

VOODOO CONCLAVE

Although not very interactive, this scene is deadly (entering without mask, without tattoo, or missing a question), and a lot more interesting than the pixelated characters appear to show on first sight.

DR JOHN "(RRCC. ENRAGED)You! What are you doing here?"

GABE "I was just taking a walk, and...."

DR JOHN "(RRCC. ENRAGED)No excuses this time, my friend!"

DR JOHN "Welcome, Brother Crocodile. Please join...."

DR JOHN "Where is your snake tattoo?"

GABE "Tattoo? Well...uh...I tried this new soap today, and...."

DR JOHN "You! I knew it!"

GABE "Er... Hi there, Dr. John."

DR JOHN "You shall pay for this violation!"

DR JOHN "You are no believer! You must die for violating our sacred circle!"

DR JOHN "You do not know? You are no believer! Now you will die!"

DR JOHN "Welcome, Brother Crocodile. Please join the other celebrants."

GABE "Yes, Dr. John... er, Brother Eagle."

DR JOHN "But first...."

DR JOHN "Name the great serpent who crushes all in his coils."

GABE "(DISGUISED VOICE & ANSWERING RIDDLE)Buddha, perhaps?"

GABE "(DISGUISED VOICE AND ANSWERING RIDDLE)Damballah."

DR JOHN "You are correct, Brother Crocodile."

DR JOHN "Who is the destroyer of men?"

GABE "(RRCC. DISGUISED VOICE & ANSWERING RIDDLE)Maitresse Erzulie."

GABE "(DISGUISED VOICE & ANSWERING RIDDLE)Papa Gede?"

GABE "(DISGUISED VOICE & ANSWERING RIDDLE)I'm not quite sure."

GABE "(DISGUISED VOICE AND ANSWERING RIDDLE)Ogoun Badagris."

DR JOHN "You are correct, Brother Crocodile. Enjoy yourself WELL tonight (heh heh)."

The Voodoo ritual cartoon is not yet available, so....

You learn that Malia Gedde is the head priestess of the New Orleans Voodoo cartel that's responsible for the murders.

You further figure out that all of this is related to your nightmares because Malia is Tetelo's descendant and you are Gunter's.

You barely escape the wrath of Tetelo's spirit (which possesses Malia) and Grace drags you away....

GABE "(A DRUG IS BEING SPRAYED INTO HIS FACE)Uggh <gasp>!"

MALIA "(SHOCKED, FEARFUL)Gabriel?"

GROUP "(VERY LOUD, FRENZIED)TETELO, TETELO, come take our bride!"

GABE "(FEARFUL--QUESTIONING--IS THAT YOU?)Malia?"

TETELO "(TETELO'S VOICE. EVIL. DARK. GHOSTLY, TOO)I know you now. I can smell his blood in your veins."

GABE "(AFRAID)No!"

TETELO "You cannot change your destiny, or ours!"

GABE "(LOUDER, DENYING THE TRUTH)No!"

TETELO "I will find you! I will destroy you!"

GABE "(FRANTIC)NO!"

TETELO "(MOCKING, LAUGHING EVILY WHILE SAYING THIS)Where is your necklace now, Witch-hunter? Where are your pretty, pretty gems?"

SCHLOSS RITTER HALL

The first place we enter at Schloss Ritter: location of Gerde, salt, dagger, and the slightly dull To Africa puzzle on day 8.

GERDE "(ANXIOUS, HOPEFUL)Wolfgang?!"

GABE "(GABE ENTERS CASTLE FOR FIRST TIME>Hello. My name is Knight. Gabriel Knight."

GERDE "(SURPRISED, DISAPPOINTED BUT HIDES IT QUICKLY)Herr Knight! Oh! Kommen Sie bitte herein..."

GERDE "I mean...come in, please, Herr Knight."

GERDE "I was not expecting you! Has Wolfgang sent you here...?"

GABE "(CONFUSED)Uncle Wolfgang? No, I came to see him. Isn't he here?"

GERDE "(UPSET)No, he is gone! I'm sorry! You came all this way!"

GABE "(DISAPPOINTED)Oh, great! That's all I need!"

GERDE "(POLITE)Herr Knight, Wolfgang told me all about you and gave me instructions for you to feel welcome here."

GERDE "Please--this is your home. You are a Ritter, no? I am just doing some work. I will continue, and you may make yourself comfortable."

GERDE "If there is anything you need, please ask me. You may use Wolfgang's bedroom. It is at the top of the stairs."

GABE "Thank you, Miss...."

GERDE "You may call me Gerde, Herr Knight."

A huge archway provides an exit from the great hall.

The archway doesn't need to be opened or closed.

The archway doesn't need to be operated.

There's a dragon's head on the wall--it looks like a REAL dragon's head, too!

GABE "(TO HIMSELF. LOOKING AT WEAPONS)This shadow hunter stuff is serious!"

The trophy belongs in that spot.

Why do that to the dragon's head?

The main entry doors are massive. They look strong enough to withstand anything.

Those doors aren't going anywhere.

Gabriel has no time to explore Rittersberg. He's got pressing business INSIDE the castle.

GERDE "(POLITE)Ja, of course."

GABE "(SHOWING SOMETHING TO GERDE)Do you know anything about this?"

GERDE "(REGRETFUL)No. So sorry, Herr Knight."

Gabriel would rather not "share" the chamber pot with Gerde.

GABE "(CURIOUS)Can you tell me about this scroll?"

GERDE "(PROUD)It is the scroll of St. George, patron saint of England--and of the Ritter family."

GERDE "(POLITE)It is Gunter Ritter's journal. Wolfgang told me he sent it to you."

Gerde is young and quite attractive.

Gerde has no use for the credit card at the moment.

Gerde is a country girl. She wouldn't appreciate that.

GABE "(SHOWING HER ITEMS)Do you want this dagger back?"

GERDE "No. It belongs to your family."

GERDE "It looks like a letter to Wolfgang's brother from his father. It was written some time ago, Herr Knight."

GERDE "(RRCC. WISTFUL)It looks like an old photograph of your grandfather, Heinz, Wolfgang, and their father."

GABE "Do you want this salt back?"

GERDE "No. You may keep it."

GERDE "(DISINTERESTED)Ja, those are Wolfgang's scissors."

GERDE "(POLITE, THEN WISTFUL)It is a letter Wolfgang wrote to you. <sigh> I wish he would write one to me."

Why would Gerde want to see Schloss Ritter's phone number?

GABE "(CHATTY)So what do you do when you're not puttering around the castle?"

GERDE "Every day I go to Rittersberg to do the daily shopping and visit my friends."
GABE "(CHATTY)Have you worked here long?"
GERDE "For the past four years. I came here when I was eighteen."
GABE "(CHATTY)What's it like in Rittersberg?"
GERDE "It is very peaceful and quiet. I am sure you will find it...like a vacation, Ja?"
GABE "(WRY)Somehow, I doubt this is going to be a vacation."
GABE "(CHATTY. SHIVER)Is it always this cold around here?"
GERDE "(CONCERNED)To tell you the truth, we NEVER have snow in June here, Herr Knight, even though we are in the Alps. The weather, it is not...normal this year."
GABE "(CHATTY. BORED)This place is so quiet. Doesn't that bother you at all?"
GERDE "(WARM FUZZIES)I love it here in Schloss Ritter. Even the silence feels like home to me."

Doing that with the lion's head won't help.
It's a lion's head carved in stone.

GABE "(TO GERDE)Can I ask you a few questions?"

Gerde wouldn't appreciate Gabriel messing with her potatoes.
Potatoes. They must grow well around here.
Gabriel is sure he'll end up getting some of those for a meal sooner or later.

There's no reason to use that on the weapons.
A large, hand-crafted dagger hangs on the wall. It looks quite old, but it's been polished to a high shine.
Gabriel can't use the dagger while it's on the wall.
GABE "(CURIOUS)This dagger..."
GERDE "(SUBSERVIANT)It is the knife of a Schattenjäger. You may take it, Herr Knight--everything in this castle is yours now."

Gabriel doesn't want to leave that lying around the great hall.
The great hall of Schloss Ritter towers around Gabriel. He can imagine the heating bills.
The castle doesn't need rearrangement.
There's nothing in that part of the great hall that Gabriel needs.
Gabriel considers checking the echo in this place, but he doesn't want to offend Gerde.

It's a shaker of salt.
Moving the salt wouldn't accomplish much.
Gabriel can't do much with the salt while it's on the floor.
GABE "(WANTS SALT FOR CEREMONY)Is that a shaker of salt?"
GERDE "(SURPRISED)Ja. Salt."
GABE "Mind if I take it?"
GERDE "(CONFUSED)No."
GABE "Thanks."
At the moment, Gabriel can't think of a need for salt.

High up in the wall is a small window.
Gabriel can't even reach the window from here.

Doing that with the sofa won't help.
An old velvet sofa is one of the few pieces of furniture in the great hall.
Gerde is already sitting on the sofa.

Stone steps lead up to a second floor.
Gabriel wouldn't have much luck moving solid rock.
Perhaps Gabriel should just walk up the stairs.

Why do that with the tapestry?
A few tapestries hang on the wall. Gabriel isn't sure if they mean something, or if they're just good insulation.
The tapestry doesn't work that way.
Gabriel can't think of a good use for the old tapestries.

There's an archway at the head of the stairs.

A few ancient weapons adorn the hall.
That weapon might be a bit much to carry around.

Day 8

GERDE "(CHEERILY)Gut' Morgen, Herr Knight! I am cooking your Frühstück--a good German breakfast! Please, feel at home."

GABE "(SLIGHTLY SUSPICIOUS)I found this key in Wolfgang's bedroom."

GERDE "(FAKE INNOCENCE)That is good, Herr Knight."

GABE "(SHOWS HER BOOK ON AFRICA)I found this book in the library. I think it might tell us where Wolfgang went."

GERDE "(WORRIED)Africa? You think Wolfgang went to Africa?"

GABE "(FIRM)I know he did."

GERDE "(ANXIOUS)Then I shall make you a plane trip right now, Ja?"

GABE "(HESITANT)Well...I guess so."

GERDE "Good! Good! My poor Wolfgang! You have money for the plane, Ja?"

GABE "That book with the snake mound...."

GERDE "(WORRIED)I know about the book, Herr Knight. But that does not get you to Africa and my poor Wolfgang!"

GERDE "(WORRIED)Not now, Herr Knight. I can think only of poor Wolfgang in Africa."

Gabriel feels ready to leave, but he needs to arrange his travel plans first.

GABE "Will this help?"

GERDE "(ADMONISHING)I can not get a plane ticket with that, Herr Knight!"

GABE "Gerde?"

GERDE "(HOPEFUL)Ja? Have you thought of a way to pay for the plane?"

GABE "(WEASELING)Can't YOU pay for the fare?"

GERDE "(ANXIOUS)No! How Wolfgang bought his ticket, I do not know, but we have no money left!"

GERDE "(BEGGING)Have you no money, Herr Knight?"

GABE "(WEASELING)Are you sure the Ritter estate can't pay?"

GERDE "(ANXIOUS)I manage Wolfgang's books--I am quite sure. Have you any money?"

GABE "(RELUCTANT)No--sorry. I can't pay the plane fare."

GERDE "(VERY WORRIED)Oh, poor Wolfgang! If you can think of some way to get to Africa, let me know."

GABE "(GETS A BRIGHT IDEA)I know--we can use this credit card!"

GABE "(TO GERDE. RELUCTANT)I guess we could put the plane tickets on this."
GERDE "(EXCITED)Terrific! I will go make the call! Then--while we wait--breakfast!"
GABE "(WRY. PUT OUT.)Does that mean I get some COFFEE now?"

SCHLOSS RITTER CHAPEL

The location where Gabe carries out the Schattenjäger ceremony.

Why do that to the candles?
Candles flank the altar on either side.
Moving the candles around wouldn't be useful.
The candles are already lit and Gabriel doesn't want to extinguish them.
Gabriel doesn't want the candles.

Putting that on the altar won't help.
Thinking of the third panel, Gabriel puts the chamber pot on the altar.
Gabriel doesn't have a reason to put the chamber pot on the altar at the moment.
There's no reason to put the scroll on the altar.
A plain wooden altar occupies the center of the chapel. A cushioned kneeler at the bottom indicates that the altar is a place of prayer.
The altar isn't going anywhere.
The altar doesn't work that way.
Gabriel is already kneeling at the altar.
Thinking of the fifth panel, Gabriel kneels at the altar.
GABE "(TO PLAYER. I.E. 'NO WAY!')I did that yesterday and look what happened!"
Gabriel doesn't have a reason to kneel at the altar right now.
There's no reason to put the dagger on the altar.
Gabriel knows the salt is important, but it doesn't seem right to put it on the altar in the shaker.
Putting the scissors on the altar won't help.

Candelabrum flanks the altar.

Putting that in the chamber pot doesn't seem to make sense, somehow.
There's a chamber pot on the altar.
The chamber pot contains blood.
The chamber pot contains salt and blood.
The chamber pot contains salt.
That wouldn't accomplish anything.
The chamber pot doesn't open or close.
Gabriel is already trying to find the proper "use" for the chamber pot here.
The chamber pot is hardly a chalice, but it's the best Gabriel can come up with at the moment. He decides to leave it on the altar.
Thinking of the third panel, Gabriel pours the contents of the salt shaker into the chamber pot.
Talking to the chamber pot doesn't seem quite right.

Thinking of the sixth panel, Gabriel reads the scroll.
GABE "(DRAMATIC. READING SCROLL)St. George, patron of the light,
who hunts the shadows of the night...."
"upon my blood, I call thee now,
purify me, for I avow...."
"to set my feet upon thy road,
thy sword I take up for mine own."

GABE "(ADAMANT)I'm not going to cut myself again!"

That's not a bad idea, but Gabriel senses that he's missing a few necessary steps first.

Thinking of the fourth panel, Gabriel holds his arm over the chamber pot and nicks it with the dagger.

"(SPEAKING OF NICKING HIS ARM WITH DAGGER FOR CEREMONY)Whoops!
Nearly hit an artery!"

(RRCC. THOUGHTFUL. MYSTERIOUS)Hmmm. Gabriel has a sense that he's missed something about that third panel.

Gabriel doesn't have a reason to use that dagger on himself at the moment.

Gabriel knows the salt is important, but it doesn't seem right to EAT it.

There is no response.

Doing that with the panels won't help.

The panels offers Gabriel no verbal advice.

The first panel shows hands and water.

The second panel shows hair and a knife?

The third panel shows a chalice on a table with ocean waves in the background.

The fourth panel shows a knife and a few drops of blood.

The fifth panel shows someone kneeling.

The sixth panel shows a scroll.

According to Gerde, the panels outline the Schattenjäger initiation ceremony.

Not that the ceremony did anything for Gabriel.

Or did it?

Three panels hang from each side of the chapel. Gabriel can't determine what their purpose might be.

There are pews on both sides of the center aisle.

The pews will have to stay where they are.

The pews look uncomfortable. Gabriel would rather not sit there.

Gabriel's alone in the chapel.

Perhaps it's an illusion caused by the colored light from the window, but this chapel gives Gabriel a sense of something truly mystical.

Gabriel doesn't want to rearrange the beautiful little chapel.

There's nothing in that part of the chapel that Gabriel needs.

Hmmm. Nothing. Gabriel has the sneaking suspicion that he left out something. Perhaps that's why he doesn't feel any different.

It worked! Something's happening!

GERDE "Oh, excuse me! I was just vacuuming! I did not know you were in here!"

GABE "(DISCOURAGED)Oh, that's all right. I've done about all I can do in here, anyway. I give up!"

GERDE "(CONCERNED)You look tired, Herr Knight. Why don't you go to bed?"

GABE "Sure. Why not?"

GERDE "I will clean everything up. You need not worry."

GABE "(PISSSED AT HIMSELF)I can't believe I cut my HAIR for nothing!"

The stained glass window doesn't work that way.

Saint George doesn't look prepared to answer questions.

A magnificent stained glass window depicts the legendary battle between St. George and the

dragon.

The stained glass window isn't going anywhere.

The window doesn't open.

GABE "(SPEAKING TO STAINED GLASS WINDOW OF ST GEORGE)I named my shop after you. You've always fascinated me, I just never knew why until now."

SCHLOSS RITTER BEDROOM

Location of the scissors, scroll and library key. It's also where Gabriel must wash his hands with the snow, and where he has to cut off a bit of hair.

It's the biggest bed Gabriel has ever seen.

GABE "(TO PLAYER. PUT OUT)I'm tired, but it's daylight here. I can't sleep when it's light outside."

GABE "(TO PLAYER)After the dream I had last night, I'm not sleeping in that bed again!"
The bed is much too large to tote around, unfortunately.

There's a key on the table.

At the foot of the bed is a small table.

There's nothing to pick up on that part of the table.

There's nothing on the table at the moment.

It's an old-fashioned canopy with heavy bed curtains.

GABE "I'll just leave it the way it is."

Gabriel definitely does not want to put that in the chamber pot.

It's a chamber pot.

GABE "(SPEAKING OF A CHAMBER POT)Take me back to the twentieth century--please!"

GABE "(SPEAKING OF THE CHAMBER POT)I don't have to right now."

"Even if I had to, I wouldn't."

It wouldn't do much good to do that here in the bedroom.

Why burn that?

A fire blazes steadily in the stone fireplace.

Either Wolfgang left VERY recently, or Gerde feels quite at home in this room herself.

GABE "(TO HIMSELF. LOOKING AT FIRE)Maybe that's why I dreamed about fire last night."

That would be a bit tricky.

The fire's already blazing, and Gabriel doesn't want to put it out.

Thinking of the second chapel panel, Gabriel cuts his hair.

GABE "(TO HIMSELF. CUTTING HIS HAIR)I HATE this. There.... That's PLENTY!"

GABE "(TO PLAYER. ADAMANT)I don't cut my hair without a damn good reason!"

The cabinet holds a few items for personal grooming.

The cabinet itself doesn't interest Gabriel.

There's nothing that Gabriel wants to pick up on that part of the cabinet.

The door leads back to the grand hall stairs.

The door is a bit large for that.

That won't work on the keyhole.

The door has a very large, very oddly-shaped keyhole.

Somehow, Gabriel doesn't think that's the right key.
The keyhole doesn't work that way.
The only way to operate the keyhole is with the right key.
That would probably only ruin the keyhole AND the dagger, without opening the door.
GABE "(TO HIMSELF. EXCITED)It fits!"

GABE "(TO HIMSELF. DISBELIEF)I don't believe it! It's the key from my dream!"
There's a key on the small table.
Doing that with the key won't solve anything.
Gabriel can't operate the key while it's on the table.

The door is surrounded by an ornate lintel.
The lintel doesn't work that way.
Gabriel can't move solid rock.

That would not work with the lion head.
The head of a lion stares at Gabriel from above the door.

It makes a reflection, and that's all.
GABE "(LOOKING IN MIRROR AFTER HAIR CUT)Great! Now I have a bare patch."
GABE "(LOOKING IN MIRROR)Man, I gotta get more sleep."
The mirror doesn't open.
GABE "(TALKING TO MIRROR, SEXY)You handsome devil, you."

GABE "(DRY)It sounds better in German."
The portal says:
Nur der Reinste darf passieren, Dessen Herz ist rein wie Glas, Dessen Seele rein wie Feuer,
Schreitet h"her durchs Portal.

Gabriel doesn't want to leave that here.
Alas, Gabriel's alone in the bedroom.
Wolfgang's bedroom would hold Gabriel's entire studio about four times over. Not exactly cozy, but
Gabriel could get used to it.
Moving that around the bedroom wouldn't help.
There's nothing Gabriel wants in this part of the room.

The rug looks like the fur from some large animal, but what kind of animal, Gabriel couldn't say.
Nothing would bring that rug back to life.

Using that on the scissors won't accomplish anything.
There's a small pair of grooming scissors on the cabinet.
It would be difficult to do that with the scissors while they're on the cabinet.
GABE "(ADAMANT)I'm not picking up those scissors again! I've cut my hair enough!"
Gabriel takes the scissors.

A large display case hangs on the wall.
It contains a scroll.
The display case is firmly attached to the wall.
Gabriel's already done all he can with the scroll.
There's no reason to open the empty scroll case.
GABE "(CURIOUS)This scroll looks interesting."
The display case itself doesn't interest Gabriel.

The display case is empty.

GABE "(GETTING UP AFTER NIGHTMARE)What a night! I'm sore all over!"

That would have little effect on the door.
Near the bed is an elaborate wooden door.
It's locked.

Why do that with the window?
A gothic-style window looks out over an incredible view.

There's a window seat on either side of the window.
The window seat doesn't work that way.
Gabriel isn't interested in sitting at the moment.

Why put that out the window?
Putting snow in the chamber pot wouldn't do much good.
Outside the window there's a nice thick ledge covered with snow.
 And it's only slightly off-color. Rather like Gabriel himself.
The view cannot be moved.
Thinking of the first chapel panel, Gabriel washes his hands in the snow.
Gabriel would need a pretty good reason to stick his hands in that snow.
GABE "(ADAMANT)Sticking my hands in that cold snow once was enough!"
GABE "(TALKING ABOUT PICKING UP SNOW)If I took the snow, it would just melt in my
 pocket."
GABE "(TO PLAYER. WRY.)I'd scream, but no one would hear me."
 A pleasant thought, that.

DAY 7 CLOSING DREAM

That night, Gabriel dreams....

DRAGON "(THIS IS A DREAM SEQUENCE. VERY EVIL & DISDAINFUL)Your soul smells,
 Gabriel Knight. YOU seek to be Schattenjäger?"

GABE "(SCARED)I do!"

DRAGON "You must first burn away the past. How much sin do you have to burn?"

DRAGON "(EVIL LAUGH)Heh, heh, heh."

DRAGON "You have used people all your life--never committed to anything. Turn back
now, and I will forget that you asked for this!"

DRAGON "(PROTESTING)NO!"

DRAGON "There are only two things that redeem you. First, that you have Ritter blood in
your veins. Second, that three women have loved you purely."

DRAGON "You ask to start on the path, so you shall. But you will not be a Schattenjäger
until you have earned it."

GABE "(TRYING NOT TO SOUND SCARED)How?"

DRAGON "(EMPHASIS ON FIRST 'I')I cannot show you the path, but I CAN tell you that
you will have to let go of the greater part of yourself, Gabriel Knight."

GABE "(NERVOUS LAUGH)No problem."

DRAGON "(I.E. 'YEAH, RIGHT')Yesss. Now, you asked for purification. You shall have
it."

GABE "(RRCC. SCARED, ALARMED)Oh, no!"

SCHLOSS RITTER LIBRARY

The library is only available on Day 8. It contains the Africa book, and some nice view-aheads on GK2 and GK3.

The archway leads to a short hall and the door to Wolfgang's bedroom.

The solid rock won't budge.

The archway is not closed; Gabriel need only walk through it.

Benches accompany the library table.

With all these books around, Gabriel would have a hard time sitting still.

There's no reason to use that on the books.

The books have nothing verbal to communicate.

Moving the books around won't help.

The bookshelves don't open.

The bookshelves don't operate.

These shelves contain science books.

Gabriel looks at the titles curiously, but they're all a bit too technical for his tastes.

Gabriel isn't interested in the science books.

This part of the library contains books on the occult.

(RRCC. LIE-CAN-THROWPES. LIE AS IN "LITTLE WHITE")Necromancy, witchcraft, demonology, lycanthropes....

Research material any good Schattenjäger needs, Gabriel supposes.

Although it probably isn't connected with the case at hand, Gabriel picks up an occult book.

It's a book on lycanthropes--shape shifters. The book claims that lycanthropy is not uncommon.

Supposedly, there's been evidence of apparently-normal human beings turning into various beasts throughout history, including some famous trials from the Middle Ages.

Fascinating. Gabriel's made a few women turn into beasts himself.

There are many forms of vampirism. One is associated with a blood disorder and is not supernatural. Another, also non-supernatural, is based on a form of insanity.

Of supernatural vampirism, there are also several varieties including Inherited,

Communicative, and a vampirism used in black sorcery power-drawing rituals.

GABE "(DRYLY)Then, too, there's always law school."

GABE "(TO HIMSELF. REGRETFUL)These books are fascinating, but I'll have to hope I get time to read them more later. I don't see anything here that will help me with Tetelo."

These shelves display books on Geography.

A title catches Gabriel's eye; "People's Republic of Benin" by Loel Caley.

Gabriel's not sure where to start with these books.

Gabriel pulls out the book entitled "People's Republic of Benin" and scans through it.

"The People's Republic of Benin is an area of rich and diverse cultures and a proud heritage."

"Before slaving devastated many tribes, this area was populated by some of the oddest, fiercest, and most powerful tribes in tribal Africa: the Fons, the Dahomeys, and the terrible Agris."

"The book 'The Primal Ones' by John Roots provides insight into these fascinating cultures."

Gabriel recognizes a title; "The Primal Ones" by John Roots.

Gabriel wouldn't know where to begin with the Sociology books.

Gabriel takes down "The Primal Ones" and opens it.

"...In contrast with the peaceful, nomadic tribes of Northern Africa, certain tribes of the Southwest were vicious and xenophobic."

"This part of Africa is called the Red Basin area because of the vast amount of bloodshed that's occurred there over the centuries."

"In this one area of Africa existed, in a perpetual state of war and raiding, some of the most powerful and efficient fighters the world has ever seen."

"Why did this region inspire such violent behavior? To understand, one must look even further back. See 'Ancient Roots of Africa' by Earl Lee Days."

These shelves contain History books.

Gabriel recognizes a title; "Ancient Roots of Africa" by Earl Lee Days.

Gabriel wouldn't know which History book to read.

Gabriel removes "Ancient Roots of Africa" and browses through it.

"The ferocity of the tribes in the Red Basin region is traceable to their predecessors. In Egyptian time, 4000-2000 B.C, this region was ruled by powerful sun worshippers."

"We know a little about this mysterious cult by the remnants of ruins far older and of a culture far more advanced than any that exists in Africa today."

"See 'Sun Worshippers' by A. Curate."

These shelves contain books on religions of all kinds.

Gabriel wouldn't know where to begin with the religion books.

A title catches Gabriel's eye; "Sun Worshippers" by A. Curate.

Gabriel takes down "Sun Worshippers" and scans it.

"One of the earliest religious practices was that of sun worship. The most powerful cults of sun worshippers lived on the continent of Africa."

"The African sun god was violent and terrible, and so became his worshippers. They practiced a particularly bloody form of ritual sacrifice."

"The homeland of this ancient cult is still considered a sacred site of power. See 'Ancient Digs of Africa' by Professor Seymore Shards."

These shelves contain books on Archaeology.

Gabriel recognizes a title; "Ancient Digs of Africa" by Prof. Seymore Shards.

Gabriel wouldn't know where to start reading the Archaeology books.

(RRCC. RERECORD. WATCH WORDING) Gabriel takes "Ancient Digs of Africa" and opens it.

"The most fascinating archaeological site in Africa is the great snake mound in the People's Republic of Benin, located 50 miles south of the capital, in the Red Basin."

"Like the snake mounds of North America, the origin and meaning of these great mounds remains a mystery, though, clearly, they were the result of profound and urgent spiritual belief."

"Unlike other snake mounds, the African example is a double snake mound--a small snake ring within a larger snake ring. The mound is thought to have housed an ancient temple."

"Although archaeologists explored the mound site, the interior remains largely unchanged from ancient times."

"This is partially due to stringent Government regulations, and partially to local superstition. The local people regard the mound with fear, and won't go near it."

GABE "(EXCITED, NERVOUS) A double snake ring???"

Gabriel flips furiously, looking for a picture.

These shelves contain books and documents about the Ritter family.

Journals, diaries, record books, deeds....

Something to peruse extensively when Gabriel has more time.

Although it probably won't shed any light on Wolfgang's whereabouts, Gabriel picks up a book

from the Ritter section....

The book is entitled "Malleus Maleficarum (The Witch Hammer)," dated 1486. It's a witch-hunter's manual from the Inquisition!

GABE "(TO HIMSELF)I'm not sure I'm really interested in knowing about some of my ancestors!"

It looks like a very old diary of the wife of a Ritter Schattenjäger....

Interesting! It seems that her husband, one Freiling Ritter, had rescued this woman from the clutches of the Marquis de Sade himself!

GABE "(TO HIMSELF. AMAZED)This family tree really goes way back."

The Ritter documents are fascinating, but Gabriel is determined to stay focused on the task at hand.

These texts are in German. He'll really have to learn the language now.

Gabriel doesn't read German--at least, not yet.

Why do that with the candles?

The candles are for nighttime reading, perhaps.

The windows provide enough light at the moment.

Gabriel doesn't need the candles.

Gabriel peruses the titles with interest, but nothing jumps out at him.

Gabriel doesn't want to leave that in the library.

Gabriel is alone in the library.

Just by glancing at the spines, Gabriel can tell that this is one of the most priceless private book collections he's ever seen.

Talk about a bibliophile's Shangri-la!

Gabriel doesn't want to rearrange Wolfgang's private library.

Gabriel doesn't want to take that from the library.

Gabriel can't reach the shield.

An ancient shield hangs on the wall.

The windows are too high to reach.

Two tall, narrow windows provide daylight to the dank room.

Gabriel doesn't want to leave that on the table.

A heavy wooden table occupies the center of the library.

There's nothing to be done with the tapestries.

More colorful tapestries soften the stone walls here.

OUTSIDE THE SNAKE MOUND

Gabe only spends a very brief moment here, but there is some interesting info to be acquired from the script! Was it really Mark Hamill who voiced the cab driver?

Day 9

"And then the wheel went round and round, I could not find my way.

Twelve and three and turn the key, I heard the madman say...."

GABE "(GABE ARRIVES IN AFRICA AND IS LOOKING OVER THE SNAKE MOUND

TRIBAL HOME OF TETELO'S PEOPLE. HE IS WHISPERING TO HIMSELF HERE

WITH AWE AND FEAR)Wheel-within-a-wheel!"

DRIVER "(RRCC. DIDN'T FIND THESE ON TAPES. CREDITED AS MARK

HAMILL)You want I stay here, right? It's a long walk back to the city."

DRIVER "(TO DRIVER. DISTRACTED)Yeah. Sure. Wait here, please."

GABE "(ALMOST TO HIMSELF, LOOKING AT SNAKE MOUND AGAIN)I may be awhile, though."

DRIVER "No problem. I could use a nap."

The jeep driver can do nothing more for Gabriel at the moment.

The jeep driver has settled into his seat for a nap.

The jeep was one of several private taxies trying to pick up business at the airport. The driver knew exactly where the snake mound was located, and his rates were very cheap.

Gabriel has done all he needs to with the jeep at the moment.

GABE "(FIRM)I'm not leaving until I've got what I came for."

Gabriel can determine whether or not he'll need to use the flashlight once he's inside the mound.

The entrance to the snake mound looks dark and damp.

To enter the mound, Gabriel need only walk there.

The snake mound consists of an outer ring and an inner ring--two snakes eating their tails.

The mound has stood here for centuries. Gabriel can't affect it so easily.

The mound doesn't need to be opened. Its sole entrance is not blocked.

GABE "(SPEAKING UNDER HIS BREATH--ADDRESSING THE SNAKE MOUND)There you are, you bastard!"

Gabriel is on a rise overlooking an ancient snake mound in the People's Republic of Benin.

If he's correct, this is the tribal homeland of Tetelo's people!

There's no reason to manipulate the landscape.

There's no one here but the jeep driver, Gabriel, and, perhaps, a lot of old ghosts.

The morning sky is still thick with mist.

SNAKE MOUND

The scenes that make you grab your heart, and the place where we finally get to meet Uncle Wolfgang.

The mummy doesn't appear to be capable of speech.

Mummy-like figures in contorted poses appear to be the only residents here.

Gabriel wonders, Was this a burial mound, or does their presence serve some ritualistic purpose?

Gabriel would rather not mess with that mummy.

There's an earthen archway to the north.

To use the archway, Gabriel need only walk through it.

There's no reason to do that to the exit from the mound.

That way leads out to the mound exterior.

To use the exit, Gabriel need only walk through it.

The walls bear ancient paintings--the handiwork of the sun worshippers, no doubt.

There's no reason to do that to the wall painting.

There doesn't appear to be a place to insert the rod on that part of the wall painting.

The rooms of the snake mound are made entirely from earth, formed centuries before into a wheel by sun worshippers.

The stone doesn't seem to go there.

GABE "(CALLING OUT. A LITTLE CONCERNED. HE SEEMS TO BE ALONE IN THE SNAKE MOUND, BUT HERE'S STRANGE NOISES)Is anybody here?"

There is no answer.

Why would Gabriel want to do that to the mural?

An elaborate mural with a mask design has been carved into the wall in this room.

The mural doesn't appear to move.

The mural doesn't appear to open.

The mural doesn't appear to have a mechanical function.

Gabriel can't take the mural.

There doesn't seem to be anyplace to insert the rod on that part of the mural.

A long rod lies in one corner of the room.

Doing that with the rod on the ground won't help.

GABE "(PICKING UP AN ANCIENT ROD)It's shaped a little like a snake."

Gabriel can't see any way to use that on the stone.

It's too late to do anything more with the stones now!

There's no time to examine the stones now!

On the floor is an etched stone.

An etched stone is on the wall.

If Gabriel wants to relocate that tile, he's going to have to take it first.

The stone doesn't seem to open.

The stone itself doesn't operate.

GABE "(PICKING UP STONE TILE. THOUGHTFUL)This stone looks interesting."

GABE "(TRYING TO PULL A STONE TILE OFF THE WALL IN SNAKE MOUND. THOUGHTFUL)Hmmm. It's stuck."

GABE "(TO HIMSELF. THOUGHTFUL)The rod fits into the hole in the stone."

GABE "(TO HIMSELF. NEUTRAL)Nothing happens."

Using the rod on the stone while it's on the floor doesn't seem quite right.

Putting the stones together on the floor doesn't seem right.

There's already a stone in that spot on the wall.

One of the mummies reaches Gabriel!

WOLFGANG "(WATCHING GABRIEL DIE)Gabriel, no!"

Gabriel has the creeping sensation that he's being watched.

A shadow flickers in the corner of Gabriel's eye.

From off in the mound echoes a sound like the scuffle of a shoe.

Gabriel can't see a way to use that on the sunken area.

In the center of the wall painting is a square sunken area. Holes about the size of a quarter appear in the wall there.

The sunken area is part of the wall and doesn't move.

The sunken area doesn't work that way.

GABE "(SPEAKING TO HIMSELF. THOUGHTFUL)The head of this snake rod fits perfectly into these quarter-sized holes in the wall."

GABE "(DISAPPOINTED)Doesn't seem to do anything, though."

GABE "(SPEAKING TO HIMSELF, PUT A TILE ON A HOLE IN THE WALL)It fits."

There's no reason to do that with the torches.

Torches light the interior of the mound. Either they burn perpetually, or someone recently lit them.

Gabriel could extinguish the torches, but it would get very dark in here!

Vines, some as thick as Gabriel's wrist, hang down from the damp, earthen ceiling.

Why do that to the vines?

Although he has a playful urge to swing on those vines, Gabriel would feel a bit childish doing so without a good reason.

The vines are thick and tough. Taking them down wouldn't be easy.

Resident Evil Scene

From somewhere off in the mound, Gabriel hears a soft click, then a rumble!

GABE "(TO HIMSELF. HE'S JUST STARTED A MINOR TREMOR)Uh-oh!"

GABE "(TO HIMSELF, RE TREMOR)I have a feeling THAT did something!"

It's too late for that now! The stones can't be deactivated that way!

(URGENT)Uh-oh! A guard blocks the exit north, and Gabriel hears more approaching from the south!

Gabriel can't open the mummy!

Gabriel can't operate the mummy!

The dagger won't work on the mummies! They're already dead!

The rod won't work on the mummies! They're already dead!

The mummies don't seem interested in the stone.

That won't stop the mummy!

Questioning the creatures seems a little futile at the moment.

The mummy-like bodies have animated, and they appear intent on one thing--Gabriel!

Gabriel doesn't have enough momentum to move that guard on his own!

Using the vines won't help Gabriel here!

Gabriel COULD swing on the vines to try to move that guard, but there aren't any vines in the proper positions in this room!

(ANXIOUS)Gabriel doesn't need to get any closer to that mummy!

By the time Gabriel managed to get down that torch, it would be too late!

(ANXIOUS)There used to be an exit to the outside world in this room, but now it's just gone!

The exit is blocked, and there's no time to try to unblock it!

GABE "(TO HIMSELF. ABOUT TO SWING ON A VINE TO KNOCK OVER A MONSTER)I can't believe I'm doing this!"

GABE "(VINE BREAKS AND GABRIEL FALLS THROUGH OPEN DOOR)Whoa!"

GABE "(FALLS INTO ROOM WITH 3 MONSTERS. TO HIMSELF)Oh, shit!"

WOLFGANG "(WOLFGANG COMES SWINGING INTO THE ROOM ON A VINE TO RESCUE GABRIEL. THIS IS THEIR FIRST FACE-TO-FACE MEETING.)Gabriel

Knight, I presume?"

GABE "(SURPRISED & RELIEVED)Uncle Wolfgang?"

WOLFGANG "(URGENT--NO TIME TO WASTE)In person! Now go to it, Boy; I can't hold these creatures for very long, and there are more on the way!"

GABE "(CONFUSED, ANXIOUS)Go to what?"

WOLFGANG "(URGENT, URGING)The secret panel, Boy! These creatures are only alive while it's open. Close it, Gabriel, and hurry!"

That won't help Wolfgang!

Wolfgang is too busy to answer questions at the moment!

Uncle Wolfgang cuts a dramatic figure in his long cape. He moves gracefully for a man in his seventies!

Gabriel can't catch his breath long enough to call out for help!

Calling out for help won't solve anything!

Using that on the passageway won't help!

Gabriel can't move the passageway!

That won't work on the hole in the secret passage!

There's a small hole on the wall inside the secret passage.

The hole doesn't work that way!

(ANXIOUS)Gabriel can't use the snake rod on that part of the open passageway.

(URGENT, ANXIOUS)There must be a way to close the passageway panel, but how?

(ANXIOUS)Gabriel can't take the open passageway!

(ANXIOUS)There must be a way to operate the passageway panel, but Gabriel will have to determine how on his own!

(URGENT, ANXIOUS)There must be a way to close the passageway panel, but how?

A passageway has opened in the wall.

GABE "(YELLING TO WOLFGANG WHILE WOLFGANG IS FIGHTING MONSTER)What is it you want me to do?"

WOLFGANG "(YELLING BACK, BREATHLESS)Find a way to close that passageway, Gabriel!"

GABE "(GABE FINDS MECHANISM FOR LOWERING SECRET DOOR. EXCITED)I think I found something!"

WOLFGANG "(BREATHLESS--HAS BEEN FIGHTING MONSTERS. EXCITED)Very good, Gabriel! Now stand back!"

WHEEL WITHIN WHEEL

Our only chance to talk to Wolfgang in person, the location of the talisman, and one of the most powerful scenes of the game.

GABE "(SCENE:GABE AND WOLFY ENTER A SECRET ROOM OF THE SNAKE MOUND. AWED.)Wow! The inner wheel!"

WOLFGANG "(GASPING. HAVING CHEST PAINS.)Yes. Wheel-within-a-wheel."

GABE "(CONCERNED)Are you okay? You don't look so hot."

WOLFGANG "(BEING BRAVE)I'm fine, Gabriel. The wheel--you dreamt it?"

GABE "Yes! And you?"

WOLFGANG "Yes. I must congratulate you on the 'three snakes' connection. I had missed it. You will make a wonderful Schattenjäger."

GABE "Who, me?"

WOLFGANG "Yes. It is a long path, my boy. I, myself, have still the last of my three

'quests' to meet."

WOLFGANG "(LOOKING AROUND ROOM)But let us see what is here. You have found the heart of the apple, but it might be poisoned still."

Gabriel can't get the mummy's heart with that.

There's no reason to do that with the mummy.

The mummy is not going to say anything.

A mummy lies on the floor, apparently having fallen inanimate where it stood when the secret passageway door closed.

Doing that with the mummy won't help.

Gabriel can't open the mummy with his bare hands.

(EXCITED)Gabriel has had enough of those creatures 'operating!'

Gabriel has no reason to do that at the moment.

The doorway leads to the secret passage--and from there, back to the outer wheel.

There's no reason to do that with the doorway.

When Gabriel is ready to leave, he can just walk down the secret passageway.

GABE "(FIRM)I'm not opening that secret passage door again until I'm ready to leave the snake mound!"

Why use that on the iron bar?

One of the iron bars has been inserted into the holes in the table top.

On the wall is a rack containing a single long iron bar.

Both of the iron bars have been inserted into the holes in the table top.

On the wall is a rack containing two long iron bars.

The bar doesn't open.

There doesn't seem to be a way to use the bar while it's on the wall.

That single bar doesn't look like it will give much leverage.

Those bars aren't going to do anything without some fleshy assistance.

The bar fits in the table top. Gabriel doesn't want to put it back in the rack until he figures out what purpose it serves with the table.

Gabriel isn't sure at the moment what he would do with those bars.

GABE "Let's get the other one."

Doing that with the mural wouldn't help.

The inner wheel is decorated with mask murals similar to the one that hid the secret passageway door.

GABE "(TO WOLFGANG. SERIOUS)Can we talk?"

GABE "(SHOWING SOMETHING TO WOLFGANG)Does this mean anything to you?"

This is the inner wheel of the snake mound. Though similar in appearance to the outer wheel, there's a sense of evil sanctity and secrecy about this room that is very different indeed.

Uncle Wolfgang is the only person here to talk to.

Using that on the stone table won't help.

The table is too heavy.
Gabriel would like to open the table, but it won't be that easy.
Gabriel would like to operate the table, but how?

Torches light the inner wheel.
There's no reason to do that with the torches.

The lid won't open that way.

WOLFGANG "(INTERESTED)Ah, the Gedde vevé! Very nice, Gabriel."
Why would Wolfgang want to see his own letter?
Why would Wolfgang want to see his own phone number?

Gabriel doesn't need to do that with the vines.
Thick vines hang from the ceiling in the inner wheel.

WOLFGANG "No, Gabriel."
WOLFGANG "(SORRY BUT URGENT)Not now, Gabriel. You must do as I asked, please."
WOLFGANG "(WORRIED, BUT WANTS TO HELP)We probably have a little time here. Yes, all right."
WOLFGANG "That is Gunter Ritter's journal. Read it carefully, Gabriel. It may help you make sense of all this."
Uncle Wolfgang looks frail and shaken, but determined to make a good impression for Gabriel.
Uncle Wolfgang would not appreciate that.

WOLFGANG "(GABE SHOWS HIM A KNIFE)It is the Ritter dagger. You did well to take it, Gabriel. It belongs to you now."
WOLFGANG "(SAD)It looks like a letter written many years ago to Heinz from our father. Poor Papa tried to get Heinz to come home, but Heinz refused."
WOLFGANG "(SAD)Of course. It is an old photograph of your grandfather, Heinz, myself, and our father."
WOLFGANG "Of course. It is the key to my library."
WOLFGANG "(LOOKING AT BOOK)Yes, it is a book from my library. With your information, it helped me locate this snake mound."

GABE "(TO WOLFGANG. CHATTING)It's nice to finally have someone around who knows what the hell's going on."
WOLFGANG "(SAD--KNOWS HE WON'T BE AROUND LONG)I know, my boy. I know."

GABE "(CURIOUS)What's that trough for?"
WOLFGANG "(THOUGHTFUL. SAD AT THE EVIL.)I saw that. This is undoubtedly a sacrificial table. That trough is for a human heart."
GABE "(GROSSED OUT)That's sick!"

The table's lid fits heavily on the base. At the seam there are two large holes on either side. On top of the lid is a trough.
The lid doesn't seem to operate.

GABE "(LOOKING AT SACRIFICIAL TABLE IN SNAKE MOUND. IMPRESSED.)<whistle>
Look at that table!"
WOLFGANG "Yes! It is very old. There is a story being told through the carvings on the

side."

GABE "Can you make it out?"

WOLFGANG "(READING TABLE ART)A tribesman discovers the snake mound hidden in the jungle...."

WOLFGANG "(READING TABLE ART)He manages, after much time, to find the secret entrance to the inner wheel...."

WOLFGANG "(READING TABLE ART)In this room, he bows down to a small idol of some sort. The thing is radiating, like a sun."

WOLFGANG "That explains the source of the Gedde's tribal power--they found this mound and the idol in it. Where the idol came from originally is hard to say, but it is definitely older than the Geddes."

WOLFGANG "The idol was probably once kept in this table, but they would have it with them now. It must be destroyed."

GABE "What was the story on this table again?"

GABE "(GABE DECIDES TO MOVE IRON BARS FROM WALL INTO TABLE TOP)What about these iron bars?"

WOLFGANG "Good idea! Let me help you."

GABE "(THOUGHTFUL)Perhaps these holes...."

GABE "(THE BARS FIT. PLEASED)There!"

GABE "(ABOUT TO TRY TO LIFT STONE LID OFF SACRIFICIAL TABLE)Shall we try this lid?"

WOLFGANG "(WOLFY KNOWS THIS WON'T WORK)I suppose it wouldn't hurt."

WOLFGANG "(AFTER TRYING TO LIFT LID. IN PAIN)Sorry I'm not...<wheeze> more help, Gabriel. I don't think it would open so easily, though, were we ten strong men."

GABE "(SCENE: GABE AND WOLFY ARE TRYING TO OPEN A SACRED TABLE IN THE SNAKE MOUND. CONFIDENT.)Let's try to lift this top...."

GABE "(THEY CAN'T OPEN IT. GABE IS FRUSTRATION--HE'S SPEAKING OF THE TALISMAN)I know it's in there!"

WOLFGANG "(EXCITED UNDERCURRENT, STRONG)Yes. It IS in there. I have not felt this powerful since...well, ever."

GABE "(FRUSTRATED)Why won't the damn lid come off?"

WOLFGANG "(THOUGHTFUL. RELUCTANT)It is a sacrificial table. It can probably only be triggered by the proper use of that trough there...with a heart."

GABE "(CAN'T BELIEVE IT)Oh, great! Where are WE going to get a heart?"

WOLFGANG "(PENSIVE)Gabriel. YOU must take the talisman and be Schattenjäger. You performed the ritual and dreamt of the dragon, no?"

GABE "(SURPRISED--DOESN'T KNOW HOW WOLFY KNOWS THIS. THEN, PROTESTING)Yes, I did! But, you're the current Schattenjäger, I only did that because...."

WOLFGANG "Because you were driven to it. I have done nothing with this title for many years. Even in my prime, I had few cases....<sigh> No, if my life had a purpose, it was to bring YOU to this point."

GABE -DOESN'T WANT THE BURDEN)But I have NO idea what I'm doing."

WOLFGANG "(PATIENT, ENCOURAGING)It is not a science, Gabriel! It is instinct, and you have it in your blood. Trust it. The castle is yours now. It has many documents and records which will help you in the future."

GABE "(THINKS WOLFY IS JUST BEING MUSHY. WANTS TO GET ON WITH IT)Well, thanks for the confidence, but what about this table?"

WOLFGANG "(FIRM)I want you to go into the next room and get the heart from that dead

creature on the floor."

GABE "(DOUBTFUL)Will that work? Doesn't it need to be...fresh?"

WOLFGANG "(URGING, SAD)Let us try. Perhaps there's some of the old Ritter magic left. Go on."

GABE "(TRYING TO WEASEL OUT OF SOMETHING UNPLEASANT)What if we try..."

WOLFGANG "(FIRM)Get the heart, Gabriel. Please."

GABE "(SCENE:GABE CUTS OUT HEART FROM DEAD BODY INSIDE SNAKE MOUND. SARCASTIC, GROSSED OUT)Great! My first job as Schattenjäger--cutting up dead monsters!"

WOLFGANG "(WOLFGANG CUTS OUT HIS OWN HEART. PAIN.)Ummph!"

GABE "(GABE TURNS AND SEES WOLFGANG KILLING HIMSELF)WOLFGANG! NO!!!"

GABE "(GABE RUNS OVER TO WOLFGANG'S BODY)NO!"

GABE "(GABE GRABS TALISMAN FROM TABLE. FURIOUS, HALF-SOBBING)Tetelo, you're gonna pay for this, you bitch!"

DAY 10 STARTUP

After arranging for the shipment of Wolfgang's body back to Rittersberg, Gabriel returns to New Orleans.

He carries with him the Ritter talisman. He has not heard from Grace for over twenty-four hours, and he could not reach Malia by phone.

And, although he has some idea of what he is coming home to attempt, he still has no clue where to attempt it.

(INSINUATING)Or does he?

SECRET VOODOO HOUNFOUR

The Voodoo Hounfour is the location for the grand finale of the game. The locations are ordered by room number except Room 8, then the outer wheel, then the hallways, then the inner wheel, then the Grand Finale starting from the moment Gabe enters Grace's room.

Room 1: Money

GABE "How come the bad guys make all the money?"

The sight of the greenbacks IS frustrating, but that would serve little value.

This particular money doesn't talk.

Stacks of bills are bound and pressed into neat piles.

Rearranging the hordes of riches would be pointless and frustrating.

The stacks of bills don't work that way.

GABE "(TO HIMSELF. TALKING ABOUT MONEY)I hate to say it, but I can't carry any more."

GABE "Ah, well! A million or so ought to hold me."

Gabriel's already taken all the cash he can carry.

GABE "(TO HIMSELF)I know it's dirty money, but it's for a good cause. Me."

GABE "(RRCC. SPEAKING TO BAGS OF MONEY)Oh, baby! You sure are a beautiful sight."

Why use that on the gold bars?

Gold bullion. Lots of it.

GABE "(LOOKING AT GOLD BARS)These guys obviously have little confidence in the

U.S. government."
he gold bars don't work that way.
GABE "Those bars weigh a ton!"

There's no reason to use that on the bags.
The bags contain, no doubt, yet more incredible wealth.
GABE "(DRY)It would only depress me."
Gabriel can't operate the money bags.
GABE "Those bags look heavy--like about forty pounds a piece."
GABE "(SPEAKING TO HORDES OF MONEY)Where were you when I needed you?"

Room 2: Dr John's altar

Dr. John is a sick man. An altar dominates his room, and skin and blood are the prominent decorating motif.

A coarse pallet lies on the hard, uncarpeted floor.
Dr. John must enjoy discomfort.
Gabriel doesn't want to get NEAR Dr. John's pallet.

The skull of a huge bull forms part of the altar.
Gabriel would rather NOT play around with the altar.

Do you really think that would be wise?
Dr. John is deeply enmeshed in spiritual communion with the Loa. He's dressed as his bird of prey totem--just like he was at the Bayou.
GABE "Not on a bet."

A male elephant skull is part of the altar.

It's the skull of a large gorilla.

Why use that on the card?
A plastic card on a chain hangs on the wall.
Moving the card around wouldn't help.
Gabriel can't operate the card until he has it.
GABE "Got it."
Gabriel goes for the plastic card.

There's no reason to do that with the machete.
A machete is on the wall.
Dr. John looks like the sort to wield a machete, but Gabriel would look a little silly.

GABE "I'm not going to touch that!"
Raw eggs, raw flesh, and other tasteful items are spread out around the altar.

DR JOHN Gabriel Knight! So it was YOU on the drums!"
GABE "Who me? No, I was just looking around."
DR JOHN "You will not escape death this time, Knight!"

DR JOHN "Gabriel Knight! How dare you violate my sanctuary!"

GABE "Is this your room? I'm so sorry."
DR JOHN "You are so DEAD!"

DR JOHN "(IN RITUAL ECSTASY)Pito muri pas, m'kuri."

DR JOHN "Better to die than run away."

DR JOHN "Péi la nâ mû nu déjà."

**This should be a u with a little ball on top of it, but it is not in the special symbols field in Open Office.*

DR JOHN "This land is already in our hands!"

DR JOHN "Mét Agwé-woyo kóté u yé nu."

A pair of enormous black wings is affixed to the wall above the altar.

Room 3: Malia's room

The room smells of Malia's perfume.

Someone's coming!

MALIA "(PRAYING)Tetelo, come to me. Your daughter requests an audience!"

TETELO "(SPIRIT VOICE--DARK, UNEARTHLY)What is it you seek, child?"

MALIA "(PLEADING)Tetelo, I beg you again--for my sake--spare Gabriel's life!"

TETELO "(DISDAINFUL)Do not protect or mourn that one. He will only betray you!"

MALIA "(NAIVE)Gabriel would never betray me!"

TETELO "(BITTER)He will! As Gunter betrayed me. Blinded by the light, he will despise your darkness!"

MALIA "(SCARED, BUT FIRM)No! I don't believe that! You were betrayed, but Gabriel is different. I...I cannot serve you any longer. Choose another. I cannot go on!"

TETELO "(ANGRY, BITTER)Hah! So you say, because you are drawn to the light. What you do not know is that the light will never have you--you only corrupt it when you draw near!"

MALIA "(BEING FIRM)I don't believe you. This way...this life is too painful. I MUST be free of it!"

TETELO "(ENDING CONVERSATION)You can never be free! You will see, my daughter. What I have told you is true. You will see!"

MALIA "Wait! I won't go through with it! I won't!"

MALIA "(WHISPERED)I won't!"

Malia's room is an opulent bedroom filled with rich furnishings and exotic decorations.

Unless Malia were in it, Gabriel wouldn't want to mess with the bed.

Malia's bed is an antique, elaborately carved in wood.

Gabriel hasn't the heart to mess with Malia's things.

A small table stands to one side of the bed.

Gabriel doesn't need to use that on the door.

The card doesn't fit in the door itself.

A second door leads off of the bedroom.

Gabriel can't move the door.

The door is locked.

Gabriel doesn't want to leave that on Malia's altar.
Candles burn atop the table, and some offerings have been left there.
The table doesn't open.
It might not be wise to steal from the spirits.

A rich oriental rug adds luxury to the small room.

Why do that to the screen?
A hand painted screen separates a small shrine from the rest of the room.
The screen is too large to move.
The screen doesn't work that way.
Behind the screen is a small Voodoo shrine.

There's no reason to do that to the vase.
A decorative vase occupies a pedestal just inside the door.
The vase is already open, and empty.

A tall vase stands near the door.

Hanging above the small altar is a copy of the Gedde vévé.
Messing with the vévé won't solve anything.

It's locked.
The door doesn't respond to the key card. Malia must have some other way of opening it.

Room 4 and 5: Offices

Room 4 has the black book on the desk and a painting of a woman. Room 5 has the painting of a Loa.

This must be one of the business offices of the Gedde cartel.

The chairs can't do anything for Gabriel.
Desk chairs. They look ergonomically sound.
This is no time to rearrange office furniture!
Gabriel doesn't have time to sit around--he has to find Grace.

Why use that on the computer?
Although Gabriel is no computer expert, those look like high-priced models to him. No expense has been spared in the cartel headquarters.
Gabriel's no techie. He wouldn't even know HOW to open that computer.
Gabriel wouldn't have the first idea how to get anything useful off of those computers.

There's no reason to use that on the desk.
GABE "(SERIOUS)The New Orleans underworld is probably run from these desks."
The desks are locked.
The desks can't do anything for Gabriel.

Why put that in the in box?
That book might contain valuable evidence. Gabriel doesn't want to leave it here.
Gabriel looks at the in box and sees a black record book.
There's nothing else of interest in that in box.
Gabriel looks at the papers in the in box, but sees nothing of interest.

The in boxes don't do that.

GABE "This record book might be the kind of thing Mosely wanted for the FBI."

There's nothing else worth taking in that in box.

There's nothing worth taking in that in box.

A portrait of a beautiful, intelligent-looking woman is on the wall.

he reminds Gabriel of Malia--her mother, perhaps?

A painting of a shadowy figure is on the wall. One of the Loa, maybe.

There's no reason to do that with the painting.

The painting doesn't open.

Although Gabriel likes the painting, he doesn't want to carry it around right now.

The white board contains what looks like calculus equations.

GABE "Who knows WHAT these guys are into!"

The white board is blank.

There's no reason to do that with the white board.

Gabriel's already left all the messages for Voodoo folks that he intends to.

It's too heavy to carry around.

Room 6: Elevator

The elevator opens out onto a small lobby-like room.

Using that on the elevator won't help.

Funny. This side of the elevator doesn't look like the entrance to a confessional.

Gabriel can't move the elevator from out here.

The elevator doors open via the keypad.

Gabriel can't operate the elevator from out here.

The elevator wouldn't fit in Gabriel's pockets.

The elevator door is closed.

There's no reason to use that on the keypad.

By the elevator is a keypad.

The keypad can't be moved.

There's no way to open the keypad.

The elevator has returned to the cathedral. Gabriel's stuck now!

There's no way to pick up the keypad.

Gabriel won't solve anything by messing around with the hounfour art.

That piece of art on the wall looks like something the Geddes had transplanted from Africa.

The elevator stops at a room underneath the cathedral!

GABE "(AMAZED/SCARED)<whistle> Express elevator to Hell!"

The elevator returns to the cathedral. Gabriel's stuck now!

Room 7: Storage

GABE "Everything you need for a date with the Loa."

Gabriel doesn't need to mess with the sacks.

Burlap sacks lie on the floor of the supply room. They look like they contain flour and other grains.

That would only make a mess.

The bags don't contain anything that would be useful to Gabriel.

Large storage barrels are stacked against the wall.
The contents of the barrel are of no immediate interest to Gabriel.
Why do that with the barrels?

The cardboard boxes are filled with Voodoo paraphernalia, no doubt.
GABE "(SARCASTIC)Where do these guys get their supplies? Pentagrams-R-Us?"
The boxes don't interest Gabriel.

(SINISTER)Metal cans. It could be paint. Then again, it could be something...worse.
Gabriel would prefer to leave the contents of those cans a mystery.
The cans don't operate.

Using that on the mask won't help.
There's still one mask left.
Those two masks remind Gabriel of the ones used at the Bayou ritual.
The mask doesn't work that way.
GABE "(TALKING TO HIMSELF AS HE PICKS UP DISGUISE)I think I'll take this wolf mask
for me."
GABE "(SLIGHTLY SARCASTIC)This boar mask seems appropriate for Mosely--if he ever makes
it."

Ceremonial robes hang behind the other supplies.
Rearranging the supplies wouldn't be very profitable.
Why do that with the robes?
Gabriel can't use the robes while they're hanging up.
GABE "(TO HIMSELF AS HE PICKS UP DISGUISE)A robe for me."
Gabriel has enough robes.
GABE "A robe for prosperity."

Room 9 and 12: Spare Room

GABE "This must be a guest room of some sort."

Using that on the door would be pointless.
There's a second door in this room.
Gabriel can't relocate the door.
Perhaps Gabriel should try the keypad.

Why do that with the bed?
A rather sterile-looking bed is the main feature of this room.
GABE "(SARCASTIC)Looks comfy."
The bed can stay where it is.
GABE "(TO HIMSELF. A LITTLE SCARED)If I lay down in here, I may never get up."

GABE "(SARCASTIC)A bathroom. How human of them."
GABE "Another bathroom."
There's nothing in the bathroom that would help Grace.
There's nothing of interest in the bathroom.

Room 10: Animal Room

Animal cages of various kinds occupy a small room.
GABE "Christ! It STINKS in here!"

Why use that on the cages?

So this is where they keep the animals they use in their rituals!

Gabriel would love to release the animals, but animals running through the halls would probably alert SOMEBODY'S attention.

Although Gabriel feels sorry for the doomed creatures, he wouldn't get far on his mission carrying around live animals.

GABE "(TO CHICKENS. REGRETFUL.)You poor chickens are history."

The goats look unconcerned. At least they have no idea what's in store for them.

GABE "(RRCC. WRY. TO VODOO GOATS)What are nice goats like you doing in a place like this?"

Gabriel really doesn't want to get that snake angry.

This snake is quite a bit larger than the one they use in the rituals. Perhaps he's more of a tribal mascot--he's obviously too large for one person to handle.

Even if Gabriel WANTED to handle that snake, it's far too heavy for him to move by himself.

GABE "(TO PLAYER. SARCASTIC)No, YOU operate the python."

GABE "(SARCASTIC)Not bloody likely."

GABE "(RRCC. TO HUGE SNAKE)You could probably swallow one of those goats whole, couldn't you?"

The snake does not reply.

The small cages contain tarantulas and rats.

Doing that to the tree won't help Gabriel.

A tree in the middle of the room provides accommodations for a huge python.

Room 11: Corpse Room

Bodies and parts of bodies are kept on sterile steel beds. The room smells thickly of formaldehyde, and is freezing cold.

GABE "I think I'm going to be sick."

A stainless steel bucket is on the floor. Its contents are better left unsaid.

Gabriel doesn't want to touch anything in this butcher shop.

The bucket is really better off left alone. Really.

GABE "(VERY GROSSED OUT)I REALLY don't want that."

Gabriel doesn't want to do anything with those jars.

Human hearts. So that's what they do with them. But why?

GABE "(DISGUSTED. SPEAKING OF HUMAN HEARTS)Maybe I shouldn't even ask. They're used for some powerful gris gris, no doubt. Or maybe that's what Tetelo has for lunch."

There's no reason to mess with the counter.

There's a long counter against the wall. It probably contains things every good butchery needs.

The counter is immovable.

What he can see of this room is bad enough! Gabriel doesn't want to know what's in that counter.

GABE "(GROSSED OUT)I hope those are rubber masks."

GABE "(GROSSED OUT)I'm not touching that!"

GABE "(SPEAKING OF WEARING CUT OFF FACE)No, really. I'll stick with my own."

Underneath the surgical lamps is a gurney with a body on it.

GABE "(SERIOUS)No one I know."

It's too late to do anything for that guy now.

GABE "(OFFENDED)I'm not one of these butchers!"

GABE "(TO DEAD BODY)I hope I'm not lying beside you soon, Bud."

GABE "(RRCC. DISGUSTED)I don't want to look at THOSE too closely."

Serious surgical lights descend from the ceiling.

There's not much Gabriel can do with the surgical lights.

Gabriel doesn't want to hang around in here long enough to use those lights.

(DRY. SPEAKING OF BUTCHER KNIVES)Tools of the trade, it seems.

GABE "(SERIOUS)These guys have GOT to be stopped."

Gabriel doesn't want anything to do with the saws and knives.

Why leave that on the table in here?

A small stainless-steel table on wheels provides a surface for instruments during the...procedures performed in this room.

Moving the table around wouldn't help.

Gabriel doesn't need the wheeled table or anything on it.

There's no point in using that on the wall compartments.

More corpses are stored in wall compartments. It looks like a deep freeze in there.

GABE "(DISGUSTED)I can see them as well as I want to from here!"

The corpses are past any need for salvation from this place.

Outer wheel

There's no reason to use that on the art.

The hounfour is decorated with priceless African art.

Moving the art around wouldn't help.

GABE "I don't want to know what's in that bottle."

Gabriel doesn't need to carry the hounfour art around.

Gabriel gets nervous thinking about the tons of earth pressing down on that ceiling.

Using that on the door won't solve anything.

Perhaps Gabriel should try the keypad.

A door leads off the outer ring.

The door doesn't work that way.

Gabriel can't take the door.

The keys needn't be used from inside the rooms.

That door leads back to the outer ring.

There's no reason to mess with the door signs.

This sign has 10 snakes on it.

This sign has 11 snakes on it.

This sign has 12 snakes on it.

This sign has 1 snake on it.

This sign has 2 snakes on it.
This sign has 3 snakes on it.
This sign has 4 snakes on it.
This sign has 5 snakes on it.
This sign has 6 snakes on it.
This sign has 7 snakes on it.
This sign has 8 snakes on it.
This sign has 9 snakes on it.

The archway leads to an interior hallway.
Just walk through it.

The hounfour carpeting is even thicker and more luxurious than Gabriel's hair.
GABE "(SARCASTIC)Yeah, right."

GABE "How's it hanging?"
A pair of pots laden with ritual markings hang on either side of that door.
GABE "They almost seem to be guarding it in some way."
GABE "I don't think I should touch those."

DR JOHN "Gabriel Knight! So it was YOU on the drums!"
GABE "Uh...no. Malia invited me down."
DR JOHN "You lie! You will die for that!"

There's no point in using that on the keypad.
GABE "It fits!"
This door isn't locked.

The keypad has a button and a card slot.
Mosely's credit card doesn't fit the card slot on the keypad.

High-tech fluorescent lights line the walls at ceiling height.
This place is creepy enough with the lights ON.
There's no way to take the lights.
A bar of fluorescent lights hangs above the bed.

Pedestals display the smaller pieces in the collection.
Why do that to the pedestal?
Gabriel doesn't need the pedestal.

A beautiful rendering of the Gedde vevé hangs in the hall.
GABE "I've already got a copy of the vevé, thanks."

Gabriel is in the outer ring of the Gedde hounfour.
A short hallway leads from the outer ring of the hounfour to the inner circle.

GABE "I'm trying to be quiet in here."
Gabriel doesn't want to leave that here.

Standing lamps made from heavy bronze help highlight the objets d'art.
Moving the lamps around won't help.
Gabriel can't carry the lamp around.

It's a vase--large, beautiful, and probably quite heavy.
The vase is already open, and empty.

Hallway

Doing that to the wall panel produces no effect.
A few wall panels appear to open. They probably conceal air supply systems or other control mechanisms that support the underground structure.
GABE "I'm no mechanic. I don't want to mess with the controls down here."

Inner wheel

The center of the hounfour is a circular room--apparently used for rituals. The room is made entirely of stone.

A pit for fire.

GABE "I wonder if that takes gas or propane?"

A fire blazes in the pit.

There's no point in messing with the fire pit.

It's built in.

Why use that on the poteau-mitan?

The Gedde hounfour poteau-mitan.

The poteau-mitan won't do that.

Rada drums--like those used by the Gedde relayers around the Quarter.

There's no point in doing that to the drums.

GABE "Okay. I'll give it a shot, but I'm no musician."

Gabriel doesn't want to call attention to himself by using those drums again.

Gabriel wouldn't get far carrying those drums.

The drums speak only when played.

There's no reason to use that here at the moment.

The center of the hounfour is a circular room--apparently used for rituals. The room is made entirely of stone.

The ritual room doesn't lend itself to rearrangement.

There's nothing in that part of the circle to open.

There's nothing in that part of the circle to operate.

Gabriel isn't interested in taking anything from the ritual room.

There's no one in the room to talk to.

DR JOHN Gabriel Knight! What are you doing in the hounfour?"

GABE "Uh...Malia invited me down."

DR JOHN "You lie! You'll die for that!"

A door opens and shuts in the distance. Dr. John must have returned to his room.
A door opens in the distance.
Gabriel plays the message, but there doesn't seem to be any response.

DR JOHN "Who is 'playing' with the sacred drums.... YOU!"
GABE "Just practicing."
DR JOHN "You trespassing bastard!"

Archways lead off in six directions--forming spokes to the outer ring.
The hallway arches cannot be opened or closed.

GABE "These panels seem to tell a story...."
GABE "(SARCASTIC)Heck of a family album."
GABE "Tetelo holding up the talisman...."
GABE "A ship sailing...."
GABE "Slaves rising up and killing their owners. Haiti, probably...."
GABE "Looks like Tetelo's people arriving in New Orleans...."
GABE "They accumulate great power through Voodoo...."
GABE "The hounfour is built under Jackson Square."

The stone table is too heavy to move.
Gabriel can't figure out how to operate the stone table.
Using that on the stone table wouldn't do anything.
This table has a trough on top just like the snake mound's stone table.
Gabriel shivers, remembering what that trough is for!
Moving the lid isn't that simple.
Gabriel doesn't want to think about what it would take to open that table!
Gabriel doesn't want to close the table.
The lid of the stone table is too heavy to pick up.

Room 8

Just as Gabriel is about to open the door, he hears someone on the other side.
Gabriel can hear people in the hall. It might not be wise to open the door without taking the proper precautions.
Grace is being kept in one of the hounfour's 'guest' rooms.

A bathroom is provided for the 'guests,' it seems.
There's no time to mess with the bathroom.

Gabriel prefers the wolf disguise. It's more manly.
Gabriel doesn't want Mosely to feel left out.
That thing looks hot. Gabriel doesn't want to put it on until he has to.

GRACE "(MRCC. SPEAKING OF GABE DONNING WOLF DISGUISE)A wolf. How appropriate."
GABE "(IMITATING SEXY WOLF GROWL)<growl>."

The robe alone won't help disguise Gabriel. It doesn't cover his face.
(MRCC)The wolf's mask alone won't be enough to disguise Gabriel. His clothes will stick out like a sore thumb.

That won't help Grace.

Grace would be better off not carrying anything for what's coming ahead.

Grace isn't up for answering questions at the moment.

GABE "Can I ask you some questions?"

GRACE "It's too late for that now!"

Grace is lying still on the bed. She may be unconscious...or worse.

Grace looks shaken, but okay.

Grace would be mortified if Gabriel tried to dress her while she was unconscious!

GABE "(RRCC. CONCERNED.)Do you want to wear a disguise?"

GRACE "(RRCC. INSISTENT)Why? They KNOW I'm here. It's YOU they're not expecting."

Gabriel wouldn't get far dragging an unconscious Grace.

Grace can move on her own.

Grace doesn't need any more abuse.

Sticking Grace with that dagger probably won't break her unconscious state, but it would sure piss her off when she DOES wake up.

GABE "Why don't you take this dagger, Grace. You might need it."

GRACE "If I have to use anything, I'll use my Tai Chi, Gabriel. YOU'LL need the knife more than me."

GABE "(SPEAKING TO HIMSELF)This talisman is supposed to have some sort of power."

GABE "Grace! Wake up! Grace!"

GRACE "(WAKING UP FROM DEEP TRANCE)What...what's going on?"

Grace doesn't need any more help from the talisman.

GABE "Grace! Wake up! Talk to me!"

Grace does not respond.

GABE "How are you feeling, Grace?"

GRACE "Fine, but there's no time for chit chat now!"

The bed looks like a hospital bed.

Messing with the bed won't solve anything.

GABE "Do you want this?"

MOSELY "No, Bud. I travel light."

GABE "Can I ask you some questions?"

MOSELY "We don't have time for that anymore, Bud!"

The mask by itself will not disguise Mosely--not with that day-glo coat he wears.

Mosely looks very hyped up. His eyes have that weird pre-football-game sheen that Gabriel remembers from college.

GABE "I got you a disguise."

MOSELY "Great. Give it to me when we're ready to go."

GABE "Are you sure you don't want that disguise?"

MOSELY "In a minute!"

GABE "Here. It's a disguise."

GABE "All right. Take your disguise now."

Gabriel would prefer to keep the wolf disguise for himself.

Mosely looks too alert--for once--to mess with.

The robe by itself will not disguise Mosely--especially not with that glow-in-the-dark forehead.

GABE "Hey, Mostly...."

MOSELY "No need to thank me for coming, Gabriel. What're friends for?"

MOSELY "Gee, a boar. How thoughtful. And what are you, pray tell?"

GABE "Uh...a wolf."

MOSELY "You goddamn wiener!"

GABE "We're in the Gedde cartel hounfour, Grace. A ritual is about to begin, and I'm afraid you're the main course."

GRACE "(SCARED, CONFUSED)Is that what those drums are? I heard them in my sleep! I couldn't wake up!"

GABE "(NRCC. SARCASTIC--SPEAKING OF VOODOO DRUMS)Yeah. Make you want to dance, don't they?"

GABE "(RRCC. MAKING A PLAN. THOUGHTFUL, URGENT)As for the ritual itself.... I'd say Tetelo is our WORST problem. I remember from the Bayou that she didn't show up until Dr. John blew that drug on Malia's face."

GABE "If I can prevent him from doing that, we can keep Tetelo out of it, I think."

GRACE "How are you going to do that?"

GABE "I don't know. I'll think of something."

GRACE "Uh-huh. What if Tetelo DOES show up?"

GABE "Let's just worry about making sure that DOESN'T happen."

GRACE "Right. Let's make a plan...."

GABE "(RRCC. HUSHED, URGENT)Someone's coming! Grace, get down!"

DR JOHN "Gabriel Knight! What are you doing here? And who is this with you?"

GABE "Who? Him? He's a friend of mine, see, and we were just...."

DR JOHN "You will both die!"

DR JOHN "You! What are you doing here? I do not recognize you!"

DR JOHN "Let us see who your friend is."

DR JOHN "Gabriel Knight! I should have known! Well, you and your friend will both die now!"

GABE "Mostly! You made it!"

MOSELY "Thank God! I thought I saw you ducking in here!"

MOSELY "Those goddamn drums started as soon as I got off that elevator thing, and I heard voices from above. I have the feeling the mass Voodooees are about to invade."

GABE "I found Grace."

MOSELY "I see that. Check her out, then you and I need to find a way to blend into the woodwork, Bud."

GABE "(RRCC. EXCITED. FINDS ROOM WITH KIDNAPPED GRACE IN IT)Grace! I found her!"

The sound of Rada drums echoes through the hounfour. The ritual must be about to begin!

GRACE "Gabriel! Mosely! Where are we? What's going on?"

GRACE "Be serious! What are we going to do now?"

GRACE "What are we going to do now?"

MOSELY "(TAKING CHARGE)Right! Let's make a plan! What do you want us to do, Gabriel?"

GABE "You're asking me?"

GRACE "(SLAPPING HER FOREHEAD)Oh, God, we're in trouble!"

MOSELY "Well, I realize that I'M the professional, but you do know more about what we're up against here."

GRACE "(RRCC. MAKING A PLAN. FIRST RELUCTANT, THEN URGENT)Okay, okay. Grace, they expect you to be unconscious, so you'd better fake it. That should put you in a good position when it's time. Mosely, you and I will be with the other ritualists."

MOSELY "Okay, so you're going to prevent this spirit thing from showing up. Fine. I'll take care of the big guy, Dr. John, when the time comes."

GRACE "And I can handle Malia herself--as long as she IS Malia."

GABE "Well...keep an eye on her...for her own good. But don't hurt her."

GRACE "(PRETENDING INNOCENCE)Who ME?"

MOSELY "We'll wait for your signal then."

GRACE "Fine, but you guys aren't going to get far looking like that."

Without Mosely

GRACE "Gabriel! Where are we? What's going on?"

GABE "(RRCC. ENTHUSIASTIC, THEN NERVOUS)A plan. Right. What do you think we should do?"

GRACE "(RRCC. SARCASTIC, THEN URGING)<sigh> My hero! You know this place and these people better than I do, Gabriel!"

GABE "(RRCC. MAKING A PLAN IN HOUNFOUR. HUSHED, URGENT.)Okay, okay. They expect you to be unconscious, so you'd better fake it. That should put you in a good position when it's time. I'll be with the other ritualists."

GABE "What worries me more is, assuming we can keep Tetelo out of it, who's going to handle Dr. John once he figures out what we're doing?"

GABE "The talisman defends against MAGIC, but Dr. John is a hell of a lot of sheer flesh and blood."

GRACE "I don't know. I'll take care of Malia if you can prevent her from being taken over by Tetelo, but I can't handle her AND Dr. John."

GRACE "I guess we'll just have to wing it and hope for the best. Too bad we didn't have more help."

GABE "All right, but don't hurt Malia, Grace; she's not in this of her own free will."

GRACE "<sigh> Yes, Gabriel. But what about you? You can't go out there looking like that."

DR JOHN "Gabriel Knight! What are you doing here?"

GABE "Uh...I was confessing in the church, see, and...."

DR JOHN "Never mind. Now I can do what I have been wanting to do--kill you!"

DR JOHN "What are you doing here?"

GABE "(DISGUISED VOICE--LOW, ROUGH)Thought this room was empty."

DR JOHN "Go to the circle! Now!"

Finale

The Gedde vevé has been drawn on the floor in flour.
Messing with the vevé won't solve anything.
Gabriel can't pick up the vevé.
The stone table is now the center of the ritual.
The lid of the stone table has raised--thanks to Dr. John's heart blood.
Gabriel doesn't want to mess with the open table.
There's no escaping now!
There's little use in conversation now!
That won't help now!
The circle has become hellishly surreal as animals whirl, oiled flesh gleams, and drums pound in
ecstasy!
The drums are being played by someone who knows how at the moment.
The ritualists are delirious with the beat of the drums!
Gabriel has enough trouble without involving the other ritualists!
They're unlikely to be sympathetic.
Gabriel can't even try that from across the room.
Using that on Tetelo won't help!
Using that on Tetelo won't save Grace!
Why would Gabriel want to use that on Tetelo now?
Using that on Tetelo won't save Grace and Mosely!
Tetelo doesn't seem the type to answer questions.
Malia's body trembles, as though Malia were trying to regain control--but can't!
Malia's body is totally under the control of the Loa, Tetelo!
Gabriel is not in a position to tackle Tetelo!
Dr. John is not the immediate threat to Grace!
He doesn't look into answering questions at the moment.
Dr. John looks on hungrily as Tetelo prepares to sacrifice Grace!

GABE "(WHISPERING URGENTLY)Damn it! She's already being ridden by Tetelo!"

MOSELY "(WHISPERING LOUDLY)What? What? But you said...."

GABE "(WHISPERING)Shhh! Yeah, yeah, I know."

MOSELY "(WHISPERING)Great! Now what?"

GABE "(WHISPERING)I don't know!"

MOSELY "(WHISPERING LOUDLY, ANGRY)If he TOUCHES her....!"

GABE "Shhhh!"

MOSELY "(URGENT, WHISPERING LOUDLY)DO something! Quick!"

Uh-oh! Malia is already being ridden by Tetelo!

TETELO "(RRCC. RERECORD. PRONOUNCE BAD-A-GREE, WITH ACCENT ON GREE. EVIL
PRAYING)Oh, great Badagris, take this sacrifice!"

Gabriel had better do something quick!

GABE "(WHISPERING)What should I do?"

MOSELY "I don't know, but HURRY!"

GABE "(YELLING, INQUIRING, WARY)Mostly?"

MOSELY "(CAUTIOUS, REASSURING)I'm with you, Bud!"

TETELO "(EVIL LAUGH)Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah!"

GABE "(WATCHING GRACE BEING KILLED)GRACE, NO!"

Giving that to Mosely now won't help!

There's no time for that now!

Mosely stares at Grace with a horrified expression, but the Loa possession seems to have him spellbound.

Mosely looks ready to defend Grace with his life.

Mosely can still move on his own.

Gabriel can't do that with Mosely!

The dagger can't help Mosely.

Gabriel isn't close enough to give Grace anything.

Grace can't advise Gabriel now!

Grace looks injured.

Grace is pretending unconsciousness on the stone table!

Grace is unconscious on the stone table!

Gabriel would never make it up there in time!

Tetelo stands between Gabriel and his friends!

GABE "Grace, are you okay?"

GRACE "Yes, Gabriel! Be careful!"

GABE "(WHISPERED)You want the talisman?"

MOSELY "(WHISPERED)Huh? I don't know what to do with that thing!"

GABE "Uh...STOP!"

TETELO "It is HIM, Dr. John! Get him!"

GABE "(REVEALING HIMSELF TO STOP THE KILLING OF GRACE)Tetelo, stop! I won't let you kill her!"

TETELO "(ENRAGED)WHAT??? You bastard of a bastard!"

TETELO "You can't stop me! Watch your friend die!"

Uh-oh! The talisman seems to have little effect at protecting Grace from this distance!

TETELO "(GETTING READY TO THRUST DAGGER INTO GRACE)Ahhhh!"

TETELO "Get her, Dr. John, kill her! We must have the sacrifice!"

GRACE "(RRCC. DYING SCREAM--STABBED IN STOMACH)Ahhhhhh!"

TETELO "(ENRAGED)It's the Witch-hunter! Get him, Dr. John!"

TETELO "(TO DR JOHN)And now, get the intruder! I cannot touch him while he bears the talisman, but YOU can!"

TETELO "(ENRAGED)My magic cannot touch him while he holds the talisman, but YOU can, my pet! Kill him, Dr. John!"

GABE "I'll kill you, Tetelo!"

TETELO "(SEES GABRIEL FOR FIRST TIME)YOU! Kill him, Dr. John!"
MOSELY "(WATCHING GABRIEL DIE)Gabriel!"

RITUALISTS "(GROUP SCREAM OF CONFUSION AND FEAR AS DR JOHN IS SHOT)Ahhh!"
TETELO "(TO THE OTHER CULTISTS)Get OUT! All of you!"
TETELO "(TO GABRIEL--RAGING)You have killed my chosen one, Witch-hunter!"
TETELO "For that, you shall pay!"

Toss That Talisman puzzle

TETELO "But first, these intruders shall DIE! Give me the talisman, Witch-hunter, or your friends will die horribly--right now!"

GABE "Don't hurt them, Tetelo! Your quarrel is with me!"
TETELO "My 'quarrel' is with everything you are, Ritter spawn!"

GABE "(GIVING HIS FAMILY TALISMAN TO TETELO TO SAVE GRACE & MOSELY)All right. Take it."
GRACE "Gabriel, no!"
TETELO "Thank you, Witch-hunter. Now die like the dog that you are!"

TETELO "Very well. I should have known you wouldn't lift a finger to save your friends!"
GABE "(WATCHING GRACE AND MOSELY DIE)NO!"

TETELO "Now it is between you and I. I want that talisman!"
GABE "(SHE GETS THE TALISMAN FROM HIM--HE SHOUTS IN PROTEST)The talisman!"

GABE "(THREATENS HER WITH DAGGER)I'll kill you, Tetelo!"
TETELO "(OUTRAGED)You dare attack ME?"
GABE "(TETELO KILLS GRACE AND MOSELY)NO!!!"

GABE "(IS GOING TO THROW THE TALISMAN TO MOSELY OVER HER HEAD)Sure, Tetelo! You want the talisman? Here, catch!"
TETELO "(RAGE)AHHHHHHH!"
GABE "(TO MOSELY)Go on! Get Grace out of here! The talisman will protect you!"
MOSELY "What about...."
GRACE "Just GO!"
TETELO "(TETELO TURNS ON NOW UNARMED GABRIEL)You are unarmed now, Witch-hunter!"
TETELO "(COMMANDING)Approach me and kneel!"
GABE "(IS IN THE GRIP OF TETELO)Malia??? Are you...<gasp>there?"
MALIA "(STRUGGLING TO FIGHT EVIL SPIRIT POSSESSION)She's...too...powerful!"

Getting Strangled

Gabriel has a knife at his throat! He can't attack with the dagger now!

TETELO "DIE!"
GABE "(HIS THROAT IS SLIT)<gurgle>"

GABE "(STRANGLING)Malia...help me!"

MALIA "(STRUGGLING TO REGAIN CONTROL OF POSSESSED BODY)I...can't.
She's...too...strong!"

The idol's power does not include the gift of gab.

Gabriel isn't close enough to the idol to do that!

Using that on the idol won't help!

It's the Gedde idol!

Gabriel's not close enough to move the idol.

The idol doesn't work that way.

Gabriel's not close enough to grab the idol.

TETELO "(HORRIFIED! CAN'T BELIEVE SHE DIDN'T SEE THIS COMING)NO!!! STOP!!!!!"

GABE "(MAJOR EARTHQUAKE HAPPENS)Oh! Shit!"

TETELO "(MALIA/TETELO IS NOW HANGING OVER CRACK IN FLOOR)Go ahead!
Destroy her! Destroy me! You are truly your father's son, Witch-hunter!"

Malia in crack

MALIA "(RESURFACING, STRUGGLING)Gabriel...please!"

Malia will fall soon enough without a push!

Gabriel can't do that to Malia!

Malia's fingers barely grip the edge of the crevasse!

She's falling!

GABE "(MALIA IS HANGING OVER EDGE OF CLIFF)Malia!"

MALIA "Save...me!"

GABE "You will die now, once and for all!"

MALIA "Tetelo was right! You betrayed me!"

MALIA "(HURT, BEWILDERED)Tetelo...was right! You do nothing! You betray me!"

GABE "(FIRM)I'm sorry. I have no choice."

MALIA "(TERRIBLE. BITTER)It's not over yet...my love! If I go...you go."

GABE "(TRYING TO PULL MALIA UP FROM CLIFF EDGE)I've got you, Malia!"

TETELO "NO! You WILL betray her! Witch-hunter!"

GABE "I...won't...let...you...kill her!"

MALIA "Gabriel! You didn't betray me!"

GABE "I've got you!"

MALIA "It's no good. It has to end...with me."

GABE "NO! Don't let go! DAMN IT, DON'T YOU LET GO!"

MALIA "Good-bye. My love."

GABE "NO!!!"

DEATH SCREEN

GABE "(RRCC. FOR DEATH SCREEN. TO PLAYER--SARCASTIC)I really don't want to be
dead. Can we try that again?"

END SEQUENCE IF GABRIEL IS KILLED

GRACE "(RRCC. THIS SCENE TAKES PLACE AT END OF GAME IF GABRIEL IS KILLED DURING THE GAME--SHE'S SPEAKING OF GABRIEL)I can't believe he's gone."
MOSELY "(TRYING TO BE TOUGH, BUT TEARY)Yeah. I'm gonna miss the loafer."
GRACE "He saved our lives, you know."
MOSELY "He done good."
GRACE "(RRCC. EMOTIONAL)It's so tragic--that both families had to end--that they destroyed each other. I can't help thinking that it could have been different."
MOSELY "You can't ask yourself 'what if.' It'll drive you nuts."
GRACE "But, a world without Schattenjäger. It's sad."
MOSELY "I guess we'll just have to do the best we can, heh?"
GRACE "Yeah."
GRACE "(RRCC. WHISPERING)Good-bye, Gabriel Knight."
MOSELY "So long, Bud."

END SEQUENCE WITH GABRIEL

GRACE "(THIS IS THE ENDING SCENE AFTER MALIA'S DEATH. THEY'RE BOTH SERIOUS)I think it's over now."
GABE "Yes."
GRACE "I'm sorry about Malia. I know you cared for her."
GRACE "You've changed, you know."
GABE "Have I?"
GRACE "Yeah. So, are you going to do it? Be Schattenjäger?"
GABE "I'm going to try. Don't worry, though. You'll be back at school safe and sound."
GRACE "I don't HAVE to go back."
GABE "Grace! Give up your Ph.D.?"
GRACE "There are things in this world, Gabriel.... A spiritual path can be more important than a path of the mind."
GABE "Spiritual path, huh? Well, you're welcome to stay, Gracie. Just as long as you don't expect me to know what I'm doing."
GRACE "This is a historical moment, isn't it? Three hundred years ago, the Ritter talisman was stolen by Tetelo. She used it to draw her family to power, while your family withered."
GRACE "She helped provoke the slave revolt in Haiti. She's probably the reason for a lot of the flavor and history of New Orleans--good and bad."
GRACE "Now she's gone and your family is restarting. It almost makes you wonder, doesn't it, if it wasn't supposed to happen that way? You know, good coming from evil?"
GABE "You think too much."
GRACE "(WAXING PHILOSOPHICAL)But, really, I think the most tragic thing was all those generations of young women--like Malia--trapped by this large overriding personality--forced into a life of horror."
GABE "(RRCC. PRETENDING TO BE SERIOUS--TEASING)Yeah. Kind of reminds me of livin' with you, Grace."
GRACE "You know when I said you'd changed?"
GABE "Yeah?"
GRACE "I was wrong."
GABE "Are you sorry?"
GRACE "(WARM)Nah."

IF YOU NEED HELP, PRESS F1

The ABOUT button will display information about "Gabriel Knight: Sins of the Fathers."

GK Team

GABRIEL KNIGHT: SINS OF THE FATHERS

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Contains technologies described in U.S.

patent applications including 598,172

and 658,297.

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Run-Time

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U.S. patents including #5,016,009.

Other patents pending.

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the GK beta testers

Napolean House Music:

Vivaldi
From "Lute Concerto in D"

Hints

"Gabriel Knight" is a challenging game. Don't be afraid to take advantage of hints to avoid frustration and increase your enjoyment of the story. See page 32 and 33 of the "Gabriel Knight: Sins of the Fathers" technical manual for details on Sierra's hint line, the "Gabriel Knight" hint book, Sierra's hint Bulletin Board, and international hints.

How to Play

The GK icon interface:

To play, use the icon bar cursors to try actions on objects on the screen. The Gabriel Knight icons include:

WALK: To move Gabriel around
LOOK: To get descriptive messages--and often game hints
ASK: To go into Interrogation Mode with characters
TALK: To chat with characters
PICK-UP: To take items on screen
OPEN/CLOSE: To open or close objects on screen
OPERATE: To "use" an object on screen that has a specific function
MOVE: To push or pull an object on screen

Also on the icon bar is a question mark. Select the question mark button and then move the question mark over the other icons to get help messages.

Read your "Gabriel Knight: Sins of the Fathers" technical manual for strategy/playing tips, first few puzzles walkthrough, and a more thorough explanation of the icon bar, control panel, and other game interfaces.

GABE "(TO PLAYER. SARCASTIC)You're leaving me alone with this mess?"

Yup. You're on your own, pal.

Nah. I'll stay.

GABE "(TO PLAYER. DISBELIEF)You want to relive this nightmare from the BEGINNING?"

Yes. Restart game.

No, now that you mention it.

TRITE LINES

These lines can be spoken anywhere: they are the standard lines.

There's no one there to interrogate.

Gabriel can't interrogate that.

That wouldn't be particularly illuminating.

The badge would hardly impress that.

Why leave the mask there?

That record book is evidence. Gabriel doesn't want to leave it there.

There's no reason to use the mold there.

Using the snake bracelet there wouldn't help.

Gabriel doesn't want to waste the money there.

The chamber pot wouldn't do much good there.

Why use the clay there?

The crocodile mask wouldn't do much there.

Gabriel doesn't want to sketch that.

There's no reason to put the drawing there.

The book wouldn't help with that.

The flashlight couldn't make that any clearer.

Putting the scales there wouldn't help.

Why put the oil there?

Gabriel can't use the scroll on that.

There's no reason to use the gift certificate here.

The photo wouldn't affect that.

Gabriel prefers to keep Gunter's journal close at hand.

Why gel that?

Gabriel doesn't want to lose those notes.

That icon is currently disabled.

The key doesn't seem to work on that.

There's no point in using the pattern there.

Gabriel sees nothing unusual.

Gabriel sees nothing out of the ordinary.

Gabriel sees nothing that catches his attention.

Leave the lucky dog lying around? For shame!

Gabriel can see that just fine without magnification.

Gabriel doesn't need to disguise that.

There doesn't seem to be a way to put that on the card.

The envelope would do little good there.

The key doesn't work there.

Now, Mosely wouldn't appreciate that.

There is nothing to move there.

Why move that?

Moving that would do little good.

Gabriel can't move that.

The newspaper clipping would do little good there.

Why put the note there?

There is nothing to open or close there.

Gabriel can't open or close that.
That doesn't seem to work that way.
There is nothing to operate there.
Gabriel can't see a way to use that.
That doesn't work that way.
That doesn't operate.
The phone book page would do little good there.
Gabriel can't see a way to use the collar there.
Gabriel can't take that.
That doesn't seem to be removable.
Gabriel can't see any way to pick that up.
Gabriel doesn't want to take that with him.
Gabriel doesn't need to carry that around.
There's no point in using the patterns that way.
Why use the dagger on that?
Gabriel doesn't need to share that letter.
Draping the robe over that would be pointless.
Putting salt there would be pointless.
Why cut that?
The priest's garb would make little impression on that.
Gabriel can't use the black shirt that way.
Gabriel wouldn't want to track that.
(RRCC. RERECORD.) Gabriel would rather keep the book.
Gabriel can't see a way to use the rod there.
The talisman wouldn't help there.
There's no one to talk to there.
Gabriel doesn't see any use in consulting that.
Talking to that would be unenlightening.
There is no response.
Why use the tattoo tracing on that?
The tile doesn't seem to go there.
Why leave the tracker there?
There's nothing to use the tweezers on there.
The veil would do little good there.
Gabriel doesn't see a way to use the pattern there.
Gabriel doesn't see a way to use that there.
Gabriel can't walk there.
Gabriel can't get there.
That area is not accessible.
Why use the phone number there?

The ASK icon allows you to Interrogate someone. In Interrogation mode you can select specific topics. Click on the ASK icon, then click the ASK cursor on a person on the screen.

The CONTROLS button brings up the control panel. The control panel allows you to change various optional settings in the game, to SAVE or RESTORE a game, and to RESTART or QUIT.

This window will show the inventory item that's currently "active" as an inventory cursor, if there is one.

You have selected the Recorder. The Recorder will allow you to replay conversations that occur in the Interrogation mode (ASK icon). The Recorder is not available for the day 1 demo.

The DETAIL slider allows you to adjust the amount of animation detail in the game. For less detail, move the slider LEFT, for more, RIGHT.

This button erases the last symbol written on the tomb wall.

This button erases the last phrase selected for sending.

This button erases the last phrase selected for translation.

The PLAY button will erase the control panel and return you to the game. Any changes in game options you made on the control panel will be saved.

This button exits the drum code interface.

This button exits this interface and returns you to the cemetery.

Select the HELP icon and move it over another icon to learn about the other icon's function.

This button will allow you to choose between having the icon bar visible at all times and having it normally hidden from view.

The INVENTORY button will bring up the inventory window. The inventory window shows all of the items Gabriel is carrying.

The LOOK icon allows you to get a description of an object. Click on the LOOK icon, then click the LOOK cursor on an object on the screen. Clues are often included in LOOK messages.

The MOVE icon allows you to move an object (push or pull). Click on the MOVE icon, then click the MOVE cursor on an object on the screen. If the object is moveable, Gabriel will move it.

The MUSIC slider allows you to adjust the volume of the music in the game. To turn the volume up, move the MUSIC slider right. To turn the volume down, move the MUSIC slider left.

This button will allow you to display Narrator messages as either spoken voice or text. For the CD-ROM version only.

This button swaps the current book of phrases on the left of the screen with a second book of available phrases.

This button swaps the current page of symbols on the left of the screen with a second page of available symbols.

The OPEN/CLOSE icon allows you to open or close an object. Click on the OPEN icon, then click the OPEN cursor on an object on the screen.

The OPERATE icon allows you to "use" an item on the screen that has an obvious function (chair, switch, etc). Click on the OPERATE icon, then click the OPERATE cursor on an item.

The PICKUP icon allows you to pick up an object. Click on the PICKUP icon, then click the PICKUP cursor on an object on the screen. If the object can be taken, Gabriel will pick it up and it will appear in inventory.

The QUIT button will exit the game and return you to DOS. Make sure you save first!

The RECORDER button will bring up the Recorder screen. The Recorder screen allows you to play back any conversations Gabriel has had in the Interrogation mode.

The RESTART button will restart the game at the beginning (day 1), losing your current place in the game. Make sure you save first!

The RESTORE button will bring up the Restore window and allow you to restore a previously saved game.

The SAVE button will bring up the Save window and allow you to save your current position in the game.

This area shows your current score and the maximum points possible.

The SOUND slider allows you to adjust the volume of the sound effects in the game. To turn the volume up, move the SOUND slider right. To turn the volume down, move the SOUND slider left.

The SPEED slider allows you to adjust the speed of Gabriel's walking. To speed him up, move the SPEED slider right. To slow him down, move the SPEED slider left.

The NARRATOR button can only be set to VOICE if the VOICE button is ON.

The NARRATOR button can only be set to TEXT if the TEXT button is ON.

That option is supported for CD-ROM only.

Either TEXT or VOICE must be set to ON.

This button will allow you to choose between getting speech or printed text on the CD-ROM version only.

The TALK icon allows you to talk to someone. Click on the TALK icon, then click the TALK cursor on a person on the screen. TALK will provide general chit-chat and often clues.

This button will allow you to turn written text on or off. For the CD-ROM version only.

The TEXT slider allows you to adjust the speed at which the text is displayed. To speed up text display, move the SPEED slider left. To slow down text display, move the SPEED slider right.

This button will allow you to turn spoken voices on or off. For the CD-ROM version only.

The WALK icon allows you to move Gabriel around on the screen. Click on the WALK icon, then click the WALK cursor where you want Gabriel to go.

BONUS

There's a reverend on the radio.

EVANGELIST "(EVANGELIST)I want you to take ahold of your prayer clothes. Better yet, take ahold of your radio, and let's do a miracle!"

EVANGELIST "But first, I want to talk about doing what's right. Those of you out there listening to these radio waves of comfort--you know what I'm talking about."

EVANGELIST "Everyday this program reaches out into the darkness and pulls lost souls from the grasp of the devil himself! Now I don't have to tell you that the Lord's work doesn't come cheap, my friends."

EVANGELIST "So I want you to get up, right now, take out an envelope, fill it with whatever you can, and send it--today! We both know that's doing what's right."

EVANGELIST "I ask you, my friends, have you done your share today? Or are you being carried by those dedicated souls who support this ministry with their generous gifts and offerings?"

EVANGELIST "Remember, my friends; Faith that costs nothing, does nothing!"

EVANGELIST "Simply send your Gifts of Faith to Reverend Bob, and your name will be blessed!"

EVANGELIST "I have a letter here from a Mr. Tecal. Now, Mr. Tecal claims that all of us on this broadcast are only in this for our own financial gain--that we prey on the weak and unfortunate."

EVANGELIST "Mr. Tecal, I would just like to say to you that my mission, and that of our entire broadcast, is to reach a hand of comfort into the homes of those very weak and unfortunate that YOU claim we thief!"

EVANGELIST "When men like you, Mr. Tecal, become willing to spend even a moment of YOUR busy lives to go into these homes and LOVE someone other than YOURSELVES, then you can speak to me of harm!"

EVANGELIST "It doesn't come cheap to run this broadcast, Friends. I know you know that!"

EVANGELIST "Please, support this outreach ministry with Gifts of Faith."

EVANGELIST "I speak to those of you who can afford to support the comforting of those Forgotten Ones who cannot find comfort anywhere else in this lonely world."

EVANGELIST "Several of you called in asking how that dear soul we had on last week with the tragic case of glandular over activity is doing."

EVANGELIST "What a miracle we witnessed as your Offerings of Strength poured into our station to renew and bless this unfortunate child of the Lord."

EVANGELIST "But I believe you can do more, and I know you will. Let's overwhelm those glands with the sheer power of Christian Love and Giving!"

EVANGELIST "Send your tools of healing today to our station. I don't care if it's a dollar, a hundred dollars, or one-hundred-thousand dollars (God bless ya). Send it today, and take part in a miracle!"

EVANGELIST "(GETTING VERY SAPPY AT END)That's it for this week, Friends. Enjoy the

wonderful, wonderful music, and may God watch over you."

Apparently the player was supposed to dial the number for international connections first.

MCB "Thank you for using M.C.B. Please enter your international number."

Didn't Grace say you had to dial 011 first to get international?

GRACE "(RRCC. EFFICIENT)Here's that phone number. Don't forget--you have to dial 011 first to get an international line."

Several chat lines with Madame Cazaunoux were cut:

GABE "(IRISH. FAKE COMPLIMENT)What a delightful little dog you have!"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "Ah, yes. Castro is my boon companion."

GABE "(IRISH)Aren't you a member of the Creole Grande Dames?"

Mme CAZAUNOUX "Why, yes! We do much charitable work in the community, you know."

Castro was apparently an object...

Madame would be upset if Gabriel tried that on Castro.

Castro. Cute as a flea on a piece of fruit.

GABE "(RRCC. TO YAPPY DOG. CUTSEY)Nice doggy! Good, Castro!"

CASTRO "Grrrr. Yap! Yap!"

Apparently there were supposed to be other people in the church

Gabriel doesn't want to disturb the worshippers.

A believer enjoys the solitude of the church.

The worshippers are here to commune with God, not Gabriel.

Some deleted lines from Hartridge's death scene

GABE "(SPEAKING OF A CORPSE. NOT TOO FLIPPANT)He's looked better."

GABE "(GROSSED OUT)I can see him well enough, thanks!"

At the grand finale, these are the chants of the ritualists.

RITUALISTS "Come, Damballah! Come Ogoun Badagris!"

RITUALISTS "Dfbala-wèdo, papa! M'ap, rélé kulèv-o!"

RITUALISTS "Rélé loa yo! Badagri jénéral sfglf!"

RITUALISTS "Hé, fhé, hé fhé, hé hé hé!"

RITUALISTS "Dya rélé, dy dya kékékéké, Tetelo rélé"

Some disturbing information about Gabriel's bike could be found at Lake Pontchartrain:

Gabriel doesn't want to use that on his motorcycle.

Interrogating the motorcycle would be rather fruitless.

It's Gabriel's motorcycle. He calls it "Ed."

The best way to move the cycle is to drive it.

Ed doesn't work that way.

"Ed's kinda heavy."

GABE "(SPEAKING TO HIS MOTORCYCLE)I'm crazy about you, Ed."

Trying to get into Malia's estate:

GABE "Oh. I see. Well, I represent Loommore armored cars and..."

ROBERT "Beat it. And comb your hair."

There is no way to leave Malia before she kicks you out, so you can't come back the same day to

tease Robert either.

ROBERT "(RRCC. STUCK-UP ACCENT)Ah, Officer Mosely. I'll see if Ms. Gedde wishes to speak with you again."

ROBERT "Right this way, Officer."

Lines when saying bye to Malia

GABE "Thanks for your cooperation, Ms. Gedde."

GABE "Have a good day, Malia."

GABE "See ya, Beautiful."

MALIA "Good-bye, Detective."

MALIA "Good luck, Detective Mosely."

MALIA "I hope you get your man, Detective."

GABE "I should be going."

MALIA "All right."

Flirting with Malia...

GABE "It's rather warm in here, isn't it?"

MALIA "I'm sorry if you're uncomfortable. The fireplace doesn't really give off much heat without the stove insert, so I indulge myself even in the summer."

GABE "Yeah, well, I don't think it's the fireplace anyway."

Animal Masks come up as topic after the lecture, so this dialogue with Malia cannot be found:

GABE "Do you know anything about animal masks?"

MALIA "Animal masks? I don't know what you mean."

You can't take any more photographs if you already have the file or copy, so this doesn't happen:

MOSELY "Hate to put my coat on, it's so damn hot in here, but a picture's a picture."

Deleted lines from St George's Books:

GABE "(GK-AM2)'Reise' means a journey. I wonder if I'll ever use this stuff."

Deleted lines from the St John's Eve conclave:

GROUP "Tetelo! Ou couleuvre moins!"

GROUP "Tetelo, Tetelo, Si ou mander cabrit sans cor', me bai ou!"

DR JOHN "Yes?"

DR JOHN "A few questions."

GABE "Okay. No problem."

GROUP Ogoun Badagrıs, Si ou mander poule, me bai ou. Si ou mander cabrit, me bai ou.

Si ou mander bef, me bai ou."

GROUP "Si ou mander cabrit sans cor', Coté me pren' pr bai ou?"

GROUP "Damballah Oueddo, Ou couleuvre moins!"

The subjects "Damballah" and "Ogoun Badagrıs" don't show up until Hartridge phones you at the start of day 5. If you visit him after that call, he'll be dead. There were lines recorded for them, though.

GABE "Tell me about Damballah."

HARTRIDGE "(LECTURE MODE)Damballah is one of the major Rada Loa--also known as Damballah Wedo. He is an ancient Dahomean rain god, often represented as a large boa constrictor."

HARTRIDGE "Damballah is the most powerful and most violent of the Rada Loa. The Rada Loa are typically benevolent--as opposed, say, to the Péto Loa."

GABE "Can you tell me more about the Loa Damballah?"

HARTRIDGE "He is still worshipped heavily in Haiti, and when Voodoo first started in New Orleans, the early conclaves were reportedly based on the worship of the Great Zombi--the great serpent--Damballah."

GABE "Tell me about Ogoun Badagris."

HARTRIDGE "(LECTURE MODE)Ogoun Badagris is one of the Pétro Loa. The Pétro Loa are much more violent than the Rada Loa."

HARTRIDGE "Some people believe the Pétro Loa originated in Haiti, but I have found some evidence that the Pétro Loa were African as well, though worshipped only by a small Voudoun tribe--and a very bloody one."

GABE "Tell me more about Ogoun Badagris."

HARTRIDGE "He is a chief nasty, Mr. Knight. He is the spirit of war and destruction."

HARTRIDGE "(SLIGHTLY RUDE)I have extensive courses in the Loa running next semester. Perhaps you should take one of those, Mr. Knight."

Crash, too, bites the big enchilada before we can talk to him about the Loa.

GABE "Tell me what you know about Damballah."

CRASH "(SCARED. URGENT WHISPER)No! Don't say that word! They'll hear you!"

GABE "They who?"

CRASH "Shut up, man!"

CRASH "I told you, I can't talk about it!"

GABE "Does the name Ogoun Badagris mean anything to you?"

CRASH "(AFRAID)No! Don't say that name!"

"Why not?"

CRASH "It's evil!"

The topics "Fill me in" and "Fill him in" in talking to Mosely on day 10 become unavailable after you used them for the first time. There are continuations for it though:

(fill him in)

MOSELY "That's okay. I've heard enough. I don't want to know any more!"

(fill me in)

GABE "What else have you found out?"

MOSELY "Not a lot. You seem to know more about the inside of these guys than I do."

From the interrogation of Malia:

MALIA "Mr. Knight, LYING about your identity and WASTING my time with stupid questions just because you thought I was 'cute' is NOT something I appreciate."

There are some Inventory Trite lines that didn't make it into the game.

The bones wouldn't be useful there.

It's a sequin.

GABRIEL KNIGHT: SINS OF THE FATHERS CODE

There is a specific code used in the subtitle files. This code is explained on the top of the screen of the SCI Viewer Tool: the front digit indicates the subject, the last one indicates the speaker, and the second-to-last indicates which action you must have taken in order to get that line.

SPEAKERS

1 GABE

2 GRACE

3 COMMENT ONLY
4 BRUNO
5 MALIA
6 FRICK
7 FRANKS
8 MOSELY
9 COP AT CRIME SCENE AND COP IN PARK
10 CRASH
11 WILLY WALKER
12 MADAME CAZAUNOUX
13 CAJUN BAND LEADER
14 ARCHITECTURAL ARTIST
15 MOLLY (POLICE RADIO)
16 BLUES BAND LEADER
17 JAZZ BAND LEADER
18 AMBULANCE 91 (POLICE RADIO)
19 HOT DOG SALESMAN
20 TAPDANCING KID
21 MADAME LORELEI
22 TETELO (= ALSO SECOND FORTUNE TELLER)
23 BEIGNET SALESMAN
24 MUSEUM ASSISTANT
25 DR JOHN
26 GRAN
27 MAGENTIA MOONBEAM
28 OLD WOMAN IN PARK
29 BOY IN PARK
30 BEEFY MAN IN PARK
31 YOUNG WOMAN IN PARK
32 TOUSSAINT GERVAIS
33 CASTRO
34 STONEWALL
35 SAM
36 MARKUS
37 NAPOLEON HOUSE BOYFRIEND
38 NAPOLEON HOUSE GIRLFRIEND
39 NAPOLEON HOUSE LONE DRINKER
40 HARTRIDGE
41 HIDE GABRIEL, HIDE
42 PRIEST
43 ROBERT THE GEDDE BUTLER
44 TAXI DRIVER
45 GERDE
46 WOLFGANG
47 (REMOVED COMMENT ABOUT RECORDER IN GABRIEL'S BEDROOM)
48 RADIO ANNOUNCER
49 RECORDING FOR MISDIAL
50 PHONE GUY
51 PHONE GIRL ("ROBERT?")
52 FLANNY'S PIZZA
53 ST GENEVIEVE'S WEDDING CHAPEL
54 FRENCH PHONE GUY

55 CAZAUNOUX 1
56 CAZAUNOUX 2
57 CAZAUNOUX 3
58 MELISSA
59 C THE WORLD AGENT
60 CONCLAVE GROUP
62 DRAGON
63 EVANGELIST: NOT IN GAME
64 CHAPTER START POETRY
65 MCB RECORDING FOR INTERNATIONAL CALLS: NOT IN GAME
97 TEXT ONLY
99 NARRATOR

VERBS

0 UPON ENTERING + STANDARD LINE AND MORE
2 PICK BRUNO LINE
3 SHOW TWEEZERS
4 SHOW MAGNIFYING GLASS
5 SHOW GIFT CERTIFICATE
6 OPEN
7 LOOK
8 OPERATE
9 MOVE
10 INTERROGATE
11 TALK
12 PICK UP
13 LEAVING A SCENE
14 SHOW GERMAN LETTER
15 SHOW SKETCHBOOK
16 SHOW VEVE
17 SHOW VOODOO MURDERS PHOTO
18 SHOW RADA BOOK
19 SHOW HARTRIDGE NOTES
20 SHOW PONTCHARTRAIN SCALE
21 USE MAGENTIA SNAKE SKIN
22 USE SNAKE SCALE
23 SHOW GABRIEL'S SKETCH OF VEVE REMAINS
24 USE VOODOO MURDER FILE COPY
25 PICK LINE WITH TAPDANCE KID
26 USE PYTHON SCALE
28 USE CLAY
29 USE MOSELY'S WALLET
30 SHOW SNAKE TATTOO PICTURE
31 USE CROCODILE MASK
32 SHOW \$100 NOTE
33 USE LUCKY DOG
34 USE DRAWING OF CATHEDRAL
35 USE VEIL
36 SHOW WOLFGANG'S LETTER
37 SHOW GUNTER JOURNAL
38 SHOW RITTER PHONE NUMBER
39 SHOW GRAMPA PHOTO

40 SHOW VOODOO CODE
41 SHOW NEWSPAPER ARTICLE FROM 1810
42 USE BRACELET
43 USE CLAY MOLD
44 USE MOSELY OFFICE KEY
45 USE TRACKING DEVICE
46 USE GAMBLING OIL
47 PICK MOSELY PHOTO LINE
48 USE POLICE FILE
49 SHOW TRACKER
50 SHOW MOSELY PHOTO
51 SHOW TWO SNAKE SCALES
52 END PHOTO SESSION
53 PICK TATTOO SEQUENCE LINE
55 PICK LINE WITH FORTUNE TELLER
56 SHOW MOSELY ENVELOPE
57 PICK LINE WITH BEIGNET VENDOR
58 READ INVENTORY ITEM
59 SHOW VOODOO CODE AGAIN
60 LEAVE SIGNAL
61 SHOW MOSELY LETTER
63 LEAVE TO ATTIC
64 USE COLLAR
66 USE BRICK
67 USE ENVELOPE WITH PHOTOS
68 HELP WITH BUTTONS
69 PICK LINE AT CONCLAVE
71 PICK LINE AT CAZAUNOUX
72 SHOW GEL
73 SHOW PRIEST DISGUISE
74 USE BLACK SHIRT
75 PICK LINE WITH SAM IN NAPOLEON
76 USE SNAKE ROD
77 PICK PRIEST LINE
79 SHOW BADGE
84 USE AFRICA BOOK
85 PICK LINE WITH GERDE
86 SHOW MOSELY CREDIT CARD
87 THAT ICON IS CURRENTLY DISABLED
88 USE STONE TILE FROM SNAKE MOUND
100 PICK LINE WITH FRANKS
101 USE DAGGER
104 USE CHAMBER POTCOMMENT MESSAGE ONLY
105 USE SCROLL
106 USE SALT
107 USE NOSEHAIR TRIMMERS
108 USE LIBRARY KEY
113 PICK LINE WITH C THE WORLD
114 USE WOLF MASK
116 USE MASK
119 PICK LINE WITH CAJUN CRITTERS ANIMAL CLINIC/CAZAUNOUX
120 USE WOLF DISGUISE

121 USE BOAR DISGUISE
122 USE ROBE
123 USE KEYCARD
124 USE TALISMAN
125 USE BONES?
129 SHOW FLASHLIGHT
130 USE HOUNFOUR BOOK