

KULT

♦ DIVINITY LOST ♦

GUT

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What is this?

GUT is the fifteenth monthly small release for **KULT: Divinity Lost**. This folio contains a place and a person you can be inspired by, use as is, expand upon, and/or twist as needed. There's just enough detailing to drop it in a game and improvise your way through the story. You will also find a bunch of possible set-ups and scenes by the end of this folio.



Characters, locations and incidents are portrayed from the metaphorical viewpoint of the **KULT: Divinity Lost** setting.

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GUT

There it is, between a Chinese restaurant and a pharmacy. "GUT" shines in bright red neon light above a black wooden door. A strange fellow sporting obscenely high platform boots, with its body hidden under half a dozen layers of black drapes, walks into the building complaining about its melting make-up. Its body is much lighter than the amount of metal dangling from it — there are piercings everywhere. Multiple silver earrings dangling freely, then a bunch more across the face and neck. For a moment, you think some were connected to chains that lead to hoops stuck to their torso. You've heard this should be the appearance of the average GUT regular. This ought to be a good night.

The Lie

GUT is a new art installation and meeting spot for nocturnal fiends, outsiders, renegades, clubbers, performers, artists, and/or adepts of extreme body modification. To the rest of the world they are freaks of nature with peculiar tastes. Abominations. Unwanted. To GUT they are kin.

The "hideout", as it is called by regulars, is run by Zamora, a make-up artist and special effects master whose career is known to have sunk after a bunch of scandals. No one knows exactly what happened, as the journalists have either ignored or wrongly reported the entire fiasco. Zamora doesn't seem to care about the past either, and even though people might be curious about it, some topics are best left untouched.

Under the pretext that "it would kill the mood", Zamora doesn't put much energy into making GUT any fancier than it is at the moment. Black brick walls and equally black concrete floor, narrow corridors, red neon mixed with dim yellow lights, leather sofas, wall-to-wall mirrors, old hideous paintings hanging on the walls, and wooden round tables with uncomfortable stools are spread throughout the place. The ceiling is strangely low, turning some areas into a claustrophobic mess when the place is packed with people. The structured used to be an apartment up until a few years ago when the surrounding area turned into a commercial zone, and Zamora has avoided making it any less of a "home"... at least structurally. As told by her, "GUT isn't forever" and soon she shall be gone. As such, there is no real reason to dump money there.

The main lounge area features a ton of old film photographs hanging from the ceiling, glued to the walls, pillars and speakers. These are a collection of Zamora's work as a horror special effects artist. Not that anyone would bother to count, but the arrangement is a few pieces shy of making up about a thousand or so photographs, most of which are made up of the same

works under different angles and lighting. Due to the neon showering the place in red, it is all but easy to see the actual contents of these pictures in detail. Somehow, visitors still make sense of the gory mess some photographs feature. Fake wounds, bloody murder weapons, mangled limbs, entrails, dead people and animals, monsters of all origins, and more.

Outside the main area, the only working crew appears to be the two bartenders wearing freaky make-up and Zamora herself — the three of them sporting a concerning sickly pale look. Despite (or because of) the lack of security, visitors remain weirdly polite in the face of trouble, averting their gaze and excusing themselves out of charged situations. The art installation is all too entrancing for anyone to focus on anything else... and the bar draws the attention of those uninterested in Zamora's craft — hardly ever the case.

The speakers bang trip hop tunes across all areas, making it hard to eavesdrop on conversation, which some would say goes well with the intended atmosphere. Either way, it evokes a sense of privacy even in crowded rooms where people brush shoulders constantly.

The serpentine narrow corridors takes visitors to different rooms within GUT. These are the actual meeting areas with some peace. People gather to drink, smoke and chat around high round tables and on the black leather sofas. An assortment of plants have been chosen to die without light here, and most are lying around in vases or hanging in the walls. The bathrooms are as dingy as the hideout itself. Used needles and bloody bandages are mistaken for "GUT props", graffiti on the walls is undecipherable at best, and there is always someone locked in a stall puking their stomach out.

Lost in the middle of the corridors, a shadowed staircase leads curious visitors downwards into the flip-side of the installation: a basement with Zamora's best works. It is an open large area mostly shrouded in darkness and echoing what happens above through rusty pipes and other acoustic paraphernalia. A sign at the door urges people to remain silent and avoid picking up their phones, as it would create bright beacons of light that disrupt the experience for everyone.

In the basement, visitors are able to see and sometimes interact with practical effects props from movies. All-too-real dolls of all sizes and ages with "fresh wounds." Masks, blood spattered clothing, and weapons commonly seen in horror flicks. Compared to the upper level that gets hot because of large groups of people, this area is insanely cold to properly preserve everything.



The Madness

People don't seem to know or care, but Zamora's actual success as special effects is recent, and most of it is because of GUT. There's nothing to praise in her past, really. She has had little involvement with movies, theater, TV series, or any other audiovisual work. At least that's what the usual investigator would understand on a surface scan.

Much of Zamora's public past is buried under multiple layers of misinformation in an effort to erase her ties to the previously mentioned scandals. For financial records, however, there's nothing that can be done. The small fortune she's got comes from a nasty divorce, which is information that can easily be accessed by a good investigator.

If one would compare her past works (seen in movie database websites) with the installation's catalog, it is clear that many of the movies she claimed to be a part of are nonexistent. Not only that, but the basement features most (if not all) her relevant projects... and then some ridiculous pieces that have never seen the light of day before GUT's opening. The photographs found in the main area are, then, either side-jobs or pieces made for herself or some weird clientele.

Her involvement in the aforementioned scandals was not direct, but there is a ton of evil being hidden by herself and the media. Zamora is the common denominator in multiple cases of sexual misconduct and even cult-like behavior within the entertainment industry. A careful look beyond all the madness surrounding her persona reveals that she's been the compliant servant to the perpetrators of many crimes. Savvy investigators may go even further and identify her as "the girlfriend" of known predators within the movie industry. To most, Zamora will always be a troubled girl with attachment issues. To others, the story goes deeper.

The Truth

Zamora is an Enlightened human, an Abomination. A deformed being wearing human skin. She cannot remain with the same face for too long, otherwise she risks rotting her true body and withering away. To keep the cycle going, she handpicks victims to murder, skin, and wear their face until the rot catches up to her again. The Illusion plays its part, too, tricking Sleepers into believing that "her appearance has always been like this". Naturally, the ones that question too much will face multiple walls in their investigations before becoming Sleepers again and inevitably forgetting everything.

In the past, wearing the skins of local stars was a fetish. This led her to grow a cult around her "make-up artistry", a wicked craft honed with the pain of dozens of souls before she ever had the courage to show it to the world. Of course, the veil has always hidden the fact that it was no make-up. It was, and is, real fleshcraft. Naturally, the Illusion couldn't risk Zamora being caught, and so it worked to blame the people around her (that also had their fair share of guilt). As a result, multiple people were arrested and Zamora's career tanked. Perhaps for the best. She's now a small-time artist surviving off of the flesh and money of Sleepers under the thumb of Togarini — weird humans seeking solace in the most nefarious fields of art. Many of which are dark, disturbing, and repulsive to the general population. Just like her, they are the undesirables. And perfect prey.

The Mask: The veil masks Zamora as a woman in her late thirties with many piercings across the face and neck, arms and chest. Her eye contacts are a combo of red ink and black irises. She sports multiple rings and chains, too. They cover her fingers, neck, dangle on the side of her pants, from the pockets of her clothing, and have been carved in her black boots.

The Truth: In reality, Zamora's skin is held together by staples, fish hooks, threads, and chains. Under the rotting skin, she's a flesh monster with malleable muscles carefully crafted and molded to fit her desired look. Sometimes she's able to fool herself into seeing what others see, but most of her existence is plagued by the jarring sight of the creature she is.

What she may offer: To change someone's appearance forever. To teach her craft: The Way of the Flesh. To wear the skin of a dead friend. To impersonate the person you obsess over.

What she wants: For you to engage in the pleasures of the flesh with her. To help her kidnap someone. To erase evidence of her magical activity. To be the subject of a new experiment. A promise that your flesh will be hers for the taking when time comes.

FREAKSHOW

Here are some scene suggestions to prompt player-characters into action. These give insight into Zamora's past and present crimes as well as some of her agenda.

Hard Evidence: It is real. It is all real. There's no make up here, no props, no special effects, no fake blood and wounds. These are all mementos of Zamora's previous victims whose skin she wore with pride. More than that, these are coveted artifacts essential to enter into the dreams of the dead... which would be mostly safe, unless the dream wanderer stumbled into a dreamworld overtaken by Moth Children (KDL, p270) waiting for the next victim.

Demented Chatter: Someone mumbles to a friend that Zamora has shunned them from "the inner circle". Not only that, they won't be picked up as a possible skin for her in the near future. This of course saddens the person to the point of extreme self-doubt.

Daymare: Entering GUT mid-day, during its closed hours, leads the player-characters to encounter a ritual where Zamora carefully skins a victim and/or sheds her mask. During this time, she unwittingly brings GUT closer to Togarini's citadel. At last, the Illusion will be torn and a bridge between her victim's Purgatories and the club will be formed.

Agonytune: The music is too loud, but somehow the player-character hears whimpering followed by hard thuds and stabbing. Someone, somewhere is being gutted.

The Libith in the Bathroom: Someone leaves a bathroom stall in a rush after intense retching and moaning. A fine blood trail slithers out of the stall, inviting the player-character in. The Abomination (KDL, p260) waits for another lover to appear.

The Dead Magician: Down in the basement, the player-character realizes that one of the props is, in fact, a Passion magician that has gone missing a few weeks back. Their dismembered body lies still for everyone to witness under the guise of a doll, all under the label of "Zamora's most challenging work". In reality, the Magician is trapped in a Purgatory and suffering in the grip of a nepharite from Togarini's clergy. With proper compensation and a well made ritual, maybe the Magician's decapitated head could whisper a secret or two.

Gurpunk: Outside, a small gang of horrendous punks trash the pharmacy next door. They leave occult sigils spray painted on the walls and floor. Before disappearing into the night, they spit blood on a cashier's face and steal needles and painkillers. If caught, they bark more than fight. In reality, these are thrill-seeking Passion creatures spawned by Zamora's madness.

Needle & Thread: Zamora has enough bargaining power and is out to seal a pact with the Seamstress (*KDL*, p271); she cannot let go of the mask she's wearing right now and the weaver might be able to mend some of the more permanent wounds. The player-characters may be drawn into this with the classic "you wake up in an ice bath" urban legend. If that's the case, their organs will be used to seal the pact with the Seamstress.

HORROR STARTERS

Strange Disappearance: A dear friend has vanished leaving a bloody scene behind. The player-characters believe GUT to be the centerpiece to nail down an occult mystery.

Mental Illness: The player-characters' madness draws Zamora's attention, as it has started to weaken the veil surrounding her. For the first few days, everyone is violently targeted by Passion creatures. Worst case scenario, she aims to wear the skin of one PC and pin the murders on them before vanishing again.

Heir: A player-character receives an old box that belonged to a recently deceased parent. Inside it there's damning evidence of Zamora as the sole perpetrator of many homicides. The one clue that is completely off is, of course, she had "different faces" when committing those crimes.

Responsible for Medical Experiment: The player-characters have finally tracked down their runaway experiment: Zamora. Now that she is powerful and capable of performing magical feats, will they stay on track and stop her... or will they to experiment further?

Victim of Medical Experiment: The player-characters are the *Abominations* (Enlightened Archetype) that were "created" before Zamora. Now that Zamora has been tracked, would she ever accept them into her "pack"? Zamora is very much a "perfect version" of them. How do they deal with jealousy and anger?

Pact With Dark Forces: The player-characters are *Revenants* (Enlightened Archetype): victims who survived Zamora's relentless attacks and struck a deal with her to stay alive, even if in strange ways. This "life" they've negotiated is worth nothing, however. To go back, they have to steal her skins and wear it themselves, despite the costs of defying her power.

