



SCENE PROMPTS

Authors

Katakatica
Petter Nallo

Editor

Gabriel Pellizzaro

What is this?

Scene Prompts is the twelfth monthly small release for *KULT: Divinity Lost*. It features 20 scene prompts that can be read aloud for your players when improvising, be used as inspiration, or even serve as the initial setup for your own Horror Starters.

Each prompt comes with follow-up questions to help you further expand/improvise the scene.



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



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THE STREETS

You walk the long, narrow city streets in the dead of night. The failing light poles, losing the battle against the crushing darkness, provide but a frail sense of safety so long as you remain under them. Forlorn old brick buildings loom over you, blocking your sight to both the sky and horizon. You hear distinct hoarse laughter from a nearby alleyway... menacing enough to make your instincts kick in. Paranoia grabs you by the throat as the maniacal cackling bounces off the brick walls into the street. This is not a safe place to be in. Then, the sound of clanking metal announces their inevitable approach. It's a group.

- ◆ Where are you headed to?
- ◆ What will you use to defend yourself?

THE APARTMENT

The city is silent at last, and there is nothing but dark silhouettes lost in a gray haze outside of your apartment. A heavy smog taints everything it touches like murky watercolor paint on cheap paper. Even though you are supposed to be safe here, a bitter chemical smell seeps through the gaps of windows and doors, however tiny they might be. A lone tree stands in front of your window. Drowned in pollution, only a few leaves stick to its empty branches. Solitude claws at your heart, your breathing gets heavier by the second.

- ◆ Why are you alone?
- ◆ Why can't you leave the apartment?

THE SHELTER

The shelter welcomes everyone who's homeless, yet only those new on the streets consider staying there overnight. The rooms are tidy, beds smell fresh and the linens are clean. It appears to be cozy and safe enough, but the veterans know better. Some complain about the odd, dull noise that fills the room the moment lights go out. Others swear they are being watched by invisible wardens. And there are those who just disappear. Tonight, you watch the shelter from across the street. Your contact went inside to follow up a lead for you... and hasn't come back out yet. It's way past the time limit you both set.

- ◆ Who is your contact and what are they verifying?
- ◆ Why does no one else want to help you?

THE CIRCUS

The circus has been here for less than a month. The stained tent, once striped red and white, now has a sun-bleached pale look where the colors have melted into one another. The entertainers have sad, tired eyes. They are either too fat or too skinny. The popcorn isn't salted or buttered and the soda has no fizz, but people gorge on it anyways. The highlight of the show is when the animals are brought in... miserable beasts ruled by the whip. It's clear that they are suffering and about to collapse the moment this freakshow ends. Once the performance is over, a sick elderly man asks the visitors for donations. Now is your chance to slip backstage and unveil the horrors hiding behind the curtains.

- ◆ What do you plan to do with the information?
- ◆ Who do you know that is part of the crew?

THE HOTEL

The hotel towers over the nearby buildings, casting long shadows over nearby smaller buildings. The reception has a fancy, easy on the eyes Art Deco design. Its well-preserved golden details go well with the soft pastels, floral arrangements can be seen everywhere, and the round corners merge gently with the ceiling. Despite the politeness of the staff and elegant flair, the place is empty. Never a good sign for a decent hotel in a bustling city. Regardless, you check in and manage to get a presidential penthouse at a discount price. With keys in hand, the lobby boy walks you to the elevator. When its doors close on both of you, he clearly points the elevator to go upwards... but the machine makes a descent to the basement. "Oh... It appears that the master wants to see you first", says the boy with a slightly concerned face.

- ◆ What is your gut feeling about this?
- ◆ That aside, what is the absolute worst that could happen?

THE CLUB

The club is jam-packed with people dancing to the obscenely loud music. Rapidly flashing strobe lights paint the scene in jarring green, red, purple, and blue. Towards the back, however, a large group moves away to avoid something, leaving a gap in the crowd. You see a body on the ground covered in vomit, head leaning against the wall, twitching in agony. You know this person, and the situation is not that troublesome, really, but these people are having such a visceral reaction... walking backwards in pure disgust and fear. It appears that they see something that you don't.

- ◆ Who is the person and how are you related?
- ◆ How do you feel about the crowd's reaction?

THE CRASH

You're cruising the city alone in your car, occasionally looking at your phone to check the messages. A friend sends you a handful of funny images, and, lost to his jokes, you barely notice the car gaining momentum and entering an underground tunnel. You must have taken a wrong turn somewhere, you keep thinking to yourself until the headlights suddenly reveal a girl standing in the middle of the road. You violently swerve the vehicle to one side, then shove it in the opposite direction to avoid a crash... throwing it against a wall that further complicates the situation. The car tumbles over, centrifuging you inside of it. Inertia drags the vehicle for a while before it stops. Slowly, you're brought back to reality. Dizzy and battered, you look around. The tunnel is empty and incredibly dark. The girl is nowhere to be seen. The only perceptible light comes from your smartphone's broken screen and the car's dying headlights.

- ◆ Would you rather have a first aid kit or a flashlight?
- ◆ Without a phone signal, how do you plan to get help?

THE CLINIC

The strong antiseptics fail to hide the nauseous, repulsive stench of human fecal matter. All corridors are lit with bright fluorescent lights and the nurses walk between the rooms, checking patients strapped to their beds... and you are one of them. A rumbling freight elevator is used to take "special patients" to the "special clinic" in the basement. You have been chosen to meet Doctor Hamsworth today, and the nurse should be here to clean you up at any minute now.

- ◆ Who put you here and why?
- ◆ How long have you been here?

THE MUSICIAN

You hear that haunting melody again. It has been like this ever since you moved here. Your neighbor routinely plays a delicate song on an old piano a few minutes right before midnight. You've talked to the musician multiple times before. She's a sweet (and odd) lady who writes her own music. The tune is beautiful and relaxing, and you've learned to enjoy it. As always, you plan to sleep listening to her music... and so, lying in bed, you close your eyes to focus on it. But as you are eased into sleep, the tune stops abruptly and everything goes quiet. Something is wrong. You feel it in your heart. Then, a sharp, long haunting wail full of anguish and panic breaks the silence. It's hers.

- ◆ Will you hide or help her?
- ◆ Could this be a nightmare? How would you know?

THE VICTIM

You stumble through the alleyway, past the fetid dumpsters, janky fire ladders, and out into the street. The drizzle wets the asphalt, leaving a thin coat of rain-water that reflects the neon signs of a bar across the street. Gasping for air, you fail to stanch the bleeding from the multiple wounds across your body. A gruesome blood trail follows you to the bar's door. The blood makes it difficult to properly hold the handle, so you throw your body against the door until it opens. Then, you walk inside erratically and stumble over something you can't quite see, falling flat on the ground and taking curtains and wooden tables down with you. The few patrons turn their heads to you, in shock. Lying flat on the ground, you laugh. You've managed to escape the killer. For this moment only.

- ◆ Who (or what) tried to murder you?
- ◆ What have you done to be one of the targets?

THE WATERPARK

For the past five years this waterpark has been completely abandoned. Overgrown bushes, now consuming the areas around the pools, are taller than the fences that were supposed to stop you from trespassing into this area. Green vines rip the concrete pathways apart, grappling with the huge metal and brick structures above. Beautiful plants grow around statues, blossoming their colorful flowers under pale moonlight. Way up ahead in the dark, under a dilapidated waterslide, you see children preparing to dive into the pool's musky green water, laughing innocently... unaware of its dangers. You're barely able to see them, too, as your flashlight doesn't shine that far. The entire group dives at once, head first and with eyes open. You squint. They're gone. You see nothing but the ripples in the water.

- ◆ What horrors bring you back here tonight?
- ◆ Which urban legend about this place scares you the most?

THE GAS STATION

You've been cruising the countryside for a few days. Now, it's past midnight and you decided to stop at a gas station in the middle of nowhere to fill up your motorcycle. But it is derelict. Forgotten. Abandoned. For whatever odd reason, the pump is locked and there seems to be no one around to help you with it. The small convenience store is unsurprisingly empty, as is the workshop, where a flickering light bulb swings from a rusty cord. You follow the faint echo of a dripping sound coming from inside the building, but there's no one there too. Outside, a bright light flashes against the oil-spattered workshop window. The light pulses, rapidly losing intensity. As darkness sets in, a loud growl can be heard outside. A beast must be near your vehicle.

- ◆ What animal do you fear the most? Why?
- ◆ Which gun do you keep in your motorcycle?

THE BANKER

The bank's atmosphere is chilling as desperate people plead with the clerks. Just for a few more days, they say. Just a bit more money. They all seem to recite the same reasons on repeat, and, even if true, they exaggerate in hope of finding someone with a softer heart. Standing on the other side of the desk, it is hard for you to care, so you shake it off. You see their shackles: poverty is a common issue that plagues the unfortunate, and money is the whip you crack when feeding the system. This does fill the building with despair as they are one by one ushered out with unsolved problems, but, man, does it feel good to have this much power. At last, someone important to you waits in line.

- ◆ Who is the person?
- ◆ Why do you feel so much pleasure when "feeding the system"?

THE DEAD

A strong, rancid smell suffocates you. The green medallion wallpapers of this apartment are discolored and buckled from mold and leakage. A naked light bulb hangs from the ceiling above a single unused mattress. As you walk, cockroaches scuttle away into the dark corners. You look around. There is trash everywhere. Broken bottles, syringes, used condoms, and what looks to be a glass jar full of teeth. The nauseating stench comes from the bathroom. Something, or someone, must have died in there.

- ◆ You're here to investigate someone. Who is it and why?
- ◆ Where did you get this lead?



THE PRISON

Deserving or not, it sucks to be stuck here. The prison's crumbling walls barely hold the building together, these metal bars could be easily snapped in two, and the hostile wardens who patrol day and night are always itching to get into a fight. The "food" they serve is a sickening sludge crawling with bugs that find refuge in the rice... yet, the inmates have no choice but to eat it. This prison is a grave for the most dangerous criminals and it is overflowing with anger, cries for mercy, and violence, as the night replaces the day. You won't die here. Tomorrow you will escape this hell, but the plan begins today. You're on your way to talk with the first victim — a prison warden whose death will put the plan in motion.

- ◆ Who's coming with you?
- ◆ Why do you have to kill them barehanded?

THE BOOK

A fire consumed the oldest library in the capital. The scent of smoke clings to the ruins; heaps of ash peppered with old pages that were saved from the flames. Well-loved, the building will be dearly missed: the shelves that were dusty but filled with lovely literature, and the walls that needed a new coat of paint but no one did it, otherwise the children's drawings would've been lost. However, an odd sense of relief fills you as you keep digging through the remains. Under multiple layers of trash, you find it. Hands shaking with excitement and fear. Unlike all the others, this book is still in pristine condition as if it had never been set on fire in the first place. So is the power it holds.

- ◆ What did you have to lose in order to find this book?
- ◆ What dark powers will you unlock with it?

THE PARK

Despite constant human activity, the park is already severely overgrown. There are weeds and vines and grizzled shrubs everywhere, the pathways playground are hardly identifiable anymore. A light rain awakens its smells... that of wet earth, greenery and rust. Here, the addicts mingle with the criminals. Sticking together, they find safety in numbers. If you look up, through the rain and past the trees, you see gargantuan skyscrapers poking the heavens above. Static monsters made of concrete, metal, and glass. But the city feels like another world miles away. You hear rustling in the bushes. Someone is spying on you.

- ◆ Who are the dangerous people you're meeting tonight?
- ◆ How come you've got no gun on you?

THE BOAT

The air is cold and damp beneath the railway bridge. Everything is glistening with slick wetness. Stray dogs run about chasing sewer rats. You look out over the river's oily water. On the other side you see an old playground. Only one swing remains, going back and forth with the wind. The rumbling of a freight train passing by overhead startles you. And then you see it, the light from a small boat coming along the bend of the river. You've been handcuffed to this dead body for far too long now, and it's about damn time help came through. You wonder who your boss called to pick you up — hopefully it isn't his stubborn son again.

- ◆ Who is handcuffed to you and why?
- ◆ How long do you think the police will take to find you?

THE OPERA HOUSE


You were hired a long time ago to be the caretaker of an old opera house that has been closed for many years. The contract is clear about you keeping the job until the city has enough funds to reopen it. They pay extra for you to live inside the building, and even allow you to arrange your own work schedule. However, you've grown to obsessively do the ordinary rounds to make sure everything is okay, clean, and undisturbed. There's not an inch of this place that you don't go the extra mile to keep tidy. Nothing shall break its peace. You fix up a couple of things like leakages, mold, mending broken vases and crooked chairs, tightening loose screws, and the faulty lighting. You even make sure that the stray cats living outside are properly fed. You have built a relationship with this building. Somehow, you feel its pain. Its gnawing solitude makes you sad, too. If only you would unravel its secrets, listen to it, let it breathe for a moment. Maybe then this place (or, rather, you) would feel a bit better.

- ◆ Why did you accept to live here?
- ◆ This building has a true name, and you're the only one who knows it. What's the name?

THE BLIZZARD

It's too damn cold. The heating isn't working anywhere since the snowstorm hit the city, and your building wouldn't have it any different. Now you are working from the couch, wearing three layers of clothing instead of the single jumper you'd typically wrap around your shoulders. Even like this, you shiver as the temperature only seems to drop. Outside, the wind increases in strength. A weather alert pops up on your phone: the blizzard is so severe that citizens outside of the shelters should gather in groups to stay warm. The only place you could go to is your neighbor's house, a man known to get violent when drunk. He's up to his usual, it seems. From across the street, you already see the weary faces of his kids and wife.

- ◆ What is the worst abuse you've seen him commit?
- ◆ What about him reminds you of your own father?



You can find more inspiration in *100 Dark Scenes*, one of the fan-made PDFs from *Requiem for Mechanoreceptor*, also known as *Ryan's Memorial Project*.

Link: <https://kult.tools/Memorial/>