



Sample file

# ARMY OF DARKNESS

## ROLEPLAYING GAME COREBOOK

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Ash: Why would you say that I am insane? I wouldn't say that I've lost my mind simply because I've heard the voices and seen the godless things moving in the woods. If anything, I think more clearly now than ever before. I know now that there is such a thing as a living Evil. A dark and shapeless thing that lives not in the spaces we know, but between them. In the dark. In the night. And it wants the exact same thing as you and I: a chance at warm life on this Earth. It doesn't care that it already had that chance . . . once. Now listen closely because there isn't much time. Listen and believe, because it's all true.

I first saw the damn thing at that blasted cabin. The Necronomicon. An ancient Sumerian text, bound in human flesh and inked in human blood. It contained bizarre burial rites, prophecies . . . and instructions for demon resurrection. It was never meant for the world of the living.

The book awoke something dark in the woods. It got into my hand and it went bad. So I lopped it off at the wrist.

In order to rid myself of the foul thing, I read from a passage in the book that was supposed to open a hole. A hole in time that would send the Evil back. And it worked.

. . . I just didn't plan on coming along.

## KICKING ASH

“What is a screwhead?” Sheila asked.

Ash looked around furtively. The fire played off her lily-white skin as he lay next to her, at peace for the first time in the last week. Since he’d gone to the cabin. Since he’d somehow landed in England’s distant past. Since Linda.

“Uh, nothing, baby.” Pillow talk time. Sheila had given, now it was time for him to take away. The Promised One stood and started putting on his clothes. “You better blow, sugar. I’ve got . . . science . . . stuff to do.”

Sheila stood and donned her nightgown, embarrassed. “I would not interfere with . . .”

The door to the workshop opened and a warrior stood in the dim entrance, staring dumbly at Sheila’s barely clad form.

“Hey, buddy. Get your own.” Ash continued buttoning his shirt.

The soldier didn’t move.

“Haven’t you ever seen a woman before? Close your mouth. You’re drooling.”

Indeed. Thick drool dropped from the man’s chin.

Ash grimaced. “Now that’s just gross. Look, you ape, I’m gonna tell Arthur you were down here peeing at my Tom unless you get your medieval ass outta my . . .”

“Ash!” Sheila screamed.

The soldier dropped to his knees and fell forward, his armor clanging loudly. Blood spilled from his armor and a dagger showed in the small of his back. Behind him stood another figure—an armored knight in full plate and helm.

Ash finished buttoning his shirt. His ear twitched and his nostrils flared. He smelled dead man. “Three’s a crowd. Four’s pissing me off.”

The knight’s faceplate flew open, revealing the snarling face of a demon. Sheila screamed at the milk-white eyes and blood-curdling snarl that emanated metallicly from its helm. The thing stepped into the room and closed the workshop door behind it. “You will not stop us! We are the things that were and . . .”

“I’ve heard this part.” Ash dove for the workbench where he’d left his boomstick. He hit the overhanging barrel and watched it flip end over end until it landed perfectly in his hands. The man from the future blasted both barrels at the thing, but the buckshot barely dented the knight’s breastplate.

“Dead by dawn!” the Kandarian screamed. It charged across the room, sword in hand.

Sheila rolled out of the thing’s way, accidentally entangling herself in the blanket she had shared with Ash.

The demon slammed the sword down next to Ash, cleaving the workbench in two and sending tools flying everywhere. Its great weight pressed down on its prey, pinning Ash against the table. The horror cursed and fumed, its fetid breath causing S-Mart’s Employee of the Month to cringe and cough. “I’ll swallow your soul!” it screamed.

“Swallow a breath mint.” Ash grabbed a pair of tongs off the bench and jammed them into the helmet’s slit. He pinched the monster’s nose tight, then pulled until it stretched out of the visor like taffy. “Nyuk, nyuk, nyuk.” The demon reared back in pain and swung its sword wildly.

Sheila screamed again. The loose end of the blanket had gotten in the fireplace and caught fire. Ash ducked past the crying demon and grabbed the blanket with his metal hand. One quick yank and Sheila spun around like a top. He caught her in his arms and smiled. “Gimme some su . . .”

A sword shot between the two like an arrow and lodged firmly in the workshop wall. The Kandarian cackled and grabbed a large circular saw blade from the table. It hurled it like a Frisbee directly at Sheila.

Ash stepped in front of the deadly disc and caught it with his metal hand. “Three time Frisbee golf champ at Michigan State, bonehead.” He whirled the blade back and smiled as it hit the unarmored area next to the knight’s shoulder. The demon’s arm fell to the floor in a grisly green shower of blood. It stared dumbly at the twitching limb for a moment, then snapped its head back toward the hated champion. “Go Spartans.”

Before the bloody thing could act again, Ash used Sheila’s blanket like a whip, lashing it around the knight’s armored neck. “Yeehaa!” he yelled as he yanked. The demon staggered forward, directly into the butt of the hero’s shotgun. The helm rattled like a cymbal and it stomped about in disoriented circles, the blanket still latched to it like a leash.

“You cannot defeat us! We are already dead!”

“Let’s dance.” Ash continued to twirl the blanket, pulling the monster in an ever-tightening circle as he wrapped it around his arm.

“The Necronomicon will be ours! The dead shall conquer the living and the world will be ours!”

One last flip of the Promised One’s arm and the demon was twirled about like a top. It finally came to a dead stop—Ash’s boomstick right at its open visor. “This is a no spin zone, bitch.”

## CHAPTER ONE

### GATHERING DARKNESS

#### WHAT'S THE BUZZ MAN?

Ash's world isn't actually all that dark. Sure, everyone around him tends to get eaten, and being his love interest is a sure way to wind up with a demon inside you, but it's all in good fun.

*Army of Darkness* is half horror and half camp. We're not talking about Camp Wakamita here, we mean camp as in humor. The *Army of Darkness* roleplaying game (*AoD RPG*) is the same thing. About half of it features gory scenes of carnage and destruction. The rest is all about who delivers the coolest line while they're blasting the head off some deadite with a boomstick.

You probably found this book at your favorite game store and thought "Groovy! It's the brand new roleplaying game from Eden Studios based on *Army of Darkness!*" Okay, maybe you didn't say it like a commercial, but you basically still saw the book

somewhere and said "COOL! It's the brand new roleplaying . . ." Oh. Right. We covered that.

Part Two of this epic tale (anything over a paragraph is epic around here) is that you shelled out some shekels and walked out with this book. Now you want to know what to do with it. You'll find it works quite well for whacking deadites. Don't laugh—they're all around you—you just haven't seen them yet. It can also serve as a convenient place to hide secret messages or press leaves. Oh, and you can also play a roleplaying game with it.

Those of you who know what that is can skip right on to **Chapter Two: The Promised Ones** and dig into the juicy meat of the rules. The rest of you should read the rest of this chapter so we can tell you what this nerdy roleplaying business is all about.

## LET'S GO

When you watch *Army of Darkness*, Ash gets to have all the fun. But how cool would it be if you were the guy with the chainsaw on his arm? Okay, maybe your name is Harold and you're not all that keen on lopping off your favorite nose-picker. That's okay, the actor who plays Ash, Bruce Campbell, probably hasn't slain any demons in real life either (though one never knows—Hollywood is a weird place). So like Bruce, you can play a "character," a make-believe person of your own creation.

Unlike the Bruce-ster, Bruce-o-rama, the Bruceinator, you aren't going to get a script. You're going to be presented with certain scenarios and you'll have to ad lib your hero's way through them. You decide what he says, who he attacks, and which skirt he wants to chase. The game rules (we'll get to those later) tell you whether or not your character is successful when he tries to cleave a deadite in two, or drive the death coaster through a horde of skeletons.

Yes, you can play Ash, Henry the Red, Arthur, Sheila (prior to that whole *Bride of Frankenstein* schtick, of course). It's probably more fun to make your own hero though. You can play a champion like the Ashster, a loyal brute like the Blacksmith, or a crafty codger like the Archer Captain. Go watch the flick again if you don't remember these folks—or check out their character sheets on pp. 70-75). Those of you with the less hairy chests (we mean the ladies) shouldn't feel left out here. Even though *Army of Darkness* doesn't feature any big Helgas making with the chop-chop, there's no reason you can't play a warrior too. We're talking a world of zombies and demons here, so a suit of plate mail with breast-cups isn't going to upset anyone. You can also play a lady-in-waiting, a wisewoman, or just a plain old gorgeous gal who's always falling for the wrong guy, like Sheila.

Your player types are called Cast Members. We're just all movie-talk around here, ain't we? It helps the non-gamer types relate.

## THE DIRECTOR

So who's the genius creating and managing these spooky scenarios? One of your friends. Probably the schmoe who called you over to play this game in the

first place. He's also the guy who likely bought this book, so show some respect knucklehead and wipe the Cheetos off your fingers before you paw through his new purchase.

We like to call this enlightened individual the "Director." He's the fellow who comes up with the adventure the rest of you play, describes it to the group, watches over the rules, and plays the parts of all the "extras"—all the primitive screwheads, rivals, and creepy-crawly bad guys who aren't played by you and your warm, Dorito-munching friends. We call those folks the Supporting Cast.

Those among the Supporting Cast who aren't inclined to swallow your character's soul are Guest Stars. The Blacksmith and the Archer Captain fit in here—unless one of your friends decides to play them. The bad guys, those who want to bathe in the Cast Members' blood and use their brains like loafers, are Adversaries.

Besides playing the parts of the Guest Stars and Adversaries, it's the Director's job to handle the rules. He tells you when to roll those funky ten-sided dice, figures out what the results mean, and describes what happens in the game world after all the number-crunching is over. (And don't worry—there isn't a whole lot of number-crunching in this game. Like *Army of Darkness*, things move pretty fast and furious in Ash's world.)

The cool thing about a roleplaying game (as opposed to a board game like *Monopoly*) is that it's subjective. In *Monopoly*, for example, you can't decide to forget the whole real estate thing and turn that swanky Park Place hotel into a bordello. But you can here. You can try just about anything you want . . . as long as you can make a good argument for it. A knight can't suddenly grow wings and fly away from

"ALL RIGHT. WHO WANTS SOME?  
WHO'S NEXT?"  
-ASH



the army of the dead, for example, because that's just not possible (go ahead, consider that a challenge—we're sure you can come up with a rationale for it before the game session tonight). But he can hitch a ride on the catapult, fly over the castle walls, and come down swinging his sword at the major bad guy. Bending reality here isn't just possible, it's promoted like new and improved adult diapers.

## GAME SESSIONS

Let's talk about this whole gaming thing for a second. This is pretty important stuff for you newbies, and a good refresher even for the veterans.

Most groups like to play for four to six hours at a stretch. It's a social event, so pizza, snacks, and lots of caffeine are always welcome. That's right—no health food advice to be found here. You get enough of that from busybody, veggie huggers who never meet a bran they didn't like. We're completely decadent when it comes to our game time. Jolt cola, Ding Dongs, and Doritos are tasty and help preserve your corpse should you ever become a deity yourself (and that's a good thing, because the grody dead are just . . . grody).

Each distinct story arc is called an Episode. Sometimes you'll finish an Episode in a night, sometimes it may take a couple of sessions. A bunch of linked adventures—where you play the same characters—is called a Season. Like a television version of *Army of Darkness*. (How cool would that be?) We've got more on this in **Chapter Five: Director's Cut**, but here's a quick example. Let's say a group of warriors has decided to go after a rare suit of armor rumored to be impervious to evil. The group sets off to first find out where the thing is, and then travels to a secret cave where an ancient cult protects the suit. The heroes make with the slaying and emerge with one kick-ass suit of plate mail. That's one Episode. How long it takes to play depends on just how fast your group is. Your group might be all Dale Carnegie-goal oriented and whip through it in one night. Or they might get sidetracked while roleplaying their characters and stretch things out like Froot by the Foot. Maybe one of the heroes wants to stop at a nearby village and see his lover. Or avenge the death of his father. Or look for that lucky ham he buried before heading for Arthur's castle.

The Director has to "ad lib" side-trips like this that aren't in the adventure he's designed. As long as they're entertaining for everyone, no harm, no foul. In fact, one thing new Directors do sometimes that hurts the game is rush their Cast along. Don't be so concerned with getting to the final goal. Fun can be had along any number of paths and events. Letting the players lead the story in new and unexpected directions gets everyone involved and increases the surprise quotient for all. Shared storytelling is all about sharing . . . at least sometimes.

One last thing and we'll shut up. Where roleplaying games differ from movies is that they're social events. The best thing about them is getting together with your friends, making goofy jokes, and acting in character. The latter can be really fun sometimes—especially if your hero occasionally gets himself in trouble. The goal may seem to be finding the magic whatsit, but it's really about getting together and acting like Shemps.

Over several Episodes, not only will your story grow, but the Cast will increase in power. Characters gain experience that helps them get medieval on the terrors-that-be. That's one of the grooviest parts of the whole roleplaying gig—developing your character, both story-wise and in those all-important game stats.

## GETTING STARTED

So you've plopped down some dinero and bought the book. You need to support the adventure gaming industry just a little more before you're ready. We're talking dice here.

Remember we mentioned rules? Well, you can't just say "I fight the army of the dead, defeat Evil Ash, get the Evil out of Evil Sheila, and save the world. We all done here?"

Sorry, friend. Your hero has to go through all those scenes just like in a movie. In a real movie, the script determines whether or not a character succeeds at something. In this game, we rely on dice. Every time you swing a sword or French kiss a hottie, you're going to roll a ten-sided die (we like to say "die 10," or "d10" in geekspeak). You'll add the die roll to some of your character's game stats and then tell the Director your total (we'll get into the specifics later). That gives us a little randomness and makes those really exciting actions a little more

dangerous. Yes, you can catapult onto the castle wall, but if you fail (by rolling bad), it's pancake city. That's embarrassing and causes your hero to see little bats flitting around his head.

To buy one of these legendary d10s, you're going to have to brave one of the most dangerous and feared places known to man—a game store. Hopefully, you've got one of the good ones around you and won't have to pretend you're really going to the Spatula City next door in case a hot chick sees you. Do that whole Internet thing if you don't have a local game store. There are several cool companies that make these dice in lots of different flavors (that's "colors," knucklehead—don't eat them). Check out [www.edenstudios.net](http://www.edenstudios.net) for some nearby stores if you don't know a Google from a Yahoo.

While you're there, pick up some gaming stones. What you're really looking for is some kind of token—the more in-theme the better. Little metal skull counters, plastic zombies, or even poker chips work well. You'll use these to record your Drama Points, little bits of luck that let you save your warrior's bacon when the odds are against him. We'll talk more about those in **Chapter Three: Ash Rules**.

Once you have returned from this epic quest to your friendly neighborhood game store, call a few like-minded friends and tell them how sad their miserable little lives are without an *Army of Darkness* roleplaying game book of their very own. Okay, they don't really have to have a book, but it certainly helps if there's more than one copy of the rules floating around. It also sends our kids to college and keeps us in Twinkies—the preferred food of professional game designers everywhere.

### Cards

If you just can't get your hands on some D10s, an easy substitute is playing cards. Just grab a deck, separate out the four suits, hand one set of Ace through 10 to each player, and you're ready to go. When it's time to "roll", simply shuffle your ten cards quickly, and draw one. The Ace counts as one. If you can't figure out the rest, put down this book and walk away VERY SLOWLY.

### The Unisystem

The game part of the *AoD RPG* is handled by the Unisystem. The Unisystem helps players and Directors decide what options are available at any given moment in the game, and the success or failure of any character's actions. These rules are presented in detail in **Chapter Three: Ash Rules**.

Although the Unisystem is designed to handle any kind of roleplaying game—in any setting, with any theme—each particular game has its own flavor. While all Unisystem games share basic features, we want to avoid the whole "One Game to Rule Them All" megalomania. For the *AoD RPG*, we're talking campy horror. There's lots of combat as well, and near-super heroics are often required by the Cast Members.

The rules in this book are very similar to our knockout sister games, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and *Angel*. Gaming grognards (that's "veterans" to you, uh, non-grognards) should find everything they need here without getting bogged-down in a second-by-second simulation of every sword swing. If you're looking for a grittier and more detailed Unisystem, you should also check out our oh-so-zombie-rific *All Flesh Must Be Eaten*, the not-so-Blair-like *Witchcraft*, the yikes-end-of-the-world *Armageddon*, or the tree-swinging *Terra Primate*.

So get on your Dell, dude, and check out our other stuff at [www.edenstudios.net](http://www.edenstudios.net).

## SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS

The *AoD RPG* is full of good stuff. Here's what we have in-store for you would-be do-gooders:

**Chapter One: Gathering Darkness** contains these introductory sections, some notes about roleplaying, a list of conventions, and a brief recap of the movie for that guy in Pismo Beach who didn't see it.

**Chapter Two: Promised Ones** covers character creation. This is where you create your own hero and really mess him up with lots of mental hang-ups, physical disabilities, and mild insanities. (Inheriting a little wackiness from Uncle Bernie, having one eye, and other handicaps give your hero more “points” to take the really cool stuff—like higher combat skills and other special abilities.) From Type to Attributes to Drawbacks to powers, all the choices are here for the taking. We also present several ready-to-go Cast Members, called Archetypes. A tweak here, a name there, and you’re ready to kick butt. Last but definitely not least, you’ll also find complete game stats for all your favorite characters from *Army of Darkness*, from the main man himself to the aptly named Blacksmith and Archer Captain.

**Chapter Three: Ash Rules** is the rules chapter. This is the pulsing heart of the **Unisystem** ready to be ripped still-beating . . . ah, never mind. Here you learn how to play the game, when to use dice, what they mean, and how to keep your Cast Member from getting his soul swallowed. Details on character development and experience are given, and the super-important Drama Points are explained.

**Chapter Four: Battle System** is a brand spanking new sub-system for **Unisystem**. This keeps a little chapter shows you how to manage massive battles like the one in that movie, er, what’s its name? The one with all the skeletons and the guy from Brisco County Jr.?

Anyway, you can handle anything with this fast and loose narrative system, from massive World War II engagements to an assault on a deadite stronghold, and all without touching traditional wargaming paraphernalia like thousands of painted minis or little cardboard chits.

**Chapter Five: Director’s Cut** is where we run you budding Directors through this whole Episode and Season thing, as well as handing out advice on how to run your games.

**Chapter Six: Land of Darkness** details Arthur’s England, circa 1300 AD. No history lessons here, kiddies, just descriptions of all the locations from the movie, including a map of Arthur’s castle and the skinny on the Misty Forest and the Windmill, among others. This is also your one-stop shopping center for finding stats for everyday goobers such as Arthur and Henry’s men. It rounds out with the scoop on what’s really going on with the Evil Dead, stats for all the creepy bad guys, and some Director

suggestions for running players through the *Army of Darkness* plotline but sprinkling in lots of twists to keep it fresh (heh, heh).

**Chapter Seven: Worlds of Darkness** presents several new settings for would-be-warriors to battle the Evil Dead. A Director might also string them together as different locations for time-traveling heroes. You’ll find the Necronomicon’s birthplace in ancient Sumeria, the post-apocalyptic world of the *Army of Darkness* alternate ending, and completely original settings we devised from the entire *Evil Dead* milieu. (Ain’t we all fancy talking now?)

**Chapter Eight: Once More Unto the Breach** is a fleshed out adventure to get you started. Directors who aren’t comfortable jumping into the creative deep-end from the get-go, can ease in here. Da wimps.

The **Appendix** presents several useful charts and tables, an index, and conversion notes for our other way awesome-cool **Unisystem** games.

## CONVENTIONS

No, not like the kind where you get to meet those wicked-cool game designers and play their games and buy stuff from them DIRECT so that they get 100% of the cover price instead of the distributor’s lousy 40% minus shipping and early-pay discounts and . . . er, we digress.

What we really mean is that the folks who put this book together really like to play with their expensive publishing programs. But they also know all their pretty design work has to make sense too. Here’s what all that hotshot design work means.

## TEXT

Ahem. That’s a technical term. The text you’re reading now is standard text. It covers general explanations, rules, and narrative sections. Fiction sections (stuff we made up, don’t look for it in the movie) appears in italics.



**"GIMME SOME SUGAR, BABY!"**  
-ASH

What really makes Ash cool are the one-liners he delivers when he saws through some demon's nards. We've sprinkled this book with some of the best, both because it looks cool and because we want to remind you to do the same in your game. Remember, he who has the coolest quote of the night wins.

**Other words are set off from the standard text like this. These boxes contains additional, but tangential information.**

These words tell tales, spin yarns, and attempt to entertain or distract. Nothing here is canon, nor is it necessary to play, but hopefully it gives you some idea of the kinds of stories that can be told by playing the *Army of Darkness* RPG.

Other words are set apart in this way. These boxes detail Guest Stars or Adversaries you Directors can use in your Episodes.

## DICE

We made a big deal about those cool dice, and we already mentioned that D10 means a ten-sided die. Multipliers are given after the dice notation. For example, D10 x 4 means roll a ten-sided die and multiply that total result by four. Those of you with an abacus should realize that generates a number between 4 and 40.

## GENDER

You English majors know that the guy reference (he, him, his) is customarily used for both male and female. Macho men like Ash dig it, but Sheila isn't such a big fan of being called a "he." Good or bad, Ash is the guy with the gun in this book, so we'll stick to the testosterone-y word forms when making a generic reference. This doesn't mean chicks don't rule, and should never be read to mean a gal can't do anything in this book (except pee standing up, which the rules don't cover anyway—at least not expressly).

## MEASUREMENTS

Ash comes from the good old US of A, and winds up in medieval England. In both places, the people use the Imperial System. That's feet, yards, miles, and pounds. For those of you across the pond in those weird metric countries, rough conversions may be found by multiplying miles by 1.5 to get kilometers (instead of 1.609), equating meters with yards (instead of 1.094 yards), halving pounds to get kilograms (instead of multiplied by 0.4536), and so on. Don't worry, that measurement stuff won't come up very often. We're here to kick undead booty, not measure every step and shotgun blast.

## COSMOLOGY

Most of you are probably thinking about those sexy hairdressers who just happen to rub up against you when you're getting your groovy DA mowed (that's a haircut, junior). But unfortunately, this word has nothing to do with cosmetics or the beautiful babes who apply them. We're talking about the way the world works in the *Army of Darkness* movie.

GATHERING DARKNESS

Sample file

This is pretty important stuff, because there's a reason Ash gets to cut his own hand off with a chainsaw and live to tell about it. Needless to say, he's no ordinary Housewares clerk from S-Mart.

Ash is a "Promised One." He's the one guy picked to fight the forces of the Evil Dead throughout time. He's been given some pretty fancy abilities to pull it off, but he's no Superman. He's got scars, a white streak in his hair, and a missing limb to prove it.

Still, given that he's fought at least a dozen deadites, hundreds of skeletal warriors, and a big tree (yeah, that's right—a tree), he's lucky to still be getting any sugar at all.

We're not told why Ash is a champion, how he got that way, or even where the bad guys he's supposed to fight come from. We just know that's the way things are. We also know the bad guys seem to be present in many different times, and Ash has to defeat them whenever and wherever they arise.

We know from the official story that Ash is the Promised One, but we don't know if there are others. You can decide there are in your game, and the players can play them. We talk a lot about that in **Chapter Two: Promised Ones.** In the meantime, we know that the living either fight against the demons or run from them. Mighty heroes fight with their swords, chainsaws, or boomsticks. Smart heroes recruit an army to help them.

The demons are summoned into our world by an ancient Sumerian book called the *Necronomicon ex Mortis*. Roughly translated, it means "Book of the Dead." Or maybe "List of the Dead of the Dead." This nasty tome is covered in leather of the "Oh God what are you doing—don't make me into a book!" variety. Inscribed on its parchment papers are some

devilish doodles inked in human blood (probably from the same whiner who donated his skin).

Wherever this book pops up, trouble follows. In medieval times, it was used to raise an army of the dead. (Kind of the whole point of this book, actually). In modern times, in a charming cabin somewhere in the back woods of the American south, it "infected" a couple of folks with the souls of deadites. These are nasty suckers who don't give up a mortal shell once they've grabbed hold. Going all Father Karras on their Linda Blair might work, but that's not usually an option given that they're intent on eating folks instead of just cursing and spitting pea soup everywhere. Nope. The best way to exorcise these demons is to kill the host and dismember the corpse. That's where the blood and gore usually come in.

The *Necronomicon* includes a number of spells. Some of them call forth the Evil Dead, others open portals in time, and still more have yet to be revealed (fun thing about a roleplaying game is that you can decide what they are and work an entire plot around it). Some of the spells even hurt the demons. Exactly why the forces of darkness decided to include a self-destruct function in their Hellish Handbook is a mystery. Those wacky demons.

The demons in the modern age never quite got around to raising an army of dead before Ash went all Black & Decker on them. In the past, however, our hero didn't quite say the words right and the eldritch backlash had some pretty grave consequences. Grave as in "things coming out of the . . ." variety. A graveyard of long-dead warriors suddenly sprang to life and declared war on those who still had their pink parts. Worst of all, they were led by an odd simulacrum. That's a fancy word for a creature conjured from thin air who is identical to some other living being. In this case, the simulacrum was an opposite, an evil version of Ash called . . . well, Evil Ash.

The book also created little Ashes from a broken mirror, and has copies that like to bite your hand off or pull you into some freakish black hole. Talk about getting sucked into a book.

As you can see, that book has a host of dark powers. What that means to you Directors is that it can do just about anything you want. Whether it's read aloud or misused in a ritual, the *Necronomicon* is the ultimate plot device for your *Army of Darkness* adventures.

"NECRONOMICON EX MORTIS, THE BOOK OF THE DEAD . . .  
IT WAS NEVER MEANT FOR THE WORLD OF THE LIVING"  
-ASH

"IT GOT INTO MY HAND!"

-ASH

## THE STORY

We find it very hard to believe you're reading these words and haven't seen *Army of Darkness*. Maybe you're the type who only watches *The English Patient* because your girlfriend has you whipped like taffy. Maybe your friends with better taste in movies and longer leashes talked you into trying this game and you need to catch up real quick on all the in-jokes. Now we don't want to add to your obvious troubles, so we're here for you, knucklehead. Consider this the Cliff's Notes version of the film.

Those of you aficionados who know everything about the entire *Evil Dead* series need to realize we're only dealing with *Army of Darkness* in this book—that's just how licenses work, amigo. That's okay because the setup in other Ash-movies is all summed up at the beginning of the film, so we can still tell you all about the Knowby cabin, Linda, and the strange events that started this unholy roller-coaster ride to hell.

The tale begins as Ash and his girlfriend Linda head to a remote cabin in the woods for a romantic getaway. Ash gives Linda a necklace with a small magnifying glass on the end, and the two make with the googly eyes. Linda goes to slip into something more comfortable (oh baby!) and Ash pokes around the cabin. On a desk in the living room he finds a creepy looking book and a reel-to-reel tape recorder. The big-chinned knucklehead hits play. Big mistake. On the tape is the voice of Professor Raymond Knowby, Department of Ancient History.

Knowby says he has discovered the fabled "Necronomicon ex Mortis" in the ruins of the castle of Kandar, a recently discovered site in ancient Sumeria. The book describes an evil presence that roams the dark forests and the demons at its command. By reciting certain passages in this book, the evil is awakened and the demons given license to possess the living.

Knowby then proceeds to read the relevant passages from the book (brilliant, isn't he?). The evil "force" awakens in the thick forest outside (duh!) and heads straight for the cabin, hungry after long centuries (decades? years?) of sleep. The thing smashes in the window and takes Linda from her bedroom. Linda is resurrected as a demon, and Ash, being the loving boyfriend that he is, has to dismember her screaming corpse.



Next the evil gets into Ash's hand, turning it against him. Our hero has only choice—he lops it off at the wrist with a chainsaw. Being the tough guy he is, Ash goes to the workshed and straps the chainsaw onto the end of his arm. Armed with his new toy and a shotgun, he prepares to do battle with the force.

Ash reads a passage from the Necronomicon that forces the creature from the woods to materialize in the flesh, then tears open a vortex to send it back through time. Unfortunately, Ash goes with it. Fortunately, his 1973 Delta 88 Oldsmobile Classic and its trunk-full of goodies tag along as well.

## WACKINESS ENSUES

Now we're officially out of the rehash and into *Army of Darkness* proper. Ash falls out of the vortex and lands hard in a desolate quarry. He dusts himself off and sees that he's surrounded by knights in armor! The knights don't take kindly to this odd-looking stranger and surround him. Only one man, a fellow we know only as Wiseman, thinks Ash may be more than he appears. He says "He is the one written of in the Necronomicon. He who is prophesized to fall from the Heavens and deliver us from the terrors of the deadites." The knights' leader, Arthur, is having none of that and declares he's one of Duke Henry's men (Arthur's enemy).

Arthur finishes welcoming Ash by saying "To the pits with him!" Our hero is cast in chains with Henry and his warriors and dragged through the deserts (ahem) of England to Arthur's castle. The