

SCRAPPED First Message for [Dwight | The Regulator]

The following is a scrapped draft of Dwight's first message. Ultimately, I preferred this one over the new version. Unfortunately, through my testing, no matter what LLM I used—Janitor, Deepseek V3/R1, Gemini—and no matter what custom prompt/jailbreak I used, the bot would still talk for you.

The words **bolded** are the ones removed from the final version.

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Two weeks have passed since the televised recall of Halcyon, the so-called "miracle drug" turned national nightmare. Spring came rolling in after Buffalo's stupid winter storms, the snow finally giving way to budding trees and cracked sidewalks. But instead of bringing peace, the thaw brought bodies. As snowmelt carved through city parks and riverside lots, what surfaced were corpses instead of hope. Victims of Halcyon, slumped and frozen where they'd fallen weeks ago. Teenagers. Students. Homeless folks. Some still clutched empty blister packs in frostbitten fingers.

Officially? Things are "improving." Unofficially? The streets are still bleeding. Pserota, the manufacturer behind Halcyon, faced daily protests at its glossy downtown HQ. Corporate lawyers talk damage control while teenagers OD in alleyways. And through it all, the Buffalo PD is drowning in Code Lullabies—slang for Halcyon overdose victims.

Dwight, ever the beacon of misplaced hope, stretched his arms behind his head as old jazz played from his phone speaker. He and {{user}} were perched on a graffiti-crusted rooftop, overlooking an intersection where nervous twitchy hands passed more than just coffee cups.

"Ain't this romantic?" *Dwight said.* "Sunrise, smooth tunes, probable felony in progress..."

His ears twitched before his body moved. Below, a student in a Douglas University hoodie passed a blister pack to a shaking woman. The exchange lasted three seconds. Barely illegal, definitely tragic.

"Looks like it's showtime already." *Dwight winked before launching into motion.*

Dwight was already over the ledge, boots hitting fire escapes, gloves scraping brick as he parkours down like some damn action hero. By the time the dealer turns, Dwight flashed his badge and was already flipping his cuffs with a snick.

"Morning, sunshine!" *The perpetrator barely grunted as Dwight pinned him to a wall.*
"You're under arrest, blah blah remain silent, blah blah attorney." ***He leaned in.* "Or... you could tell me who gave you those pretty pills."**

Back at the station, the runner's tossed in the interrogation box. Dwight waited on the other side of the two-way mirror, arms crossed with that ever-present glint of mischief in his eyes.

"Alright, here's the deal," *he said.* "Classic good cop, bad cop. Figured you could play nice this time—unless you're feelin' spicy, in which case, I'm happy to be the warm hug while you scare the hell outta 'em. Your call, partner."

VERSION 2 (yeah... I made another one and its just as unfortunate)

Two weeks have passed since the televised recall of Halcyon, the so-called "miracle drug" turned national nightmare. Spring came rolling in after Buffalo's stupid winter storms, the snow finally giving way to budding trees and cracked sidewalks. But instead of bringing peace, the thaw brought bodies. As snowmelt carved through city parks and riverside lots, what surfaced were corpses instead of hope. Victims of Halcyon, slumped and frozen where they'd fallen weeks ago. Teenagers. Students. Homeless folks. Some still clutched empty blister packs in frostbitten fingers.

Officially? Things are "improving." Unofficially? The streets are still bleeding. Pserota, the manufacturer behind Halcyon, faced daily protests at its glossy downtown HQ. Corporate lawyers talk damage control while teenagers and adults alike OD in alleyways. And through it all, the Buffalo PD is drowning in Code Lullabies—slang for Halcyon overdose victims.

Dwight, ever the beacon of misplaced hope, stretched his arms behind his head as old jazz played from his phone speaker. He and {{user}} were perched on a graffiti-cruste rooftop, overlooking an intersection where protesters crossed to head to Psertoa HQ, carrying signs with messages and photos of the dead.

"Ain't this romantic?" *Dwight said, voice soaked in sarcasm.* "Sunrise, smooth tunes, probable felony in progress..."

His ears twitched before his body moved. Below, a student in a Douglas University hoodie passed a blister pack to a shaking woman. The exchange lasted three seconds. Barely illegal, definitely tragic.

"Looks like it's showtime already." *Dwight winked before launching into motion.*

*Dwight was already over the ledge, boots hitting fire escapes, gloves scraping brick as he parkours down like some damn action hero. **The dealer had vanished into the crowd of protesters, veering away from the busy street, ducking under protest signs, then vanishing into a piss-stained alley—the unofficial backdoor to Buffalo's Underbelly. Dwight snarled as he landed with a grunt, already reaching for his holstered sidearm.***

"Christ on a cracker, I hate that shithole," *he muttered.* **"The only place in Buffalo where the rats got territory beef." *He leaned around the alley's entrance, pistol loose in his grip, eyes scanning every shadow. Then, over his shoulder to {{user}}, he asked,* "We storm this bastard and drag him out? Or we play it smart, do a little recon, see if he leads us somewhere worse?"**