

CLONEDAY SURPRISE!

BOB AVERY'S GAMES DAY '87 PARANOIA SCENARIO

LET ME EXPLAIN...

This adventure should be played fast and hard. If it takes longer than 2½ hours to finish, then there's something wrong somewhere! Remember, you are a **PARANOIA** GM now - no more Mr Nice Guy! The six player characters should be totally under your thumb.

If they don't follow the plot, they'll miss out on some of the fun we planned. And we can't have that, can we? It should be fairly easy to 'guide' the players into doing what you want.

Punish deviance with death!

Once the game starts, assume your players are their characters. If they complain, the Computer will hear and take appropriate action...

'Dice, friend citizen? What on Alpha Complex are they? Sounds distinctly treasonous to me. Report to Internal Security for intensive questioning. Go now. Go quietly. Thank you for your co-operation.'

Likewise, if the PCs are called to do something such as aerobics, there's no reason why the players themselves shouldn't get up and boogie (see *Episode ½* below).

The text is split into three types: firstly the stuff for You (the GM) to be read out to Them (the players). This can be read verbatim or adapted to your own particular style of play. Secondly, the stuff for you alone to read, such as what is actually going on, and what you have to do to Them next. Lastly, there are 'prop hints', ideas on how to buck up the game with a few carefully chosen items of devilishly amusing equipment!

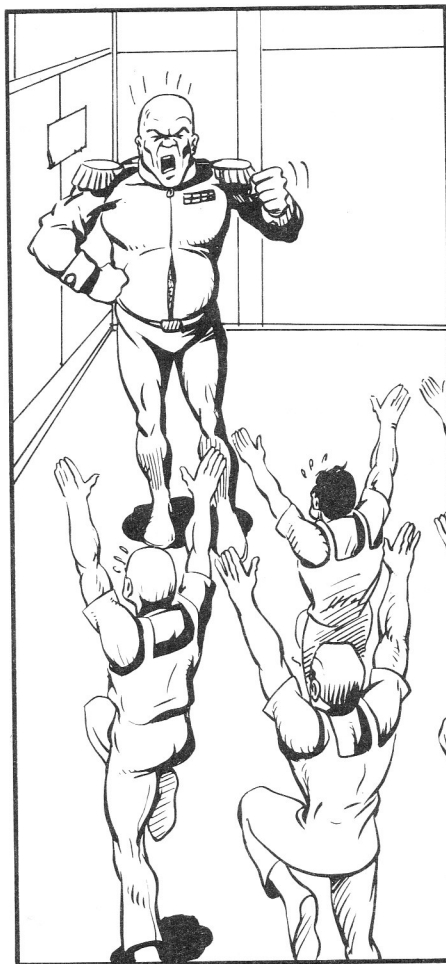
Read on, and enjoy the friendship of the players while you can: they're going to hate your guts!

PLOT AND SUB-PLOT

There was a time when everyone had a *cloneday*: a day when they were first able to serve the Computer - the traitor in HPD & Mind Control said so. (Before he was executed). Obviously, if citizens have clonedays, then the Computer should have one too. So the High Programmers of Alpha Complex have got together to organise a Cloneday Party for the Big C.

Centrepiece of the celebrations will be a cloneday synthicake, prepared by Masterchef Emulgi-U, of the High Programmers' Eatery. Fortunately for the plot, Emulgi-U plans to destroy the Computer (gasp!), and the cake is really an atomic bomb!

The PCs, as newly promoted Troubleshooters, are assigned to transport the synthicake across Alpha Complex to the party, and are then invited to stay as a reward. At the height of the festivities, the cake reveals its true colours, and up goes the party, Computer and all!



AV

Are we sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin.

EPISODE ½: 'TO SLEEP, PERCHANCE TO DREAM...'

'Gosh, isn't the Computer generous? Not only have you been promoted to Red Security Clearance, but you've also been allowed to move into your new sleeping compartment. This is very good news, because you are all very tired after the 96 hours of tests and exercises required to reach your new status as Troubleshooters.'

You are all very tired, aren't you?'

(Anyone not tired is obviously in possession of a highly treasonous mutant power).

'Good. You've just shifted your meagre possessions to the new cell, err, spacious cubicle, and are all ready to catch up on the lost sleep of the past few daycycles. So, to bed.'

PROP: put on some form of night-cap or sleeping gear. I used a red wee-willy-winky hat!

'I can't hear anyone snoring yet... Ah, that's better, now you can settle down to a good nightcycle's sleep.'

PROP: tape with peaceful music on it.

'Suddenly, klaxons and alarms go off with deafening ferocity - it's 0600hrs - time for all loyal Troubleshooters to wake up. And here's Drill Sergeant Genn-G-ISS-3 to help you start the day.'

Act out the part of a stereotyped Sergeant-Major. Shout incomprehensible commands into the delicate ears of your players. Make them stand to attention, violently insult them for a few hours. Make them feel really pleased to be Troubleshooters. Finish off by announcing it's time for the morning exercise class.

PROP: tape with some aerobics music on it.

Exercises start with a gentle attempt at touching toes before moving on to more strenuous techniques such as push-ups and sit-ups. As the PCs are about to do the splits (!) they are interrupted...

'Mission Alert, Mission Alert. Will the new Troubleshooter Team kindly report to Part-I-HAT-4, in Briefing Room POT-66 for a briefing.'

The PCs make their way quickly and easily through Alpha Complex to the appropriate briefing room. Make sure you emphasize how easy their journey is - lull them into a false sense of security. At the door of the briefing room are several large, ugly, Green clearance Troopers from Vulture Squadron, the leader of whom asks the Troubleshooters what they want.

When they explain that they are due for a briefing he gets out a clipboard and asks them what their team number is. Any hesitation about answering will lead to the rest of the goons loosening weapons, and slapping truncheons suggestively into their meaty palms etc.

Eventually the PCs will have to admit that they don't know their team number, whereupon the goons will be speechless with outrage and horror. Just as the PCs are sure that they are about to be horribly terminated, the leader of the Troopers inquires in a pleasant voice whether they have had any breakfast yet.

If the PCs lie, and say that they have already eaten, prove they haven't by consulting the Troubleshooters' canteen. Assign treason points and fines accordingly, and continue as if they had admitted their treasonous missing of a

HANDBOUT 3

Explain, via Nast-I, that some extra security is needed for transporting the cloneday synthicake (don't forget the required round of applause) across Alpha Complex. Various traitors might have got wind of the plan and try to spoil the suprise.

'...and we wouldn't want that would we?'

James-B-OND is here to brief the PCs on disguise, and to hand out their disguise kits. Unfortunately, James-B-OND has forgotten the disguise kits. Give the PCs a hard time with B-OND as he inspects hair, ears, nostrils etc as part of his advice on disguise, and then allow them to terminate him on Nast-I's orders!

Nast-I will then tell the PCs that they had better report to Stan-B in R&D, the (in)famous inventor of the Alpha Complex Instant Disguise Kit: otherwise known as the 'ACID Kit'. An autocar is summoned by Nast-I, and instructed to take the PCs to R&D.

'As you travel along the tube, you can see the remains of various R&D labs on each side, some still smouldering. The driver of the autocar seems to be getting slightly nervous, and looks as if he'd prefer a trip Outside to a free tour of R&D.'

Wise PCs will execute this malcontent *after* he has driven them to the R&D Information Desk. The clone in charge directs them to Stan-B's lab...

'It's the one that just exploded - you can still see the smoke!'

When they arrive, Stan-B is emerging from his lab unscathed, though a mass of badly wounded technicians are being carried out by HARM personnel. He mistakes the players for the relief testing team, and will not listen to any alternative explanations as the explosion has rendered him totally deaf! Any balking on the part of the PCs will result in masses of R&D security teams being called to encourage them to co-operate, although they generally seem more afraid of their weapons than of the PCs.

The PCs are required to test various items of equipment:

J90 Intra-Brainial Information and Skill Feed
Pretend this device is a useful one! This multi-wired helmet will load up a clone's mind with any skill. Before the skill can be implanted, however, the skull needs to be shaved, and special platinum implants attached! Stan-B has it programmed with a martial arts skill, and testing means the PC must fight 5 Vulture Squadron Martial Arts Instructors.

However, while the device gives the necessary knowledge, it does not bestow any physical improvement. Any attempt to use the skill will result in horrendous muscle strains etc. Yuk, yuk. Draw this one out a bit, describe in gory detail just how the Vultures artistically dismember the PC with their bare hands, and feet!

PROP: A list of martial attacks and defences might be handy (feety?).

ET Transport Device

Several stages are seen in testing. Firstly, the PC has a lightbulb implanted in the end of his finger. Next he is introduced to his test device (fanfare, ceremony, dry-ice smoke), a bicycle. Just as he starts to relax, show him the second part of the equipment: a massive catapult! The PC is shot across the ceiling of Alpha Complex.

As he begins the long plummet down, Stan-B will instruct the PC (via a loud hailer) to press the bright red button on the handlebars. This will set off a pair of rockets, and the bike will accelerate to 7 Gee. The PC, however, will doubtless have forgotten to fasten his seatbelt ('Did I forget to mention the seatbelt? Oh, I am sorry!'), and be left behind! Impact is fatal.

Aquajet

This is an underwater jet device; sucking in water at one end and blowing it out the other at high speed, creating lots of thrust. Stan-B has a vast pool of water in which to test this device. Of course, the intake must be submerged for it to work, which means that the PC must be submerged! No oxygen means death!

Stan-B Rocket Booties (Mk 2)

Just don't ask about the Mk 1. The new versions are boots with attached rocket fuel dispensers, and a cigarette-lighter ignition system. The other technicians in the lab run for cover when they are brought out, but Stan-B will just carry on as if they were lumps of old wood!

Basically, when strapped on, the smallest movement will ignite the fuel, and the PC will find his legs on fire. Hopefully this will cause him to dive into the tank of water (see above), whereupon the boots will go off properly, sending the wearer zooming across the pool (see above for the consequences).

The Start Button

The PC is allowed the honour of pressing the start

button on the new Alpha Complex Power System, which uses the Earth's Core as its energy source.

After marching up a long tunnel the PC comes to a Big Red Button. As soon as it is depressed, the tunnel will rumble *very* loudly as molten lava begins to pour in. The PC can run just faster than the lava flow.

As he approaches the end of the tunnel, blast doors start closing...

'You slide through the first door, you slide through the second door, you even slide through the third door! But then you're trapped. The lava approaches - it burns your boots, it burns your legs, it burns your... it burns all of you!' No screaming please.

Anti-Heat Suit

Oh no! The new powerplant is out of control! Someone must wade through the lava to switch it off. But there is no need to worry, Stan-B has just come up with a new device: a tin-foil suit. Through a hole in the roof, the PC is dropped into the long tunnel.

Gosh! The suit works. Describe how the PC remains comfortable standing in white-hot lava. Then ask him if he remembered to put the helmet on! Death is almost instant as the PC's lungs fry in the super-heated air.

Once the inventions have been properly tested, let the new PC clones be rescued from going through it all again by Nast-I. Time is pressing, and use of the ACID-kit is mandatory - enforced by Nast-I's bodyguard!

PROP: Use make-up for the disguise kit. Yes, that's right! Make the players coat themselves in old bits of lipstick, eyeshadow etc. Have a camera ready! Oh, and don't forget the cleanser!

EPISODE 4: IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPER-R-ARY

PROP: WD 83 with 'Tipper' in it. What? Well you should have bought it.

For those of you who need further explanation, 'Tipper' was a fantastic piece of work written by Yours Truly, concerning methods and means of travelling around Alpha Complex, and the many and varied pitfalls that can trouble the aforementioned travellers. It should help take you from the lozy confines of R&D to your ultimate destination, where it's...

EPISODE 5: TIME TO PARTY!

'Gosh, isn't being a Troubleshooter fun? Just think, these clones of yours are the latest in a short line of successful citizens: the Computer says so, and the Computer is always right. Still, it would be nice to know what happened to your previous clones, wouldn't it. I'm a generous man - I'll tell you, OK? They're all dead - ha,ha!'

There you are, the six of you, recently arrived in Room 666 in HAP Sector. Room 666 is the Central Node Point of the Computer, the Ultimate Middle, the Absolute Nexus, the Big End. Just think, all the Computer's abilities and powers are based in this very room!

Gosh, how exciting, and how awesomely scary too. I mean, if some ghastly traitor was to plant a bomb in this room, and it went off, then the Computer would be no more!



AN



AV

Don't forget to indulge in a ghastly continental accent for Emulgi-U. A combination of French and Italian accents should serve as a good tasteless starting point.

Emulgi-U has many problems. All his waiters (and some of his chefs) have just been executed by the High Programmers due to a misunderstanding about the amount of synthimilk in *bouncy-bubble beverage*. As he is in deep schtuck, he will attempt to coerce the PCs into helping him through the current rush. This will give him time to finish making the synthecake have to take to the party. The PCs *will* have to act as waiters and chefs...

PC 1: Must load himself up with an impossible amount of dishes. Carry on loading him up until he drops it all over a High Programmer.

PROP: Get lots of paper plates, fill them with shaving foam, and load the hapless player up with the plates. Each time he drops one, pick it up and shove it in his face!

VITAL WARNING: Shaving Foam Stings! Eyes should be firmly shut.

PCs 2 & 3: Are both ordered by different high powered chefs to find a piece of Long Blue Fungi. There is only one piece left in the cupboard so they must fight over it. In the ensuing chaos, a pipe is fractured, and the kitchen begins to fill up with flowing Hot Fun!

After a few pitiful struggles Number 2 will be swept down a garbage chute, and be attacked

by a tentacled monster in the garbage room. Just before No.2 is drowned/eaten the monster suddenly leaves. The room crusher then comes on, and No.2 is just about to get squashed when the crusher is stopped. Guards let the poor citizen out, but promptly execute him for deserting his assigned post in the kitchen.

Meanwhile, Number 3 will be swept to a pantry and up towards the ceiling. Death by drowning is seconds away. But look! A grill provides a means of escape. Oh dear, the shaft beyond is too small. Gurgle, splutter, plug! Have a happy death.

PROP: Use a large water pistol to represent yuk flowing in.

PC 4: Must translate a menu from French to English, and will doubtless make lots of embarrassing mistakes. The High Programmers will draw weapons, and the hapless individual must continue at gunpoint. Just as the Eatery is about to be destroyed (see PC 6 below), the High Progs will say 'Thank-you, we'll have six *bouncy-bubble beverages*, and here's a tip of 1000CR'.

The Eatery will then be annihilated!!!

PROP: Quasi-french menu, (Handout 1).

PC 5: A customer has two little children who annoy No.5 amazingly.

They splash soup all over his uniform (parent complains of untidiness). They complain their food is cold when the plates are too hot to hold by far. Finally, they ask to see the sweet trolley (a small bot), push the waiter onto it, fix him in place with a few forks and knives, and scramble the bot's brains in a frantic moment of keyboard tapping.

The bot shoots out of the Eatery's doors, hurtles down the white corridor with Blue Troopers firing like mad, leaps off a high walkway to miraculously land on a narrow ledge, goes back the way it came, down the white corridor, back into the Eatery, and ends up at the table. The kids shout how funny the waiter is, the parent smiles benevolently. Then the Eatery blows up (see PC 6 below).

PC 6: Has to help two infrareds load crates marked 'DANGER - HIGH EXPLOSIVE' into the room where Emulgi-U is baking the cake. His signature is required on a delivery order. Nothing could be more simple, right? (WRONG!)

PROP: One delivery note (Handout 2), and a *large* cardboard box filled with plastic packing chips or similar.

Give the player the box, and tell him it cannot be put down. Then give him the delivery note. He must sign the note one-handed, while the delivery man (ie you) does, his best to ensure that the box is dropped. When (not if) it is, the explosives go off... Dump the box on the player's head covering him and the area in foam chips!

All new clones, back into the kitchen to collect the cake!

NOTE: This scene, as several below, should be played by the 'You-You-You' method. Go round the table, and give each player a chance to do just one action before moving to the next player. The deaths of the PCs, destruction of the Eatery etc, should thus all coincide.

EPISODE 3: GOING UNDERGROUND WITH STAN-B FROM R&D

It's time to transport the cake across Alpha Complex to HAP Sector. Emulgi-U very delicately hands the cake over to the PCs, and just before they go, gets them to sign a small form...

PROP: Form 083-247-AB-00 (Handout 3), to be signed by all PCs.

Obviously, any PC capable of reading the small print is suffering from a traitorous defect. Basically it says that if the cake is lost or damaged, all the super-mega-powerful High Programmers will be just a tad annoyed. (Lucky PCs may die slowly.)

Anyway, onto the transportation problem. Let players squabble amongst themselves for a bit. And then...

'As you are trying to make up your minds, the door of the ante-chamber slides open, and in walks Nast-I, accompanied by the usual 5 Green Level Troopers plus James-B-OND-2, dressed in the familiar and dangerous uniform of Internal Security!!!' (eek!) 'What can the dreaded is want with you, innocent Troublshooters?'



AV

morning meal in the first place. The leader starts pulling something out of his backpack...

'You are hungry, aren't you?'

PROP: Cornflakes box (full), with a Fungiflakes sticker on it. Also, a notice which says Special Offer - Free Team Number with every pack. There should be, in fact, two numbers inside - different ones!

Hand the players the box.

'Quick, look in here. There's bound to be something useful in it. But you only have 20 seconds to find it before the briefing starts: starting from...5 seconds ago!'

Once the PCs have a number (any number), they can enter the room.

By the way, force them to munch a mouthful of dry corn...oops, Fungiflakes apiece. We wouldn't want brave Troubleshooters starting the day on an empty stomach now, would we!

EPISODE 1: BRIEFING

The large briefing room has a podium at one end, with a small, synthiwood bench in front of it. As you sit down, one Vulture Squadron Guard stands ominously behind each of you, still palm-slapping their truncheons with bone-crushing force.

The door to the room opens, and in walks briefing officer Nast-I. He walks over to the podium, and stands behind it. He is tall, imposing, hawk-like: with wire optical aids perched on the end of his nose.

PROP: Wire-rimmed glasses.

'Good morning citizens, I trust you slept well?'

Nast-I is the sort of briefing officer that good Troubleshooters have nightmares about. His sort will quite happily give out commendations with one hand, and shoot you with a laser in the other. Make Nast-I unpredictable in the extreme: be horribly nice to the PCs one moment, then scream and shout like an insane two-year old.

Continue with questions concerning the PCs' health, are they enjoying their new status, what they had for breakfast etc, and then demand their team number. When the PCs give one, Nast-I will glare wildly around the room for a few seconds, and then ask if that is all.

Should the PCs even hint at the existence of a second number, pounce on the fact, and explode into incomprehensible fury for a good five minutes. Mention subjects such as how greedy the PCs are, how they should be content with just one number, and how they are all fined 50CR for their impudence. (Nast-I is well-named!)

If any citizen notes that Part-I-HAT-4 should be conducting the briefing, Nast-I will explain that he is standing in for Part-I, who is 'in a meeting' and therefore unfortunately couldn't attend. He will be none too pleased at the interruption, but will be even more annoyed if nobody notices, and demand an explanation. Once all this has been sorted out, Nast-I will change tack.

'Now then, loyal Troubleshooters, I have something to say to you. The Computer is a malevolent traitor who deserves to be executed!'

The PCs should react appropriately. However, the thugs standing behind them will restrain them from doing any damage to Nast-I with a none-too-gentle tap on the head. If they don't (some players can be a bit slow at times), execute a few of them for failure to react to gross treason, and try again.

Nast-I will go on to explain that this was merely a test to prove their loyalty, and that the briefing room is temporarily proof against the Computer's monitoring facilities. This is because the mission the PCs are about to undertake is so secret that the Computer must know nothing about it! (Suspicious? Naah!)

As Nast-I explains, it is the Computer's cloneday soon, and that the High Programmers of Alpha Complex want to give the Computer something called a 'synthecake', (as is traditional in these circumstances). It is also traditional, Nast-I says, for loyal citizens to clap and cheer loudly whenever the word 'synthecake' is mentioned. Anyone not clapping and cheering loudly will have his or her hands and tongue removed!

Anyway, to continue. The chef commissioned to make the synthecake has been having a few problems, and the PCs are to report to him and get everything sorted out. Once the synthecake has been finished the PCs are to transport the thing to room 666 in HAP Sector, and guard it until it is time to 'cut the synthecake'.

'It is obvious, is it not, loyal citizens, that the purpose of the whole mission must not be revealed to the Computer, as this would spoil the surprise. And we wouldn't want to spoil the plans of every single High Programmer in Alpha Complex now, would we?'

Finally, Nast-I will order the PCs to report to Emulgi-O at the High Programmers' Eatery in 30 minutes. He finishes by asking them if anyone feels that they need more equipment. Any requests for additional items will be met with the appropriate answer (no). As the team leaves the room Nast-I will call to them:

'And hey! Lets be careful out there.'

EPISODE 2: HAUTE CUISINE (AND SOME WICKED WAITING)

After inquiring the way to the High Programmers' Eatery, you find yourselves standing at the end of a long white corridor leading to a door marked 'EATERY'. The door is about 100 yards away, and you can see a squad of Blue Level Troopers standing outside it.'

As this corridor is obviously meant only for ultraviolet citizens (the Troopers will prove this with their cone rifles), the PCs will have to find some way of communicating with the aforementioned Troopers in order to gain entrance. When they do, the Troopers will send them round to the lower security level entrance, 'just around the corner'.

The entrance is approximately 3 miles away down long, twisting, dark corridors! This will mean that the players are late for their meeting with Emulgi-U. The place is incredibly busy: vast crates of raw algae, yeasts and other desirable edibles come through one door, and are processed by an army of hot, sweating clones aided by the odd bot or two.

After preparation, the finished dishes are carefully taken over to a long table on which various numbers are inscribed. You can see that the food on the table is piling up rapidly, as no one appears to be taking it into the Eatery proper.

In the midst of this mayhem, one figure immediately catches the eye: he is taller than the average clone, wears a massive chef's hat, and shouts, moans and weeps in a strangely accented voice. He appears to be a trifle upset about something.

PROP: Chef's hat, chef's apron and fake meat cleaver (cardboard and tin foil works fine).



