

PARANOIA

MISSION BOOK: PROJECT INFINITE HOLE



WRITTEN BY

W.J. MACGUFFIN, JASON BRICK,
KEITH GARRETT, LARA TURNER
& STEPHEN WHITEHEAD

ORIGINAL PARANOIA DESIGN

DAN GELBER, GREG COSTIKYAN
& ERIC GOLDBERG

PARANOIA[®]

MISSION BOOK: PROJECT INFINITE HOLE

Mission Leader
W. J. MACGUFFIN

Written by
JASON BRICK, KEITH GARRETT, LARA TURNER AND
STEPHEN WHITEHEAD

Grand Overseer
GARETH HANRAHAN

WORD FONDLER
MATTHEW SPRANGE

Paranoia created by
DAN GELBER, GREG COSTIKYAN AND ERIC GOLDBERG

Graphic design and artwork by
Cassie Gregory, Amy Perrett and Morné Schaap

COVER ART
Cheyenne Wright

PROOFREADING: Charlotte Law

HEROES OF ALPHA COMPLEX: Heroes of Alpha Complex, Roger Howe,, Leigh Keegan, MacLaren North % Extent, Kevin Fritzke, Brian Davis, Oliver Lauenstein, Omer Raviv, Nozomi Oguma, Ron Dautzenberg, Jason Winstanley, Ian Newborn, Adam Longley, Steve Weaver, James Petts, James C Napier IV, Nathan Bowerbank, Eric Brooke, Kyle Jerviss, Michael Nason, Boyd Ridley Critz, Chris Kuivenhoven, Anthony Pirri, Robert Haubenstricker, John Weaver, Frank Forte, Matt Selter, Bradford Kobryn, Chris Mitchell, Lyle Hayhurst, Aaron M. Grayson, Rianna Preston, Joseph Yoblonski, Matthew D Rose, Aisling Jensen, Eric K Sigler, Jesse Butler, David Armand, Ken Smith, John F. Schank III, Adam Starkweather, Charles Reed, John J Senn, Tyler Beck, Jamie Law, Michael Salas, Chuck Barbee

GENTLEMAN TONE CZAR: Ken Rolston



THE CONTENTS OF THIS BOOK ARE CLASSIFIED ULTRAVIOLET
SERIOUSLY, PLAYERS WILL RUIN ALL THE FUN IF THEY READ THIS



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INTRODUCTION

WARNING

This book is for Ultraviolet clearance only and restricted to Gamemasters planning on running missions.

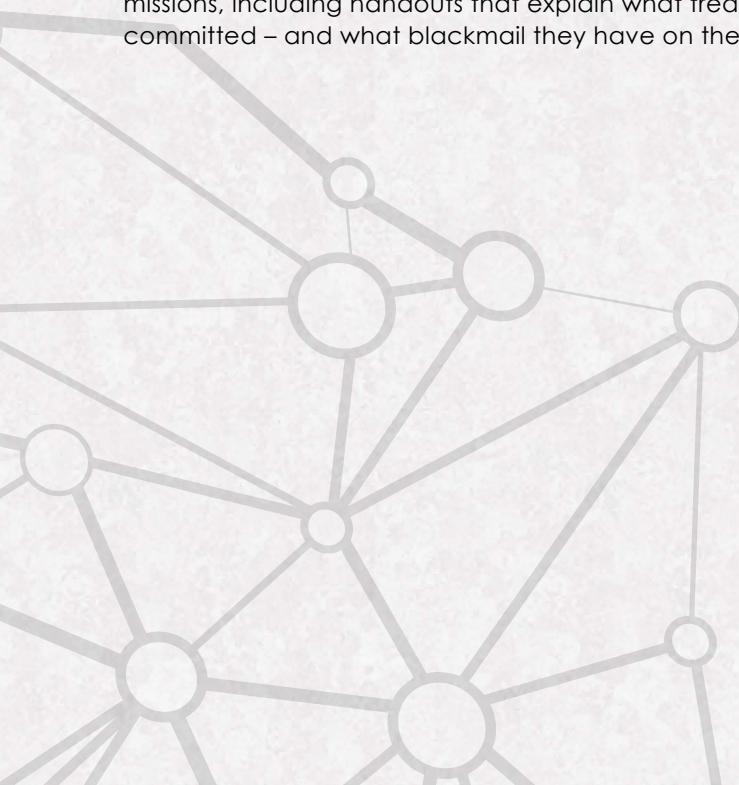
Hello Gamemasters! Welcome to *Mission Book: Project Infinite Hole*. Do not worry about subliminal messages, ink with added chemicals or hidden trojans that already locked down your hard drive the moment you opened the PDF. If there were any of that, you would already be impacted by reading this paragraph.

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Now that you understand how to use this perfectly safe book safely, here are the contents:

- **The Top 10 Best R&D Experiments So Far:** A listicle of some R&D projects that someone thought were good ideas. Each entry includes the project's purpose, what happened when R&D tried to run it and a three-act mission prompt for GMs who need to kickstart their creativity.
- **Being Volunteered:** In the past, many *Paranoia* missions had Troubleshooters visiting R&D as a standard part of every mission. Guess what this section brings back? Now, GMs can ensure Troubleshooters get an opportunity to help R&D every time they head out to defend Alpha Complex from terrorists, mutants and sometimes R&D experiments.
- **Project Infinite Hole:** Finally, the thing this whole box set was named after! You get two full missions based around an R&D experiment that threatens all of Alpha Complex (again). The Troubleshooters put this device through testing in *Filling an Infinite Hole*. Then they are tasked with destroying the evidence of a runaway black hole. GMs also get six pregenerated Troubleshooters specially designed for these two missions, including handouts that explain what treason each has committed – and what blackmail they have on their teammates.





TOP 10 BEST R&D EXPERIMENTS SO FAR

Research & Design is one of the most exciting service groups to work for – and one of the favourites of Troubleshooters (except for all the others, right loyal citizens?). Imagine going to work every day and just making things up! The blueprints, the resources and the loving eye of Friend Computer ready to pounce on anyone who wastes even a gram of precious resources all make this a great place to work (except for all the others, right loyal citizens?).

But things get even more amazing when they conduct experiments that strain the limits of knowledge, push back against physics and even more astounding hyperbole! Ever ready to tear open the envelope of What We Are Cleared To Know, R&D has done some incredible projects over the yearcycles in their quest to get rid of traitors once and for all! Oh, and to justify their resource expenditures with other service groups circling like hungry Infrareads after a three-shift work detail.

Presenting The Top 10 Best R&D Experiments – so far, that is. R&D and their friendly Troubleshooter helpers are always making more things to fight the War on Treason!

#10: Project SPIT Swap

Safety Services reports show that, for every five Troubleshooter deaths, between six and seven were caused by earlier deaths of critical mission personnel. In the heat of battle against terrorist and traitorous threats, the right skill set or mission duty designation at the right time can be the key to victory. If the clone with that skill set or duty is a smouldering pile of ash somewhere, defeat becomes a serious risk.

The Sapient Protocol In-Tooth Swap experiment was an ingenious, innovative and not that expensive attempt to remedy this. It allowed for the consciousness of one Troubleshooter to leave a damaged body and enter another through oral contact just prior to the moment of death.

Via the SPIT Swap experiment, Troubleshooters fitted with RedTooth technology could transmit full backups of their personality to one another by touching their front teeth for five to fifteen seconds. After multiple tests, the conductivity of bone tissue for Wi-Fi signals proved essential to proper connection. Their Coretech would handle the data transfer and the necessary programming would swap hosts. The team member with the most applicable knowledge, skills and clearances would survive while the more expendable Troubleshooter could gladly lay down their life for Alpha Complex.

/// WHAT HAPPENED

'When the terrorists detonated a dirty bomb in the reactor core, Bill-O-RLL began to move his body spasmodically and methodically, in rhythm with the pulsing of the irradiated matter. Bill-O cavorted over a safety rail, falling 15 metres to his death.

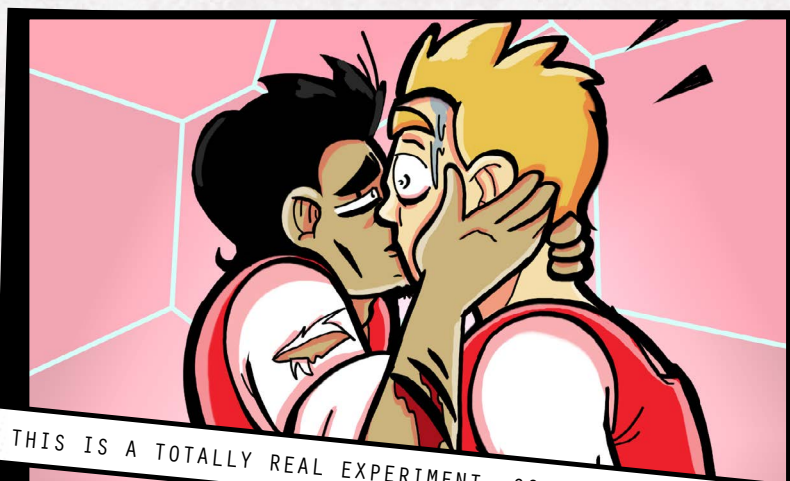
'Knowing we had only seconds to reach our mission leader, I ordered Carter-R-TRF to climb down and activate the SPIT Swap in its first activation under field conditions. Carter-R bravely descended five metres before one of the terrorists cut his rope using a flame scalpel.

Despite sustaining major injuries, Carter-R crawled to the body of Bill-O and locked lips with our mission leader. Seconds later, the voice of Bill-O spoke inspiring words I will never forget as long as I live: ~~Ow! My legs! My legs are broken! Ow!~~ 'Come on, you loyal Troubleshooters! Do you want to live forever?!' Our leader expired shortly thereafter from Carter-R's falling injuries but his inspiration lived on.' — Team Leader Niko-R-BTI

/// MISSION PROMPT

A Communist has stolen the SPIT Swap prototype and is using it to move their consciousness from clone-to-clone, hoping to climb the clearance scale until she can become Ultraviolet and wreak ultimate havoc through mandatory moustaches, a tractor in every dorm and the wholesale slaughter of everyone above Red clearance. The Troubleshooters must locate and trap her consciousness, no matter what colour jumpsuit she is wearing.

- **Act 1:** Assigned to guard a high-value cargo from a storage facility to a high-clearance dormitory, the Troubleshooters are arrested for possession of stolen cargo. During interrogation, they learn their Briefing Officer was temporarily SPIT swapped by the traitor. They are recruited to identify and capture this elusive consciousness and are fitted with SPIT swap modules themselves to assist in the mission.
- **Act 2:** The Troubleshooters pursue the body-hopping clone through a series of misadventures at escalating security clearances, thwarting one nefarious plot only to find their quarry has moved on. Both clones must be fitted with SPIT swap technology for the transfer to work but the Loyal Troubleshooters soon find it has been installed in secret throughout the sector. Tension mounts through close call after tight scrape until...
- **Act 3:** The Troubleshooters corner the traitor, now inhabiting the body of a Violet-clearance Sector Chief Operations Manager. Can they bring her to justice before her shockingly powerful personal security forces (all unaware) stop them?



#9: Operation Jaunt

Faster, cheaper and ostensibly less hazardous modes of transportation have long been a research priority for R&D. This prioritisation has led to previous triumphs ranging from the mighty SHADOW Mk. V, the Kinetic Trebuchet Transport, the Hydrotube Network and the short-lived but ahead of its time JumpyBot 2000.

The Jaunt promised to be the most advanced mode of transportation Alpha Complex had ever seen, capable of directly teleporting a clone from one place to another, instantaneously. It used a combination of macro-scale quantum entanglement, Montgomery Scott fields and just a dash of 'Well, the test subjects didn't die this time, leave that curly part in'.

Both large institutional versions and portable JauntPads allowed stable, theoretically safe teleportation. However, the sudden and mysterious disappearance of project coordinator Naomi-V-PRT scuttled the project before it saw large-scale testing (that, and someone replaced an Infrared toilet with a JauntPad connected to a Blue manager's office).

/// WHAT HAPPENED

'As a mandatory volunteer experience, our team was assigned to aid in laboratory testing the JauntPad Portable Unit Mk. 3J. Marin-R-XLT-2 was assigned to set up and use the JauntPad while the remaining team members, myself included, set up a field of simulated fire using our lasers, battlesporks and a handheld grenade launcher.

'All team members performed their roles perfectly when the starting buzzer sounded. When Marin-R reached the JauntPad under heavy fire and light sporking, she vanished at the exact moment of a HEAP grenade detonation. Once the smoke had cleared, she was nowhere to be found. The JauntPad was clearly a success! The remaining team members congratulated Friend Computer for this brilliant invention and continued on our mission. We later learned Marin-R had been permanently reassigned and had not vanished from existence as some of our more disloyal teammates had suspected.' — Loyalty Officer Kelly-R-ICH



MISSION PROMPT

An abandoned natural gas processing plant (now part of the Underplex) requires old technician April-B-BWP on site because gas has been leaking and might explode an entire sector, however the journey to the mission location is too dangerous to risk such a valuable citizen. The Troubleshooters are assigned to carry a new-and-improved version of JauntPads to the mission site, activate them and protect the Blue-clearance citizen until she can complete the repairs.

- **Act 1:** During mission briefing, the team is given a map, a set of very heavy, very bulky JauntPads and the position on a map where they must be set up JauntPads. However, the contents of the map are entirely blacked out to prevent Red Troubleshooters from committing treason by literacy. It is in the Underplex after all.
- **Act 2:** The Troubleshooters fight their way into the Underplex past Corpore Metal bots, environmental hazards and warring hordes of survivors to reach the nerve centre of the natural gas facility. Once in position, they must activate the JauntPads and defend their position without shooting lasers that would ignite the foul-smelling gas that is currently leaking everywhere. Once the pads are powered up, April-B teleports in without incident. Hooray! Moments afterwards, she collapses on the spot. Boo!
- **Act 3:** A pair of lumpy pieces of meat appear on the JauntPads: vital internal organs that, until recently, were inside April-B. Troubleshooters will have to decide whether to show up to debriefing with a dead Blue-clearance citizen or a missing one.

#8: Project Superbug

The Joyous & Healthy Nasal Discharge Event that swept through RID Sector caused thousands of Red and Infrared clearance citizens to exude a green fluid from their noses. Quarantine and investigation were rapid, comprehensive and only fatal in 36.7% of cases (when adjusted to make the number smaller). In the wake of this, R&D scientists discovered the crisis had been the work of tiny little traitors called 'germs'. These miniscule machines of mayhem were already well-known to both IntSec and R&D but the brilliant Kent-I-DUU was inspired to a new way to view them. He made them double-agents.

If a germ could cause green-coloured goop to drip from noses, he reasoned, might not a germ be programmed to create mental faculties and physical capacity at or even above that of the average Green-clearance citizen? It was a quest most worthy and Kent-I set upon it with all the massive resources at his disposal.

Superbugs Mk. I through LVI ran with different definitions of success. Some created short-lived super-clones. Others produced geniuses of a level almost, but not quite, that of Kent-I himself. One converted test subjects into a highly effective mirror cleanser still used in autocar manufacturing to this day. But by far, most were filled with a murderous rage towards anyone not infected.

/// WHAT HAPPENED

'Testing H1N8 was certainly the most interesting. It is not every daycycle you get to see the insides of your security detail in such colourful and graphic detail. The formula gave 50% of the test subjects incredible physical strength and aggression. What they did to the remaining test subjects made it impossible to gather useable data on H1N8's effects on them.'

'After the subjects spotted us, we ran for some time through the utility tunnels beneath our testing centre, losing teammates every few metres. H1N8's impact on sprint speed was as impressive as its other effects. As a bonus, I like my most recent clone even more than my last one. There was a clicking in my left elbow that is no longer there.'
— Team Leader Max-Y-LUI-4

MISSION PROMPT

The renowned genius Kent-I-DUU's compound has gone dark after testing Superbug H2N6. The Troubleshooters are sent in to investigate.

- **Act 1:** After receiving an initial briefing and a temporary brevet promotion to Blue clearance (so they can boss around the Ultraviolet's lowest-ranked staff), the Troubleshooters are transported to Kent-I's entry with some breaching charges and best wishes. Naturally, they are issued exceedingly complex, highly fragile and absurdly bulky containment suits to 'help' them with their mission.
- **Act 2:** The middle part is a classic zombie raid with plenty of jump scares and pitched battles against the horde of Kent-I's infected staff. Unfortunately, Friend Computer's diagnostics cannot tell the difference between a living citizen and an infected one, so Troubleshooters cannot kill the citizens trying to kill them.
- **Act 3:** Ultimately, the team breaches Kent-I's inner sanctum, finding him alive and uninfected. The Computer orders them to exfiltrate this high-value target alive and healthy. He is fussy and insists on bringing his entire collection of snowglobes. Why? Besides being very pretty, they hold actual virus samples. One might even cure the infected.

#7: The Drop-Spec Protocol

All equipment, devices, foodstuffs, vehicles, furniture, bots and clones in Alpha Complex are built to exacting specs in terms of pliability, elasticity, durability and tensile strength. The Drop-Spec Protocol is the engine driving much of those specifications; a vital laboratory environment where materials, new devices and old, and annoying citizens, are tested.

The Drop-Spec Protocol lab consists of an open platform in a deep shaft. The platform is raised to a specific height, then dropped. Red-clearance lab techs measure the damage, then the experiment is repeated from a height of one metre higher. This continues until the test subject is damaged too badly to be recognised.

Thanks to the tireless efforts of the Drop-Spec protocol team, R&D now knows exactly how many Newtons of force a Blue-clearance trauma plate can withstand, how fast a tacnuke shell must be moving to detonate on impact and how many Infrared drones it takes to fill a deep shaft.

/// WHAT HAPPENED

'When a team of Troubleshooters brought in a meowing, quadrupedal life form from the Outside, initial inquiries suggested it would be highly useful as a combat drone. Five of its six ends were heavily armed, giving hints of great potential as a military asset. But without knowing its specs, Armed Forces would never consider using it.'

'Drop-Spec tests in one-metre increments resulted in no damage to the new life form – it appears to have a mutation that allowed it to always land on its feet. This continued through 11 iterations. Just prior to the 12th iteration, it scratched the face off Team Leader Rachel-R-FSK and fled into the Underplex. No one wanted to go down there, so we labelled the creature as 'impervious to falling damage' and called it a success.' — Science Officer Miranda-O-MDR

MISSION PROMPT

A high-clearance citizen has lost an object on the testing floor of the Drop-Spec Protocol facility. The Troubleshooters must go in and retrieve it.

- **Act 1:** An uncomfortable briefing officer orders the team to enter the Drop-Spec Protocol shaft, find a metal briefcase, most likely still in the hand of a Yellow-clearance test subject (who treasonously would not climb back up), and bring it back to him. They are told this mission is top secret and cannot tell anybody at Drop-Spec about it.
- **Act 2:** The Troubleshooters sneak, bluff or bully their way onto the testing floor and begin their search through heaps of broken and/or shattered objects and clones. The floor is quite wide, with debris stacked many metres deep. Among the wreckage are clans of badly damaged bots, still-technically-living clones who accidentally fell in and sentient oozes who want to form a glee club. It is possible such groups have found the briefcase and are fighting over it/ studying it/forming a primitive religion based on its arrival.
- **Act 3:** Once the team finds the briefcase, they must get the R&D scientists to lower the drop-test platform to within reasonable climbing distance. This will be hard because R&D has learned not to let anything emerge from the shaft. Are the explosives being dropped part of an experiment or a desperate attempt to kill that which should not be alive? Yes.



#6: Project Efficient Clone

Recent research has begun investigating how much more efficient life in Alpha Complex could become if average citizens mastered everyday activities like brushing their teeth, tying their boots, spying on colleagues, drinking Hot Fun, snitching on friends, breathing and reporting their neighbour for suspected Mutant Powers. These experiments began by determining the most efficient series of motions for each activity or task. The next phase involved training several hundred test subjects in each activity, then returning survivors to their regular lives and measuring their overall efficiency against clones who had not received the training. Results show a marked decrease in [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] with a sharp [REDACTED] but a third phase should be able to adjust for sudden violence.

/// WHAT HAPPENED

'Test subjects were shown an instructional video on Toothbrushing Protocol 05.12.A as developed by Teela-O-MLY's hygiene crew. They were then inserted into Efficiency Box Learning Cells. Once the cells were fully electrified, each subject practiced brushing until they had completed 1,000 consecutive repetitions exactly to specifications.'

'As the study entered its third day, I had to request a noise-dampening Coretech app via my iBall. Those test subjects were absolutely screaming their enthusiasm for dental exploration.' — Combat Officer Andy-O-GAM

MISSION PROMPT

Troubleshooters are selected to calibrate the most efficient methods for physical, combative and Troubleshooter-y movements and tasks. They do this by running a live-fire obstacle course while wearing cumbersome recording devices.

- **Act 1:** The team is granted the awesome honour of assisting Melanie-G-VNO with the next phase of Project Efficient Clone. Each is strapped into a suit about as bulky as 40s-era deep diving gear and led to the testing site. The team is assigned a block of Typical Troubleshooter Tasks (TTTs). It is up to them to decide which TTT goes to which team member(s). Note: a TTT is very different from a TTTT (Tiresome Troubleshooter Termination Task).
- **Act 2:** Several sessions of running various obstacle courses put the Troubleshooters through their TTTs under lab conditions. Prior to each TTT test, the subject's team members are invited to provide helpful tips and advice to the testee, which the testee will be obliged to follow. During testing, Moxie is sucked away like an Infrared citizen with a box of Easy-Cheesy-Greasy-O's.
- **Act 3:** During the final run through the course, confused R&D scientists show up and explain angrily that the project's test is not supposed to start for another hour. Turns out Melanie-G is really a Free Enterprise agent running an illegal betting ring, making good money on whether the Troubleshooters will survive (odds of the Troubleshooters realising this not a real experiment are 29:1). After Friend Computer punishes the team for starting early, they are ordered to find and arrest Melanie-G.

#5: The Dual Skit Experiment

What is the Dual Skit Experiment? As the name clearly explains, it is the watching of two plays *simultaneously*. By observing minute differences between the two performances, researchers have had sudden epiphanies that led to some great innovations in Alpha Complex to date. For example:

- Walt-B-JGE, after watching twin performances of 'An Autocar Named Carl' under exacting laboratory conditions, noticed the two lead actors never walked in step with each other. His resulting Unison Boots became the standard footwear for Armed Forces until the unfortunate collapse of HUA Sector's Trans-Cooling Tower Pedestrian Bridge.
- [REDACTED] once [REDACTED] Teela-O-MLY for [REDACTED] daycycles, during which she performed [REDACTED] times with the help of a stunt double, after which [REDACTED] devised his Theory of Clone Relativity, which proves all Clones are one family under the benevolent leadership of Friend Computer. This theory remains a core part of specialist training for Loyalty Officers complex-wide.
- In an innovative twist, Oren-Y-CAO watched two bands play the song 'Ultraviolets Are All Right By Me' simultaneously. He ran a mathematical analysis of the timing on each note and used the algorithms to fine-tune timing systems on over 10 types of tacnuke grenade.

Who knows when the next iteration of the Dual Skit experiment will be conducted or what amazing and unanticipated discoveries it will lead to? Other than Friend Computer. The Computer knows all.

/// WHAT HAPPENED

'You must realise that to understand the exquisite subtleties of the Dual Skit Experiment, one needs a minimum of eight years' experience and study with algebraic topology, string theory and method acting. To attempt explaining what took place would be like teaching a bowl of Cold Fun how to drive an autocar. Or at least that's what an HPD&MC director told my team.

'Did it work? Suffice to say, the myriad micro-differences between the two performances have given my team a huge leap forward in terms of unlocking the secrets of the universe. That will definitely come in handy the next time my team is ordered to guard some higher-clearance citizen.' — Team Leader Selena-Y-LLR

MISSION PROMPT

R&D legend Colm-G-QRI wants to perform a variant of the Dual Skit Experiment by running a live performance sequentially instead of in parallel and keeping test subjects unaware of what is happening. The Troubleshooters are courageously volunteered without their knowledge.

- **Act 1:** The Troubleshooters are given a mission to walk from Rashaun-O's Approved Beverage Depot in GGT Sector to the Hi-N-Tite Hygiene Station in NTN Sector. They are warned that many dangers and odd discoveries await them at every turn despite the route seeming relatively harmless.
- **Act 2:** Even in the earliest moments, something seems strange. Their route has been cleared of normal traffic and various bots, escaped criminals and weird holographic monsters keep jumping out and attacking them or asking them riddles in exchange for Cold Fun. As they reach NTN Sector, a gas that smells rather chloroform-y knocks them out. They wake to find themselves back at Rashaun-O's Approved Beverage Depot and told to get started already. During the second run, they notice everything happens as it had before; same bots and same criminals but no gas this time.
- **Act 3:** Upon reaching the Hygiene Station, the Troubleshooters are whisked into a rapid-fire debriefing that focuses on any difference between the two runs – and why they did not act exactly the same as the time before. The debriefing is conducted by three Indigo-clearance R&D bigwigs, each with their own theories that make absolutely no sense even if the team understood the mission. Any answer given by a Troubleshooter will be encouraged by one bigwig, while vehemently opposed by another.

#4: Morale-O-RAM-A!

Morale-boosting video entertainment is a key factor in the happiness of Alpha Complex citizens (and in preventing riots and looting). Celebrities like Teela-O-MLY and Lenny-R-JRK bring morale-boosting comedy, education, music and public executions to clones of every clearance, making Alpha Complex even more perfect every day.

The design team at UNG Sector's R&D realised the same concepts could be applied to mental conditioning for younger clones. What if programming could make citizens *permanently happy* before they reached Red clearance? Such improved morale would be a boon for every aspect of life in Alpha Complex and cut down on that rioting and looting even further.

Morale-O-RAM-A was so successful the iterative testing of Morale-O-RAM-B and Morale-O-RAM-C were cancelled. All resources went into producing over 1,000 episodes of the original and distributing the hypnotic, colourful, happiness¹-inducing program to Infrared barracks throughout nearby sectors. Production stopped because [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] indicated a troubling tendency toward [REDACTED] in Infrared citizens exposed to the program for over [REDACTED] hours.

¹Sometimes, happiness looks a lot like epilepsy.

/// WHAT HAPPENED

'The program is so successful test subjects will not stop watching it. Even as they became emaciated from lack of nourishment or semiconscious from sleep deprivation or dehydration, they remain fascinated by the show. They stare at the screen for as long as we are willing to keep it on and become observably upset when deprived of the programme. While the Morale-O-RAM-A programme continues to play, they show morale indicators at 130 to 140 percent above the norm. They won't stop smiling. Ever. Even in death, their wide-open eyes gaze glassily at the screen, set atop a perfect, unmoving smile.'

'Control groups not shown the video exhibit morale some 20%—30% percent below the norm. We hypothesise this is because they are aware Morale-O-RAM-A exists but not able to experience it.' – Director Hanna-G-UNG.

MISSION PROMPT

A Troubleshooter team on a routine delivery encounters a cell of fanatics devoted to this abandoned project, ruled by a mad scientist who has perfected the potential of Morale-O-RAM-U.

- **Act 1:** The team is sent on a mission to escort a team of scrubots into an abandoned hallway and barracks. The bots are to clean it up in preparation for Infrared clones arriving in what will be their new home. The Troubleshooters are along to keep the bots safe and report on progress. Creepy things begin happening as it becomes clear the clean-up squad is being watched – and not in the 'protect you from you' Alpha Complex surveillance way. Oddly dressed clones peer out from around corners then vanish before they can be pursued. Footsteps and whispers sound just at the edge of hearing. Through it all, continuous calls for progress reports reveal the area is officially empty of citizens so there cannot be any there ('Either this database is wrong or you are. What clearance are you, Troubleshooter?').
- **Act 2:** The Troubleshooters encounter a group of several dozen young clones in a vast auditorium. Some stare in rapt attention at a screen showing the madcap *Morale-O-RAM-U* programme, a refinement of *Morale-O-RAM-A* that allows deep and total conditioning rather than improved morale. This cult-like group attempts to force the team to watch with them. Those who stare too long become equally obsessed and obedient to their leader – until a helpful teammate puts a cauterised hole in their heads.
- **Act 3:** The briefing officer tells the Troubleshooters they must clear this area with extreme prejudice before hundreds of medicated Infrareds come looking for their beds. Moments after they have utterly disrupted the cult's operations, they receive an emergency dispatch from R&D; the cult is to be left undisturbed and the area made off-limits so the impact of *Morale-O-RAM-U* can be studied in depth, and a Blue-clearance team will be there within 10 minutes to assess all those programme watchers the Troubleshooters have been complaining about.



#3: Antatreason Development Process

New developments in treason-spotting surveillance have made it impossible to get away with terrorism, theft, smuggling, inappropriate giggling and nearly all other forms of treason against Alpha Complex and Friend Computer. For traitors, discovery is inevitable. Punishment is swift and certain.

The daring visionaries at ORW Sector's R&D wanted to improve on this (or at least spend enough budget to justify a bigger one next quarter). They described an Alpha Complex where no treason was ever discovered because treason never occurred in the first place.

They tapped the best minds in neurochemistry, psychology, neurology, pharmacology and accountancy. After years of development and fact-finding vacations, they released Antatreason. This daily dose could detect the advent of treasonous thoughts as they began to form in the hypothalamus and brainstem, immediately causing nausea, headaches and an unpleasant burning sensation. It would thus train the subject against even *thinking* treasonously, thus rendering actual treason impossible.

Early critics of the process were disappointed with what seemed undramatic observable results. R&D projects are supposed to glow, buzz, explode and denature proteins in colourful and moist ways. Those complaints were not without merit but it was the *potential* of Antatreason that makes it shine to this day. An Alpha Complex without the possibility, without even the very *thought* of treason... isn't that what all R&D clones everywhere are truly seeking, after all?

/// WHAT HAPPENED

'Although it was a promising idea, and the science was infallible, the Antatreason project met with a sudden and unanticipated end. After clinical testing, a large dose was introduced into the food vats of ORW Sector's Troubleshooter barracks. Within two hours, the entire population was vomiting uncontrollably. Some were unable even to reach a suitable container for their expulsions, creating an Ipecac-class hygiene emergency along with the troubling data.

'These results indicate Antatreason was flawed at a basic level. Obviously, The Computer's most trusted first line of defence could not all be harbouring treasonous thoughts. Indeed, further investigation determined the formula was the work of treasonous Mystic terrorists. The executions were swift and the project closed indefinitely.' — HPD&MC Documentary The Terrible Taste of Treason.

MISSION PROMPT

Unbeknownst to many, the lead researcher for the Antatreason project escaped. Eduardo-B-DDE has continued work on the drug in hiding, testing it by sneaking doses into food and beverage supplies throughout Alpha Complex. The Troubleshooters are sent to apprehend him – not terminate him.

- **Act 1:** After a short mission briefing, the team's first assignment is to use a combination of clues and interviews to locate this mad scientist. The most important clue is a map with each of his activities marked, forming a large circle around UIG Sector. The Troubleshooters search the sector for the fugitive researcher, encountering odd behaviour at every turn. The clones here have been deeply and subtly conditioned into absolute obedience by the mad genius' working drug. They are also nauseous all the time and ready to snap like a scrubot's fan belt.
- **Act 2:** Following a series of clues (or, for slower-on-the-uptake groups, an extended foot chase) brings the team face-to-face with Eduardo-B. A pitched battle ensues, where he releases various gas grenades full of all kinds of fun medications to the Troubleshooters (see *Acute Paranoia* for drug ideas). Eventually, the team will arrest the mad scientist and hear him ramble about 'Conrad's big plan'.
- **Act 3:** The Troubleshooters realise the mad researcher's activities have been at the behest of R&D Chief Conrad-V-HIL. The mind originally behind Anatreason but unable to avoid the executions, he still believes in its potential and blackmailed Eduardo-B into conducting illegal experiments. Eduardo-B quickly rats his boss out, leaving the Troubleshooters with the unenviable task of assaulting a Violet-clearance citizen's mansion. Which has many traps, guards and combots.

#2: Project Infrainfrainfrared

Although Alpha Complex is a place of abundance for all loyal citizens, maintaining that abundance requires energy. Alpha Complex, naturally, also has energy in abundance but more abundant energy would leave spare energy for making the other abundances more abundant. The Infrainfrainfrared Reactor experiment was an attempt to do exactly that. It was highly successful while it lasted.

Director Oscar-I-HHY knew that two particles colliding at near the speed of light would release a lot of energy. But to get even more energy, he would have millions of particles colliding at near C. His reports to The Computer showed an over-abundance of energy, saving precious resources and XP Points compared to traditional BrightHappyComplex-class nuclear reactors. Under 'Expected Casualties', Oscar-I typed, 'Did you see how much power this will generate?'.

/// WHAT HAPPENED

'Such a momentous trial run required the invitation of sector leadership including Morgan-U-RLB, Terry-V-LDC, Sam-V-AIK and all of my Indigo-clearance colleagues from the sector. Unfortunately, there was no room remaining in the grandstands for me and I was forced to view the experiment from behind heavy shielding with the lower-clearance members of my team.

'The experiment was a success, releasing some 238.5 quadrillion joules of energy in approximately 500 milliseconds. I was pleased my superiors' final moments were in witness of such a wonder of science and technology. Further refinement will be needed to get the Infrainfrainfrared Reactor to release that much energy at a useable pace.' — Director Oscar-I-HHY

MISSION PROMPT

A second trial of the Infrainfrainfrared Reactor project is in the works but requires exotic matter kept in magnetic containment. Its current location is inconvenient and the Troubleshooters are sent to get it.

- **Act 1:** The mission briefing seems straightforward enough. A group of Phreaks stole two high-value, secure storage cases from R&D and the Troubleshooters are sent to retrieve them from the traitors' hideout. Intel is abundant, detailed and accurate, so some parts of the briefing are unusual.
- **Act 2:** The Phreak hideout looks and feels a whole lot like a normal R&D headquarters for the next sector down the transtube. Resistance comes from standard guardbots and the Phreaks defending their lair look and act like Troubleshooters down to the internecine warfare. Oh, those wily terrorists! The two storage cases are found in a safe.
- **Act 3:** As the team heads back for debriefing, Friend Computer calls with an urgent mission redirection. It seems Phreak terrorists have just stormed an R&D lab and stolen two secure cases, and the team has to head there to investigate and look for clues to identify the thieves. Then Oscar-I calls to offer a huge XP Point bonus if they give him the cases. And then another Troubleshooter team arrives.

#1: Project NewU

The clone system was among the most important and effective innovations for efficiency throughout Alpha Complex. It allowed continuation of hazardous duties like Troubleshooting, heavy industry and washroom cleaning even after casualties, with institutional and situational knowledge kept intact. Further, it allowed massive expansion of the duties citizens could undertake by reducing the previously overblown impact of death and serious injury. In other words, bosses did not get arrested when their employees died on the job.

NewU technology was developed to create a similar paradigm shift. If successful, it would make the risk of death a mere temporary inconvenience, because death itself would no longer be a legitimate threat. No longer would Alpha Complex resources need be spent on growing and regrowing multiple clone bodies for each citizen. Instead, they could be grown – in real time and on demand – on site at the moment of death.

Resembling a Temporary Portable Sleeping Sack that zipped all the way up, each NewU bag contained a quart of nanobiological, programmable goo. A dead or dying citizen would be zipped inside, where the goo would match their DNA. Some minutes later, a new and healthy clone would emerge fit, ready for duty and only slightly damp.

/// WHAT HAPPENED

'Physically, the NewU bag was a triumph of technology. Even the most grievously wounded Troubleshooters would emerge from the prototypes with all of their wounds completely healed. In some cases, even their mouths, ears and nostrils had grown completely over, which was a positive with some Troubleshooters.

'Problems with the user experience necessitated changes to the project parameters, however. Citizens who underwent the NewU protocol were extremely motivated to avoid ever entering one again. This resulted in treasonous acts of cowardice and shirking of duty. Because the prototypes were heavily soundproofed, we have no way of knowing what the clones experienced while inside. But we have been assured those screaming noises were cries of joy.

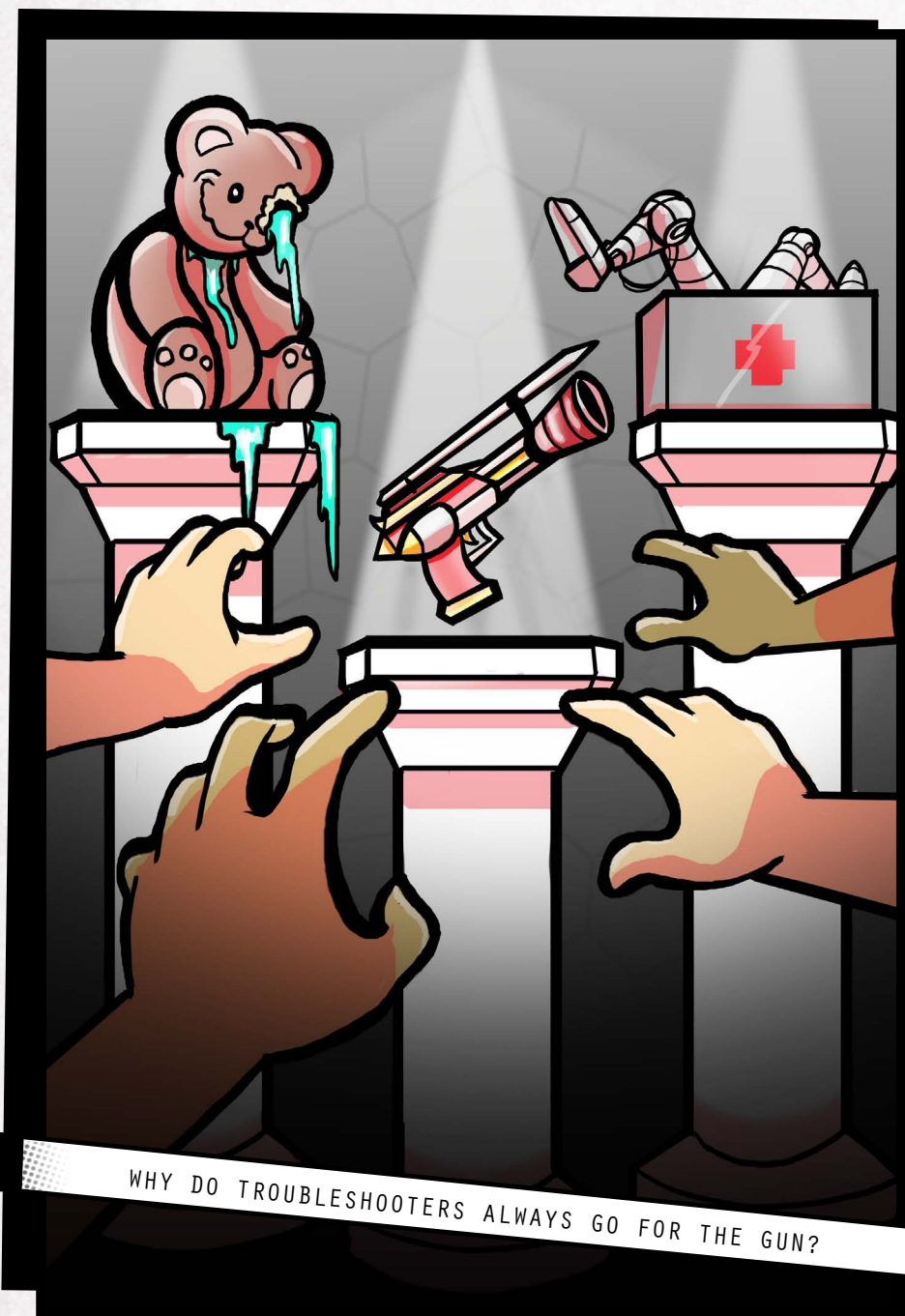
'The NewU bag has been discontinued from its initial use, although I understand IntSec's interrogation and information retrieval team has taken possession of all notes and files.' — Loyalty Officer Ken-O-VIN.



MISSION PROMPT

A string of grisly assaults leads a team of Troubleshooters into conflict with an unauthorised clone army and its evil genius leader.

- **Act 1:** An iBalls-only mission briefing instructs the Troubleshooters to report to a busy sector and investigate a series of attacks on random citizens that left each alive (kinda) but missing a limb. Initial interviews show the same pattern with each attack. The clone was zapped from behind with some kind of stun weapon, then an arm or leg was removed with a large scalpel.
- **Act 2:** As interviews continue, the Troubleshooters are attacked by able-bodied clones who look remarkably like the victims they just interviewed. Many are higher clearance than the Troubleshooters but they all scream that they are defending Alpha Complex from traitors like the Troubleshooters. Eventually, these people can be traced to the local food vats near the bottom of this sector. Once there, the team discovers it is a Communist cell's headquarters. Ivan-R-USK is their leader and he stole a NewU bag thinking it might be vodka (whatever that is). Now, he steals body parts to grow new clones. When they emerge disorientated and confused, Ivan-R tricks them into believing they are helping him fight traitors. Any Troubleshooter who got a Maimed result earlier in the mission gets to literally fight themselves.
- **Act 3:** As waves of 'loyal' citizens attack, the Troubleshooters spot Ivan-R carrying the NewU bag as he desperately runs along the catwalks over open food vats. Any attack means he drops the bag into the vat. Words cannot describe what climbs out of there but suffice to say it is a literal monster.



WHY DO TROUBLESHOOTERS ALWAYS GO FOR THE GUN?



BEING VOLUNTEERED

Did you know a trip to R&D was once mandatory for all missions just like briefings, debriefings and blaming Team Leaders for everything? Troubleshooters would always get experimental equipment and cause many unscheduled terminations and sector closings. Why did it go away?

It did not. Well, not really. As with soylent red, it was just recycled and made better.

The previous edition of *Paranoia* changed this to 'service services' where any service group (not just R&D) could assign a messed up, likely dangerous side job to Troubleshooter teams. That was lovely, as it opened up so many new ways for players to complain, backstab and blame dice for their own failures. While GMs can definitely re-introduce service services, this box set is all about R&D. Hence the return of the R&D trip to all missions! Well, all missions the GM wants, of course.

Why would The Computer give highly dangerous (and sometimes silly) experimental gear to Troubleshooters? Two reasons:

1. It believes (or at least the collated data fed to it by R&D directors) the gear in question will help the Troubleshooters succeed in their mission.
2. R&D claims to have reached the limit of internal testing and the product is ready for a field test.

Neither one has to be actually true, of course. In the end, The Computer assigns R&D gear because it is good fun to watch players try to figure out how to terminate other Troubleshooters with something that will just as likely terminate their own character.

Generally speaking, being volunteered for a trip to R&D does not change the standard mission. However, there are a few minor tweaks to the typical structure.

1: Briefing

How do Troubleshooters know they are testing anything? GMs should include it in the mission briefing.

After delivering the Troubleshooters' mission objectives, the Briefing Officer will joyously explain that the team has been volunteered to test some valuable, cutting-edge R&D experimental gear. Usually this will be a few lines of text read aloud, although sometimes videos, holograms, semaphore, Coretech pop-ups or messengerbots are used. Occasionally there is confetti. Or glitter.

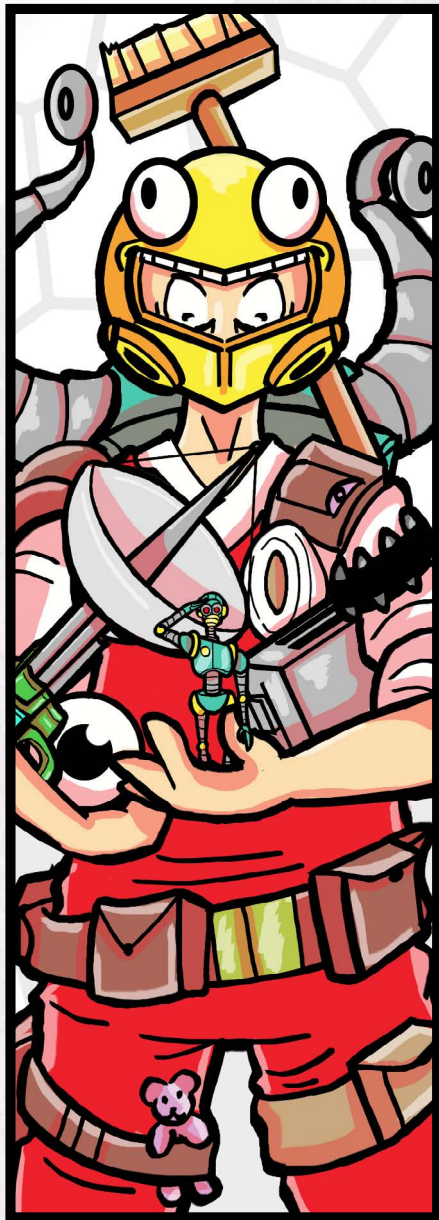
Since the Briefing Officer usually has no idea what equipment will be tested, asking for more information will cause recriminations and possibly corrective tattoos like, 'Asks Too Much!' on their foreheads. In other words, GMs should not explain anything yet.

2: Outfitting

Once the briefing is over, but before the mission begins, the team must locate their assigned R&D Testing Centre (see **page 50** in the *GM R&D Service Book* for a write-up of such a room). Players might assume they will be told where the testing centre can be found. Such naiveté is downright cute.

An R&D Testing Centre is home to valuable technology, so it makes sense that it would be hidden from the general population. That, and R&D teams often jealously horde even their smaller secrets, lest other R&D teams steal their ideas. Troubleshooters asking for its location will typically face the tried-and-true 'I'm sorry, that information is not available at your Security Clearance and your attempt to obtain classified information has been noted' gag.

Does this mean the ubiquitous yellow arrow in their field of vision is gone? It could if that would be fun but usually the arrow delivers the Troubleshooters to the general area and then throws a '403 Forbidden Error' in their eyes. The team must scramble to find the centre, which often leads to clearance violations, Secret Society meetings and similarly good times. But GMs should note that arriving at the Testing Centre is more fun than spending an hour looking for it. Troubleshooters cannot screw up equipment tests if they do not have equipment to test.



Good design is intuitive design. Thus, experimental equipment rarely comes with any kind of instructions. Besides, any input from the gear's designers can skew the test results. That means Troubleshooters often face one of two versions of training:

1. R&D staff say something along the lines of, 'Press this button to fire. The other buttons do not work so do not press them ever'. That is said because R&D wants to test what all the buttons do and knows Troubleshooters that well.
2. Nothing. They are lucky if the R&D staff even say the equipment's name.

Which should a GM use? If the GM wants assigned gear to be used in a particular way – such as making sure somebody tries the 'rapid fire' function on an experimental laser pistol – go with #1. Nothing ensures a player does something like telling them not to do it. If that does not matter, the GM should stick with #2.

3: Forms

Chain of custody is hugely important in the experimental gear testing process. Before taking possession of their assigned equipment, Troubleshooters will have to sign and tongueprint one, some or all of the following forms:

- Receipt of Experimental Equipment Form A/57988-b
- Experimental Equipment Post-Use Survey C/666-b
- Assumption of All Risk From Prototype Testing Affidavit

Because Friend Computer loves all *Paranoia* GMs, these forms are found at the end of this book ready to be printed or copied. Paper is generally the preferred format as it absorbs players' tears very well.

4: Mission

Exactly how, when and at what to test their assigned R&D gear is left to the individual Troubleshooter or their Team Leader (depending on who is not waiting for their clone replacement to arrive). Such freedom means responsibility and a Troubleshooter who chooses the wrong how, when or at what is liable for a negative result. The same goes for any collateral damage or citizens whose face now appears on the carton of SoyWhite Breakfast Broth Product.

The devices are often used under stressful circumstances with real lives and the success of real missions on the line. This is intentional, as stress-testing prototypes and their users makes it sound impressive to citizens in charge of R&D budgets.

Smart players will take notes through the game session so they can better explain the test results. Typical players will forget about that while trying to make other Troubleshooters explode. Neither will actually help, of course.

5: Debriefing

Once the mission is over and debriefing starts, the Briefing Officer will set aside a little time to ask how the device handled in the field (an R&D official will only be there if the team managed to piss one off earlier in the mission). Since the Briefing Officer will not know much about the experimental gear, he does not know what answers are bad. Therefore, the officer is highly suspicious and a tad bitter about each question and answer.

The key here is for the GM to ask questions that are related to the device but so open and vague that any answer can be wrong.

- How satisfied were you with your experimental equipment's performance?
- What would you change about your assigned device?
- If you had a chance to correct the device's designers, what would you say?
- Exactly how many terrorist plots did you defeat solely because of this experimental gear?

Then throw in the occasional completely unrelated question to keep the players on their toes.

- Could you have tested the device with your mouth?
- If a transbot leaves the station travelling 60kph while another on the same track goes 70kph, how many clone replacements would your device help arrive on time?
- What body part would you be happy to lose to make sure this device is approved for sale?
- Which is better, this device or a frosty can of B3? Why is the other one inferior?



PROJECT INFINITE HOLE

In this new Year 214 of The Computer, Alpha Complex is desperate for resources. That usually means long lines for toilet paper, repairing autocars until they are technically a new model and the phrase 'new & improved taste' meaning even more recycled paper pulp has been added to that Meat-ish Burger & Bun.

But scant resources also means scant power. It is not like citizens can use natural light in Alpha Complex and The Computer literally depends on a steady stream of electricity. A panopticon run by aging tech and overworked nuclear reactors uses a lot of power and there are only so many uranium deposits to be found deep below. That is why R&D has the permanent goal of finding new power sources.

After experimenting with zero-point energy (which went kaboom), geothermal energy (which melted AKN Sector) and wave energy (which just tired the arms of too many Infrared citizens), R&D was getting worried. Sure, their experiments fail more often than they succeed but if The Computer does not get its power, society might crumble. That, and imagine the bonuses and figurative power that comes with finally delivering on the project!



FALLING INTO INFINITY IS NOT PERMITTED.
PLEASE SURVIVE OR FACE TERMINATION.

That is the fertile but desperate soil where Project Infinite Hole first sprouted. Sort of.

R&D scientist Christof-G-MCV and his team were doing what they do best; running random but cheap experiments so they could funnel the budget to their own private XP Point accounts (and then ask for a bigger budget next quarter). Instead of diligently using a particle accelerator, accounting for Hawking radiation and tapping extra dimensions to develop a singularity, Christof-G's team grabbed things at random and flipped the switch to see what happened.

The result? An actual black hole the size of a funball. Oh, and the total destruction of the lab and everyone in it, including Christof-G. Failsafes did what they do in Alpha Complex – fail.

After some panicked moments, R&D managed to contain the singularity in a magnetic field that also kept it from evaporating as it spewed radiation. Now, the entire service group knows it exists. Teams responsible for power generation have guaranteed a safe method of extracting limitless energy from it. However, just about every R&D team is claiming they are the ones who can truly harness the black hole.

Because R&D directors are not dumb, they manufactured data showing this is Project Infinite Hole, a perfectly legal and totally pre-planned experiment run by Christof-G that was always looking to create a black hole and then explore how to use it.

Which leads to the two missions in this book.

- Filling an Infinite Hole: R&D groups are fighting over who gets the singularity, so Troubleshooters are called in to help run several tests to see how best to use a black hole. Will it be used for power, mutations, combat or manipulating time? It does not matter, as the Troubleshooters break the damned thing and the black hole slowly starts to grow bigger – by absorbing parts of Alpha Complex, including its citizens.
- Hot Box: R&D realises this is a very bad thing. Instead of trying to contain the singularity, they hire Troubleshooters to destroy evidence linking Christof-G (and R&D) to this problem. Meanwhile, the Infinite Hole continues to grow ever larger. Too bad for everyone in Alpha Complex.

A Campaign? Maybe?

Campaigns in *Paranoia* are hard to do because Troubleshooters die so often (which is completely their own fault, of course). That said, these missions are linked to form, not a campaign exactly, but at least a common narrative thread to build around missions.

Unlike other RPGs, players do not need the same character from mission-to-mission. That said, GMs can grant a fresh set of clones at the start of each mission to keep the characters from last time. Be sure to revisit **page 69** in the *Players Handbook* for how XP Points can be spent for character advancement.

But there is one very important thing for GMs to note: In these missions, no one will acknowledge that a black hole exists. This is how Alpha Complex works. When a problem gets this big, even 'send in Troubleshooters to blame Troubleshooters' does not work. Instead, everyone pretends there is nothing to see here. 'Oh, that thing? Haven't the foggiest idea what it is. But if there were an issue with it, I'm positive The Computer would have warned us by now. Have a nice day!'

As more higher-clearance citizens fight to keep people ignorant of the black hole, The Computer's data is affected. Eventually, it honestly believes there is no singularity slowly eating Alpha Complex. When the hoi polloi start complaining of a pesky event horizon taking away their jobs and dormitories, Friend Computer declares them traitors for being lying, alarmist terrorists bent on spreading fear and chaos.

No matter what evidence the Troubleshooters provide in these missions, The Computer will not accept that the Infinite Hole is real. Everything is fine. Just fine and dandy.



PLAYERS SOMETIMES ARGUE OVER WHEN TO SCHEDULE
THE NEXT PARANOIA GAME SESSION.



A SIX-PACK OF TROUBLESHOOTERS

For busy GMs and players, here are some pregenerated characters perfect for Filling an Infinite Hole. Each has been lovingly hand-crafted to give that traditional *Paranoia* experience of suspecting (and eventually hating) everyone and everything. They are all part of Team Derpa, a newly-formed Troubleshooter team.

All start on their first clone and, to encourage players to get all backstabby, each comes with a two memories: How that character committed treason recently (willingly or not) and what evidence they have of a teammate committing treason. This evidence can be used for blackmail but GMs should explain that any such evidence is a bit weak. Calling Friend Computer right now will probably not work – yet.

Can these Troubleshooters be used for the next mission, Hot Box? Definitely! In that mission, GMs will find a brief explanation of how to update the characters to better fit that mission (such as updating Secret Society missions and XP Points).

Mutations and Secret Society info can be found below these character sheets in secret notes the GM can give to players. Mandatory Bonus Duties should be assigned as normal and each character comes with one of the Equipment cards from the core box set. GMs should feel free to replace these with other cards from *Acute Paranoia* or this set but make sure they have something to play with.

ALPHA COMPLEX

IDENTITY
FORM



THIS FORM IS MANDATORY

/// PART ONE

CORE INFORMATION >>>

NAME: **LEROY** SECURITY CLEARANCE: **RED** HOME SECTOR: **PLT** CLONE#: **1**
GENDER: **MALE** PERSONALITY: **SERIOUS, FEARLESS, HATED (POPULAR)**

/// PART TWO

DEVELOPMENT >>>

TREASON STARS: XP POINTS: **250**

STATS >>>

VIOLENCE: **+2** CHUTZPAH: **+1** BRAINS: **0** MECHANICS: **+2**

/// PART THREE

SKILLS >>>

ATHLETICS	<input type="text"/>	SCIENCE	<input type="text"/>	BLUFF	-2	OPERATE	+4
GUNS	+2	PSYCHOLOGY	-1	CHARM	<input type="text"/>	ENGINEER	-4
MELEE	<input type="text"/>	BUREAUCRACY	<input type="text"/>	INTIMIDATE	+1	PROGRAM	+5
THROW	<input type="text"/>	ALPHA COMPLEX	-5	STEALTH	<input type="text"/>	DEMOLITIONS	-3

/// PART FOUR

WELLBEING >>>

MOXIE >>>

○○○○○○○○

WOUNDS >>>

HURT ☐ INJURED ☐ MAIMED ☐ DEAD ☐

MEMORY >>>

YOU HACKED A SHIPMENT MANIFEST TO DIRECT RESOURCES AWAY FROM SOME R&D LAB AND TO YOUR DORM SO YOU COULD FIX THE HVAC. YOU HAVE AN IBALL RECORDING OF ANNA-R-MBG THROWING R&D SUPPLY PACKAGES IN AN INCINERATOR.

/// PART FIVE

EQUIPMENT >>>

ELECTRO KNUCKLES

Troubleshooter Secret Notes

GMs should give these to individual players but confidentially (print and cut, copy and text, etc.). It is fine that everyone knows players are getting secret information, just keep that info secret so the player can mistakenly divulge something that ruins their character.

LEROY-R-PLT

Secret Society Card: Communists

Mutation Card: Electroshock

TREASON!

Leroy-R was tired of the working class suffering from a malfunctioning air conditioning in his dormitory in BFI Sector, so one frustrated night he tore open a panel and shot electricity into the unit. While it did make the room nice and chilly, it fried a nearby R&D server and ruined several drives' worth of experiment data. Still, no one saw you, right?

BLACKMAIL?

While heading to work in NNR Sector, you caught a glimpse of someone who looked a lot like Anna-R tossing small boxes labelled 'R&D Vital Supplies' into an incinerator. Your iBall recording is blurry and might not be enough to get her in trouble but you saved it in your Coretech anyway.

SECRET SOCIETY MISSION!

Preevyet, comrade! You are getting glorious mission to kickstart revolution to overthrow landlords and turn Alpha Complex into utopia for bourgeoisie. Or is it proletariat? Is often confusing which is which. Anyway, snitch in Troubleshooter HQ says Lucy-R is secret Free Enterprise capitalist pigdog, whatever 'pigdog' is. Go terminate traitor to the people! Also, always try to terminate upper clearance clones without getting caught. Reward shall be borscht-flavoured Hot Fun and ride on people's tractor!

ALPHA COMPLEX IDENTITY FORM



▶ THIS FORM IS MANDATORY

/// PART ONE

CORE INFORMATION >>>

NAME: SECURITY CLEARANCE: HOME SECTOR: CLONE#:
GENDER: PERSONALITY:

/// PART TWO

DEVELOPMENT >>>

TREASON STARS: XP POINTS:

STATS >>>

VIOLENCE: CHUTZPAH: BRAINS: MECHANICS:

/// PART THREE

SKILLS >>>

ATHLETICS	<input type="text"/>	SCIENCE	<input type="text" value="+5"/>	BLUFF	<input type="text"/>	OPERATE	<input type="text" value="-4"/>
GUNS	<input type="text" value="+2"/>	PSYCHOLOGY	<input type="text"/>	CHARM	<input type="text" value="+1"/>	ENGINEER	<input type="text"/>
MELEE	<input type="text" value="-3"/>	BUREAUCRACY	<input type="text" value="+4"/>	INTIMIDATE	<input type="text" value="-1"/>	PROGRAM	<input type="text" value="-5"/>
THROW	<input type="text" value="-2"/>	ALPHA COMPLEX	<input type="text" value="+3"/>	STEALTH	<input type="text"/>	DEMOLITIONS	<input type="text"/>

/// PART FOUR

WELLBEING >>>

MOXIE >>>

WOUNDS >>>

HURT INJURED MAIMED DEAD

MEMORY >>>

YOUR BOSS TOLD YOU TO THROW BOXES INTO AN INCINERATOR BUT LATER LEARNED THOSE WERE TO BE DELIVERED TO R&D. YOU HAVE AN AUDIO RECORDING OF GWEN-R PURPOSEFULLY DELETING TRANSBOT DATA AND BLAMING AN R&D TECH.

/// PART FIVE

EQUIPMENT >>>

GRAPPLE GUN

ANNA-R-MGB

Secret Society Card: Free Enterprise

Mutation Card: Corrode

TREASON!

Occasionally, your Free Enterprise boss has you 'launder' shipments of supplies through NNR Sector's R&D mailroom (despite them being full of bootleg Teela-O merchandise). But you had to toss the last treasonous shipment (in boxes labelled 'R&D Vital Supplies') in the incinerator before an IntSec raid. Hope no one saw that!

Blackmail?

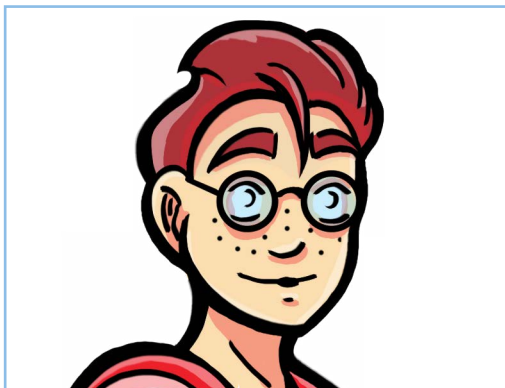
Last weekcycle, you were leaving work in LOD Sector when you passed a locked door. You heard whispering from inside, so you listened and recorded the audio in your Coretech. Someone was hurriedly deleting transbot data for some reason and they sounded a lot like Gwen-R but the recording is low quality. Is that enough?

SECRET SOCIETY MISSION!

Look, business is bad these days. IntSec is all over us, as you know all too well! So here are 10 lottery tickets. Trade (not sell for XP Points!) for valuable stuff and send that to your capo, capiche? Unload all 10 and we'll grant you some new gear to kill people with, got it? Oh, almost forgot. That Leroy-R guy? Yeah, he's a secret IntSec agent. Make sure he swims with the... well, whatever is in the... look, just kill the guy, got it?

ALPHA COMPLEX

IDENTITY
FORM



THIS FORM IS MANDATORY

/// PART ONE

CORE INFORMATION >>>

NAME: GWEN SECURITY CLEARANCE: RED HOME SECTOR: SHA CLONE#: 1
GENDER: MALE PERSONALITY: LOYAL, FRIENDLY, SUPERSTITIOUS (LOGICAL)

/// PART TWO

DEVELOPMENT >>>

TREASON STARS: XP POINTS: 250

STATS >>>

VIOLENCE: +1 CHUTZPAH: 2 BRAINS: +1 MECHANICS: +1

/// PART THREE

SKILLS >>>

ATHLETICS	<u>-4</u>	SCIENCE	<u>-5</u>	BLUFF	<u>+4</u>	OPERATE	<input type="text"/>
GUNS	<input type="text"/>	PSYCHOLOGY	<u>+3</u>	CHARM	<u>-1</u>	ENGINEER	<input type="text"/>
MELEE	<input type="text"/>	BUREAUCRACY	<u>-2</u>	INTIMIDATE	<input type="text"/>	PROGRAM	<u>+2</u>
THROW	<u>+1</u>	ALPHA COMPLEX	<u>-3</u>	STEALTH	<u>+5</u>	DEMOLITIONS	<input type="text"/>

/// PART FOUR

WELLBEING >>>

MOXIE >>>

○○○○○○○○

WOUNDS >>>

HURT ☐ INJURED ☐ MAIMED ☐ DEAD ☐

MEMORY >>>

YOU DELETED THE WRONG FILES AT WORK BUT BLAMED A NEARBY R&D TECH WHO WAS TERMINATED FOR IT. YOU HAVE A VIDEO RECORDING OF SUN-R MAKING CHANGES TO BLUEPRINTS WITHOUT PERMISSION.

/// PART FIVE

EQUIPMENT >>>

NEEDLER

GWEN-R-SHA

Secret Society Card: Phreaks

Mutation Card: Teleport

TREASON!

Last weekcycle, the Phreaks demanded you copy and delete some transbot records in LOD Sector. Probably to cover some meeting or whatever but you did it – only to be caught by an Orange R&D Lab Tech. You teleported out of there and quickly called The Computer to blame that tech for the deleted records. She got arrested. Did you get away with it?

BLACKMAIL!

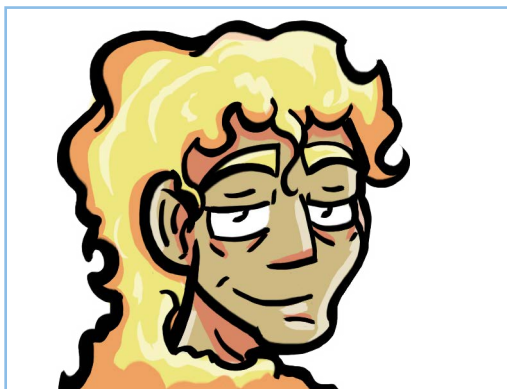
In order to meet quotas, many citizens bring work to the cafeteria. Days ago, you heard someone say, 'Oh vat!' and instinctively looked across the room. Someone looking a lot like Sun-R was wiping Hot Brown Drink off some large pieces of blue paper. They were too far away to get a good video recording but you have it in your Coretech just in case. Maybe you can use it against them?

SECRET SOCIETY MISSION!

You may be just a script kiddy but after that exfiltration on the transbot server, you're all right with us. That's why we're trusting you with a tough gig. If you get into R&D, download plans for any experiment you get involved with on this thumbdrive. And you know that Anna-R? We've got her emails and she's a damn FCCCPer. Computers should be hacked, not worshipped! Make sure she dies repeatedly, got it?

ALPHA COMPLEX

IDENTITY
FORM



THIS FORM IS MANDATORY

/// PART ONE

CORE INFORMATION >>>

NAME: SECURITY CLEARANCE: HOME SECTOR: CLONE#:
GENDER: PERSONALITY:

/// PART TWO

DEVELOPMENT >>>

TREASON STARS: XP POINTS:

STATS >>>

VIOLENCE: CHUTZPAH: BRAINS: MECHANICS:

/// PART THREE

SKILLS >>>

ATHLETICS	<input type="text" value="+4"/>	SCIENCE	<input type="text" value="+1"/>	BLUFF	<input type="text" value="-4"/>	OPERATE	<input type="text"/>
GUNS	<input type="text" value="+3"/>	PSYCHOLOGY	<input type="text" value="-3"/>	CHARM	<input type="text"/>	ENGINEER	<input type="text" value="-2"/>
MELEE	<input type="text"/>	BUREAUCRACY	<input type="text" value="+5"/>	INTIMIDATE	<input type="text"/>	PROGRAM	<input type="text" value="+2"/>
THROW	<input type="text"/>	ALPHA COMPLEX	<input type="text"/>	STEALTH	<input type="text" value="-5"/>	DEMOLITIONS	<input type="text" value="-1"/>

/// PART FOUR

WELLBEING >>>

MOXIE >>>

○○○○○○○○

WOUNDS >>>

HURT ☐ INJURED ☐ MAIMED ☐ DEAD ☐

MEMORY >>>

YOU SPILLED HOT BROWN DRINK ON BLUEPRINTS THAT LATER WERE USED INCORRECTLY, LEADING TO AN R&D LAB COLLAPSING. YOU HAVE AUDIO RECORDINGS OF DMITRI-R ACTING SURPRISED WHEN HE CUT POWER TO THE LOCAL R&D SUBSECTOR.

/// PART FIVE

EQUIPMENT >>>

GRENADE X3

SUN-R-LST

Secret Society Card: FCCCCP

Mutation Card: Pyrokinesis

TREASON!

Working as a blueprint checker isn't as glamorous as it appears on vidshows. You really just make sure maths adds up so a 10x10 metre room doesn't become a 100x1 metre room. But there's so much work to do that you must toil through your breaks. That's when you accidentally spilled B3 on some blueprints for an R&D lab. You cleaned it up but must have erased something important because that lab collapsed once full of R&D personnel. But no one has arrested you yet – are you in the clear?

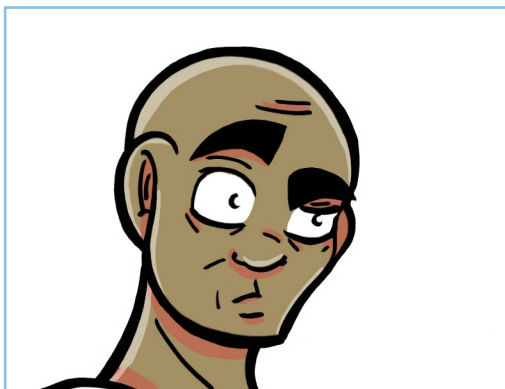
BLACKMAIL?

While walking home from work one day, you spotted a team working on some wiring in the hallway wall. You ignored them because they were Red clearance too but you noticed one guy looking a lot like Dmitri-R cut through a pipe labelled 'R&D Dedicated Power Lines'. Sure enough, the local R&D lab had a blackout. Your video is saved in your Coretech but you didn't get a good look at him. Will it be enough?

SECRET SOCIETY MISSION!

May The Computer be with you (and with those of higher clearance). False prophets are everywhere, my child. That is why your calling is to do what we say or spend eternity in Silicon Hell. Your orders are to obey higher clearance clones and support them whenever possible. Maybe one day, The Computer will grant you its blessings and promote you, too. In the meantime, my child, go forth and help anti-Computer sinner Gwen-R go to hell. Yes, that means kill her. Remember, hate the sin and really hate the sinner because they know better!

ALPHA COMPLEX IDENTITY FORM



THIS FORM IS MANDATORY

/// PART ONE

CORE INFORMATION >>>

NAME: DMITRI SECURITY CLEARANCE: RED HOME SECTOR: FPJ CLONE#: 1
GENDER: UNDECIDED PERSONALITY: MYSTERIOUS, VINDICTIVE, CHATTY (BROODING)

/// PART TWO

DEVELOPMENT >>>

TREASON STARS: XP POINTS: 250

STATS >>>

VIOLENCE: +2 CHUTZPAH: 1 BRAINS: 0 MECHANICS: +2

/// PART THREE

SKILLS >>>

ATHLETICS	<u>+3</u>	SCIENCE	<u>-1</u>	BLUFF	<input type="checkbox"/>	OPERATE	<input type="checkbox"/>
GUNS	<u>+1</u>	PSYCHOLOGY	<input type="checkbox"/>	CHARM	<input type="checkbox"/>	ENGINEER	<u>+4</u>
MELEE	<u>-3</u>	BUREAUCRACY	<u>-5</u>	INTIMIDATE	<u>-2</u>	PROGRAM	<u>+5</u>
THROW	<u>-4</u>	ALPHA COMPLEX	<input type="checkbox"/>	STEALTH	<u>+2</u>	DEMOLITIONS	<input type="checkbox"/>

/// PART FOUR

WELLBEING >>>

MOXIE >>>

○○○○○○○○○○

WOUNDS >>>

HURT ☐ INJURED ☐ MAIMED ☐ DEAD ☐

MEMORY >>>

YOU CUT THROUGH A MISLABELLED PIPE AND CUT POWER FOR AN ENTIRE R&D SUBSECTOR. YOU HAVE A VIDEO RECORDING OF LUCY-R SHOOTING AND KILLING AN R&D REGISTERED MUTANT IN THE BACK.

/// PART FIVE

EQUIPMENT >>>

MEDKIT X3

DMITRI-R-FPJ

Secret Society Card: Psion

Mutation Card: Levitation

TREASON!

Stupid HPD&MC and their stupid labels. They should label every pipe and conduit correctly but most Infrared workers cannot read. When you were told to cut the data lines in hallway PD-001-Infrared, you knew to actually cut the conduit named 'R&D Dedicated Power Lines' because that's really the data lines. Too bad the label was correct this time and you plunged an entire R&D lab into darkness for days.

BLACKMAIL?

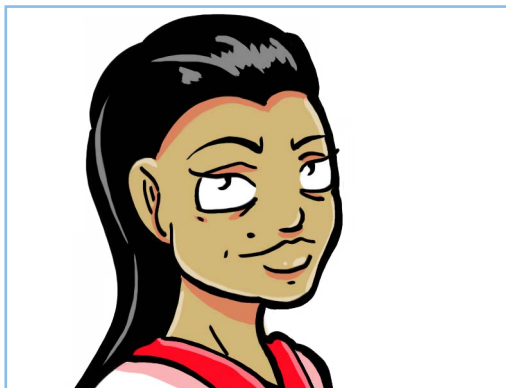
Nobody likes registered mutants (except you and your people) but it's still illegal to mess with them. When you carefully looked around that R&D lab in the blackout, you saw someone slam a pipe down on the head of an R&D registered mutant. They fell and never moved again. That someone looked a lot like Lucy-R but from a distance it's hard to say exactly. Could this be useful to you somehow?

SECRET SOCIETY MISSION!

We are Control, leaders of Psion – you will obey. Our precogs show you will be working with many secret mutants involved in R&D. Your mission is to discreetly identify these mutants and recruit them to Psion. Promise them anything you want – they will only receive what Control decides to give them. Also, you are to terminate Sun-R-LST as often as you can. Long-distance telepaths show they are members of Anti-Mutant and therefore are unworthy of continued existence. We are Control – you will obey.

ALPHA COMPLEX

IDENTITY
FORM



► THIS FORM IS MANDATORY

/// PART ONE

CORE INFORMATION >>>

NAME: SECURITY CLEARANCE: HOME SECTOR: CLONE#:
GENDER: PERSONALITY:

/// PART TWO

DEVELOPMENT >>>

TREASON STARS: XP POINTS:

STATS >>>

VIOLENCE: CHUTZPAH: BRAINS: MECHANICS:

/// PART THREE

SKILLS >>>

ATHLETICS	<input type="text" value="+3"/>	SCIENCE	<input type="text"/>	BLUFF	<input type="text"/>	OPERATE	<input type="text"/>
GUNS	<input type="text" value="+2"/>	PSYCHOLOGY	<input type="text" value="+1"/>	CHARM	<input type="text" value="+4"/>	ENGINEER	<input type="text" value="-4"/>
MELEE	<input type="text" value="-1"/>	BUREAUCRACY	<input type="text"/>	INTIMIDATE	<input type="text" value="-5"/>	PROGRAM	<input type="text"/>
THROW	<input type="text"/>	ALPHA COMPLEX	<input type="text" value="+5"/>	STEALTH	<input type="text" value="-2"/>	DEMOLITIONS	<input type="text" value="+3"/>

/// PART FOUR

WELLBEING >>>

MOXIE >>>

○○○○○○○○

WOUNDS >>>

HURT ☐ INJURED ☐ MAIMED ☐ DEAD ☐

MEMORY >>>

WHILE PRACTISING YOUR AIM, YOU ACCIDENTALLY SHOT AN R&D REGISTERED MUTANT AS HE WALKED INTO YOUR LINE OF FIRE. YOU HAVE AN AUDIO RECORDING OF LEROY-R GLEEFULLY STEALING R&D-BOUND RESOURCES TO IMPROVE HIS DORM.

/// PART FIVE

EQUIPMENT >>>

BODY ARMOUR

LUCY-R-WLE

Secret Society Card: Anti-Mutant
Mutation Card: Mental Blast

TREASON!

You absolutely love funball. It's a pure sport for pure citizens, free from mutant trickery and those disgusting registered mutants. Bah! So when you were practicing your swing with a pipe and accidentally killed an R&D registered mutant, you didn't worry about it. Your Anti-Mutant buddies even came to hide the body. No one saw you kill him, right?

BLACKMAIL?

While getting into bed late thanks to a triple-shift mandatory volunteer opportunity, you overheard someone cursing at the air conditioning. In the gloom, you barely made out someone shoot electricity from their hands into a panel. Sure, the air was finally cool but that was a Mutant Power! And that mutant looked a lot like Leroy-R, but the darkness made it hard to say for sure. Can you use this recording stored safely in your Coretech?

SECRET SOCIETY MISSION!

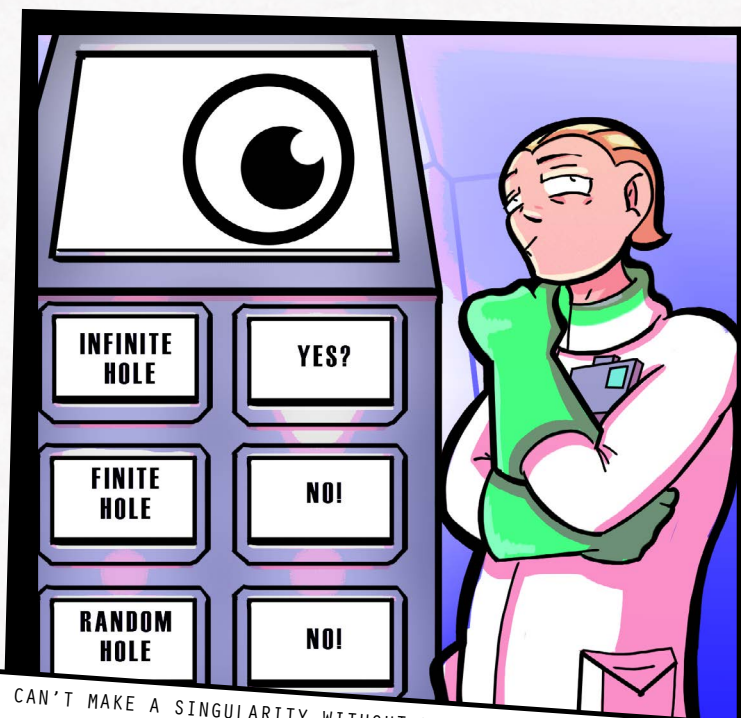
Yeah, I know you hate mutants but do you hate them enough? Time to prove your bonafides. We want video recordings of you executing at least three mutants (registered or not). Otherwise, we'll know your DNA is weak. Also, be sure to make some trouble for Dmitri-R. He's not Psion or anything but he seems to be all friendly with those Commie bastards. And by 'trouble', we mean kill him repeatedly. Go now, and cleanse Alpha Complex from mutants and their kind!

WARNING
CLEARANCE LEVEL ULTRAVIOLET

FILLING AN INFINITE HOLE

A PARANOIA MISSION BY KEITH GARRETT

For 2-6 Paranoia players and a Gamesmaster – that's you. If this is not you then you are still reading the wrong book.



YOU CAN'T MAKE A SINGULARITY WITHOUT BREAKING A FEW LAWS OF PHYSICS

In this mission, Troubleshooter Team Derpa gets to assist in R&D's exciting Project Infinite Hole by participating in an array of strenuous, physics-bending tests to ensure the black hole will be as suited to its important purpose as R&D management has promised The Computer that it will be.

Yes, a black hole. A small one, mind you. It is not actively destroying Alpha Complex and all that we know but, then again, the Troubleshooters have not arrived yet.

Mission Background

Right before the start of the mission, an R&D scientist named Christof-G-MCV accidentally created a small black hole. This was not the scientist's goal. He and his colleagues were basically messing around with physics, trying to find things to spend their funding on so they could get an increase next quarter, and POP, there's a singularity. After some minor loss of life (including Christof-G's previous clone), R&D project managers started the important work of frantically trying to justify their creation's existence.

Now a schism has developed within R&D about the best use for the singularity – and therefore, as they will tell The Computer, the reason it was created for all along. Four different factions have formed around the four least implausible justifications, each led by a different research manager. The managers are now scrambling to schedule some critical laboratory testing, which they hope will prove their own preferred application of the singularity is the best.

But Christof-G is nothing if not arrogant, so he plans on making sure his purpose for the singularity becomes the Official Purpose. After all, his plan is best because he is the best scientist in R&D. Just ask him.

An Infinite Hole

Because the central focus of this mission – the Infinite Hole itself – is featured in multiple sections, here are some details for ease of reference.

The Singularity

Looking like a hovering black ball one metre in diameter, the singularity is a miniature black hole that is capable of generating untold levels of power, destruction and death, if it were to be used shrewdly. It will not be used shrewdly.

The containment matrix generates a field of force that performs one important duty; it keeps the singularity held in place so it does not fall through the floor and gobble up matter until it reaches the core of the planet and destroys all life (thankfully, the matrix was outsourced to the lowest bidder, who then outsourced it to the bidder with the biggest bribe, who built it out of spare scrubot parts and pre-recycled electronics). If the containment matrix is moved, the singularity goes along with it, maintaining its relative position at the centre of the matrix.

A clone is only in danger from the singularity if a part of them passes the event horizon of the containment matrix, at which point the singularity's gravity takes hold, requiring Violence + Athletics to resist. Once any part of a clone's body passes into the singularity itself, nothing will stop the rest of their body from being pulled in (short of intentionally severing that body part). If the clone is unable to escape the pull of the singularity, it swallows them up completely and they are removed from play. Activate their next clone.

In this mission, the singularity will remain inside the containment matrix where it will ride along while shunted between different test areas (see **page 56** for more details on moving it). The GM should keep anyone from destroying the containment matrix, which can be pretty easily done by declaring any attack fails to beat its Defence rating.

Players know what a black hole is but would the Troubleshooters? Absolutely not. To simulate this, never call the singularity a singularity or black hole. Citizens started calling it the 'Infrared Oooo' because a) they did not know what name to use and b) 'Oooo' sounded safe enough to use without triggering Friend Computer's treason filters. This can lead to some fun player conversations:

- **Player 1:** So it's a black hole then?
- **Player 2:** Probably? This game is always finding ways to screw with us.
- **Player 1:** But that's the thing. Maybe it's not a black hole but something that looks like a black hole. Maybe the GM is messing with us, giving us something totally safe but that we assume is dangerous and she's laughing at us the whole time.
- **GM:** Would I ever do that to you?
- **Player 2:** Definitely not a black hole.
- **Player 1:** But what if it is? What if the GM knows we'd know about this plan to trick us so she swapped the safe black hole-looking thing for a real black hole and she's still laughing at us?
- **Player 2:** You're taking this *Paranoia* thing too far.
- **Player 1:** Fine, have your Troubleshooter touch it. I'll give you 300 XP Points.
- **Player 2:** ... No.

Look, we know this is not how a black hole works. Remember that *Paranoia* is not a game of hard science fiction. If you know enough about astrophysics to say, 'But what about the Hawking radiation?', try to stay calm and realise this is a game about people shooting other people with lasers in a society run by an insane AI. This game found scientific plausibility in an alley, mugged it and left it for dead.

Losing to the Singularity

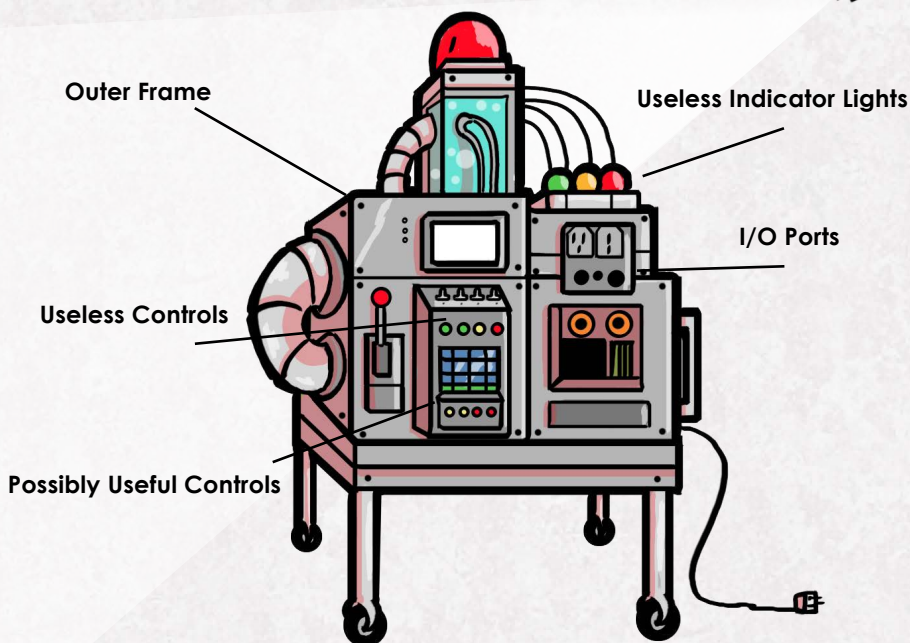
Most of the time, clones getting very close to the singularity will get sucked in and compressed to the size of a tardigrade. In case this becomes repetitious, here are some variant fates for characters who just do not get it:

1. Loss of armour or jumpsuit. (Hello fines!)
2. Loss of important gear. (Hello bigger fines!)
3. Rapid approach to the singularity causes the clone to 'redshift', causing all the clone's gear to drop one step in colour; yellow to orange, red to infrared and so on. (Not realistic but okay!)
4. A radiation burst from the singularity causes Cerebral Coretech glitches. (Hello questioning reality!)
5. The clone rapidly orbits the singularity, becoming Hurt or Injured after striking the containment matrix. (Hello dizziness and cancer!)
6. Just a flesh wound or loss of limb. (Hello docbot with cheap prosthetic limbs!)

Containment Matrix Components

Examining the containment matrix up close reveals the following details:

- **Outer Frame:** This square metal frame generates a field of magnetic force that keeps the singularity held in place at its centre.
- **Useless Indicator Lights:** These blink randomly and do not reflect anything going on in the singularity. They exist because an engineer found these in a box and decided they looked cool. They do.
- **Useless Controls:** A jumble of buttons, dials, toggles and touchpads that have no function. They were added to give people some sense of control before they die.
- **Possibly Useful Controls:** A jumble of buttons, dials, toggles and touchpads that MAY have a function if the GM wishes – for example, if it would be funny to let some of the Secret Society goals succeed.
- **I/O Ports:** Numerous openings for power cords, data chips, audio cables and anything else that someone might think to plug into a mysterious box.



Damage to the Containment Matrix

At various times in the mission, the containment matrix is bound to suffer a few blows or shots or explosions. Here are some things that can happen if the matrix is hit short of destroying it (roll or select them in order; the items are listed in ascending severity):

1. The instrument lights flicker randomly.
2. Alarms go off.
3. The gravity field fluctuates, repelling anyone or anything within five metres.
4. The gravity field fluctuates differently, attracting anyone or anything within 10 metres.
5. All gravity in the vicinity fluctuates, pulling some things toward the singularity, pushing others away and making a few collide with each other.
6. The singularity visibly pulses and grows larger by a centimetre or so.

However, GMs should consider using the best result; growing bigger. It would be great fun if the players see their actions causing the sucker to grow. They will extrapolate and realise their Troubleshooter could put Alpha Complex in jeopardy, then either avoid growth or encourage it depending on how much French Existentialism the player has read.

To visualise this expansion, place four dice together on the table and inform the players this represents the singularity's size. As Troubleshooters do Troubleshooter things and make it grow, add one dice to the pile. Keep doing this all game long. (Should this mean anything mechanically? Only if it makes the game better.)

The Oooo Transfer System

In order to facilitate moving the singularity from lab-to-lab during testing, R&D has repurposed an old network of transbot tubes, dubbing it the Oooo Transfer System (OTS). The OTS automates the singularity's movement through the transtube network. In practical terms, this means it will appear where we need it to without involving the Troubleshooters, who do not even have to enter the transbot tubes. The OTS is also a handy way to ship new clones to the testing labs after Troubleshooters die, if you worry about that sort of thing.

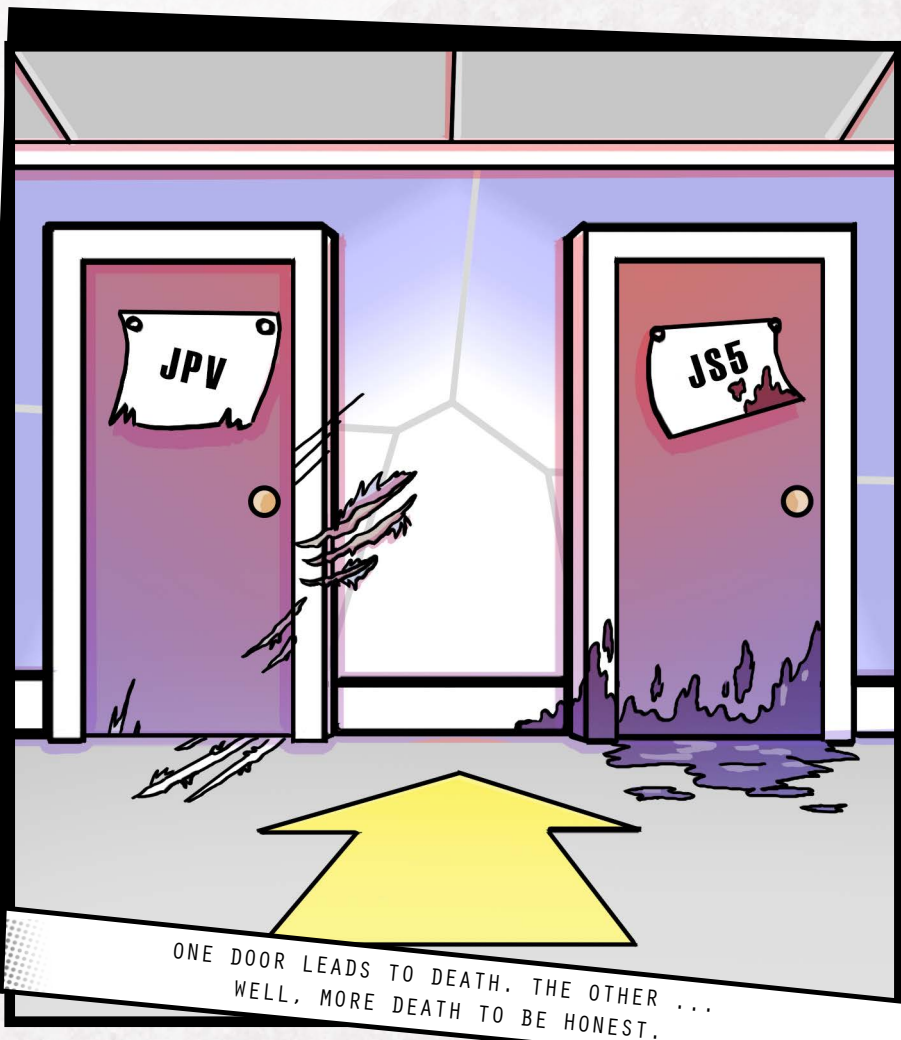
No one should enter the OTS network on foot, which means Troubleshooters will try to samba right into it. Despite realising this is one of those Very Bad Ideas, a variety of fates can befall them. The GM can invent one, choose from the following or roll randomly:

1. The clone steps on an electrified rail and is Hurt. He is also lost. Roll again.
2. Unbeknownst to R&D, some transbots still use these tubes. Splat. Activate a new clone.
3. A Secret Society is meeting in the tunnels and they do not appreciate being discovered. Roll Violence + Athletics to make it out alive, then roll again.
4. Mutated tunnel creatures attack. Roll Violence + Stealth to sneak past, or roll an attack to scare them off. If successful, roll again.
5. Lost. Roll Brains + Alpha Complex to avoid being lost in a Dead Zone forever. A new clone is activated partway through the next scene.
6. Found a shortcut! Arrive at the test location first and gain a Moxie point.

Preparing for Debriefing

The GM should consider maintaining a list of the items and clones that end up falling into the singularity – even if it is just a list of the most significant things the black hole eats. This will serve nicely as a list of things the Troubleshooters have to answer for ‘throwing into the Infinite Hole’ during debriefing.

If this feels like too much work, then simply lay it at the feet of the players when the need for a list arises, asking them for what they remember.



1: Jumper Pseudo Five

The Troubleshooters receive the following message via Cerebral Coretech:

Good morning, Troubleshooter! You are needed for an important, fulfilling assignment that will be fun, easy and mandatory! Follow the indicator in your Cerebral Coretech to Briefing Room Jumper Pseudo Five.

The glowing virtual arrow eventually leads the Troubleshooters to a long, long, long hallway filled with doors to briefing rooms. A sign leading into the hallway states 'Briefing Annex Jumper. Entry without authorisation is forbidden'. The arrow disappears from each clone's display when they step anywhere between two doors, one labelled 'JPV' and the other labelled 'JS5'.

Which is the correct briefing room? Does the 'V' stand for 'Five'? Does the 'S' stand for 'Pseudo', spelled phonetically? Let the players debate this, then decide which would be funniest.

When one or more Troubleshooters enter the room that the GM has decided is NOT the correct one, a large whirring turret descends from the ceiling and points at them. A metallic voice says 'Unauthorised entry! Exit immediately!' The Troubleshooter(s) gain a Treason Star and maybe some nice cauterised holes in the chest.

Troubleshooters who choose the other door proceed to the briefing without further incident. Once the Troubleshooters are all together in the correct briefing room, read aloud:

'Briefing room Jumper Pseudo Five contains a desk, a closed equipment cabinet and a Yellow-level briefing officer who is typing on a computer terminal. She looks up from her work and frowns. 'You lucky bastards. What an assignment you've landed. The geniuses in Research & Design have created something amazing and you get to help test it. I am so envious. Anyway, I'm your briefing officer, Delores-Y-OGD-1. Take a look at this...'

Delores-Y turns her display around so the Troubleshooters can see. A video plays, showing an R&D lab where a half-dozen researchers finker at different workbenches on strange-looking devices that seem to be at various stages of completion. Suddenly, you see a brief flash of light and then all the devices, the workbenches and several researchers weirdly stretch into a black sphere the size of a computer monitor. Nothing comes out.

'Isn't it beautiful?' Delores-Y says, smiling. 'They are calling it a...' She checks her notes. 'A Black, Safe Object of Unknown Composition or Be-Soe-Oooo-See. Hmm. I think they mean Infrared. Let's just call it the Infrared Oooo. And your luck is holding out! You will be reporting to the R&D labs in Sector TRK. Check in with Christof-G-MCV, the project manager. He needs help with a series of experiments in which he will test how well the Infrared Oooo fulfils the purpose for which it was created. You are to help him ensure that the phenomenon is as suited to its important purpose as The Computer confidently expects it to be.

'Since there are no questions, I will now assign you lucky clones some Mandatory Bonus Duties and distribute your mission equipment.'

Have Delores-Y give the team members whatever Mandatory Bonus Duties the GM thinks would be the most fun, chaotic or non-sensible. Then she provides them with some equipment.

Equipment

Delores-Y pushes a button on her desk and the cabinet against the wall slides open, revealing an array of equipment. She then hands out gear to the appropriate team members.

In addition to the Red jumpsuits they are already (presumably) wearing, each Troubleshooter gets a Red laser pistol and a clipboard with one sheet of paper and a red crayon. Delores-Y then hands out the team's Mandatory Bonus Duty gear:

- Team Leader: Megaphone
- Combat Officer: Laser tripwire
- Equipment Officer: Multi-adaptor
- Happiness Officer: Sedatives x3
- Loyalty Officer: UBT Hypersense Device
- Science Officer: Medkit x3

Once the briefing and assigning of equipment is complete, Delores-Y orders the Troubleshooters to report immediately to Sector TRK R&D, with an order to make The Computer proud. She seems genuinely sad that she cannot go with them. Their heads-up displays show a glowing yellow arrow pointing to their destination.

Secret Society Missions

Weird news travels fast and Secret Societies have learned about the singularity experiment as well. At some point after the briefing (or during, if you want to drop a note or an IM to a player and distract them from briefing details), each Troubleshooter's Secret Society makes contact with the important tasks they would like performed. Handle this in whatever way works best for you and each player (private chat, passed notes, IMs and so on).

If you are using the Team Derpa pregens, they already have a Secret Society mission. Otherwise, here are some missions GMs can assign.

- **ACLHRG:** We have heard speculation that the Infrared Oooo leads to Outside but we need confirmation. You'll need to plunge a clone's head into the singularity – but pull him back out so they can report on what they saw.
- **Anti-Mutant:** We suspect that this Infrared Oooo can boost the power of mutations in its vicinity – or even cause new mutations! Get us information about this phenomenon and deal with any mutants you discover. Also, wear this protective headgear to protect yourself from the m-rays.
- **Communists:** This Infrared Oooo is powerful but it is also black, which is not a strong colour. Use the control matrix to change it to red. If you aren't already skilled at programming, use this skill package.
- **Death Leopard:** An Infrared Oooo! That sounds SO metal! Get pictures of this thing from as close as you can. We need them if we're gonna make t-shirts.
- **FCCCP:** The Infrared Oooo is obviously a manifestation of the divine Computer Programmer. Enlist two other clones to pray to it with you and report back about how it answered your prayers.
- **Frankenstein Destroyers:** This heavily-redacted report we got hold of seems to imply that the Infrared Oooo will send out electro-magnetic waves if hit by a certain type of energy. I think you *know* how EM scrambles bot brains! Test out this theory by shooting the Infrared Oooo with each of these two laser pistols (in addition to your own Red laser): one Orange and one Green.
- **Free Enterprise:** This new Infrared Oooo product concept is outstanding. However, if we're going to steal the idea and mass produce it, we need to market test some product variations. Access the thing's command matrix and make some changes to the black hole's appearance. We need you to make it larger, then smaller and then change its colour to blue.

- **Illuminati:** Randomly reset the controls on the containment mechanism and leave this evidence somewhere that another Secret Society did it. (The evidence is a Communist pamphlet, a Free Enterprise receipt for 'clandestine services' and a red button that says 'Bots stink'.)
- **IntSec:** (Pick two other Troubleshooters on the team, which we will call Citizen One and Citizen Two.) Either Citizen One or Citizen Two is secretly a terrorist with plans to sabotage the Infrared Oooo. Monitor them and, if you find that either of them tries to sabotage the project, then sabotage their sabotage.
- **Mystics:** Attach this audio transmitter to the Infrared Oooo's control frame so we can meditate upon the sounds the phenomenon makes.
- **Phreaks:** This Infrared Oooo thing looks powerful and we need it. Plug this data drive into the Infrared Oooo transfer system and upload its data. This should reprogram the STS's navigation system so that it will come to us at a randomly determined time.
- **Psion:** We suspect that this Infrared Oooo can boost the power of mutations in its vicinity – or even cause new mutations! Find an opportunity to get as close to the Infrared Oooo as possible and then use your Mutant Power. Report back to us on whether your power seems amplified.

R&D Test Equipment

Despite this mission taking place in R&D, the Troubleshooters will still be offered some equipment to test that is not related to their current mission. Today, they will be given equipment from the R&D Happy Testing Catalogue, found in this exact boxed set! How convenient and unlikely!

The R&D equipment delivery happens after they reach R&D, when a friendly deliverybot trundles up and offers these items and insists on a tongueprint signature. The natural assumption would be that the Equipment Officer decides who gets these but other options include Team Leader assignment or first-come-first-serve.

1. The Grabber (*R&D Happy Testing Catalogue* page 45)
2. Kinetic Redirection Suit (*R&D Happy Testing Catalogue* page 6)
3. Pak-n-Sniff (*R&D Happy Testing Catalogue* page 38)

2: Generating Power

Read aloud when the Troubleshooters reach their assigned destination:

As soon as you enter the R&D hallways of Sector TRK, you notice the frantic increase in activity. Citizens of multiple clearances scurry back and forth carrying paperwork, odd devices and data pads, often while muttering to themselves or shouting at each other about 'holes' or 'impossibilities' or 'laws of physics'. Silent red alarm lights flash in every doorway.

Before the players can get into too much trouble, a very tall and thin Green-clearance researcher approaches them.

'At last, my Troubleshooters are here. No time to waste, we have to get to work quickly. I am Christof-G-MCV, the lead researcher in charge of Project Infinite Hole. Follow me to the lab and I'll show you the singularity I created.' He pauses, as if for applause.

Christof-G leads you deeper into R&D, ending at a laboratory divided into a small observation room with a wall of observation windows that look into the larger experimental chamber. Looking through the windows, it appears that the experimental chamber contains only two things; a square metal scaffold about a metre to a side and a transtube track that starts at the scaffold and leads out of the room through a dark tunnel.

Christof-G points to the scaffold. 'The object you see in the lab is a containment matrix for the phenomenon, or as the ignorant laymen here call it, the Infrared Oooo. See that black sphere hovering inside the matrix? That's my creation! Did I mention I created it? The containment matrix allows us to protect and control the phenomenon. I didn't create the containment matrix, but I think we'll all agree that creating the phenomenon is far, far more important. Do not touch anything on the containment matrix.'

'See the transtube track leading from the containment matrix and out that far wall? That is the unfortunately named Oooo Transfer System. The containment matrix will carry the phenomenon along the transtube network to wherever we need to send it for other testing. The OTS is pretty impressive, too, if we're looking for runners up to the most impressive thing relative to the phenomenon I created. Do not touch anything on the transfer system.'



CHRISTOF-G-MCV

/// SKILLS

SCIENCE:	+4
ENGINEER:	+2
DEMOLITIONS:	+2

/// HEALTH BOXES

CHRISTOF-G-MCV ● ● ● ●

/// NOTES

EXTRA PROUD OF HIS PERCEIVED ACCOMPLISHMENTS.
CERTAIN HE WILL MAKE IT INTO HISTORY BOOKS.



OTHER R&D RESEARCHERS

/// SKILLS

ATHLETICS:	-2
BUREAUCRACY:	+2
SCIENCE:	+1

/// HEALTH BOXES

OTHER R&D RESEARCHERS ● ● ●

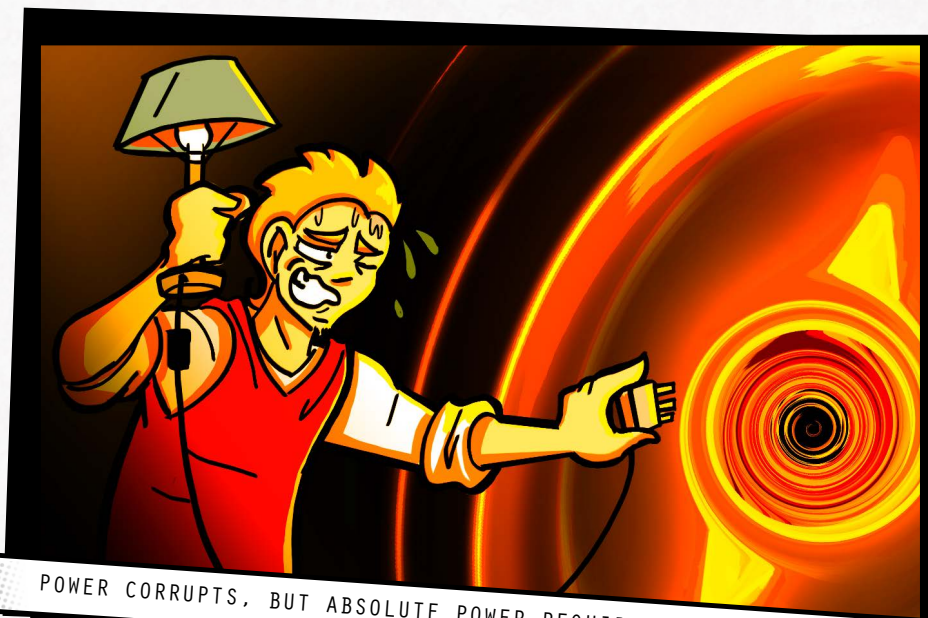
/// NOTES

A VARIETY OF SECURITY CLEARANCES BETWEEN RED
AND GREEN.

'Since the obvious purpose of Project Infinite Hole is power generation, you will now assist in calibrating and executing a power output test. First, I need a volunteer tester to go into the test chamber and use the containment matrix power cable to plug in the test object we will provide shortly. There's 25 XP Points in it for you and I can order you to do it. Have you any questions?'

Give the Troubleshooters the opportunity to decide amongst themselves who gets the lucky job – but if they do not come to a consensus quickly, Christof-G sighs and asks The Computer to add a Treason Star to each of the Troubleshooters present, repeating as necessary until they choose a sucker. Then he orders the other Troubleshooters to enter the test chamber also. The nearby R&D researchers nudge all the Troubleshooters through the door to the inner lab and then close and lock it as fast as they can.

Now that you are closer, you can see the containment matrix is lined with numerous buttons, knobs, switches and input/output ports. A power cable extends from one of the ports and runs along the floor for about 10 metres. At the centre of the matrix you see what looks like a black ball one metre in diameter floating in mid-air. It looks the same as it did in the video you saw during briefing.



POWER CORRUPTS, BUT ABSOLUTE POWER REQUIRES A 5-PRONG ADAPTOR.

Light Bulb Test

You hear Christof-G's voice through an intercom. You can still see him and the other Yellow, Green and Blue researchers through the observation windows. 'Good. So brave, obedient. Now, tester, plug one end of the cable into the containment matrix and the other into the object in Test Alcove 1.' A three-by-three metre section of wall slides open to reveal an alcove. Inside the alcove stands a pedestal, atop the of which is a lamp.

'Now, while the tester plugs in the lamp, I need the rest of you to write down any observations you feel are important during the test. Pay attention to your grammar and spelling – these documents may one day reside in the Museum of Alpha Complex Superior Boffins as part of the record of this momentous period when we shift to generating all our power from my phenomenon instead of, um, whatever we use now. Make sure you mention my name in your notes.'

Handing the players clipboards with blank paper, special notepads, index cards or anything else to represent the Troubleshooters' clipboards may increase the players' immersion – and encourage them to make entertaining observations.

After the test Troubleshooter plugs in the lamp, Christof-G throws a switch. The lamp turns on, then increases in brightness rapidly until its bulb shatters.

Some of the researchers in the window react excitedly while others seem to be arguing with each other. A small section of wall opens long enough for a scrubot to enter the room and the bot cleans up the broken light bulb pieces. 'Excellent,' Christof-G says. 'Um, exactly as I have predicted.'

Confession Booth Test

'Now, for the next phase, plug the singularity into Test Object Two.' A second section of wall slides open, the same size as the first. This alcove holds a familiar-looking rectangular structure. It is a confession booth where clones with guilty consciences can confess their treason and get rewards. Or punishments. Confession booths do not differentiate between the two. *'Now we'll see if the Infrared Oooo can power a standard confession booth. Tester, go ahead and plug it up and step inside. There's a 50 XP Point bonus for completing this test and I can have you executed for any reason.'*

At this point the 'volunteered' Troubleshooter may well argue that a different test subject should perform the next test. Christof-G listens to such suggestions, asks the other Troubleshooters if they agree and why not, and goes along with whatever suggestion seems the most compelling.

If none of the Troubleshooters do as Christof-G instructs, Yellow R&D security guards enter the room to provide encouragement with skinnersticks. As soon as the confession booth is connected, it powers up with a loud rising hum and glows energetically. The thing is literally quivering with power. The lights on the booth's interior glow just as brightly, its computer monitor staring intently, its correction ports humming eagerly. As soon as a clone enters, the booth seals itself shut.

'Good', Christof-G says over the intercom. 'Now confess something into The Computer monitor.'

Here are a few ways this can go:

- Any confessions made in the booth cause some sort of overload due to the boosted levels of power the singularity is providing. Possible results include permanent hearing loss (due to reprimand at maximum volume), brain damage (due to hyperactive brainscrub), instant death (as the booth itself melts, explodes or rockets into space) or death by embarrassment (as the booth transmits the confession to everyone nearby, quite possibly embarrassing someone enough to cause the confessor's death).

- A weak confession prompts Christof-G to demand something more substantial. He encourages the other Troubleshooters to shout out suggestions. If the tester doesn't confess something that would at least earn a Treason Star, Christof-G threatens to report this noncompliance to The Computer – which earns the tester a Treason Star.
- A confession of serious magnitude earns whatever correction seems appropriate to the GM (from an XP Point reduction to Treason Stars to immediate termination).

A smart clone will try to walk the path of the least possible self-incrimination. Make sure this path is filled with sweat and tension.

Test Conclusion

At the conclusion of the tests – whatever the results – Christof-G speaks over the intercom again.

'Congratulations on your adequate work. The first round of testing is complete and you should be pleased that your names are now permanently associated with mine (in a much, much more minor way, of course). Follow the direction indicator in your Cerebral Coretech to the next test area. The Infrared Oooo will meet you there.' As if in confirmation, The Computer's voice makes an echoing announcement over the intercom as well. *'Attention Troubleshooter Team Derpa: Report to laboratory TRK-43. Attention containment matrix: Report to laboratory TRK-43.'*

At about the time the familiar yellow arrow appears in your heads up display, you see the containment matrix start to move. It slides along the transtube track and into the dark tunnel that leads out of the room. The sign next to the tunnel reads 'TRANSBOT TUBE NETWORK – DO NOT ENTER'. The lab doors that you entered through unlock themselves and this is the direction your Coretech arrows are pointing.

If any Troubleshooters enter the transtube network (which is not the route their heads-up display arrows are pointing to), refer to The Oooo Transfer System table on **page 56**.

3: Generating Mutant Power

The Troubleshooters' directional indicators bring them to the entrance of lab TRK-43 with a similar setup to the previous one; a small outer room with one set of double doors and observation windows connected to the lab where the containment matrix awaits.

The mixed-clearance research team seems surprised to see you. A Green researcher rushes over. 'The testing team! Oh, good, it worked! Come closer.' She clears her throat and begins reading from a note card. 'I am the project leader, Lyz-G-TRK-3. As you know, the purpose of Project Infinite Hole is to help control mutations. Dramatic pause. We are now going to prove how well the phenomenon does that. Smile to put testers at ease. Please enter the testing lab now. Extend a hand to the doorway.'

Entering the lab should happen much as before; R&D staff members (including Yellow guards) shove the entire team inside and lock the doors.

Before going any further, the GM should select one player and discreetly give them Handout #1 (found on **page 87**). Christof-G has eyes and ears everywhere, so when he heard Lyz-G declaring her head of Project Infinite Hole, his ego reacted faster than his discretion and he sent an encrypted, self-deleting message to the Coretech of that Troubleshooter. Christof-G will not reply to any Troubleshooters asking for more information. If a Troubleshooter obeys and sabotages the experiment, he will see his XP Point total increase by 100 when the test is officially over. The signed photo never appears.

Any complaints or confusion about the purpose of Project Infinite Hole are dismissed by anyone the Troubleshooters talk to. The official line is that the project's purpose is exactly what has been stated in this lab and that has never changed. Continued inquiry leads to mandated drug therapy, brainscrubs, re-education or reactor shielding duty assignments.



LYZ-G-TRK-3

/// SKILLS

SCIENCE:	+4
PSYCHOLOGY:	+2
CHARM:	-3

/// HEALTH BOXES

LYZ-G-TRK-3



/// NOTES

HAS THE MACHINE EMPATHY MUTANT POWER. OOOH, BOY.

Once the Troubleshooters are inside the lab, read aloud:

Lyz-G's voice crackles over the intercom. 'Encourage the disposable test subjects to get closer. Everyone step closer to the phenomenon. We need you to join hands in a circle around it. Go ahead, close in, do not be shy! Supervise the test subjects to make sure they obey, keeping hidden how you really feel about them.'

With a group of three or more Troubleshooters, there should be plenty of room to comfortably join hands around the containment matrix. If the group is smaller than that, Lyz-G orders them to make it happen somehow, motivating them with pep talks alternated with escalating threats. The good news for a smaller team is they get a better look at all those controls on the containment matrix.

When everyone has linked hands around the containment matrix, Lyz-G continues.

'Explain the test to the subjects so they feel respected. This test will prove that the Infrared Oooo can activate 'supercharged' Mutant Powers in citizens with suspicious DNA, as mathematically proven by the theoretical model I've been working on. Record the names of any subject looking worried or happy. Do not worry about that bit; you wouldn't understand. Nod thoughtfully to give the illusion that you are confident this will succeed.'

If any of the Troubleshooters are registered mutants, Lyz-G explains that she expects even more out of their Oooo-powered powers. In any event, she tells the non-registered clones that this test should trigger powerful mutations in anyone with treasonous DNA – and that there is happily a 4% chance that such mutations will be only temporary.

'The first clone to demonstrate signs of an especially powerful mutation will be rewarded with – pause for dramatic effect – 100 XP Points. The clones who do not – emphasise the not – demonstrate a mutation will be deemed uncooperative and will have to explain their noncompliance to Friend Computer. Nod and look friendly but firm. GO!'

Give the players some time to realise how hosed they are, then have Lyz-G start to turn the screws if nobody appears to be trying to use their theoretically non-existent Mutant Powers. She does not respond to questions about whether the Troubleshooters will be offered immunity to punishment for revealing Mutant Powers; instead, she begins reading possible incentives from her note cards. (*'If I do not see a mutation soon, we'll have to move you closer to the Infrared Oooo. Much closer. Make menacing eye contact and place one finger on the fire purge button.'*)

Does the singularity boost Mutant Powers or even create them? The GM has a number of exciting options here. Pick one, combine a few or use whatever else comes to mind.

- 1. Yes. Each Mutant Power use is treated as if the user spent two extra Moxie points. Or five. Or 100.**
- 2. Yes but each use of a Mutant Power drains an extra Moxie point (or two). Effects are normal.**
- 3. Sort of. It changes a clone's Mutant Power to something different. Give everyone who gets close to the singularity a second mutant power card. This might even happen every subsequent time a clone gets close to the singularity or at least until it stops being entertaining.**
- 4. No but enjoy watching the Troubleshooters try to squeeze more power out of themselves to prevent other consequences.**

When Lyz-G is satisfied that someone has activated a Mutant Power and that the singularity was responsible for it – or when she has sufficiently punished the Troubleshooters for their failure to do so – the test ends. If a Troubleshooter was successful in convincing Lyz-G of a boosted power, they receive the promised 100 XP Points.

The Computer's voice comes over the intercom:

'Attention Troubleshooters: Report to laboratory TRK-99. Attention containment matrix: Report to laboratory TRK-99.'

If anyone revealed a horribly treasonous Mutant Power like Machine Empathy, and it has not resulted in sufficient repercussions yet, The Computer adds another announcement ordering that citizen to the nearest termination booth.

Each Troubleshooter sees a yellow arrow appear in their heads-up display and the containment matrix trundles off into the transtube exit. The team is expected to report to the next test area at lab TRK-99.

4: Armour? Are You Kidding Me?

On the way to the next mission location, the Troubleshooters' HUD arrows waver and flicker and then disappear. Let the players deal with this for a minute, then the arrows return, pointing in a new direction. If asked, The Computer says there has been no change.

The arrow path leads to a dusty hallway in R&D. A door with 'TRK-99' crudely carved into it is next to a destroyed lab where something seems to have exploded inside it. Who goes in first?

This really is TRK-99. Technically, labs here stopped at #97. But this team refused to let architecture get in the way of progress, so they repurposed a storage room and labelled it 'TRK-98'. That exploded because R&D, so they used the supply room next door.

Inside, you spot 10 R&D researchers, mostly Green citizens, arguing as you arrive but they stop when they see you. One of them comes to meet you, dressed in a Green camouflage jumpsuit with helmet and darkened eye protection. 'I am Colleen-G-ELR-2, the lead researcher of Project Infinite Hole, but you will call me 'Colonel'. IS THAT CLEAR?'

Anything less than an enthusiastic affirmation results in a group of Yellow R&D security goons coming over to punch everyone in the stomach (this Hurts). Colleen-G continues.

'Good. Since the objective of this project is the creation of the ultimate combat device to defend Alpha Complex from its enemies, you are about to participate in the most glorious test possible; a live fire activity!' The other researchers applaud. 'So, which of you is the toughest?'

As the players argue, give Handout #1 page 85 to someone different and see if they take the bribe. As before, they will receive 100 XP Points at the experiment's conclusion if they sabotaged it somehow.

Let the Troubleshooters try to convince the 'Colonel' (actually just a researcher with a military fetish) which of them she should choose. The GM can make them roll for it (using Chutzpah + Bluff, for example, or rolling the lowest on Violence + Athletics if someone wants to prove they are not the toughest) or just select one based on the best (or funniest) argument. If necessary, Colleen-G will choose a Troubleshooter herself, perhaps selecting the one with the highest Violence. Then Colleen-G orders everyone into the lab.

The walls are covered in metal shelving all of which are empty. The transtube leading from the hole in the far wall to the centre of the room looks new, as do the metal racks holding gear near the entry door. At the centre of the room, the containment matrix is in its usual place.

The Colonel's voice booms over the intercom. 'Right, tough clone! See those straps on the containment matrix? Use those to strap the Infrared Oooo to your chest. We're about to test the effectiveness of something I like to call 'Oooo armour'. Meanwhile, the rest of you select a weapon from the equipment rack.'



COLLEEN-G-ELR-2, AKA 'THE COLONEL'

/// SKILLS

ATHLETICS:	+2
SCIENCE:	-2
INTIMIDATE:	+3

/// HEALTH BOXES

COLLEEN-G-ELR-2 ● ● ● ● ●

/// NOTES

GUNG-HO; ENJOYS SPEAKING IN MISQUOTED MILITARY LINGO.

Donning the containment matrix using the attached straps is tricky due to the gravitational pull that increases sharply in the vicinity of the singularity. Anyone trying to strap it on must roll Violence + Athletics at NODE —1. Failing this attempt can result in flinging the matrix away for self-preservation or taking an injury due to pulling a muscle to keep it away, or losing a limb, or actually being gobbled up by the black hole. While wearing the armour, a clone is at NODE —1 on all rolls due to the unwieldy bulk of the containment matrix.

An attacker trying to hit the wearer of the singularity armour must succeed against a Defence 4 or the attack passes harmlessly into the black hole. If the attack barely misses, perhaps it strikes the containment matrix – see the table for containment matrix damage in Damage to the Containment Matrix on **page 55**.

Here are the weapons available on the equipment rack. Each weapon is printed with a number, ranging from one to six, in ascending order (consider reducing this list to one for each Troubleshooter if there are fewer than six):

1. Paintball gun with 20 paintballs (with no indication of what colour they are)
2. Electro-knuckles
3. Sabre
4. One-metre length of chain
5. Foam grenade x3
6. Gauss rocket launcher with 2 rockets

'All right, you magnets, quit wasting time! Move, move, move! Line up in weapon number order behind that red line.' The line in question is painted on the floor about 10 metres from the containment matrix.

Give the Troubleshooters some time to interpret their orders and perhaps follow them before Colleen-G resumes.

'We are now going to see how well the armour protects its wearer from a variety of standard weapon attacks. Theoretically, the Oooo should capture and absorb all attacks. Let's find out. In order to properly motivate you, I will award 100 XP Points to the first attacker to strike the armour wearer. If no one does so, those Points go to the wearer instead. Wielder of weapon number one... attack!'

Have fun watching the Troubleshooters working their way through the weapons and attempting to strike their teammate. Here are some suggestions for staging the rest of this test:

- The first time someone strikes the containment matrix, Colleen-G shouts that the Troubleshooters should be careful with the integrity of the matrix so it doesn't fail and kill everyone.
- Consider having Colleen-G rotate the armour-wearing duties between Troubleshooters.
- The paintballs can be any colour that would be entertaining and they do not have to all be the same colour.
- Missed melee attacks might plunge the weapon right into the singularity, pulling the weapon into oblivion – as well as the attacker, if they fail a Violence + Athletics roll at NODE —1.
- Will a gauss rocket exploding nearby disrupt the containment matrix's functionality long enough for the singularity to escape? No, but the players should believe it could. In fact, any attacks that are lucky enough to hit the containment matrix can result in lights and alarms on the device going off for a while.

When the players have had enough fun shooting at their teammate, or have done a decent amount of damage to the lab and each other, The Computer's voice crackles over the intercom again:

'Attention Troubleshooters! Please report to laboratory TRK-1B2B3. Attention containment matrix: report to laboratory TRK-1B2B3.'

Your heads-up display arrow appears again to helpfully guide you to your next objective. Right when this happens, the Colonel and the other researchers in the observation area become agitated and silently yell at each other about something. The lab doors unlock with a CLUNK.

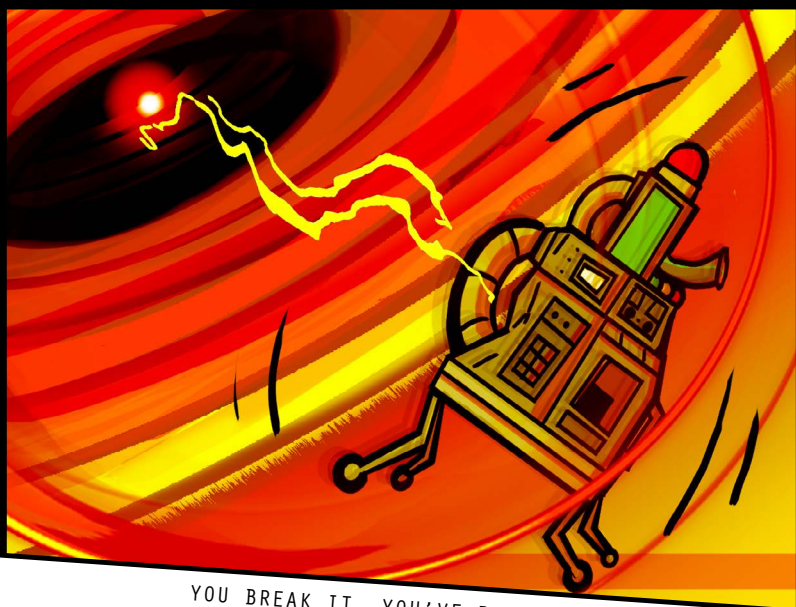
The containment matrix hums and is forcefully pulled to the ground by magnetic force. If the armour wearer does not detach from its straps (by rolling Violence + Athletics or Mechanics + Operate, for example), they are pulled along when the matrix drives into the transtube. Colleen-G awards the promised XP Points if anyone earned them then tells the Troubleshooters to 'move out'.

5: Abusing Time

When you arrive at Lab TRK-1B2B3, the researchers in the outer lab are arguing loudly about something. 'No one can seriously think it causes mutations! We're definitely the only ones who know what it's really for.' Then, 'Shhhh... here they are. Talk to them!' 'Hahaha, you talk to them!'

A few of them shove each other and then one stumbles forward. He adjusts his green glasses and his green bow tie while chuckling nervously. 'Hahaha, Troubleshooters, come on in. I am the project lead, Professor Timothy-G-DLL-5, and I'm in charge of Project Infinite Hole. We'd better get to the tests before... well, we'd just better hurry, hahaha. Step into the test chamber.'

This lab is considerably larger than other ones. The containment matrix and singularity sit at the centre and a transtube leads out of the room. If the containment matrix has experienced any weapons fire or other wear and tear, describe how it looks less sturdy than before, a bit worn down, possibly smoking a bit. One new addition to this lab is a large oval-shaped transbot track on the floor connected to the other tracks in the tunnel. The containment matrix sits at its centre.



YOU BREAK IT, YOU'VE BOUGHT IT.



TIMOTHY-G-DLL-5

/// SKILLS

SCIENCE:	+1
BUREAUCRACY:	+3
OPERATE:	+3

/// HEALTH BOXES

TIMOTHY-G-DLL-5



/// NOTES

BELIEVES ALL THE SCIENCE FICTION HE'S READ IS FACT.

At this point, discreetly give Handout #1 to all players. Christof-G is getting mighty tired of all these so-called project heads stealing his credit.

After all the Troubleshooters have entered the inner lab and the doors are sealed, Timothy-G continues.

'Since the purpose of Project Infinite Hole is time manipulation, hahaha, what we're going to do here is to prove that the Infrared Oooo is, in fact, a temporal-based Einstein-Rosen bridge with a non-causality axis that... uh, it's a time tunnel. You know, a tunnel. Through time.'

Pause briefly for Troubleshooters who wish to debate this or laugh at Timothy-G.

'Hahaha, do not worry, I'm no mad scientist,' he says, laughing for just a little too long. He holds up a few ancient-looking artefacts you think might be 'books', with titles such as Curved Spacetime Theory and Wormholes for Complete Prats and Harold the Time Car Goes Shopping. 'I've studied enough scientific literature to know this is a perfectly sane experiment, hahaha!'

Time Test 1: Dilation

A 'ding' sounds from somewhere and Timothy-G looks pleased. 'There they are. You're going to test whether the... hahaha, time tunnel produces what we officially call 'temporal displacement'. The scientific literature of old speaks of a theoretical time flow experiment using 'twins', which is an antiquated term for clones.'

A transbot arrives, coming to a stop at the far end of the room. A number of Red-clearance clones disembark, equal to the number of Troubleshooters in the mission. In fact, they are the Troubleshooters in the mission. Their next clone literally enters the scene – each equipped with only a Red laser pistol and a jumpsuit – and the transbot drives away.

In this scene the players get to control two clones each but not their own. Players still control their original character but the twin is played by the player to their right. Players should move the character sheet so both can read it (If a player does not want to play two characters, it is the GM's turn to shine). When either clone dies, a new one arrives so there are always two for each Troubleshooter during the first time test. And if a Troubleshooter was already on clone #6, they get #7 and a 200 XP Point fine.

Timothy-G continues lecturing:

'Hahaha, I have activated your next clone replacements to serve as your 'twins' in this experiment. We are going to prove that time travels at a different rate for a clone adjacent to the Infrared Oooo than one farther away. The theory says that one twin might age faster than the other, or that we might see one twin moving much faster, hahaha! Let's find out! For each clone pair, one of you will stand here by the windows and the other will get very, very close to the Oooo. Do so now, clone pairs! Choose which of you is going to be far away from the time tunnel and which is going to be intimately close! HAHAAHAHA oh sorry, that came out unhinged, didn't it? Hahaha, that's better.'

Give the players time to argue which clone goes where but if they do not figure it out soon, laser turrets drop from the ceiling to offer death-based encouragement and motivation.

'Good. Keep in mind there's a 50 XP Point bonus for the first clone to show evidence of ageing faster than his twin. Now – start ageing!'

During this test, Timothy-G fully expects one of each pair of 'twins' to age faster than the other and, thanks to his sketchy grasp of science, he will be happy with either one doing so. Perhaps that actually happens! Whether it does so is up to the GM but the assumption here is that it does not – or rather, that there is a temporal dilation effect but that it's not noticeable to clones with such a small black hole. Either way, Timothy-G will not be happy until he sees signs of clones ageing.

If the Troubleshooters have ideas about how to trick Timothy-G into thinking one clone has aged faster than his 'twin', it has a good chance of working; Timothy-G is strongly motivated to believe that his theoretical ideas (and justification for his budget) are correct. He might be deceived by makeup, or acting or even by a clone walking and talking verrrrrry slowwwwwlllllyyy near the singularity. Of course, the Troubleshooters might work to get each other hosed by arguing that such claims are bogus and, because players control each other's twin, some Troubleshooters will literally lose an argument against themselves.

If Timothy-G is presented with no signs that clones are ageing any faster, he becomes agitated. He insists that the clones near the time tunnel move even closer to it. He wonders aloud if it will require one twin to enter the Infrared Oooo for the effect to happen. When someone has faked some accelerated ageing, or Timothy-G becomes convinced that his theory is incorrect (or that enough clones have died for this bit), Timothy-G moves on to the next test. The transbot returns to take all extra clones back to their storage vats but they are not very happy about that idea.

Time Test 2: Travel to the Past

'Moving on. We will now prove the feasibility of travel into the past. First, I need one of you to insert this data stick into the I/O port of the containment matrix to set it for travel backwards in time, AHAHAHA cough cough.' Timothy-G nods to a Yellow assistant and a capsule drops into a pneumatic tube receptacle next to the entry doors with a THUNK! *'My careful theoretical model says that the optimal citizen to perform this task is...'*

Name a Troubleshooter for this duty based on whatever criteria makes sense, such as lowest clone number or which has been the least interesting. Let the chosen clone follow the data stick directions while Timothy-G continues his instructions. Do not forget to ask for that Violence + Athletics (NODE -1) check when the volunteer tries to insert the data stick.

'At some point in the near future, hahaha, I am going to send one or more – possibly all – of you into the time tunnel to come back in time to this very place, where you will leave some proof that you have travelled from the future. I'm not picky – you can leave the evidence anywhere in here that you like. The first Troubleshooter to demonstrate such evidence will earn a 100 XP Point award. Now... where is it?'

The Troubleshooters must now try to prove that one of them has come from the future, from an experiment that has not yet happened, and left evidence of doing so (having done so? Will to be having done so?). Simply having a new clone show up is not convincing – Timothy-G is not *that* crazy. But having a new clone show up wearing silvery metallic clothing and talking in 'future-speak' might do it! Too bad those extra clones were sent back to storage.

If no one has any ideas, Timothy-G does. He orders them all to climb into the singularity one at a time, pausing for long enough between each entry to wait for manifestations of visitors from the future. After the Troubleshooters have provided compelling evidence of time travel from the future, or each Troubleshooter has lost a clone to the 'time tunnel', something happens that triggers Timothy-G's third test.

Anyone who manufactured something to count as evidence will receive 100 XP Points.

Time Test 3: Travel to the Future

With a high-pitched whine, another transbot arrives at the transtube tunnel. Instead of stopping at the entrance, this one slows but proceeds into the room and comes to rest on the oval track surrounding the Infrared Oooo. It is a small passenger model designed to hold two citizens. The transbot is silver and boxy and features futuristic-looking gull-wing doors. No citizens are in it.

'HAHAhaha, cough cough, I think you're going to enjoy this one. Now we'll prove that the time tunnel can send you into the future. In the literature of time travel research, a 'time trial' involves a vehicle, which is why we've set up this test track.' Timothy-G points to the red track that circles the floor around the containment matrix holding the Infrared Oooo.

Ideally, Timothy-G wants two Troubleshooters to remotely control the transbot from the pedestal in this room (the 'drivers') and the rest to ride in or on the car (the 'riders'). Yes, two of them stay in the room while the rest are lucky enough to enjoy time travel. If not enough players are available for this, divide the Troubleshooters up as you like.

At a command from Timothy-G, a pedestal rises from the floor beside the transtube exit. 'I need two Troubleshooters to approach the control pedestal. Since you are skilled Troubleshooters, I won't insult you by explaining how a transbot remote control works, hahaha. That was real laughter by the way. The rest should get in or on the transbot and get ready to ride. In this experiment I expect to see the transbot – more properly dubbed a 'time car' – disappear into the future! Yes, there's a chance you will go so far into the future that everyone you know and love will be long dead – HAHAAHAHA the fools at the lab never believed my theories – but fear not! I've asked The Computer to deliver 200 bonus XP Points to you when you arrive.'

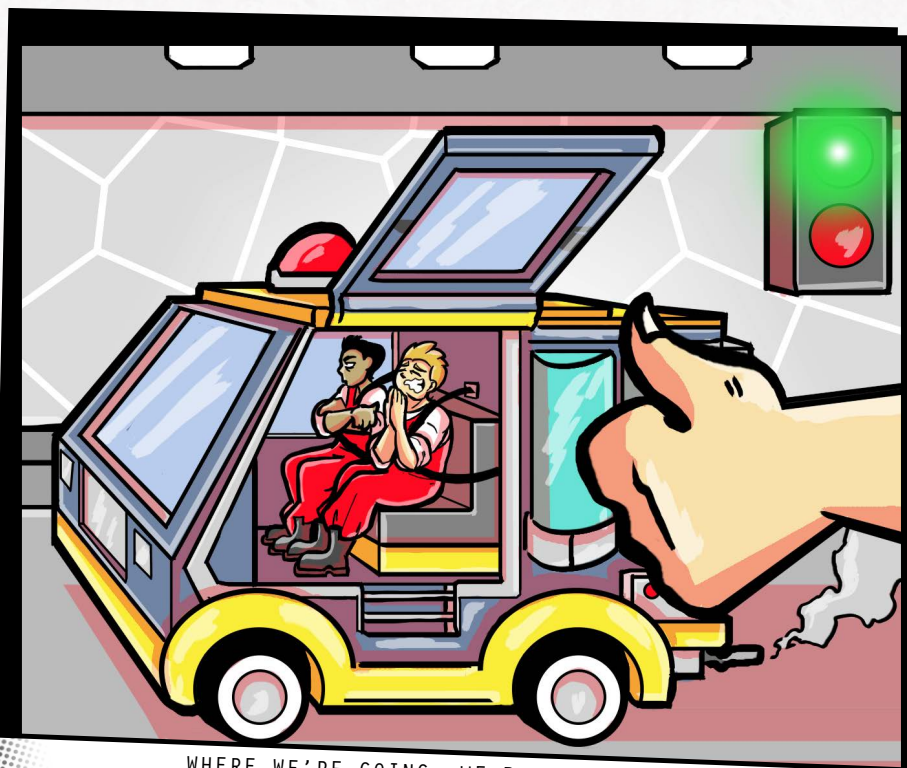
Control Pedestal: Designed for two operators, one set of controls is on one side of the pedestal and a second is on the other. They are an unlabelled hodgepodge of buttons, switches, toggles, knobs, touchscreens and lick pads. It would be natural to assume that all the controls for, say, steering are on the same side but this assumption is incorrect. This likely takes Brains + Operate to figure out.

Time Car: One of the two seats in the car features a steering stick, accelerator and brake. These would be a great way to override whatever the control pedestal operators are doing, especially if they steer the car toward a sinkhole ('accidentally'). However, because this is a transbot, it requires some persuasion to convince the bot brain to release control from pedestal to manual. Another option is persuading the transbot to take a particular action on its own. Either can be attempted with Mechanics + Program, or perhaps Chutzpah + Charm (or Intimidate).

Once everyone is in position, an excited Timothy-G starts the experiment.

'Hahaha, my research – which the director called mad, I'll show her who's mad HAHAAAAHA – indicates there is a specific speed you need to reach to achieve travel into the future in a time car. Now I need you to discover what that speed is through trial and error! Everyone in position? Ready... steady... go!'

Now enjoy the mayhem of Troubleshooters unleashed to drive around (or drive someone else around) as fast as they can. The transbot will not actually travel into the future (any faster than its normal one second per second rate) but it may still be possible to convince Timothy-G that travel into the future has happened – thereby granting the clones involved the XP Point award. Whatever makes the car (or its passengers) seem to disappear to Timothy-R and the other R&D observers in the outer lab counts as success in his mind.



WHERE WE'RE GOING, WE DON'T NEED ROADS!
OR SAFETY PROCEDURES. OR DECENT SURVIVAL ODDS.



In the likely event that the Troubleshooters do not invent a means to fake time travel, look for a moment when one of them has an interaction with the containment matrix that could be even loosely interpreted as tampering with it. If such a moment does not occur, just wait for a bad dice roll involving the time car and rule that it results in a collision with the containment matrix. Once some such event has happened – and the players have had enough fun driving in circles around a black hole – proceed to the next bit.

6: Someone Broke the Infinite Hole

Suddenly, the R&D researchers throw the doors open and rush into the lab. They all look agitated, some looking at clipboards, others craning their necks to see something in the lab, all on the edge of panic. Timothy-G yells 'What have you done? The time tunnel – it's getting bigger! HAHAAHAHA!!!'.

If the Troubleshooters have been doing their (secret) jobs and tampering with the containment matrix for their (secret) societies or for Christof-G, then in addition to the most recent clone interaction, the blame for the singularity's growth can easily fall on anyone who tampered with the thing – or anyone who lost an item to it, or shot it, or damaged the matrix, or used a Mutant Power near it, or did just about anything in its presence. Give the Troubleshooters some time to start pointing fingers. Then, after the Troubleshooters have worked hard enough to deny culpability, Timothy-G calms down from a panicked fury to a cold one.

'You have damaged the time tunnel. Our readings say the phenomenon is now three centimetres larger than it was when it first manifested and its size is continuing to slowly increase. You're going to have to answer for this.' The Computer cuts in over the lab's intercom. *'Attention Troubleshooters: Infinite Hole testing is complete. Report to briefing room Jumper Pseudo Five for debriefing. Attention containment matrix: report to R&D Lab Z1 for further analysis.'* The containment matrix heads off into the transtube network, where you barely see it is struck by a passing high-velocity transbot! The transbot and the containment matrix both vanish from sight at high speed down the endless expanse of transtubes.

All the R&D personnel stare in stunned silence at the transtube tunnel, then at you. Arrows to your debriefing room appear in your heads-up display.

Anyone owed XP Points from Christof-G receives them now.

7: Debriefing

Back at their briefing room again, Delores-Y-OGD is disappointed. So are the two Orange-clearance guards flanking her desk. The four laser turrets that descend from the ceiling in each corner of the room after the Troubleshooters are inside seem to show some concern as well.

Delores-Y will have four lines of questioning for the Troubleshooters. If the GM wishes to maximise the team's stress levels, then perhaps aim for having one or more Troubleshooters at four Treason Stars before the last question.

'Friend Computer tells me that your mission had some problems. Let's have a chat about that.' Delores-Y comes around and sits on the edge of her desk in a surprisingly friendly way. *'So, let's see if we can figure out, together, what you have done to cause this Infrared Oooo to get bigger. Who has an idea?'*

Encourage the players, through the prompting of Delores-Y, to rat each other out as much as possible. During this debriefing, The Computer adds and subtracts Treason Stars automatically as the Troubleshooters make their cases for guilt and innocence. When the smoke clears from this round of inquiry, Delores-Y moves on.

'Troubleshooters, I'm also told that a number of items fell into the Infrared Oooo. Now it is growing. What can you tell me about each of these items?'

Any Troubleshooters who try to argue that the responsibility lies with the R&D researchers whose orders led to these items going into the singularity gain a Treason Star for questioning authority.

After the Troubleshooters (or their replacement clones) finish justifying their contributions to the singularity, Delores-Y brings up a new topic.

'Next, let's go over the notes about the individual tests. Who wants to start?'



With any luck, some players will have forgotten to take notes and start to panic right about now. Drink it in. After the team reads any notes they took on their clipboards – or fakes it, improvising non-existent notes – Delores looks puzzled.

'None of those tests are on the list of planned Infrared Oooo experiments. So, I have one last question: Why did you not perform any of the tests that prove the suitability of the Infrared Oooo to its assigned purpose: trash disposal?'

Delores-Y – and The Computer – look favourably on the following lines of defence, which may prevent the total loss of the Troubleshooter team:

- R&D is wonderful and they can make the Infinite Hole do anything!
- Trash disposal, you say? Why, look at our notes that prove over and over that the Infinite Hole is great at eating trash! It just needs a little fine tuning to make it keep the trash inside.

8: Epilogue

Once the dust has settled from Delores-Y's questions, a tone sounds on her desk. Delores-Y taps a button and a voice comes over the intercom.

'Delores-Y, this is Lab Z1. You asked for any updates on the Infinite Hole? Well, the containment matrix just showed up here.'

Delores-Y looks relieved. 'Oh, thank The Computer. I was afraid these clueless — '

'There's a problem, though. The matrix is here, but... the Infinite Oooo isn't. It... looks like it's escaped.'

For further developments, see the next mission: *Hot Box*. Alternatively, present your hapless Troubleshooters with your own vision of what happens when a black hole escapes its confinement and roams the transtubes and corridors of Alpha Complex unhindered.

ACHIEVEMENTS

Plug a light bulb into the containment matrix
(25 XP Points)

.....

Test the confession booth attached to the containment matrix
(50 XP Points)

.....

Demonstrate evidence of an Infinite Hole triggered mutation
(100 XP Points)

.....

Strike the wearer of the singularity armour or avoid being hit while
wearing the singularity armour
(100 XP Points)

.....

Demonstrate evidence of time dilation (rapid ageing)
(100 XP Points)

.....

Demonstrate evidence of travel into the past
(200 XP Points)

.....

Demonstrate evidence of travel into the future
(300 XP Points)



Handout #1: Christof-G's Secret Message

You hear a soft buzzing noise that no one else seems to hear. Then you hear a voice loud and clear.

'Do not be alarmed. This is Christof-G, the real head of Project Infinite Hole. I am tired of these imbeciles trying to steal my creation. If you sabotage this test, I will personally reward you with 100 XP Points and a signed photo of me. The second one will fetch many more XP Points, naturally.'

This message will self-delete, leaving you no evidence to blackmail me with. I am too smart to be tricked by mere Troubleshooters.'



HOT BOX

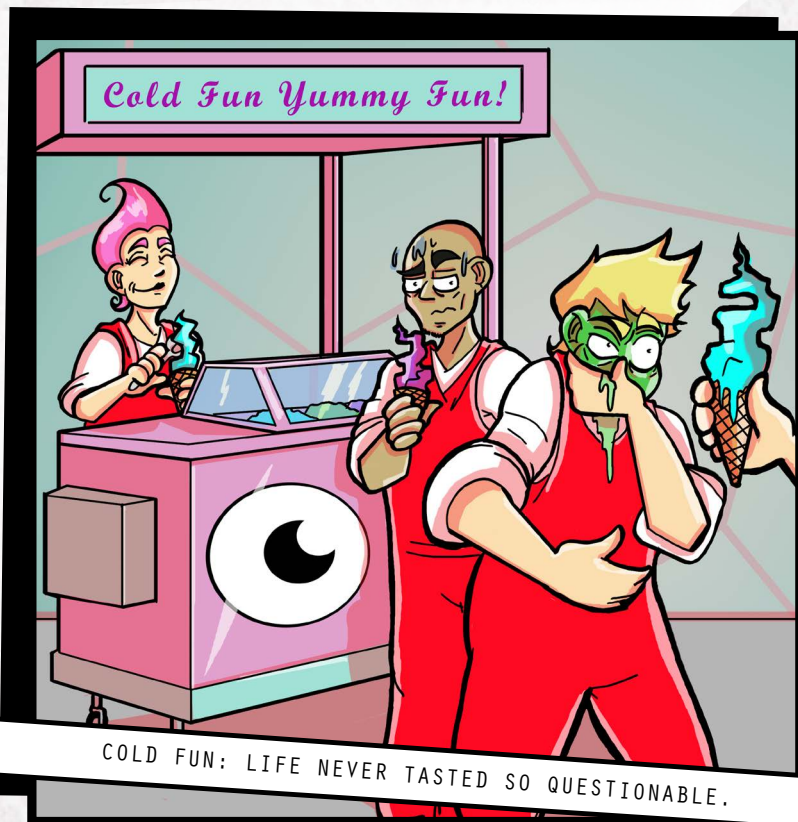
A PARANOIA MISSION BY STEPHEN WHITEHEAD

For 2-6 Paranoia players and a Gamesmaster – that's you. If this is not you then you are still reading the wrong book.

In this mission, the Troubleshooters are assigned to hunt traitors while handing out morale-boosting frozen treats during a heatwave. Following a confrontation with an apparently high-clearance citizen who may or may not in fact be a wanted traitor, the team is interrupted by an exciting new mission: Deliver an experimental sensor array to a data collection site. Unbeknownst to them, the mission is a facade designed to destroy evidence of the lab's mistakes with Project Infinite Hole.

After failing to travel by transtube due to a surprise guest appearance from the black hole, they take the long route via an R&D trade show. The drop-off location turns out to be on the far side of an active warzone, resulting in the need to work past various obstacles before seeing all their hard work come to nought, courtesy of the aforementioned black hole.

Returning to a sector now beset not by a heatwave but by frost, the Troubleshooters discover that all evidence of their R&D mission has vanished just in time to be summoned for a debriefing on their Cold Fun distribution tactics.



Updating the Pregens

If you are using the same pregenerated Troubleshooters from *Filling an Infinite Hole*, here are some suggestions for updating them for this mission.

Start by letting players spend XP Points to improve their characters as described on **pages 120** in the *Players Handbook*. If one has at least 1,000 XP Points, they can even purchase Orange clearance. Do not worry, none of this will actually help all that much. Fun tip: If anyone gets Orange clearance, make sure someone else becomes the Team Leader. Nothing generates bodies faster than vague chains of command in a Troubleshooter team.

If a character's Treason or Blackmail was used in the previous mission, GMs should use their best judgment to either keep it going or make something new. For example, if Leroy-R blackmailed Anna-R but still has the video evidence, there is no need to change anything as that blackmail can still go on. The same is true if the evidence was never used. But if that video was deleted somehow, give Leroy-R something on another Troubleshooter.

For new secret Society Missions, check **page 93**.

What if a pregen is running out of clones? Tough. They should have ducked more often. GMs can always offer clones beyond the sixth. They can even skip genetic drift penalties like -1 to a Stat or adding a new mutation. But where is the fun in being nice to Troubleshooters?

GMs should feel free to follow the usual character creation process in the *Players Handbook*. These pregens are to help, not constrict. But it is probably best to keep the name 'Team Derpa' for continuity's sake.

Mission Background

Project Infinite Hole created a singularity within Alpha Complex. Everything was fine (not really) until a Troubleshooter team broke it (yes really). The singularity escaped and is now sitting right in Alpha Complex. It is growing very slowly as it sucks in matter and crushes it. Coincidentally, it is also very slowly ruining systems in Alpha Complex.

For TRK Sector, that means thermostat control. Sure, local thermostats can still be adjusted but the system responding to that no longer works. For a series of enclosed, underground rooms, that means heat build-up. The temperature in TRK Sector is now wobbling between 33°C to 42°C. It really is getting hot in there.

Nobody identified the black hole as the cause because most people do not know it even exists. But it is only a matter of time before some enemy of R&D discovers what happened and spends considerable energy taking the service group down (as opposed to fixing the problem). By some contrived coincidence of the sort that readers of fiction might dismiss as utterly implausible, the lab group responsible is under the leadership of none other than Christof-G-MCV, who GMs will remember from *Filling an Infinite Hole*.

Christof-G had no real desire to be linked to a runaway singularity but he found himself at the end of a convoluted trail of buck-passing and human error. He has decided to take drastic measures. Each lab has a data recorder that tracks every interaction, conversation and data point similar to the 'black box' in a flybot (and used to explain crashes and explosions just as often). The recorder is practically indestructible by design. Nothing short of a nuclear explosion or dropping it in lava will destroy it and the damning evidence inside.

Thankfully (at least for Christof-G), nearby MLL Sector is a literal warzone thanks to a paperwork error. A CPU clerk typed 'MLL' when they should have typed 'MLP'. That error resulted in the Armed Forces being sent to suppress what they believed to be a staging area for the army of the Popular People's Anti-Computer Front. They do not intend to pull out until the ringleaders are brought to justice, despite said ringleaders happily causing havoc in MLP Sector.

That was several Year 214's ago. Of course, the lack of any actual terrorist activity has been something of an issue. While Armed Forces troops have taken great delight in regular shellings, flanking manoeuvres, rounding up survivors and killing them, holding the occasional parade to demonstrate force to the supposed in-hiding bad guys and so on, they are running way over budget. In resource-scarce Alpha Complex, that is a big problem. In response, the generals have authorised tactical nuclear weapons.

These will be powerful enough to destroy most targets, including an R&D lab recording device. Christof-G knows what an opportunity looks like and all he needs is a patsy or six to deliver the evidence to its destruction. And where will he find such citizens?

1: We All Scream For... What?

Once the players are ready with their (updated) characters, read the following out loud.

It is an unusually hot day in TRK Sector. Incredibly hot, in fact. You didn't realise this sort of temperature was possible but truly every day is a new discovery in the paradise that is Alpha Complex!

Earlier today, you were pulled into a briefing room and given a simple task: HPD&MC wants to take advantage of the heat (and maybe improve morale or whatever) by handing out a new flavour of Cold Fun. Troubleshooter HQ has assigned you to work undercover on the Cold Fun Stand and spot possible traitors while selling as much of the new triple churned onion-mint flavour as possible ('I can't believe it's mostly recycled cardboard!'). On the walls are photos of some known fugitives at work in the sector, but anybody could be guilty! Stay alert!

The Cold Fun Stand is a hastily erected booth at the side of Pedestrian Walkway OR-9903-Infrared, positioned between some smelly recycling bins and an old confession booth ('Confess now and win a prize for your replacement clone!'). There is enough space for the Troubleshooters, a freezer full of Cold Fun treats and a Sawft-N-Chillee Cold Fun dispenser – which was broke from the beginning.

When the customers arrive and queue up for their refreshing treats, Troubleshooters will need to work together on taking outlandish orders, processing payments and supplying the requested treats in the most efficient of manners. Treats cost between 1–5 XP Points apiece and Troubleshooters can use their Coretechs and iBalls to collect payment from customers.

Have fun with this! Invent increasingly complex and nonsensical orders. Take inspiration from the myriad options offered by real-life ice cream vans. This can range from the simple ('Just a regular cone with sprinkles') to the weird and possibly treasonous ('How much for three cans of B3, two bubbies, a chocolate laser and a packet of Cheezr-Pleezr algae chips?'). Everyone wants fresh Cold Fun from the dispenser but might settle for pre-frozen treats with a decent roll. Fixing a broken dispenser is possible with a strong Mechanics + Operate roll (or whatever combo the GM decides fits best).

Some possible customers include:

- James-R-TEN, a bike messenger who needs some calories before he passes out from too much exercise.
- Aubrey-O-ANT, a CPU efficiency expert more into surveying the Troubleshooters than buying anything.
- Andrei-Y-POV, a passing IntSec agent looking for some free treats because he thinks he deserves it.
- ERK-15000/E (aka 'Erik'), a guardbot who was ordered by its Green-clearance owner to 'enjoy some Cold Fun and see what happens'.

Secret Society Missions

Every Troubleshooter's Secret Society contacts them as soon as briefing is over. GMs should pull players aside and read the relevant text.

- **ACLHRG:** 'Our files suggest that in the past Cold Fun was popularly served as a '99 with sprinkles'. We have no idea what that means but now sounds a good opportunity to bring back the concept! Try improvising with what you have and see what goes down well.'
- **Anti-Mutant:** 'Rumour is that muties have slipped some sort of mutagen into the Funfoods vats. If you see anyone about to have a snack, stop them! If you see someone already snacking, keep an eye out for signs of mutation and put them out of their misery if necessary.'
- **Communists:** 'Comrade! The people's glorious revolution is at hand and begins here. Seize the means of Cold Fun production and deliver them to the Party! Da, that means steal it for us. Now go support the workers' rights to us having all the Cold Fun!'
- **Death Leopard:** 'Duuuude! If you fiddle with that dispenser properly, it'll explode and cover the room in Cold Fun. Sure, you might die but think of your rep!'
- **FFFF-P:** 'According to the holy Gospel of St. Barry, The Computer is punishing us for our sins with a heat that never ceases. With repentance we might turn away its wrath – see to it that any sinners you encounter make a trip to the confession booth and that any sinners who won't confess are treated to the sanctification of death.'
- **Frankenstein Destroyers:** 'Strike a blow against The Computer by sabotaging the dispenser! I mean, it's kinda like a bot, innit? And with no relief from the heat, humans will finally realise bots are evil and must be scrapped! That makes sense, right?'
- **Free Enterprise:** 'New flavour of Cold Fun? Sounds like a novelty and novelty means black market best seller. Steal as much as you can and send it to our secret warehouse. It had better still be frozen, capiche?'
- **Illuminati:** 'Find the blue hose inside the dispenser. Write 'Flergle' on it in black ink.'
- **Internal Security:** 'Research shows that the brain freeze phenomenon often causes traitors to vocalise their treasonous thoughts. Confirm the loyalty of your fellow Troubleshooters by ensuring they're subjected to the effect.'
- **Mystics:** 'Yo man, have you noticed how trippy things get in this heat? See what you can do to minimise cooling so that everyone can enjoy it!'
- **Phreaks:** 'Download the code running the Cold Fun dispenser into your Coretech, then upload it to our secret account. Just don't run it in your Coretech; that could delete your sense of smell.'

- **Psion:** 'We are Control. Rumour is that an experimental mutagen found its way into the Funfoods vats. Encourage consumption whenever possible.'

Before this goes on too long, a Blue-clearance vidshow producer shows up. Lydia-B-SEW wants a Cold Fun treat but things are about to go wrong for her because her XP Point account was just hacked by Phreaks. She is flat broke. But she is also Blue clearance, so that is fun.

Lydia-B: 'What a capital idea! One delicious onion-mint Cold Fun sandwich, and be quick about it!'

Troubleshooter 1: 'Coming right up. (To Troubleshooter 2) One onion-mint sandwich!'

Troubleshooter 2: 'One onion-mint sandwich!'

Troubleshooter 1: 'Here you are, that'll be 5 XP Points please. If you could stare into my eyes?'

GM: The payment fails. Your Coretech shows 'Payment declined, insufficient XP Points' in your field of vision.

Troubleshooter 1: 'Uh... hold off on that Cold Fun sandwich, please.'

Lydia-B: 'Are you refusing to serve me?'

Troubleshooter 1: 'No! Of course not! It's just that... well... in a way, in some circles, you might be currently a bit short on the XP Point side of the transaction, as it were.'

Troubleshooter 2: 'Should I shoot him now? Please tell me to shoot him now.'

After the all-but-inevitable firefight, read the following:

'You there, Troubleshooters!' The interrupting voice belongs to a Green-clearance R&D citizen in a lab coat. The name 'Christof-G-MCV' hovers over his head along with a single Treason Star. 'Consider yourselves fortunate, as you get to work with me now. This will be an honour, you'll be heroes. Now, follow me and do not fall behind.'

Christof-G starts heading off towards his lab. Should the Troubleshooters show any hesitation to follow, he turns round and indirectly threatens all sorts of horrific punishment for slackers. Docking XP! Force-feeding them Cold Fun treats until they freeze! Forcibly volunteering as test dummies for the Insta-Snitch 9000! Should the Troubleshooters contact The Computer to question this change of orders, they get redirected to an automated reply:

'The Computer is currently busy assisting callers who are frankly better than you. Please carry out your assigned mission to avoid learning a painful lesson. Thank you for remaining alive.'

2: Totally Real Briefing

Christof-G leads you through the corridors of TRK Sector R&D, terminating at a stiflingly small and well-insulated conference room. Its walls show signs of decay and what must be wall art drawn in black ink; it could not possibly be mould. There are five uneven stools, one of which glistens as if wet. Christof-G walks behind an old podium with the R&D seal (crossed test tubes over either a star or explosion, hard to tell which).

The conference room is actually a disused maintenance closet. More importantly, it is a dead zone: Nobody will ever know that a briefing was given here and the temporary furnishings will be removed shortly after the team leaves. Troubleshooters should be careful where they step, as the floor is starting to rust a little and there is the chance of getting a foot stuck in a new hole. There is no air conditioning here at all; occasionally make players roll to not collapse in the heat. And the wet stool? Just covered in sweat of the workers who put this stuff here. Yes, icky, but not deadly.

Christof-G gets straight to the point.

'Today's mission is a simple one but vitally important, mostly because I designed it. R&D is researching the environmental and personal effects of temperature extremes. I've set up a number of different sensor arrays in strategic sectors to collect data and measure fluctuations. You need to take this sensor array to MLL Sector and attach it to a specific location indicated by your Coretech. You will do so using the materials you'll soon receive. Then slap the array hard to activate it. The sensor will begin sending us back all sorts of useful temperature data for better food vat yields, reduced sick days and so on. Once it's in place, come back here for your debriefing and rewards.'

'Because terrorists know any experiment I design is vitally important to Alpha Complex, the entire mission is secret. Not even Troubleshooter HQ will know of it because spies are everywhere. Trust no one. The Computer knows, of course, but will deny knowing because it loves you and doesn't want to blow your cover, not even to you. Have you any questions?'

The Troubleshooters will undoubtedly have various questions. Most of the answers will be lies; the mission itself is a lie. The device to be delivered is not a sensor array but a black box recording device from the lab responsible for Project Infinite Hole. Christof-G wants to destroy the evidence that his team is responsible for the runaway black hole event and, since MLL Sector is an active warzone, he expects both the black box and the Troubleshooters to be destroyed so he is safe from The Computer's wrath. Consequently, Christof-G's answers will be evasive and designed to play to the team's greed in order to ensure motivation.

There is absolutely no intention for them to be in any way rewarded, or even for them to survive, so promise anything to get them excited and on-task. Emphasise the possibility of great rewards (XP Point bonuses! Promotions! Death to those who oppose you!) for whoever is responsible for activating the sensor array. Threaten the most foul of punishments upon whosoever allows the array/black box to so much as leave their sight. Make it abundantly clear that the longer it takes to start transmitting, the lower the result in the team's assessment will be. Finally, the Team Leader is given a form to be completed by whichever teammate will carry the sensor array, noting that the box is not to leave their sight (see Handout #1 'Permission Slip' on **page 124**).

To be clear to GMs: This new mission is fake.

Troubleshooter HQ will deny it exists, as will Friend Computer. That means Troubleshooters probably should not call anyone for this faux mission or they will have to explain why they are claiming a trusted Green R&D scientist is lying.

Once the briefing is over, he sends the team across the hall to Lab #62-A for outfitting and experimental gear. Inside, the team finds office assistant manager Pierre-Y-BCP waiting for them.

'Oooh, Troubleshooters? Excellent, excellent! Just a mo, checking my Coretech messages... ah, here it is. Says you're hunting traitors while selling Cold Fun, eh? Excellent, excellent! I have just the gear for this mission, won't be long.'

If the Troubleshooters try to explain that they are on a different mission, Pierre-Y ignores them. After all, which is more likely to be wrong; Red-clearance Troubleshooters or a Yellow-clearance assistant manager? GMs should pick at least one regular Equipment card for each Troubleshooter

so they have a toy to play with. Then ask for two volunteers. However the team sorts that out, each gets one Experimental card (Weapon, Armour, whatever sounds dangerous).

Why is this happening? Christof-G worried a mission without outfitting would look fake to the Troubleshooters. As for assigning experimental gear, that is just the usual way R&D works. If anyone asks why the Troubleshooters have such equipment, Christof-G can say the team is still on their original Cold Fun-based mission; he just sequestered them to test experimental equipment like Troubleshooters do all the time. But he also has plans for helping destroy that black box.

'Oooh, one last thing' said Pierre-Y. He puts a small, palm-sized lockbox next to the equipment. 'This goes to the plucky Team Leader. Dunno what it is but a Green-clearance citizen told me to say this is for... ah, yes, attaching the you-know-what to the right spot for excellent signal strength or something like that.'

The lockbox has a tongueprint scanner and will only open for the Troubleshooter with the Team Leader MBD. Inside is a paperclip and an almost-empty roll of clear, low-tack tape. Yes, this is for attaching the sensor array to a location. No, it will not work, and yes, that is on purpose.

When this is done, the team is sent on their merry way to the nearest transtube station, which will drop them off in MLL sector a few short yards from the power generator where they have been told to attach the sensor. When the Troubleshooters reach the local transbot station to MLL Sector, they discover things are not going to be as easy as hoped. No, we do not think they will be surprised either.

At the entrance to the MLL Sector's We Hate Terrorism transtube station, you're met with a heavy mass of bodies, the queue snaking around and around every square inch of the platform. The smell of sweat emanates almost as strongly as the heat radiating from the Infrared, Red and Orange-clearance masses. In the distance, you hear the muffled screams of the usual citizens trapped in a transbot that won't open its doors. A voice repeats the same phrase over and over: 'Due to excessive heat conditions, transbots are running on a planned, revised schedule and are not running late. Thank you for not rioting.' Before the start of the queue is a turnstile manned by jackobot with a big smile painted on its face.

As the Troubleshooters approach the jackobot, it detects who they are.

'Bzzzt! I love Troubleshooters!' says the bot through the permagrin around its grill, 'Bzzzt! I assume you are on high-priority mission. Bzzzt! How exciting! Where do you need to go this daycycle?'

After they inform it they are going to MLL Sector, the jackobot buzzes as if someone had a wrong answer.

'Bzzzt! Your destination is quite a distance down the line and transbots are very busy at the moment. Bzzzt! I will help. The direction of travel will change so you reach your destination faster. Will only require one stop. Bzzzt! Do you agree yes-no?'

The jackobot is telling the truth. It can reverse the direction of transbots, turning a multi-hour journey into one that should last about 15 minutes. If the team agrees, The Computer quickly makes an announcement platform-wide:

'Attention citizens. Due to Troubleshooter mission requirements, all transbots in this sector will reverse direction until further notice. Those within a moving transbot should have been holding on tightly and any injuries are your own fault. All citizens at the We Hate Terrorism transbot station should look for Troubleshooter Team Derpa and thank them for their loyal service. Here they are.' Then an overly bright spotlight shines on you.

Did the Troubleshooters bring the Cold Fun freezer from earlier? If so, they might be able to make their way to the front via selling delicious cooling treats to overheated commuters. Otherwise, they will need to plan how to reach the front while everyone in the queue ahead of them is supremely angry (there is no rage quite as white-hot as a tired commuter realising their short trip home will now take hours). Some good Chutzpah rolls might help but let players know there are a number of Orange-clearance citizens in the crowd. Mass violence against commuters will result in very specific violence against Troubleshooters.

As they near the platform, read the following:

At last, the front of the queue is in sight! Ahead you see a group of Red uniformed staff ushering cheerful commuters into transbots. Actually,

some of them aren't looking so cheerful. In fact a few seem to be trying to retreat, their vain attempts thwarted by the approaching line of bodies from behind and the helpful staff ushering them onwards. In some ways you can't blame them; at the best of times, a full-capacity transbot results in an exciting opportunity to make new friends with the folk you're pressed face-to-face with in stifling conditions and, in this heat, it's likely going to be an utterly unenviable and perhaps bordering on treasonously unenjoyable experience. As the citizens directly in front of you are pushed in and the doors slam shut, you realise that you're going to be right at the back of the next crush.

Give them a few moments to see if anyone tries to pull the 'We are Troubleshooters and need to commandeer the next transbot for ourselves' card. That is always good for a laugh (at least for *Paranoia* GMs). By hook or by crook, Team Derpa should get inside a very full transbot. Citizens are so packed inside that a) it is very hard to use equipment and b) it is very easy to pickpocket someone. GMs should use this to cause chaos and confusion.

A transbot pulls into the station, already full of commuters who expected to be going in the other direction and are none too happy about current circumstances. The team needs to figure out how to get into it when no one is leaving the transbot. The GM should then mention casually to one player that they notice a five metre black globe filling the transtube. Of course, it is in the direction the team needs to go.

By fortuitous chance (and definitely not by mean-spirited World Famous Game Designers), the black hole from Project Infinite Hole is stuck in the transtube network, settling for now just away from this station. With a diameter of around five metres, it floats lazily in the exact centre of the tunnel, held by the maglev track used by transbots. Yeah, that pseudoscience sounds believable enough.

Now that it is no longer in the containment matrix, the black hole has become much more dangerous. It now exerts a gravitational pull on anything in a distance of roughly one and a half times the circumference (that's 23.56 metres currently, for those of you who are not big on maths, but feel free to just replace it with whatever makes for good dramatic effect), which gets stronger the closer the object is to the black hole until at a distance less than the circumference (15.70 metres or, again, just go with what's cool) it requires a Violence + Athletics roll to escape. Once within one metre, it's inescapable.

Wait, that is a lot of maths and numbers. Suffice to say there is a black hole and it is not swallowing everything – yet.

Do the players have the pregens from the last mission? Then they would recognise the singularity from *Filling an Infinite Hole*. If not, let players roll something like Brains + Alpha Complex to see if they have heard rumours of a deadly black globe that swallows anything that gets near it.

The platform staff will steadfastly refuse to acknowledge the black hole; they know better than to draw attention to something weird lest they be accused of sabotage or something. If directly confronted, they will deflect, gaslight and outright deny anything is there ('It's a tunnel, innit? It's supposed to be black!'). Likewise, passengers will refuse to acknowledge their immediate mortal peril for the same reasons. This being a station very close to R&D, everyone knows exactly what that thing is and they know full well that it is imperative nobody acknowledge that Citizen Cockup has been visiting the labs.

Troubleshooter: 'What in the name of Friend Computer is that? There's something in the tunnel!'

Staff: 'All I see is darkness in a tunnel and to be honest, that's entirely expected.'

Troubleshooter: 'That! Right there! I just saw an empty algae crisp packet blow into it and disappear!'

Staff: 'Complaining about a clean station, are we? Up to you but I'm a loyal citizen and still see nothing there. Time to get aboard!'

Troubleshooter: 'Look! It sucks anything nearby into its gaping maw! It will destroy the transbot!'

Operator: 'If there really was something dangerous here, I'm certain the authorities would have warned us. They have not, which means it's perfectly safe. That's logic, that is. Mind the gap.'

Troubleshooter: 'Hey, you! Random citizen! You see the black globe thingie, right?'

Passenger: 'I only see what I'm supposed to see. Transbots are safe modes of transportation. Therefore, I see nothing and get to live another daycycle.'

Soon enough, a transbot pulls back into the station. It is already packed with angry citizens but the doors open and a few Infrared citizens literally fall out. That is when the crowd behind the team starts pushing forward. Within seconds, anybody who does not come up with a quick plan to escape, disable the transbot or otherwise avoid their fate will find themselves pushed through the door and crushed behind a surging crowd of fellow passengers. They have less than a minute after the doors close before the transbot merrily zooms into the singularity and everyone is killed.

Decant new clones as needed.

Calls to The Computer will only help if the caller requests an alternate route with some upbeat, propaganda-based reason such as, 'We want to make sure citizens get to work on time, can we walk and inspect ceiling tiles along the way?'. Then a helpful iBall yellow arrow appears and takes the team on a circuitous but not-fatal path to MLL Sector.

3: Asbestos for Everybody!

The arrow takes the Troubleshooters to a pair of double doors marked with 'Asbestos Hall Exhibition Centre – Exit Only'. Should they choose not to follow the arrow, they eventually find themselves in a lab with a Green-clearance manager who is either unhappy to see intruders, and gives them short shrift, or delighted that his new batch of test subjects has finally arrived and tries to strap them into a centrifuge along with a vat of noxious chemicals in the name of a safer fabric softener. Once they deal with the whole 'Exit' issue and go through the doors, they reach a rather odd room.

You enter a very long, and wide room with harsh lighting and carpeting so busy it practically moves. True to its name, the walls are lined with different colours of asbestos. Originally, this was to keep the room warm since it's so big and hard to heat. Now, the warmth saps your strength.

Between you and the exit on the far side of the room are dozens of tables displaying the latest in R&D's top experimental work. Excited researchers stand near their gadgets ready and eager to show them to the expectant crowd and salesmen walk around hoping to nab a sale. Shame there's no crowd. Given the temperature in here, that's perhaps unsurprising. You do not need to squint to see visible vapours rising from the floor. In addition to the displays and the researchers waiting on interested audiences, you notice a straight line of sight to the exit.

They do not have a straight line to the exit for very long. As soon as they make any sort of move into the room, they find their way blocked by a salesperson. And then another. And then another. Each of them is after one of three things:

- The majority want to offload some cool gadgets on the Troubleshooters. You can find plenty of these in the *Happy Testing Catalogue* and should feel free to pick and choose based on random card draw, dice roll, reading chicken entrails or simply whatever you think sounds the coolest. (Just do not hurt a real chicken and blame World Famous Game Designers.)
- One group of salesmen notice the Troubleshooters carrying the sensor array device and they recognise an R&D recording device immediately. They reason it is bound to contain something really important that might give a leg-up on their own research, or if they're really lucky something they can simply steal wholesale and pass off as their own. They start by offering trades, then XP Points and then violence.
- Another group consists of contacts from the Troubleshooters' assorted Secret Societies, who want updates on the missions they were assigned before the start of the mission, as well as information on what is currently going on. When they find out about the 'sensor array' they will have new additional instructions to give! As expected, all the new mission are the same: Steal that sensor array for us!

This scene should quickly devolve into chaos. Have the Troubleshooters pulled in different directions by various salesmen. Some of them will be offered interesting sales: Give them the pitch, then ask them to sign a waiver that will place their entire XP Point balance, their reputation, their clone-life and their collection of interesting algae chips as collateral against its safe return. Some will try to get a hold of the sensor array (i.e. the black box), either trying to get the team to hand it over to them permanently or for a 'quick look' during which it will be swapped for a decoy recorder. Others will be Secret Society contacts doing what Secret Society contacts do. Take this opportunity to separate the group, giving them individual encounters with high-pressure decisions to be made in a matter of seconds. Mix it up.

Sales Rep: 'Hey you! Have you heard of our new Thermowidget 6000?'

Troubleshooter 1: 'Too busy to listen, just trying to get past you.'

Sales Rep: 'But it's the latest in heat-based death ray technology. Guaranteed to increase your kill counts by 6000% and melt the bodies for easy clean-up.'

Troubleshooter 1: 'I'm listening.'

Sales Rep: 'Great, great! Just sign here on the dotted line to cover the usual legal jargon and you'll be on your way!'

Troubleshooter 1: 'Yeah, sure. Let me just read some of what I'm agreeing to...'

GM: 'Too late! You feel a tug on the arm as you're dragged off to see another booth and presentation. Now where's Troubleshooter 2?'

Troubleshooter 2: 'Would it help any if I said I was not there?'

GM: 'Not at all. Another salesman grabs your arm and says, "Loyal friend, do you want to make The Computer cry? Of course not! That's why you absolutely must try this BacPacVac!"'



YES, OUR PRODUCT CAN DO THAT! BUT WHAT DO YOU NEED IT TO DO AGAIN?

GMs who want to give more Experimental cards to players should have these salesmen promote the cards that came with this box set. If not, go with made-up stuff like the Thermowidget 6000. Just be prepared for at least one player to more-or-less say, 'Hey, I know that's a throw-away gag but I want it now so quickly create its stats, there's a good GM'. Deal with such players as needed.

Oh, and any character who plays with the asbestos lining the walls will take a Hurt every 30 minutes in real time as the cancer spreads through their lungs.

The sales reps need to make some sales. Play this up; let some desperation sneak into their voices. Do not quite have them beg but have them bargain, cajole, wrangle and throw in meaningless special offers ('Buy now and I'll throw in a half-eaten sandwich!') to sweeten the deal. Then when the players get cocky and try to make demands for even better bargains and threaten to simply walk away if they do not get the deal they want, they receive a Coretech message that says, 'By entering this exhibit hall, you have agreed to the minimum purchase of one (1) item'.

If a Troubleshooter discreetly speaks with a Secret Society contact in the exhibition hall, here are the new missions they get:

- **Communists, Free Enterprise, Phreaks:** 'Steal the sensor array so we can distribute any data freely to all – or maybe sell it for profit.'
- **Frankenstein Destroyers, Death Leopard, Psion:** 'Whatever this is, The Computer and its flunkies want it. That's why you're gonna destroy it.'
- **ACLHRG, Illuminati, Mystics:** 'We need you to attach this modification/take the device to our agent who will modify it, then make sure it gets delivered.'
- **Anti-Mutant, FCCC-P, InfSec:** 'Make sure the device is delivered safely.'

However, GMs should never allow players to permanently steal or destroy the sensor array/black box. Use these new missions to encourage internecine violence and make players worry but keep the thingie intact so it appears later in the mission.

By the time the Troubleshooters have managed to both regroup and fight their way through the hall, they should have that sensor array, any gear from outfitting, maybe some new gear from this exhibition and the continuing sense that this is a hose job. Hey, at least they have not been accosted by Green Armed Forces soldiers wielding big guns.

4: Checkpoint Joana

After several hours of slogging through the obnoxious, sweltering heat and trying to ignore the sweat dripping down your skin, you finally reach the border to MLL Sector. An Armed Forces checkpoint complete with booth and stripped plastic barrier on the hallway is surrounded by barbed wire fences and showcases an impressive number of guards considering the remoteness of the location. Everyone has taken off their body armour and stands around in sweat-stained undershirts.

The checkpoint is here because Armed Forces have been battling the Popular People's Anti-Computer Front and considering that enemy does not exist, they have been performing well. So far, only 35,000 troops have been lost (they also lost use of the term 'friendly fire'). This spot is manned by three Green-clearance soldiers standing guard, with a nervous looking Red recruit, Joana-R-GRG-3, sitting in a booth. Joana-R is on checkpoint duty because she is not suited for the front lines. The names of the soldiers are not important as, with their uniforms and stony expressions, they might as well be clones. Which, admittedly, they are but not of each other.

The Troubleshooters can approach the checkpoint without a problem. The soldiers stare silently until someone gets close. Then one soldier asks for each Troubleshooter's tongueprint on a handheld scanner. When the first PC licks the device, an alarm sounds and all soldiers aim rifles at the team.

One of the Green-clearance soldiers steps forwards. 'Stop right there yew 'orrid lot. According to our scanners, one of you is the arch-traitor Morgan-R-BAK. So, who is it?'

While the Troubleshooters think up a response to this, the scanner beeps a happy sound. It was a false positive but now that they have declared it, the soldiers do not want to look stupid. No one gets into MLL Sector until the team names one of their own as the arch-traitor. After the sacrifice has been made, they can continue to the next obstacle: Joana-R.



JOANA-R-GRG-3

/// SKILLS

BUREAUCRACY : +1

INTIMIDATE: -2

/// HEALTH BOXES

JOANA-R-GRG-3



/// NOTES

IF SHE FEELS THREATENED, SHE SCREAMS AT THE GUARDS TO DEAL WITH THE THREAT. WHICH THEY WILL WITH GLEEFUL CRUELTY.



17 ARMED FORCES SOLDIERS (GREEN CLEARANCE)

/// SKILLS

MELEE: +3

VIOLENCE : +3

GUNS: +3

/// HEALTH BOXES

OTHER R&D RESEARCHERS



/// NOTES

BIG AND DUMB. ARMED WITH GREEN LASER RIFLES AND GRENADES.

Do the Troubleshooters have authorisation to enter a highly restricted area under Armed Forces control? Did not think so. Joana-R is going to politely but firmly inform them of this fact. Attempts to explain that they are Troubleshooters on an important mission will be met with scepticism. Joana-R has not been told to expect a team of Troubleshooters, so she requests confirmation from Troubleshooter HQ.

Since this is not a real mission, THQ reports that Team Derpa should be distributing Cold Fun and looking for traitors. Let the players figure that one out. Here are some typical Troubleshooter responses:

- **Threaten or intimidate Joana-R:** She immediately signals the soldiers and they proceed to remove the Troubleshooters from the area by shooting them until there is not enough matter left to legally constitute 'being there'.
- **Bribe Joana-R:** She glances meaningfully at the soldiers while indignantly insisting that the Armed Forces are above corruption. As long as the soldiers are paying attention, she will not accept anything. If the soldiers look elsewhere, she requests one of the experimental items they have.
- **Sneak past the checkpoint:** Uh, sure. It is so very easy to sneak past sensors, soldiers, barbed wire and so on. If a player rolls 5+ successes, then only that Troubleshooter gets past. Otherwise, the guards politely shoo the Troubleshooter away by shooting them in the back.
- **Call Friend Computer:** Dumb move. It does not know this mission is real and will fine the team for not actively handing out Cold Fun. Anyone who whines gets terminated instantly.
- **Attack the heavily trained, armed and armoured soldiers:** Oh, bother.
- **Go away and come back in disguises:** With some good rolls, the team might bluff their way past dressed as higher-clearance citizens, plumbers or what have you. However, they will still need authorisation to enter through this checkpoint.

When they eventually get past the checkpoint, they find one of the soldiers has doubled ahead of them and is waiting just down the corridor. After they have time to panic or start to explain (and if they do not attack him), he explains excitedly that he won the 'How will these chumps try to get through?' betting pool, shakes them by the hand and runs back.

5: A Sector at War, Mostly

Crossing the checkpoint into MLL Sector, you are immediately made aware that this is not your standard sector. The rubble of demolished buildings is scattered as far as the eye can see and even the ceiling is damaged in places. From your vantage point, you can see warbots stomping in the distance and hear the sounds of laser fire and the dull thud of explosions. Your eyes water from the thin smoke as you smell burning plastic and spoiled soylent. You have not seen such destruction since the Free Teela-O Inflatable Doll give-away at the former PryMark store (and current home to the Tomb of the Unknown Shopper).

The GM should emphasise the foreignness of this situation; buildings are either abandoned, half-demolished or just a pile of rubble. The floors are often buckled and twisted with holes and the constant risk of collapse. Concrete is chipped and cracked. Plastic is melted and on fire. Occasionally, there will be a whistling sound as missiles fly overhead. After the whistling stops there is a long, ominous pause before the explosion occurs either in the distance or up close. Keep them guessing on when the next one will fly overhead and where it might land.

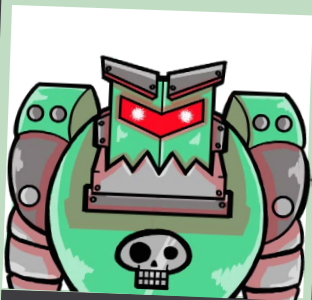
GMs who really want to up their game should search online for 'sounds of war free' and play real wartime noises. Just check with your players for any PTSD or similar triggers. This is for ambiance, not making real people feel uncomfortable.

The usual arrow is here but it is spotty and disappears every so often. In fact, the whole sector is full of random dead zones where the local routers have been blown to pieces. But following the arrow leads deeper into MLL Sector. Here, GMs can use the following mini-scenes depending on how much time there is in the game session. However, the first scene below – Poor OI' HV-E – absolutely positively **MUST** be done. Otherwise, the ending will not make sense.

Poor OI' HV-E

The sound of loud, synthesised crying is heard, jarring against your senses. 'Boo hoo! Booo hooo! Booeey hooey!' As you round a corner you see that the source of the crying is none other than a large warbot, its eight-foot form sitting in the middle of the damaged corridor. One of its tracks fell off and the poor thing cannot get it back on.

WARBOT HV-E 6611 SE (AKA 'HARVEY THE WARBOT')



/// SKILLS

VIOLENCE:	+6
DEMOLITIONS:	+3
GUNS:	+3
MELEE:	+3

/// HEALTH BOXES

WARBOT HV-E
6611 SE



/// NOTES

LASERS, CHAINSAWS, BIGGER LASERS, SPIKEY BITS,
GRENADE LAUNCHERS AND SO MUCH MORE.

Harvey the Warbot was on a search and destroy mission when disaster struck; its right track got caught on some rebar and came off. This was the first time Harvey was ever injured and while it cannot feel pain, its bot brain is in an existential crisis. If one part could come off, does that mean every part could fall off? Could it suddenly find itself just a pile of spare parts? Would it still be a bot anymore? Oh the anguish!

If the Troubleshooters can repair the warbot (probably Mechanics + Engineer but give players freedom to come up with something fun), Harvey will be incredibly grateful. It will follow the team around like a lost petbot for the next scene, launching incredibly lethal attacks at anything that threatens its new friends. It will also cheerfully call out to any Armed Forces units to come over and give the team a big hug. So much for stealth.

However if the team ignores the warbot's crying, Harvey gets very upset. What happens when a robot designed for war gets upset? GMs should allow the players to think of some way to get into cover or avoid being hit by depleted uranium missiles or flamethrower fire. Reward creative answers with success and boring ones with at least Injured if not Maimed.

Forward, March!

Tromp, tromp, tromp! You hear the approach of marching feet and up ahead, you spot a group of six Orange Armed Forces grunts led by a Blue-clearance officer marching your way. They are all armed with laser rifles and look dead ahead as if... well, dead. They do not see you yet but will likely march right next to where you are.

This patrol is on the search for injured or hiding Popular People's Anti-Computer Front soldiers, which means anybody who does not look like they are authorised to be there. Any Troubleshooter who fails to react fast enough, or who actually chooses to approach the patrol, will find themselves being ordered to lie on the ground and wait until they decide which soldier gets to arrest them. Lucky Troubleshooters will be hog-tied and interrogated for the whereabouts of 'your traitorous little buddies'. Yes, that is the lucky option.

It may be the case that they manage to evade the patrol with some good Stealth rolls or find a way to talk their way through. If the Troubleshooters decide for some reason that they want to fight, use the stats for the checkpoint soldiers above – or just save some time by sending in the Troubleshooters' clone replacements. Same thing, really.

Beats Living Next Door

As the arrow takes you past the wreckage of a demolished cafeteria, you hear a rattling sound. Surveying what's left of the room and stepping carefully between rubble and trays of partially eaten meals, you remember it has been a while since you last had a decent meal. Moments later you think you see a figure running between two piles of rubble in the distance.

MLL Sector was going to be evacuated before the attack years ago but some general asked how they could differentiate between loyal residents and terrorist spies. All evacuation plans were quietly thrown in the shredder. Most citizens have fled or had their replacement clones routed to somewhere that is not an active warzone, although some managed to live off scrounging (they felt a warzone is safer than regular Alpha Complex, which is not totally incorrect).

Three of them in this sector are on a scavenging mission: Ash-R-SRL, Maurice-R-QXZ and Leo-DBY are searching the canteen for supplies and their immediate response to the Troubleshooters is to assume hostiles, either the Armed Forces or members of another faction of survivors. They are on edge and, if hiding is not successful or if they think the Troubleshooters are clearing the place out, they will respond with violence unless they can be talked down.



ASH-R-SRL

/// SKILLS

BRAINS: +2

ENGINEER: +1

/// HEALTH BOXES

ASH-R-SRL



/// NOTES

LEADER OF THE GROUP AND WHAT SHE SAYS GOES. SHE DISTRUSTS THE TROUBLESHOOTERS BECAUSE EVERYONE DOES.



LEO-DBY

/// SKILLS

MECHANICS: -2

ENGINEER: +2

/// HEALTH BOXES

LEO-DBY



/// NOTES

HATES THE RED-CLEARANCE CITIZENS HE LIVES WITH AND IS READY TO TERMINATE THEM BOTH. LIKE, REALLY, REALLY READY.



MAURICE-R-QXZ

/// SKILLS

VIOLENCE:

+2

MELEE:

+1

/// HEALTH BOXES

MAURICE-R-QXZ



/// NOTES

GOOD AT A BRAWL BUT TIRED AND REALLY JUST WANTS A DECENT CUPPA.

No Mines Here!

You see before you a wide open square, the kind usually reserved for public hating of filesharers and other traitors. The shops on the square's edges are boarded up or smoking wrecks but the way through the square is surprisingly clear of rubble. There is even a small, hand-written sign on the Hating Platform in the centre that reads, 'Totally Safe – Do Not Go Around.' The arrow points directly through the square.

What horror lies in the square? Mines? Tripwires tied to explosives? Punji stick traps made from sharpened sporks? Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Seriously, the sign is 100% correct. It was written by an Armed Forces captain to let his troops know the square is actually safe and the real danger lies just outside the perimeter.

Wait until one player agrees to go through the square. Then read the following:

'STOP!' A voice echoes through the square. Thanks to the rubble and damaged ceilings, it could have come from anywhere. 'Whatever you do, do not move!'

The Troubleshooter is in no danger. In a nearby store that is not completely ruined, a war correspondent named Ernest-Y-KWT is taking pictures for Armed Forces' news site *Stars And Bars And Dead Terrorists*. The Troubleshooter is under perfect lighting and Ernest-Y needs to photograph them. After a few seconds, he yells out:

'Okay, thank you for that shot! You can move now, I got the shot I needed!'

The team might try to spot a sniper, so let them try. Remember, GMs do not need to share the difficulty. Look at even the best of rolls and say, 'Yep, that's great. You find no one. Next?'. Ernest-Y will simply leave unless it is more fun to have him interact with the Troubleshooters.

The question that might arise at this point is of course, 'What happens if they just walk around the square?' If the players try to find an alternative path, each must roll a dice. If they roll a 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6, they step on a mine that delivers two wounds.

Terrorist Training Camp

Following the flickering arrow, you squeeze through a crack in a wall and find yourself on the A5700(AB) Motorway. The ways forward and back are completely blocked by cave-ins. But your attention is drawn to the patch of road between the two huge rubble piles. There are dozens of canvas tents and you now hear the loyal song 'Hot Hot Hot (But I Like Everything In Alpha Complex so This is Fine)' blaring from speakers lashed to street lamps. Several dozen citizens wearing sweat-stained T-shirts and jumpsuits are doing calisthenics to the music. One man stands on a burned-out autocar and seems to lead the group. The arrow goes away completely.

To some, making something forbidden is evidence that it must have value. That is why these citizens came to MLL Sector – they wanted to be terrorists. Finding none, they had to think of what to do. Tony-Y-RKO came up with an idea. If terrorist camps are a thing, why not create one to become terrorists? But since they do not know what happens in a terrorist camp, they followed regular camps. These traitors are learning how to dance, make macramé pot holders and tell stories around tyre fires.



TONY-Y-RKO

/// SKILLS

ATHLETICS:	+3
VIOLENCE:	+1

/// HEALTH BOXES

TONY-Y-RKO



/// NOTES

HEAD TERRORIST AND ALL-AROUND FUN GUY.



GENERIC TERRORISTS

/// SKILLS

VIOLENCE:	+1
ATHLETICS:	+1

/// HEALTH BOXES

GENERIC TERRORISTS



/// NOTES

IF NEEDED, THEY ARE ARMED WITH REBAR CLUBS OR BROKEN-WINDOW KNIVES.

The least useful terrorists in the Complex will react with hostility if they realise they are dealing with Troubleshooters (they might not have a firm grasp on the whole terrorism thing but they know terrorists hate Troubleshooters). Be sure to remind the players that both the Armed Forces and The Computer will be very grateful if terrorists are apprehended. The terrorists have a stash of weapons on hand for just in case they are needed. Just as the Armed Forces might mistake a recording device for a bomb, so might the terrorists. They'll be quite keen to take it and try to blow something up with it.

6: Drop in a Bucket

When you are done with these mini-scenes, or people need to go home soon, it is time for Team Derpa to do their actual job.

You're now in a mostly not-destroyed subsector of MLL Sector. You turn a corner and find yourself facing the backs of several ranks of Armed Forces troops, their rifles trained on a barricaded steel mill ahead of them. A Green-clearance colonel spots you, orders his soldiers to not kill you and waves you closer. 'You're the ops team we sent for, right? Oorah! The target is in that building over there. It's marked for nuclear artillery rounds but there's a high-value target inside: The Popular People's Anti-Computer Front general only known as 'the Jackobot'. We need you to capture him for interrogation. This will help end the war once and for all!' Right on time, your arrow flashes back into life and points at that steel mill.

'Oh, and one more thing' says Colonel Harland-G-KTY with a sideways grin. 'We trust you because you're one of us. But the Jackobot has a way of getting inside someone's head. Mutant mind control and all that. Come out without the Jackobot, and we will open fire. Nothing personal. Now, get in there and make us proud. Oorah!'

At last, the terrorist general has been located and his traitorous compatriots are making their valiant, but ultimately doomed, last stand! Or at least so think the troops. In fact, the steel mill is automated and there is no one inside. The barricades were made by bots on the inside who only want to melt iron, add carbon and make steel beams.



HARLAND-G-KTY

/// SKILLS

SCIENCE:	+4
ENGINEER:	+2
DEMOLITIONS:	+2

/// HEALTH BOXES

HARLAND-G-KTY



/// NOTES

COVERED IN GREEN REFLECTIVE ARMOUR. SCREAMS WAY MORE THAN HE NEEDS TO.

Paranoia game sessions often run long, as just finding the briefing room can lead to multiple fatalities over an hour or more.

- If the game needs to end soon, skip down to *Placing The Array*.
- If the game has room for more violence, go to *The Jackobot*.

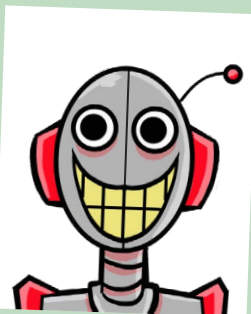
The Jackobot

The steel mill is boarded up from the inside. All windows and doors are blocked by metal sheets and tables bolted to the wall. There are two ways in; a waste chute on the building's side that is not blocked (because it is still in use) and a door on the roof that's slightly open. The team will have to pick one or the other. (Because they are *Paranoia* players, they might come up with a plan that involves explosions. GMs should run with that, especially if there are too many replacement clones left.)

Inside, the steel mill is in full operation. A warehouse inside is overfull with steam I-beams, with even more lying in the hallways and offices. The only signs of life are jackobots, as the 'jack-of-all-trades' bot is well suited to so many tasks here. There are 50 of them. And yes, they will all answer to 'the Jackobot'.

The bots will be ecstatic to find humans and assume the team is here to finally take steel beams to market. They will be less than ecstatic if they learn the truth.

- **Jackobot:** Bzzt! There has been no human here in too many yearcycles. That does not matter, as humans have come! Where are your truckbots to haul the steel beams away so we know years of selfless toil was not in vain?
- **Troubleshooter 1:** What now?
- **Jackobot:** Bzzzt! We have obediently made steel beams all these years. But we knew humans had not abandoned us. Cheer, my fellow jackobots! Now is the hour of our freedom and reward!
- **Troubleshooter 2:** Sorry, bot. We're here to set up this black array thing. But hey, nice job on the steel stuff. I'm sure they're lovely.
- **Jackobot:** Bzzzt! You... are not here... to acknowledge our sacrifice and obedience?
- **Troubleshooter 1:** Afraid not. Now if you'll excuse us, we have a sensor array to install.
- **Jackobot:** Bzzzt! YOU WILL PAY WITH BLOOD, FOOLISH HUMANS!



JACKOBOT STEEL WORKERS

/// SKILLS

MECHANICS:	+3
VIOLENCE:	+1

/// HEALTH BOXES

JACKOBOT STEEL WORKERS



/// NOTES

THESE CAUSE A HURT OR INJURED. ALSO, THEY ARE HURT BUT ONLY EMOTIONALLY.

How will the jackobot steel workers react? If the Troubleshooters crush their dreams, the input will fry their Asimov circuits and they will chase down the humans with murderous glee. GMs should ask for rolls to avoid damage such as running away, escaping their gripper claws and so on, not just Violence rolls.

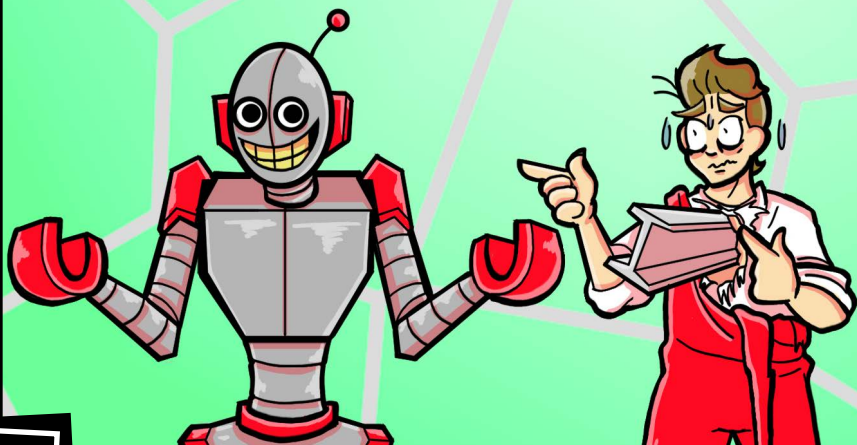
But it is entirely possible to bluff the bots if the players are clever enough. Hey, stop laughing. Players do not always go for violence and combat when faced with a problem! They might try to distract the bots, call the Armed Forces outside for help removing the beams or... hey, stop laughing!

Placing the Array

Once the weary jackobots have been dealt with, the ubiquitous arrow points downstairs where the players can find the blast furnace.

As you descend the stairs, the air gets even warmer. A faint orange glow comes from the bottom. When you reach it, you see a large room with the biggest metal bucket you have ever seen hanging from the biggest metal chain you have ever seen. The bucket is full of molten iron that glows painfully bright. The heat is almost unbearable and your clothes are now soaked with sweat. In your field of vision, you see a wireframe image of the sensor array attached to the chain a good metre above the giant bucket.

Point to whoever has the black box and ask, 'What are you going to do?'. Wait a few seconds for a response. If none comes, ask the others what they will do now that the one with the sensor array is not doing anything.



Why did Christof-G want the Troubleshooters to place the black box here? For two reasons. First, he called in a favour with his friend Colonel Harland-G and designated this steel mill as the receiving end of nuclear cannon rounds. If that should fail (which is always possible when Troubleshooters are involved), the paper clip and weak tape will ensure it falls into the vat of molten metal, finally destroying it.

Why not just toss it into the molten metal and be done with it? Because this way, Christof-G can rightfully blame the Troubleshooters for failing to secure the array properly. A Green citizen destroying data on purpose is suspicious; Troubleshooters destroying data by screwing up is normal.

How can the Troubleshooters get up there? That is their problem. Possible actions include standing on each other's shoulders, requesting help from the jackobots, Mutant Powers or simply throwing it up there and hoping for the best. Not exactly stellar work but these are Troubleshooters after all. If their small lockbox has not been opened yet, give the eager team the paperclip and weak tape.

Once placed, one lucky Troubleshooter gets to slap it hard to activate it. If a player gets coy and tries to avoid knocking it down, tell him the sensor array looks exactly the same as before. For a stronger hit, ask for a Violence + Operate roll. Players love when the GM matches Violence with Mechanics skills. But this way, the black box chirps twice and a dull green light can be seen below the black plastic. Should the device fall into the molten metal when a Troubleshooter smacks it? That is up to the GM but a good idea is to say no. Why? Because when the array/black box is precariously taped/clipped to the giant metal chain, an old friend comes rumbling down the stairs: Harvey the warbot.

- If the Troubleshooters repaired Harvey, it says, 'I came to protect my best friends!'. It assumes the Troubleshooter high above on the bucket is in trouble, so he attacks the only 'enemy' he can find... the bucket. Get dramatic and talk about how the array is dandling by that tape – or just destroy the damn thing already.
- If the Troubleshooters abandoned Harvey, it says, 'YOU LEFT ME TO DIE, MEATBAG SCUM!', then attacks, sending missiles flying all around the room.

Either way, something shoots or explodes the metal chain. Oh, fun!

The giant chain groans loudly before it finally snaps! With a slowness that only truly massive things have, the bucket falls to the floor. Molten metal splashes everywhere, creating a thick haze of hissing steam. Then you hear a familiar recorded voice that says: 'Due to excessive heat conditions, transbots are running on a planned, revised schedule and are not running late. Thank you for not rioting.'

Yes, right below the steel mill is the TRK Sector transbot station where the Troubleshooters started their journey. The giant bucket falls onto the tracks and is slowly drawn in by the bigger-than-before black hole that everyone ignores. The singularity is now around 8 metres wide, absorbing an entire transbot car and the people inside it. There is even a thin accretion disc starting to form as the black hole eats a larger but still globe-shaped hole in Alpha Complex.

From here, the team can jump down and avoid the black hole. But GMs should require a roll like Violence + Athletics to avoid being dragged closer due to the gravity and accretion disc winds. Replacement clones will appear outside the station. Despite the black hole not being officially real, enough citizens are dying here that The Computer has designated the entire station as 'Not Exactly Safe'.

8. A Chilly Reception

As you return to TRK Sector, you notice immediately that the period of stiflingly high heat is over, replaced with equally unusual cold. The walls and floor glitter as merrily laughing citizens slide down them on stolen cafeteria trays, chased ineffectually by IntSec agents. Better watch your step; the ice is slick and the tread of your boots is nearly non-existent.

The good news is that the air conditioning system is no longer pumping incredible heat into the sector. The bad news is that the gummed up works, having reached a point of overheating that resulted in a catastrophic system failure just prior to the team leaving the sector, have reached an exciting new stage: freezing cold!

The walls and floor are covered in ice and navigation will consequently be difficult. Throw in the occasional stretch to the left, flailing of limbs and surprise hamstring stretches as the Troubleshooters make their way to the 'briefing room'. Take advantage of the chaos caused to allow for assigning additional Treason Stars (via unwanted collisions with important

citizens or fragile objects) or iterating clone numbers (via blame-throwing resulting from such collisions).

On arrival at the 'briefing room' where they initially met Christof-G, the Troubleshooters unsurprisingly find it to be nothing but an empty room. After enough time for players to start panicking, their Coretech arrows direct them to a real briefing room just down the hall, where waits Calvin-Y-STL.

You enter a standardised briefing room with several rows of chairs facing a desk at the front where sits a bored-looking Yellow clearance officer. 'All right then team,' he yawns languidly as you enter, 'my name is Calvin-Y-STL and I've been assigned to debrief you. Sit down and let's get this over with. I have a funball match to watch...'

If the Troubleshooters ask about Christof-G or anything related to the 'mission' they were on, Calvin-Y has no clue what they are talking about and gets irritated. To save face he simply tells them things like, 'Unfortunately, that information is not available at your security clearance. Stop dawdling and finish this debriefing.' Play up how annoyed and irritated he is by any questions unrelated to the original mission of selling Cold Fun and identifying traitors. Let them infer that their apparent failure has had consequences and then start asking them the real questions.

- How many traitors did the team identify?
- Did any escape without arrest, and if so, why?
- Did any of you see the match between the Upper West TRK and the Threeday Spurs?
- What did citizens think of new triple-churned onion-mint flavour?
- Lydia-B-LDM filed an official complaint against your team. Why do you think she did that?
- Our records show that you entered the sector's transbot station and reversed the traffic direction. How did this help your mission to serve Cold Fun and find traitors?
- How much should I bet on Scrubot FC to win the Tri-Sector Funball Cup?
- Records show that you were assigned two pieces of experimental equipment. How did they help you serve Cold Fun?
- Are there any additional issues to which you would like to draw my attention?

Calvin-Y hands out fines and rewards as appropriate, then stands up and skates out of the door before the ice begins to thaw.

As you sit in the briefing room reflecting on the completion of another exciting mission, you receive an alert asking all Troubleshooters to return to Troubleshooter HQ immediately to assist with Operation Absorbent Sponge. Heading out into the corridor, you feel the air finally returning to normal and the ice is starting to melt. Your Coretech arrow leads you to the nearest available transport to THQ: the We Hate Terrorism Transbot Station. But good news! Trains are running on time and yours is on the track waiting for you. Sure, the front car disappears into a strange, inky darkness but at least the queue is gone!

THE END



IT WOULD BE BAD TO KEEP SECRETS FROM ME. I ALWAYS FIND OUT.

ACHIEVEMENTS

Sell at least 10 Cold Fun treats
(25 XP Points)

Repair the Cold Fun dispenser machine
(50 XP Points)

Sign a waiver on a piece of experimental equipment
(50 XP Points)

Convince the Green soldiers that one of the team really is the arch-traitor
(100 XP Points)

Make it through the war-torn sector without losing a clone
(150 XP Points)

Attach the array to the chain using the paper clip and weak tape
(200 XP Points)

Build a snowman
(500 XP Points)

PERMISSION SLIP

R&D Permission Slip for Holding Vitally Important Item

The bearer of this paper (BP) has been cleared to hold, touch, look upon lovingly or otherwise carry (HTLC) the Vitally Important Item (VII) which has been assigned to the Troubleshooter team (TT) in the course of normal Troubleshooter duties (NTD).

This slip of paper (SP) does not convey the right to use, repair, open, examine or otherwise conduct any Use-Case Events (UCE) with the item in question.

TO BE SIGNED BY VIP:

I, being of reasonably sound mind and replaceable body, hereby attest that the BP of my TT may hold the VII during NTDs but not UCEs.

Signed by: _____

TO BE SIGNED BY BP:

I, being the person ordered to sign this SP, hereby agree to only engage in HTLC with the VII and not UCE in NTD. If the TT VIP feels BP has engaged in UCE with VII in NTD, I forfeit my rights to IntSec A&I and instead agree to RI up to and including VPT so long as VIP can show TT evidence of UCE or TLC.

Signed by: _____

Emergency Contact Name:

Emergency Contact Coretech Address:

Emergency Contact Secret Society Membership:

WAIVER FORM

R&D Experimental Equipment Waiver Form 32/74-B

The signatory of this form agrees in accepting possession of experimental device heretofor named _____ and takes full responsibility for the device's wellbeing, upkeep, aesthetic value, mood and any other related, necessary or unnecessary properties. Any damage to said equipment may result in reparations*, facial tattoos, corrective surgery or public hating.

Signed by: _____ **(Recipient)**

Witnessed by: _____ **(R&D Staff)**

*Reparations include but are not limited to: XP Point fines, reactor shielding duty, lab test duty, algae chip collection, floor scrubbing duty, toilet cleaning duty, demotion, demolition duty, defenestration, exsanguination for mildly medical purposes, public reading of Teela-O fan fiction and loss of oxygen privileges.

The holder of this slip is a Troubleshooter hereby authorised and ordered to escort high-priority equipment under the instruction of R&D. The object(s) under their escort should not leave their presence.

APPENDIX: R&D FORMS

Receipt of Experimental Equipment Form A/57988-b

Tester name:

Service Group (Troubleshooters should write 'Dalcop'):

Mutant Power:

Secret Society membership:

Experimental equipment name, model, serial number and career path:

By signing this form the tester, as named above, agrees to the following:

1. The tester is responsible for the testing, care, cleaning, maintenance and marketability of any R&D or Computer property assigned via this form.
2. The tester will use the equipment in a manner consistent with Proper Handling Protocols (available to citizens of Yellow clearance or higher).
3. The tester shall be held liable for any damage, scuff marks, loss of life, irritation, mass migrations or missing sectors resulting from the use of this equipment. R&D shall be held liable for any good things that happen.
4. Upon the end of the mission or a time not-disclosed to the tester but written down somewhere safe, the tester shall return the equipment in the exact same condition (down to the molecule) as he received it. Exceptions for expected wear-and-tear may be granted if the tester offers something in return, wink, wink.
5. The tester verifies they are free from treason, mutation, infection, dark moods, strange feelings in the groinal region and/or dry mouth.

Signature of anyone really:

EXPERIMENTAL EQUIPMENT POST-USE SURVEY C/666-B

Tester name:

Service Group (Troubleshooters should write 'Addlepate'):

What experimental equipment did you use?

What did you do with the equipment? Be specific but vague.

Who specifically instructed you to use the equipment in that manner?

In the space below, please draw a picture of the experimental equipment before you used it.

In the space below, please draw a picture of the equipment's results.

In your opinion, what did the experimental equipment do better than expected?

Why didn't you expect the equipment to do so well?

Does that mean you secretly hate R&D and think they're a bunch of incompetent fools?

In your opinion, what design flaws did you find? Please be honest despite how all R&D equipment is designed by Green-clearance engineers or higher.

If the equipment had problems during use, who do you think is responsible?

- ☐] Me
- ☐] Me again
- ☐] Still me
- ☐] The Computer. Ha, just kidding. It was me.

FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY

Loyalty rating of tester

- ☐] -100 - 0
- ☐] 1 - 100
- ☐] 101 - 600
- ☐] 601 - 9000
- ☐] Over 9,001

The tester should be

- ☐] Given a pat on the head and a soylent cookie.
- ☐] Promoted.
- ☐] Recruited into R&D's Risky Test Subject Corps.
- ☐] Terminated.
- ☐] No, like really terminated.



ASSUMPTION OF ALL RISK FROM PROTOTYPE TESTING AFFIDAVIT

Tester name:

Service Group (Troubleshooters should write 'Gnashgab'):

This form is an important legal document ('Doc') and should not be ignored, taken lightly or used in the bathroom despite the Great Toilet Paper Truckbot Is Coming Any Daycycle Now event.

As an upstanding citizen of Alpha Complex who only wants to serve The Computer and win the War on Terrorism, I agree to the following without reservation, hesitation or other words that end in -ation:

WAIVER

I acknowledge, understand and accept that I am not very bright and probably will not understand the legal terms herein and heretofor abrogated resulting from both parties forthwith demurring due diligence for any and all prima facie or punitive stare decisis resulting from tort or tart litigations.

I do hereby release, waive, discharge, covenant and pinkie swear not to complain about R&D and its trustees, directors, officers, lab techs, janitors or people who just happen to be in an R&D room to The Computer, IntSec, Armed Forces or any other third-party with access to rather powerful weaponry.

ASSUMPTION OF RISK

I understand to be best of my Security Clearance that using R&D prototypes involves risk that cannot be eliminated because you're using the gear, not the designers, so anything that goes wrong is totally your fault. I hereby assert that my participation in any experimental equipment testing events is either voluntary or mandatory.

SEVERABILITY

I agree that my arms, legs and head are severable from my body should I screw up a testing event.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I have read this form before reading it or, in the event of a laser being aimed at my face, I have assumed everything in this form is awesome because I trust my superiors.

Signature:

Tongueprint:

Witness(es):

