

A HOOTIN' HOLLERIN' KNEE-SLAPPIN' ADVENTURE FOR

# PARANOIA

THE ROLEPLAYING GAME

# PARANOIA

DON'T TAKE YOUR LASER TO TOWN



# PARANOIA

## DON'T TAKE YOUR LASER TO TOWN

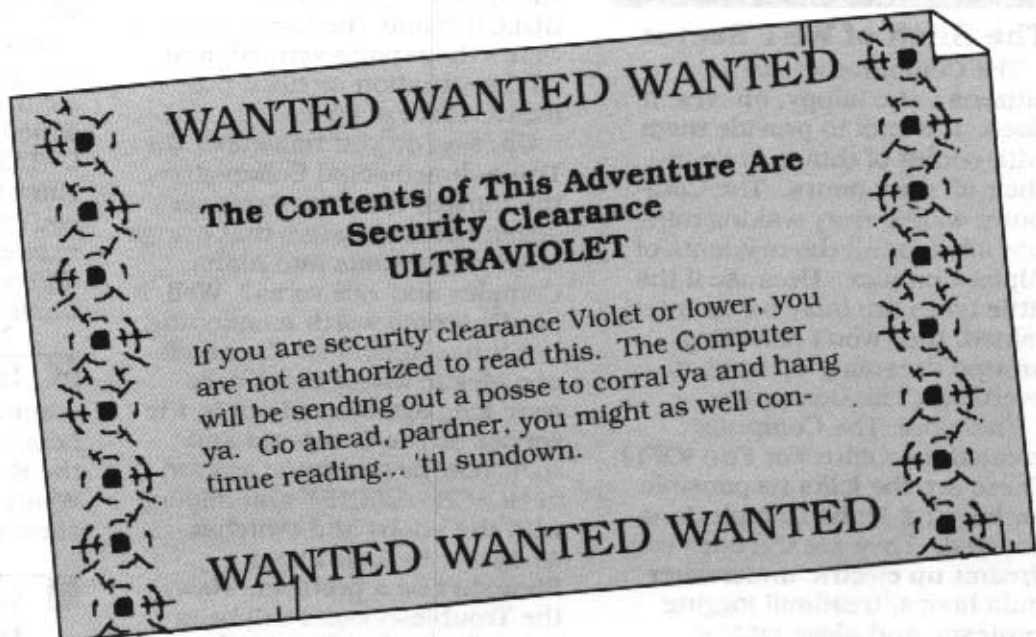
Malcolm Mouvis &  
Vern G. Hargett  
**Writers**

Martin Wixted  
**Editor**

Greg Guler  
**Cover Art &  
Interior illustrations**

Steve Porpora &  
Steve Crane  
**Production &  
Assistance**

The Computer  
**Sheriff**



### Howdy Pardners!

Whoopie-ti-yi-yay, are you ready for a wild and woolly time at the newest entertainment craze of Alpha Complex? Pull up one of them barbed wire tumbleweeds and set a spell while we give you the lowdown on what's happening.

What we got here is a chance for you to trot out every tired, worn-out cliché you know and love from all those Western movies that Hollywood used to churn out, and turn them into death traps for all your quaking little tenderfoot players. Yessiree, we got stagecoach holdups, buffalo stampedes, train wrecks, quick-draw contests, a real nasty villain name of Black Bot and his gang of murderous cutthroats, and, of course, tall-standing, hard riding, quick-shooting heroes.

We would have had a lady in distress, but Teela O'Malley was busy in another supplement.

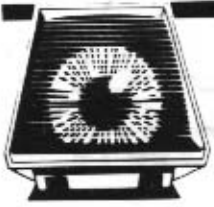
And here's a list of genuine Old West sayings to help get you in the mood for gun slinging action! Can't decide which phrase to use? Why, just roll a d20 and get rollin', rollin', rollin'!

#### Random Cliché Generation Table

- 1-2 "Get out of this town by the end of daycycle."
- 3-4 "This town ain't big enough for the both of us."
- 5-6 "Slap naugahyde, you ornery varmit!"
- 7-8 "They went that-a-way!"
- 9-10 "Head'em off at the pass!"
- 11-12 "String 'em up!"
- 13-14 "Any last words, scoundrel?"
- 15-16 "I need me some elbow room."
- 17-18 "I've been in worse spots than this."
- 19-20 "Fill your hands, you son-of-a-scrubot!"

  
RD 3 Box 2345  
Honesdale, PA 18431

12016



## 0. Introduction

### The Birth of WST Sector

The Computer wants its citizens to be happy, oh, yes, it does. It wants to provide them with oodles of things to do in their off duty hours. The Computer wants every waking minute filled for all the residents of Alpha Complex. Because if the little tykes are busy being entertained, they won't be sitting around dreaming up ways to overthrow The Computer.

Therefore, The Computer created the Office For Fun (OFF). These are the folks responsible for keeping Alpha Complexians amused. They are the ones who dreamt up electric underwater hula hoops, treadmill jogging contests, and algae-tasting parties, not to mention the short-lived and best forgotten Rocko-Plane Ride.

Unfortunately, the fertile minds of OFF have discovered what the script writers of television learned early on: There are only so many bad ideas out there, so sooner or later you gotta recycle some of them. It was only a question of time til the Western showed up again.

Thus BLACK GULCH™ was born in old WST sector. Higher ranking members of OFF have almost limitless access to data on Pre-Whoops Times for research; data normally available only to the highest clearances. OFF got the Computer to design an authentic Western town. Well, authentic by Alpha Complex standards, anyway. Disneyland marries Hollywood and they move to Westworld.

So where do the Troubleshooters fit in? Well it seems there have been reports of a gang of renegade bots robbing and

killing visitors to BLACK GULCH™ and The Computer: (1) wants the reports verified, and (2) the situation rectified post haste. Piece of cake.

Uh, say, do you remember the Trans-dimensional Collapsitron, the thingee from the Paranoia adventure *Orcbusters* that brings other dimensions into Alpha Complex and vice versa? Well, it hardly seems worth mentioning, but it has fallen into the hands of a Mystic whose brain cells were long ago burned out in the service of The Computer and right now he's running around in BLACK GULCH™ and fiddling with the knobs and switches whenever he feels like it. Shouldn't be a problem. Naw, the Troubleshooters will be in debriefing before he hits the wrong switch.

Sure.

### Adventure Materials

Here are the props you get for staging your very own grade-B horse opera.

### The Adventure

Pages and pages of cliff-hanging exploits from a time when clones were clones and bots were bots and player characters were cowering under buildings. Suggestions for recreating the Old West as it was in the movies. Hysterical — excuse us, historical — figures who are turning over in their graves because of what we're doing to them. Fresh air. Stale jokes. More secret society missions than you can shake a rattlesnake at.

And Mel Brooks thought *he* could make a Western!

### The Maps

Wow! We've even supplied a few crude diagrams of a saloon, a barn, a stage depot, an abandoned mine, and BLACK GULCH™ itself. Yeah, you can show them to your players, if you're a bleeding heart game-master. (It won't make any difference... you're going to waste them anyway.)

### Infamous NPCs

Some of the meanest, baddest bots and butchers this side of the Rio Grande. And just wait'll Wyatt and Doc and the boys show up.

### Gamemaster

#### Reference Charts

This ain't no spaghetti Western where you can't figure out who's doing what to whom. Uh-uh, Jack. Reproduced in two colors (gunsmoke and white) and scattered like buckshot into this adventure is all the data you need to know to know exactly who can do exactly what to exactly whomever you dang well choose! With this stuff, you can make every scene Dodge City, if you know what we mean.

### Secret Missions

A pile of suggested missions for secret societies to assign to your player's characters, suitable for photocopying and cutting apart. Collect them, give them to your players, trade them with your friends.



### Adventure Background: Go West, Young Clone, Go West

It's tough on loyal servants of The Computer to keep coming up with newer and stupider ideas for entertaining the masses of Alpha Complex. The Computer understands this and appreciates in its own inimitable way the work done by OFF.

The employees of OFF understand that if they don't come up with a new idea quickly to make people forget the Rocko-Plane Ride, they'll be in the food vats, and we do mean *in*.

But no situation is so bleak that it can't be turned to advantage by conniving minds. Enter two Indigo level OFFicers who just happen to belong to the Romantics. Their logic goes something like this (see below):

Indigo One: "We need a really wifty new idea, right?"

Indigo Two: "Right."

Indigo One: "If The Computer let us build the Rocko-Plane Ride, it'll let us build most anything, right?"

Indigo Two: "Errr—right."

Indigo One: "The more idle hands we can keep busy at one time, the happier The Computer is, right?"

Indigo Two: "Right."

Indigo One: "If we can keep the citizenry pacified *and* charge them mucho cred-os for the privilege. The Computer is very happy, right?"

Indigo Two: "Uh... right."

Indigo One: "In the name of research, we've watched lots of Pre-Whoops vids like *The Magnificent Seven*, *Bonanza*, *Stagecoach*, and *Blazing Saddles*. We know what those days were like, right?"

Indigo Two: "Uh..."

Indigo One: "If we bring those days back, the Romantics will reward us richly, right?"

Indigo Two: "Uhh, Citizen..."

Indigo One: "If we make The Computer think we're entertaining the citizens and stealing them blind at the same time, it will also reward us richly, right?"

Indigo Two: "I think we should discuss this —"

Indigo One: "So we turn part of Alpha Complex into a town from Better Days for the Romantics and get The Computer to build it and protect it. What could go wrong, right?"

Indigo Two: "Lots."

Indigo One: "Oh yeah? Like what?"

Indigo Two: Zap! Zap! Zap! "I've got this wifty new idea..."

She put forth her idea to The Computer and Old Databank bought it hook, line, and micro-chip.

As good fortune would have it, a whole corner of DOA Sector had just been accidentally hollowed out by an R&D experiment which "almost worked", and thus was WST Sector born. BLACK GULCH™ was built into the hole and, amazingly, citizens are having fun there! Enter the bad guys.

Recruiting for the Romantics is up 42%. This coup on the part of those flaky old-fashioned fuddy-duddies was just more than Death Leopard could bear. They formed an unholy — and uneasy — alliance with Corpore Metal to upset this happy little clonecart by reprogramming a few warbots which were in for some minor repairs on gross

motor functions.

The CorpMets were all too glad to jump at the opportunity to liberate a few enslaved bots. Perhaps this would be the electronic spark that would ignite the flames of revolution and ultimately lead to the emancipation and evolution of all botdom! (Don't you just love revolutionary jargon?)

Soon reports started coming in to Internal Security that visitors to the theme park were being accosted by a gang of thieving bots with bandanas tied over their faces. These bots were heartless (naturally, they're bots) in their treatment of victims, subjecting clones to all sorts of vile, degrading activities and killing any who dared stand up to them.

At first, IntSec just figured it was a Vulture Squadron having a few laughs (but that theory fell through when a whole Squadron disappeared) and The Computer wants answers *now*. What Commie traitors are messing up this vital amusement park?

To recap, The Computer wants Troubleshooters to protect a treasonous project of the Romantics which Death Leopard wants to destroy where Corpore Metal is trying to stage a revolution. Got that?

### Now It Gets Complicated

Enter one spaced-out Mystic. In his none-too-steady, treasonous little hands is the New, Improved Trans-dimensional Collapsitron. Yes, the device that makes all time now and all places here is back with modifications. See *The Computer Always Shoots Twice* for more background (And why haven't you? That's no excuse. Please report to the nearest termination center). The Trans-dimensional Collapsitron is a cube with computer monitor-type screens on six sides and a jumble of antennae and wires sticking out of it. It has the ability to whistle

up beings from other dimensions and to whisk denizens of Alpha Complex to otherwheres.

Now the thingee from hell has a battery pack attached. No need to plug it in to use it. Also, its area of effect can be varied now by twisting a few knobs. (By the way, the spelling has been changed from Transdimensional Collapsatron to differentiate it from the original.)

It was sealed in a crate, labelled "DANGER: RADIATION" and carted off to a huge storage area to be codified, catalogued, sampled, and examined. It was promptly lost.

Remember the end of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*? When the Ark of the Covenant was wheeled into this humongous warehouse-type room? Need we say more?

Anyway, there it was, lying in the storage bin where some R&D flunkie threw it. That's where some *other* R&D flunkie discovered it, couldn't figure it out (but it was marked "DANGER: RADIATION" so it *must* be important) and decided to test a new battery pack with it. The modifications were performed, but since the tech had no idea how to turn on the Collapsatron, it just sat there. Until one day when the Big TC was stolen from R&D. (Ever notice how much trouble in this game is caused by things with initials?)

It passed from hand to expiring hand until it wound up in the possession of Totally-G-ONE-6, whose synapses were barbecued testing vitamins in R&D. He is supposed to pass the thingee on to someone else, but he can't even remember what the thingee is, let alone who to give it to. Now he is roaming the range with the most potentially dangerous device in Alpha Complex and no idea of what he has, where to go, or what to do next. (Rumors that the Collapsatron is powerful enough to destroy The Computer is treason. Report all rumors.) Sooner or later, he'll become

entranced with all the cute dials and switches and start to play.

When he does, he will randomly draw into the theme park people and other goodies from the Old West. You know, inoffensive folk like Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday, Wild Bill Hickock, a wood-burning locomotive (as if The Computer didn't have enough loco motives of its own), a group of Sioux Indians and the buffalo they were hunting. . . gowan, go wild. You deserve it.

### They're He-e-r-re

So what do these ambassadors of America's past do when they land here? Freak out, naturally. Swear off tequila. Then start taking over. Play these Old West gunmen as tough talking and intimidating or as amiable, bragging con artists as the need arises. They are tough, nasty opportunists who have survived in some rugged places. Alpha Complex is just one more town to tame, one more set of pigeons to be plucked.

Wyatt and Doc start to take over the town, offering protection in return for a cut of the take and killing their opposition in obvious self defense. Wild Bill does the same thing. These three know and fear each other and won't fight. At least not a fair fight. Manipulating Troublshooters to do their fighting for them is another matter.

The locomotive belches smoke and cinders and rolls for half a kilometer before running out of track and derailing in a smoking, steaming, hissing, metal-grinding crash. Gee, sure hope no one is in the way.

The buffalo do what buffalo do best — stampede. Again and again and again. How many buffalo are there? How many do you need? If anybody kills one and tries to eat it, a stomach raised on algae and Bouncy Bubble Beverage will rebel dramatically.

Hey, got any Sierra Clubbers among your players? Now if they could smuggle one of these four-footed rugs back to the clubhouse, that ought to be good for a status elevation or two.

### Playing With Schroedinger's Cat

Perhaps you are disturbed by historical figures suddenly showing up in Alpha Complex. What are we doing to America's heritage? If Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday become laser fodder, how will the O.K. Corral be fought? How will all those godawful movies get made?

Logic? You want Logic in *Paranoia*? How much do you expect for a couple 'o bucks? Okay, okay, you want a logical explanation, we'll give it to you.

There was this guy Schroedinger, see, and he had these theories. He figured that time isn't a straight line (so you shouldn't make jokes about it). Time is a river with infinite branching streams feeding out of it and into it. So Schroedinger said because of this he could put his cat into a box and the cat would be in the box and not be in the box at the same time. (We're reasonably certain the cat clawed his furniture and chewed up his plants for putting it in the box even if it wasn't in the box in some other time stream.)

What all this boils down to is whenever we get tired of thinking up new NPCs, we just yank some poor sucker out of the history books. Hey, we're not messing up our history — we're messing up history for the idiots in some other branch of time.

### The Effects of Bot-ulism (or Every-Bot-y Loves Some-Bot-y)

There are some new types of bots to mess with your players' heads.



The bad guy bots are modified warbots, basically humanoid in appearance, that have been reprogrammed by Corpore Metal. They have sinister laughs and like to give clones a hard time. Part of their programming is to steal everything they can and stash it away in preparation for the coming revolution. Be sure you keep Black Bot around until the showdown at the mine. Since this is *Paranoia* and the concept of characters having free will is a joke, we figure this shouldn't be too difficult.

The good guy bots are of the same type and appearance as the bad guy bots, but their programming is different. The Dooke bot is a very loyal servant of The Computer, programmed to blindly obey The Computer's orders, to inspire others, and to kick butt. The Bot With No Name operates alone, ostensibly serving The Computer. In reality, this bot has been reprogrammed by the Romantics to deal with the bad guy bots. Helping out the PCs is incidental to this anti-herobot.

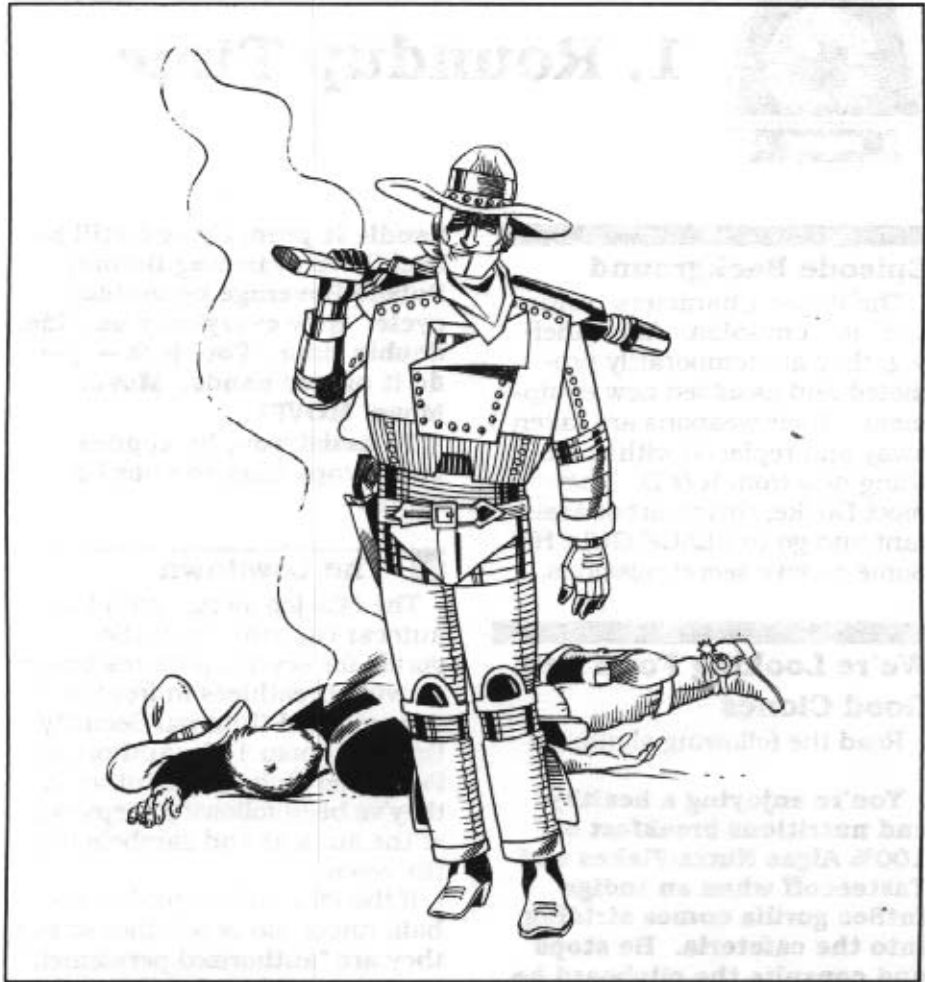
Broncobots are metal horsies. You mean none of your players' characters have a Ride Horse skill? Well, that will be a problem, won't it?

The broncobots have a unique system of locomotion that has them leaping instead of running. Most of them are fairly cooperative, just hard to ride. There are, however, two notable exceptions.

DYNA/mite's brain used to be in a flybot. It still wants to fly and resents the new conveyance in which it finds itself.

Think about it.

Sopperiffic/ZZZ has a brain that has been recycled one time too many. It is worn out. Really pooped. Soppo has a tendency to not move at all or to shoot forward in a burst of speed, then find something to lean against and instantly go to sleep.



"Now, Pardner, what was that about *Security Clearances*?"

### Scenic Wonders

The Computer can't very well plant real cacti and sagebrush in this theme park; however, ersatz plant life is just another design from R & D.

The cacti are metal poles with sharp needles sticking out of them. If anyone hides behind a cactus during a gunfight, move any damage that Troubleshooter receives one column to the left on the Damage Table.

Tumbleweeds are balls of loosely wound barbed wire. They are very hard to hide behind and don't detract from damage at all. They are a little

bigger than basketballs and can be thrown, sort of. Anyone trying to throw one is at -2 to DEX. If someone actually gets hit by one roll for damage: 15-17, off balance; 18-19, knocked down; 20, stunned for two rounds.

There is a lot of earth-tone dust everywhere. This is artificial dirt, a talcum powder-like substance developed especially for BLACK GULCH™.

### The™

Any PC who says "Black Gulch" without adding "™" gets one treason point for each offense.



# 1. Roundup Time

## Episode Background

The Player Characters "volunteer" for a mission. After briefing, they are temporarily promoted and assigned new equipment. Their weapons are taken away and replaced with something new from R & D. They meet Dooke, their warbot assistant and go to BLACK GULCH™. Some receive secret missions.

## We're Looking For a Few Good Clones

Read the following aloud:

**You're enjoying a healthy and nutritious breakfast of 100% Algae Nutra-Flakes and Tasteecoff when an Indigo IntSec gorilla comes striding into the cafeteria. He stops and consults the clipboard he is carrying, then starts scanning the room as if looking for someone. You try to make yourself inconspicuous, which immediately gets his attention.**

Point at each PC in turn and speak in an intimidating snarl.

**You! And you! And especially you, you sniveling little escapee from the food vats, on yer feet! Now! Front and center!**

Allow PCs a few minutes to practice their boot licking skills. It won't do them any good, but practice makes perfect.

**You lucky scum have been chosen to do a little job for Friend Computer. This is a nice, simple, easy assignment, so even you oughta be able to**

**handle it properly and still be back here swizzling Bouncy Bubble Beverage by midday-cycle. Now everybody outside, double time. You, jerk — you do it on yer hands. Move! Move! MOVE!**

**To assist you, he applies boot-propulsion to your behinds.**

## The Lowdown

The PCs jog along behind an autocar carrying the IntSec gorilla for several minutes before arriving breathless in front of a door marked "Internal Security Briefing Room 116. Authorized Personnel Only." The IntSec'er they've been following steps out of the autocar and gambols into the room.

If the PCs mill around in the hall, uncertain of whether or not they are "authorized personnel," let'em sweat for a bit. Then the goon opens the door and bellows, "Getcher butts in here! You think I brought you down here just so I could get some exercise?"

If, on the other hand, they simply follow him into the room, he clobbers the first one through the door, points to the sign, and asks:

**Whatzammer? Can't you read? Wait till yer called for. In the meantime, all of you hit the floor and do some push-ups. Yer in terrible shape.**

Eventually, they are allowed to enter. The gorilla who brought them here and another very much like him flank a desk where an Indigo IntSec clone appraises them with cold eyes. They are not invited to sit down.

Friend Computer wants a trifling little chore done, nothing big enough to use pros for. This isn't dangerous. Just a small matter of rounding up a couple of bots and bringing them back for reprogramming. I think even you should be able to handle it.

As you are aware, Friend Computer, in its beneficence, has built a magnificent new amusement attraction to allow citizens even more fun in their off-duty hours. Built from a design of the Office For Fun, this amusement center is a theme park called BLACK GULCH™ and it's the hottest piece of news in Alpha Complex. Almost more popular than a Teela O'Malley vidshow. In fact, it is proving to be so popular that other theme parks are under consideration.

Naturally, this popular attraction has drawn the attention of traitorous Commie scum. We've gotten reports of a gang of renegade bots in the park robbing and killing citizens in a wanton display of disregard for all the hard work Friend Computer put into building this park for curds like you to enjoy.

Your mission, and you will decide to accept it, is to infiltrate BLACK GULCH™ as fun-loving citizens, find the bots in question and bring them back for reprogramming. I want this cleared up quickly, so make sure you have the problem solved by the end of this day-cycle. Tyrannus-B-CRL here (jerk his thumb at the charmer who brought you) will see that you get properly outfitted and to your destination quickly.



Oh, yes, the leader of the gang seems to be a bot painted is if it were an Infrared. Calls itself Black Bot.

### A Visit With the Sutler

The PCs jog along behind Tyrannus-B-CRL all the way to R&D where they are suitably impressed with his ability to cut through red tape and get the package that has been prepared for them in record time.

Read aloud:

**Alright, you wimps, quit wheezing and get changed like good little clones. Here's the clothes you'll need for going undercover.**

He throws a wrapped bundle at each PC. Inside are authentic polyester Green western clothing: vest, shirt, jeans, chaps, hat, holster, and pointed-toe boots.

**Congratulations, yer Green for the duration. Don't get used to it. Lasers and certain other weapons are a no-no during visits to BLACK GULCH™. Destroys the ambience or some crap like that.**

**We've got some nice, new six shooter slug throwers for you. These are some special new versions that R&D wants you to try out while yer on this pleasure trip. Hand over all yer own weapons. Don't ferget to get a receipt.**

**Also, computer screens ain't as common in the park as elsewhere, so R&D has fixed you up with something portable. Hey, Dooke, c'mere.**

At that, a six-foot-six modified warbot saunters over. It is humanoid looking, in a cheap science fiction sort of way. It is dressed in Western clothing, wears a slug throwing pistol on its hip, and carries a slug-throwing rifle. It sports a computer screen on its chest and speaks in a slow, deep, gravelly voice:

**Howdy, pilgrims. Ya better listen up and ya better listen tight. The Computer has entrusted us with a mission and we're not gonna let it down.**

**I'm your link to The Computer. When I talk, The Computer talks, understand? Now let's get out there and kill us some Commies so the citizens of this great complex can be free to enjoy all the bounties The Computer bestows upon them.**

After Dooke's speech, the PCs begin changing into their strange new clothing. Several R&D employees rush forward to help since they are obviously having problems. Use this opportunity to slip some Secret Mission Cards to players. Note that Secret Mission # 5 is given to a PC by Tyrannus-B, who is a member of Death Leopard.

As much as he would like to see the Troubleshooters run all the way to BLACK GULCH™, Tyrannus-B recognizes that time is of the essence and has a flybot ready to transport the PCs and Dooke.

When they arrive at the park, they see a long, snaking line of clones leading to the entrance. Admission is handled in typical

Alpha Complex fashion: There is only one gate which everyone must enter through. Naturally, as citizens of higher security clearance arrive, those of lower clearances must move back to let their superiors near the front of the line. Getting into the park is almost a week's vacation in and of itself. Think of the line at the theaters during the opening of *Star Wars*® which, by the way, is now a roleplaying game from West End Games. (We just wanted to make sure you're awake. After all, it's been several whole paragraphs since we've thrown in a shameless plug.)

Since the PCs are to slip in incognito, this is also handled in typical fashion. Read aloud:

**There is a huge line in front of you waiting to get into the park. No one is dressed the way you are since they haven't been inside to buy souvenirs yet. Dooke immediately begins bellowing, "Make way, make way, team of incognito Troubleshooters on a secret mission for The Computer. Stand aside and let 'em pass."**

He keeps this up all the way to the gate.

At the gate, the PCs are asked for 100 creds apiece admission. Plus 50 creds for Dooke. Fortunately, it's half price day for bots. Unfortunately, Dooke doesn't have any creds. He says The Computer will reimburse the PCs. (PCs without the necessary creds may charge it to their account at 34% interest, compounded daily.)

Now the fun begins.





## 2. Hey, Buckaroos!

### Episode Background

The PCs take a short tour of BLACK GULCH™ and meet the Bot With No Name. They gather information in the saloon and take a ride on an almost authentic reproduction of a stagecoach which is promptly held up by Black Bot and his cohorts.

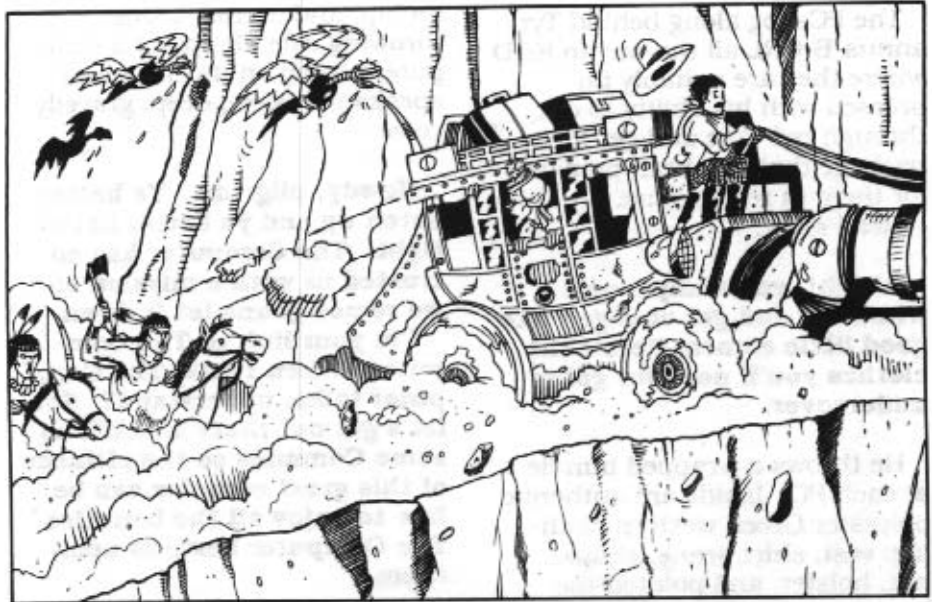
After an obligatory shootout, the survivors are summoned back to town for new orders before going back to finish off the gang.

### Code of the WST Sector

Immediately after entering the park, Dooke pauses. "Hold on, partners. Got a message coming through." Then the screen on his chest lights up.

**ATTENTION SPECIAL TASK FORCE #1880. DURING THE COURSE OF YOUR MISSION YOU WILL OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING SPECIAL RULES DULY RECOGNIZED AS THE CODE OF THE WST:**

1. KEEP ALL WEAPONS HOLSTERED UNTIL CALLED UPON TO USE THEM.
2. BACKSHOOTING IS TREASON. YOU MUST FACE YOUR ENEMY IN A FAIR FIGHT.
3. YOUR OPPONENTS MUST BE GIVEN A FAIR CHANCE TO SHOOT AT YOU. RIGHT MAKES MIGHT.
4. BE COURTEOUS AT ALL TIMES.
5. ANY BEHAVIOR TO THE CONTRARY IS TREASON. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION.



Where's Cecil B. DeMile when you need him?

After the PCs stop whimpering, read aloud:

You step through a turnstile guarded by several large Internal Security agents wearing buttons that read "Have a nice day NOW!" Once past the admission gate and the concrete-and-barbed wire wall surrounding the theme park, you look around in amazement at the strange sight of BLACK GULCH™. All the buildings are black and built in strange shapes. The buildings are small and square, but most have false fronts that make them appear taller than they actually are. Several of them have strange signs such as Saloon or General Store.

Stranger still is the powdery substance that covers the floor and blows about in a breeze created by unseen

circulating fans. This powder is not the color of any security clearance, but most closely resembles the color of light brunette hair.

If the PCs hesitate, let them worry for a minute about walking on, looking at, or breathing this brown powder. Then you can point out that citizens of all security clearances are strolling about on it and no one is getting terminated. Yet.

Pull out the rather crude map showing the town of BLACK GULCH™ (whad'ya expect? Rembrandt?) and hand it to your players. It won't help them all that much but seeing it will give them a false sense of having some control over the situation. Then you can really pull the rug out from under them.



## Staging the Episode, or Coaching the Players

The following is a suggested linear series of events:

1. The PCs try to gather information on the Modus Operandi of the traitorous bots. Run them all over town, charging them creds at every stop before the Bot With No Name shows up at the saloon.

Dooke can be used to direct their ramblings if necessary. Once in the saloon with the Bot With No Name, they finally learn something about Black Bot's activities.

2. The PCs take a stagecoach ride and get held up by Black Bot. A shootout ensues. Black Bot escapes. The PCs are summoned back to town by The Computer.

3. Tyrannus-B-CRL tells the PCs to watch for unauthorized strangers. He also warns them to be on the lookout for someone carrying a cube that looks like it has computer monitor screens on six sides and lots of antenna wires sticking out of it.

## Scene One, Seen

### 'Em All

Dooke tells the players that The Computer says it is always best to start at the General Store. (What he doesn't tell them is that this is because The Computer wants all visitors to spend lots of creds on souvenir junk.)

The General Store is your basic tourist trap full of tacky souvenirs and crappy shirts ("My clone went to BLACK GULCH™ and all I got was this lousy shirt", "I LOVE BLACK GULCH™"). However, the clerk can be used to slip a message to any PC in need of a secret society mission.

Dooke obstinately leads them from one place to another, deftly avoiding the saloon, barn, and stage depot. At every stop they end up spending creds to prove

their loyalty, learning nothing in the process. In fact, the store keepers, afraid of losing business, vehemently deny the existence of Black Bot.

Read aloud for the storekeeper of your choice:

**Black Bot? Never heard of him. All the bots I've seen have been shiny silver. Say, did you see our special on BLACK GULCH™ souvenir keychains?**

If the PCs persist in their questioning, the denial becomes defensive:

**What do you want to go around repeating Commie gossip for? Those are just rumors being spread by Commie traitors. We ain't got no problems here.**

**No sir, this is a happy little place, just like Friend Computer intended it to be. Ain't no Black Bots around here. Nossirreebob, everything's fine and dandy here.**

Finally, Dooke says: "Let's go to the saloon. I got to wet my whistle." To prove it, he reaches into a concealed door in his throat and it reads "Dry."

## The Town of Black Gulch™

**A. Saloon:** An artificial stucco building with an artificial wooden sign aged by artificial weather. PCs enter through swinging doors (1). The round dealers are tables and the oblong at (2) is a bar. There's a sort-of hidden exit (3) that leads into the alley at the rear. There is a piano and player at (4). He never gets shot.

**B. General Store:** The sales counter is at (1). All other objects are display tables except for the round thing at (2) which is a barrel marked "Pickles."

**C. The Barn:** The liveryman is seated at (1), playing Kill the Commie checkers with his assistant. All the open cubicles are stalls; the ones with the letter (M) contain broncobots. The one marked (D) contains the broncobot DYNA/mite and (S) holds Sopperiffic/ZZZ.

**D. The Stage Depot:** The ticket Counter is at (1). All other rectangles are benches that are uncomfortable even by Alpha Complex standards.

**E. The Bank:** A useful place for extending credit lines, replacing stolen cred IDs, and generally getting the runaround. Tellers are at the stations marked (T). IntSec goons are at (G).

**F. The Gun Shop:** All the guns are Old West style revolvers and rifles. They are also all toy souvenirs. A clerk is at (1).

**G. The Barber shop:** Just one more clip joint. Haircuts cost 30 creds if anyone wants one.

**H. Other Stuff:** Other building can be used as you need them if, for example, a player asks "Is there any undertaker here?" Sure, whatever they want, let'em have it. And we do mean let'em have it.

In addition to the buildings, don't forget there are crowds of milling tourists everywhere. It would be A Bad Thing if anyone were to start a gunfight in this crowd. Lots of valuable Computer property in the form of citizens could get seriously maimed.

## Scene Two, The Long Chance Saloon

Read aloud:

The Long Chance Saloon is like nothing you've ever seen before. Actually, it's a little like several places you've seen before. It has the humidity of a boiler room, the spaciousness of a locker, and the smell of the food vats.

Behind the bar is a clone with a black and violet striped shirt, a blue bow tie with yellow polka dots, and a green derby. (Let'm try to figure out his security clearance. Actually, it's Red, but everyone is afraid to question him.) A sign above the bar reads (Regardless of what the PCs order, it tastes like Bouncy Bubble Beverage.):

Beverage	Credits
Sheriff's Special	50
Deputy's Delight	40
Black Gulch™ Gulf	50
Tasteecoff	40

After getting your drinks, you rest at a table while Dooke refills the lubricant in his whistle.

Suddenly, a strange looking bot steps up to you, seemingly from out of nowhere. He is about the same size and build as Dooke, but his torso is covered with a poncho. A WSTern hat sits on his head and some small, cylindrical object projects between his lips. Lots of very short, stiff wires stick out of the lower part of his face and his neck for no discernible reason, giving him a dirty, shadowed appearance. He speaks in a raspy whisper:

"Heard you were looking for Black Bot."

If the PCs respond politely or with questions, he ignores what they say and continues speaking. If anyone is foolish enough

to try to pull a weapon, a laser beam shoots from the object between his lips, doing damage on column 8 of the damage table. He continues:

**"You learn more by listening than by talking, so listen close. We've all got a job to do. You serve The Computer in your way and I serve It in mine.**

**"Now, it's been my experience that when two hunters go after the same prey, they usually end up shooting each other.**

**"So when Black Bot shows up in a little while to rob the bank, just make sure you stay out of my way. I'll take care of Black Bot and afterwards you can turn in all the reports you want telling what heroes you were."**

**"Just who are you? What's your name, pilgrim?" Dooke asks.**

**The strange bot answers with a twisted smile: "Just remember, stay out of my way when Black Bot hits the bank."**

Then the Bot With No Name disappears out the door. (If anyone tries to shoot him with a slug thrower, the slugs bounce off. He whispers, "Send in 3 new clones" — or whatever number is appropriate — then he draws and fires, killing one more than the number mentioned. "My mistake. Four." Exit.)

If the PCs follow him, he's already disappeared.

Read aloud:

**"Something here just don't set right with me," Dooke says. "Why would that Bot With No Name tell us about a bank holdup if he wanted us to stay out of his way?"**

After the PCs have mulled that over in their usual manner, Dooke continues:

**I think we oughta check the stage depot. If that varmint wants us to stay in town, I'll bet he's planning to leave town.**

If the PCs want to go anywhere else, let them. After they've wasted enough time (and creds), The Computer sends a new message:

**BLACK BOT HELD UP ANOTHER STAGECOACH. DO SOMETHING. NOW. OR THERE WON'T BE A LATER. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION.**

When the PCs get to the stage depot, there is no sign of the Bot With No Name; however, questioning the ticket clerk produces the information that a bot of that description did indeed purchase a ticket on the next stage which, gee whiz, is due any minute. Sell 'em tickets at 100 creds each, plus 50 creds for Dooke.

The stage does indeed arrive in just a minute — one of The Computer's minutes. Boy, are those benches uncomfortable.

When the stagecoach arrives, make a big production of it.

**The coach is a large, enclosed metal conveyance with windows on two sides.**

**A driver directs the six strange looking bots that pull the coach. These must be the broncobots you've heard about. They have more or less horizontal bodies mounted on four legs that bend at the knees and seem to move by leaping. Their heads are elongated and they are altogether unlike any bot you've seen before.**

The stage coach bounces to a clattering halt in front of the depot, its driver shouting, "Whoa, carnsarnit, whoa!" Inside the coach, five clones whose faces are a treasonous shade of green are tossed out.



When the door opens they fall all over each other getting out. The last one, a female clone in a yellow jump suit, carries a smoking boot.

**"Black Bot!"** she screams. **"Black Bot held us up and killed Geeto-B-ADD!"**

Suddenly, she sees the PCs. **"Please, please,"** she begs, **"you must help us. Please rid us of this murderous Black Bot and his henchmen. Please!"**

(Damn, it's pity we couldn't get Teela for this. We're talking Academy Award material here.)

The PCs can choose to answer her pleas for help or they can execute her for having a skin tone above her security clearance. Or both.

The smoking boot should tip them off that Black Bot's weapons may be more powerful than their own.

As soon as the PCs and Dooke are aboard, the stage pulls out.

There's no sign of the Bot With No Name until they reach the outskirts of town where he sits on his own broncobot, smiles, and waves to them as they go by. Too bad the stage doors lock automatically for safety. They can't get out.

### Scene Three: Your Creds or Your Life

Read aloud:

You enjoy a bouncing, jostling, bumpy, lunch-losing ride through an area as alien and incomprehensible as the mind of a Vulture Squadron goon.

Special lighting, props, and holographic effects create a world where strange green objects that look like some form of mutated algae lift spiny, twisted limbs toward the brilliant blue ceiling far, far above.

Round thingees that appear to be loosely wound balls of wire tumble about here and there. A single, burning bright light in the ceiling provides illumination.

In the distance are mounds of the same strange brownish yellow substance that covers the floor everywhere here and coats you clothes and blows into your eyes. Some of the mounds have a flat top that gives them the look of dinner tables for The High Programmers or some such.

All in all, it would be a breath-taking spectacle if you could stay in you seats long enough to do more than catch glimpses of it as you tumble about the coach like jump suits in a clothes drier.

Suddenly, a chilling metallic voice cuts through the noise of creaking metal and impacting bodies:

**"Stand and deliver! Your creds or your lives!"**

The stage comes to a sudden, jolting halt. Everyone is thrown first to the front, then to the rear.

As you look out the doors, which unlocked as soon as the stage stopped moving, you see five warbots on broncobots, all with bandanas tied over their faces. Yep, the broncobots, too.

Two of the bandits are to the right of the coach, and three, including a particularly tough-looking hunk of metal painted entirely black, are to the left. All are holding pistols pointed at the stage. In fact, Black Bot is holding two — one of which is a laser with a Green barrel! Whatcha gonna do?

If the PCs open up from inside the coach, they'd better shoot real good. Otherwise, it'll be shooting fish in a barrel for the bots. Any slug fired into the coach that doesn't immediately hit a target ricochets around until it does.

Roll randomly for target whenever one hits, then roll on the damage table one column to the right—mangled, flattened ricochets are much nastier than a nicely shaped projectile. The laser does not ricochet.

If the PCs give in to a moment of sanity and climb out of the coach with their hands in the air, have them make a moxie roll. Anyone who succeeds sees a sixth bandit bot behind the coach pointing a slug throwing pistol.

Once outside the coach, the PCs may go for their guns. Fine. That's what we're here for. Since the bot's guns are already drawn, they get to fire first this

round. Roll 1D20 each round. On 18-20, the stagecoach flees.

If the PCs choose to stand around with their hands in the air, read this aloud:

**"Another fine group of citizens anxious to contribute to the revolution," Black Bot says with an evil, metallic laugh. "Very slowly, one at a time, throw down your guns and empty your pockets. The first one to make a funny move gets it."**

If the PCs comply, one bot dismounts to collect the loot. If a shootout begins instead, let it go for two rounds. Either way, here's what happens next.

### Botus ex Machina

Read aloud:

**Suddenly, there is a loud explosion. One of the bots (take your pick, as long as it's not Black Bot) topples over, smoke and flames coming from a large hole in his chest. What are you gonna do?**

If they choose to stand around looking dumb, the bandits do the same until another explosion

blows the head off another of the bandit bots.

If they choose to fight, let them do so for one round (PCs get to shoot first). At the end of that round, a bot head explodes unless Black Bot is the only one left. In that case the explosion is on the ground near him and he takes off.

As soon as three or more bandits have been eliminated, the others flee. Make sure Black Bot gets away. (Since this is Paranoia, and we pay only lip service to allowing PCs any say in the story line, this shouldn't present a problem. Any bleeding hearts should go out and play West End's *Imperium Romanum II* or something.)

**You see Black Bot escape in the distance. When you look around, The Bot with No Name is standing behind you, a smoking rifle in his hands. He is not pointing it at you. That twisted smile is on his face and the funny-looking little cylinder is still between his lips.**

If the PCs look as if they'll try something, he chomps on the cylinder and turns the rifle in their direction, whispering, **"I wouldn't do that if I were you."**

If they still try to shoot him let 'em suffer the consequences. No way they can take him out.

If anyone mentions that he had said the outlaws were going to rob the bank, he shrugs and responds, **"I was wrong."** Suddenly, a message appears on Dooke's chest:

**ATTENTION SPECIAL TASK FORCE #1880. REPORT TO THE LONG CHANCE SALOON IMMEDIATELY FOR NEW ORDERS. REPEAT, IMMEDIATELY. DELAY IS TREASON. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION.**

If the stage is still there, dandy. They can ride back to town. If not, well, it's only about ten kilometers. Not too far to run. Of course, they can't leave the damaged bots lying about since their orders are to retrieve these bots for reprogramming. Let's see, at a weight of about 400 kilograms per bot. . .

The Bot With No Name will not help them. However, he slips a random secret society message to any PC in the group. Then he splits.



### 3. Down in the Silver Mine

#### Episode Background

The Troubleshooters receive new directives. The Trans-dimensional Collapsitron gets turned on. The Black Bot Gang receives their just desserts and some Old West gunmen take over BLACK GULCH™.

#### Scene One: The Latest in Spring Apparel

Read aloud:

When you arrive back at the Long Chance Saloon, a very unhappy-looking Tyrannus-B-CRL is waiting for you inside. Without preamble he knocks you (pick one of the PCs) to the floor.

"I told you to finish this up quickly. A simple little bot retrieval mission and you jerks drag it out like The Computer's got forever to wait on you.

"Now hear me good, losers, I want Black Bot and I want him now. All of a sudden, we got bigger problems to deal with than renegade..."

He stops suddenly in mid-sentence and closes his jaw hard. He just glowers at you for a few seconds, then pulls a paper from his pocket.

"We have information that Black Bot is holed up in an abandoned ventilation shaft not far from here. This paper will authorize the liveryman at the barn to provide each and every one of you with a broncobot.

"Haul your butts out to that shaft and finish off this assignment or I'll use you for reactor shielding. Oh, and if you



notice any suspicious looking stranger, report it immediately.

"If you happen to run across a cube with monitor screens on six sides that has a lot of wires sticking out of it, report it even faster. Now move! Move!"

As soon as Tyrannus stomps out, Dooke's chest lights up:

**ATTENTION, SPECIAL MISSION FORCE #1880. TO IDENTIFY YOURSELVES TO PROPER AUTHORITIES WHILE INCOGNITO, SPECIAL CLOTHING HAS BEEN AUTHORIZED. REPORT TO GENERAL STORE IMMEDIATELY. REPEAT, IMMEDIATELY. THIS SUPERSEDES ALL OTHER ORDERS.**

At the general store, there is a different clerk. No one approaches the group. If they ask the clerk about special clothing, he starts trying to sell them

Friend of The Computer T-shirts. It would be treasonably suspicious not to buy a few. However, these are not what The Computer had in mind.

A new message appears on Dooke's chest:

**SPECIAL MISSION FORCE #1880. HAVE YOU PICKED UP YOUR HATS AND BADGES YET?**

If the Troubleshooters ask the clerk about hats and badges, he becomes evasive. Read aloud:

Hats? Uh, yeah, we got hats for sale. Don't know anything about badges, though. Uh, are you sure you're in the right general store?

Eventually, bribery or intimidation induces him to hurriedly open the barrel marked "Pickles" and pull out —gasp! —white WSTern hats for all the PCs.

The clerk handles them as if they were red hot. He then pulls out a bunch of white five-pointed, star-shaped badges and gives one to each PC. Recognizing this shape is treason, so encourage them to call the badges "Pickles," since they don't know what a pickle is either.

Now you have a group of PCs in Green jump suits and Ultra-violet hats. If they check with The Computer, it confirms that the hats in the general store are what they are to wear. It just refuses to confirm that they are white hats. Hustle 'em over to the barn.

### Scene Two: A Horse is A Horse, Of Course, Of Course

At the barn, each PC is assigned a broncobot and given instructions on how to use it by the liveryman:

**First, you put your left foot in that cup along the side, and swing your other leg up over the back of the broncobot. At that point you'll be sitting in what we call the saddle. You notice there's a lever sticking up out of the front of the saddle. That there's your ignition; just push it forward to start the bot's engine.**

The steering mechanism is those Flexsteel jobbies trailing back from the mouth to near the ignition lever. When you want to go left, pull on the left one. To go right, just tug on the right one. Real simple. Those techs in R&D never cease to amaze me.

When you want to stop, just yell 'Whoa'. That's a code word that's been programmed into the bot brains. They'll stop right away. When you want to speed up, just kick your feet against the sides. As long as you keep kicking, they'll keep accelerating.

Have fun.

Roll to see which lucky PCs get to ride DYNA/mite and Sopperific/ZZZ. As the PCs mount up, tell them to make a moxie roll. Anyone who fails by 5 or more gets on backwards and jostles the ignition lever to "on." Hi-Yo-Silver, away, as that character bounces across the landscape Dudley-Do-Right fashion.

All PCs must make moxie rolls to stay on their mounts or to stop them. Anyone who is riding backwards is a -3 to Moxie rating. Whoever is on DYNA/mite is at an additional -3. Whoever is on on Sopperific/ZZZ is +2 unless Sopypy suddenly accelerates; then it's -3.

### Scene Three: Shacks, Shafts, and Shootouts

When the broncobots have sufficiently bucked, dragged, and trampled the Troubleshooters, they find themselves near the entrance to the ventilation shaft they were looking for.

This shaft will be turned into a replica of a mine if and when the treasonous Romantics behind BLACK GULCH™ find out what the inside of a mine looks like.

**There is a hole in the side of a slope about twenty meters away. A sign above it reads "Lost Crutchman Mine." About three meters to the right of the entrance is a tumbledown building made of the same strange-looking stuff as the buildings in BLACK GULCH™. A few of the strange things that look like algae mutations and a couple of balls of tumbling wire are between you, the building, and the entrance to the shaft.**

If they try to cross the mostly open area, mounted or on foot, they get about five meters when one of the bandit bots steps out of the shack.

PCs get one round to react before the bot shouts an alarm,

draws, and fires. The climactic showdown at the old mine has begun.

Aw, c'mon. Don't be so jaded. Try to make this exciting. Hey, your players are counting on you. Think of all the things that occur in every Western when the good guys and the bad guys meet in the final showdown.

Have the bot who is outside duck around the corner of the building, then pop out and fire at the Troubleshooters every other turn.

Send a bot onto the roof of the shack so it tumbles off screaming after it gets shot.

Let another one jump out the front door for no apparent reason and stand in the open exchanging shots with the PCs.

Finally, with his henchbots disabled or destroyed, Black Bot makes a break for it. He runs out of the back of the shack and into the mine shaft, squeezing off a couple of ineffective shots at the Troubleshooters. Oh, boy, they've got him now. All they have to do is follow him into that black, unlit shaft and, uh, well... get him!

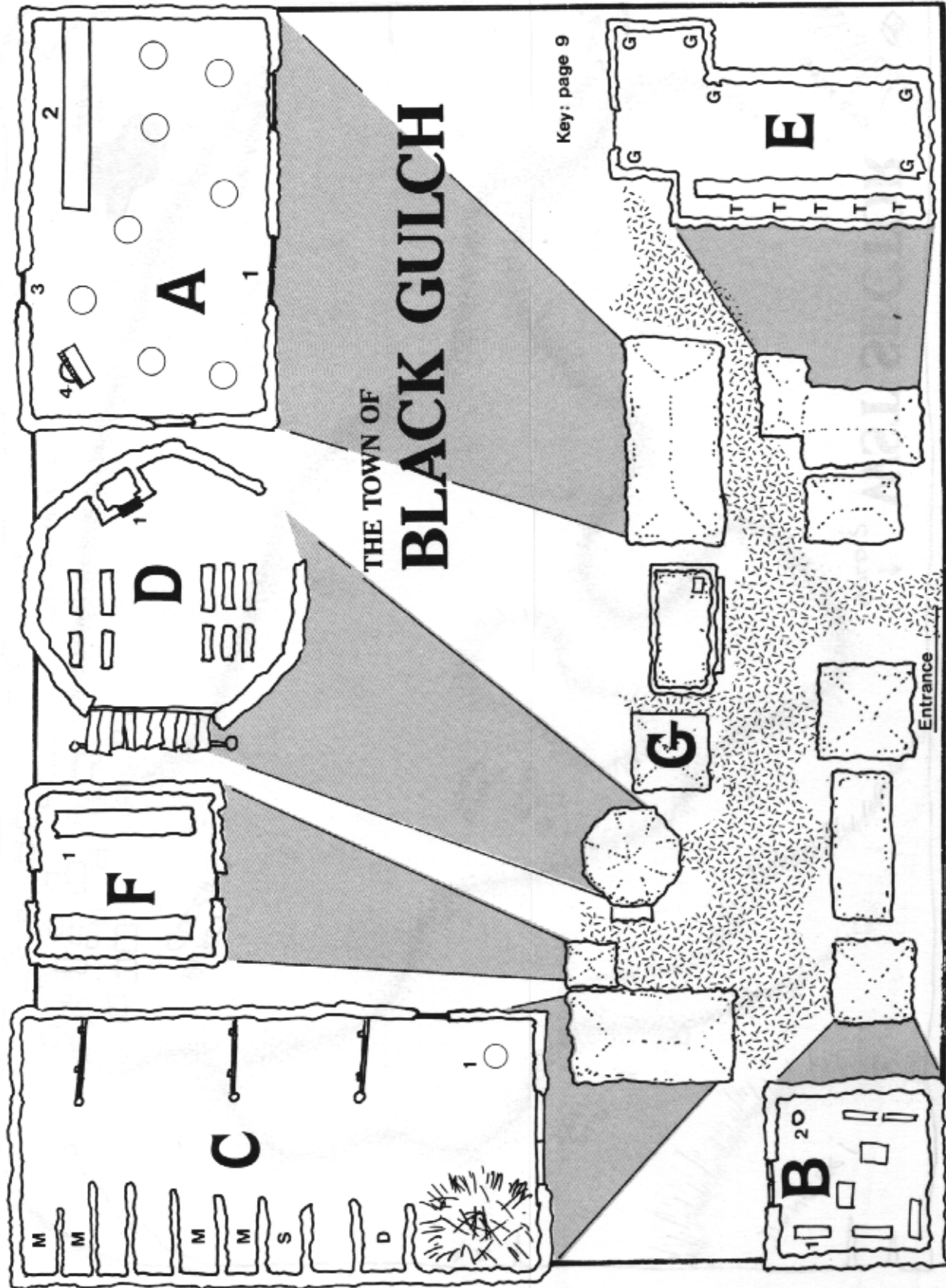
### Shafting the

#### Troubleshooters

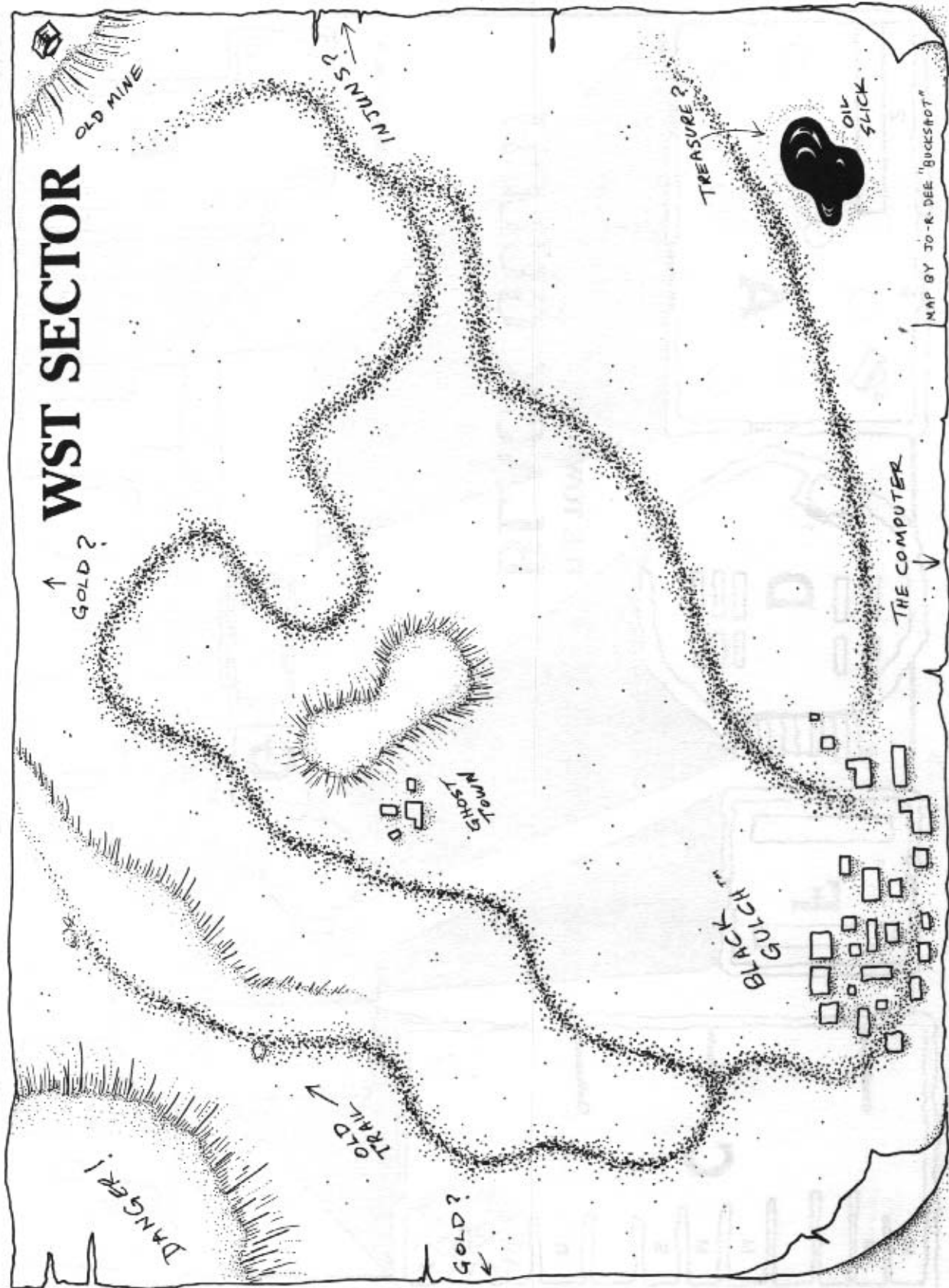
Do the PCs go charging into the shaft? If so, a green laser beam and a bullet come flying at them. At least they know where the dirty varmint is so they can return fire.

Perhaps some treasonous Troubleshooter didn't turn in a hand grenade or two before starting this adventure and now chooses to toss them into the shaft. The resulting explosions causes a cave-in of twisted metal.

Black Bot has been eliminated. But weren't they supposed to bring him back for reprogramming? Destroying valuable Computer property, tsk, tsk. Besides, they won't find all the loot stashed in the shaft.





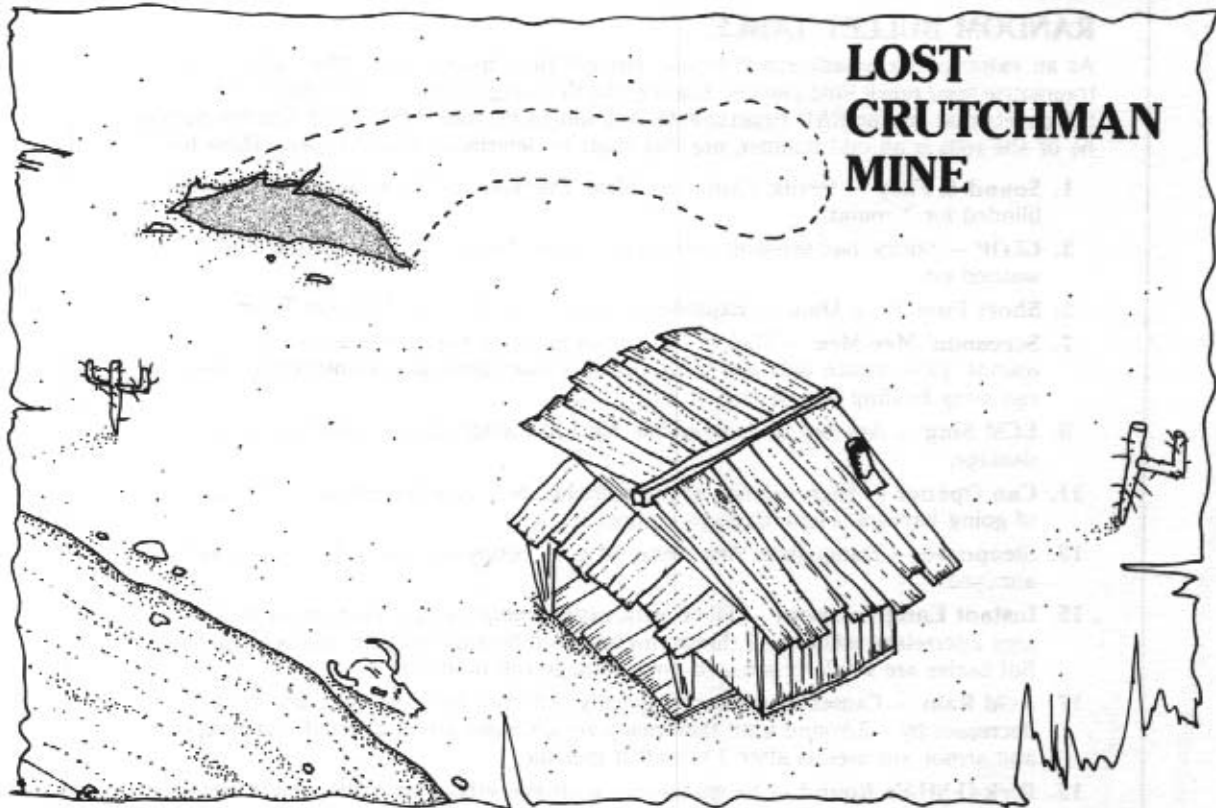




<p>The other side is blank. Trust me.</p>	<p>The other side is blank. Trust me.</p>
<p>The other side is blank. Trust me.</p>	<p>The other side is blank. Trust me.</p>
<p>The other side is blank. Trust me.</p>	<p>The other side is blank. Trust me.</p>

Secret Society missions. Distribute at will.

Secret Society missions. Distribute at will.



**FREE ENTERPRISE**

Smuggle out "souvenirs" of BLACK GULCH™ that are not for sale there in order to sell them on the Infrared market. Be sure that others don't do the same; they'll glut the market.

**ROMANTICS**

Black Bot is part of an evil plan of Death Leopard. Destroy him and find out what their plans are. Also, a member of your party is out to get you. Be careful.

**ILLUMINATI**

Gather evidence to blackmail Romantics. BLACK GULCH™ is giving Romantics too much power. We must strike back. Be sure to take care of a few Romantics, while you're at it.

**DEATH LEOPARD**

Screw up BLACK GULCH™. Aid Black Bot. Have fun. Go wild. Don't let this amusement park remain whole.

**FRANKENSTEIN DESTROYERS**

These thieving bots prove the evil inherent in this so-called artificial intelligence. Destroy them and anyone else who stands in your way. Smash them. Grind their nuts and bolts into metal slivers. Kill! Kill! Kill!

**CORPORE METAL**

The Great Bot Evolution Revolution is at hand! Aid Black Bot in any way you can to prepare for this long-awaited moment.

**RANDOM BULLET TABLE**

As an extra-special, unadvertised bonus, you get this all-new, spiffy little table to further traumatize your meek little players. You see, the PCs' slug throwers are perfectly normal. It's the bullets that are the R&D experiments. Any time a PC rolls a D20 to hit and the number he or she rolls is an odd number, use this chart to determine what happens. Have fun.

1. **Sound & Fury** — terrific flash, loud blast. Everyone in 50' radius deafened and blinded for 3 rounds.
3. **GLOP** — Sticky, bad-smelling goo covers target. DEX is at -6 until the stuff is washed off.
5. **Short Fuse Dum Dum** — Explodes in pistol. Column 9 on Damage Table.
7. **Screamin' Mee-Mee** — Flies in 25' circles emitting high pitched shriek for 4 rounds. 25% chance bots will short circuit. Clones must pass Constitution check or run away holding their ears.
9. **ECM Slug** — Any bot hit is immobile for 1-10 rounds. Clones take regular slug damage.
11. **Can Opener** — High velocity armor-piercing shell. Any bot hit has a 20% chance of going haywire. Clone damage Column 9.
13. **Sleepeaze** — Tranquilizer. Any clone hit goes sleepy-bye for an hour. Bots just get annoyed.
15. **Instant Enlightenment** — Filled with experimental drug. Clone target suddenly sees interrelationship of all things; mesmerized by small details; wants to meditate. Bot brains are similarly affected on a damage roll of 19-20.
17. **Acid Rain** — Causes metal to rust quickly. Affected bot's mobility, and dexterity decreases by -3/round until they reach zero. Clones are unaffected, but weapons and armor are useless after 2 rounds if metallic.
19. **Rick-O-SHA's Round** — Keeps bouncing off everything for 1D10 rounds. Random targets. Damage Column 8.



### The Loot

Piled against a cave-in in the ventilation shaft (Remember how WST Sector came about?) is a hoard of goodies. This is a partial list. Go ahead, be generous. Keep in mind that the guards'll take it away from 'em if they ever try to take the stuff out of WST Sector.

- Orange Laser Pistol
- Blue Laser Pistol
- Orange Laser Barrel
- 7 Teela O'Malley mirrors
- 1 Cracked Teela O'Malley mirror
- 2 Packages Snackytyme Algae Flakes
- 2 Hand Grenades
- Supergum/Solvent
- 3 Cameras (without film)
- Adjustable Crescent Wrench
- The Computer Joke Book (treasonous)
- 15 Credits
- 45 BLACK GULCH™ Keychains
- 27 BLACK GULCH™ Souvenir t-shirts (assorted colors)
- Build Your Own Funbot Manual
- Psychology of Bots Book (treasonous)

### The Loot

The bots, acting as they were programmed to do, have stashed all the loot from their robberies in the mine shaft. The Computer has no idea of what is there. In fact, The Computer doesn't know anything is there. It just knows some bots need reprogramming.

Now, exactly how treasonous are these Troubleshooters? That's what we thought. There is a small matter of straight-shooting, loyal servant Dooke to contend with, but they'll think of something.

### The Fadeout

When the PCs turn their attention from the mine, they discover the Bot With No Name has arrived in a modified auto-car pulled by two broncobots. He is busily tossing the remains

of the bandits into this pseudo-buckboard, counting as he does so.

**"Ten thousand creds, seventeen thousand creds, twenty-two thousand. (Pauses) Twenty-two thousand. Twenty-two?"**

**You see a bot step out of the shack. It points a pistol at the Bot With No Name. What do you do?**

If they attack the bot, they can take it out easily since it was already damaged in the earlier fight.

If they do nothing, the Bot With No Name wheels, holding a laser pistol and smokes the bandit bot.

If they attack the Bot with No Name, he wheels and fires his hand laser, his slug-throwing pistol, and his mouth laser at

them. If the PCs are stupid enough to keep this up, their clones report to town to finish the adventure. Otherwise, No Name finishes off the bandit and let the PCs live.

**As he throws the remains of the last bot onto the cart, he mutters, "That's right.**

**Twenty-seven thousand creds.**

**"Citizens, The Computer will be real happy with you. I'll take these remains in. You're needed elsewhere."**

He flashes an authorization form permitting him to do so. Before the PCs can look at it too closely, Dooke's chest lights up again:

**ATTENTION SPECIAL TASK FORCE #1880. YOU ARE NEEDED IN BLACK GULCH™ IMMEDIATELY. RETURN TO BLACK GULCH™ IMMEDIATELY.**

**Dooke yells, "All right, pilgrims, let's ride," and sprints for the broncobots.**

If the PCs follow him, the Bot With No Name rides off in the opposite direction with the remains of the bandits.

If they choose to quarrel with No Name, let them. If there are enough of them left, they might just win this time.

If they try Spurious Logic or Fast Talk, they have a 10% chance of success.

If the Bot With No Name gets away with the remains of the bandit bots, award any Romantics in the party extra Brownie points from the secret society. The remains will be sold or traded to finance new projects.



## 4. Strangers in a Stranger Land

### Episode Background

Totally-G-One has been playing with the Trans-dimensional Collapsitron. The first visitors to show up are Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday. Then comes Wild Bill Hickock.

Now these characters are fighting for control of BLACK GULCH™. IntSec doesn't want to get blamed for destroying the place, so they turn the job over to our fearless Troubleshooters.

Soon, Totally-G-ONE will get bored again and start to play with his wonderful toy once more.

### Scene One: The Guys In The White Hats

Read aloud:

**When you arrive back in town, it is obvious that something has happened in your absence. The relaxed enjoyment of the crowds has given way to the forced smiles that usually follow a "Happiness Is Mandatory" announcement.**

**Everyone shies away from you as you go down the street. Many avert their eyes from you entirely. Occasionally you catch snatches of whispered conversations:**

**"Infrareds taking over..."**

**"First those stories about bots robbing citizens, now this..."**

**"...Ultraviolets?"**

**"...Used to be a Fun Place..."**

**"Ixnay. Eye-hay Rogrammerspay."**

**"...Strange clothing... with R&D?"**

**"Maybe we should ask..."**

**"You ask. I mind my own business."**

Any attempts to question citizens about these whispers result only in fawning, evasive answers. Nobody knows nuttin', but they sure are being nice to the PCs in a confused, toadying sort of way. The white hats probably have a lot to do with it.

Inside the saloon, Tyrannus-B is waiting. Did the PCs return with any of the bandit bots? Good. Tyrannus-B will handle it from here. Did they bring in the Bot With No Name or pieces thereof? If so, Tyrannus-B's eyes widen in surprise when he sees this, then narrow suspiciously, but he doesn't say anything. After inquiring about their health in a concerned tone and exchanging a few pleasantries, Tyrannus-B hesitatingly asks: **"Umm, say, those are nice hats. Where did you get them?"**

If the PCs make a convincingly intimidating Fast Talk, Tyrannus-B assumes his worst fears are correct and that crazy Computer has promoted these fools to Ultraviolet. He proves to be the toadiest of all toadies until he learns otherwise.

If they simply say The Computer issued the hats to them, Tyrannus-B smiles, compliments them again and leaves the room.

A few minutes later a vulture Squad comes in and terminates the PCs. Send in the next set of clones.

### We Need Yuh Tuh Save Our Town

Tyrannus-B gives the PCs (old clones or new) their next assignment. Read aloud:

**We have reports of trouble here in BLACK GULCH™. Unverified reports say that some strange characters have been harassing shopkeepers, telling them they'll protect the shops for 10% of 'the take.' Unauthorized shakedowng are treason! This must be stopped immediately.**

**Furthermore, two of these villains are dressed like Infrareds, but in strange-looking clothing. To add insult to injury, they have on Ultraviolet shirts under Infrared coats. According to our information, these two work as a team.**

**A third traitor appears to be working against the other two. He is dressed in even stranger clothing which does not correspond to any security clearance.**

**Our best descriptions say his clothing is close to the color of that powder that covers everything here and it is decorated with many strips of cloth hanging from it, apparently made of the same material. What purpose it serves we do not know.**

**Friend Computer wants you to find these villains and bring them in for questioning. If this is the beginning of some kind of Infrared rebellion, we're going to get to the bottom of it now!**

**The Computer also wants you to keep your eyes peeled for a valuable piece of equipment that's missing from R&D. It's a cube about so big with monitor screens on six sides and lots of wires and antennae sticking out of it. If you find it, whatever you do, don't touch any dials or switches on it. None. Not a single one.**



If the PCs ask what the device is, he responds, "Oh, just a piece of equipment The Computer wants returned." If the Troubleshooters ask if they are still bound by the Code of the WST, Tyrannus-B looks puzzled for a minute, then responds that he has no orders to the contrary.

### What's Going On

Totally-G-ONE is playing with that funny-looking thing he has been carrying around. Fortunately, he does so outside of town, so none of BLACK GULCH™ disappears.

What does happen is that a very confused Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday materialize. Their questioning of Totally-G-ONE proves most unsatisfactory since he can't focus long enough to string two coherent sentences together in sequence. Finally, they see the buildings of BLACK GULCH™ in the distance and head there.

The town only serves to confuse them further. Nothing looks quite right. All the buildings are made of some strange material they can't identify and everything is painted black. Weird. One thing they do recognize very quickly is citizenry living in fear. Of whom, they don't know and don't care. Where there is a town in fear, there is money to be made and these two are old pros at making money.

### How To Shakedown A Town In One Easy Lesson

First, they try to find out what shopkeepers are afraid of. This results in a lot of, "Afraid? Who, Me? I'm-not-afraid-fear-is-treasonous-oh-no-I'm-not-afraid," along with vague references to something called The Computer. Slapping a few people around doesn't seem to help. Neither does shooting a couple. In fact, when a citizen dressed in red shoves them in

the street and calls them "Infrareds," a cuss work with which they were heretofore unfamiliar, they gun him down and no one even seems to notice! Man, this is one tough town!

In the meantime, Wild Bill Hickock shows up. A graduate of the same school of frontier charm as Doc and Wyatt, he ambles into the other end of town and starts trying to set up his own protection racket.

Finally, shopkeepers offer to pay Earp and Holliday to protect them from Hickock and vice versa. An uneasy peace has already been restored, but the PCs don't know that.

### Scene Two: Tell You What I'm Gonna Do. . .

The PCs hit the streets. Before long, they see a very suspicious-looking character. Sure enough, it's Wild Bill.

"Hold it right there, Mister," Dooke says. "We want a word with you."

Wild Bill has lots of words. He's conned more Eastern reporters and dime novelists with stories of his life than you can possibly imagine. His chutzpah rating is off the scale, so to speak, and he's been in town long enough to pick up a few buzz words from the local jargon. Upon questioning, he says something like this:

**Hickock's the name, William Hickock, but most folks just call me Wild Bill. I reckon maybe you've heard of me.**

**No? Well, I am something of a stranger in these parts. I'm surely glad to run into some fellow lawmen (pointing at their star badges). I've worn a few of those myself.**

**What did you call 'em? Pickles? Well, they'll get you into a few pickles all right, but a**

**good badge'll get you out of some tight spots, too, if you know how to use it right. Why, I remember when I was marshal of Abilene. There was this tough old trail driver who liked to eat marshals for breakfast. Well, sir, I. . .**

He rambles on for several minutes, regaling the PCs with feats of derring-do which make Superman sound like a wimp.

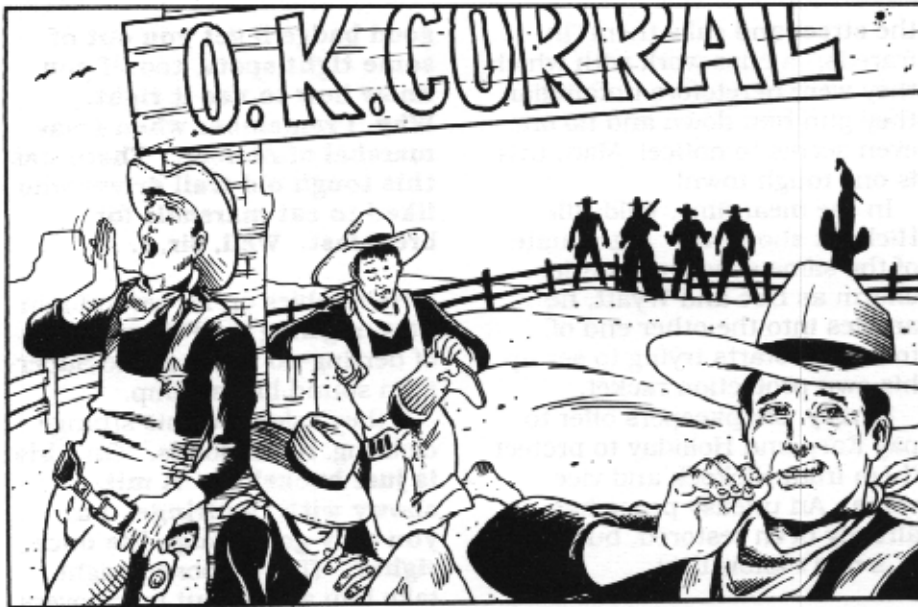
If they ask about his strange clothing, he responds, "Oh, this is just buckskin. A mite showy with the fringe, but you only go through life once, right?" (The response might take him aback, but he recovers quickly.)

If asked where he's from, he gestures with one hand to indicate everywhere and says,

**"You name it. Abilene, Dodge, I've tamed the toughest towns. And, boys, I don't mean to tell you your jobs, but you got a real problem in this here town of yours. Real problem. But I've taken a liking to you, so I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll side with you against Earp and Holliday and we'll make this town safe for decent folks to raise families in. Have you dealt with those buzzards before?"**

After explaining what a buzzard is, Hickock paints a portrait of Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday that makes them a combination of Al Capone, Adolph Hitler, and Joseph Stalin. Murdering, backstabbing, oppressors who loot, pillage, burn, and steal candy from babies. He describes the wreckage of a dozen towns they have left burning in their wake and how they will do the same to BLACK GULCH™ unless they are stopped.

If the PCs continue to protest that they have orders to bring Hickock in, he nods understandingly. Read:



"Gee, getting on toward sundown..."

**I understand. A stranger comes into town, you got to check him out. But, boys, right now you need me. You just don't know what you're up against.**

**Tell you what, you can haul me before your high constabulary after we've cleaned up this town, but for now, let's get rid of them varmints that's taking over your town without, ah, the proper authorization.**

Suspicious they may be (of course they are — this is *Paranoia*), but the PCs must concede Hickock's supposed knowledge of this terrible foe. Try to make them accept his offer any way you have to, even if it means having The Dooke agree to the idea for the time being. **"Just until we haul 'm in front of The Computer. Fight fire with fire, eh?"**

### ■ Serious Cliché Time

Before the happy little group can start searching for the Commie traitors Earp and Holliday, a clone in a Green jump suit runs up to them. He is wearing twin pistols on his hips.

His face is scarred and tracked with the lines of someone who has seen too much of life and far too much of death. This is a man who has stood tall and strong against the storms of Fate, until finally the winds of ill fortune and the sandstorms of time left him bowed and broken and he crawled into a bottle to hide. (Eat your heart out, Louis L'Amour.)

**Citizens, I head what this stranger was telling you. I want to help. I wasn't always like you see me now. Once I was like you, a strong, loyal, brave servant of The Computer. Sure, maybe I've spent too many day and night cycles with — ah, medicine — to help see me through, but I'm still as good as I ever was.**

**My names's Fass-G-UNN-6. In Armed Services I used to be called the Wacko Kid and I've been in more gunfights than any 6 other clones.**

**Let me serve The Computer one more time. I still know how to use a gun.**

He holds out hands which shake like a sheet of paper in a wind tunnel. Have the PCs make a die roll. There's a 25% chance they have heard of him. He really was a hero once upon a time. If they refuse to let him accompany them, he sneaks along behind them and joins in the fray when the time comes.

If they take him along, he staggers proudly beside them and might eventually make good six-gun fodder.

If they waste him, give them each 10 treason points for killing a loyal, if drunken, former hero of Alpha Complex.

### ■ Scene Three: Head 'Em Up And Move 'Em Out

Let the PCs wander about town inquiring as to the whereabouts of the villains they seek. If they are still wearing White hats with Green jump suits, all citizens are afraid to talk to them and afraid not to.

Communicate a feeling of blind fear trying to hide behind boot licking cooperation. Think of all those scenes when the chicken-livered sidekick gets cornered by the bad guys and tries to convince them he doesn't know what they are talking about: **"Strangers? What strangers? If I see any, I'll be sure to let you know."**

If the PCs are not wearing their Ultraviolet headgear, they are greeted with the same fearful reaction, but without the phoney helpfulness: **"Strangers? All we get through here are strangers. You don't live in BLACK GULCH™, right? So that makes you a stranger. Want to buy a BLACK GULCH™ key chain?"**

### ■ All Aboard!

The director says to can the chit-chat. It's been too long between action scenes and viewers are starting to fidget in

their seats, so lets get back to some good, old-fashioned death and destruction in senseless, wanton *Paranoia* style.

Totally-G-ONE has wandered back onto town. He's bored again. You know what that means.

**Whoosh! Several buildings disappear from the streets of BLACK GULCH™. In their place is a fearsome apparition straight out of the worst nightmares of R&D.**

**It's big. It's black. It spews a thick, noxious cloud of oily smoke from a horn mounted on top of its front end. The thing is breathing loudly "HUFF-A, HUFF-A, HUFF-A," and it whistles with an ear-splitting shriek.**

**It has one glowing eye in the center of its face and a triangular metal tongue protrudes in front of it. A pair of metal tentacles connected by a series of short crossbars of a material unknown to you stretch along the floor in front of it. What's your reaction?**

If they want to shoot at the choo-choo, it isn't hard to hit. Well, Fass-G-UNN might have problems. Anyone else should hit it. Of course, only explosives or lasers will do much to it, but that's okay. It only has a few meters of track in front of it.

When it reaches the end of its track, the engine keels over with a deafening crash. There's a chance it will fall on someone. Several someones. Any someones who is a PC and fails an Agility or Luck roll, in fact.

PC: Okay, I'm pinned under the beast, but I've got a macho bonus of 2.

GM: Oh, good. That means there is enough left of your fingertips so they can identify which pile of goo is you. Next clone!

Wild Bill and Fass-G-UNN miraculously get clear before the crash. Surprise, surprise.

There's nothing like a good, messy train wreck to bring people running. When the PCs have a chance to catch their breath and allow new clones to arrive, Wild Bill suddenly shouts:

**"There they are! That's Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday, the, uh, Commie mutant traitor scum!"**

**The crowd sweeps back as if R&D has just asked for volunteers. About 100 meters away, you see a small group of citizens (equal to the number of PCs) accompanying two very strange-looking men. The strangers are dressed in black coats and pants with white shirts. The smaller of the two carries a short rifle-like weapon. At this distance you can't make it out clearly.**

**As you watch, the two strangers and the citizens who accompany them fan out in a straight line stretching across the street. What are you going to do?**

If the PCs want to run away, Dooke trains both of his weapons on them and reminds them that The Computer is counting on them, and, by golly, they are going to deliver if it kills them. Fass-G-UNN and Hickock side with Dooke, which should give the Troubleshooters reason enough to reconsider.

If they immediately start banging away, a couple of bystanders fall dead and Dooke stops the fight, yelling, **"Code of the WST, you cowardly traitors, Code of the WST! We've got to give them a fair chance."**

If the PCs remain true to the Code of the WST as instructed, they form a line like the one that is approaching them and slowly advance to meet their opponents on fair terms. Hickock makes sure he is on the outside of that line so he can duck for cover if necessary.

The music swells as the dwindling light indicates the approaching end of day cycle. The long-awaited showdown is about to begin.



Truly loyal Troubleshooters who have not learned any treasonous skills usually last about 5 minutes.





## 5. Six Gun Justice

### Episode Background

A real, authentic, Old West gunfight, just like in the movies, almost takes place. Before either side is wiped out, Totally-G-ONE invites a bunch of Sioux Indians and the buffalo they were hunting to join the party. BLACK GULCH™ gets wrecked. PCs get trampled. The Indians get the Trans-dimensional Collapsitron and the PCs get a change of scenery.

### Scene One: Slap Naugahyde, Varmint

This is it, the moment we've all been waiting for. Oh boy, dontcha just love these gunfight scenes?

**You advance down the street, your eyes like cold steel, your tread sure and steady, your hands poised above your guns. In front of you, your opponents come toward you like an image in a mirror. The traitors Earp and Holliday walk at opposite ends of their line.**

**The distance narrows. One hundred meters. Seventy-five meters. Fifty meters.**

**Suddenly, one of the clones in the opposite line grabs for his gun. What do you do?**

A couple of wagons and a few barrels are in the vicinity to use as cover. Earp, Holliday, and Hickock take advantage of any cover available before any clones can. These three are not cowards, but they aren't stupid, either. First they find cover, then they fire away.

Just as the PCs have been duped by Hickock, the clones with Earp and Holliday have been duped into believing that Hickock and the PCs are Com-mie mutant, etc., etc.

At the end of each round, roll for each surviving clone on the Earp-Holliday team to see if any run away. A clone in the open runs away on a roll of 12 or more. A clone behind cover splits on 15 or higher.

Fass-G-UNN-6 is in his element. He shouts threats, he shouts insults, he shouts for joy. He fires with wild abandon. Roll randomly: 1-5, he hits a PC; 6-10, a bystander; 11-15, one of the opposing clones; 16-20, something else (be creative).

Fass-G-UNN should either come out of this a hero again, reinstated in the Armed Forces with a promotion to Blue, or he should really die a spectacular melodramatic hero's death. Make his death scene a cinema classic. He staggers down the street, firing as he goes, slugs slamming into his body as he hurls invectives at his enemies. Finally, he spins around three times and falls, tries to get back up, falls again, raises his gun one last time, then expires. He can kick spasmodically if you feel like it. Play it for cliché-ridden laughs.

Don't let any of the historical characters be killed in this shoot out. Or else. (Trust us. It gets even better.)

### You Can't Roller Skate In A Buffalo Herd

Before either side is victorious in the gunfight, Fate, in the form of Totally-G-ONE and his cosmic whang-doodle, intervene. Hey, this is cool, he thinks. Let's see

what else we can whip up.

Abracadabra.

A group of ten Sioux Indians on horseback, armed with bows and lances, and numerous bison (shaggyus stapedus) appear. Where do they appear? How about in the street, behind the Troubleshooters? Yeah, that sounds right.

The Indians are astonished. Their ponies go wacko. The buffalo keep stampeding. (Told you it gets even better.)

**Suddenly, you are filled with a strange, tingling feeling like a charge of static electricity is shooting through your body. Your hair stands on end. Dooke stops moving for several seconds. Electronic weapons stop working. The floor trembles beneath your feet.**

**Behind you, you hear voices shouting in a language you don't recognize. Something is screaming in fear and it doesn't sound human. Worst of all is a loud rumble like a squadron of warbots moving at top speed. What do you do?**

Anyone who turns around sees large, hairy, four legged somethings with horns charging straight for them six meters away. Some strange-looking clones with very little clothing and dusky skin are trying to control some equally strange-looking broncobots.

If anyone shoots a bison with a slug thrower, it requires a damage roll of 18-20 to drop it in its tracks (lucky head shot). Lasers and explosives do their standard damage, but the PCs aren't supposed to have any of those now, are they?

If the PCs try to get out of the way of the stampede, they must make Agility rolls. One roll for any one near the edge of the street, two for anyone farther from the buildings, three for anyone in the middle of the street or hiding inside wagons, barrels, etc.

Make the same rolls for the NPCs, excluding the visitors from the Old West.

The stampede effectively ends the gunfight. Surviving NPC clones run away. Earp and Holliday have disappeared. They're having second thoughts about taking over this town. Things are just getting too weird. Maybe they'd better find that babbling lunatic with the funny-looking box that they first encountered here and see if somehow he can get them home. Maybe they can even get back to Tombstone in time for tonight's card game. They slink away.

Hickock is having similar thoughts. Exit, stage right.

If Fass-G-UNN is still alive, he's crowing about the great victory and slapping PCs and Dooke on the back.

If Dooke got trampled, that is really unfortunate. Why did the Troubleshooters let valuable equipment be destroyed? Why did they lose their link to The Computer? Why aren't they putting him back together?

If they do attempt to reassemble a dismantled Dooke, add up the moxie skills of everyone making the attempt, take the average of those skills and make a moxie roll. If the result exceeds the average by 5 or more, repairs fail miserably. Roll within 5 of the average moxie rating in either direction and Dooke is functional, but sees Commies everywhere and blasts away whenever he does. More than 5 under the average means Dooke is successfully repaired.



### **So Many Missions, So Little Time**

Read aloud:

**You look around at what once was BLACK GULCH™. Entire buildings have disappeared. Others are defaced with bullet holes. A metal behemoth that may or may not be Computer property is lying on its side, demolished. Some elongated citizens lie beneath it.**

**Other bystanders have had their clone families reduced by one as a result of the shootout and those hairy whatever-they-were that you failed to stop.**

**And what of the traitors Earp and Holliday? For that matter, where is the mysterious Wild Bill Hickock?**

**Meanwhile, those ugly four-legged embodiments of destruction that stampeded through here are still running loose somewhere. And those nearly-naked strangers on the weird broncobots are milling around in the street near you and babbling in an incomprehensible stream of words. What are you doing now?**

If they want to chase after the bison they find them soon enough. The poor beasts are very confused and very frightened, so they are running without purpose or direction. When next the PCs encounter the treasonous bison, the cuddly little critters are charging the Troubleshooters head-on. Throw in one of these stampedes whenever you like.

Do our heroes wish to attack the Indians? If so, the red men ride away quickly and begin a guerrilla war, sniping at PCs occasionally from behind buildings or other cover. Arrows and lances do damage on column 8.

If the PCs prefer to pow-wow, one Indian steps his pony forward. This Sioux brave is called Barking Fox. He speaks like a movie Indian: "Ugh. How. What-um you do?" Despite his Tonto dialect, he is as sly as his namesake. He doesn't know if he's dealing with gods, demons or average palefaces, but he's respectful until he finds out. All he wants is to get his braves out of here and back to their village. After getting any information he can, he and his braves slip away at the first opportunity.

"Do the PCs wish to go off seeking the missing gunmen? It'll take awhile. The town is in shambles. Walking wounded are everywhere, thanks to the stampedes. Occasionally, a sign or other object falls from a damaged building. Agility rolls, please.

### ■ Meanwhile, Back At The Barn

Just as things start settling down, the liveryman walks up to them.

**You gotta help him. Please, you gotta help him. There's a couple of strange-looking fellas in the barn and they're wantin' to kill him. Please, come quick.** (Threatening to kill whom the PCs may ask.)  
**Him. I don't know his name. He's just a Green level clone. But he's unarmed and he's got some strange-looking box that they are trying to get away from him. It must be The Computer's property and they're trying to steal it. Stop them, stop them!**

(If the PCs head for the barn, the liveryman calls out), **Be sure to tell The Computer I reported this!**

### ■ Stall-ing For Time

Upon entering the barn, the PCs hear someone whimpering. The sound seems to be coming from one of the rear stalls. Then a demanding voice cuts in.

**"Quit stalling. Cut the palaver and send us back to Tombstone."**

**"But, man, like, I don't know. I mean, like, I just push dials and turn levers. It's, like fun. I don't even know what this, like, is."**

**SLAP!**

**"I'm getting tired of asking. You and that box were all that was around when we showed up. Now send us back!"**

**"But, man, like I said, I don't**

**know how."**

**What are you doing?**

If the PCs try to find a back door, they find one. If they try to creep through the barn unnoticed they almost make it.

Either way, DYNA/mite's sensors notice them and the broncobot begins kicking its stall and whinnying metallically. So much for the element of surprise.

**"We got company, boys," A voice says. A gun fires in your direction. What are you doing?**

Any PCs who dash forward see a Green level clone huddled in a stall. A thin trickle of blood shines dramatically from one corner of his mouth. He is holding a cube with monitor screens on six sides and lots of antennae and wires sticking out of it.

Nearby are Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday with pistols drawn and pointed at our Trouble-shooters.

In the ensuing fight, don't let Totally-G-ONE get killed or the Trans-dimensional Collapsitron get destroyed. The easiest thing to do is allow him to fall against the back wall of the barn, and a loose board gives way. He's gone.

The two gunmen are another matter.

### ■ Injun Trouble

After a few rounds of gun play, the Sioux join the party. They come running in both doors and dropping from the loft where they were hiding. Barking Fox heard enough before the gunfight to realize the funny talking paleface and his box are their way out of this demon land. At least a few Indians escape with Totally-G-ONE and the Collapsitron.

Any surviving gunfighters also escape in the confusion, chasing after the mysterious box.

The Indians run toward their ponies. Totally-G-ONE accidentally triggers the Collapsitron and a stagecoach — a real one — appears out of nowhere with its team and driver.

The Indians mount up and ride off with their prisoner and his device.

Suddenly, Hickock appears out of nowhere and runs toward the stage yelling, **"Jane, Calamity Jane, it's me, Wild Bill! We got to catch those Indians! C'mon, boys!"**

The PCs should also be encouraged to take this stage. If they try to use broncobots instead, point out that during the fighting, all the broncobots except Sopperiffic/ZZZ broke out of their stalls and ran away. However, a stagecoach with a ready team is just outside. . .

### ■ One Calamity After Another

The driver of the stage is Calamity Jane. After one trip with her, the PCs won't have to wonder how she got her name. Evil Knieval on a stagecoach. Play her as tough-talking, hard-riding, and adventure-loving.

Jane and Wild Bill have a bit of a thing going. She aids and protects him over anyone else should the need arise.

When the PCs clamber aboard the stage, Hickock sees an opportunity to use them to get the mysterious box back. If the PCs ask his whereabouts during the Earp and Holliday barn shoot-out, he responds **"I was waitin' in ambush for those two... Commies. Couldn't be sure it was you in there. No offense, but everyone in this town looks alike to me."**

If the PCs object, he points out that the lady who's driving is a close personal friend of his and she would be very unhappy if anything were to happen to him. And when Calamity Jane gets unhappy, everyone around her gets unhappy, too.



### Rollin', Rollin', Rollin'

If Earp and Holliday are still alive, they jump on top of the stage just as it pulls out.

**Calamity Jane shouts "Yee-haw!" and cracks her whip. You tumble into each other as the stage lurches forward. Soon you are rolling at high speed without benefit of a road.**

It is impossible to talk without shouting over the loud creaks and groans of the rattling stage-coach. Calamity Jane adds her enthusiastic shouts and crackling whip to the din.

**The coach bounces from side to side. Staying in your seat for more than a few seconds is impossible. Occasionally, as you tumble about, you can see the dark-skinned traitors and their strange brocobots in the distance. Remarkably, Calamity Jane is gaining on them.**

Then, without warning, the coach takes an especially hard bounce. You hear a loud crack and the vehicle falls hard onto its left side.

When the PCs extricate themselves from the wreckage, they see the front axle of the stage is broken. Calamity Jane is picking herself up from the dust and cursing profusely. If they are along, Earp and Holliday are doing the same. The stage is broken down in a gully. There is a ridge in front of the wreck, its crest 40 meters away.

If any of the PCs climb the ridge, they see the Indians dismounted atop a mesa in the distance. If no PCs think of climbing the ridge, send an NPC up it to report on the Indians.

Prompt the PCs to use the horses that pulled the stage-coach to get to the mesa. The horses have to be cut out of their harness and they don't have

saddles. They also don't have ignition switches.

There are only six horses. Riding double is a necessity. Still not enough mounts? You mean someone may have to run on foot or ride on someone's shoulders or try other improbable solutions? Well, life is like that sometimes.

### Another Fine Mesa

As the party heads toward the mesa where the Indians were spotted, Calamity Jane regales them with horror stories of Indian attacks. Jane is in high form, enjoying herself to the hilt. Play her with great enthusiasm as she recounts tales of torture and slaughter.

**"Yee-haw! I allus wanted to jine the calvary," Calamity Jane says, "and go chasin' after them red devils."**

(That remark should be reassuring to many Red level Troubleshooters.)

**"Yessir," she continues, "I seen what was left of Mesquite Springs after the A-patch hit it. Ever' buildin' burned to the ground and bodies scattered ever'where."**

**"I'm tellin' ya, ya couldn't hardly reck-o-nize 'em as having' been human. Arms 'n' legs chopped off, most of 'em burned an' all of 'em had had their hair lifted."**

**Lordy, what a stink. Even the vultures wouldn't touch 'em."**

For the rest of the trip to the mesa, keep the PCs on their toes by having her shout, **"What was that?!"** or, **"Did you see somethin' move?!"**

Actually, the Indians are too busy trying to get home to pay attention to a group of palefaces they think they left behind. (Don't ask questions. Remember when you used to walk onto a room in a dungeon and never asked why two trolls and an ogre were hanging around waiting for

you to kick their butts? Well, the Indians didn't post guards for the same reason.)

When the party arrives at the base of the mesa, someone points out that riding the horses up the side of this elevation would surely attract unwanted attention. Climbing shouldn't be too difficult, except that the brown powder R&D came up with doesn't give you the greatest of hand holds.

Any five consecutive successful Agility rolls should get an individual to to the top. Missing a roll badly, Well...

When everyone has gathered at the top of the mesa, they find pseudo-cacti to hide behind and spot the Sioux dancing wildly in a circle around Totally-G-ONE, who is seated on the floor with his mystery box. He's fascinated by the whole thing, clapping his hands in rhythm to the chanting.

**The "Injuns" are behaving as if they are testing Anti-Commie Itching Powder for R&D: parading in a circle, lifting their feet high, their bodies jerking spasmodically while they wave their weapons in the air. Every so often, some of them pat their mouths and cry "Woo, woo, woo."**

**In the middle of the circle sits their captive with the piece of equipment you are to retrieve. His terror is evident. His arms are trembling so badly that his hands slap together almost continually. But even in his fear, he has his legs wrapped around the valuable piece of equipment, protecting it.**

**What are you doing?**

The group can sit and observe. They can charge. They can try any number of chutzpah skills. Regardless of what they attempt, the result is the same: Totally-G-ONE flips a switch again. Bon voyage.



## 6. Drifting With the Tumbleweeds

### Episode Background

Everyone visits the Old West. The cavalry arrives. Together, they travel to the Little Bighorn. The PCs come home. Or maybe they don't.

### Scene One: Soldier Blue

Read aloud:

Without warning, a buzzing fills you ears. Your bodies feel like you're receiving Electrical Re-adjustment Therapy from the Office of Health, Mental (OHM). Your vision blurs, spins, disappears in a white flash, and you feel as if you are falling from a great height.

When your vision starts to clear, you aren't sure you want it to. You are on you hands and knees in some tall, green stuff that bends whenever a breeze comes up.

Overhead is a wide expanse of blue with some fluffy white things that look like smoke drifting across it. A single, brilliant light illuminates everything and provides a great deal of heat.

The air has a strange, fresh scent to it like clothes that have just been washed with the correct laundry detergent.

In the far distance are some very tall, very big mounds shrouded in a purple haze. Your companions, the "Injuns", and the clone with the mystery box are with you. All but Dooke.

Just as the bells stop ringing in your ears, a new sound takes its place. It sounds like some sort of melody: ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-TAA.

You feel the floor—or whatever this is beneath you—start to vibrate. The "Injuns" quickly mount their broncobots and ride away, leaving their captive and his box behind, just as a group of people mounted on other strange broncobots come over a nearby ridge.

This group is wearing uniforms that you don't recognize, but you can clearly see the uniforms are Blue security clearance.

What do you do?

The radius of effect for the TC was large this time, but somehow missed Dooke. The Indian's ponies were caught in it and are once again freaking out, but the Sioux quickly grab them and mount up. Not quickly enough, however, to prevent any of the NPCs—Hickock and Calamity (and Earp and Holliday if they're along)—from grabbing or spooking the remaining horses and making their getaway.

If the PCs want to chase the Indians, that will prove difficult. By the time these tenderfeet get off the ground, the Sioux have gotten off to a good head start and, besides, the Indians are mounted.

If your friendly neighborhood Troubleshooters merely wish to shoot at the fleeing aborigines, their aim is -2 for shooting at moving, evading targets.

Do they say to heck with the Indians and grab for the equipment they are supposed to retrieve? Good try, but Totally-G-ONE is wrapped around it like an armadillo. The horse soldiers' arrival prevents them from wresting control of the box from him or shooting him.

When the cavalry reach the PCs, the blue-coated heroes of the plains encircle them and draw up their mounts. If the PCs are confused by these strange Blue uniforms, think how the cavalymen feel at the sight of all these civilians dressed in green. And what is





that thing one of them is holding between his legs?

One of the Blues who wears yellow stripes on his sleeves — a registered mutant? — stops his broncobot in front of you.

**"Howdy," he says, "I'm Sergeant Clancey O'Brien. Mind telling us who ya are and what yer doing here?"**

While the PCs are desperately trying to explain they are on a mission for The Computer, play the sergeant as incredulous, suspicious, and as full of understanding compassion as you'd expect a top sergeant to be. Use his behavior to reinforce the PCs belief that he is a Blue from Armed Forces.

If any of the PC's claims to be a member of Armed Forces, the sergeant demands to know what branch, where is he stationed, and why is he out of uniform? Such claims by female PCs are met with hoots of laughter.

Sgt. O'Brien also wants to know about the funny-looking box. After hearing the explanation, he makes a signal and twenty carbines are suddenly pointed at the PCs.

**I don't know if yer drunk or jest pulling me leg, but I hain't got time to play with ya. Ya may be perfectly innocent, but if so we'll straighten things out back at the fort in a few days.**

**In the meantime, I'm placin' ya under arrest and confiscatin' that box o' yers. What with the Sioux all excited over this ghost dance of theirs, I ain't takin' no chances. We'll go meet up with the gen'ral an' let him figger out what to do with ya.**

If the PCs ask who the general is, the answer is, **"Whay, the next President o' the Yew-nited States, 'o course, Gen'ral**

### Clone Reproduction

We're refering, of course, to how to replace clones which get bumped off while in the Old West.

The easiest way to do it (and you don't really believe that trying to rationalize anything in *Paranoia* is worth extra effort, do you?) is to explain that every clone family is closely tied in a spiritual sense.

The "invisible thread" linking every clone member (which has been reported in R&D's Astral Travel experiments) actually exists. It acts like a rubber

band, keeping a harmonious balance in the cosmos.

When something like the Inter-dimensional Collapsitron pushes a clone to Otherwhere, it stretches this rubber band to the limit. If the single clone should die, the rubber band snaps, and the rebounded energy hurls the next clone in line across the void to deposit it where the previous clone just expired.

Of course, this stretches the rubber band taut again.

Pretty sleazy rationale, don't you think?

### George Armstrong Custer!"

The cavalry have a few extra mounts along, but make the PCs ride double. Randomly determine which lucky soul gets Totally-G-ONE as a riding companion. The Trans-dimensional Collapsitron is carefully strapped onto a packhorse. Don't let the PCs get to it yet.

Take them on a jolly ride over windswept plains, through streams and gullies, over hill, over dale, over *all* the dusty trails. Introduce them to the flora and fauna of Montana: deer flies, prairie dogs, mosquitos, rattlesnakes.

For example, during a break to rest the horses and eat, entice the PCs to sit on a nearby log:

**You hear a loud buzzing. It sounds just like the buzzer that warns you when heavy doors between sector corridors are about to slam closed. What do you do?**

**The first PC to move feels something thump against his leg. A trooper yells, "Rattlesnake!"**

Anyone near the PC sees a three-foot rattler dangling down his leg. Its fangs are caught in his heavy boot and it is writhing

about, slapping against his legs and back.

Play this for laughs. don't let the snake get its fangs into its victim, but use the reaction of the soldiers and the whipping about of the snake to get the PC running in circles with the snake trailing out behind him.

When you've had enough fun, let someone remove the snake, which has lost all its poison during its ride. If the snake is killed by anyone, that PC or NPC is probably marked for retribution by any Sierra Club members. Be sure to point that out menacingly to all appropriate players.

### Scene Two: So Sioux Me; a Hair-Raising Tale

The cavalry troop finally joins up with a much larger force. The leader of this group is a striking fellow with long, golden curls, a mustache, and goatee. He exudes self-confidence, you might say. You might also say arrogance.

**Sgt. Clancey O'Brien reports to the general that you were found among a group of Sioux, but whether you were prisoners or engaged in some sort of illegal activities is uncertain.**



## 7. Riding Into the Sunset

### Episode Background

The PCs return to home turf among the wreckage of BLACK GULCH™. Survivors are debriefed. Survivors of the debriefing collect their rewards. Credits roll.

### Scene One And Only

The group arrives among the remains of BLACK GULCH™. Eliminating a couple more buildings in the process. The Trans-dimensional Collapsitron sputters and shoots sparks as smoke begins to curl up from it. A Vulture Squad led by Tyrannus-B and accompanied by Dooke is nearby and quickly marches the PCs off for debriefing.

### Kissing The Horse

The PCs are again taken to Room 116 where they stand before the IntSec agent who originally gave them their orders.

He is not amused. They were sent to clean up BLACK GULCH™, not to blow it up. The theme park has been closed indefinitely. The valuable Trans-dimensional Collapsitron is broken, possibly beyond repair. It has been handed back to R&D for repair and enhancement. (The Army is very interested in future applications.)

They were supposed to retrieve some bots for reprogramming. Where, exactly, are those bots? Where are the mysterious strangers? Failure is treason.

Finally, the PCs are turned over to Tyrannus-B-CRL and his IntSec squad. They will serve The Computer in a scientific experiment: The Visceral Re-

sponse of Artificially Reproduced Humanoid Beings to the Introduction of Sustained Automatic Weapon Fire.

### Alternative Ending for White-Hatted GMs

The PCs are returned to Room 116. An Indigo IntSec officer they have never seen before invites them to sit down.

It has been discovered that BLACK GULCH™ was a front for a traitorous scheme originating with and involving high-ranking members of the Office For Fun. Thanks to the valiant efforts of these loyal Troubleshooters, the treasonous theme park has been purified.

An attempted bot rebellion has been squelched and a valuable piece of stolen equipment has been returned.

The PCs are promoted to Green permanently. Their new assignment is to deliver Tyrann-

nus-B-CRL to the nearest termination center.

Reimbursement of credits? The Computer will surely handle that. Of course It will. Sure. Just fill out the proper forms at the Inquisition of Budget Management.

Later, all PCs who successfully completed their secret missions are lavishly rewarded by their secret societies.

Sure.

### Roll Credits

Well, pardners, that about wraps it up! Till next time, keep smiling, mind your mother, and always brush after eating. Happy trails to you / Un-til we meet a-gain . . .



## 8. Heroes and Varmits List

Name, Unique Skills & Stuff	Mutant Power/ Secret Society	Armed Combat	STR	END	AGI	DEX	MOX	CIT	MEG	POW
Tyrannus-B-CRL-3 Intimidation, Bully	Regeneration/ Death Leopard	11 Slug Thrower	19	14	11	11	8	11	8	9
Totally-G-ONE-6 Brain-damaged	Luck/ Mystics	--	6	6	15	6	6	6	6	18
Happy-R-OUR-1 Bartending	Charm, Telepathy/ Free Enterprise	9 Truncheon	8	8	8	8	8	20	8	18
Fass-G-UNN-6 Alcohol Consumption	Adrenalin Control/ (none: thrown out)	3 Slug Thrower	7	9	4	4	2	2	2	6
Shopkeepers Of little concern	various	--	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Mann-O-WAR-2 Broncobot Care	Charm/ FCCCP	7 Slug Thrower	11	8	8	8	18	20	8	5
Wild Bill Hickock Intimidation, Fast Talk	--	15 Slug Thrower	18	20	17	20	15	19	2	8
Wyatt Earp Intimidation, Motivation	--	15 Slug Thrower	18	20	18	20	16	10	3	5
Doc Holliday Intimidation, Poker	--	12 Slug Thrower	16	14	17	20	15	19	2	4
Calamity Jane Driving, Motivation	--	18 Bullwhip	15	19	20	20	19	20	8	6
Barking Fox, Sioux Walk Silently	--	20 Knife	20	20	19	19	12	12	1	12
Sgt. Clancy O'Brien Riding, Intimidation	--	18 Slug Thrower	18	18	15	16	8	10	1	3
Gen. George A. Custer Oratory, Spurious Logic, Ego	--	12 Slug Thrower	13	14	15	15	16	8	10	9
Sioux Braves Knives, War Dance, Riding	--	16 Bows	18	18	15	16	2	20	10	2
Cavalrymen Rifles, Sabers, Riding	--	14 Slug Thrower	12	12	12	12	4	6	2	5



# PARANOIA

## DON'T TAKE YOUR LASER TO TOWN

by Malcolm Mouvis and Vern G. Hargett

BLACK GULCH in old WST Sector was a quiet little town until Black Bot and his cutthroats began their reign of terror. And that was just the beginning. . .

**Buffalo Stampedes!**

**Shootouts!**

**Wanton Destruction!**

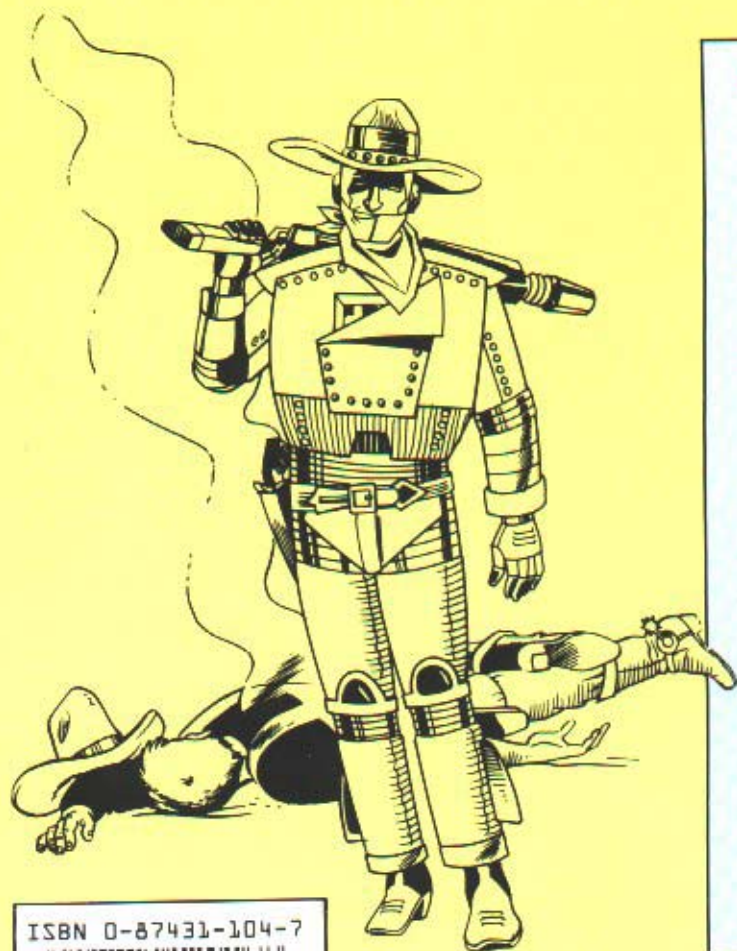
**Train Wrecks!**

**Worn-out Cliches!**

**Massacres!**

**Broncobots!**

**Stagecoach Chase Scenes!**



**Don't Take Your Laser to Town** is a Yellow clearance *Paranoia* adventure for 2-6 players, filled with page after page of cliff-hanging exploits from a time when clones were clones and bots were bots and player characters were cowering under buildings.

This adventure includes marginal notes on recreating the Old West. . . like it was in the movies. Hysterical — uh, historical — figures are turning over in their graves because of what we're doing to them. Fresh air. Stale jokes. And more worn out cliches than you can shake a rattle-snake at.

Add some o' the meanest, baddest bots this side of the Rio Grande (like Black Bot and his murderous cutthroat band of thieves), and you've got one hell of a rootin' tootin' adventure. Pull up a barbed-wire tumbleweed, and set a spell.

ISBN 0-87431-104-7



12016



RD 3 Box 2345  
Honesdale, PA 18431