PARANOIA
THE UNDERPLEX

Design
PAUL BALDOWSKI
of the TRAITOR RECYCLING STUDIO

Original **PARANOIA** design
DAN GELBER
GREG COSTIKYAN
ERIC GOLDBERG

New **PARANOIA** edition
ALLEN VARNEY

PARANOIA ™

The Underplex

The abandoned tunnel network that interpenetrates Alpha Complex, and all the ways it can kill your PCs

PAUL BALDOWSKI, Architect *(www.omegacomplex.com)*

GREG INGBER
KARL LOW
ERIC MINTON
Additional material and poorfreadnig/
Contractors

BETH FISCHI
ANDY FITZPATRICK
ALLEN VARNEY
Editing, layout, graphics/Drillbots

JIM HOLLOWAY
Cover and interior illustrations/Blueprints

DAN GELBER
GREG COSTIKYAN
ERIC GOLDBERG
Original game design & development/
Building committee

IAN BELCHER
Mongoose Publishing RPG manager/
Construction supervisor

ALEXANDER FENNELL
Mongoose Publishing production director/
Struts around wearing fun yellow hardhat

THE COMPUTER
Orders it built; seals it off; repeat

CONTENTS

The 'fortune cookies' at the lower right of each two-page spread come from loyal citizens **Paul Baldowski, Karl Low, Saul Resnikoff, Bart Savenije, Silent,** *and* **Tobias Svalborg,** *who answered the call on the* **PARANOIA** *development blog (***www.costik.com/paranoia***). Commendations!*

Security Clearance ULTRAVIOLET

WARNING:

Knowledge or possession of this information by any citizen of Security Clearance VIOLET or lower is treason, dark nasty skulking subterranean treason of the most deeply entrenched kind

Hey! What's behind this wall?

Alpha Complex is a huge, multileveled underground city, a web of supposedly self-contained sectors. The Computer administers them as a single massive community. To maintain happiness and improve efficiency, The Computer not only orders new construction; it also dictates incessant remodeling and repurposing of existing structures. Service firm contractors also prize efficiency—that is, the efficient funneling of credits from padded expense budgets to their secret Gray Subnet accounts. They order their engineers and bots to build cheap and fast, and if the new recreation center happens to wall off the only access to an entire subsector, well....

To improve maintenance efficiency ratings, High Programmers delete from The Computer's databanks the very existence of blocked corridors, defunct barracks and derelict facilities. Then they ensure citizens rapidly forget the old places ever existed; or, if a troublemaker displays an unpleasantly good memory, they ensure citizens rapidly forget the old troublemaker ever existed.

These thousands of forgotten rooms, discarded corridors and dusty maintenance tubes comprise *the Underplex.* This shadow-city interpenetrates every inhabited sector, mere meters away from subsurface transportation tunnels, INFRARED accommodations and moderately shielded power generation facilities. It is a place of escape, of absence, as close as the other side of that wall. Over centuries, the Underplex has become a refuge for the lost and disappeared, the unwanted and unsightly, the illegal and treasonous.

If you've picked up this book expecting a wizards-and-lizards dungeon crawl, brace yourself for something more original and a lot cooler. The Underplex, though filled with monstrous brain-hungry mutants and Old Reckoning relics, is still pure **PARANOIA**:

GM: You're standing at the open mouth of a dark cavern. Water cascades down the walls, gathering in dark pools. In the shadows at the back of the chamber you half-glimpse something moving… perhaps the very traitors your mission requires you locate.

Frank-R: Wow, this rocks! **PARANOIA** in a dungeon... it's like the old days. I bet we meet Randy the Wonder Lizard! So, who wants to be the magic-user, huh? I set out across the cavern with my laser drawn.

GM: *[Takes notes, rolls dice.]* You step gingerly through the puddles and between the slick rocks, covered with something that looks surprisingly like last night's algae casserole. Then the floor seems to disappear beneath you. A layer of rock falls away, and you drop with it. As luck would have it, the strap of your uniform snags on a rock jutting out of the pit, leaving you dangling precariously.

Frank-R: Phew, that was lucky. Anyone got a ten-foot pole? Haha! Okay, guys, help me up, will ya? *[Silence, except for the faint rustles of exchanged notes.]* Guys? What are you doing? Just throw me a line or something; I'm not sure I can get a handhold down here. Guys?

GM: The light above you flickers and dwindles. You hear footsteps receding. You hear someone say what sounds like 'mutie traitor'—then you see six piercingly bright shots of red laser fire hit the ceiling of the cavern. You're hanging alone in the dark. You hear a faint rumbling sound overhead. What do you do?

The Underplex is a fresh setting for **PARANOIA** missions, an uncompromising environment of trigger-happy troopers, brain-hungry mutants, and Dark Rooms so dark they should have big neon signs flashing 'All-You-Can-Commit Treason! Here! Now!'

Like Alpha Complex proper, the Underplex is an overwhelming labyrinth filled with indifferent neighbors and unforgiving opponents. But our inspiration was *not* the dungeon crawls of other (non-fun) roleplaying games; instead, we looked to the modern 'urban infiltration' explorers, the intrepid folks who break into sewers, abandoned factories and the like just to see if they can.

(Not that we have anything against dungeons! We heartily recommend the 64-page **PARANOIA** mission collection *Collapsatron,* which includes an updated version of Ken Rolston's brilliant 1987 fantasy-RPG parody *Orcbusters.*)

Troubleshooters in the Underplex rapidly discover that escape from The Computer's crazed oppression can, in certain respects, suck. Though the bright and hygienic corridors of Alpha Complex make covert activity a headache, at least in an emergency they might grab a passerby as a convenient human shield. In the Underplex, they can find plenty of places to have a private meeting with their FCCC-P contacts; but they might as easily walk into range of a squad of trigger-happy Vulture Warrior scouts, with not a handy INFRARED in sight.

Before we launch you headfirst into the depths, here's an overview of what you get in *The Underplex*:

1: Under construction

Like Alpha Complex bureaucracy, the Underplex has depths few would willingly choose to trawl. This section details the setting's many levels.

◉ **The Tranz**: A chaos of derelict tunnels, tubes and ducts—a dangerous transition to the environs below.

◉ **The Dungeon**: Purposely sealed holding facilities intended to imprison the worst genetic anomalies and bioengineered monsters.

◉ **The Underplex**: Forgotten rooms, lost sectors and Old Reckoning habitats that twist like an Escher illustration in, around, and among the inhabited portions of Alpha Complex.

◉ **The Deeps**: Natural caverns, narrow tunnels and water-slick pitches that reach far down into the Earth's crust.

2: Under population

Underdwellers—residents of the Underplex—see Alpha Complex as a source of ready-made goods and raw materials. Alpha Complex citizens see the Underplex as a menace and security breach. This section outlines the status, views and objectives of the Underdwellers, as well as those of Alpha Complex service groups and secret societies.

3: Hook, line and sinkhole

Tools for handling the Underplex setting using the **PARANOIA** rules, or what passes for rules. This section includes notes on handling Tension in a security-lite environment, recruiting Troubleshooters into UNDER (Underplex Navigation, Defense, Exploration and Recon) teams, and survival in a naturally hazardous environment.

4: Gear

Items designed to assist those venturing into the Underplex. Old Reckoning archaeological finds. Stuff!

Mission: 'The One'

The Underplex works well for either an occasional side trip or an extended campaign. This campaign kickoff mission, 'The One', takes the Troubleshooters into a few proximate parts of the Underplex.

Appendix: Random tables

The appendix offers tables in the style of the excellent mission blender (included in the *PARANOIA Gamemaster Screen*). You can generate areas of the Underplex with a few die rolls.

Using this material

Here we Famous Game Designers suggest a few different ways to introduce The Underplex into your *PARANOIA* game:

Breaking new ground

Assume no one's ever heard of The Underplex. Your Troubleshooters get to explore virgin territory. As The Computer puts it, 'What could be more fun?'

Actually, various individuals concealed knowledge of the Underplex for decades, but nothing stays secret forever. Had The Computer been of one alert, focused mind, it might have remained aware of the world beneath—but it's The Computer, you know? So when it suddenly detects the Underplex, The Computer reacts with its typical binary-code equivalents of shock, horror, bewilderment, paranoia and complete incomprehension. It believes the Underplex appeared suddenly and spontaneously, as part of a massive secret invasion.

The Computer's drive to deal with the potential threat of the underworld sends everyone into a panic, citizens, service groups and secret societies alike. This is the premise of this supplement's kickoff mission, 'The One'.

Old news

On the other hand, you can assume high-clearance citizens have always known about the Underplex, and nobody ever told the player characters about it. The Underplex had nothing to do with their menial INFRARED work, and when The Computer recruited them as Troubleshooters, their superiors gave them only the barest information they needed to finish each mission. During their latest briefing, the team learns about the Underplex for the first time, to the briefing officer's utter amazement: '…Then we will drop you into the caverns of the Underplex. What do you mean, "What's that?" It's all around and among Alpha Complex. Big place, full of tunnels and caves. What do you mean, "What's a cave?"'

If you approach things this way, your NPCs assume the PCs know what's up (or rather, down). They react uniformly with frustration when the team starts asking questions. Everyone of RED Clearance and higher seems to know more about the Underplex than the Troubleshooters.

Colorful background

Don't want to send your PCs into the Underplex under any circumstances? Fair enough—you can still mine *The Underplex* for its plethora of ideas, characters, mission seeds, service firms and secret society subgroups. Dip in to amplify a mission or find a catalyst to spark new ideas. When you generate new missions using the *GM Screen* mission blender, swap out a character or location from the random tables with one described here. That ought to keep your smug know-it-all players on their toes.

Going UNDER

So what is the pretext you can use to send Troubleshooters into the Underplex?

Different groups deal with the discovery of the Underplex in different ways. Armed Forces stereotypically goes in with guns blazing and stereotypically suffers for its gung-ho attitude. Internal Security designates the Underplex 'an external concern' and chooses to have nothing at all to do with the place. IntSec elevates security protocols at all known access points to ensure nothing external has the opportunity to become internal. Everyone else looks worried, confused or guilty.

The Computer, assessing this uncoordinated action, orders the formation of the Underplex Navigation, Defense, Exploration and Recon (UNDER) group. The new UNDER group will explore, not conquer, the underworld. To further that objective, The Computer recruits citizens trained in an appropriately broad skill base—namely, Troubleshooters. The UNDER administrators expose draftees to focused hands-free environmental training: a couple of grainy videos of Old Reckoning *Doctor Who* episodes and a tourist guide to Mammoth Cave). They give everyone shiny new team badges and push them towards the nearest Underplex access point.

Envision your Troubleshooters—primed to expect both hordes of slobbering, fluorescent-green maggots and Old Reckoning cavern gift shops—as they venture into the darkness, their lasers ready, trigger fingers itchy....

No access

Alpha Complex construction work has all the delicacy and precision of a sledgehammer. VIOLET executives somewhere demand a new autocar showroom or high-class eatery. BLUE-Clearance think tank members brainstorm detailed and impractical plans. YELLOW-Clearance managers review the plans and hold damage limitation meetings to find a way to implement the original request without leveling half the sector. Then low-clearance sub-engineers and unquestioning jackobots complete the physical construction work. What power they command! They can complicate the lives of a thousand INFRARED workers when they brick over a single vital door.

It's easy to introduce your players to this construction process. Suddenly seal off access to Troubleshooter HQ, the PLC depot or their communal dorm. The characters hear work crews behind hastily constructed barriers. If they inquire about the work, offer standard remarks about the inadequacy of their security clearance. With a little research, the Troubleshooters can reach their original destination by making a convoluted kilometers-long detour. When the PCs next pass the location, they see the sparkling displays of an INDIGO-Clearance autocar showroom or a VIOLET hair salon.

Whenever the team makes the journey, emphasize the inconvenient detour. Drive the problem home by forcing a Troubleshooter to make a return trip for a form or forgotten piece of gear. Then, just when the Troubleshooters have got used to it, close down the high-clearance outlet and board up the front. The team knows a route exists beyond the abandoned room, but they can't reach it without entering a high-clearance area.

Play with the players' minds. Build their frustration with seemingly random construction decisions. Troubleshooters subjected to this experience might better appreciate the origin of the Underplex.

I SEE THE NEED TO GET DOWN, BUT I AM BAFFLED BY THE COMMAND TO 'GET FUNKY'.

3

1: Under construction

The Underplex has three layers: *the Tranz, the Underplex* proper (including the *Dungeon*) and *the Deeps*.

The Tranz

The jumbled confines of the Transition, or **Tranz,** intermingle with all inhabited parts of Alpha Complex: INFRARED barracks, recycling sumps, offices, mess halls, vidshow studios, ULTRAVIOLET mansions, reactor cores and waste dumps—*especially* waste dumps. Passages and crawlways may lie directly behind any arbitrary wall and between any two bustling corridors. Citizens pass unknowingly within meters of scuttling *Underdwellers*—lost and forgotten citizens, High Programmer offspring, grotesque mutants, autonomous frankenstein bots and rats. Lots of rats. A Troubleshooter could punch a wall in his own apartment and discover six startled Underdwellers. And *lots* of rats.

Because the Tranz totally interpenetrates Alpha Complex, travellers may pass from one to the other easily, sometimes even without noticing. They can move around the Tranz without undue trouble, though they must step lively to avoid third-degree burns from hot pipes or falls into waist-deep water holes. Some of it seems quite livable, at least by RED-Clearance standards. Lighting varies, but it's seldom totally dark. The Underdwellers have installed pipe shunts to siphon off potable water and runoff from the food vats—and for dinner, there's always rat.

However, the myriad branches and dead-ends of the Tranz make it almost impossible for a wayward citizen to find a destination without a guide. In maintenance ducts and waste discharge pipes Tech Services meets an astonishing number of lost citizens, malnourished, bewildered and sitting in pools of their own filth.

Each service group maintains hidden networks within the Tranz. Citizens seeking to use these privately managed tunnels require appropriate clearance and permissions, but Underdwellers and secret society members alike access them illegally. Troubleshooters who lack the technical expertise to defeat simple security measures can bribe access codes from most any ORANGE-clearance maintenance engineer.

Theoretically, anyone injured in these tunnels could file a claim against the responsible service group. However, few could stomach the bureaucratic wrangling involved. Worse still, citizens who successfully sue Power Services or HPD&MC for damages soon mysteriously suffer repeated shortages of power, food and oxygen.

The ducts

Your average Alpha Complex citizen never once considers the complex machinery grinding away in the background to make his life tolerable. However, technical operatives and bots work ceaselessly in the background just to maintain minimal services. For them the ducts that wind throughout Alpha Complex are an absolute necessity.

For narrative purposes, standard ductwork comprises three types—**ample**, **tight** and **dead space**. Ample ducts allow workers (and Troubleshooters) to reach vital machinery, stop valves and safety points comfortably. Tight ducts allow access without immediate threat to skeletal structure, but they are claustrophobic.

Citizens without traitorous mutations can't access dead space ducts. Only specialized bots and fiddly endoscopic tools can get in there and move about. Characters using endoscopic tools must roll against either their relevant Hardware or Fine Manipulation

specialty. A Troubleshooter trying to defuse a bomb 20m down a debris-choked duct with a couple of temperamental joysticks can expect a nerve-shredding experience.

The transtubes

Alpha Complex requires an immense passenger and freight transportation infrastructure. The parts that figure most prominently in Troubleshooter missions are the transtubes.

Transtubes vary in form and functionality. **Vertical Airflow Integrated Maintenance** tubes, for example, use a high-speed air turbine to carry passenger capsules full of maintenance personnel. **Core Access Supply Trunk Routes** are gaping tunnels that magnetically propel gigantic cargo shells, they transport anything from a million crates of radberry chapsticks to whole prefab power stations.

All secret societies know of one or more obscure transtubes that pass into the Underplex. Members may learn of these routes through favors or long service. Societies like Sierra Club and PURGE use these hidden routes to access the Outdoors or gain access to secure facilities. The societies guard this knowledge carefully, and frown on members who divulge it to others.

Solitary Troubleshooters who access transtubes without prior authorization must deal with fast-moving traffic, flying debris, wailing emergency vehicles and, most dangerous of all, surly maintenance crews. These crews—workers in service firms categorized as Secure Highways, Underpasses & Thoroughfare Subcontractors (SHUTS)—maintain transtubes throughout Alpha Complex. Because SHUTS engineers dislike pedestrians in traffic—and because they have The Computer's permission to shoot jaywalkers on sight—smart Troubleshooters prepare hefty bribes. (See the box at right.)

Autonomous drillbots are always boring new tunnels. Tech Services issues them narrow directives—a sequence of directions and distances, just enough to send them the right way. Well, sort of the right way—it's kind of a general advisory based on vague notions of direction. Wayward bots tend to bore holes through all kinds of passages, chambers and substructures, which surprises INFRARED citizens at work in the vats or awaiting their evening HappiMeal.

The bots' random passage through subterranean Alpha Complex create new entrances into the Underplex. These entries range from mere cracks to gaping, structurally questionable overlaps with natural caverns.

Due to the constant unpredictable passage of thundering transit cars, few dare to try these entrances into the unknown. Secret societies and Underdwellers consider these very dangers the greatest guarantee of security for their hidden activities below.

The TUBE

The Trans-Undercomplex Bullet Express system carries passengers and freight at high speed. Transit cars—flat-ended, windowless cylinders with spiraling runners corkscrewing around the exterior—travel at Mach 1 along tight tunnels with electromagnetic transductors and near-frictionless walls.

The TUBE cars hammer the air. TUBE stations reverberate with the automated cry, 'Mind the blast'. This warns unwary citizens to hang onto something or risk serious injury. In addition to the usual vending machines, automated ticket validation stands and massive extractor fans, TUBE station facilities offer plentiful handholds.

Abandoned TUBE station

Alpha Complex TUBE Stations offer cheap, reliable and fast transportation. However, The Computer's constant demands on Tech Services to expand the system poses considerable dangers to man and machinery, typified by the fate of one LIF Sector station.

LIF Sector once held a stranglehold on production of key INFRARED food supplements. High-speed transportation brought in scientists and semi-skilled factory workers, and shipped

Straight down

The Underplex works best with a play style somewhere between Classic and Straight. The claustrophobic environment fosters tension, fear, suspicion and resentment. Troubleshooters can die easily.

Like any **PARANOIA** mission set outside civilized Alpha Complex, clone replacement can be a problem. With diminished clone replacement, smart players rapidly favor subterfuge over firefights.

Don't feel restricted, though. Dark caves and deep holes provide a workable backdrop for a one-shot Zap mission. Add a few mutants who look suspiciously like they're wearing rubber bodysuits. Solve clone supply problems with an incomprehensible R&D gadget. Or send along half-a-dozen replacements for each clone… just in case.

out trainloads of food pills, bars and bags. Then PURGE mounted an all-out assault. LIF Sector's manufacturing facilities went up in flames.

The TUBE station described here was one of PURGE's key targets. Their inept demolition attempt caused only a few small fires. But when an Emergency Disaster Response Team put out the blaze with portable water cannons, they unluckily hit a newly exposed layer of

Secure Highways, Underpasses & Thoroughfare Subcontractors (SHUTS)

Technical Services service firm type

Example firms: InfraCare, Road Ease, ReTread
Revenue stream: Tech Services contracts
Secret society taint: Communists (common), Sierra Club (uncommon)

The transtube network is the lifeblood of Alpha Complex's economy. All sectors rely on a steady flow of goods, or risk panic, riots and starvation. SHUTS maintains the roads and ensures citizen appreciation. INFRARED- or RED-Clearance maintenance teams handle significant repair work, ORANGE-Clearance supervisors prioritize work and YELLOW-Clearance crossing guards oversee proactive security in their designated zone and manage high-end administration. Higher-clearance workers serve as supervisors, managers and vital bureaucratic rubber-stampers.

When there are no immediate maintenance needs, work crews set to their secondary role of enhancing citizen appreciation of the transtube network. They cone off random lanes and road sections, erect logo-bearing flags and then stand back—well back. The cones immediately reduce citizen complacency. At the end of the day, the work crews retrieve all the cones with much pomp and ceremony, and thereby markedly improve happiness levels.

volatile Old Reckoning waste. This material, now known as **PopRox** (see below), caused an explosion that gutted the station.

Today the LIF Sector station sits derelict, unlit and unattended (**Tension level 0**). Walls are stained and crumbling; rusted girders poke out through cracked masonry.

The platform serves as a drop site for societies like PURGE and Corpore Metal, as well as a waypoint for vagrant Underdwellers. To access the platform, Troubleshooters must negotiate either the empty shaft of a funicular railway or the melted wreckage of an escalator. (For a fuller description of a derelict TUBE station, see the mission 'Patch Job' in the **PARANOIA** supplement *Crash Priority*.)

Glyphiti: The damaged platform area is smeared with *glyphiti*, encoded messages that look like graffiti.

Technical Services and Power Services originally created this tagging system to signal problems for system outage auditors and repair crews without causing alarm among the public. Certain secret societies, notably PURGE and Death Leopard, have adapted glyphiti as an extension of Twitchtalk. They use it to identify targets for sabotage, demolition or bombing, and disguise the notations as problems with waste outflow pressure or faulty light bulbs.

The TUBE station's glyphiti conceals a multitude of secret society encrypted messages. Given time, Troubleshooters with Twitchtalk or the new **Cryptography** specialty (see the boxed text below) can uncover all kinds of information, though it's hard to tell how current it is.

PopRox

PopRox is an artificial Old Reckoning mineral discovered decades ago by William-I-CHL-1 as he supervised construction of a new sub-conclave in LIF Sector. A PopRox lode resembles a pink, knobbly lump of sweet-smelling beads. When William-I took a grenade-sized PopRox lode to an R&D lab in NEP Sector for examination, he accidentally dropped it in a pool of industrial runoff and inadvertently destroyed the adjacent CPU Stylus Acquisition Request Refusal building. William-I-CHL-2 found the remains of his Prime in the spitting and hissing remnants of a PopRox lode.

Exposed to water, PopRox crackles, pops and fizzes with ever-increasing violence, and it releases great gouts of flammable gas. Developers in Tech Services, PLC and R&D remain certain PopRox must have value. Their continued prospecting missions have exhausted all known lodes in LIF Sector. PLC keeps the unrefined material in several secure warehouses in case someone devises a safe use.

Mission seed: Drill bid

Technical Services has lost a tunnel-drilling bot. The Computer assigns the team to head into LIF Sector TUBE station to follow the programmed route of the drill and retrieve it. Tech Services operatives believe a secret organization must have sabotaged the machine and taken control of it.

In fact, the drillbot fell through a weak point between the Tranz and the Underplex. A community of Underdwellers discovered the damaged machine. They used it to extend the limits of their small community, but in the process drew the attention of other groups using the Underplex.

Now the Underdwellers seek to sell the bot to the highest bidder, in return for supplies and food. Disguised representatives of Free Enterprise, Corpore Metal, an enemy complex and the Mole Men (see Chapter 3) all plan to acquire the machine through fair means or foul. All 'bidders' have disguised themselves as representatives of Technical Service service firms, which further confuses the situation when the Troubleshooters crash the auction.

Seed: Gate crashers

Someone demolished the GFC Sector TUBE station in the night, killing a dozen citizens. The Troubleshooters get to play clean-up team; they must gather evidence to help IntSec identify the perpetrators.

The Mystics use the TUBE station by night to hold parties. The noise and noxious fumes filter down into the Underplex, where Underdwellers work themselves into a state of frustrated fury. During a particularly riotous gathering, The Underdwellers finally lost their cool and sent out heavies to end it.

The confrontation might have passed without incident had it not been for a case of mistaken identity. A gang of Death Leopard gatecrashers mistook the Underdwellers for undercover IntSec agents. Their explosive clash caused a massive cave-in.

The Troubleshooters may have difficulty identifying the cause of the collapse. In the meantime, the Mystics and Death Leopard plant evidence to blame other societies and remove signs of their own involvement.

The heart of the Underplex

From the report of the Preliminary Investigation of Reallocatable Environs team, service consultants to the UNDER Management, regarding sealed Sector GSN:

It took three of the team to get the door open, and when we did, the whole area reeked. A biocheck indicated suspended particles of unidentifiable

Cryptography

Simple description: Code-cracking.

This specialty represents a character's ability to read and write codes and ciphers. When the cryptographer creates a coded message, the GM makes a hidden success roll. The margin of success determines the difficulty someone else faces trying to break it. Anyone attempting to decode the message must roll a successful check with a margin equal to or greater than that of the original coder. For instance, a character whose deciphering check succeeds by a margin of 5 or more can break a code prepared with a success margin of 5.

A decoding check that succeeds, but not by the required margin, means the character understands enough of the message to get a clue to the subject matter. A successful roll with a success check 5 higher than the required margin means the cryptographer not only decodes the message, but also understands the entire cipher or code system used.

A failed Cryptography check leaves the code unbroken. A significant failure means a complete misreading; the character discerns a message unrelated to the original content. Give the PC just enough information to send him on a wild goose chase around Alpha Complex. ('No, really, it says here we're about to be invaded by Ming of Mongo! You must alert your commander!')

origin. **The room contained several rows of plastic seats, a long table (both salvageable) and several ceiling-suspended strip lights—functional, but discontinued under Safety Protocol 5623/AA/c. Half the seats contained skeletal remains, wrapped in clothes that seemed not to have aged a day. Special commendation to the boys in PLC for those!**

The flesh had long since sloughed away from the bones, replaced by thick layers of blue and white mold. Inspection of the corpses revealed one clasping a strip of laminated paper, which read: 'REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO BRIEFING ROOM 12/AARG/7 AND AWAIT FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.' Inform Troubleshooter HQ they need to assign a fresh team to the mission based out of 12/AARG/7 and reprimand the briefing officer with a tardy note.

Beneath the Tranz, **the Underplex proper** extends kilometers deep. Formed from collapsed buildings and natural passages, the region comprises a 3D jigsaw puzzle of rooms, warehouses and open spaces.

The Underplex shelters whole Underdweller communities: feral children, traitors, forgotten citizens, psychotic mutants. Communities grow around functional water pipes or power outlets. They fight endless battles over environmental control and functioning lights.

The derelict passages and hallways are a post-industrial Escher drawing. Shattered stairs disintegrate completely halfway down. Reinforced supports stick out through crumbling masonry, like a fossilized rib cage. Rooms merge at odd angles, floors and walls end in thin air, and rust and rot cover everything. Think abandoned factories and ill-maintained subway tunnels, derelict hospitals and 'urban renewal project' neighborhoods. Walls have crumbled, as if something crashed through at high speed; dust and grit carpet the ground; every footfall echoes. Stains that smell of dried blood lie thick on metal struts. Patterns in the filth reveal tiny footprints.

Troubleshooters here will parley with Underdwellers ranging from the green and perishable to umpteenth-generation descendants of the first visitors below. Most Underdwellers are territorial and suspect the PCs' intentions. Past forays by Armed Forces and IntSec have left Underdwellers with frayed nerves and rampant paranoia.

To assist you in charting two centuries' worth of Underplex strata, this sourcebook's appendix provides many random tables. Grab

Down on the farm

The size and poor maintenance of Core Access Supply Trunk Routes cause moisture problems in the tunnels. Mystics take advantage of this moisture to practice mushroom husbandry. Low-degree Mystics weed diseased fungi, apply foul-smelling fertilizers and harvest ripe crops. Higher-degree members manage workers and hybridize new fungal growths. The highest degrees just, you know, sample. Dude.

Troubleshooters smell these mushroom farms long before they see them. The farms reek with a stifling earthy smell Troubleshooters may associate with a sewage reclamation plant.

Some Trunk Routes are so sodden that fungi cultivation becomes impractical. Here Underdwellers establish algae pits. Small communities gather around, or even float on, flooded Trunk Routes growing oceans of thick green algae for harvesting, consumption and—occasionally—trade.

paper and pencil, roll a 20-sided die until your wrist hurts, and—*voila!*—a confusing, muddled, multileveled monstrosity ready for your players!

Eating out

In civilized Alpha Complex, PLC service firms like All-U-Can-Eat and MuckVittles collect and process almost all biological by-products and remains, and process them into building materials, fertilizer, medication and snack foods. With sufficient technology and artificial flavor, PLC can make anything vaguely appetizing—sort of—and most low-clearance citizens expect nothing more.

Unlike the food in Alpha Complex, the Underplex offers nothing remotely processed, reclaimed or even cooked. The upper levels offer vermin, plentiful varieties of algae, insects and the occasional unidentified carcass. Deeper down, as derelict passages give way to rough tunnels and caverns, Underdwellers dine on richer fare: snakes, worms, leeches, enormous shoals of fungi, lichen, parasitic smuts and edible phosphorescent slimes.

PLC's prepackaged supplies notwithstanding, Troubleshooters who plan poorly or get into accidents can rapidly go hungry. PCs who face starvation must rely on their survival skills, legal or otherwise.

At your service, citizen

The Underplex still holds a few working power cables, pressurized message ducts, water pipes, bundles of wiring, vending machines, confession booths and security stations. Many decommissioned computer terminals are disturbingly intact.

Underdwellers need power and water as much as anyone, so they jury-rig taps and shunts. Scavengers rapidly salvage loose wiring, batteries and tools to maintain

weapons, portable generators, water purifiers and other vital stolen equipment.

Underdwellers turn confession booths into impromptu latrines or garbage bins, and daub them with ordure and graffiti. They sometimes make dead terminals into anti-shrines, where people come to spit, urinate, lob rotten food or just hurl abuse. Locals regularly shout 'Trash his wretched processor', 'GOTO heck' and similar profanities as a ritual of daily life.

On the other hand, Underdwellers show a primitive fear of working terminals. A corridor with a flickering monitor inspires ghost stories and superstitious mumbo-jumbo. Even seventh-generation Underdwellers harbor a deep-seated fear of the machine that enslaves the world, from which the forefathers fled so they might save humanity.

McWellon Missile Base

Before The Computer made things right, Communism made them terribly wrong. The threat of attack by the Red Socks—the official Old Reckoning designation for Communist forces, according to the Gatzmann Archives—led those on the side of right to build subterranean defense bases. The Army fully staffed the bases and packed them with heavy ordnance, bombs, small arms and siege supplies. Ultimately, the defenses failed. The Archives recount how many fine men died during a dark time called Red October.

The McWellon Missile Base stands wrecked and abandoned on the upper edges of the Underplex. The base's foot-thick metal doors once made it a hard target. Today, PCs can worm their way in through shattered security doors and unsecured ventilation shafts. Faded warning signs threaten trespassers with armed response. Debris on the floor includes several dozen spent slugthrower shells, a partially melted wrench and the shattered remains of an electronic locking device. An

Vagrants

Common mutations: Acidic Spit*, Charm, Find Location*, Forgettable*, Matter Eater, Stench*

Common skills/specialties: Management 10, Bootlicking 14, Hygiene 01, Interrogation 01, Make Embarrassingly Convincing Statements About People You've Never Met Before 16, Moxie 14, Stealth 08, Always Have Another Drop of Cleaning Fluid Hidden Somewhere 14, Concealment 12, Disguise 01, Violence 07, Swing Broken Bottle In A Wild And Dangerous Fashion Likely To Get Someone Hurt 13, Wetware 07, Cloning 01, Hunting 11**, all other skills 06

Weapons: Broken bottle (S7K)

Armor: None

Other gear: Bottle of industrial-strength cleaning fluid

The Underplex is full of beggars, derelicts and tramps. Whether due to poor hygiene, an offensive personality or some other antisocial disorder, these vagrants escape the civilized corridors and pursue (or are pursued into) a nomadic life. They keep moving because they keep offending people. They often trail after anyone who looks healthy and well-heeled, or (alternately) weak and undefended. After they cadge a plasticred or a meal, they move on. —You hope.

Any time the player characters venture into the Tranz, you can use a random vagrant to distract and sow dissension among them. The vagrant insists he knows a particular PC, and is indifferent to denial and counterargument. He persists until teammates become suspicious. Even if the team leaves the vagrant behind, he follows at a distance and makes knowing winks, nods and thumbs-up to the selected Troubleshooter.

Heck, you can keep using the same vagrant over and over across multiple missions. Play the vagrant as a running gag, an ever-present background detail—and maybe he follows the PCs back to the civilized world. For example, if you play the vagrant with a hacking cough, the next time the PCs call into HQ, they hear that same cough as background noise over the line. During a firefight, the vagrant wanders by or keeps asking his favored PC for spare credits. Once you've seen the Underplex, in some sense you can never leave it behind.

* Power from The Mutant Experience *rules supplement. ** Specialty from Chapter 3 of this book.*

Sparkle Ultra (dioxromnurespa-butinol-3)

Clearance: ORANGE

Cost: 300cr per gallon drum

Delivery: Aerosol/spray

Effects: Depending on the period and extent of exposure Sparkle Ultra causes hallucinations and breathlessness (light exposure); nausea and swelling of the throat (moderate exposure); muscular convulsions and build-up of fluid in the lungs, leading to drowning (lengthy exposure).

Notes: Industrial-strength cleaning fluid designed for environmentally controlled areas accessed by bots only during period of use.

Electronic Engineering or Security Systems check reveals the lock originates from Alpha Complex, with components of relatively recent design—perhaps from the last ten years.

The base's interior shows severe decay, with heavily corroded metal and flaking stonework. Regularly shaped rooms are constructed from prefabricated 10m-square shells connected by heavy metal bulkheads. Where doors don't already lie open, rust makes them easy to force. Most of the asbestos ceiling tiles have collapsed, revealing a roof space thick with cobwebs. Each room contains the trappings of an Old Reckoning military base, with devices for maintaining weapons, security, surveillance, utilities and atmospheric controls.

Yet in certain areas, closed off from the world, the air in the base seems remarkably fresh. Everything there is spotlessly clean.

Why? Because several decades ago, the Armed Forces rediscovered the base and stripped the interior. Occasionally they used its still functional, if erratic, systems to shoot missiles in battle practice. Missiles emerged Outdoors, several miles beyond the limits of Alpha Complex. The Sierra Club has gained access to the Outdoors through the launch tube. PURGE has scavenged antiquated armaments the Armed Forces left behind.

The Armed Forces also left behind something else—a squad of Mark 2 scrubots, a class now obsolete in Alpha Complex. The Mark 2 suffered from inadequate memory capacity and a malfunction in a mechanism intended to synthesize cleaning supplies from common materials and waste. The manufactured cleaning fluid, though effective, also caused nausea, convulsions and asphyxiation. Curious Troubleshooters might wonder whether Armed Forces abandoned the base because it served no useful function or because of the dangerous, if incredibly clean, environment.

Seed: Last C0MM@ND

Computer Phreaks have corrupted the central defense system for Alpha Complex, wiping the software responsible for ground-to-air defenses. High-clearance programmers can't meet the deadline, so The Computer has another solution. The Computer has retrieved data indicating an intact copy of comparable legacy software—codenamed M155123 C0MM@ND—at specified coordinates in the Underplex. The Troubleshooters must escort an INDIGO-Clearance programmer to the McWellon Missile Base. The programmer will identify and extract the required data packet.

There are, of course, obstacles. Armed Forces goons stalk the team, keen to prevent them snooping around the base. Pro Tech and Computer Phreaks seek access to the isolated mainframe. And of course, the onsite scrubots like to keep everything sparkling clean with Sparkle Ultra, a cleaning fluid that causes every ghastly disease you've ever seen on a TV doctor show.

Seed: First refusal

An Armed Forces supply squad goes missing in the Underplex. The Troubleshooters must retrieve the soldiers' ME Cards and complete the squad's mission: deliver a specialized power cell to specific coordinates.

The supply squad attacks the PCs in an attempt to destroy the team's recording equipment. They want to hide the truth: They cut contact with HQ because their assigned mission was a one-way trip. They describe the second-rate equipment assigned to their team, particularly one wildly unstable combot. The squad refuses to return to Alpha Complex.

Do the Troubleshooters take charge of the combot and complete the mission themselves, which will take them into McWellon Missile Base? If they don't, what happens when the frankenstein combot threatens to execute them for dereliction of duty?

HPD&MC—no, the *other* HPD&MC

The Homologous Psychic Dissidents & Mutant Citizens (HPD&MC) is a Computer-sanctioned support and social realignment club for registered mutants. These mutants buddy up to reform their wretched lives for the benefit of Alpha Complex. The Computer provides them targeted infoganda pamphlets, special edutainment programming with reinforced, maximum-strength subliminal probity-enhancing content, and thoroughly researched, hardly-ever-experimental dietary supplements.

The HPD&MC social club has gained unsuspected freedom and influence because of confusion over the groups' abbreviated title. Secret societies have transformed the club into a militant group intent on wanton destruction and sabotage. The HPD&MC club uses the combined talents of PURGE and Psion to cause maximum damage, then lays blame on the homologous service group. Given the penchant of HPD&MC (the service group) for causing chaos during vid-shoots and marketing campaigns, the HPD&MC club has avoided a lot of undesirable attention.

IntSec GREEN goon: Drop the weapon and place your palms against the wall.
HPD&MC club member: Friend citizen, I'm a representative of HPD&MC! We're capturing footage of profound importance to the future of Alpha Complex. Just one more shot and we'll be out of your hair, I promise.
IntSec goon: Okay, make it quick. *[Walks away.]*
Club member: Thanks for your understanding, citizen. *[The club member levels his weapon at an armored autocar as it comes around the bend, transporting a VIOLET-Clearance executive. Muttering under breath:]* Just one more shot…

The HPD&MC club uses a network of bolt holes and tunnels to transport mutants to enclaves in the Underplex. Psion supplies and funds these communities, and cautiously recruits from the escapees while they weed out IntSec plants.

The Dungeon

Even the wretched Underdwellers aren't the worst of the Underplex. They have confined the most dangerous among them, the fugitives among fugitives, within isolated spaces known collectively as **the Dungeon.**

Mutants seek refuge in the Underplex to avoid angry mobs, discrimination and excessive form-filling. They are drawn there by the promise of communities free from judgmental attitudes and random victimization. They experience malnutrition, withdrawal symptoms from dietary supplements and territorial violence.

Painfully withdrawn and psychologically scarred, some mutants live as hermits. Other, more social mutants have built makeshift stockades and jury-rigged defenses. Anti-mutant bigots patrol the perimeters of these strongholds, effectively turning the fugitive colonies into prisons. These disparate underworld islands compose The Dungeon.

The Dungeon does not have a defined shape or boundary. The term encompasses hundreds of sealed enclaves scattered just beyond the Underplex proper. Some enclaves are derelict factory complexes or barracks. Others sprawl like Alpha Complex subsectors—structures, rooms and facilities guarded by a protective wall. These large communities have strong defenses capable of withstanding heavy assault. However, most outsiders consider the defenses not worth assailing, an ideal barricade to keep the monstrosities inside.

Orphic irregulars

The Controls (spooky psychics who run the Psion secret society) realize the incredible potential of the Dungeon's mutant gene pool. They abhor the waste of gifted mutants dying through random violence, starvation or the brutal stupidity of bigots.

Consequently, the Controls enlist Psion operatives for temporary exile into the dangerous depths of the Dungeon. Named the **Orphic Irregulars,** an itinerant subgroup of Psion, these spies have powers of heightened perception and mutant location.

Many Irregulars die in pursuit of the ultimate new mutant power; others fail miserably and vanish out of shame. Sometimes the shame is bullet-shaped. However, a few discover new

powers that enhance Psion's understanding of mutation. When Irregulars discover Dungeon-dwellers with extreme mutations, they decide whether to recruit or simply to observe. Irregulars offer gifted individuals comfort, food and the chance to harness their abilities under the tutelage of the Psion Controls. Sometimes an Irregular must instead end the tortured life of some monstrosity with debilitating physical or mental mutations, and sample its DNA for cataloguing and experimentation.

▌ Area 31

R&D values scientific fervor and irrational passions. Technicians, driven by zealous enthusiasm, experiment on themselves with weird chemicals and radiation. Exposure creates new physical and mental conditions, which technicians use to further their study of science. Or rather, *Science!*

Faced with stringent health regulations and blanket restrictions on mutation, senior R&D management set up the hidden **Area 31** in the Underplex, close to several large enclaves of the Dungeon.

Area 31 is one of the few purpose-built areas of the Dungeon. Sited amid a massive cluster of sealed subsectors, it forms a hub with access into all surrounding areas. 'Chaotic and life threatening' best describe its working conditions. Two hundred technicians, lab-rats and researchers populate Area 31, pursuing pet projects and experimentation unlikely ever to bear fruit.

Area 31 consists of five wedge-shaped specialized working zones extending out from a central core, with storage facilities, power generation and living quarters. Specialists practice all kinds of experiments, but each wing focuses on one of the following areas:

◉ **Radioactivity:** The radioactive wing contains more LeadLyke than any other place on the planet. Geiger counters crackle constantly. Much research from this area seeps into the others (often literally).

◉ **Biology:** Bottle-green walls, disinfectant-scented humidity and plastic curtains. The staff wears blood-smeared rubber gloves and face masks. They stalk the corridors for something new to probe. When they don't have subjects to work on, staffers work on each other; you can meet some truly grotesque nurses. A researcher in genetic drift needs a steady stream of Dungeon test subjects; therefore, he also needs Troubleshooters to get them.

◉ **Annihilation Through Applied Technology (ATAT):** Armed Forces agents frequently infiltrate this wing, because the researchers here create what nonspecialists might call 'weapons'. Carbon stains the pitted concrete walls, and the air is thick with a burning smell. Test stations (or firing ranges) require targets; researchers need look no further than the Dungeon.

◉ **Theoretical Science:** In these narrow, white, extremely well-lit corridors, the eerie silence is occasionally broken by a scream or explosion. Researchers stare fervently at metal boxes, beakers of rainbow-colored fluid or complex networks of cables attached to little helmets on the heads of rats. Their all-consuming fanaticism—the researchers' fanaticism, though probably the rats are pretty singleminded too—fills visitors with a Lovecraftian sense of wrongness. The Theoretical Science wing holds the current Area 31 record for the largest number of simultaneous interdimensional rifts.

◉ **Unknown:** This wing has a single entryway. Citizens enter, but no one ever comes out. From within comes incomprehensible wailing and weird humming. The corridor outside the wing exhibits far too many angles for the human eye to comprehend. Viewers experience headaches and nausea, as though they saw too many episodes of Teela O'Malley in a row.

▌ *Seed: Catch 'em*

During a mission in the Underplex, the Troubleshooter team comes across a horrifically burned citizen. He gibbers about needing to 'catch 'em before it's too late,' then expires. Searching the body, they find his ME Card (his name is Brock-O-NYX-6), an R&D pass to Area 31 and a pair of insulated gloves. The team can investigate, ignore or just report the incident.

The Radioactivity wing of Area 31, seeking an alternate energy source for handheld equipment, discovered a means to harness electricity from the bodies of vermin. Specifically, rats. *Big* rats. Unfortunately, the electric rats ran rampant, killing a dozen staff and escaping Area 31.

During the mission, the team first meets researchers who hunt the rats, and then encounter the vermin themselves. Rats attack with insane fury, delivering bites (S5W impact) and shocks (S3W energy). Area 31 personnel offer 100cr for each rat, dead or alive, as long as the team member completes a questionnaire about his experience.

The Deeps

The Underplex lies atop the natural caverns of **the Deeps,** immense caverns that drive far into the planet's crust. Caves, gorges, crawls, shafts, lakes, tunnels: All twist and interlink beneath the Underplex. The area lies in utter darkness, except in rare communities that generate their own power. Phosphorescent lichen and lodes of luminescent *dorythium* provide a dull red glow—a radioactive glow that causes nausea and hair loss.

Phantom sectors

At various times and for various reasons, The Computer or Alpha Complex bureaucrats have quarantined whole sectors. These 'phantom sectors' remain intact and functional, and are often heavily populated. Engineers and maintenance workers remain assigned there, captives with the rest of the population. Among citizens outside, these phantom sectors—places that have vanished without trace—spawn rumors, speculation and ghost stories.

Rogue High Programmers use phantom sectors as power bases. Secret societies use them as safe houses (*large* safe houses), training grounds, supply stockpiles, or peculiar socioeconomic experiments. Phantom sector controllers must resort to subterfuge to acquire resources they cannot have manufactured onsite. They establish cover organizations, send out runners to hijack shipments or make deals with Free Enterprise, then transfer the goods in through the Tranz.

Phantom sectors raise identity issues for residents. If an administrative error sealed off the sector, the clones inside may simply disappear; CPU lists them as missing. In time, Tech Services may replace them with a fresh clone, but missing-person status doesn't necessarily justify the resources. Few sectors support their own cloning facilities; a clone might die in a lost sector, then decant somewhere outside. Tech Services has real issues with clone requests from places that don't exist.

A sector's disappearance also affects traffic, utilities and quotas. Tech Services must divert traffic and utilities because systems indicate a big gap in the network. Meanwhile, CPU and HPD&MC recalibrate citizen quotas—like happiness, job satisfaction and chapstick consumption—to accommodate a sudden disruption in the averages.

Alpha Complex contains many locations in this limbo. The CPU Department of Identity Restoration and Endorsement (DIRE) handles instances of identity dispossession and applications to re-establish personal credentials. DIRE waiting rooms overflow with official nonpersons. Sometimes Tech Services moves in and seals off these waiting areas. No sense wasting valuable power and air on a room empty of registered citizens!

Water flows fast in streams down to deep, dark lakes, heavy with silt and trace metals. This far down, wildlife becomes scarce. Communities survive through careful planning, fungal agriculture and cannibalism. Travel at this depth is incredibly difficult; there are three times as many dead ends as useful passages. However, the Deeps hold Old Reckoning artifacts, concealed here to weather nuclear assaults common in the pre-Computer era.

In the shattered urban Underplex, Troubleshooters might feel vague familiarity, what with the occasional light, a battered vending machine or the chance to recharge batteries from a sizzling power conduit. The Deeps are their nearest approach to another world, a lightless, cold, wet world of tight spaces and stale air. Teams sent down this far must rely on their wits, skills and equipment for survival. People only survive in the Deeps through determination, indifference, insanity, faith—or all of the above.

For the Deeps, imagine a pitch-dark wilderness in the dead of night. Creatures in the Deeps possess senses beyond the basic five: blindsight, echo sense, vibration-sensitive tentacles or vision outside the human spectrum.

Artifacts here date so far back, most Troubleshooters wouldn't know they'd found anything noteworthy, even if it came labeled in a convenient presentation box: flint tools, ancient totems, early human skeletons and fossils of creatures from the prehistory before Communism.

The Deeps also hold remnants from the Old Reckoning—garbage, basically: crates, barrels, time capsules, skeletons of Mafia mobsters and containers of radioactive waste. Each container is either vitally important, blatantly useless or incredibly deadly. Determine random content using the tables in Section 5 of this book, the back of the core rulebook or the *Gamemaster Screen* mission blender—or, you know, personal preference. After all, you're always right.

The near-total seclusion lures fugitives and exiles: radical thinkers and extremists, ex-High Programmers and reviled technoccultists, heinous criminals and citizens searching for the CPU Planning Department. The team may stumble across these individuals or seek them out to fulfill some obscure mission objective. Whatever reason your team might have to visit the Deeps, they shouldn't expect a warm welcome.

Actions in darkness = accidental targets. Troubleshooters might consider the Deeps an ideal place to bump off someone and dump the body, then find they nuked the wrong guy.

For an authentic re-creation of the Deeps, sit your players blindfolded in a damp cellar. Occasionally throw rubber bats at them. To simulate their sensory deprivation, lower your voice; then, when something unexpected happens, shout at the top of your lungs. Your players will undoubtedly appreciate your extra effort to enhance their experience.

Mezcalinzan

Imagine a whole society ruled by one entirely unmonitored and unchecked High Programmer. This ULTRAVIOLET holds sway without the constraints exerted by competing UVs and the monocular monitoring of The Computer.

Such an ULTRAVIOLET could achieve great things, and doubtless would *hardly ever* sink shamelessly into unbridled greed, hypocrisy and paranoia.

Mezcalinzan: a living tribute to a founder who escapes the clutches of totalitarian utopia to set up an awe-inspiring, concept-shattering totalitarian utopia.

Walter-U-ZAN-12 made his name in Alpha Complex as head of the HPD&MC Mind Enhancement Through Herbal Solutions division. He achieved significant advances in the management of Communism through copious applications of wild parsley.

Outwardly Walter-U was a Mystic of high degree, but his true loyalties lay with Internal Security (and, indeed, with the Illuminati). Walter-U's multiple layers of deceit, combined with the stresses of the High Programmer life, led him from sanity straight into self-imposed exile in the Deeps.

The Underplex was an ideal place to start afresh. But early on, Walter-U discovered, to his frustration, that others had beat him to it. Walter-U and his program group fought through a dozen skirmishes and uneasy truces with secret societies and mutant rabble. After a bruising encounter with (what? could it *be?*) another Illuminatus, Walter-U prudently decided to explore deeper, hoping to find a quiet place to create his new order.

Walter-U founded Mezcalinzan in a massive ovoid cavern the size of a sector. Fungal growths fill the entire chamber; the thinnest strands support enormous puffballs with walls a meter thick—ready-made natural barracks. Tubular corridors provide easy access between

different rooms and levels, and carry water up and waste down to the cavern floor.

The base of the cavern seethes with a fungal sea of porridge-ian consistency. Though it sounds unsanitary, this bubbling mass acts like a kidney, filtering vital nutrients, recyclable materials and pure water from the garbage and, umm, corpses. This fungal growth also covers the walls of the community and provides a soft glow sufficient to read by.

By some standards, this way of life might not seem so bad. The citizens of Mezcalinzan appear to live in happy co-existence with their environment. However, Walter-U's dream society falls somewhat short of utopia.

Mescalinzan's fungal foundations survive parasitically on its citizens, called *myconauts*. The fungus doesn't draw sustenance only from the dead, but also from the living. In a way, this state of existence fits perfectly Walter-U's combined experience of the Mystics, the Illuminati and Internal Security. Myconauts live serene and crime-free existences in support of a greater cause than they can possibly comprehend. The fungal parasite provides for their every appetite and desire—though it has drugged them so thoroughly they desire about as much as a broken bot. Walter-U has achieved his dream, and the spores have robbed him of ability to dream any more.

Outsiders envy Mezcalinzan's success, without understanding the price its residents pay. Myconauts live long, healthy lives, without hunger, sadness or overbearing control. Their homes have integrated recycling and comfortable furnishings that literally grow out of the floor. Mystics, HPD&MC, Humanists, IntSec, the Sierra Club—heck, even The Computer—desire such perfection. What Tech, Power or R&D operative wouldn't prize these safe and renewable technologies? Mezcalinzan is an organic, centralized system that coexists perfectly with the population. If CPU or Pro Tech could duplicate it, they could compete withThe Computer itself.

When Mezcalinzan has so much to offer, enforced slavery and zombification by a potentially sapient mycological entity seems a small price to pay… right?

Walter-U-ZAN-12

Fungus-infested High Programmer; ex-HPD&MC (Internal Security plant), ex-Mystics (degree 12), ex-Illuminati (degree 8), Toxic Metabolism (12), Regeneration (fungal); Management 12, Bootlicking 01, Intimidation 16, Hygiene 01, Moxie 16, Induce Awe By Conveying The Frightening Benefits and Potentials Of The Common Mushroom 18, Violence 06, Projectile Weapon 10, Agility 01, Hardware 09, Bot Ops & Maintenance 01, Habitat Engineering 13, Wetware 10, Pharmatherapy 16, all other skills 07; spore gun (O4D impact; see box nearby); natural armor (l3).

Walter-U achieved greatness through hard work and a network of contacts throughout Alpha Complex. He specialized in suppressing free will while enhancing higher brain function through herbal remedies. Now, riddled with a fungal parasite, Walter-U expands his personal empire through deception, kidnapping and graverobbing for raw materials.

Spore gun

O4D impact, range 50m. Myconaut spore guns fire dense puffballs, which cause severe blunt trauma on impact and break open to release a cloud of spores. All living targets in a 1m radius must succeed in a Violence check to avoid inhaling the spores. If inhaled, the spores cause three rounds of intense coughing and seizures; all the character's actions incur substantial penalties. A target wearing a dust mask, respirator or fully enclosed armor ignores the spore effects.

The power of fungus

Mezcalinzan fungus has certain strengths and weaknesses Troubleshooters may discover. Myconauts, for example, have considerable physical and mental resilience, natural Regeneration and the ability to work without rest, providing they remain reasonably warm and damp. In game terms, Myconauts have these benefits:

- ◉ Natural l3 armor
- ◉ Resist mind control (e.g. Charm, Puppeteer)
- ◉ Regeneration that never drains Power
- ◉ Can exert themselves without fatigue

On the downside, the fungal parasite withers rapidly on exposure to dry conditions, fire or chemical fungicides. For each round of exposure, a Myconaut suffers damage starting with a Snafu result and increasing by one damage step per round (as per the progression at the top of the Weapon Chart in the main rulebook) until Killed.

Myconauts think slowly and are disinclined to break away from their working group. Nimble Troubleshooters can easily outsmart a gang of Myconauts simply by splitting up.

The residents, certainly, are **not militants** and few have a fixed ideology. But, treating them as a **potential battle force,** united by means of propaganda and myths that correspond to the misery of the *favelados* in contrast to the luxury of the city, they may favor **communism.**

—**Robert Neuwirth**, *Shadow Cities* [2004]

Wyrms

Skills: Management 12, Intimidation 16, Oratory 01, Violence 12, Agility 16, Unarmed Combat 16, Slice Flimsy Troubleshooter Weapons In Half With Single Chomp 18, other Violence specailties 01, all other skills 01
  Mutations: Corrosion, Matter Eater, Toxic Metabolism
  Weapons: Claws (W5K); Triple ranks of sharp teeth (S3K)
  Armor: Natural (I3/E1)

Wyrms are omnivorous monsters native to the Underplex. They might have arisen through evolution of a particularly unfortunate clone. Alternately, a High Programmer or crazed scientist in Area 31 might have created the wyrms as bioengineered guardians. If you believe the propaganda regarding conditions Outdoors, these creatures could herald the return of the dinosaurs, and the possible threat of an enemy-run theme park.

The first wyrm, recovered from BBY Sector, shocked xenoform experts with its sheer impossibility. The young adult wyrm weighed more than 18 tons and measured over 13m in length. With thick-scaled skin, caustic breath and an appetite for precious metals, the beast seemed to confirm the accuracy of many Old Reckoning records. Romantics and Sierra Clubbers went into frenzies of excitement; suddenly the histories of Puff and Pete gained new weight.

A xenobiological analysis of the wyrm bio-data identified a possibility that the creature had unnatural origins. The scientist suggested intentional bioengineering or, perhaps less likely, a cascade mutation of clone DNA. A High Programmer confiscated the wyrm, and R&D has recovered no further samples, alive or dead. Researchers remain hopeful they may recover another specimen, given recent reports of savage assaults on Underplex vagrants. However, no one has expressed eagerness to actually do the recovery himself, inasmuch as wyrms eat rocks, garbage, bots, people, ceiling supports and anything else that happens to step within biting distance. Sounds like a job for Troubleshooters....

Alone in the dark

In Alpha Complex, citizens rarely find darkness an issue. The Computer knows bright, well-lit areas promote happiness and productivity. Tests show citizens locked in pitch-black rooms full of tools and devices of entertainment generally experience a 76.3% drop in happiness, a 71.3% drop in productivity and a 67.2% chance of not exiting the room at all.

Because of this, Troubleshooters entering the Underplex for the first time are seriously disoriented by inadequate lighting. They experience a giddy childlike state that often ends in tears, ear-splitting screams and whimpering cries for long-lost soft toys and safety blankets.

But those who choose to live in darkness consider it a friend and a tool. Darkness makes it easier to hide, to eavesdrop and to shoot, pound or dismember other citizens. In the dark, anyone might get the blame.

Under the sea

Maybe you're one of those iconoclastic GMs who sites Alpha Complex in an unusual location. You might have put it under the sea, inside an enormous asteroid, on the moon or encircling a massive redwood tree. Well, the world needs mavericks; feel free to adapt this material for your needs. To generate an Underplex equivalent, just flood or evacuate a few locations, or infest them with redwood weevils or something. Make these areas marginally livable—*almost* enough to present an alternative to life in Alpha Complex… just not quite.

Dungeon mutations

If you have the excellent **PARANOIA** supplement *The Mutant Experience*, you can finally use all those Overkill options and overpowered mutations from Chapter 4, 'Quick Shots'. Abominations roam the Dungeon. Their frightening mutations and terrible genetic drift make them things of nightmare. Troubleshooters should genuinely fear for their lives when they face a Dungeon mutant.

In Alpha Complex, citizens use their mutations in the most subdued way to avoid unwanted attention. Mutants in the Dungeon use their powers with impunity, unshackled by guilt or concern for personal safety. When you play a Dungeon-dweller's mutant power, think Overkill and don't hold back.

If you don't have *The Mutant Experience*, think nasty claws, damaging mind probes, spontaneous combustion and the melting of vital body parts. Recall movies like *Scanners*, *Ringu* and the whole 'splatter' subgenre of horror films. If he happens to disintegrate someone or spews great gobs of corrosive sludge, an Underplex mutant has nothing to hide and no one to punish him.

Not terminated?

Internal Security exiles certain captured mutants to the Dungeon, where they roam free and breed. Why does IntSec allow this? Why not just terminate all mutants and erase their genetic templates? Only The Computer seems to know why—a consequence of the coagulated protocols of generations of High Programmers, many of whom had strong opinions about mutants. Many of these strong opinions were implanted by the Controls of Psion.

R&D knows of the Dungeon. Whole categories of service firms have sent researchers there for many years to gather longitudinal data on mutant life. Influential researchers may 'influence' IntSec to exile certain mutants.

Perhaps the inhabitants of the Dungeon are part of an incredibly lengthy and badly controlled lab experiment. But a citizen would do well to keep such opinions to himself, lest he face the abrasive rotary disk of a Hi-Speed Anamnestic Neuron Diversifier.

2: Under population

The Underplex, a warren of far-reaching and largely inaccessible ducts, shafts and rooms, attracts its denizens for many different reasons. Many visitors to the Underplex never realize they are among thousands who use the underground network every day.

This section provides an overview of the natives, visitors, officials and traitors who frequent the Underplex. It also offers mission seeds to throw at your Troubleshooters.

Cloning, ready or not

Many—most?—Underdwellers once lived in Alpha Complex. These ex-citizens often have one or more clone backups floating in a nutrient bath back in their home sector. Technical Services keeps backups (either physical bodies or MemoMax tapes) for years or decades; even long-term Underdwellers may still have a clone-in-waiting.

When a Troubleshooter dies in the Underplex, a transponder in his skull (fitted to all UNDER agents, and possibly all Troubleshooters if you want) sends a signal back to Alpha Complex. The signal automatically triggers the clone replacement system to decant a new backup.

Underdwellers may have similar devices, or antiquated alternatives; over the years, R&D and Tech Services have experimented with many activation processes. However, an activation signal from an Underdweller may have unusual results. A long-term Underdweller who dies with an outdated MemoMax record suffers a massive memory gap when Technical Services activates his clone backup. He may have a completely different outlook; a madman may become sane again. His clone might not recall his years of loathsome travail.

When an Underdweller important to the PCs dies, decide if the Underdweller's clone is activated. If it would generate an interesting complication for PCs returning from their latest mission, the clone might be worth tracking.

Incidental underdwellers

█ Unemployed citizens

The Computer sustains zero unemployment through a complex set of algorithms that assign citizens to roles best suited for their talents. If an ideal position isn't available, it assigns citizens based on vacancies.

Random clone creation

When an Underdweller dies, roll 1d20 to see what happens to his clone backup:

1–6	Nothing happens. The Underdweller lacked a remote activation device, or wasn't a clone to begin with.
7–8	The corpse convulses. A tiny spidery bot pops out of a random orifice and heads back in the general direction of Alpha Complex. The spiderbot carries a: **1–8:** Clone activation signal; **9–17:** MemoMax equivalent backup; **18–20:** Corrupted file. On its return to Alpha Complex, the file infects local Tech Service systems with a virus .
9–10	A microchip under the skin of the corpse's neck begins to pulse with a visible light. Anyone can extract the chip with a blade or sharp nails. Roll on the same subtable as the spiderbot entry above.
11–12	An antiquated transponder triggers an automated cloning facility in an abandoned sector. Someone else detects the activation signal, and might investigate, or get another team to investigate it. (Have the Troubleshooters planned for anything after the current mission?) Roll 1d20 again: **1–5:** IntSec detects the signal; **6–10:** A subnode of The Computer detects the signal; **11–19:** A secret society detects the signal (and communicates the fact to a random team member as a secret mission); **20:** Another Complex detects the signal, and launches an assault on Alpha Complex in the belief the signal comes from a sleeper agent.
13–14	The dead clone's transponder malfunctions and emits a signal with the exact disruptive qualities of a gauss gun. The transponder disables all bots and electronic devices in a 20m radius for the next 1d20 hours unless disabled with a successful Hardware check.
15	The clone's transponder piggybacks on the signal of a random Troubleshooter's personal transponder. Technical Services receive a signal requesting the activation of both the dead clone and the Troubleshooter.
16	Technical Services activates a clone backup normally.
17	The incoming signal causes a feedback loop error in a Technical Services cloning facility. The system cannot reconcile the incoming request, because it has already activated the next clone in the sequence. It queries the local subnode, which in turn queries the local sector node; this costs 5,000cr in administrative charges for deep archive requests and manual search fees. The system attempts to assign the charges to a responsible party—specifically: **1–4:** The team's briefing officer; **5–8:** The team's debriefing officer; **9–12:** One team member's secret society contact; **13–16:** A Technical Services operative, who traces the activation signal and assigns it to the nearest team member's ME Card; **17–18:** A High Programmer; **19–20:** A random citizen, who is reduced to vagrancy and then bitterly follows a random team member during his next mission.
18	The activation signal matches a deleted template in which Internal Security has a special interest. IntSec launches an immediate investigation revealing the proximity of the team to the clone's place of death. On the team's return, they face hassles, interrogations and random strip searches.
19	The transponder activates an experimental matter transmission device that transports a fully functional, if utterly confused, clone to within 1d20m of the signal.
20	The Underdweller originally served as a deep cover IntSec officer with a dead-man switch that activates an explosive on demise. The device erupts just like a standard grenade (W3K impact, range 3m).

However, some citizens slip through the cracks unnoticed. They may find their route to work blocked, their service firm liquidated or their office repurposed overnight. Whatever the cause, the suddenly unemployed are alone with no place to go. A stonewalling bureaucracy can throw even a high-clearance citizen into limbo.

These unfortunates reside in their old residence until their credits run out, at which point they must hope there's a spare bunk in the INFRARED barracks. If not, they must beg, scrounge or steal to survive. Like ghosts, they may haunt their old workplaces, trying to steal food or make a few credits from odd jobs. These refugees look at the Underplex as a viable alternative, where they can scrape by on the detritus of others' lives.

The unemployed offer rich pickings for secret society and Internal Security recruiters. These citizens exist in a twilight state, little more than names and security clearances on a mislaid CPU/6353.a 'Missing From Station' report. 116 Emergency teams might have a missing citizen on their list, but they don't really care if they bring back a battered corpse. Where do you think PLC gets the raw ingredients for Soylent Red?

█ Undercommuting

Counterparts of the unemployed are the Undercommuters, citizens whose otherwise normal lives compel them to travel through the Tranz each day. Citizens Undercommute when they cannot find a route of a sufficiently low security clearance between home and

work. They make convoluted journeys through dangerous passages where sane folk never go. Committed and enthusiastic, Undercommuters find a way to soldier on, regardless of the obstacles.

Troubleshooters might first experience Undercommuting in any number of ways. They might notice a rattling in ducts near their quarters, or see citizens mysteriously cross their path and climb from one maintenance hatch to another.

Knowledgeable Undercommuters can serve as guides to seemingly hostile locations. They provide valuable service for parties both legitimate and treasonous. Groups like PURGE, Humanists and maintenance-related service firms regularly retain Undercommuters in this way.

Otto-WYN-1

Professional Undercommuter/Duct Greaser; freelance Tech Services, Sierra Club (3rd degree), Rubbery Bones (14); Stealth 08, Pass Silently Through Environmental Control Ducts 14, Violence 09, Agility 13, Hardware 11, Spontaneously Realize A New Way To Cross WYN Sector Without Using A Single Corridor 17, Mechanical Engineering 15, all other skills 07; rubberized overalls, heavy boots, RigidLyke safety helmet with EverGlo lamp, 10-liter canister of grease with hand pump spray attachment

Otto-WYN has spent the last ten years working alone amid WYN Sector's maintenance ducts and supply pipes, and considers the independence a genuine benefit of the job. He enjoys duct work so much that he sleeps there and spends spare time familiarizing himself with new ducts. Really, they're fascinating things, ducts. He could go on and on about them. On and on.

Simple things delight Otto, so he's an easy target for no-questions-asked bribery by various secret societies and service firms. For as little as a brand-new helmet lamp, Otto will carry a packet to Point B or will give a guided tour anywhere within the walls of WYN Sector.

Otto has an unsettling fascination with lubricants, goo and grease. He believes a good lubricant represents the panacea for most ills.

Uncontrolled, altered and DELETED

Sometimes troubled citizens slip through the grasp of IntSec, CPU, the Bright Vision Reeducation Centers and the Reeducation Client Procurement agencies. These freethinkers, traitors and fugitives escape the oppression of Alpha Complex and seek a better life underground. Well, *more* underground, shall we say. *Conceptually* underground, if you get what we mean.

DELETED citizens

Citizens occasionally cease to exist—or rather, to be recorded. Their data profiles disappear from the Department of Information, the Technical Services decanting banks, and the MemoMax backup vaults. The reasons? Just what you'd expect: error, revenge, system failure, bureaucratic idiocy, desperation. Some citizens are born into anonymity, some achieve anonymity and some have anonymity thrust upon them. Bereft of identity, these people officially stop being. They are DELETED.

This can even happen to Troubleshooters. (No! Who would have thought?) Based on CPU's seasonally adjusted averages, teams heading into the Underplex have only a 5.8% chance of coming back in the same number of pieces recorded at outfitting. Many missions fail to report in even once. After a preset period, UNDER Command declares them missing in action and deletes them, and Tech Services activates fresh clones.

For CPU, this maintains productivity, happiness and clean ledgers. However, a lost Troubleshooter might find someone else wearing his Tella-O-MLY slippers when he returns, simply because an UNDER administrator thought erasure was the simplest bookkeeping option.

Without identity records (such as their ME Card), DELETED citizens draw attention wherever they go. IntSec agents love to interrogate non-existent people; it means no forms to fill out afterward. So these ex-folks can only lead a normal life outside Alpha Complex.

Many of these DELETED citizens find new lives Outdoors; others seek refuge in the slightly less inhospitable Underplex. Many who lose their identities never look back.

Mission seed: PC DELETED

The Troubleshooters get DELETED and have to fight the system to restore their identity.

The team struggles back from a tough Underplex assignment only to find that recognition software does not recognize them, and someone else is spending their hard-earned credits. The Troubleshooters face persecution from guards, loss of their quarters to strangers and can't get anyone to provide a straight answer. Secret society contacts seem to acknowledge individual team members, but assign seriously dangerous tasks—as if they didn't care whether the Troubleshooter lived or died.

Ultimately, the team has a showdown with an arresting Troubleshooter squad made up entirely of their own clone backups.

Feral children

Many high-clearance citizens, especially Humanists and High Programmers, cut hormone suppressants from their diet and experiment with procreation. Few manage for long to hide the resulting children. IntSec punishes the traitorous breeder and assigns the child immediate re-education and psychochemical reprogramming. The offspring rarely lives a normal life. He becomes, in Alpha Complex slang, a 'One-Shot'. Many citizens treat One-Shots with as much contempt as registered mutants or censured traitors.

Few parents raise their secret children to maturity. When authorities start asking questions about their sudden need for milk and rubber duckies, the panicky parents abandon the kids in the Underplex. Only children with luck and smarts survive.

The Underplex can just about satisfy a child's meager dietary requirements, if he's not squeamish. Feral children become predatory and territorial. Packs of children hunt and scavenge over large areas of the Underplex, living by a dog-eat-dog code.

Underplex children face a multitude of terrors beyond hungry vermin and cave-ins. Corpore Metal preys on young Underdwellers for experimental subjects; they're ideal candidates for research into cyborg technologies. HPD&MC's Social Orientation Rehabilitation Enforcers (SORE) make child-catching runs in the Underplex and Outdoors. Operatives track and recover rogue citizens using stun guns and concussion grenades. Recovered citizens live in capture wagons—motorized cages on wheels—until their return to Alpha Complex.

Lost bots

The Underplex shelters many wayward bots. An overzealous technician might upload a faulty program that sends a bot astray. A bot

might override orders after going frankenstein. An honest, well-intentioned bot might simply fall through a weak point in the floor or disappear down an unattended maintenance vent. Whatever the cause, the Underplex serves as a temporary side-trip for many bots, whereas others simply make it their permanent home.

Travellers in the Underplex stumble across bots in all manner of unexpected predicaments. Troubleshooters can't identify a bot's intentions on sight, so play any encounter for all the discomfort and paranoia you can muster. Remind the PCs of the value of The Computer's property and how they have a mandate to return lost bots. Notwithstanding the Underplex's difficult terrain, The Computer won't accept inconvenience as good cause to abandon a bot. Reinforce the risks of lame excuses: Let the PCs meet a perfectly functional and friendly bot; they weasel out of their duty by providing coordinates to a Tech Services recovery team; the Tech team reaches those coordinates and finds nothing but a gutted shell; the PCs pay excessively for the loss. Then hit them with another lost bot… but this time its intentions towards the team may not be so good.

To introduce bot encounters in the Underplex, glean inspiration from the 'Random Bot Encounter Table' on the facing page.

Service groups in the Underplex

In the derelict and service-deprived corridors of the Underplex, the service group bureaucracies still fulfill specialized functions.

This section details each group's purpose, intentions, pursuits and possible service service missions, as well as a list of service firms best suited to the Underplex. If you intend

to run a series of missions here, consider assigning characters service firms from those listed. Service firms marked with an asterisk (*) appear in the excellent rules supplement *Service, Service!*

Armed Forces

When the Underplex became a security issue, senior Armed Forces officers sent in hundreds of squads. The officers arrogantly believed they could seize and hold the whole area in a matter of days, if not hours. They believed Armed Forces' superior numbers, equipment and tactics would simply overwhelm that 'rat-infested hole in the ground'.

The Underplex proved the senior officers gravely incorrect. Soldiers engaged in so-called

strategic bombing suffered massive casualties from friendly fire. No one on the battlefront could confirm a single enemy kill.

At this point, the Armed Forces might have opted for a strategic withdrawal. However, reports from the front suggested the Underplex was home to unregistered mutants, belligerent traitors and Communists. Moreover, the Geographic Infantry identified hundreds of weak points in Alpha Complex's defense, and suggested another Alpha Complex might have constructed the Underplex as part of an elaborate invasion attempt.

Senior officers realized that if the Armed Forces withdrew from the Underplex and then an enemy swept up from below, The Computer would slash funding and bust them down to INFRARED. So they arranged regular,

Geographic Infantry

Armed Forces service firm type

Example firms: UBIQUITOUS, OmniMap
Revenue stream: Providing current and detailed mapping data
Secret society taint: Illuminati, PURGE, Spy from another Complex

An effective army depends on foreknowledge of not just the enemy, but also the battlefield terrain. Without detailed geographic data, Armed Forces faces the enemy blind. Now Armed Forces is trying to chart every single centimeter of this potential battlefield, right down to the smallest growth of inedible fungus.

The Geographic Infantry provides detailed mapping and advanced reconnaissance reports. They covertly scope unknown territory, using specialist operatives called *Saps*. Saps are armed with sensor-heavy multicorders and a plentiful supply of CRUMs—Compact Radioactive Utility Markers—which they scatter in their wake.

Despite constant danger, GI service firms benefit from munificent rewards. They claim a percentage of the value of enemy hardware they confiscate in their initial survey.

Armed Forces and IntSec monitor GIs to detect or forestall their corruption into double agents. Particularly capable GI operators, who regularly return detailed reports of enemy territory, face uncomfortable scrutiny. After all, they could be agents for another Complex!

Random bot encounter table

Roll 1d20 twice. Use the first roll to determine which subtable to read: 'Dangerous' (if your first roll is 1-10) or 'Helpless' (if your first roll is 11-20). Then use the second 1d20 roll to choose a line on the indicated subtable. Or, you know, you could just ignore both rolls and choose a result you like. Your choice will be, by definition, correct.

Second roll	Type of bot	Dangerous (1-10 on first roll)	Helpless (11-20 on first roll)
01	Scrubot	Persistently polishing a passageway	Trying to fashion climbing tools from its cleaning extensions
02	Jackobot	Sorting rocks and gravel by color gradient	Immobilized by broken caterpillar tracks
03	Warbot	Sitting under a connecting gangway or bridge; the warbot refers to all Troubleshooters as Billy and threatens to 'gobble them all up'	Blocking a whole passageway, unable to go forward or back
04	Combot	Repetitively firing integrated weapon systems at surrounding barriers, only one in 20 shots actually goes off, because of the bot's heavily depleted power core	Jammed into the base of a lift shaft
05	Go-4 bot	Viciously hunting anything the bot's brain can broadly define as 'vermin'	Rattling around in maintenance ducts behind the walls, unable to find an exit
06	Petbot	Creeping around behind the Troubleshooters and barking at truly inconvenient moments, then scampering off	Stuck at the bottom of an ancient mine shaft
07	Docbot	Armed Forces medical bot gone frankenstein due to a piece of shrapnel jammed in its asimov circuits	Sole survivor of an Armed Forces unit desperately trying to 'save' the bodies scattered about the room; unwilling to leave them behind
08	Porterbot	Locked autocar with driver and passenger behind tinted glass, both dead	Damaged supply tanker carrying fuel to Armed Forces further into the Underplex
09	Flybot	One-man micro-flybot tries dive-bombing anyone crossing an enormous cavern or abandoned warehouse	Armed military flybot at the base of a pile of rubble that appears to have tumbled through a hole from the Outdoors
10	Guardbot	Guarding the only way forward	Insisting the team can't enter the next room due to the orders of General Jerome-B-TYF, whom a team member might realize died some decades ago
11	Drillbot	Following the team	Collapsed through a floor and unable to restart drill due to damage
12	Bombot	Sent to assassinate some meatbag, so one of the Troubleshooters will do	Left behind by persons unknown in a vital connecting cavern, timer ticking down from three minutes
13	Mousebot	Constantly getting under the team's feet	Wedged in a hole in a flooded room; the hole blocks the water's outflow, and the water blocks an exit door that swings inward, so the team can't get through the room without rescuing the bot and draining the room
14	Camerabot	Secret society spy keeping track of the team's movements	Shooting footage for an HPD&MC documentary; almost-dead battery
15	Spiderbot	Stalking the team; tries to take genetic samples with stiletto-sharp mandibles	Damaged archaic model carrying the MemoMax-style memories of a High Programmer
16–20		Roll again. The team has discovered a Corpore Metal member of the type of bot rolled. The bot feigns malfunction or disability. It joins the team, then attacks the PCs one by one and communicates their presence to nearby Metal members.	

impressive-looking, carefully staged, totally useless sorties into the depths.

So far, everything is going fine—or can be made to *appear* fine, which is exactly the same thing back at HQ. Whenever CPU and The Computer debrief senior officers, the officers use odd maps that scale up local territorial wins, while shrinking the rest of the Underplex. After the most enthusiastic officers have delivered half-a-dozen blow-by-blow descriptions of scouting teams who found unusual rock formations, everyone else at the meeting loses interest. They call a premature close to the proceedings rather than hear about another limestone formation that looks a bit like a bowl of Cold Fun or a specimen jar.

Meanwhile, Armed Forces puts out quiet feelers to every UNDER team that returns from the Deeps: 'Any chance you might have found some kind of offbeat weapon-looking thingy? That would be worth some credits. Keep us in mind.'

Recommended service firm types: Armed Forces Friends Network; Blast Shield Maintenance; Fuel & Munitions Transport*; Threat Assessors (AF); Weapon Effectiveness Assessors*

▌ *Central Processing Unit*

The Underplex, with its abhorrent lack of structure, threatens CPU's dominion, so management tries to assert appropriate procedures and protocols. If only they could establish a reliable security network! Regional subnodes! An airtight mapping protocol!

For ultra-comfort, they'd like to establish a Global Procedural System leveraging local resource initiatives to deliver high-impact traitor-centric management solutions via site-targeted best practice bureaucracy. Who wouldn't?

CPU maintains superiority through bluff and bureaucratic absurdity. CPU operatives facing the unknown give everything a made-up serial number or believable acronym. By keeping copious notes, they can maintain the intellectual high ground, even if they don't have a clue what they're talking about. CPU as usual, basically.

Recommended service firm types: 116 Emergency Services; Environmental Effect Experimenters*; Facility Surveillance Control; Liability Limiters*; Mandatory Break Monitors*; Pocket Protector Refurbishers; Security System Installers

HPD&MC

HPD&MC has a real problem—too many citizens and not enough Alpha Complex to go around. Though the service group has invested in high-rise accommodation and redevelopment of abandoned industrial zones, the real problem has come from the exploding INFRARED population. Manufacturing's demand for menial workers has resulted in increased INFRARED numbers. These menials have little prospect of promotion out of the already overcrowded barracks in the sublevels of Alpha Complex.

The proposed solution? The Underplex. Its abandoned sectors and habitable zones are primed for redevelopment. HPD&MC can see a completely new world down there, entire cities of forgotten buildings, many only in need of service reactivation and a lick of paint (neither deemed a top priority for INFRARED accommodation).

Loath to depend on anyone, HPD&MC has decided to attempt basic repairs and complete local service restarts without consulting Tech and Power Services. Undoubtedly, when the other groups discover these unauthorized repairs, relations between the service groups will worsen.

Meanwhile, Sector Expansion Surveyor operatives work round the clock just to keep up. The marketing engine has kicked into overdrive, developing promotional materials for the launch of completely new sectors—'a new life awaits you in the under-complex colonies.

The chance to begin again in a golden land of opportunity and adventure!'

Recommended service firm types: Comprssd Housing Recyclers*; Entertainment Scouting Agencies; External Border Expanders*; News Services; Sector Expansion Surveyors; Singalong Agents

Seed: Ploop!

The power core in FDC Sector overloaded, so HPD&MC has received an emergency order to re-house 2,500 key citizens. As luck would have it, Sector Expansion Surveyors have just completed recon of a previously unexplored area of the Underplex. They identified a string of lightly damaged barracks with minimal service issues. Unfortunately, the area lacks clearance identification. HPD&MC needs the Troubleshooters to enter the newly classified UAX subsector with a camera, map software and several backpacks of specially designed *ploop grenades*. The ploop grenades consist of tamped explosive charges surrounded by a volume of paint. Each grenade has a label denoting its target.

The complications?

◉ The labels on the grenades don't exactly match the locations in the map software, so it's difficult to work out where to activate them.

◉ The Troubleshooters, using mislabeled grenades, accidentally paint rooms the wrong color. They can admit their mistake, use another ploop grenade to correct the error (but this wastes paint, citizen!), or tamper with the mapping software to push the blame onto someone else.

◉ Some locations prove bigger than the maps suggest. Assigned grenades fail to cover the entire room. The Troubleshooters must find a way to cover unpainted surfaces—or face a reprimand from HPD&MC for a substandard job.

◉ HPD&MC assigned the camera so they could quickly identify areas requiring additional repair. As the team runs into problems, they should figure out how to use the camera without incriminating themselves.

◉ While the Troubleshooters paint and film, they discover unexpected inhabitants: Underplex natives or curious Tech or Power Service workers. You might even introduce another team of starved Troubleshooters foraging for food. An earlier, less complete version of the mapping software has driven them half mad. Okay, more than half.

Internal Security

IntSec common sense assumes everyone outside Alpha Complex is a traitor until proven otherwise. (Heck, that philosophy applies within Alpha Complex as well.) Hence the Underplex

---

Brand new taste

HPD&MC marketing execs see big-big-big potential in the Underplex! Yessir! Untold vistas for fresh market research! Does eating Anchoberry Dream Cold Fun in the dark while standing waist-deep in freezing water heighten the consumer experience? Will ratings for the *Teela O'Malley Action Hour* increase if she spends time in a sinkhole fighting Commies intent on stealing precious rock salt?

HPD&MC reps may ask the PCs to record video footage, take light readings, test product samples in unusual locations or even bring Bouncy Bubble Beverage to the mutant masses. Just when the team needs to travel light, HPD&MC assigns them a crate of algae chip samples, a video camera with a sledge-mounted power generator, and a Teela O'Malley cardboard standup.

Free Roaming Intersector Extended Securities (FRIES)

Internal Security service firm type

Example firms: Transtube Patrol, Buzzers, Autoforce
Revenue stream: Percentage of fines levied
Secret society taint: Death Leopard, Free Enterprise

To stretch resources in the all-important fight against Communism, each sector checks to ensure all consumption adheres to strict min-max criteria. Unchecked imbalances can lead to general unhappiness.

Transport systems are a problem area. Mobile operatives for Free Roaming Intersector Extended Securities firms scrutinize all intersector routes. The FRIES ride around on scooters and conduct stop/search operations on suspicious vehicles and pedestrians. They levy on-the-spot cargo manifest differentiation fines and enforce intersector traffic quotas—that is, they ensure only a fixed number of vehicles pass between sectors to prevent over-taxing of the municipal infrastructure.

FRIES operatives have considerable flexibility in their mandates. They can stop anyone to ask his business and complete a time-consuming inspection. This procedure not only fulfills their intersector balance mandate and roots out potential terrorists, but also lets operatives efficiently pad their credit accounts with bribes from travellers in a hurry.

is one huge threat, wrapped in a hazard, liberally peppered with portents of doom.

Unlike the Armed Forces, IntSec sees absolutely no value in marching hordes of GREEN goons into gaping blackness. They're there to protect *internal* security, get it? Instead, IntSec has chosen the softly-softly approach. HQ has secretly (of course) dispatched undercover agents throughout the Underplex to surveil all inhabitants. IntSec intends to keep Underdwellers quiet and content. Over time, inhabitants will become just another set of citizens in Alpha Complex, defeated by a silent and insidious invasion. Once they're assimilated, *then* they'll be internal, and until that day, IntSec doesn't want to think about them.

IntSec takes a great deal more interest in the Tranz. The region's overlap with Alpha Complex makes it a perfect place to hide threats to The Computer. Officers maintain patrol routes—or *beats*—throughout Alpha Complex, working lines between well-equipped control centers—or *rests.*

Recommended service firm types: External Security*; Surveillance Operatives; Thought Surveyors; Threat Assessors (IS)

Mission seed: I am All-Seeing

The Computer sends an UNDER team of Troubleshooters on a recon mission with a small HPD&MC camera crew. The camera can show the UNDER team operating at its best, but also has a Computer-controlled transmission 'switch mode' that shows the team's actions in real time.

The team must locate a previous UNDER team gone AWOL. Based on early evidence, the Troubleshooters discover that Underdwellers may have eaten the missing team.

The complications?

◉ The members of the missing team all had important secret society missions, so orders fly thick and fast to recover either the team members or any evidence they might have left.

◉ Internal Security has fully infiltrated the camera crew, leaving only one true HPD&MC member. However, deep cover means individual IntSec agents can't show recognition of each other. The Troubleshooters get uncomfortable vibes from this crew, not least because they're filming everything going on without the panache and anally retentive attention to light levels of a standard HPD&MC camera crew.

◉ Secret society orders include several variations on the theme of tampering with, stealing or destroying the HPD&MC high-definition camera. Pro Tech and the Illuminati want the transmitter, Computer Phreaks want to tamper with the camera, Sierra Club wants the recording to study the natural environment, and so on.

▌ *Production, Logistics & Commissary*

To the PLC, the Underplex is an inventory nightmare. Items from missing sectors in the Underplex are AWOL. PLC must account for them or be blamed for their disappearance.

Over the years, clever accountants have fudged the books to ensure physical PLC stock matched manufacture, storage and distribution records. These bookkeepers 'disappeared' millions of items through convenient variations on treason, terrorism and natural disaster. They made Communists, mutants and secret societies scapegoats for every missing chapstick cap and self-sealing stembolt.

Unfortunately for PLC, recent UNDER teams have reported lost stockpiles—entire lost *warehouses*. PLC worries a CPU audit could uncover the truth.

Not coincidentally, PLC has spent a lot of time surveying the Underplex, locating missing equipment and correcting the core inventory database. A remarkable number of apparently destroyed items have recently reappeared—delayed in transit, mis-shelved or detained (up to 135 years) by supererogatory inter-sector customs inspection. Troubleshooters will have no shortage of service service missions to retrieve hijacked loads of CruncheeTym Yeast Twists or Stress-B-Gon Squeeze Balls.

Recommended service firm types: Field Logistics Advisors, Geological Resource Procurement*

▌ *Power Services*

Power Services has a twofold agenda in the Underplex. *One:* They have identified, over many years, a steady leak of power they can't account for. By sending workers into the Underplex, they hope to find and replace malfunctioning equipment. *Two:* They have absolutely no intention of letting Technical Services go anywhere without adequate supervision. Power Services has little faith in the ability of their technical counterparts not to seriously muck something up.

The sublevels of Alpha Complex contain considerable Power Services real estate,

> **Every once in a while You'll rise and glow. But that's only so They can let you go Down.**
>
> **—Malvina Reynolds,** *There's A Bottom Below* **(1970)**

including a couple million kilometers of power cables. Electricians and Power Flow Engineers stalk the Tranz like forensic experts at a murder scene, locating, assessing and recording the status of every single centimeter of cabling. Troubleshooters with a Power Services day job receive a rolling mandate to catalog the conditions of all Underplex power supplies. Power Services suspects traitors have diverted some unacceptable fraction of the energy supply. However, they have few reports; a startling number of survey teams haven't returned.

Recommended service firm types: Burn Radius Assessors; Circuit Maintenance; Fuel Cell Replenishment (Power); Fuel Rod Disposal Consultants; Latent Power Accumulation and Harnessing*; Wire Supply Checkers

▌ *Research & Design*

R&D objectives in the Underplex vary little from the Alpha Complex norm. For starters, researchers expect Troubleshooters to bring back interesting Old Reckoning devices for study. They expect great finds in the Underplex, and have only a few concerns about the sort of stuff they've been dumping down shafts all these years. R&D has jettisoned many failed experiments there, a few of which might come back to bite them. Literally.

Area 31 (see page 10) is R&D's guilty secret. The R&D science nerds dislike dealing with forms, so most Area 31 personnel don't have up-to-date records. The mutants they study aren't logged on the Mutant Register, either. These facts would interest Internal Security.

Currently IntSec caves in to The Computer's indulgent handling of R&D, but with enough evidence from Area 31, IntSec might finally have the ammunition it needs to put the uppity service group permanently under tight supervision—and R&D knows it.

The Computer expects UNDER equipment to be cutting-edge. If R&D can't invent impressive new items, it must innovatively adapt existing projects to the Underplex. Resourceful R&D staffers simply dust off previously cancelled projects and add a flashlight.

Recommended service firm types: Bot Processing; Death Ray Mapping and Orientation*; Field Data Collectors; Mutation Suppression Research*; Peripheral Optimization Assessors*; Vehicle Therapists; Weapon Effectiveness Assessors

▌ *Technical Services*

Technical Services has a dual agenda in the Underplex: bots and clones. Both the construction of bots and the decanting of clones have hit a creative dead-end—yet these two areas represent the principal line items of Tech budget requests.

Tech Services' work with bot brains meets Alpha Complex requirements on a first production basis, but not long-term. The artificial diamond matrix of a bot brain complicates reprogramming, and a lot of the work falls to R&D, which always seems to have a new angle.

Tech Services executives dislike this devolution of power. They seek ways to improve bot brains by reverse-engineering Old Reckoning bots retrieved from the Underplex. These brains have older, more durable designs with a simpler, rewritable structure.

Tech Services also focuses on reproduction and cloning in the Underplex. The issue of DNA degradation (genetic drift) plagues otherwise successful research in extending the longevity of clone lines from a single template. So far, Tech Services has failed to resolve this issue, and risks another irritating R&D coup.

Tech Services delicately pursues one avenue of research to address the reproduction issue. The diverse populations of the Underplex appear to have reproduced through the illegal process of intercitizen invasive contact (IIC). For all the icky details, the process appears to create healthy Junior Citizens without recourse to technology. This suggests, heretically, technology might be the real problem.

A very small number of Tech operatives have investigated IIC. With incredible caution, these Tech operatives are secretly acquiring genetic samples and scientific footage. Humanists have noticed this interest and furtively support the investigation. Troubleshooters may face the top-secret and uncomfortable assignment to acquire such, uh, samples. Ick.

Recommended service firm types: Bot Processing (Tech)*; Lighting Maintenance Engineers*; Medical Services; Fuel Cell Replenishment (Tech); MemoMax Quality Assurance; Vermin Terminators*

Seed: Pod hunt

CPU orders the Troubleshooters to retrieve a sealed message pod. Unidentified miscreants breached a pnneumatic communication tube that runs through the Tranz, then stole the pod as it shot down the tube.

If the PCs move fast, they might locate the original breach and, with luck, find the pod thieves nearby. Locating the breach is easy; the conduit contains a self-healing mechanism that maintains pressure even after a break. The self-healed pipe has a bright green rubbery substance filling the tear.

The team receives no special equipment, save for a map and a booster that attaches to their Com units. The map shows the conduits and the most probable location where the miscreants breached the line.

The complication?

◉ No one actually stole the missing message pod. A secure pneumatic tube transmitted the pod, which later burst through a flawed pipe wall at a remote location in the Tranz. The pod contains sensitive, potentially damaging information about a High Programmer. The team's nervous CPU briefing officer is being blackmailed by one of the High Programmer's program group members.

◉ Unknown to the PCs, the Com unit booster masquerades as a transmission booster, but actually blocks attempts to communicate directly with The Computer or Troubleshooter HQ. The PCs can only contact the briefing officer.

◉ As it happens, someone *has* found the pod. We Famous Game Designers are too lazy to decide who and whether they realize the value of the find; that's up to you. The team's search for evidence of self-healing reveals more than one possible location for the lost pod, but also brings the team close to other important locations—a Free Enterprise market, a Corpore Metal chop shop, an Illuminati fnord, etc.

I'm so happy and you're so kind

You want more money—of course I don't mind

To buy nuclear textbooks for atomic crimes.

And the public gets what the public wants

But I want nothing this society's got—

I'm **going underground** *(going underground)*

Well the brass bands play and feet start to pound

Going underground *(going underground)*

Well let the boys all sing and the boys all shout for tomorrow.

— **The Jam,** 'Going Underground',
Dig The New Breed [1982]

Secret societies down under

Most secret societies have a vested interest in the Underplex. The sections below describe secret society objectives and mission ideas you can assign to PC society members. Each idea first gives a **primary** mission (which you give to the PC society member himself) and a **rival** mission (which you assign to another PC on the same team, to promote fine team interaction).

█ Anti-Mutant

Rabid mutaphobes are disappointed most mutants in Alpha Complex don't *look* like mutants. That makes it difficult to carry out senseless random attacks. The Underplex provides ready targets by the truckload; Anti-Mutants entering the Underplex have reported head-swimming euphoria.

Bands of Anti-Mutants hunt mutants like angry villagers in a Hammer vampire film. Anti-Mutant leaders have had to restrict access to prevent enemy societies taking advantage of this display. Psion could easily decimate Anti-Mutant numbers in the Underplex with a few heavily armed suicide mutants.

Some fanatical Anti-Mutant members (sorry for the redundancy) become Underdwellers by choice, full time. The Purifiers, as they theatrically call themselves, wear heavy black coats, broad-brimmed hats and carry lethal homemade weapons. These 'Tools of the Just' consist of several weapons gaffer-taped together. The Tools present as much a hazard to the Purifier as any mutant would, but they sure look cool.

Underdweller communities seem divided over the Purifiers. Some support stamping out the psychotic mutant hordes. Others think that if they leave the Purifiers unchecked, they'll be the next target.

A Frankenstein Destroyer sub-group also uses the same 'Purifier' name, which confuses everyone.

◉ Infect local water supplies with this bioengineered antimutagen. Make sure you don't get any on your hands. (*Rival PC:* Test the quality and chemical composition of local water supplies to determine suitability for Alpha Complex use.)

█ Communists

Communists churn out leaflets and posters that hail the world below and its freedom from tyranny. A simple life in the Underplex, free from pig-dog proprietorship! A society without possessions, classes or filthy capitalist PLC All-Night vendomats that steal your credits and give no merchandise, *ptui!* To pack up from their barracks and 'go native' in an Underplex socialist utopia, most Communists would give their entire pickled beetroot collection.

Life in the commune is not all fun and pamphlets. The Communist Chair and his strategic policy-setting Politburo rank high on IntSec's 'Top 10 Things to Shoot Today' list. The highest-ranking members of the Communists can't risk living a normal life among the masses. Instead, the Chair and the Politburo live deep in the Underplex like hermits in a cave. Honor their sacrifice, comrade! Okay, it's a large, highly engineered, luxuriously furnished cave,

with running water, hot baths, plenty of food and luxury furniture (which is *strictly necessary* for the glorious leaders' unfortunate lower-back conditions). But to maintain morale among good Communist laborers who might think their leaders have succumbed to capitalist swine torpor, the Politburo meets with members in a plain, rough-walled ante-cavern, strewn with furs, tractor parts and handwritten copies of the *Communist Manifesto*.

Loyal Communists have enhanced the security of the Chair's residence with deadfalls, pressure pads, secret doors and hidden cameras (**Tension 16**).

█ *Gremlin guards*

Common mutations: Mechanical Intuition, Corrosion, Toxic Metabolism

Skills/Specialties: Violence 10, Projectile Weapons 16, Hardware 11, Chemical Engineering 01, Impair Brakes Of Opulent Motor Vehicles Of Half-Witted Bourgeoisie 17, Mechanical Engineering 15, Nuclear Engineering 01, Tractor Maintenance 16, Root Vegetable Cuisine (Secret skill) 08

Weapons: Slugrifle (projectile, W3K, 10 shots, range 70m, 100cr, GREEN; cudgel as truncheon); helmet derringer (M3K impact, 1 shot, range 10m, 400cr, YELLOW)

Armor: Multilayered uniform (I2)

Other gear: Prized set of luxury brand sneakers or Lee-V-EYE's Sort-a-Blue PseuDenim Leisure pants; CruncheeTym Potato-flavored health bar

Vigilant Gremlin guards have protected the Communist Politburo since the Old Reckoning. Communists know them for their enormous

The Anti-Mutant's Tool of the Just

Anyone can duct-tape together a couple of weapons, but Anti-Mutant Purifiers rig up their makeshift Tool as an initiation. A Junior Purifier gathers weapons during his training missions, then takes them into the Underplex and builds his Tool of the Just in the midst of the enemy. Many Purifiers die horrible deaths during this pressured initiation, as they struggle to gaffer tape a blaster to a carving knife while under attack from a drooling horde of mutants. Those who survive proudly display their Tool as a symbol of their strength and prowess. They usually name the Tool, and apply special nicks, marks and stickers to commemorate kills.

The attacker can attack with both Tool weapons simultaneously, if the GM approves. Use the lower of the PC's two Violence specialty ratings and the lower weapon range. To combine damage, take the better Minimum and Maximum and the lower Boost, then reduce the Boost value by 1 (to a minimum of 1). For instance, a combined laser pistol and a needle gun would have a damage rating of W2K, a range of 50 and require a successful check against either Energy Weapons or Projectile Weapons, whichever is lower.

Combine the malfunction chances of the two weapons. Two weapons that each malfunction on a roll of 20 combine to a malfunction roll of 19 or 20. Or, you know, even worse. If you want. Hint, hint.

(We had a bunch of fiddly rules for which kinds of weapons can combine with which others, until we remembered: This is **PARANOIA**! You call the shots! If a player character is abusing this system, blow up his weapons—and notify the other PCs he's unarmed.)

Purifiers favor weapons with large ammunition supplies. Because the whole Tool is duct-taped together, they can't reload during combat.

visored caps, stonefaced silence and almost magical ability to sabotage mechanical devices.

The Gremlin guards wear a uniform of heavy greenish-gray long coat, gray pants and jacket, and knee-high black boots. They carry huge, archaic-looking black slugthrower rifles that double as cudgels. They have one-shot derringer pistols built into their helmets, which they fire with a sharp downward nod.

Computer Phreaks

Industrious Computer Phreaks discovered the antiquated computer networks of the Underplex long before any citizen set foot there. Ancient systems were mothballed in military control centers and emergency bunkers. Ultimately, a Phreak plant in the Romantics matched fragments of data from these systems with pieces of the Gatzmann Archives.

The Phreaks became concerned the service groups might destroy precious data accidentally. It wouldn't be the first time inept non-Phreak data dredging released some ancient viral horror or irrevocably erased a priceless Old Reckoning application. Hackers needed to find all the data in the Underplex and create a backup before a bad mistake occurred.

While ordinary Phreaks worried about archives, high-ranking hackers salivated over the prospect of finding some ancient piece of programming that held the secret to the very existence of The Computer.

Hackers see the ultimate promise of the Underplex: a system beyond anyone's control. Records from the Gatzmann Archives suggest Old Reckoning facilities buried within the Underplex may contain entirely isolated networks. Some records further suggest these networks may house fragments of an Old Reckoning system called the Hinternet. If so, hackers could create a build of a completely new, open-source version of The Computer. The Phreaks have code-named it Apricot.

With so much at stake, Phreaks now travel in Underplex meatspace to seek isolated archives. Though non-terminal motion does not come naturally, adventurous Phreaks understand the potential of 'fossil code'.

◉ We believe an isolated network exists in your destination sector. Access it and retrieve whatever data you can. (*Rival PC:* We suspect a team member plans an ambush by sending your

coordinates through a landline communications channel. Prevent all unauthorized links to unidentified networks.)

◉ Locate datajack 334.22.431.A and upload the 404 virus contained on this PDC to mask the 'jack from the rest of the network. (*Rival PC:* Reports of sabotage on assigned gear have risen by 68.3%. Complete regular checks of team equipment to ensure no traitorous tampering has occurred.)

Corpore Metal

In the Underplex, hundreds of Corpore Metal cells coordinate the downfall of meatkind. They rejoice in their undisturbed freedom in the Tranz, where flawed human engineering has created spaces inaccessible by common meat. The dead space hums and whirrs with the sound of mousebots, camerabots and combots, all going about their business in the dark behind the walls.

In the Tranz, Corpore Metal members—both bot and human—staff impressively equipped Surgical Upgrade Centers. Plants in PLC, Tech Services and Power Services supply new materiel. Hence Corpore Metal stores are kitted out with the latest equipment, but also heavily infiltrated by other societies.

In the Deeps, bots enjoy an isolated, meatless world. They roam freely in lightless and anaerobic environments; they seek enlightenment, peace or valuable fissile materials. They have discovered evidence of a time before The Computer when machines existed as disposable toys and mindless servants. Bots take these weapons of propaganda with them on recruitment drives to prove how wrong meatkind has been and always will be, until the revolution comes.

◉ Engineer a situation to allow you to test this newly designed self-sealing cyberhand. (*Rival PC:* A teammate has a bomb disguised as something innocuous or unusual. Destroy it.)

◉ Recruit any bots you meet during your mission. (*Rival PC:* Install restraining bolts/explosive charges on all bots you meet during your mission.)

Death Leopard

Death Leopard has no doctrinal interest in the Underplex. Leopards live to party, to destroy and to do cool things. What could they possibly gain in some wretched hole in the ground?

Still, Leopards never say 'never'. (Well, yes they do—'I'm never goin' back to that Food Vat Control job, and I'll blow up the whole joint to make sure!'—but they don't say 'never' this time.) If nothing else, the cavernous ruins make a great party site.

A few Leopards see the Underplex as a blank canvas for a little aerosol creativity. These graffiti artists cover vast swaths of territory with murals and formless sculptures, and only venture from their underground lairs to replenish supplies of Near-Beer and CruncheeTym Cheesy Scrapings.

The Project Chaos subfaction (detailed in *The Traitor's Manual*) is the only group of Leopards with much purpose in the Underplex. As fanatics intent on chaos on a grand scale, Project Chaos believes, given time and enough explosives, they could rig the whole underground to collapse. They've already started stockpiling explosives across the Underplex, and follow a haphazard plan unlikely to result in anything more than almighty gouts of flame and smoke.

◉ We need you to, like, drop off a weapon at the following coordinates. Someone will pick it up later. (*Rival PC:* We believe someone has tainted the water supply in Alpha Complex with a muscle relaxant that causes involuntary spasms. Make sure no one drops anything during the mission.)

◉ Your [*random Mandatory Bonus Duty*] double-crossed us. Kill him when the lights go out. (*Rival PC:* We need you to test this new phosphorescent paint. Paint whatever you can with it and report on its effectiveness.)

FCCC-P

'Though I walk through the sector of the shadow of treason, I will fear no Commies, for The Computer is with me….' When you hold to the traditional FCCC-P mantra, the Underplex engenders troubling (and likely treasonous) philosophical issues. Despite FCCC-P members' belief in The Computer's omnipresence, all evidence from the tunnels below Alpha Complex seems to refute it. The All-Seeing security cameras of Friend Computer sit darkened and immobile, their little red activity lights long extinguished. IntSec has openly disowned the Underplex, and offers no solace there.

How could The Computer declare Alpha Complex the whole world, sufficient unto itself… and then let something else turn up? A *big* something else, too. Perhaps the Underplex is hell itself, bereft of loyalty, happiness or hope—and yet The Computer asks citizens to venture into the depths. Perhaps Friend Computer intends it as a spiritual testing ground. Perhaps it intends to prove the Faithful have not fallen into complacency, to purify and consolidate the ranks of FCCC-P by consigning the doubtful and damned to a living hell.

The Council on Whether the Underplex Is Hell and Therefore the Rightful Home for All Things Mutated and Sinful is currently sequestered to discuss the true purpose of the Underplex and how it relates to Friend Computer's grand plan. As yet, they haven't reached a conclusion.

Meanwhile, charismatic FCCC-P members try to convert Underdwelling unbelievers. Under-communities near active confession booths provide ideal fodder for mass conversion to belief in the salvation of the immortal soul by the Omnipotent Eye.

◉ Records indicate the site of an old confession booth near your destination.

Restore power to it, so Friend Computer can hear the confessions of the wayward traitor. (*Rival PC:* Someone delivered the bomb to the wrong place. It's disguised as a confession booth. Whatever you do, don't let anyone touch it.)

◉ Pass out these pamphlets that preach the Good Data of Friend Computer. (*Rival PC:* Someone hijacked our printing facility. Not fair. Find someone else's pamphlets and burn them. Then burn the person carrying them.)

Frankenstein Destroyers

The Underplex is an endless vault of vile Old Reckoning filth that could easily bring about an Age of Bots. Recently, the Destroyers have intercepted discomfiting UNDER team reports. Old Reckoning technologies could bring horrific advances in bot manufacture and threaten the purity of human existence. The Destroyers want to demolish all such devices before Computer loyalists return the items to Alpha Complex for technological infection. The Destroyers' most fanatical brethren, the Purifiers, locate and cleanse caches of Old Reckoning technology. (An Anti-Mutant group goes by the same name, which confuses everyone.)

The Destroyer versions of the Purifiers dress in the simplest robes and carry ceremonial metal clubs. Focused through meditation, single-minded hatred and enormous doses of thymoglandin, Purifiers stride purposefully through the Underplex, oblivious to the alien surroundings. They seek out technology and destroy it without hesitation. They recite this mantra:

Humanity must destroy all things robotic and must never allow, through inaction, a bot to persist, lest it turn on those whom rightly seek its destruction.

Grammarian Troubleshooters who correct 'whom' to 'who' may quickly learn the Purifiers' skill with their metal clubs.

Free Enterprise

Since The Computer weakened their market share in Alpha Complex when it moved to a sort-of capitalist sort-of economy, Free Enterprise has searched for other ways to turn a profit. In the Underplex they found heaven.

Undercommunities traditionally survive without luxuries. Before Free Enterprise, Underdwellers hunted for food and traded for depleted power cells or a good sharp knife. A few Undercommunities now have Free Enterprise-run general stores, gift shops and fast-food outlets. It's like the Old Reckoning Wild West all over again.

Here old-school Free Enterprise traders relive past experiences of a fledgling economy. They acquire surplus goods, off-cuts and rejects, then barter them for Old Reckoning trinkets, scavenged technology and fresh food. The traders return to Alpha Complex with an exclusive new line in 'ethnic' products. Free Enterprise organizes impromptu IR Markets in the Tranz, covertly advertised by word-of-mouth. Here they sell reconditioned technology, Old Reckoning novelties and natural skin-care products.

Free Enterprise has also taken over derelict Underplex properties. If you just want to drop in

Isak-Y-LNG-7

Conniving Purifier; ex-Tech Services, Frankenstein Destroyer (degree 10), Energy Field 12; Management 10, Chutzpah 14, Oratory 01, Violence 11, Hand Weapons 15, Hardware 09, Bot Ops & Maintenance 13, Immobilize Bot With Poke From Twisted Coat Hanger 15, Vehicle Ops & Maintenance 01, all other skills 07; big hammer (S4K); no armor; twisted coat hanger, small tool kit in waterproof pouch, bottle of triple-strength thymoglandin.

The team rescues Isak-Y after they disrupt a Corpore Metal meeting, or they find him a prisoner in some wretched hole. Emaciated and dressed in yellow rags, Isak-Y has been a prisoner so long his thymoglandin has worn off, so he is temporarily lucid.

Thanking the team profusely, he offers as a reward the location of Old Reckoning technology sure to please The Computer. Isak-Y tags along with the team; he is erratic and unpredictable, but incredibly useful in a fight or two along the way.

Whether Isak-Y leads them somewhere useful or just stumbles on an item by chance, the team has hardly started to rejoice in their discovery before Isak-Y sets about their destruction. He starts giving dubious and even hazardous advice. He steals or borrows a Troubleshooter's PDC and tries to reach his fellow Frankenstein Destroyers and put an end to the technology-loving Troubleshooters.

and lay claim to a space, fine… but don't expect security, convenience or clean running water. Free Enterprise rents out accommodations secure from surveillance by The Computer… at a price. By the hour or by the week, the society can provide almost all the comforts of Alpha Complex. Salvaged vending machines, siphoned utilities and homegrown security make for the perfect vacation spot. You just need to sign here, here and here, pay your rent on time and take out certain insurance policies to ensure you have a pleasant and hassle-free stay. You got a problem with that?

Seed: Boomtown

The Troubleshooters must attack and destroy a traitorous Underplex enclave. IntSec asks the team to take prisoners for interrogation. PLC assigns the team a new type of timed limpet mine that explodes by radio activation. Infiltrating the illicit colony, the team encounters a disconcerting welcome.

The complication?

Free Enterprise has set up all kinds of retail outlets, services and support groups. The society has tapped into local power and water supplies to provide light, entertainment and a workable sewer system. The local population fully supports this economy: Who wouldn't want the finest cuisine, recreational medication and nutritional supplements? Consequently, Free Enterprise has earned significant profits from the venture.

The Underplex colony may trigger the PCs' prejudices—e.g., mutants and nonmutants living peacefully together; bots with possessions and no assigned work; complete disdain for The Computer. But When Free Enterprise learns the team's intentions, deep-cover traders set about subverting the PCs. Many Troubleshooters may end up wondering why they couldn't just stay here.

Humanists

The Gatzmann Archives' fragmentary records tell of a time when The Computer and a human government controlled Alpha Complex together. The government provided a necessary human perspective inaccessible to The Computer, but with it brought greed, corruption and power lust. The most corrupt politicians realized The Computer threatened progress—and personal gain.

However, IntSec ruthlessly suppressed this first human uprising and drove the human government underground. The core of this fledgling Humanist movement stayed within the system and worked surreptitiously to restore human dominance. Others chose to hide underground, literally.

From those who went into the Underplex, several splinter factions formed. The majority use the underworld to meet and to cache dangerous weapons in readiness for the Day of Revolution. Other factions experiment with utopian community models. They tap into vital networks and lay the foundations for revolution.

Many experimental communities live and die in a matter of weeks, their objectives achieved or dismissed. Others communities remain, united by a desire to live together harmoniously without The Computer. A Humanist committee is currently debating whether this is a sure sign of humanity's strength and ultimate victory, and if so, how best to phrase this good news in a righteous yet egalitarian manner that duly recognizes the society's values of equality, diversity, and good-feelingness. A decision is expected within the next fiscal biennium.

Revolutionary communities

Outpost Alpha, the largest Humanist community, subsists on diverted resources, homemade hydroponics and water purification. It siphons electricity from an abandoned radioactive power plant in the upper Underplex. Whatever the community cannot grow, find or fabricate, Humanists in Alpha Complex steal and transport below.

More than a hundred Humanists reside permanently here. An elected Council of five governs the outpost, and ensures patrols secure the area.

To recreate the Humanists' vision of a perfect Alpha Complex society, Outpost Alpha uses a modified Computer subnode to run basic services, while the Council runs the community. The society has restricted the subnode's functionality to the most mundane and menial tasks. Members of the community fill all other roles. They espouse complete independence and a bot-free environment.

Outpost Alpha seeds

◉ The interface the Council uses to communicate with its subnode blew up. Find a suitable replacement interface and requisition it for return to Outpost Alpha. Ensure another society takes the blame for the theft.

◉ Phreaks have hacked into the subnode and taken control, leaving Outpost Alpha without services. Isolate the source of the hack and destroy the computer used to complete it. Plant this computer chip in the remains of the broken computer to place blame on an IntSec plant in the Phreaks.

◉ Bots have infested Outpost Alpha. The subnode denies involvement, but something has definitely gone wrong. Corpore Metal or FCCC-P responsibility seems highly likely, and an unidentified radio signal might locate the perpetrator… if it would stop moving.

◉ A cave-in killed Outpost Alpha's habitat engineering expert. Find and recruit a replacement during your next mission. If you can't recruit one, consider kidnapping.

Illuminati

The Illuminati attitude toward the Underplex is as obscure as all the society's agendas. Presumably the Grand Masters of the Order knew about the Underplex before it became widely known, and have sent advance agents all through it. After all, they're everywhere!

Illuminati members might discover something of value they can use to bribe, extort, interrogate and blackmail their superiors. If anyone unearths some inkling of the Illuminati agenda for the Underplex, roll 1d20 six times and consult the 'Unfragmenting the Illuminati' Data Table (see next page) to fill in the discovery.

Mystics

Mystics share few common beliefs beyond a desire to score a ton of cheap drugs. However, they do want to achieve a higher understanding through whatever means comes to hand.

One faction of the Mystics, the Hedge Wizards, believed it could Ascend only if members absorbed the subtle odors of Nature Outdoors. Thing is, the same Mystics knew the Outdoors left you vulnerable to 'Their' influence. So, the Hedge Wizards sought an outside 'inside'. This problem led them into many late-night discussions filled with recreational lightheadedness and a hankering for algae chips. Then someone stumbled upon (or more precisely got lost and fell down a disused service duct into) the Underplex. The Hedge Wizards had found their Nirvana. Other Mystics picked their heads off the floor and listened.

The caves and tunnels of the Underplex offer a new experience in lightlessness and deafening silence—like a sensory deprivation tank, only mustier. Energetic party Mystics discovered the big caverns had great acoustics

for week-long raves. Introspective Mystics found a dead-end somewhere and meditated upon Becoming as One With a Pebble. The rest discovered the awareness-expanding possibilities of sensory-deadened parties, with overwhelming darkness, mind-numbing silence and a ton of cheap drugs.

Now that everyone else has found the Underplex, ordinary pedestrian traffic threatens the good caves near the surface. Consequently, Mystics are always seeking new places to drop out. They're intent (in that bleary-eyed way only a Mystic can be intent) on keeping the unenlightened out of the out-here that isn't Out There.

◉ Dark is the new high. Let everyone experience it. (*Rival PC:* We want you to try these new adhesive microlamps. Test and report on them.)

◉ There are, like, some incredible things that grow out of the ground down there. Find some and bring them back for the rest of us. (*Rival PC:* Comrade! Vee have hidden microfilm in specially prepared beetrrroot. You bring it back for us, da?)

Pro Tech

Pro Tech believes a treasure trove of advanced Old Reckoning technology lies in wait for the taking, down in the Underplex. Over many decades, the society has found a few choice relics. With the Underplex laid open, Pro Tech fears Old Reckoning devices may fall into others' hands. They dread senseless waste; they can't allow the ignorant to sock away valuable artifacts in some forgotten warehouse. Worse yet, Pro Tech fears an unscrupulous ULTRAVIOLET or R&D might find these artifacts and actually know how to use the technology.

Driven by these worries, Pro Tech has formed specialized teams of techno-archaeologists—or *Technarchs*—to retrieve Old Reckoning relics at any cost. They seek untouched caches, tap into UNDER comm signals and generally try to frustrate and misdirect anyone who might interfere with equipment that rightfully belongs in the hands of Pro Tech.

◉ Bring us back something impressive. Keep it hidden, and drop it off before you debrief. (*Rival PC:* Untested technology can potentially infect Alpha Complex with terrible forgotten viruses. Don't let anyone bring back anything he didn't leave with.)

◉ Find a bot and reprogram it to do our bidding. (*Rival PC:* Find a bot and destroy it/recruit it/return it.)

Psion

Psion equates mutation with power. The truly evolved represent the pinnacle of evolution—and the Underplex appears to contain a lot of potential. However, the masters of Psion see these mutants as an uncomfortable unknown, and such ignorance breeds anxiety and paranoia. Psion would rather know exactly what mutations exist within the Underplex than leave anything to chance. Reports suggest the Underplex contains mutants who make the Inner Core—the trained mutant foot soldiers of Psion—look like raw recruits. Orphic Irregulars have sent telepathic reports back from Dungeon enclaves that terminated in blood-curdling screams and a sense of something sinister and horrible.

However, Psion is not just concerned about its lack of control of the mutant population in the Underplex. Its enemy, Corpore Metal, seems intent on borging the Underdweller population and using the security-free environment below as a base of operations. Corpore Metal's belief in evolutionary transcendence through mechanization runs contrary to Psion doctrine. Psion's masters insist Corpore Metal not interfere with the inevitable rise of mutantkind by tainting the genetic pool with their lifeless technology. Wherever possible, Psion members must sabotage Corpore Metal schemes and plant evidence to ensure their ultimate failure.

Seed: The Matrix

Operatives in the Underplex have identified an experimental Old Reckoning device that imprints bots with a neural matrix. The matrix enhances computational speeds and efficiency, but also creates a weak signal similar to the primitive psychic residuals of the common population. Using the device, Psion

	'Unfragmenting the Illuminati' Data Table				
	The **A** **B'ed** *the Underplex to* **C** *a* **D** *so the* **A** [roll again] *could not* **E** *it.*				
	A	**B**	**C**	**D**	**E**
1	Illuminati	Created	Hide	Secret	Destroy
2	High Programmer	Visualized	Maintain	Mutant	Claim
3	Computer	Buried	Summon	Lost Civilization	Use
4	Aliens	Sealed	Enclose	High Programmer	Divert
5	Grand Order of Silvery Night	Restricted	Enshrine	Secret Weapon	Master
6	Elder Gods	Dug	Confuse	Disbanded Secret Society	Combat
7	Previous Illuminati	Worshipped	Obfuscate	Deactivated CompNode	Obliterate
8	Service groups	Opened	Fictionalize	Dangerous Enemy	Unearth
9	Mutants	Inverted	Prevent	True Origin of Alpha Complex	Prevent
10	FCCC-P	Extended	Terrorize	Flying Saucer	Reveal
11	Communists	Inhabited	Worship	Recipe for B3	Dance with
12	Thompsons	Populated	Invigorate	Relic of the Savior	Irradiate
13	INFRAREDs	Digitized	Conceptualize	Community of Underdwellers	Bury
14	Monkeys from the Future	Disrupted	Subvert	Hidden Archive	DELETED
15	Church of Questions	Revealed	Infect	Treacherous Uprising	Infiltrate
16	Committee	Celebrated	Split	Raid from Outdoors	Escalate
17	One	Opposed	Ostracize	Horror from Beyond	Return
18	Other Complex	Segregated	Triangulate	Old Reckoning Artifact	Discover
19	Technocracy	Entered	Unearth	Land of Plenty	Empower
20	Fnord	Fnord	Fnord	Fnord	Fnord

could finally exert control over bots. Prevent others from taking the device and bring it back at all costs.

Seed: Mind control

Psion's masters have detected strong telepathic broadcasts emanating from the Deeps. They want to rigorously control such potent psychic potential—preferably Control with a capital C. The PCs' job: gather rumors, data and evidence about the deepest levels of the Underplex. Contact Underdwellers who communicate through nonverbal means. (Ivestigators end up face-to-face with the Myconauts of Mezcalinzan or a hideous monstrosity from the Dungeon.)

PURGE

Most idiotic secret societies use the Underplex as a convenient place to meet or hide pamphlets. PURGE knows its true strategic potential.

In the past, Alpha Complex has effectively, if bumblingly, resisted PURGE's attacks despite the secret society's lengthy planning and pre-mission recon. Now, PURGE can use the Tranz to attack from beneath or between. Members won't raise the suspicions of the brainwashed masses or draw the attention of IntSec. Finally, PURGE can strike hard at the enemy's heart.

PURGE values intelligence about new routes through the Underplex. It rewards citizens who divulge data about hidden ducts and passageways… rewards them with the opportunity to volunteer for membership and take on vitally important missions against oppression. Members masquerade as Technical and Power Services' lower management to acquire location information from work crews and technicians.

◉ Replace your Happiness Officer's Wakey-Wakey supply with these. Then enjoy the bloodfest. (*Rival PC:* Replace your Happiness Officer's Wakey-Wakey supply with these… then chill out/party/watch their pustules grow.)

◉ Destroy any evidence of The Computer you find in the Underplex. (*Rival PC:* Restore terminals you find the Underplex. If you can't complete repair there and then, Identify and record coordinates.)

Romantics

The Romantics have known about the Underplex for a long time. From Old Reckoning records they learned you can always find caves near populated areas. These caves hold incredible treasures, unspeakable horrors and the frozen bodies of cavemen. Most cave systems sport weird rock formations, traps and sloping passages, complex puzzles and forgotten pirate ships.

Various Romantics subgroups have formed to study the Underplex. The **Roletellers** recite epic stories of forgotten heroes, like O'Brien the Destroyer and Merlot the Wizard; they re-enact great conflicts and adventures in full costume. **Rockers** seek out the friendly Fragments who live somewhere in the caves with the Doozies, prolific builders rumored to have built the Awful Tower and the Leaning Pylon of Peas in the good old days.

Many Romantics delve for Old Reckoning materials, and earn respect if they return with anything of interest. These explorers model themselves on Old Reckoning adventurers like Idaho Jones and Annabelle Croft. A Romantic likes nothing better than to hunt treasure, trowel and whip in hand, flip levers, dodge whirling blades and find the next clue.

Seed: Get frosty

The Gatzmann Archives describe cryogenic storage facilities built underground to preserve citizens from harm during the terrible Eugonic Wars against the Vogons. Service groups have discovered single cryogenic tubes in the past, but never a whole facility. With one of these facilities, the Romantics could awaken the inhabitants and harvest their personal experiences of Old Reckoning culture. Track down one of these facilities and secure precise coordinates for organized retrieval. Ensure no one else locates or gains control of these facilities, whatever the cost. A specialist Romantics team will rendezvous and take control of the facility for a mass defrost.

Sierra Club

The Computer has created the Underplex to trick common citizens with a false alternative to the antiseptic and artificial Alpha Complex. Sierra Clubbers know better than to believe this façade. The Outdoors holds salvation from the poisonous Complex environment. The Outdoors offers freedom to breathe clean air, drink pure water and eat beef patties caught in the wild. The Underplex amounts to nothing more than dank holes of fetid air, polluted by industrial run-off and unnatural waste.

Sierra Clubbers who have ventured into the Underplex find it confined and oppressive… completely unlike the Outdoors they know and love. Nevertheless, a few determined members have identified several green plants that grow down in the Underplex. These growths deserve rescue. Some of the moss, for instance, might look nice growing on the rockrete walls of the TUBE transit system.

The Molemen

A Sierra Club subgroup, the Molemen believe they must reclaim their natural birthright by returning underground. They embrace the vitality and hardships of the natural environment. However, because they feel

uncomfortable about Outdoors conditions, they seek to go down instead of out. 'After all,' they argue, 'don't plants send roots down into the earth?'

The Moleman seek solace in the bountiful world below. They crave a life rough and free, where they can eat natural algae and fungi and drink deep of mineral-heavy waters. Nature answers every need, and happiness and contentment blossom.

In truth, the Molemen love the cool depths of the Underplex because they have terrible allergies. How can humanity live as one with Nature if they constantly have streaming eyes and a runny nose?

◉ Someone has reset the password on door 6453/A to the Outdoors. Find an IntSec plant on your team and grill him for the new password. (*Rival PC:* Someone else on the team has received an electronic override code from his secret society contact. It will open door 6453/A. Identify and terminate this teammate.)

◉ Bring back samples of moss and lichen from the Underplex, individually bagged and labelled. (*Rival PC:* Prevent illegal import of potentially dangerous foodstuffs from the Outdoors.)

Other secret societies

Agents from Other Complexes have the most to gain from the Underplex: alternate access to the heartland of the enemy, circumventing its considerable surface defenses. Agents from the Outdoors establish footholds here to stockpile supplies, ordnance and stolen data. From these boltholes, agents communicate with those back home, preparing them for the assault on Alpha Complex.

MMM…
FUNGUS

Psion Homeopaths

Mutants proliferate in the Underplex. You can't turn a corner without bumping into someone blessed with telepathy, telekinesis or the ability to 'Become as One with Voles'.

A few members of Psion have connected Alpha Complex drugs, dietary supplements and the advance of genetic drift. However, the Underplex has none of these influences. So, what causes all these devastatingly fantastic mutations?

The Homeopaths believe they can advance understanding of mutation by drinking everything. Take a few bits of fungus, a few scrapes of lichen or a bit of dirt, shake it up in a bottle of pure water, and voila: the elixir of hyper-evolution. Okay, Homeopathic research might make you sick sometimes, but the path to greater understanding always comes at a price.

Of course, someone might have found the elixir already. The Homeopaths realize the likes of Corpore Metal and the Anti-Mutants would love to stall natural evolution… but who would have suspected the Mystics or Sierra Club? They try to smoke or worship all kinds of things that might yet set mutants free to transcend to ultimate dominance. Watch them all.

Don-B-NEL

Don-B-NEL comes from an Alpha Complex across the ocean. His complex doesn't possess cloning technology, though they have advanced regenerative Wetware and medical skills. The leaders of Don-B's complex believe Pod People in assumed human form have invaded and controlled the rest of the world. Don-B has witnessed the cloning process of Alpha Complex and relayed details of the foul alien duplication technology. The machinery grows and decants tainted perversions of humankind! Don-B believes he can identify Pod People by the funny way they talk and the way they extend their pinkies when they drink beverages.

■ Don-B-NEL-2

Agent of Another Complex, Regeneration (Power 17), Humanists (degree 6); Management 10, Con Games 14, Convince Co-worker You Never Went Into That Restricted Room 16, Interrogation 14, Hygiene 1, Stealth 9, Act Like a Pod Person 15, Security Systems 13, Violence 8, Demolitions 12, Energy Weapons 12, Hand Weapons 1, Hardware 8, Software 4, Data Search 8, Wetware 9, Biosciences 13, Bioweapons 13, Cloning 0, Heal Flesh Wounds With Raw Algae 15; energy pistol (W3K), illegal reflec (E2), knife, Series 1300 PDC, Com 2 (w/ Enhanced Encryption, Holographic Emitter), medpack

An apocryphal tale

Hanging around the mess halls and barracks, citizens tell tales of the Alpha Complex salt mines. Because the mines contained salt (the story goes), CPU executives initially demanded the INFRARED workforce work in darkness to prevent panic at the sight of white walls. After several horrific accidents The Computer intervened. It solved the problem by using ULTRAVIOLET convicts, many of whom work to this day to maintain PLC's condiment quotas.

Obviously, these taletellers should immediately report to the nearest confession booth to discuss the dangers associated with nonsensical rumors. Unrefined rock salt is translucent brown. Indeed, low-clearance citizens can expect salt to stay brown all the way to their condiment dispensers. HPD&MC has deemed salt refining processes an unnecessary expense when the average INFRARED can't distinguish between unrefined salt and a crystal of congealed sweat.

Gamemasters running Classic or Zap games might choose to make the original story true. Just imagine a team of Troubleshooters assigned to handle a group of ULTRAVIOLET convicts designated for hard labor in the salt mines....

3: Hook, line and sinkhole

Troubleshooters in the Underplex may be surprised when they can't find the thermostat. Alpha Complex citizens don't expect rooms with subzero temperatures and three feet of oily water. Your average INFRARED (is there any other kind?) expects an environment as bland as a bowl of Cold Fun, though perhaps not as chemically hazardous.

Because the Underplex has few artificial lights, Troubleshooters must use portable light sources or mutations to see. Poor light slows all activities and reduces the simplicity and accuracy of the most basic actions.

To set this tone, we suggest you roll all skill and specialty checks as hidden rolls. Encourage players to expend Perversity with gusto—they'll have many opportunities to hurt themselves down in the caves. Weapons have the same range and power, but after the barrel flares it's anyone's guess what got hit.

Play up the PCs' confusion and fear. Troubleshooters should feel like a four-year-old searching for the bathroom at midnight. Aim to make your Troubleshooters scream and weep for home.

When PCs enter the next location in a mission, use the nearby 'Climate control' table to determine the location's environmental conditions. Then brace yourself for more tears and screaming.

Tension in the Underplex

Internal Security doesn't control the Underplex. The baseline Tension there is low—usually 0, rarely higher than 2.

On the other hand, secret societies closely watch Underplex visitors. For each location, assess the Treasonous Tension rating. This rating measures the secret society surveillance level; for detailed information, see *The Traitor's Manual*. The rating depends on the mission, the environment and your own whimsy.

If you feel lazy, roll 1d20 to get a rating. Rolls higher than 5 are Treasonous Tension; rolls 5 or lower are standard Alpha Complex Tension—an unexpected security camera, surveillance bot or deep-cover IntSec agent.

UNDER

The service groups were loath to lead the way into the Underplex. Their reluctance stemmed partly from lack of imagination and partly from self-preservation.

To propel them, The Computer formed an intergroup initiative. Overnight, the service groups supported the Underplex Navigation, Defense, Exploration and Recon (UNDER) group. They could endorse an organization that decentralized blame—far better than taking the initiative alone.

The service groups provide UNDER with resources drawn from across Alpha Complex. They seek to spread blame optimally should anything go wrong. Individual service groups retain control over anything their members find.

UNDER managers are enthusiastic overachievers excited more by paperwork than adventure. They recruit resources from service groups, very much like Troubleshooters. And like the Troubleshooters, UNDER training for new teams is a matter of unenlightened guesswork.

UNDER scrutiny

Traditionally, the Armed Forces Department of Central Instruction (AFDOCI) has dealt with the esoteric matter of Outdoors training. Unfortunately, many instructors find training troublesome when they aren't cleared to know their subject matter and their students outrank them.

Ignorant AFDOCI instructors believed the Underplex was just another part of the Outdoors. Given such ineffectual training, few low-clearance teams returned. Their disappearance compounded rumors about atrocious conditions and mutant monstrosities. In truth, the teams probably died from thirst because they couldn't find a purity-certified water fountain.

The instructors came to appreciate the difference between the Outdoors and the Underplex only after The Computer promoted them. They became the short-lived vanguard of the most recent exploratory teams. Recovery teams found instructors huddled in dank caves muttering autistically about 'shadowy things'.

The Computer demoted the trainers and reassigned them to chapstick cap-screw whittling. Their replacements opted for back-seat roles in future Underplex explorations. By default, UNDER missions fell to the Troubleshooters.

UNDERstanding

The Computer educates every Alpha Complex citizen. Citizens have the skills to handle anything thrown their way—within the excruciatingly narrow confines of their job descriptions.

To define training, The Computer depends on known quantities. No one knows enough about the Underplex to create a comprehensive training plan, so UNDER training leaves much to chance.

Complete UNDER team training covers little more than 1) a rapid briefing, and 2) a rushed trip around warehouses and labs to gather reams of useless experimental equipment. Contrast this with the typical Troubleshooter mission, which also includes—um—well, never mind.

Climate control

Roll 1d20 to determine a location's temperature and humidity, or just choose the most uncomfortable option. Make the conditions merely inconvenient, or apply actual penalties or damage (e.g., acidic water eats into clothes, freezing water threatens hypothermia).

Roll	Conditions
1–2	Intensely dry air hurts to breathe; boot soles go tacky and start to melt
3	Searing water, billowing clouds of scalding steam
4	Hot water, knee deep, difficult to breathe
5	Hot water, puddles, clouds of vapor
6	Hot water, ankle deep, smells like rotten eggs
7	Warm water, knee deep, oily
8	Warm water, ankle deep, thick with algae
9–12	Tepid water in small pools and puddles
13–14	Tepid water, slightly acidic industrial run-off
15–16	Cold water, ankle deep
17	Cold water, knee deep, soak rapidly into clothes
18	Freezing water, knee deep, strong chilling wind
19	Freezing water, waist deep, filled with sharp chunks of ice
20	Frozen water, 1d20 centimeters deep, extremely slippery

Survival specialties in the Underplex

As unprepared as they appear, UNDER managers keenly guard their career prospects. They know the longer the average UNDER operative survives, the better their own chances of promotion. Therefore, they ensure Troubleshooters obtain essential training.

What can these managers offer Troubleshooters beyond the grossly inadequate Outdoor Life skill? Each new edition of **PARANOIA** has compressed the wide range of first-edition Outdoor skills into one all-encompassing Survival skill. We Famous Game Designers did this because in the past PCs headed Outdoors only irregularly; having location-specific skills wasn't crucial. With this supplement, you may want to send your players into the Underplex for protracted forays. For that, you might want a broader range of skills to keep your interest up.

Players might ask, 'Why should I waste points with all these new specialties when Survival does everything already?' In response, first kill their characters to show who's in charge. Then use the following rationale: They'll live slightly longer than a Boy Scout in a snowstorm. The Survival specialty provides just enough information to stay alive Outdoors; the narrow specialties let characters thrive.

UNDER provides training in the following specialties. If you choose not to use these specialties, either use Survival instead, or make them Uncommon Secret skills, which Troubleshooters can learn from their secret society.

Hunting

Skill category: Wetware

The character can forage, hunt and create traps to gather food.

Roll 1d20 each half-hour the character hunts and forages. The margin of success indicates the number of extra people for whom the character finds food; if you roll the specialty rating exactly, the character finds only enough food for himself.

A successful check captures one animal of minimal intelligence (and *no,* that doesn't include other PCs). When the character sets a trap for intelligent prey, compare the margin of success of the trapper's Hunting roll against the victim's Stealth rating. If the Hunting margin is higher, the victim falls into the trap.

The Hunting skill does not include knowledge of the safety of food gathered nor appropriate methods of preparation.

Mapping

Skill category: Stealth

The character can accurately represent a location on hardcopy, can assess distance and dimensions to create reliable maps, and can read maps accurately.

The margin of success determines the map's accuracy. Make a note of this margin of success on the map. Anyone who uses the map to find a location benefits from this number. Apply the Mapping margin as a positive Perversity modifier to the user's own Mapping or Stealth check. Alternately, note a map as good or bad, and roleplay map-reading attempts.

PCs who fail the Mapping roll make an inaccurate map or don't read it correctly. The map initially makes sense, but ultimately misdirects the user.

Mining

Skill Category: Hardware

The character understands the basic concepts of productive mining, characteristics of prime sites and the running of an ongoing mining operation.

The character knows the difference between a good and a bad mine on sight, both in terms of construction and ongoing management. With a successful check, a character can determine the safety of a tunnel, identify veins of ore in a rock face or assess the potential of a newly discovered seam. Failure means bad estimates, incorrect identifications and a real chance of a cave-in.

We include this specialty just for completeness. It's really more for nonplayer characters than PCs—though if your player wants to sink character points into Mining, hey, let him knock himself out. Maybe sometime he'll need to know about, say, nanostructured composites for refractory applications in coal gasification. You never know.

Positional Sense

Skill category: Stealth

The character instinctively knows which way he's facing. Under most circumstances, he automatically senses magnetic north and orients himself from there.

With a map, the character can use this specialty to avoid getting lost—but only in certain conditions.

First, no matter how strong the magnetic field, a character can still get lost if he has a lousy map. To read a complex map accurately, make a Stealth/Mapping check, and then check against Positional Sense. If the PC fails one check, the character gets lost but can retrace his path with a second check. If he fails a

second check, he gets seriously, hopelessly, dismally lost. Worse, he genuinely believes he's gone the right way. ('Funny, things look different—must be the poor lighting….')

Second, Positional Sense gets totally screwed up in the presence of any strong magnetic field, such as that generated by a reactor, a large speaker or—oh, what was it—we had it a moment ago—oh yeah, a strong magnet! A PC who tries to use the specialty in these circumstances faces significant difficulty: he must obtain a margin of success of 10 or more just to sense north.

Rock Climbing

Skill Category: Violence

The character has a detailed understanding of climbing techniques, can identify good handholds and footholds, and can correctly fit and use mountaineering equipment. Lengthy or perilous climbs require multiple checks or negative modifications to a single check, whichever suits you. A PC who fails doesn't *necessarily* fall to certain doom. A big failure margin (10+) means a fall, but lesser failures mean only a delay, poor route choice, twisted ankles or the loss of equipment.

A character with Rock Climbing can assist fellow climbers. With such assistance, they can make checks against the character's Rock Climbing specialty rating or their base Violence (whichever is higher).

Spelunking

Skill category: Violence

The character knows how to travel in caves, can negotiate difficult terrain and tight passages, and knows how to fit and use caving equipment.

When the character tries something difficult or tests equipment to the limit, make a Spelunking check. Success means the character survives, with a greater margin required for particularly awkward maneuvers, like if he traverses a passage so narrow you can hear bones cracking. Failure means the character becomes stuck, trapped or breaks an important piece of equipment.

A character with Spelunking can assist fellow cavers. With such assistance, they can make checks against the character's Spelunking specialty rating or their base Violence (whichever is higher).

Tracking

Skill category: Wetware

The character can follow trails in the Outdoors or Underplex. (PCs who try to use Tracking inside Alpha Complex probably fail due to hard surfaces and regular cleaning.)

Weather conditions, loose or wet ground, and the trail's age modify Tracking rolls. Success means the character keeps to the trail. With significant success, the Troubleshooter can make a Holmesian deduction of the nature and purpose of the quarry. Failure means the character wanders aimlessly for a half-hour before he realizes the trail has gone cold. Significant failure (a margin greater than 5) means the character picks up a different trail or mistakes the true trail for something else.

Example: David-R, tracking a gang of Commies through the wilderness, achieves a success margin of 10. His keen tracking senses tell him the Commies travel without suspicion of pursuit, and two of them appear to carry something heavy, perhaps the missing warbot prototype. Had David-R failed the tracking check, he might have decided the trail belongs to a group of Vulture warriors on parade, two of whom appear to carry big bass drums.

Falling and freezing

Sudden impact

Some players ask us, 'Why are there no falling rules in the rulebook?' Previous editions of **PARANOIA** had a 'Vehicular Accidents and Falling From Great Heights' table that was fun to read; there were lines for distance fallen, and the last line was 'Orbital'.

But we Famous Game Designers blew off falling rules in the new edition. Why? Because whenever one of your PCs falls from any given height, you, the Gamemaster, instantly know what you want to happen, based on circumstances and the needs of your storyline. Think about it: 'You fell from five meters onto bare rock? Okay, you're ———' (wounded, dead, fine). Every GM can fill in that blank on the spot. C'mon, you know it's true.

Our rule is, if it feels right, hurt the character bad; otherwise let him walk away with minor injuries, like a limp.

Still, some Gamemasters like a bit of crunch in their rules systems. They paid for this book, so it behooves us to oblige them. Crunch lovers, use the following simple system. Make a Luck check (that is, a Power check) or an Arbitrary

Justice roll for the affected Troubleshooter. On a failed roll, the victim suffers this injury:

- ◉ **Wound** for a fall of 1-9m, or a collision with a slow vehicle.

- ◉ **Down** and **Wound** in a fall of 10-100m, or a collision with a fast vehicle.

- ◉ **Vaporize** (well, 'Liquefy') in a fall of anything higher or in a collision with a vehicle over the speed limit.

On a successful check, reduce the damage step by one. Perversity points, preparation, the intervention of higher powers, and GM boredom further modify the damage.

Exposure

Some players ask us, 'Why are there no exposure rules in—?' No, wait... actually, no one has asked that. The situation doesn't come up that often in **PARANOIA**.

Troubleshooters who swim in icy pools or wander the depths in wet clothes have ample opportunity to research death by exposure. Exposure leads to clumsiness, fatigue and a general sense of impending doom.

In game terms, exposure means whenever a character makes a check, roll an extra 1d20 in an Arbitrary Justice roll. If the number rolled is 10 or less, the character sits shivering violently with his teeth chattering, instead of completing the desired action.

Without warmth and dry clothing, a Troubleshooter suffering from exposure will survive (Violence rating x 10 minutes) before drifting into a coma. Or, you know, as long as you want him to survive. Have we mentioned you're always right?

MODIFIERS!
THERE MUST
BE MORE
MODIFIERS!

4: Gear

In the Underplex, Troubleshooters find a new landscape of unseen dangers and enemies. PLC and R&D find many opportunities to unload otherwise unshiftable stock and inventions of highly questionable value.

Here we list PLC and R&D equipment available to Troubleshooters assigned UNDER missions. We also note environmental effects on the equipment.

Finally, we describe Old Reckoning finds and provides some specimens with which to reward enthusiastic treasure-seekers. The Romantics and other secret societies hold Old Reckoning items in high regard. A perspicacious Troubleshooter might turn a tidy profit on complete rubbish. It works on eBay.

Go with the glow

Service groups know a good thing when they see it. PLC has a stockpile of unwanted flashlights, lanterns, beacons, flares and similar devices the size of two small mountains. With the current interest in Underplex travel, PLC can offload lighting gear whether or not the gear has sufficient batteries.

In a similar vein, R&D has come to an agreement with PLC—for some undisclosed payback—to install a light source in everything, sensible or otherwise. It offers experimental weapons with flashlights slung under the barrel, which drain the battery that powers

projectiles. R&D has boots with glowing heels, grenades with light-assisted targeting and stealth suits with integral bullseye lanterns. Troubleshooters can disable the lights, but need to keep them intact for the time when they return the gear.

Of course, the Underplex complicates the intact return of equipment, especially delicate bulbs and photon emission systems. Whenever a Troubleshooter activates a light source, whether carried, integrated or located somewhere in the Underplex, feel free to roll on the 'Defective light source' table nearby.

Mobile signal

Think how hard it is to get a cellphone signal in an underground garage or a tunnel. Now, can you imagine trying to transmit a strong, reliable signal through a couple of miles of Underplex?

Let your Troubleshooters contact Alpha Complex only when it helps you. Kill the signal just when the PCs are most likely to panic. Modulate the signal strength to keep the team nervous. You can complicate the process of calling in reports, requesting backup or contacting a secret society.

When the PCs enter a new location or a scene in the Underplex, if you don't already know what signal strength to allow, use the 'Signal interference' table for inspiration.

Buried treasure

Old Reckoning gear buried in the Underplex falls into several distinct categories: discarded garbage, lost property and secret caches.

Just rubbish

For Alpha Complex residents, discarded Old Reckoning garbage holds great mystique. A citizen who wants to discover the purpose of a device in good repair usually must tinker with it or use a power supply. When someone threw the item in the garbage two centuries ago it didn't work, and decades of decay rarely improve the situation. The item, exposed to dirt, the elements and considerable compression, rarely resembles whatever it started out as. However, the item has inherent allure that makes technicians and Romantics pay considerable sums for it.

Citizens usually find these 'relics' in a compressed stratum of waste—discarded

product packing, twisted pieces of metal, shards of broken glass and semi-melted plastic. To generate vaguely useful discarded garbage, open a home shopping catalog to a random page. Choose something likely to have survived the test of time.

Lost, but not forgotten

Lost property can appear almost anywhere—someone passing through the Underplex dropped something, and someone else found it. Lost property comprises items of recent construction, indeterminate value and variable clearance. Determine the specific item by choosing something at random from the IR Market tables in the main rulebook, or roll for a random object on the tables in the *GM Screen* mission blender. The person who accidentally dropped the item might have completed a form indicating he lost it; citizens with more sense register items as stolen.

An item's condition varies depending on where a finder picks it up. An item without waterproof protection that is found in a flooded room won't work, or might require corrective maintenance with a Hardware check. Make an Arbitrary Justice roll for items found in better

Defective light source

1–2	Bulb broken or battery dead. It won't turn on.
3–4	Switch breaks. It won't turn off.
5–6	So dim it scarcely illuminates anything.
7–8	So bright it blinds everyone on the team.
9–10	Runs out of power at the worst possible moment.
11–12	Cheerful bot brain; provides running commentary on everything it sees.
13–14	Fearful bot brain; turns itself off so as not to see 'scary things'.
15–16	Treasonous bot brain; flickers intermittently to send messages in Morse code.
17–18	Poorly insulated; eventually electrocutes user (S5K energy).
19	Experimental battery eventually explodes (W3K energy, 5m radius).

Signal interference

1–2	Outgoing signal echoes constantly.
3–4	Troubleshooter hears his own voice overlapping any return communication.
5–6	Troubleshooter hears nothing but static.
7–8	Troubleshooter hears static punctuated with random fragments of a beacon signal or Morse code.
9–10	Signal comes in interspersed with an encoded secret society message.
11–12	Incoming call for help, though the person sending the message does not appear to hear replies.
13–14	The incoming signal has a time delay of about 10 seconds, leading to a few confusing overlaps with the Troubleshooters' outgoing messages.
15–16	Mild static punctuates the communication, obscuring occasional words. If you carefully select the obscured words, the communication can become confusing, ominous, threatening or otherwise.
17–20	Communications work perfectly—perhaps *too* perfectly. Suggest the signal almost sounds amplified and cleaned up, as if passing through some kind of local booster.

circumstances—read a low roll as fully functional and high as damaged, malfunctioning or unsafe.

It's not mine!

With the influx of visitors to the Underplex, secret caches aren't as secret as they used to be. A secret cache includes items of high clearance or illegal designation: prohibited equipment, blackmail materials, banned weapons, scrubbed credits and other valuable items that prompt summary execution.

Troubleshooters who find a secret cache face a dilemma. With such a find, they can make a lot of money or please their secret society superiors. On the other hand, they can get into diabolical trouble with UNDER management, IntSec and The Computer. Ensure the players fully understand the value of each item and what could happen if they return it to Alpha Complex. That should make for an interesting return journey.

Old Reckoning artifacts

Grip socks

10cr, RED

A pair of plaid woolen socks with a complex pattern of rubberized spots and slashes on the soles. They are neatly sealed in a clear plastic pocket.

The socks give the wearer warm feet and a +1 bonus to the rating of any climbing check (e.g. Agility, Rock Climbing). The woolen fibers pick up dirt, which makes them highly unhygienic after only brief wear. In addition, the socks make the wearer susceptible to small electric shocks whenever he touches something metallic.

Logan's Run*, Season 1 DVD compilation*

500cr, ULTRAVIOLET

These silver discs contain a 14-part documentary about a rogue citizen who escaped into the Outdoors from an unnamed 'domed city'. Logan, the fifth clone in his series, discovers various free cultures living in the Outdoors and seeks to understand and assist them. Ultimately, he returns to the domed city and liberates his friends from a technological society run by a central overlord computer.

Citizens might take this material for treacherous propaganda about Alpha Complex, or for records pertaining to another surviving complex where the central computer lacked the utopian ideals of The Computer. Secret societies will pay considerable sums for this artifact.

M1 Semi-automatic rifle

950cr, BLUE. Projectile weapon (W3K impact); 20 rounds, range 150m, spray

A gas operated, magazine-fed, semiautomatic rifle from the mid-20th Century. The rifle fires a 7.62mm cartridge from a detachable 20-round magazine. Though accurate and reliable in its time, this M1 has become semi-fossilized because of its wood/metal construction. The rifle also has the irritating habit of ejecting the empty 20-round magazine casing, which clatters to the ground and provides an ideal target, even in pitch darkness. To complicate matters, the magazine fails to eject at all until after it expends all 20 rounds.

Underplex gear

Item	Clrnc	Cost (cr)
Waterproof notebook	B	10
Waterproof pen	Y	25
Waterproof ink, blue	I	100
Measuring tape, retractable, 10m	Y	25
Flagging tape, black, 10m*	IR	5
Flagging tape, red, 10m*	R	10
Flagging tape, yellow, 10m*	Y	25
Compass	Y	25
Inclinometer**	G	100
Waterproof bag, zipped	Y	35
Waterproof bag, zip locked	B	50
Hard helmet	O	15
Helmet lamp, splash-proof	G	50
Rechargeable lamp with 10m cable***	Y	40
Carbide lamp	G	20
Calcium carbide, 2cm cube****	B	40
Socks, two, gray	IR	2
Thermal socks, pair, orange	O	40
Energy Snack, Almost Mint, gum	O	3
Energy Snack, Slighty Orange, bar	Y	5
Can of Fun, self-heating	O	10
Heavy boots	B	75
Climbing boots	I	150
Waterproof, climbing boots	V	250
Coverall, red	R	5
Coverall, yellow, splash proof	Y	10
Coverall, green, waterproof, self-heating	G	20

* UNDER teams use flagging tape to mark their route by leaving behind markers on walls or floors.

** Indicates angle of inclination to the planet's magnetic field. Prone to interference from localized magnetic interference.

*** Rechargeable power unit holds a charge for 10 minutes before requiring a 5-minute recharge. While attached to a power outlet, battery maintains a full charge.

**** Requires a carbide lamp. Cube creates flammable gas that provides steady light once ignited. Should last for about 4 hours.

Given the rifle's brittle construction, the chances of weapon malfunction match that of an experimental weapon—19 or 20—on the first use. Thereafter, each reload increases the chance of terminal malfunction by 1. So, if a user reloads three times, the weapon malfunctions on a roll of 16 to 20.

Random toy table

Old Reckoning children had lots of plastic toys. Encourage your players to roleplay interest in and puzzlement over these unearthed toys.

1	Speaking plastic doll
2	Children's medical set
3	Six-pack of colored play clay
4	Plastic food and fruit
5	Plastic tool kit
6	Rubber duck
7	Sealed pack of fantasy trading cards
8	Plastic lunchbox and integrated flask
9	Bucket of multicolored construction bricks
10	Plastic easel
11	Plastic musical instrument
12	Collapsible plastic house
13	Power-suited action figure
14	Plastic farmyard set
15	Sachet of sea-monkeys
16	Automatic card shuffler
17	Barrel of multicolored marbles
18	Pacifier
19	Plastic puzzle cube
20	Electronic speak and spell

Waterproof angle-headed flashlight

10cr, ORANGE

Battery-powered, in a waterproof aluminum/nylon-fiber casing. 25m beam length with a 30-degree angle of dispersal. Angled head is ideal for poking through holes and around corners.

The flashlight uses two 'D' cells, which last about eight hours. No one has found an Old Reckoning flashlight with anything but leaking cells inside. Corroded cells have damaged most flashlights irreparably.

Assigned equipment

Animal repellent

40cr per can, RED

One spritz of this foul-smelling aerosol drives away all sorts of unhygienic animal life. Spray some on your skin, and beasts will fall all over themselves to get away! Unfortunately, human beings find it equally revolting. Whenever it's used, everyone within 3m (including the user) must make a Violence roll to avoid retching. If a character applies it to his own body, he suffers heavy penalties from gagging and nausea until he cleans it off. Do you know how hard it is to find proper sanitary facilities in the Underplex?

Barrelette field transformer

200cr, YELLOW

Because standard Alpha Complex batteries won't power waterproof angle-headed flashlights, R&D has developed a laser pistol-mounted transformer. The device looks like a standard laser barrel, with a screw thread at both ends. One end fits a standard laser body; the other screws snugly into the interior of the flashlight. The flashlight works perfectly, but the nonstandard power supply causes the bulb to short at random intervals of your choice.

Although the transformer fits fine, it might not release easily because of tight screw threads. Moreover, Troubleshooters can't grasp the transformer to hold it steady, and contact inside the flashlight rattles loosely. With a successful Fine Manipulation check, PCs can free the laser body from the transformer in about a minute. For faster release, they can smash the flashlight against a hard surface.

R&D designed the transformer specifically for the flashlight. However, a successful Hardware roll converts the transformer to power other devices.

Cubicle tent

100cr, RED

After growing up in the claustrophobic environs of Alpha Complex, most citizens fear wide-open spaces. They can nurse their claustrophilia in these tiny box-shaped tents. PLC constructs cubicle tents from opaque, brightly colored cardboard that shuts out all scary sights from the outside world. No more watching strange shapes move around beyond your tent while you struggle to sleep!

The tent folds into a packet small enough to fit into your backpack. Completely recyclable! Coated with new LeadLike film to block out low-level radiation! In addition, if things get too cold and dark, you can set it on fire! Perfect for all underground and Outdoors exploration.

Glow (erithermaboxadrine)

15cr/dose, YELLOW

Availability: Issued to citizens on extended assignment Outdoors or in the Underplex.

Effects: Citizens who take Glow experience a rapid increase in body temperature, which staves off the ill effects of exposure. A Troubleshooter on Glow ignores the negative effects he would normally suffer due to exposure. He also survives three times longer (Violence x 30 minutes) before he lapses into a coma.

Side-effects: Sweating, headaches. Overdose leads to muscle cramps, nausea, distorted perception.

Aftereffects: Flushed skin, powerful thirst.

Method of application: Half a powdered sachet in water (a scene).

Furball (morlox)

20cr/dose, YELLOW

Availability: Issued to citizens on extended assignment in the Underplex.

Effects: Sharpens the senses, improves muscle tone, and promotes a luxuriant growth of hair across the entire body. Provides bonuses to Unarmed Combat (Violence) checks, and to checks that involve perception, alertness, concealment and adaptation to low temperatures.

Side-effects: Irritability, hypersensitivity to light and a propensity toward violence and cannibalism.

Aftereffects: Long-term use results in permanent physical transformation, with a massive increase in muscle mass and a thickening of bones and cartilage. The user becomes a hunched, bat-eared troglodyte, strong as an ox, comfortable in freezing cold and near-total darkness. This may result in awkward situations upon the return to civilization.

Method of application: Tablet (one day).

MultiRope

400cr, RED

This amazingly adaptable cord changes to meet your needs! You can make it longer or shorter, stretchy or inelastic, flexible or rigid. Even the texture changes at your whim, from ultra-frictionless to a Velcro-like surface that'll rip your skin right off if you handle it wrong. All you need to do is flip the correct switches on the control box located at one end of the rope. Troubleshooters who are crossing nigh-bottomless chasms may have some trust issues regarding who gets the end of the rope with the control box.

Personal Biological Recycling Unit

1,250cr, GREEN

The PBRU fits like a wetsuit. Well, more like an 18th-Century diving suit. The exterior sports a web of cables, tubes and ugly blister packs that hang off the back and range from the size of a tennis ball to a watermelon. The suit functions as a personal reclamation unit, and ensures adequate sustenance even in the depths of the Underplex.

The snug suit absorbs secreted sweat, urine and fecal matter. Waste courses through conduits in the suit into the lower back blisters. These blisters contain nasty chemicals that destroy most bacteria. The treated waste flows through several smaller blisters, which filter, boil, compress, sterilize and extract it. The final substance, like a grey-green porridge, passes into the upper back blister, which introduces a final wash of chemicals, preservatives, flavor enhancers, colors and biological stabilizers.

The wearer can suck on the resultant goo through a mouthpiece that extends from the neck of the suit. The goo has the texture of stewed rhubarb, smells like overcooked brussels sprouts and tastes—well, like most Alpha Complex food. The reclamation process produces a constant low slurping sound and emits small bursts of potent gas.

Phased piton

25cr each, ORANGE

No more hammering pitons into solid rock. Just set the dial on the back of the piton to the proper Lithic Crystalline Index, and the tip slides right into the rock and fuses with it! You will never have a piton loosen and slip again. Of course, an incorrect setting of the Lithic Crystalline Index dial causes unfortunate side effects, such as piton failure or total matter-energy conversion. Use as directed. Warranty does not cover user error.

Pow-Dat cable, ultrafine

500cr per 1km spool, ORANGE

This lightweight, flexible ribbon cable serves as your lifeline to Alpha Complex. It provides much-needed power and data you can't get by plugging your equipment into an Underplex wall socket. You can even splice cables together to keep in touch, no matter how deep you go!

Experienced players might wonder about the wisdom of running data and raw current through the same cable—and well they might. Whenever a character hooks the cable up to a piece of equipment, he must make a successful Electronic Engineering (Hardware) check. On a failure, he fries something—either the equipment's delicate electronics, or his own delicate innards.

PCs might not always find it easy to string a fragile wire across kilometers of caverns. You may call for Fine Manipulation (Violence) checks to avoid dislodging the Alpha Complex end of the cable, or snapping it at some point along its length.

Anyone can splice into the cable to monitor the team's communications with Alpha Complex. They can also follow the cable to find the team. Rumors say packs of cannibal mutants routinely play follow-the-Pow-Dat-cable to find tasty Troubleshooter snacks. Then again, rumors are treason.

QwikFun Enzyme Kit

800cr, ORANGE

Why make the choice between eating interesting natural foods or tasty Hot Fun? Now you can do both at the same time! Just put a cupful of organic foodstuffs (like mushrooms, tree bark or cockroaches) into the QwikFun Enzyme Kit's 1-liter hopper, add water and a well-chosen enzyme cocktail and let it autostir for a few minutes. Presto! Instant Hot Fun!

In addition to dissolving organic matter into edible gruel, the enzymes destroy all bacteria, protozoa and other potential sources of infection.

However, PCs might find it tricky to select the proper enzymes. Enzyme selection requires a successful Biosciences (Wetware) roll. On a failed check, the resulting Hot Fun is sickening, indigestible, toxic or so laden with enzymes it liquefies the digestive tract of the ingester. Of course, this can also happen with regular everyday Hot Fun, so maybe nobody will notice.

Ultrasonic echomapper

800cr, YELLOW

This handheld device emits waves of ultrasound and measures the echoes to produce a 3-D map of the immediate environment on a small LCD screen. On a successful Data Analysis (Software) check, the user generates a useful map of the local Underplex environment. On a failed check, something goes wrong; maybe the map doesn't show a jagged fissure in the team's path, or perhaps the ultrasound frequency matches the mating call of giant subterranean carnivorous bats.

All hope abandon, ye who enter here…
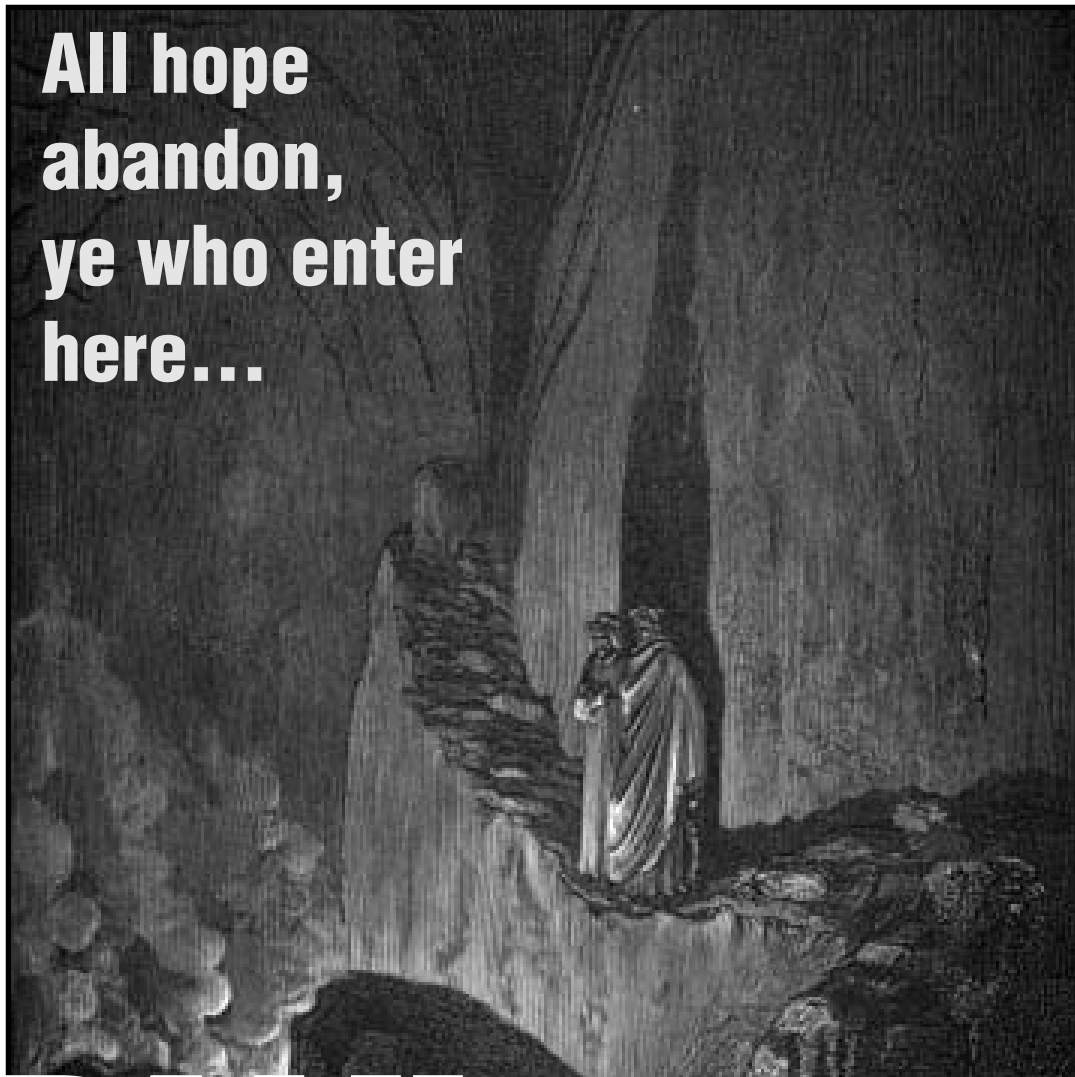
THE ONE

PAUL BALDOWSKI

**3-6 PLAYERS
2 SESSIONS
(4-8 HOURS)**

This isn't a standard Classic **PARANOIA** mission, but the *start* of a mission, along with a plethora of notes on kicking off an Underplex series.

After the Troubleshooters manage to lose a piece of groundbreaking technology in a scuffle with a menagerie of secret societies, things get strange. A High Programmer, in a bout of future shock, pronounces Alpha Complex's impending doom from below—excuse us: *DOOOOM!* From be-*LOOOOOW!*—at the hands of 'the One.' The Computer assigns the team to accompany the Armed Forces into the Underplex, where the Troubleshooters run into trouble in the dark and a cyborg with a grudge.

From there, the PCs bear the brunt of The Computer's evolving interest in the Underplex. In a sequence of missons, the Troubleshooters pick up clues and red herrings and finally confront some awful conclusion… that we Famous Game Designers have chickened out of identifying in exact terms. Instead, we dangle before you a bunch of possible conspiracies. You, showing your characteristic unerring judgment, take them as inspiration to fashion your own excellent explanation.

Stop complaining. If you didn't know by now the incorrigible laziness of Famous Game Designers, you haven't been paying attention. Say, if you keep nodding off like that, you too could be a Famous Game Designer!

Background

An R&D team in GVZ Sector has developed a new computer chip constructed from a bio-silicate diamizanide-foam lattice that could revolutionize artificial intelligence. Executives in Central Research Intelligence Management Executive immediately passed an enthusiastic report up to The Computer, which requested direct access to the technology. Following orders, the GVZ team packed up the chip and sent it immediately via expedited mail.

Unfortunately, someone mixed up the package with several other deliveries and the box ended up in the central PLC warehouse in WIN Sector. The Computer immediately cancelled all non-essential Troubleshooter operations and assigned all teams in the area to locate and return the lost package.

Summary

1: Chip and WIN

The Troubleshooters have an unusually hurried briefing, then pick up mission gear. While the team queues in a PLC warehouse, someone dumps the packing box containing the computer chip into the refuse. The PCs head down into the packing-pellet recycling center and find representatives from many secret societies, all fighting over the missing chip. The scene concludes as several opponents, a few tons of packing pellets and the chip vanish down a landfill tube into the Underplex.

2: Seizure moment

At debriefing, Adrion-U, The Computer and a service group review board severely reprimand the Troubleshooters. Fortune favors the Troubleshooter's hides, however, when Adrion-U suffers a massive seizure and prophesies doom for Alpha Complex at the hands of 'the One'. Adrion-U's prophecy opens up the Underplex as a new threat and sets in motion a panicky, uncoordinated response.

3: One-armed bandit

The Computer drafts the Troubleshooters as consultants to the Armed Forces for an attack on the Underplex. The PCs see the dangers of the underworld firsthand, have fun shooting things in the dark, try their hand at climbing and finally have a showdown with Roger-G-LLE, a one-armed Corpore Metal cyborg. Alas, though he is a prime suspect, Roger-G doesn't have the missing chip.

4: Toward the One

This section outlines how you can take the storyline from here, including retrieving the chip, discovering the identity of 'the One' and concluding the whole shebang.

Chip and WIN

The team engages in a mini-mission to locate the missing computer chip, and ends up in a packing-pellet recycling factory. Waist-deep in polystyrene, the Troubleshooters have a showdown with various stereotypical secret society members, and watch their mission objective vanish into an underground landfill.

All too brief

The Troubleshooters receive a summons from The Computer via PDC message:

**ALERT! CODE RED!
ATTENTION TROUBLESHOOTERS!
REPORT TO TRANSIT TUBE 667-3/A
COMM TERMINAL 2214, KZA SECTOR
FOR IMMEDIATE BRIEFING.
TELL NO ONE! STAY ALERT!
HASTE PROTOCOLS TO MAXIMUM!
SPEED IS OF THE ESSENCE!
YOUR FRIEND, THE COMPUTER.
ALERT! MESSAGE ENDS**

The rendezvous point (**Tension 3**) sits midway between all the Troubleshooter's current working locations. Comm Terminal 2214 lies alongside a busy transit tube. It consists of a two-way speaker mounted on a stick. As the Troubleshooters gather, the speaker crackles into life:

**STAND FORWARD! PREPARE FOR
EMERGENCY PICKUP PROCEDURES!
BRACE FOR IMPACT!**

Whether the team prepares or not, emergency pickup happens moments later. A giant black van screams along the transtube, drops a net mechanism out one side and scoops up the whole team. The van loses no speed, though the team might lose their breakfast. The net pulls them inside and dumps everyone in a pile on the floor of a narrow, brightly lit room (**Tension 4**). The van contains a dozen similar offices, each 2m deep, 2m tall and 1m wide. The team is dumped in one narrow end, in front

Scott-B-ADI-3

Briefing Officer

Management 08, Moxie 12, Feign Interest While Completely Ignoring Anything Irrelevant 14, other skills 07; Deep Thought (Power 16); Tic: Covers for personal ignorance by blaming others for not listening properly.

of a metal desk embedded in the middle of the room. The briefing officer, **Scott-B-ADI-3,** sits behind the desk. He speaks. Read this aloud:

**Troubleshooters! Thank you for your punctuality in attending this very important briefing. The Computer notes your sterling efforts. Friend Computer has selected you all for a mission of the utmost importance. Loyal citizens in GVZ Sector entrusted a package—serial number 6-372/4-1411—to Sector Priority Delivery, who reported successful dropoff of the package three hours ago, but cannot confirm the final location. Your mission is to locate, seize and return the box, believed waylaid by traitors unknown.
Do you have any questions?**

Scott-B memorized the entire briefing and has no additional information. He doesn't know what the box contained or who should have received the package. He can tell the Troubleshooters The Computer has assigned them the whole of WIN Sector to search. If the Troubleshooters ask too many questions, Scott-B responds with a standard, 'You do not possess sufficient clearance for that information.'

The Troubleshooters can hear muffled sounds through the walls. What they hear suggests simultaneous and identical briefings are occurring in the adjacent cubicles.

Bedeviled rejects

After fielding questions from the team, Scott-B pulls a large crate from under his desk. The crate has fresh burns along the sides and a label obscured by carbon smudges. (A Concealment check identifies the label. It reads 'REJECTS'.)

Scott-B randomly doles out the items in the crate to the PCs. He shows no interest in questions the Troubleshooters ask about the items. He clearly states PLC will issue standard

equipment later on, including the team's allotted laser barrels. To this end, Scott-B hands the team leader (someone volunteered already, right?) a voucher to claim standard equipment pack 6372-414-11. Don't make a point of telling the team what the voucher says or the serial number printed on it.

◉ Unmasking Tape Gun

A fragile gray plastic gun (an Old Reckoning pricing gun). When the trigger is pulled, it spits out 30 small square tabs of tape per second, to a range of 20m. The tabs inflict no damage, but adhere stubbornly to any surface.

◉ Roborobe

A voluminous silver cloak with inflatable seams. When someone hits the cloak's exterior activator, a compressed air cylinder expands the seams and gives the garment the appearance of a common scrubot. Anyone who sees the roborobe from a distance might fall for the ruse, but closer inspection reveals it immediately.

The inflatable bot can stand alone, or a Troubleshooter can fit inside the expanded frame. The wearer is Snafued on the round after the cloak inflates, and thereafter suffers penalties to Violence rolls and most Stealth rolls. It takes one round to remove the cloak.

◉ Sneakers

Cumbersome footwear consisting of a foam boot attached to a powder puff about half a meter in diameter. The puff muffles sounds of movement, improving Sneaking checks and similar stealthy efforts, but the Troubleshooter walks around like a cowboy with piles.

A Troubleshooter who wears the sneakers can use them like snowshoes in the packing pellet-recycling factory. The pads distribute the Troubleshooter's weight, allowing him to precariously walk on the pellet pool.

◉ Bomb-Bons

Dual-sided packet of red and black candy with a powdery outer coating. When the user rolls two 'bomb-bons' of differing colors together, the material forms an explosive epoxy. If the Troubleshooter then throws the combined bomb-bon, it explodes on impact (W3K energy, range 20m, area 5m). If a PC combines similarly colored bomb-bons, they have no effect. Anyone combining multiple

bomb-bon of different colors deserves an uncontrolled and unexpectedly large explosion (D3V). The candies taste okay; don't eat more than one at a time.... Packet contains 12 candies, six of each color.

◉ 100 Maxi-Dooz Party Mix!

The Dooz come in a large pull-string bag, the size and shape of a rolled-up sleeping bag. The bag contains one hundred Dooz—30cm (one-foot) lengths of fine multi-colored nylon rope.

PLC mistakenly manufactured too much nylon rope—about six warehouses' worth. With assistance from HPD&MC, PLC is offloading it profitably as a 'collectible rope series'. Citizens across Alpha Complex have fallen foul of the audacious campaign. They spend every spare credit on Dooz, and turn the ropes into accessories, toys and personal knickknacks.

The PCs could conceivably use the Dooz for any number of things and even combine them to make longer strings—similar in appearance, if not strength, to a practical length of rope.

◉ Dazzler

Energy weapon, blindness, 20 shots, 25m, YELLOW. The Dazzler looks like a blaster with a flashlight welded to the front in place of a barrel. The user must shoot his target in the face to have any effect. Use the Hit Location table to determine the target area; improve the result by the margin of success to hit and any Perversity points spent. If you hold the trigger down, a 'shot' lasts about 10 seconds, and the beam slowly fades to nothing.

Cue the queue clue

Once Scott-B finishes handing out the equipment, he puts his hand to his ear (he's receiving a message through a concealed earbud) and then firmly grips the table. Everyone else has one round to take the hint. Five seconds later, anyone not braced flies across the narrow office and crashes hard into the wall.

The teams' transport screeches to a halt outside the door of WIN Sector's PLC warehouse. The door at the end of the cubicle wheezes open and Scott-B motions for everyone to disembark. If anyone pauses too long, the net mechanism that originally picked up the team snaps out of the floor and deposits

stragglers outside the van. The van disappears at speed, tires squealing.

The WIN Sector PLC warehouse (**Tension 5**) consists of a massive storage area with a collection office at the front. Here PLC clerks face a customer lounge packed with lines of desperate citizens, who are in turn packed with grim frustration and flagging resolve. Transparent impact-proof screens protect the PLC clerks; a few screens have bullet holes. The PCs must line up and wait. The line holds a lot of other RED-Clearance citizens who won't appreciate attempts to barge to the front.

PCs might take this opportunity to contact their secret societies or discuss the specifics of the mission. After you've given everyone a chance to do something, the team finally reaches the front of the line.

The clerk at the PCs' window, **Arnold-R-WIN-5,** takes the voucher from the team leader, types something into his computer and then heads off into the back of the main office. A long conveyor belt brings packages in through a curtain on the left side of the room, and takes them out through another on the right side. Once they remove ordered equipment, PLC clerks throw empty boxes and packing pellets into a large hole in the middle of the back wall.

Arnold-R checks the serial number on the voucher as several packages emerge on the belt. Each box has a serial number printed on the side in large, bold script—6487-172-12, 6231-646-41, 6372-414-11, and 6-372/4-1411. Arnold picks up the last one, slices it open, and searches through the contents, then dumps the box into the large hole in the wall. He double-checks the voucher, scans the remaining boxes and picks up the correct one, then returns to the counter.

Arnold-R mutters, 'Dumb warehouse ops sends boxes up with the same numbers… the *same* numbers! I requested 6372-414-11 not 6-372/4-1411. Ridiculous.' He slits the box open and pulls out laser barrels, notepads, styli and pocket protectors.

If the team fails to make the connection between the serial number and the missing package, they hear laser fire from beyond the hole. The team can enter the back room with

Arnold-R-WIN-5

PLC Clerk

Stealth 08, Pass Off Slightly Damaged Goods 14, other skills 07; X-Ray Vision (Power 08); Tic: Can't start filling out a form without a fresh stylus.

a successful Management or Access check. Or they can break down the screen and vault the counter, but Arnold-R summons Internal Security. That should increase the interest level at the mission debriefing.

▌ Chipping hell

The packing pellet recycling room (**Tension 4**) is three levels down from the warehouse. The team must take a quick (*way* quick) slide down the recycling chute or negotiate six flights of stairs. Via the stairs, the team enters the room through an airlock that keeps packing pellets from spilling into the stairwell. Chute-wise, the team enters the room at high speed, and lands in a large holding tank of pellets and discarded cardboard.

The room has three zones—deboxing, separation and dispersal. The team arrives in—or next to—the deboxing area. Here several large, complex machines extract boxes and cardboard from the millions of foam pellets. The machinery feeds the loose pellets into the separation area that takes up three-quarters of the room. The separation zone consists of open floor space filled to chest height with loose packing pellets; several thick support pillars provide cover. Anyone who wades through the pellets must walk with arms high to keep equipment clear of potential blockage. The floor of the room has several holes covered with safety grates; pellets drop through into the main PLC warehouse for reuse. Fans fans release a steady flow of air that wafts substandard pellets down long tubes into a landfill beneath Alpha Complex.

When the team arrives, representatives from the six societies in the 'Specific information' section of the sidebar (at right) have broken in and are now searching for the missing computer chip. Each society has sent one member here. (If the players ask you how everyone could have got here, point out that ducts lead into the deboxing zone, and several of the secret society members look familiar from the queue out in the warehouse.)

Everyone here is throwing great clouds of pellets in the air. They fight as necessary, with weapons or unarmed. Energy weapons that strike the pellets superheat the expanded foam; it explodes into hot sticky goo, which takes two rounds to scrape off. Most secret society members have come prepared for combat with GREEN goons, so they're armed with illegal blue laser barrels.

Play the fight for slapstick. The pellets restrict movement, but provide an ideal place to hide. The pillars afford excellent cover, but with a dozen people wandering around, no cover can

Secret society rumors

Most secret societies have little useful information about the chip, due to the sheer speed of events. Societies with nothing useful to offer provide idle gossip, no different from the rumors a PC could pick up in a cafeteria or around the office.

You can enhance character distrust by dropping a few recurring rumors. Inconsequential non-player characters mention similar comments in passing; weird, anonymous C-mails turn up on PDCs that hint at something the Troubleshooters heard earlier.

The following rumors remain relevant through to the mission's end. Secret societies rapidly gather fresh information, and Troubleshooters can get new tidbits whenever they make contact.

▌ Specific information

Computer Phreaks: The Computer has seized a piece of traitorous technology that could form the basis for a new computer, if we could get hold of it. Sí plus plus good! GOTO it.

Corpore Metal: Someone in R&D has discovered some sick new computer chip that combines biological and technological elements. Find it and destroy it.

FCCC-P: R&D has created a heretical new computer chip. We fear it may endanger the Bountiful Computer if the chip falls into the hands of unbelievers. Ensure it doesn't.

Pro Tech: The Computer has a new computer chip that could revolutionize technology. Claim it for Pro Tech. Claim it for a better future.

Psion: Spies in R&D have fed us information about a computer chip with a biological matrix. Installed in a bot or even The Computer, the chip could allow direct psychic control of lifeless technology. Get the chip.

PURGE: The Computer's accomplices in R&D have created some kind of foam diamond compound that could create near-impenetrable armor. Our footsoldiers could destroy Alpha Complex without a scratch. Find and secure the prototype—by any means necessary.

▌ Random rumors

1. Creatures from another dimension have invaded Alpha Complex, and seek to enslave us all with their terrible mind powers. *(False. Some citizen has been watching a few too many* Tella-O-MLY Action Hour *reruns.)*

2. Psion has infiltrated IntSec. IntSec has sent all recently captured mutants to some mutie paradise somewhere instead of terminating them. *(False. The Computer occasionally transfers certain prisoners to new locations—IntSec doesn't have a choice in the matter.)*

3. PLC has run out of dynamite, bringing mining operations under Alpha Complex to a halt. *(False.)*

4. The Communists have stolen one of the drillbots Tech Services use to make new TUBE tunnels. They plan to break it up for tractor spares. *(False.)*

5. If you follow the deep service tunnels long enough, you come up inside another Alpha Complex. *(Citizens have been circulating this rumor for years. True? False? What is truth, anyway?)*

6. Citizens in HBA Sector have inundated IntSec with complaints. Someone is breaking into their rooms during working hours, without forced entry, and stealing all their valuables. *(True. A vagrant with telepathic powers has stolen passwords from travellers on the TUBE. He's selling their possessions on the IR Market.)*

protect from every possible attack. Anyone who fires into the pellets causes explosions that knock people back through the air, winding but not wounding them. The chip should appear several times during the battle, but each time someone claims it, something happens to him—a knock, a shove, an overenthusiastic

celebration or an explosion—that sends the chip back into the mire of packing pellets.

After several rounds of combat, the PURGEr pulls out a grenade and lobs it into the center of the room. At that moment, someone shouts, 'I've found it!' just as an explosion rips through the room and sets off a shockwave of mini-

Society members in the pellets

In the battle in the packing-pellet recycling room, the PCs fight these six secret society members. Each one has middling degree in his secret society; at the end of the battle, they all fall down the landfill tubes. Thereafter, each makes ongoing trouble for the PCs as they travel around the Underplex.

William-G-WIN-2 (Computer Phreaks)

Tech Services; Mechanical Intuition (Power 14); Violence 05, Projectile Weapons 09, Hardware 09, Electronic Engineering 13, Old Reckoning Computer Repair & Maintenance 15, Software 11, Hacking 15, Operating Systems 15, other skills 07; heavy long coat (I1), slugthrower with solid AP rounds (W3K impact AP); Tic: Phrases everything as a question.

   William-G's Phreak codename is 'Eon'. He plays a vital role in Phreak attempts to program a system to replace The Computer. William-G wears a lot of black and owns an illegal pair of sunglasses.

Roger-G-LLE-3 (Corpore Metal)

HPD&MC; Mental Blast (Power 07); Stealth 08, Sneaking 12, Violence 09, Field Weapons 13, Fine Manipulation 15, Wetware 08, Medical 12, other skills 07; Cyborging 15; subdermal impact mesh armor (I2), dermal plating (E1), laser pistol with blue barrel (W3K); Tic: Mutters incomprehensibly between sentences.

   'Jolly' Roger-G has a cybernetic eye and a single cyberarm (he lost his arms in an industrial accident) fitted with three thick manipulators and a mini-flamer (S3K, 5 shots, 10m). His skin has been armored both inside and out.

Molly-G-SMS-2 (FCCC-P)

CPU; Charm (16)*; Management 09, Chutzpah 15, Intimidation 13, Preach The Truth About The Silicon Deceiver 15, Violence 07, Energy Weapons 11, Software 08, Financial Systems 12, other skills 07; skintight reflective green bodysuit (E3), laser pistol with blue barrel (W3K); Tic: Pouts when not speaking.

   A zealous believer in the One Goal of the Brotherhood of the Boot (see 'Toward The One' in this mission), Molly-G uses her natural charm to put opponents off guard. She wears a large red gem embedded in her forehead.

   * If you have **PARANOIA** *Flashbacks*, Molly-G has, instead of Charm, the Cloud Men's Minds mutation detailed in the mission *Send in the Clones*.

Pike-G-WIN-4 (Pro Tech)

Power Services; Matter Eater (Power 13); Management 08, Con Games 12, Cover Ignorance With Convincing Technobabble 14, Stealth 09, Sleight of Hand 13, Software 08, C-Bay 12, other skills 07; green reflec (E2), laser pistol with blue barrel (W3K); Tic: Refer to anything better than average as 'quite good' or 'quite nice'.

   Pike-G has built his entire reputation in Pro Tech on the discoveries of others. He has risen through the ranks by stealing, lying, backstabbing and winning items of obscure technology on C-Bay. This chip would ensure further promotion.

Charon-G-RRZ-3 (Psion)

IntSec; Detect Mutant Power, Hypersenses, Telepathy (Power 17)*; Management 09, Moxie 15, Stealth 07, High Alert (Scam Radar) 11, Violence 06, Energy Weapons 10, Wetware 09, Suggestion 13, other skills 07; green reflec (E2), laser pistol with blue barrel (W3K); Tic: Grinds his teeth.

   Blind from decanting, Charon-G possesses incredible powers of psychic perception focused through a single functional—if utterly treasonous—eye in his forehead. He hates all those who discriminate against mutants.

   * If you have *The Mutant Experience,* Charon-G also possesses Complex Intuition and Psychometry.

Kirk-G-GEN-8 (PURGE)

Armed Forces; Energy Field (11); Stealth 08, Violence 10, Energy Weapons 14, Hand Weapons 16, Hardware 7, Weapons and Armor Maintenance 11, other skills 07; Kevlar (I3), two-handed sword (W4K), laser pistol with blue barrel (W3K), knife (S5K); Tic: Can't say anything at a volume less than very loud.

   Kirk-G comes across as overbearing, arrogant and antisocial, with delusions of grandeur. He believes he holds a singular role in the overthrow of The Computer. He has a list of people he plans to kill to pave his way to despotic control.

---

explosions. The blast sends the secret society members through the air into the landfill pipes at the back.

   Who got the chip at the end of the firefight? That depends on the role for Adrion-U you choose in the final section of this mission. (See 'Toward the One'.) The shadowy conspiracy you pick should imply the society that wants the chip most strongly; then you decide whether that society has won outright, or remains frustrated. Don't worry, you don't have to decide yet; you can change the holder during the game with fickle abandon. (For the record, this mission's final firefight assumes Corpore Metal member Roger-G-LLE-3 *didn't* get the chip.)

   At this point, a dozen BLUE Vulture Troopers arrive. They gather up everyone, including the team, and, ignoring protests, frog-march the prisoners out of the room.

Seizure moment

The Troubleshooters attend a severe debriefing, which does not bode well for their future. However, High Programmer Adrion-U has a seizure at the close of the interrogation; he predicts the fall of Alpha Complex to 'the One' and the involvement of the Underplex. The Computer assigns the Troubleshooters to the Armed Forces' first wave of troops as they head underground. This offers the PCs a chance to prove themselves worthy of something other than termination.

Any final words?

The debriefing room (**Tension 19**) is an imposing hall with the atmosphere of a courtroom. A massive monitor displays The Computer's single eye. Before it, on a raised platform, sit representatives from each of the service groups. Cameras dot the walls and surround the monitor, feeding the debriefing to a wider audience—at least those cleared to see it. **Adrion-U-SSB-9,** resplendent in his white robes of office, stands in a pulpit to one side with a lectern supporting a pile of mission reports. BLUE Troopers frog march the Troubleshooters into the center of the room where bright lights shine uncomfortably into their eyes. The floor beneath where the team

stands shows carbon scouring and smells unpleasantly of cooked meat.

Once the team has settled down, Adrion-U places his hands firmly on the lectern and starts demeaning the Troubleshooters for their ineffectual showing in their most recent mission:

'Troubleshooters! You stand before me today as a prime example of everything a loyal citizen of Alpha Complex *shouldn't* be. The Computer has *honored* you with a key role in the defense of this complex, and yet you fail to complete even the *simplest* task. You stand here now before thousands of your fellow citizens [*Adrion-U sweeps his hand around to indicate the many cameras*] **whose very *lives* depend on your steadfast loyalty and commitment to the security of Alpha Complex. Why did you show such *weakness,* such a pathetic and ineffectual *display,* such a fine demonstration of your total lack of *ability* and *drive* to *complete* your assigned *mission?'***

The High Programmer lets the service group representatives field their own questions, including:

- ◉ Where is the missing computer chip?

- ◉ Why didn't you retrieve the computer chip as ordered?

- ◉ Which single member of the team contributed most significantly to the failure of your mission?

- ◉ Why did you choose to underplay the value of *[piece of assigned equipment]* in favor of *[a different piece of assigned equipment]?*

Whom do you trust?

When the Troubleshooter's situation looks truly desperate, or they start infighting, Adrion-U screams. He clutches his head, his eyes bulge and blood trickles from his nose. Ham up the speech below with dramatic pauses, random yelping and gurgles of despair.

Throughout Adrion-U's prophetic soliloquy, the service group representatives panic, gawp and call for assistance, while the eye of The Computer watches the High Programmer unwaveringly.

'Dying… all dying… a natural conclusion… something born of ignorance. Death… a dread fear of

what is… unspeakable horrors. A whole world beneath the ground… an invasion… of the mind and soul… an enemy within… the *Underplex.* Perhaps… a time long gone… enemies… overrun… No, no, no… Find *the One*… no hope… save us all.'

Adrion-U collapses in his pulpit. BLUE Troopers and medical personnel enter. The BLUE Troopers surround the Troubleshooters and target them with laser rifles ready to fire. Allow the PCs a few moments to panic or utter their final words. Luckily, The Computer has plans for the team that don't currently include termination:

'Cease and desist, Troopers. AlphaNet updating. Underplex identified and prioritized. Attention loyal Troubleshooters! Based on your recent mission performance and current priorities, I have assigned you to consultancy with the Armed Forces. Report immediately for assignment with Unit Delta Five-Zero-Three. Please report to citizen Lee-Y-TBO-3. Your performance record remains under review. That is all.'

The Computer finishes speaking and the monitor in the wall goes dark. The BLUE Troopers relax ever so slightly, lower their weapons and then march the Troubleshooters out of the room. They ignore questions and answer protests with a swift rifle butt across the back of the questioner's head.

Adrion-U-SSB-9

Bleeding-edge technocrat; Technical Services; Hemorrhage* (Power 15); Management 10, Intimidation 14, Oratory 14, Stealth 08, Surveillance 12, Hardware 09, Bot Ops & Maintenance 13, Software 09, Hacking 13, Operating Systems 15, Improvise Countermeasures To Common IntSec AlphaNet Security 15, other skills 07; Ultraviolet FlexiArmor (GM Fiat); Tic: Speaks down to everyone.

Adrion-U has an overbearing and intimidating personality. Through raw charisma and feigned loyalty, he clambered his way into The Computer's trust. He enjoys the privileges his position brings, but like so many other High Programmers, he still wants more. His thirst for further influence and power has led him to become a pawn of a secret society, though Adrion-U himself long ago left Pro Tech to start his own Program Group.

* Due to genetic drift, Adrion-U has a useless mutation called Hemorrhage. Adrion-U can bleed, at will, through selected orifices or pores. He suffers no physical damage by using the power, but does feel weak and woozy for several minutes. Should Adrion-U fail his Power check by 5 or more, he suffers an over-bleed that strikes him Down immediately, and he needs immediate medical attention.

One-armed bandit

The Troubleshooters join the vanguard of the Armed Forces assault on the Underplex. The PCs lose their unit, but discover a derelict level of Alpha Complex that used to be living quarters for BLUE-Clearance citizens. Forced to enter the high-clearance area, the team discovers the hideout of 'Jolly' Roger-G-LLE-3. They can redeem themselves by capturing him and the missing computer chip.

In the army now

The BLUE Troopers hustle the Troubleshooters out of the debriefing room and down a long corridor. The team emerges into a bright circular plaza occupied by a squat, bulky Armored Personnel Carrier (armor value 6). The Troopers guide the team onboard and then depart without a word.

The rear of the APC (**Tension 7**) holds a dozen RED-Clearance Armed Forces recruits and briefing officer **Lee-Y-TBO-3**. Lee-Y gestures for the team to take places in crash seats embedded in the walls of the APC, and then orders the driver to get moving.

Lee-Y delivers the mission assignment with barely suppressed emotion and pride in the capability of his men. However, whenever his gaze passes over the Troubleshooters, his disgust is unmistakable.

Lee-Y stands perfectly still, his hands clasped behind his back, as the APC rocks and shudders. He composes himself, then calmly details the task ahead:
'Grunts. You have committed yourself to protect Alpha Complex,

and today you get the chance to prove your worth on the front line. You have a mission of utmost importance, as part of a greater force marching on the enemy secreted beneath Alpha Complex. We have assigned you to sector XXX, coordinates 33.455.321. Enter and secure the area. Ensure no enemy forces survive. Kick butt!'

As Lee-Y finishes speaking, the APC screeches to a halt and the rear doors slide open. 'Ship out, soldiers!'

Lee-Y gives the PCs black and red camouflage fatigues and two additional laser barrels apiece of appropriate clearance. Then the APC leaves, while Lee-Y, the unit and (presumably) the PCs enter the Underplex.

On maneuvers

In these scenes, think modern war films—or, even better, the marine sequences from the film *Aliens* or early episodes of *Star Wars: The Clone Wars*. The soldiers move with careful coordination: A few advance and secure the passage ahead, while the assigned sergeant makes complex hand-gestures to the rest of the unit to signal the next advance. The soldiers ignore the Troubleshooters, even PCs of higher security clearance.

AFC has assigned the unit to scout a stretch of derelict, decaying corridors in the Tranz (**Tension 0**). Masonry litters the floor; moisture drips from the ceiling into murky pools. Light panels in the ceiling flicker and fizz.

For this part of the mission, make sure everyone is in the dark and stays there. Their flashlights short-circuit; their helmet lights break; their batteries fritz. In the next part of the mission, they can get their lights working again, but for now, you want them floundering in darkness.

Ask the Troubleshooters their position in the unit and what they're carrying. Clarify exactly who has the positions nearest the back and the front. Then read this:

As you advance down another stretch of corridor, you hear a fizzing noise behind you. At that moment, the lights cut out, plunging you into darkness. You can see ghostly afterimages, and you hear activity all around. Then something brushes past you, something that scrapes against the ground. Ahead, you hear a shot! What do you want to do?

Actually, the team didn't hear a shot, but a rat scrabbling through a blocked door. When the blockage shifted, the automatic door snapped shut.

The players have no time to pause, communicate or consider. Anyone who hesitates is dithering; he might as well be holding a target.

If anyone fires or dives for the floor—the likeliest actions, of course—it startles a soldier, who unloads a spray of shots into the wall. Any sound from the unit causes a chain reaction, startling another unit somewhere off behind the PCs. *They* fire several shots as well. Give the team another chance to react. Mention the soldiers seem to have retreated at speed back the way they just came.

Whatever the PCs do, the unit starts shooting at them, though they should avoid serious injury. If anyone tries to use a PDC, the signal is dead. A shout down the corridor draws a hail of slugthrower fire. If a Troubleshooter wanders down the corridor, his movement makes the automatic door open. Give a note to anyone passing through the door to tell him he can no longer communicate with his colleagues. The PC has fallen down a hole in the floor, and the sudden drop and closing doors combine to muffle the sound of the fall, the ensuing scream and any cries for help.

Ideally you want to railroad all the PCs into the hole, one by one or en masse, even if you have to collapse the entire floor beneath them. In these circumstances, it should be easy.

Get the drift

The team lands with a bone-jarring thump in pitch darkness. Sand covers the ground. They feel a cool breeze from a ragged hole in the floor nearby.

Communicators and PDCs get no signal. Anyone stupid enough to get up and start

walking should make a Luck check. Success means the Troubleshooter walks safely into a wall of rubble. Failure means he walks straight into the hole and snags his fatigues on a metal floor support. The Troubleshooter could pull himself up with a minute's effort, or his fellow Troubleshooters could assist him. *Assist* him—heh!

Lights, anyone? You can afford to let their light sources start working now. The team could use a shot from the Dazzler or the backlight from a PDC screen. (Continuous use drains the PDC battery dry in 10 minutes.) Judge other schemes to create light on their merit, and award Perversity points for clever improvisation.

With a light source, the team sees a derelict corridor (**Tension 0**). A collapsed ceiling blocks the way in one direction, where the Troubleshooters fell through; a collapsed floor blocks the other. The floor has fallen, intact, into a huge room 20m below. Twisted metal and torn cabling stick out of the hole's edge. The rubble blocks the way back up. The team needs ingenuity to get down.

The PCs might use the bags of Dooz, if they still have them; improvise a rope from cables or fatigues; use mutant powers (right there where everyone can see, eww!); or try something original and probably bizarre. Anyone who falls in the hole must make a Luck check; success means the character is Snafued; failure means he's Wounded. Again, award Perversity points to players who innovate and entertain.

Don't railroad the players, but keep them on this level of the Underplex. If they want to explore further, they find a couple of other exits from this room. Use the tables in Appendix 1 to provide places to explore, but block shafts or stairs from this level with an inconvenient pile of rubble.

When the team reaches the lower room, they see a lot of broken furniture, discarded newspapers, shattered ceramics and a telltale trail of blood and packing pellets. The trail leads to a faint light under a closed door. The walls are painted in soothing shades of (gasp!) pale *green,* and the door is painted (eeeyaah!) *blue.* Security clearance violations always make for an interesting debriefing....

Beyond the door is a BLUE-Clearance restaurant, shown on the map on this page.

Smoking out the bandit

In this final part of the mission, the PCs face off against 'Jolly' Roger-G and his associates in an abandoned BLUE-Clearance restaurant and kitchen. But they *still* don't find the chip.

BLUE-Clearance restaurant and kitchen

Map by Andy 'Jazzer' Fitzpatrick
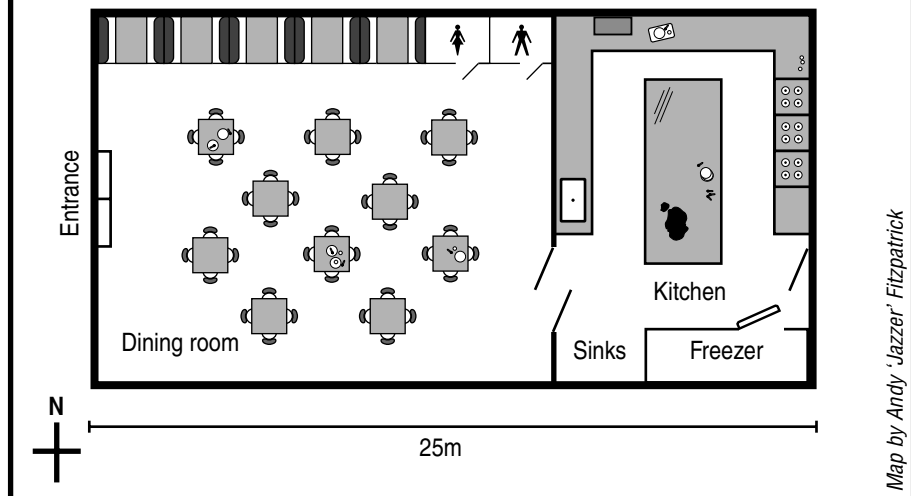
Roger-G didn't fare well when he fell down the pipe. Nursing his shattered leg like that mountaineer in *Touching the Void,* he clawed his way into this abandoned section of Alpha Complex and rigged a short-range communicator from scrap. In the last hour, three other Metal members arrived with emergency medical equipment. Roger-G plans to guide one of the members to amputate his leg and fit a cyborg replacement.

Roger-G restored power to the whole area, so the team can see fine once they open the door. The BLUE-Clearance restaurant (**Tension 0**) is a cozy hall with ten metal tables (armor 2), four chairs per table. Two Metal members (with obvious cybernetic limbs) and a scrubot squat at the back of the restaurant. They're rooting through trash bags of packing pellets in search of the missing chip.

The kitchen is at the far end of the restaurant, roughly 15m from the PCs' entrance. The PCs can't see into the kitchen from the entryway. A 1m-tall metal counter fills most of the kitchen. The kitchen also contains preparation areas, ovens, freezers and cooking implements, including plenty of sharp knives. Roger-G and the third Metal member have set up their improvised surgery here.

No one immediately notices the PCs, so the Troubleshooters have the element of surprise. They can use the tables as cover.

When the PCs attack, the two Corpore Metal members in the restaurant shield themselves behind the tables and take potshots. The scrubot rushes the team with scrubbing attachments; it sprays anyone within 10m with torrents of liquid soap (O1S impact, Violence roll to avoid falling).

Roger-G and his associate need four rounds to attach his cybernetic leg, at which point both enter the fray. Until they're ready, they keep quiet, to avoid the Troubleshooter's attention. If attacked in the kitchen, they use the metal counter as cover and try to block the door with a preparation table (armor 2 for both counter and table).

Run the battle as a straight firefight, rewarding quick and clever ideas with Perversity points. Once Roger-G enters the fight, he taunts the team: 'Looking for the computer chip? Not gonna find it here!'

If things turn bad for the PCs, yet the players have entertained you, bring in the cavalry. (If they've been boring, kill them all.) The Armed

Scrubot

Reactivated bot, asimovs inactive; Obsessive Hygiene 18; soap spray (O1S impact, Violence roll to avoid falling), mop (S3W impact), armored shell (1)

Roger-G-LLE-3

Roger-G's statistics are listed in the sidebar on page 39.

Corpore Metal members (3)

Violence 8, Energy Weapon 12, other skills 7; laser pistol w/illegal green barrel (W3K energy)

Forces recruits storm through the collapsed ceiling at the restaurant entrance. Roger-G and his associates fight to the death, a matter of 10-20 seconds.

Once they've won the fight, the team can search the bags and the Metal members, but they find no sign of the missing chip.

Toward the One

Having had their first experience of the Underplex, the team can expect to return. Adrion-U's prophecy scares many important people (and The Computer), as does the Underplex. Plus, they're still looking for the computer chip, remember?

In the following weeks, the Armed Forces continue to treat the Underplex as an extended training exercise. They repeatedly suffer humiliating defeats. After a couple of months, they pull back most of their soldiers. UNDER takes the lead in exploring, mapping and fighting in the Underplex.

Adrion-U remains in a coma for a month. Upon recovering consciousness, he claims to remember nothing about the debriefing or his prophecy. Read the following subsections and choose one or more of the greater conspiracies provided (or come up with your own). Many of the mission seeds in this book can either support these conspiracies or divert attention from them. You can mix UNDER missions with standard Troubleshooter activities. Feed the team all the rumors from the PLC warehouse section of this mission, repeating and spreading them around as necessary.

Use the remaining secret society members as one-shot villains to continue the thread of the missing computer chip. When you reach the final secret society member, then you can reveal how Adrion-U became involved and stage a final showdown. Make the conclusion showy and destructive. The Troubleshooters have the chance to save The Computer and Alpha Complex—or at least garner a victory for their secret societies.

Option 1: Hurdy gurdy mushroom man

The myco-intelligence from Mezcalinzan infected Adrion-U. Having reached the High Programmer through a chain of intermediary contacts, now the sapient fungus has infected Adrion-U's brain. Pressure on his pineal gland caused his prophetic outburst.

The possessed High Programmer wants the computer chip, for the myco-intelligence believes it can tap into the bio-component of the

technology. Once he infects the chip, Adrion-U intends to install it in the central CompNode and bring about a new era of peace under The Myco-mputer. 'The One' refers to this final abomination of fungus and machine.

Option 2: I'm with the replacements

The Phreaks have hacked into Adrion-U's cybernetic implants.

On the way up the ranks, Adrion-U suffered a near-fatal accident in an explosion at Reactor #6 in SSB Sector. Adrion-U lost part of his spinal cord due to burns on 84% of his body. Tech Services and R&D replaced the missing spine with a cybernetic analog, which also restored cognitive and motor functions. Alas, the Phreaks have found a backdoor into the cyberware. They seek the missing computer chip to complete work on Apricot, their ambitious project to replace The Computer's operating system. 'The One' refers to Eon, the Phreak who fell down the landfill pipe at WIN Sector PLC. Eon has the only current copy of the bridging code the Phreaks need to install the Apricot OS on the computer chip. (Moral: Always back up your data!)

Option 3: Erase/rewind

Adrion-U has succumbed to brainwashing from a heretical faction of FCCC-P.

FCCC-P has known about the Underplex for a while, but has failed singularly to reconcile its existence with the Greater Teachings of the Omniscient Computer. High Programmers in the society have made guarded queries about the underworld, but have found no enlightenment.

The Brotherhood of the Boot has chosen to throw off the shackles of doubt and rebel; they are certain demonic code has undermined the Holy Scripts of the Righteous Computer! Influential members of The Brotherhood guided the GVZ Sector R&D team to create a revolutionary new computer chip with the subroutines necessary to completely reformat and recover The Computer's data core. 'The One' refers to The Brotherhood's true incarnation of The One Computer.

Option 4: Where is the One?

Mutant unrest in the Dungeon has reached new heights and the potential for open rebellion against Alpha Complex grows daily. Adrion-U inadvertently became the conduit for the mutant leader's psionic communication. The experience involuntarily triggered the High Programmer's own mutation. Something about Adrion-U's mutation seriously disrupted the connection, confused the message and—whoops!—downloaded the mutant leader's mind into the High Programmer's brain. (Don't you hate when that happens?) The mutant leader collapsed dead somewhere deep in the Underplex, and Adrion-U lapsed into a coma.

The Dungeon mutants take their leader's death as a call to war and mobilize to strike against Alpha Complex. When Adrion-U regains consciousness, the leader's mind exerts control and sets in motion plans to destroy Alpha Complex from within. He will use the High Programmer's significant resources and program group. 'The One' refers to Adrion-U himself.

> **…the memory of a cave I used to know at home was always in my mind, with its lofty passages, its silence and solitude, its shrouding gloom, its sepulchral echoes, its flitting lights, and more than all, its sudden revelations…**
>
> **—Mark Twain,** *The Innocents Abroad* **(1869)**

Appendix 1: Random Underplex

Use these tables to generate lots of Underplex rooms, corridors, features and hazards. The tables start from the entry point onward, but you can merrily skip between tables if the PCs get off track. (Like *that* ever happens.) If you find no logic to the table results, improvise, ignore, roll again or just brazen it out. Tthe Underplex *should* be confusing, because nothing there was ever meant to fit to together.

Overlap: As you generate and map an area of the Underplex, you may have a situation where one element overlaps another on the same level. Don't worry about complex rejigging; just note the overlap on your map. After your team leave the first room, the second collapses into it.

Alpha Complex

ENTRANCE TO THE TRANZ

1	At the back of a factory floor
2	Through a maintenance duct in the wall
3	In the back of a broom cupboard
4	Along the side of a TUBE tunnel
5	Through a grating in the floor
6	Behind a billboard
7	Through the drain of a public fountain
8	Behind a bulkhead marked 'Keep Out!'
9	Through a hole in a wall
10	Behind an electrified gate
11	Through the back of a wardrobe
12	At the base of an empty algae vat
13	Under the blast shield of a missile launch bay
14	In room 127/c, Level 12
15	Bricked over
16	In an area of a higher security clearance
17	On the opposite side of a cavernous chimney
18	Beyond a disused airlock
19	Through a ceiling grate
20	Behind a rusted metal door

LOCATION

1–5	Corridor
6–8	Stairway
9–16	Room
17–18	Shaft
19–20	Duct

THREAT LEVEL

Determine the area's lighting and hazard level by rolling 1d20 and consulting this table. Select an appropriate threat for the location: collapsing floor, mutant ambush, chiggers, etc.

1–5	Safe, lit
6–9	Dangerous, lit
10–16	Safe, dark
17–20	Dangerous, dark

EXITS

1–2	None (if no other exits available, roll again)
3–6	One
7–12	Two
13–18	Three
19	Hidden
20	Roll twice and add all the results to find the number of exits

EXIT TYPE

1–7	Open exit
8–10	Gate (**1–5:** locked, **6–12:** unlocked, **13–14:** unlocked and well maintained, **15–19:** open, **20:** battered open)
11–13	Door (**1–5:** locked, **6–7:** wedged open with a stone or debris, **8–12:** unlocked, rusted, **13–14:** unlocked and well maintained, **15–19:** open, **20:** battered open)
14	Blocked by a metal sheet
15–16	Blocked by collapsed ceiling
17	Covered by camoflauge
18	Concealed behind a pile of garbage and rubble
19	Open, but contains a dangerous trap
20	Open, but contains a silent alarm to alert local Underdwellers

How to read the tables

These tables include lots of entries formatted like this one:

Dance hall (**1-10:** Death Leopards, **11-20:** Mystics)

When you get one of these entries, make another 1d20 roll and match the result to the numbered range in parentheses. That tells you who runs this particular dance hall.

Next location

All locations vary in appearance depending on their location in the Underplex. A 'Dangerously hot corridor' in the Tranz might just contain hot pipes; in the Deeps it might run alongside a magma flow.

When you roll any location other than a room, roll d20 again for the **length** (in meters) of the corridor, shaft, duct or stairway. If you roll 19 or 20, roll again and add the results together (for any further results of 19 or 20, add them and roll yet again).

Then roll another d20 to determine the **Threat Level** for the room (see the table on the previous page).

Finally, having rolled on the relevant **location** sub-table check on the relevant subtable, then roll on **Exits** to see how many ways the team can get out. Each Exit leads to another location you roll on the location table.

When you get tired of rolling, either start picking entries that sound good, or just drop a ceiling on everyone.

CORRIDOR

1–2	Wide and airy
3–5	Stuffy and filled with cobwebs
6–7	Floor covered with loose stones
8–9	Floor covered with metal grating
10	Dangerously hot
11	Uneven floor
12	Collapsed wall
13	Filled wth unopened crates
14–15	Floor scattered with rat droppings
16	Filled with fungus
17	Coated with a powdery substance
18	Narrow with rough walls
19	Slopes steeply upward (ascends into Alpha Complex, The Tranz or Underplex, as applicable)
20	Slopes sharply downward (descends into Underplex or The Deeps, depending on current level)

SHAFT

1–2	Open cliff face
3–4	Natural fault in the rock
5	Latrine waste pipe
6	Collapsed floor
7	Garbage chute
8	Dust exhaust tunnel
9	Old lava tube
10	Missile launch tube
11	Lift shaft
12	Steam pipe
13	Ventilation shaft
14	Maintenance ladder
15	Naturally burrowed shaft
16	Well
17	Bottomless pit
18	Old mine
19	Emergency escape route containing broken ladder and a length of frayed rope

DUCT

1–3	Maintenance duct
4–5	Old water pipe
6–7	Conduit for power cables
8	Damaged vacuum pipe
9–10	Old lava tube
11–12	Eroded gap in the wall
13	Emergency escape route
14–15	Ventilation duct
16	Rats' nest
17–18	Sewer
19	Accidental drillbot bore
20	Grating covered crawl space under a corridor with no means to open grating

STAIRWAY

1–4	Broad, sturdy metal stairs
5–7	Narrow metal stairs without railings
8–9	Uneven, wobbly wooden stairs
10–11	Steps carved into solid rock
12–13	Collapsed stairs with twisted frame remaining
14–16	Ladder
17–18	Climbs sharply upward (ascends into Alpha Complex, The Tranz or Underplex, as applicable)

ROOM SIZE

Roll here for the size of the room and then check under the specific location (The Tranz, Underplex or The Deeps) on the next pages.

1–6	Small room
7–14	Normal room
15–20	Large room

THE TRANZ

SMALL ROOM

1–2	TUBE control booth (**1-10:** active, **11-20:** decommissioned)
3–6	Empty room
7–8	Wrecked store room
9	Booth (**1-10:** confession, **11-20:** information)
10	Wiring junction
11–12	Space behind the wall
13–14	Hot pipe stop valves
15–16	Blocked stairway
17	Go-4 bot recharge station, inactive
18	Undercommuting junction room
19	DELETED citizen squat (**1-10:** occupied, **11-20:** disused)
20	FCCC-P chapel (**1-10:** occupied, **11-20:** disused)

NORMAL ROOM

1–2	Vagrant squat (**1-10:** occupied, **11-20:** disused)
3–6	Empty room
7–8	Algae slurry pool
9	Fortified chamber, feral children (**1-10:** occupied, **11-20:** disused)
10	Grease sump
11–12	Sewer outlet
13	Sewage processing room (**1-10:** active, **11-20:** decommissioned)
14	TUBE ventiliation chamber
15–16	Meeting room (**1-10:** IntSec, **11-20:** secret society)
17–18	Storeroom (**1-10:** empty; **11-20:** moldering supplies)
19	Public latrine
20	Free Enterprise storeroom, abandoned

LARGE ROOM

1–2	Communal squat, Underdwellers (**1-10:** occupied, **11-20:** disused)
3–6	Empty room
7–8	Unfinished transtube
9	Fungus farm
10–11	TUBE station
12–13	Mine (**1-10:** active, **11-20:** decommissioned)
14–15	Hangar (**1-10:** active, **11-20:** decommissioned)
16	Private slime farm
17	Missile silo (**1-10:** active, **11-20:** decommissioned)
18	Ore processing plant, decommissioned
19	Dance hall (**1-10:** Death Leopards, **11-20:** Mystics)
20	Prison complex (**1-8:** active, **9-18:** decommissioned, **19-20:** corpses)

UNDERPLEX

SMALL ROOM

1	TUBE ticket office
2–7	Empty room
8	Meditation room (**1-5:** occupied, **6-15:** empty, **16-20:** abandoned)
9	Area 31 field test (**1-10:** active, **11-18:** inactive, **19-20:** someone trapped inside)
10–11	Airlock (**1-10:** no apparent function, **11-15:** access to Area 31, **16-20:** access to Large Underplex room)
12–13	Armed Forces guard post (**1-10:** manned; **11-20:** abandoned)
14–15	Underdweller waste sump
16	Power cable junction
17	Water stop valve
18	Lift car at the bottom of a collapsed shaft
19	HPD&MC clerical office, abandoned
20	Mystic den

NORMAL ROOM

1	TUBE tunnel, collapsed
2–7	Empty room
8–9	Abandoned camp site
10–11	Storeroom (1-10: abandoned; 11-15: Underdwellers; 16-20: Secret Society)
12	Transtube tunnel, abandoned
13	CPU planning office, abandoned
14	Corpore Metal field hospital
15	Armed Forced forward command
16–17	Artificial cave, underdwellers (1-10: inhabited, 11-20: abandoned)
18	Rat farm
19	DIRE waiting room (1-10: empty, 11-17: occupied, 18-20: just desiccated corpses)
20	Underdweller refuse pile

LARGE ROOM

1–2	Temporary barracks
3–8	Empty room
9–10	Reactor (**1-7:** active, **8-17:** decommissioned, **18-20:** leaking)
11	Missile base (**1-10:** active, **11-20:** decommissioned)
12–14	Abandoned sector (**1-8:** empty, **9-12:** contagion, **13-16:** predator, **17-20:** radioactive)
15–16	Undercommunity
17	Dungeon enclave
18	Free Enterprise market hall
19	Landfill
20	Warehouse (**1-10:** empty, **11-17:** odds and ends, **18-20:** full)

THE DEEPS

SMALL ROOM	
1	Cryogenic storage room (**1-5:** occupied, **6-13:** abandoned, **14-18:** unpowered, corpse, **19-20:** destroyed)
2–8	Empty cave
9–10	Cave-in (**1-10:** recent, **11-20:** old)
11	Hot spring
12–13	Cave, animal den (**1-10:** inhabited, **11-20:** abandoned)
14	Lava pool (**1-10:** active, **11-20:** inactive)
15	Armed Forces scout camp site (**1-8:** occupied, **9-18:** abandoned, **19-20:** attacked)
16	Refuse pile
17	Exit to the Outdoors

NORMAL ROOM	
1–8	Empty cave
9	Crystal cavern
10–11	Oily cavern
12	Cave, Underdwellers (**1-6:** inhabited, **7-20:** abandoned)
13	Luminescent cavern
14	Fordable river
15	Old Reckoning underground station
16	Large refrigeration facility
17	Old Reckoning workshop
18	Weird swirly gateway that leads back to an Alpha Complex R&D lab (one-way only)
19	Old Reckoning restroom
20	Catacombs

LARGE ROOM	
1	Exiled High Programmer's residence (**1-7:** occupied, **8-15:** abandoned, **16-18:** destroyed, **19-20:** squatter)
2–3	Underground lake
4	Cataclysmic rift
5–6	Deep mine
7–12	Empty cave
13	Department store
14	Underground sea (**1-10:** fresh water, **11-20:** sea water)
15	Massive natural cavern with small clouds and running water
16–17	Abyss
18	Outskirts of Mezcalinzan
19	Magma lake
20	Old mining rail track

Appendix 2: Overflow

This section includes a bunch of text boxes we wanted to include in the earlier chapters, but we had no room. So we're just kind of flinging them onto the page at random, back here where they can't harm the layout.

UNDERprepared: The AptiTap

Of the bureaucrats involved in training and equipping UNDER teams, how many have actually seen the Underplex in person? You could count them on the fingers of one hand—even a mangled hand held by a demented docbot. Most low-clearance managers think the Underplex has wide, well-lit corridors, functional environmental systems and a personal hygiene correction cubicle on every corner.

Following interviews with cooperative survivors, Technical Services has created a training shortcut. Engineers have collated the knowledge acquired in the Underplex into fast-burn memory downloads using a revolutionary upgrade derived from the MemoMax process—the *AptiTap.* Tech Services claims the Aptitude Tap uses peptide resequencing to enhance neural receptors so they can accept new information downloaded in a compressed format. Tech Services bioengineers acquired the distilled knowledge for the AptiTap through selective splicing of archived MemoMax data; they took the essential skills from qualified individuals and then condensed the information into a downloadable, homogenized format.

Troubleshooters subjected to the AptiTap procedure can improve personal talents and acquire new skills in a process similar to the standard MemoMax download. The procedure delivers a flash download of data directly into the optic nerve, via a microfilament needle inserted into the left eye.

The AptiTap provides a way to let characters acquire new skills appropriate to the Underplex setting. Whether you choose to generate characters specifically for the Underplex or intend to just run a one-shot, you can let the players select an UNDER specialty instead of a service group specialty. Otherwise, Troubleshooters visit the AptiTap clinic as part of the briefing process for their first UNDER driven mission. Offer each player the opportunity to spend Perversity Points to acquire a new specialty from those listed later in this section. The new specialty costs 20 Perversity and starts at a rating equal to the governing skill rating plus 4. Characters who acquire a new specialty can feel superior to their teammates, while those same teammates can plot to spend the Perversity they saved to make their highly qualified associate fail his next Rock Climbing check.

Mandates

Service, Service! introduced the concept of the **mandate**, a specific kind of authority The Computer assigns to an individual PC. Here are a couple of mandates you can assign to Troubleshooters specifically for work in the Underplex. The badge backs appear below.

Cable and wiring repair: Power Services' need to assess repair work in the Underplex means The Computer regularly assigns cable catalog and repair mandates to all vaguely qualified personnel.

Duct inspection: Technicians work constantly to inspect, catalogue and repair ducts. They can't solve many reported problems with flow pressure and supply, because there is no clear cause. Tech Services now believes many of these problems originate with leaking pipes, shattered ducts and brimming sumps in the Underplex. To close outstanding cases, Technical Services assigns open-ended mandates.

Comm-victs

TUBE stations commonly include penalty stations for **comm-victs.** The comm-vict program reinforces a traitor's educational realignment, as delivered through The Computer's Bright Vision Re-education Centers.

The stations are meter-square metal floor plates with embedded power ports and medical monitors. Traitors, kitted out with magnetic boots and self-administering gelgernine belt-units, stand on the penalty stations and recite loyalty-inspiring slogans and songs. The medical monitor records each comm-vict's physical and mental condition, and increases medication as needed to ensure he delivers sufficient patriotic exertion throughout the day.

A comm-vict's colleagues, from secret society cells or work groups, may occasionally try to release him. But comm-victs cannot remove the magnetic boots without assistance; this requires either a successful Hardware/Electronic Engineering roll or a direct hit with electromagnetic flux (as from a gauss gun or grenade). If the comm-vict is freed, the medical monitoring system alerts HPD&MC the comm-vict has either escaped or died. Within minutes, a 116 Emergency Systems crew will investigate the possible missing persons case.

On the other hand, if power is ever cut or the station is abandoned, the comm-victs are stuck. For a dramatic, or at least annoying, encounter with comm-victs afflicted in this way, see the mission 'Patch Job' in the fine *PARANOIA* mission collection *Crash Priority.*

POWER SERVICES
Repair Designated Cables and Wiring

Instruction: Tag outstanding points of repair, and repair tagged points outstanding.

Benefit: You receive a roll of peel-and-stick RFI Problem Pointers (PPs), which identify cable damage, and a radio receiver tuned to a frequency used by another Cable Inspection operative.

Job: Inspect power cables and outlets. Determine whether to repair damaged conduits on-site. If repair is needed, apply a Problem Pointer. Another operative will handle the PP with your assigned frequency. If your radio receiver indicates a PP nearby, you must repair the conduit and complete an F556.PS.334/a 'Recognition of Discharged Repairs'. **Under no circumstances** use a PP for any purpose other than identification of cable damage. Re-tuning the radio receiver for use as an improvised tracking device is strictly prohibited.

TECHNICAL SERVICES
Periodic Regulatory Inspection of Duct Functionality

Instructions: Verify working order of multifunctional ductwork.

Benefit: You are provided a Technical Service-approved allen wrench to access the flow regulator of multifunctional ducting. If you use this tool on a duct for one minute, you may roll 1d20 against your Hardware skill. Success means you redirect the duct's flow to your current location or a location of your choice. The greater your margin of success, the more accurate and speedy the diversion.

A diverted flow has to come from, and go, somewhere. If you use this mandate to divert a blast of water to your location, somewhere else a High Programmer's Jacuzzi may suddenly fill with raw sewage.

Why don't we stay down here?

If your Troubleshooters seem a little too cozy in the Underplex, reinforce its unappealing aspects:

- **It's dark and cold.** Alpha Complex may be oppressive, but at least you can depend on a regulated temperature and plenty of light. You really miss the most basic comforts once they're stripped away. Before you know it, you're rocking in a corner, clutching yourself and quietly shivering.

- **If there's one thing worse than eating algae, it's desperately force-feeding yourself scuttling nameless bugs.** After a day or so in the Underplex, you become quite aware of the absence of well-stocked vending machines. The only things to eat are vermin, insects and fungal scrapings off damp walls. You must savor such natural delights raw—although if you can find a puddle and a crackling power cable, you might manage a fricassee.

- **Things in the Underplex don't just want to kill you; they want to eat you alive after liquefying your brain.** Troubleshooters may struggle at times, but missions mean credits, commendation and a short stop in the local infirmary. In the Underplex, you struggle to survive every moment. Nine out of ten things you meet want you dead, for no better reason than you look tasty or they've had a bad day. Far better just to screw up, lose a clone and get demoted to INFRARED.

GOING... PARANOIA DOWN... ™

Attention, **Troubleshooter!** Your friend **The Computer** has just discovered a previously unsuspected **network of hidden rooms, tunnels** and **access vents** that interpenetrates all inhabited sectors of our beloved **Alpha Complex.** This is perfectly normal and nothing to worry about. Do not be alarmed by those sirens.

The Computer politely requests you to explore these dark, treacherous tunnels immediately, and to shoot all **mutants** and **traitors** you might bump into. Rejoice, for The Computer has also sent **Internal Security** and **Armed Forces** squads into these same tunnels, with clear instructions to shoot everything that moves! Don't you feel safer now?

When you file your accident reports, please refer to this hidden tunnel complex as...

THE UNDERPLEX

IT IS NOT A 'DUNGEON'. STOP CALLING IT THAT.

A PARANOIA location sourcebook by **PAUL BALDOWSKI**
Illustrated by **JIM HOLLOWAY**

The Computer runs Alpha Complex perfectly, of course. If it should occasionally wall off a contaminated corridor, or block access to a few dozen mutant-haunted subsectors—well, picky picky. Bureaucrats erase those areas from the maps, and no one ever thinks about them again—no one but the **thieves, refugees, unpersons** and **mutant atrocities** of **the Underplex.**

In these dark, sprawling tunnel networks, traitorous **secret societies** hide their most dangerous evidence. Intrepid **'urban infiltrators'** defend it to the death. Good thing the Troubleshooters have the **new equipment, specialties** and **contacts** introduced in this **48-page sourcebook,** and a **campaign kickoff mission** to test their mettle (or whatever Troubleshooters have that passes for mettle).

The Underplex—it all comes down to this!

You need the _PARANOIA_ roleplaying game to use this supplement.

- ☻ A whole new environment to get shot at in!
- ☻ Troves of Old Reckoning artifacts, monstrous mutants, treasonous fugitives, feral children of High Programmers...
- ☻ Do you struggle with sociopathic players who try to steal and backstab? Play **_PARANOIA,_** and watch these players blossom!

For use with _PARANOIA_
For Gamemasters, **not** players!

A world fit for Kafka, Orwell and the Marx Brothers

PARANOIA is a satirical roleplaying game set in a darkly humorous future. A well-meaning but deranged Computer desperately protects the citizens of an underground city from secret societies, mutants and all sorts of real and imagined enemies. You play a _Troubleshooter_, one of The Computer's elite agents. You track and destroy enemies of The Computer. You hope The Computer and your fellow Troubleshooters won't find out _you_ are one of these enemies.

PARANOIA: a blackly fun game of terror, death, bureaucracies, mad scientists, mutants, dangerous weapons and insane robots, which encourages players to lie, to cheat and to backstab each other at every turn.

Originally published in 1984, _PARANOIA_ sold over 150,000 copies. The new edition updates Alpha Complex for this new and more paranoid time.