*Timeline to Demo:*

*Complete Act 1 script*

*-We could do this in <7 days if we had 'em*

*Purchase art assets*

*-FDW intro art guy could do this?*

*Create Character Dossiers*

*-Goldeneye art style*

*Code the script into RenPy*

*-The dossiers are gonna be a bitch to code in*

*-We want, basically, a codex containing bonus information about people*

*-We want*

*Announce the launch to a lot of places...?*

*-Give out free demo*

*-Push it out to:*

*--Facebook*

*--Spacebattles*

*--Patreon obviously*

*--Reddit*

*--fuckin 4chan*

*--piratebay (convince them that this was pirated)*

*Hello, angels.*

*This is the original doc of the setting for D:XR. Plz look over it.   
  
The setting was changed to post-WW1 1920’s Chicago, at one point, so just ignore any references to global thermonuclear war.*

*This is the actual bulk of the pseudocoded script for D:XR already written. Nothing is canon. This was like two years ago and I probably hate every word of it now, as usually happens with old writings.*

Backgrounds:

guy, smoke filled bar

1920's

woodrow wilson

United Earth logo

Seerist Cult

People looking at the skies (green hill, people in white, small groups, families, looking up. Holding hands. Like the hippies in mars attacks.)

Seerist scream (Same landscape as before, but 90% of the people are gone. It is night, and a few fires burn. In the foreground, a person in white robes has fallen to his knees and is howling at the empty skies.)

Some military guy at a desk. (Seated at a table, smoking, angled away from us. Looking over a territory map with a greedy smile visible.)

XRB Logo

Chicago

Smoky office (for Mason and Humphrey)

XRB office

XRB lobby

1920's elevator interior

hallway

barracks

morita\_office

powers\_lab (medical stuff, exam tables, but also a lot of books.)

xeno\_barracks

looking\_out\_of\_elevator

director's\_office

Director's\_office\_seated

Portrait:

Mason (skeptical)

Humphrey (serene and sort of dumb)

Sprites:

Nevin helpful<http://static.comicvine.com/uploads/scale_super/4/41855/826817-blood_21.jpg> ?

King congenial

Morita angry

Morita confused

Trick calm

trick skeptical

trick surprised

trick blushing

xenohuman team shot

xenohuman team shot (skunk unmasked)

Wedge formal.

Skunk

Foley:

elevator hum

clacking (elevator grate snapping shut)

Label “start”:

[if they've already seen the prologue, option to skip]

Bg guy, smoke filled bar

Nvl mode:

It was fifteen years ago that the powers started.

Now, it wasn’t fifteen years exactly, nothing specific like that, just, about fifteen years ago. I was traveling at the time, visiting family abroad after the Russo-Japanese war had just ended. I heard the news right as I was returning home to the US of A.

bg 1920's

Life was sweet. There were more jobs than people, and not just quarter-an-hour newsie jobs neither. Five-dollar a day deals. It was a time of industry, and splendor.

Everything was fine, before it started.

Bg Roosevelt

President Roosevelt came on the radio, and said he had big news. He said that we’d found aliens. The real McCoy.

Not live aliens—a ship, real real old, at the bottom of the ocean. Far as we could tell, it’d been there since before dinosaurs, and some recent quake had unburied it. And woken it up.

We weren’t sure what the alien ship was here for, or what it was supposed to be doing. Nobody could get into it. But it was sending out signals, real strong, aimed pulses—some German scientist said they looked like brainwaves.

Apparently when one of these signals hit you, you got...a certain compulsion.

([bg chrysalis like a mummified man](https://i.imgur.com/yXGN55V.jpg))

We weren’t sure what was happening at first. Thought it was a new disease where people’s skin got hard like caterpillar cocoons. At first, doctors tried to cut into the pods, to free the people…

But there was nothing but goo inside.

The way caterpillars change into butterflies, there’s a period where their entire body dissolves, and there’s nothing to let you know they’re ever gonna reform.

The government killed a lot of xenohumans, before they knew.

It takes a few days. But if you leave the cocoons alone, eventually the people inside start to firm up again. Not quite the same—they tend to have different organs, and organs in different places. And they tend to be a little tougher.

And they have powers.

(bg a man emerging slimy from the cocoon, staring in horror at his hand which is currently an insect hand, like a fly)

They’re disoriented at first. Or...more than disoriented. They’ve just had every part of their body melt and reform into something else—if they’re even done changing. They’ve spent the last two days having synaesthetic alien nightmares, and they can’t quite tell how many limbs they’re supposed to have. Now they’re a conduit for unknowable powers not of this world…

...and America needs them to go to war.

(Bg superpowered trench warfare)

There was a war over which nation got to keep the ship, of course.

The war was bloody and patriotic, but it didn’t really matter. Nobody could get into the ship, which seemed to be doing its thing no matter where it was or what it was encased in. No, the problem with the war was it demonstrated to the governments that xenos outclassed most weapons.

I remember hearing the President describing America’s “new special forces”. Whoo, that was a moment.

There were recruitment drives. There were cash incentives. And once all the gung-ho xenos were already joining up, there was talk of a draft. The conflict showed no sign of slowing down…

...until Seera.

([preaching to the cults](http://churchofchristarticles.com/blog/wp-content/uploads/2014/09/women.jpg))

She was a xeno, and one of the most strategically important ones—she got visions of the future.

She told everyone that they were idiots, and that they needed to stop fighting. There were worse things coming, and soon—the alien transformation had never been good for anyone’s minds, but we were about to get a run of people losing it entirely, and going on a giant destructive monsters.

She was ignored by most. There was a war on, after all.

So the first of the berserkers took us mostly by surprise.

(splash page: some Attack on Titan looking monster devouring a human in a burning city)

The rate was something like one in a thousand. Most of the humans that came out of the transformation were terrified and insane for a few hours, but these…

...they seemed to be in a permanent violent fugue, with no motivation other than destruction. What’s more, they tended to be strong—whatever drove them to rampage also turned them into city-killing horrors.

The war was put on indefinite hold as humanity collectively sat down to try to figure out what to do.

But Seera wasn’t done.

(Seera preaching again)

She said there were more aliens coming, just a few years off. She gave a date: February 9, 1913.

They weren't coming to conquer us by force, like in the pulps, but just to sort of...add us to their empire. Like Britain used to do. Elevate a few of us into overseers, turn the rest into slaves, gradually strip the planet of anything valuable, and move on.

For a couple months, it wasn't clear that the world wasn't gonna turn into a bloodbath. For all that the nations were in a ceasefire due to the new berserker problem, there was only so much camaraderie to go around when you’re worried the other guy will sell you to aliens first.

But the nations got the message. And so to keep the Earth—all of us—from selling each other for the right to be eaten last, they formed a coalition. United Earth, they called it.

(Bg united earth (logo? UN?))

It was slow and testy and bureaucratic, but a time of optimism and unity began.

At the time, the xenos and berserkers were almost an afterthought. Alien onslaught on the way, after all. Domestically, each nation was faced with the lunatic fringe reacting like, well, lunatics. Paranoia, violence. The scared people bought bunkers and the apocalypse nuts bought guns.

Within each nation, too, there were the Seerists.

Bg cults

Seera cults became so popular they weren't cults any more. It became a world religion. 12th biggest, I hear, right on the heels of Tao. Worshipped the aliens, Seera, the xenohumans. Don't know if it was bona fide awe or just boot-licking, but something about supermen and the alien rapture put a real reverence into folk.

Bg black

But though people panicked and groups hunkered down, nations stood strong, and together.

Bg united earth

If the aliens wanted to deal with humanity, it was a united humanity they would find. Economic relations between nations boomed, and nations began to specialize, as the United Earth prepared for the long haul.

The States' military budget increased fourfold, as it prepared to become the military arm of the planet. Other nations specialized in their own ways—I think India did textiles? I don't really remember the rest.

It was a time of peace, and brotherhood, and dread. It was a golden age, and we didn't know it.

It only last for four years.

Bg (expectant people looking at the skies)

Seera predicted the aliens would come February 9th. The month before then, some parts of the world worked in a frenzy, and others slowed to a halt. Schools closed. Workplaces closed.

I heard a rumor, that just in case, United Earth had chosen a single supreme commander for the planet. It that was true, their name and nationality was never revealed.

The time came. Every radio was tuned to the broadcast, everyone was watching the skies.

Monitoring devices were trained at the ground, the sea, the stars. The world held its breath.

For nothing.

Bg black

There were false reports. Millions of them. Like the Virgin Mary appearing on toast, times ten thousand. And as time passed, and nations started to wonder if aliens had landed in secret, tension mounted.

It got much worse when Seera killed herself.

Old distrusts came back with a vengeance. Nations began to suspect each other, either of dealing under the table for the whole human race, or of perhaps setting up this whole “alien” farce for their own gain. The fragile peace which had held us all...

...began to crack.

During the time of peace and a united humanity, all the little border disputes, the games of pushing a little farther than the other guy, they had all drawn to a standstill. But those tense weeks after the Day of No Hope were ripe for something big. With every newspaper and government on such high alert, the worldwide unease became unbearable.

Weeks passed. And of course there were many urging the politicians to wait. The leaders of most nations made calming noises and desperate measures to try to hold onto the unified earth. But slowly, unstoppably, we slid back into the game of suspicion and backstabbing that no one wanted.

The human faith had been broken. It was not recovering.

(Bg riots, molotovs, some flying dude throwing fireballs )

People were people, in the end. There was a wide spread of reactions, and some did better than others. But there were bad ones, and those bad ones were pretty bad.

Riots, mass suicides. Humanity had been given a miracle and asked for faith. There were claims to the legitimacy of Seera. There were claims that the whole thing was a United States ploy to win the upcoming war, convincing other countries to step down their military spending. People started to wonder whether berserkers were a hoax too, whether the *powers* were a hoax, if anything was real.

The powers were still real. Unfortunately, of those people, the ones who reacted badly...some of them had powers.

This was a real goddamn problem.

(bg Deathwise)

Without a unifying goal—global war or an incoming alien armada—suddenly there were thousands of xenos without a clear purpose. People with incredible, destabilizing abilities...and no real life direction. Many turned to crime. Some turned to hedonism...others, nihilism.

Something needed to be done.

(Bg XRB\_logo (basically the FBI logo))

The Xenohuman Response Branch was founded.

The XRB was charged with maintaining the rule of law on the xenohuman population, investigating crimes, and protecting against emergent Tyrant threats. What’s more, the XRB served as symbol of human cooperation—to show people that xenos can work for the public good.

The one you run is in Chicago.

Bg chicago skyline.

A cross between police station, recruitment office, and public utility, the men and women of the XRB find themselves hastily equipped, and given a monumental task: keep the city safe.

Welcome, Director.

Fade to black

Title card.

Label: character creation

bg smoky office

Mason: Awright... let's get started.

Mason: Who've we got in this thing, anyway?

Humphrey: It's still undecided. It's down to four candidates...

Mason: Four?

Humphrey: We wanted some variety. It's a job that can be done in quite a few different ways.

Mason: Hmm, awright. Who've we got?

Humprey: I'll pull them up for you, and tell me which one you'd like to know more about.

[label character\_creation]

The Captain

The Scientist

The Politician

The Criminal

(upon clicking any of them)

The Captain:

Mason: Tell me more about the Captain.

Humphrey: Let's see.. Here's the file.

Bg captain\_stats

High Leadership

Excellent at combat

Bad at social interactions

Have A Promotion, Kid: Exceptional at spotting competency, or its absence.

Mason: Oh, it's-

Humphrey: Yeah. This one.

Mason: Don't they have the-

Humphrey: The *dark past?*

Mason: Yeah.

Humphrey: Yes, but...isn't it interesting? It would make for a good story.

Mason: Story, hell, I just want someone who can do the job right.

Humphrey: Well, everyone likes different things. But what's more, I doubt their dark past will interfere will their ability to be Director.

Mason: Hmm.

Humphrey: ...unless anyone discovers it.

The Politician:

Mason: Tell me more about the politician.

Bg politican\_stats

High leadership

Persuasive speaker

Worthless at combat

Little understanding of powers

Just Like You: Exceptional at reading people.

Mason: How'd a politician even get into the XRB anyway?

Humphrey: Knowing the right people, I guess?

Mason: The politician will probably have an easier time of making inroads with all the different factions in Chicago.

Humphrey: Let’s just hope they never have to throw a punch.

The Criminal:

Mason: Tell me more about the criminal.

Bg criminal\_stats

Excellent close-quarters-combatant

Low leadership skill

A shady character

Alcoholic

It's Quiet... Too Quiet: Has a near preternatural sense for danger.

Mason: How the hell did this criminal get in our hiring pool?

Humphrey: Ex-criminal.

Mason: Where I'm from, we don't hire those sorts of people.

Humphrey: Where I'm from, we ship them to Australia.

Mason: I suppose they went straight? Trying to make a new life?

Humphrey: Well, yes, that's the long and short of it.

Mason: Hrrmph. We'll see.

The Scientist:

bg scientist\_stats

Worthless at combat.

Terrible at social interaction.

No leadership skill.

Reverse the Polarity!: Exceptional at spotting unexpected uses for powers, and potential interactions between powers.

Mason: What, *this* milquetoast?

Humphrey: It'll be a bit of a harder road for them, sure, but I'm sure if they're careful things'll work out in the end.

Mason: Oh, I'll bet this one's all kinds of careful.

Label confirmation

Are you sure you want %var to be Director?:

I'm sure.

Let's keep thinking about it.

Mason: I'm sure this'll work out well.

Mason: Is this a man or a woman?

Humphrey: Actually, I've spilled coffee on the paperwork...

Humphrey: I have no idea.

Mason: Well, dammit.

Humphrey: Not like it even matters anymore.

Mason: You show the world female xenos, and suddenly women get the vote. What's next? Cats chasing dogs?

Humphrey: My cat chases dogs.

Mason: …

Mason: what's the Director's name, anyway?

[type name]

Mason: Director %var. Is that right?

Yes

No

Mason: So be it. Director %var.

Mason: Let's get to work.

TITLE SEQUENCE

series of 1920's images, at least half of them uncomfortable: crime scenes, mugshots. People in masks(!). Lots of 1920's crime and at least one shot of Al Capone.

Music: No Man – Sinister Jazz. Start after the first six notes or so, they're too electronic.

Roll credits:

Jamie Wahls

Nick McCarthy

Sacha Witt

(Some artist lol?)

(Some musician lol?)

Production of Right Hand Tall Man,

with thanks to Venture Anarchy

DIRECTOR: XENOHUMAN AFFAIRS

[welcome letter conditional on character selection]

(Colonel Letter)

Hon Gen Winfeld

U.S. Army

Chicago, Illinois

Captain:

Following the recent disturbance, it's good you left. The XRB had an opening. I think taking that opening was good for your career, like electric shocks are good for a stopped heart.

I know this isn't what you'd planned, but given the circumstances, well. A lateral transfer is a hell of a lot better than going down in flames.

I'm sorry, Captain. I know what happened. But it's not safe to be vocally anti-xen, not at your rank. Try to learn something from this, especially if you're going to be working as a XRB director.

I don't know how to tell you this: Tread lightly. Be extra careful of attention from the press. If you futz up publicly, your history will come out, and, sorry, but that'll be **game over**.

I hope you make it.

BG James Winfeld, USN.

(Politician Farewell Card)

Sad to hear you're leaving. Things'll be less complicated without you.

Congrats on a darb career move. You'll be wonderful.

Good luck!

You were like everyone's favorite cousin. Miss you.

Best wishes in your new career.

(Criminal letter)

Director Stolt

XRB South

I'm glad you're taking this position. People are going to start saying the Chicago director is cursed...Glass was a good man, and he didn’t deserve to go like that.

None of us planned on this, but given the circumstances, well. A promotion is a promotion, right? Even if you get handed a mess.

You're not the usual person we'd hire. But given your unique experience, I believe you'll be uniquely suited to the job.

Good luck. Many at Central have doubts about you. I hope you can prove them wrong.

Director Stolt.

(Scientist photograph)

bg scientists.

Good luck on your new career!

Bg fade in chicago street level

Day 1

The city scrolls past, outside.

The windows are left open, and the breeze is a godsend. The air outside is like an oven, hot enough that the walk from your apartment to the streetcar dried your mouth and baked your skin oils.

(clear text)

show nevin

Nevin: “We're here, Director!”

His voice is a little too bright, and he's been trying to open doors and carry things for you afternoon. An opportunistic intern, or someone intern level, trying to make himself the Go-To for the new boss. What was his name? Nevin?

Queer name, that. Irish, maybe.

He opens the car door for you, and you step out.

Bg XRB office

You gaze up at the XRB office in the heart of the city.

Most government buildings tend to fall into the same brutalist style, as if a single joyless architect had landed the mother of all contracts years ago and had been copying old work ever since. But XRB buildings tend to break that mold; there's a little personality in the design. It's got sides that are mostly glass, and just a little bit of a curve to it.

Maybe it was designed by some xeno with a sense for architecture. It's becoming an uncomfortable rule of the market that anything a human can do, a xenohuman can do better.

You and Nevin walk up the fifteen feet walkway that seems to exist only as a buffer between the street and the building. It gives the building a moment to loom. Four stories isn't impressive in contrast to the nearby towers, but it manages to be imposing all the same.

You step through the door.

Bg XRB lobby

It seems like much of the ground floor is taken up by the garage. The reception area is quiet and claustrophobic. Your footsteps make muffled echoes on the brown marble floor.

A row of uncomfortable chairs lines the wall, all unoccupied. There is an unattended elevator cage on the far left, and a set of stairs to your right.

Immediately across from the entrance is a heavy reception desk, and the receptionist smiles as she sees you and Nevin enter.

“Director...?” she says, with a hint of a question, her eyes glancing to Nevin. He nods very slightly.

“Welcome, Director.” she says. “Mr. King, your head of Image, is waiting for you upstairs.”

“Chicago XRB has an Image department?” you ask.

“It does,” she says.

[If polit: You detect a hint of skepticism, and her eyes flicker to Nevin again.]

“Managing public perceptions of the XRB and of xenohumans as a whole is one of the most important functions of this office.” she says.

“Well...” booms a new voice. “That and fighting crime.”

show King

“Director!” he says. “Good to meet you. The name's James King. I've scheduled us a meeting with the press in two hours, so let's take the grand tour quick. Come on back.”

King smiles. “That'll be all, Nevin, thank you.”

[if polit Nevin covers a flash of annoyance.]

Nevin smiles. “I look forward to working with you in the future, Director.”

King throws his arm around you. “Right, we can take the elevator. Lot of ground to cover.”

bg elevator.

“I don't trust that one.” grumbles King. “Too helpful. Always right where you need him. I'll get the cage.

Elevator cage foley

Ahh, well. Let me give you a bit of a speech. Last one you'll be getting for a bit.

The Chicago XRB is growing into itself. Bootleggers are running the city, and we're the only organization not yet corrupted to the core. There's two and a half million people in Chicago, so that means 25 xenos, minimum. Most of 'em are in the gangs—it's easy scratch, and the gangs get respect even if their X never lifts a finger.

Your predecessor, the last Director, was... probably assassinated. We don't have sure proof it was gang related, but it sure as hell looks that way. Killed in his office—now your office—while he was working alone in a locked room at night. Knife in the back, into a lung.

Wasn't a very clean way to go. Don't work late.

(MORE DESPAIR HERE)

There's more than a few notable gangs in the city. I'll let Morita fill you in on that.

Your xeno team is pretty sloppy. There's a helluva difference between a government trained xeno who worked for United Earth—the UE's—and some palooka on the street who happened to get lucky. I'm sure you'll notice for yourself.

Oh, I forgot to push the button.”

sound elevator hum

sound clacking

“So, how was the train ride?”

You: “I came by car, actually.”

King: “Oh, your own?”

You: “Until the city. Then Nevin picked me up.”

“Ah.”

…

dialogue choices:

if polit or military: “It's clear you care a lot about the success of the local XRB. That's exactly the attitude I was hoping to find here.”

He gives you a earnest grin.

“I hold my end up. And we've got some good people here, %name. Treat 'em right and hear their worries, and they'll give you their all.”

“Is the corruption really so bad?”

He glances at you sidelong.

“Every judge, alderman, politician and flatfoot in the city attends the funerals of mobsters, to pay respects. NOT going makes it seem like you don't care, or maybe you had something to do with the hit. So NOT buying flowers from the Outfit and attending funerals makes you stand out.”

“Do you buy flowers?” you ask.

His mouth tightens in a grim line. “No.”

“It sounds like you don't like Nevin. Can I ask why?”

He sighs. “I've got nothing hard. Just a feeling. He's handy and smart. Too goddamned smart. Why's he working as your assistant? He could be a department head, take over Operations from Saito.”

King\_suspicious\_of\_Nevin flag = true

(say nothing)

The two of you ride in silence, the rest of the way.

if science, ONLY OPTION “Erm, nice weather, isn't it?”

He gives you a dubious glance. “ 'sawright.”

The two of you arrive on the second floor. The directory map to your right indicates that on this floor are the Barracks, Xenohuman Barracks, and Powers Testing Lab.

“Right.” says King, shaking your hand. “I imagine you'd like to get to know your staff and facility better. Tell me where you're gonna look first, and I can give 'em the heads up, let 'em know you're coming.”

Player? : Don't we need to prepare for the press conference?

He lets out a beleaguered exhale, and gives you a wry smile. “Well, *I* need to pre-prepare for it. I'll meet up with you after you're done and we'll go over the plan.”

label where\_to

“Barracks.”

He nods. “I'll let Morita know.”

jump Barracks.

“Xenohuman Barracks.”

He nods. “I'll let Wedge know.”

jump xenobarracks

“Powers Testing Lab.”

He nods. “I'll tell Doctor Trick.”

jump PTlab

label barracks

bg hallway

You walk down the long, bare corridor to the Barracks.

Bg barracks

show Morita angry

Captain Morita is running the XRB agents through close-combat drills as you enter. “Tighter!” he barks. “You think that sloppy throw will work on an X who's stronger than you? Technique beats power!”

He nods at you briskly. “My office.” He leads the way.

Bg morita\_office

He has pictures of himself and two young girls on his desk. There's a bit of a family resemblance.

Show morita

His uniform is crisp, and the pips glint at you from his collar. He has a soldier's posture. "Yes?" he says.

“I'm just making the rounds, getting to know everybody. How are you?”

UNLESS military

“Director, I'm not here to punch the bags with you. I have a job to do, so stay out of the way and let me do it. Now ask me what you need to know.”

IF military:

He shrugs. “Fine.”

UNLESS military

“You seem a little impatient.”

“Impatient? Yeah. The entire city is run by the gangs. Director Glass got killed for not taking bribes. We need the goddamn army and they sent us a %class. You're right I'm impatient.”

“Very well.” you sigh a little.

“King said you'd be able to brief me on the gang presence here.”

He fixes you with a stare.

“Four current major powers, and sometimes they work together.

We've got the Chicago Outfit—bootleggers, gambling, prostitution. Led by a dame named Furie, Some sort of freak with bat wings. They are the biggest and baddest right now. Got a lot of xeno muscle on the streets, and she’s got a guy stashed away somewhere turns water to booze.

The Seerists. Bunch of xeno-worshipping lunatics. Best thing I can say about them is that they’re pacifists...even if they hold rallies and sometimes throw money around.

The Sons of Man. They are a splinter United Earth cell that refused to disarm when it all went to shit, keep to themselves mostly...mostly. They grew out of the local militias that formed to fight alien invaders. Rabid anti-xeno sentiment.

And Artemis' gang. Seems to be a loose protection pact among a group of locals and their X’s who didn't want to sign up with us, or the other gangs. We wouldn't have a problem with her, except she keeps starting fights in the street

(clear)

"The gangs were a problem in the city before they got themselves xeno enforcers. Now things are worse. Travel time is killing us. If..."

He sighs exasperatedly. "If the police hear about a crime five minutes after it happens, it takes them another minute to radio us. Then we can get out of the door with xeno backup in five minutes, maybe, depending on which of the X's are on duty. Then it takes us ten more minutes to get there, even with sirens? Yeah. We don't really make it to the scene in time for anything except super-powered fights, and those are the things we least want to interrupt."

“We need better guns, more cars. Anything to get us superior firepower and a faster response time. We're not xenos. We don't have the luxury of assuming things will work out.”

He gestures irascibly. “Here's a dossier so you don't try to remember all of this.”

--CODEX UPDATED--

(press esc at any time to view the codex)

if science: “Oh, I saw some notes about this,” you say immediately. “Furie’s gang, with The Alchemist, forms a self-contained bootlegging operation. The Seerists have Speakeasy as their de facto leader, Artemis' gang are independent vigilantes.”

UNLESS dossiers\_have\_already

“Could you get me a list of all the xenohumans known in each gang?”

show morita confused

“Ask Trick. She keeps all the dossiers.”

“Okay thank you!” you say energetically. You pump his hand up and down.

You depart.

Jump where\_to

Else:

“Thanks.” you say.

“Talk to Wedge for information about enemy xenohumans, and our own team.” he turns away from you, back to her paperwork.

Meeting adjourned, you suppose.

Jump where\_tof

label Ptlab:

bg hallway

You walk the long corridor. Someone's decorated this part with faux-natural nature prints. Imitation trees on either side of you completely fail to sway in the wind.

You see a fork, and take the path that leads to LABS. There's a detectable whiff of disinfectant, and the sunlight coming through the windows illuminates the spotless, cream-colored walls.

IF scientist OR criminal

It's a little thing, but you notice the shoe- and trolley-scuffs on the floor are less common. It looks as if this wing of the building gets less traffic than elsewhere.

Bg ptlabs

You arrive at the labs. There are no more windows here, and the air is a bit stuffy.

A few exam tables, a medical-style tray. Privacy curtains hang limply in the ward. And something a bit out of place—training dummies.

There are two huge bookcases against the back wall.

IF science: Your eyes go to them immediately, hungrily scanning for titles. You see the common introductory texts, and a reference books on xenohuman theory. Richards, O'Hara, Wollstone: all names familiar to you.

You see one title in particular that makes you sigh. It looks like they also have the book of unsubstantiated dreck that one boffin xeno put out—“Seera's Emancipation”, in which he claims that Seera herself was responsible for distributing the xeno powers, and that she did so randomly as a deliberate effort to enforce equality between all cultures, races, and genders.

And while you agree that the lottery nature of xenohuman abilities HAS caused an unprecedented social magnanimity, it's irresponsible to attribute that to Seera; there were powers before she came around, after all.

“Pardon me.” comes a quiet voice from near you.

ELSE

Looks like a pretty comprehensive array of books on physics, biology, and, of course, xenohuman powers.

However, your attention is dominated by the woman in front of you.

Show trick\_calm

Dr. Trick stands there. She's... beautiful. There's not really another word for it.

She's wearing a white lab coat and a tight silver choker. A little pendant hangs from it.

Her face has a honest curiosity to it, like the moment you engage a true geek about their fandom, frozen perpetually.

"Hello." she says, pushing her hair out of her face. She puts a pen in her pocket. She extends a hand.

UNLESS SCIENCE

“Hello.” you say. “I'm Director %name. Good to meet you.”

IF SCIENCE

“Ahb.” you stumble. “I, uh, I'm Director %name, the new Director. Of Chicago.”

show trick\_skeptical

“I'm Doctor Lauren Trick.” she says. “Head of powers evaluation, powers testing, and powers research.”

UNLESS SCIENCE

“Er, you'll have to forgive me, doctor,” you say, “but what's the difference between those three things?”

show trick\_engaged

Her face lights up.

IF SCIENCE

“Uhhuh?” you say.

“Powers evaluation is the core of the job. Whenever we get a report of a new xenohuman, friendly or not, it's my job to estimate their danger level for our records. We propagate a list of known xenohumans to the police so that they can radio us in case of contact.”

She gestures to a file folder behind her.

“We also keep a listing of all known xenohumans, American or not. Just in case.”

IF SCIENCE

You can almost feel yourself salivate at the idea of reading the powers of every xenohuman alive.

“Powers testing and powers research have a lot of overlap. Xenohumans we bring onto the team, or civilians who opt in, I examine their powers. That's the testing portion.

You'd be surprised what kind of unexpected secondary powers we discover. Like an exceptionally strong man also having an exceptionally strong skeleton, that's a pretty rudimentary example. Or, Star discovered that she can look directly at the sun.”

“The research component is what I do whenever I'm not actually working with xenos in the lab. It's about four fifths of my time, honestly.”

Trick\_smile

“Either I'm trying to think of new ways to get more use out of our existing powers, or I'm collaborating with other researchers at other labs.”

IF POLITICIAN

Reassure Trick?

“Dr. Trick...” you say, gently. “You sound a little defensive. You don't have to justify yourself to me.”

show trick\_surprised

She blinks. “Oh! Um. Director Glass had some concerns. He said he didn't understand why we even needed a research wing.”

“I'm not Director Glass,” you say firmly. “And I trust every member of our team knows what they're doing.”

show trick\_blush

She blinks again. “Oh. Um. Thank you, Director.”

She shakes her head. “But you certainly came here for these.”

She gestures to her desk. There's a sheaf of dossiers there. You pick them up.

--CODEX UPDATED--

(press esc at any time to view the codex)

“These are the xenohumans we know to be operating in this area. Most are affiliated with gangs, but we have a few independents in the area as well.”

UNLESS SCIENCE

“Thank you, Doctor.” you say. “This will be very helpful. And I look forward to working with you.”

“You too.” she says, with enthusiasm.

You depart.

Jump where\_to

IF SCIENCE

“How do you feel about the heuristic of ability autobenevolence?” you blurt.

She blinks. “Walsh's Razor? It seems to hold true in the actual application—most xenohuman abilities are incapable of directly harming their possessor. Though, not the aberrations, obviously.”

(bg splash Godzilla)

“Well, obviously,” you say. The aberrations—the “Tyrants”, the xenohumans whose original data packet was corrupted beyond a threshold of humanity—are clearly harmed by their powers. “No , I mean the, the ramifications. Do you take it to signify that these powers are intended to be used in ways which don’t harm the human race, and that consequentially those who turn their powers against one another are betraying some ideal of human unity?”

“Uh.” she blinks. “I don't claim to know the mind of our benefactor—benefactors...” her hand goes absently to the silver charm at her neck. “but I do think that we—as a species, I mean—have let them down.”

You eye her warily. It's as of yet unclear whether she's a real scientist or one of those Seerist priest/hobbyists.

“Okay.” you say. “Bye.”

“Um.” she says. “Bye.”

jump where\_to

label xeno\_barracks

bg hallway

You walk past the first barracks, where fifteen unpowered XRB agents store their gear. There are only five to ten agents on at any given time, in various states of readiness.

You'll visit them later. Right now, you're off to see your xenos.

You try the door, and it swings open…

“Masks,” comes a voice from inside.

You hear some rummaging noises from within, and a moment later, some voices, low.

There's a heavy metallic noise as the door bolt is thrown open, and the door opens.

Bg xeno\_barracks

show team\_shot (skunk unmasked)

Wedge has arranged the room by the time you come in. The xenohumans are all arrayed against the wall, like you're coming to dress them down.

Though Wedge and Foresight have opted for the standard government costume of urban camo and an american flag patch, the other three haven't.

“Skunk.” says Wedge, exasperated. “I said masks. And you said you were clear.”

“Oops!” she titters. “I guess I forgot.” she winks at you.

Show Wedge

“Director.” says Wedge, formally. “Pleased to meet you. My code name is Wedge, and I'm team leader. These are Foresight, Star, Centurion, and Skunk.”

He waits, as if expecting you to say something. Hmm...

Give an Introductory Speech

IF MILITARY

“Gentlemen. And ladies.” you say, stiffly. “As you are all aware, I am the new Director, and it is my honor to serve with anyone ready to do their duty. Our mission is clear. We serve and protect the people. My predecessor was killed in the line of duty, but we cannot let that change our resolve. We function based on how the city and nation see us, and to be seen as defenders—“

“Oh, you poor brave man.” says Skunk. Her eyes are welling up with tears. “I feel *so* bad for you. Knowing what you do, it can't be easy to come into this position.”

Wedge makes a sharp sideways hand gesture, and she falls silent.

“To be seen as defenders is the highest honor.” you conclude. “I look forward to working with each of you. Dismissed.”

jump wedge\_office

IF POLITICS:

“Ladies and gentlemen.” you say easily. “My name is Director %name. Everyone here knows their job and the risks entailed. I am looking forward to working with each of you, and getting to know you as people, not just as the unique abilities that you all bring. Now, I know we all have a lot of work to get done, so, Wedge? Would you be willing to speak for a moment?

“Oh, you poor brave man.” says Skunk. Her eyes are welling up with tears. “I feel *so* bad for you. Knowing what you do, about Director Glass, it can't be easy to come into this position.”

Wedge makes a sharp sideways hand gesture, and she falls silent.

You blink, just once, and give a slight smile. “I had threats in my other job, too. This is Chicago, after all.”

You motion at the team. “That's all, everyone.”

jump wedge\_office

IF CRIMINAL

“We're outnumbered.” you say, without preamble. “In the big Chicago jungle, the XRB is just another gang. But I'm glad to have you in my gang. Better to have four quarters than a hundred pennies, ya know?”

Many of the xenos are giving you odd looks, but Skunk is nodding and smiling.

“Right.” you say. “Let's go talk privately.”

jump wedge\_office

IF SCIENCE

“Er, hello.” you say. “I'm %name.”

...

...

...

“Director.” sighs Wedge. “Do you want to go speak privately?”

jump wedge\_office

Talk to Wedge Privately

jump wedge\_office

label wedge\_office

You nod at Wedge, and the two of you step off to go speak in his office.

Bg wedge\_office

You step into Wedge's office. It's light on the personal touches. He's got a couple abstract sculpture pieces on the desk, the sort that look like optical illusions when viewed from the exact right angle, and like weird nothings the rest of the time.

“Wedge, I just showed up here and I'm not caught up to speed. Could you give me your personal assessment of the xeno team?”

He sits down behind the desk, and rummages for a moment. “These are our XRB files. You'll find they're considerably more thorough than the files we keep on our enemies.”

He passes you a thin folder, marked SECRET.

--CODEX UPDATED--

(press esc to view codex)

“Thank you.” you say sincerely. “But I meant the situation in Chicago. How are we doing?”

He blinks slowly. “Well, outgunned, sir.”

“That's the impression I was getting. Who are the heavy hitters?”

He lets out a slow exhale. “Do you just want me to list them? The Sons of Man.” he says. “Northside crew. Artemis' crew. The Seerists, kind of. I think Trick has a listing of all their X's. I could name a few, but you probably want them all together.”

“Please.” you say. He nods.

IF POLITICIAN OR MILITARY

“I trust you're aware of how our department is perceived.” you say. “With the recent death of Glass, and the culture of corruption in Chicago, we come across as the last bastion of integrity in the city. But we need a win, and badly.”

ELSE

“Things aren't looking great around here, huh.” you say.

Wedge nods. You get the feeling he's more comfortable with you carrying the conversation.

“Then it's extra important we look good to the press.”

He nods again, dutifully.

“How well does the team work?” you ask.

He hesitates. "The only one I trust without supervision is Foresight. Star gets a little more relaxed when Centurion is around. Centurion really loves violence. Skunk is... not reliable for a city walkaround, but she's very mobile and I can't NOT send her.

We don't usually even get called for xenohuman violence.” he says. “I don't know if police are getting greased to stay quiet, but by the time we get there, we're usually picking human pulp off the street.”

“I understand.” you say. And then, “\*Actual\* pulp?”

“Yeh.” he says. “Bludgeon. You'll be hearing a lot about him.”

“Well.” you say. “I'm sure I will. Thank you for your time, I suppose.”

Wedge hesitates. “Can you get the others to stop wearing those ridiculous costumes?”

IF SCIENCE

“Are you nuts? The costumes are, without a doubt, the most unabashedly fun thing to come out of this entire alien invasion rigamarole.”

“I guess they are a little unprofessional...”

ELSIF POLITICIAN

“The costumes serve a purpose. They signal we're not normal police. It goes a long way towards enhancing public perception of our xenohumans and making us appear larger than life.”

“I never liked them either. So flashy...”

ELSIF CRIMINAL

“You know how some bugs are brightly colored and it makes them stand out? It shows they're dangerous. They don't have to hide. Same with our guys. It signals power.”

“Actually, hell, maybe we should be hiding.”

ELSE

“Yes. All whimsy must be exterminated.”

Wedge shrugs uncertainly. “Okay, Director.”

You stand up, and shake his hand. You'll show yourself out.

Bg xeno\_barracks

“Say, Director?”

A voice catches your attention. You turn, and-

show Skunk

“Yes?” you ask.

“I have a problem.” she says. “A big problem—and it'll require someone with a lot of experience to solve. Would you be able to talk to me privately sometime?”

She blinks at you.

“Er, yes,” you say. “My door's always open.”

“Oh, wonderful!” she gushes. “No one else ever listens to me, but I think you're different.”

“Yep,” you say.

Somewhat awkwardly, you leave.

Jump where\_to

label press\_conference

bg black

Your preliminary explorations complete, you decide it's time to meet back up with King and get ready for the press conference he spoke of.

Bg elevator

You ride the elevator up to King's office.

Bg looking\_out\_of\_elevator

show Nevin helpful

“Director!

Care to go over the notes for your press conference with me?

Label Nevin\_choice\_1

Sorry, but I have to meet with King:

He nods. “I understand. Hope to chat with you later.”

You walk to your office.

Jump office

Sure, I was about to do that with King. Want to come?:

He hesitates.

“I'm not sure that King would want me there.”

if king\_suspicious\_of\_nevin == True && SCIENTIST :

“He's pretty suspicious of you!” you say cheerfully. “He thinks you're up to something.”

show Nevin blank.

Nevin: “...”

“I have to go.” says Nevin.

Nevin\_cautious = TRUE

ELSE

Nevin: Ah.

(Nevin uncomfortable)

Nevin shrugs. “I'm sure you and King will figure everything out.”

He nods at you, and departs.

You walk to your office.

Label office.

Bg Director's\_Office

For the first time, you step into your office, the office where Director Glass was killed.

Behind the desk is a full plate-glass window, top to bottom, which manages to have its view of the city mostly unimpeded by other buildings. You can look out over the streets below.

The desk is a beautiful beast, some bright wood, glossy with rounded edges. The desk itself is a wraparound, such that it makes a C shape and makes people come towards you at an angle. The whole object gives the sense that someone who designs sports cars and cubic black leather armchairs took just a moment to jot down blueprints for a desk.

On the left-hand side, there's a cube of golden metal, about the size of a fist, balanced on its corner. It looks precarious, but your footsteps don't wobble it.

You sit down.

Bg director's\_office\_seated

Just as you're settling in to your big, comfortable chair, there comes a knock at the door, and King enters.

Show King.

King: Howdy, Director.

King: The press is already outside, and the press conference is in an hour. I’m just putting the finishing touches on your speech now.

King: We want to strike the right balance between “a return to normalcy” and “we’re going to stamp down on crime”...

King: ...though, given that your predecessor was murdered, it might not be smart to sound TOO opposed to the gangs too quick.

King: Your call.

King: What’s the key note you want to hit in the speech?

Choose:

-Integrity and strength in the face of corruption! (Military bonus)

-It’s important we work with local powers… (Criminal bonus)

-Commit to nothing, soothe the population. (Politician bonus. Otherwise penalty)

(if “work with local powers”)

Show King unhappy.

Merge

King: Understood. I’ll try to work that in.

King: Remember, you want to be polite, but also not let them push you around.

King: I’ll give you some time to collect yourself. Get ready.

If scientist

You: Uh…

Something in your voice makes King freeze.

Show King worry

You: ...I’m not...good at speeches…

King: ...

King: Actually, how about I give the speech, and you can handle the questions afterward?

Scientist: …I guess?

King: Okay. I get that you’re nervous, but you’re the goddamn Director.

King: You’re a lion. You’ve gotta BE the lion.

Scientist: I’m...a lion!

King: You’re a lion!

Scientist: I’m a lion!

Scientist: RAAAAR!

King: (disgust)

(King looking away)

King: ...I need to go prepare more.

]

(Black screen)

(show press conference art)

The hour went by incredibly fast. You feel...not exactly ready, but it looks like the press conference is now.

(show King)

King: Alright, Director…

King: Here’s your speech. It hits the notes you asked for.

King: Stick to these bullet points and then answer a few questions afterwards.

King: Be polite, but don’t let them push you around! You’ve got this.

If scientist

(zoom King)

King: You’re a lion.

And then it begins.

(Splash page crowd)

The speech goes well enough...a few missteps, but it’s hard to stay frosty when you know it’s being broadcast live on the radio, and the entire city is listening.

The questions, however, are a feeding frenzy.

Reporters: Director! Director!

Reporter: Director, how do you feel stepping into a dead man’s shoes?

Reporter: Director, what is your office going to be doing about the string of vigilante attacks?

Reporter: Director, what is the XRB going to do about the empty chrysalis found in the park off Ashland avenue?

You stick out your hand almost at random to signal which reporter should speak.

Carmen: Thank you.

Carmen: Your speech was very pretty...but what do you actually intend to do about the gangs?

You take a moment to collect yourself, and:

If scientist:

You: ...I haven’t really made a plan yet.

Carmen: …

You: …

Carmen: Is it true that you have no military of command experience whatsoever?

You: Hey!

You: I WAS CHESS TEAM CAPTAIN.

You: ...

You: ...what was the question…

You:

King: Haha, folks, the Director’s had a long day already. I’ll be happy to field any further questions you might have,

(nested) Choice 2:

Oh Christ Thank you

Jump to next scene

I’M A LION. I’VE GOT THIS

You raise a hand to indicate that you’re not done yet.

You: Thank you, King, but I’ll field these.

King: …

You: I’ve got it, I’ve got it.

(King displeasure)

King: Sure

You turn back to the reporter, who’s watched the exchange with interest.

You: So, your question was, ah,

You pull nervously at your collar.

You: I, ah…

Carmen: How did you end up in this position?

You: I...with my scientific experience I was promoted into—

Carmen: Wouldn’t it have been better to have someone from a law enforcement background?

You: From...I can…

You: I can...reason about it from hypothetical principles…

Carmen: The safety of the city is in \*your\* hands?

You: ...

You: YEAH! IT IS!

(show carmen raised eyebrows)

You: I...I’ve had just about ENOUGH of people assuming I can’t lead, just because I’m smart!

You: Did you...ever think that maybe we should put smart people in charge of things?

You: If you always choose your leaders based on who looks calm and suave, you’ll end up with a lot of calm, suave idiots in a burning hole in the ground!

You: Alien powers don’t care about how cool you look!

You: Sometimes you need an awkward, sweaty, GENIUS!

You: AND THAT’S ME!

Carmen: …

(show KIng pained face)

You: IDIOTS!

King: Director, would you come with me for a minute?

(black screen)

(red phone splash page)

Phone: Hello, Director?

Phone: Hi, I’m Director Friezen. I coordinate XRB offices on the east coast.

Friezen: It sounds like you’re under a lot of pressure right now. I’d like to let you know that if you’d prefer a position working in a research lab, we have an opening in Atlanta.

Friezen: Interested?

Choice 2:

-Oh thank Christ

Friezen: I’m glad you feel that way!

Friezen: I’ll see about getting you reassigned at once.

GAME OVER, DUMBASS

-I’M A LION.

Friezen: I...see.

Friezen: Well, you come highly recommended, so if you’re sure, then by all means, we want you to continue.

Friezen: That said, your outburst today was very unprofessional, and doesn’t communicate the calm, reserved image we want to see in our Directors.

Friezen: Be more careful.

You hang up the phone. Looks like you’re on thin ice.

Jump (post meeting)

If fight gangs

You: I imagine that you’ve heard a lot of evasive weasel words from the directors that came before me.

You: Let me be absolutely clear.

You: I intend to exterminate out every gang in this city.

You: Criminals are like cockroaches. They hide in the shadows, and they run from the light.

You: I bring the light.

If Corrupt

You: What am I going to do about the gangs?

You: I’m going to do what it takes to reduce violence in the streets.

You: I’m going to reach out to local powers, and invite collaboration between agencies.

You: I’m going to build us a happier and more peaceful community.

If dissemble

You: Rushing headlong into action without considering the consequences has had disastrous effects for the XRB and the city as a whole.

You: I intend to determine the most effective path and deliberately, decisively, proceed.

You: Speculating prematurely as to what that path would look like would be irresponsible.

If military && fight gangs

(Carmen raised eyebrows)

Carmen: Thank you very much.

(Carmen looking away)

Carmen: ...that’s quite a sound bite...

Carmen: Who is this guy?

If criminal && corrupt OR dissemble && !politician

(Carmen raised eyebrows)

Carmen: …

Carmen: So you are going to \*oppose\* them, right?

Carmen: I did a little digging into your history, and—

If politician && dissemble

Carmen is looking into my eyes. It’s not clear that she believes me, but she isn’t speaking up.

(merge)

You: Next question, please.

Choice 4:

-You there, Seerist in the white priestly robes.

-You there, militiaman from anti-xeno group Sons of Man.

-You there, scarred tough in gangster clothes.

-...can I just talk to a normal reporter?

If Seerist:

The Seerist representative smiles at me beautifically.

Seerist: Hello, Director!

Seerist: It’s lovely to meet the local caretaker of Seera’s Chosen.

(Eyes closed)

Seerist: May we serve her well.

Seerist: Your predecessor, Director Glass, was quite amenable to the Seerist cause…

Seerist: Can we trust that you, too, will be respectful and jurisprudent in the treatment of the Chosen?

(jump to pro\_xeno?)

If SoM

The militiaman from the Sons of Man nods warily at me, a bare incline of the head.

Militiaman: Howdy, ‘Director’.

Militiaman: I won’t mince words.

Militiaman: Are you gonna be licking xeno boots like Glass was?

(jump to pro\_xeno?)

If Gangster

Bearcat: Hey.

Bearcat: …

You: …

You: Did you have a question?

Bearcat: A couple.

Bearcat: But I mostly just wanted to see whether you’d talk with someone like me.

And with that, she departs.

(hide bearcat)

(jump Morita\_interrupt)

If Reporter:

Carmen: Hello again.

Ah, shoot. You meant to point at a different reporter, but this one seemed to just...get in the way.

Carmen: So, let’s talk about your past—

(Jump morita\_interrupt)

Label pro\_xeno?

Choice 3

-Celebrating the Gifted is one of the most important purposes of the XRB.

If polit

Through careful phrasing and meaningful eye contact, you communicate your favoritism in a way that the other factions won’t pick up on. The Seerist nods, pleased.

Else.

The Seerist looks satisfied, but the militiaman from the Sons of Man has a look of complete disgust on his face. Looks like you’ve lost points with that faction.

-The purpose of the XRB is to control xenos.

If polit

Through careful phrasing and meaningful eye contact, you communicate your favoritism in a way that the other factions won’t pick up on. The Sons of Man militiaman nods, satisfied.

Else.

The militiaman from the Sons of Man smiles with grim satisfaction, but the Seerist representative looks downright horrified. Looks like you’ve lost points with that faction.

-I’m going to do my job. No more, no less.

Everyone looks vaguely disappointed at your non-answer, but also, unsurprised.

Label morita\_interrupt

Morita: Director! Get down!

Morita bursts out of the building, sidearm in hand.

(Show Morita)

Morita: Look—

He points to a nearby building, where, on the roof, a figure is visible in silhouette—

The reporters turn, and immediately begin taking pictures, narrating what they’re seeing to the live radio audience.

Morita squints at the figure on the roof.

Morita: Oh.

(Morita unhappy)

He sighs exasperatedly.

Morita: It’s just Gecko.

(Dossier Updated)

Morita: ...posturing fuckwit.

Militiaman: See?! We’re already being menaced by Xenos.

Seerist: These vigilantes are keeping the city safe!

Seerist: From you!

King: Well, folks, I think that’s all the questions we have time for today.

King: We’ll have another press conference in a month or so.

King: ...or sooner, if anything noteworthy happens.

King: Thank you for coming!

(indoors)

King: That went...okay.

King: I think that’s the last thing on your agenda for today, and it’s getting late…

King: I’m going to head out.

King: Tomorrow you’ll need to rework the budget, and make a few decisions about this department’s direction.

(King wink)

King: I recommend more funding into the public relations department.

(King normal)

King: See you tomorrow.

So concludes your first day at XRB Chicago.

(Black screen)

Day 2:

(show house)

You wake up.

It always takes a while to used to the sight of an unfamiliar ceiling…

Your apartment is a single-bedroom bachelor suite that the XRB bought for you. They picked it for location, not comfort, and that’s readily apparent.

The place is certainly...ready for your personal touch. It’s like some alien government auditor went through a checklist of what items humans require and then fulfilled that.

Bed: Check.

Couch: Check

Dining table: Check

Radio: Check

The first glimmers of pre-dawn sunshine stream through dirty windows without the impediment of drapes. There’s insect screens over them, and the breeze from outside is warm and weedy; it smells like plant blood.

You exhale. It'll do.

A little cramped, a little Spartan, but you’ll live. You've lived in worse places. Materially speaking and... otherwise.

If criminal

You clench your jaw as your hangover hits you like a brick. You had a bit of a celebration alone last night, to congratulate yourself on your new job. Good stuff...though it IS a shame that you’ve now used up the last your personal stock....

If Military

Your hand slides to the service revolver under the pillow. The familiar sensation of cool metal and wood is reassuring.

If Politician

… it’s hard to imagine how far you’ve fallen. Just a few months ago you were rubbing elbows with New York socialites and judges. The heir apparent…

If scientist

You wake up with a quick integral problem to get the juices flowing. Ten jumping jacks later, you’ve turned on the radio, poured yourself a glass of milk, and are ready to start the day off right with a nutritious breakfast of oatmeal and raisins.

You always brush your teeth in the shower. You did the math, and found that it saves you about thirty-five seconds per day. Plus, it’s a great time to start mentally rehearsing all the conversations you’re going to have.

(merge)

You hear a knock at the door. Probably the milkman leaving fresh dairy.

Still wearing a robe and slippers, you yawn and go to collect your items.

On the doorstep is a newspaper, a cool glass bottle of sweet cow nectar, and a small bag. You grab all three and bring them inside.

You sit at the dining room table and open the bag.

This bag contains several thick wads of $100 bills.

If Criminal

You blink for a moment, trying to think despite the headache crimping your blood vessels. This is definitely some gang trying to bribe you. Probably the Chicago outfit…

You pour yourself a cup of coffee. This is a thing you’ll need to think about.

If Military

You figured something like this would happen at some point. Its unlikely to be those xenophile Seerists, but it would be pleasing to bring the hammer down on them for trying to bribe an official.

No. It has to be the Chicago outfit...

If Politics

Oh look, a bribe.

You pour yourself a cup of coffee. This is a thing you’ll need to think about.

If Scientist

...is this....

...is someone trying to BRIBE you??

...Maybe it’s a mistake…

You try to control your breathing

You fail.

All the positivity you’d been building up with your morning routine comes screeching to a halt.

This is not a good day...not a good day at all.

You hide the bag, so the sight of it doesn’t stress you out. You should...you should talk to Nevin. He’ll know what to do.

(merge)

(show office)

(show Nevin)

Nevin: Good morning, Director.

if scientist

Nevin: I trust you had a nice—

You: NEVIN

You: I found a BRIBE

You: W-what should I do?

(show nevin eyebrows up)

Nevin: I have some experience at these matters.

Nevin: Anonymous donations to the XRB are not...uncommon.

Nevin: This could easily be rolled into our monthly funding reports, without any incident or hassle.

Else:

Nevin: I trust you had a nice morning…

You: Mostly…

Nevin: I almost hate to ask, but…

Nevin: Did you happen to receive any kind of...bribe?

You pause, very slightly.

Nevin: Every director that starts here is given the “test” by the Chicago outfit.

Nevin: We have a few options for how to handle it.

Nevin: This is a test, and how you respond to the test communicates to the gangs what relationship you’ll be having with them.

Nevin: Director Glass set it on fire and threw it into a speakeasy…

Nevin: But if you want to signal anything more...live-and-let-live, then you’ll need to handle the situation more delicately.

Nevin: Anonymous donations to the XRB are not...uncommon.

Nevin: This could easily be rolled into our monthly funding reports, without any incident or hassle.

[Polit: You infer that this is not the first time Nevin has laundered a bribe. Intersting. He, or someone else on your staff, is also on the payroll of the Outfit.]

Nevin: What are you thinking?

You pause. This is the first real moment when you need to decide whether you’re staunchly anti-corruption. Looks like you have a choice to make.

[Criminal: Of course, if you want to signal to the Outfit that you’re, y’know, PRO-corruption, you need to spend this money on yourself.]

(merge)

Choice 3

-Give it to King. He’ll publicize the bribe attempt and make it clear we’re rejecting it.

-Give it to Nevin. He’ll make this problem go away.

-...I...could use a new suit.

(merge)

Nevin: Of course, Director.

(hide Nevin)

(black screen)

The choice is made.

(show office)

If Anti-corrupt

(show King)

King: About time we had a director with some balls!

King: I’ll have a press release ready in an hour.

King: We can drag those bastards over the coals and look great doing it.

King: And let me just say, Director…

King: I’m glad you made the right choice.

(-2 Chicago Points, or something)

If corrupt

You: I’ll take care of it. Forget we had this conversation.

Nevin: ...of course, Director.

(merge)

Show king

Show nevin

An hour passes, and you find yourself staring at your schedule for the next two weeks. It’s...more than full, it’s double-booked in some places, and there’s no way that you’ll be able to meet with everyone.

King: So.

King: Pretty much every self-important stiff and his mother has requested a meeting with you. Your secretary and myself have narrowed down the list to a half dozen, but you only have enough flex time to focus on...maybe two more problem areas.

King: You can reach out to factions to improve our ongoing relationships—

Nevin: Or, you could choose to focus on improving one or more aspects of the XRB branch here, you know, bring that personal touch.

(Nevin smile)

Nevin: There’s a lot to be said for knowing the people you work with.

King: Of course, there’s only so much that can be done with one-off meetings.

King: Whatever you choose today, you should probably intend to make that your focus for a while.

King: If you want my recommendation, I’d suggest meeting with the different factions in the city.

Nevin: Though—

King: But, well, I’m probably pretty biased towards thinking in terms of public relations.

King: Of course, agreeing to meet with any faction sends a message to the other groups, and it’s very hard to be friends with EVERYONE.

King shrugs.

King: Up to you, director.

(Label personal\_touch\_act\_one)

Click on a choice to hear more about it.

(Pick two)

-Visit our xenos in the barracks.

-Visit the XRB agents in the vehicle bays. \*(no time cost for military)

-Meet with King about PR matters.

-Meet with Trick in the powers lab.

-Meet with the Sons of Man.

-Meet with the Seerists.

-Meet with Artemis’ gang

-(if criminal or bribed) Visit a speakeasy. \*(No time cost for Criminal)

(lets put these infodumps as blurbs that expand after you click on the name but before you choose YES im doing this)

King: I bet our xenos would benefit from getting to know you a little better. Probably reassuring to the troops, y’know? And this’ll be an opportunity for them to air any grievances, or bring matters to your attention.

King: We’ve got good agents, and Morita’s a fine leader, but it’d probably improve morale if they were to meet with you. Plus, I bet they’d be happy to help you brush up on your self-defense skills. Some Directors end up seeing combat, y’know?

King: If you’re interested, I’d be happy to meet with you to discuss some troubles we’ve been having with recruitment lately. Between Artemis, the Outfit, and the Seerists, we’re only getting maybe one in five of the xenos in the city to sign up with us.

King: I don’t really know what you and Trick would talk about, but that doesn’t mean it wouldn’t be valuable. Her latest research, maybe?

King: Lay Priestess Batista. She is the nominal head of the Chicago Seerist Assembly. More of a figurehead or spokesperson really. Speakeasy \*\*\*Codex Update\*\*\* is the real one calling the shots. But she’s still important to meet with, and to delay too long might offend the Seerists.

King: Master Sergeant Patrick Hull. Served with distinction during the Insurrection Years—I understand he was on the ground during the pacification of Baltimore. He’s the current spokesperson for the \*\*\* Codex Update!\*\*\* Sons of Man. He was never quite able to re-integrate into civilian society and the Sons were able to recruit him after the war wound down. They might be the most heavily militarized group in this area, ourselves included. Tread carefully.

King: The vigilante Gecko wants to meet as well, judging by the note stuck into our front door with a knife. Normally I wouldn’t suggest you meet with a wanted criminal from Artemis’ Gang, but... the local, unaffiliated xenohumans have been flocking towards these vigilantes, as Artemis provides “no strings attached” protection from the more aggressive recruitment practices that the Outfit uses.

King doesn’t know about the speakeasy, and you shouldn’t tell him. It’ll probably be a nice place to meet with the members of the Chicago Outfit, and whoever else likes to drink.

(Choice is made)

King: Understood.

Nevin: I’ll let the appropriate parties know.

King: Your first free hour is now, so…

King: No time like the present.

(go to first choice)

# “Personal Touch” Scenes, Act One

**Xeno Barracks**

(show barracks)

(show Wedge)

Wedge: Director.

You: Wedge.

Wedge: …

[if polit: You: Wedge, excellent to see you—I was just thinking that to properly arrange this unit, I needed to hear from the man in charge.]

You: So, how are things around here?

Wedge: We’re available to deploy and our response times are consistently under twenty minutes.

You: I meant something more like…

You: How well do you all function as a group?

(Wedge looking away)

Wedge: …

Wedge: Our current patrol schedule has some problems.

Wedge: The shifts Glass put us on have me and Centurion on patrol in the morning, with Star and Skunk in the evening.

Wedge: The reasoning behind this is that Star and Skunk can both fly, so they can function as a fast response team.

Wedge: This is a terrible idea.

Wedge: Star’s powers are very variable, and they fluctuate a lot with her mood and confidence levels.

Wedge: Skunk hates Star, and Star knows it.

Wedge: Star can barely fly when she’s with Skunk.

Wedge: I recommend in the strongest possible terms that you switch the patrol schedule to be Centurion and Star in the afternoon, with Skunk and I in the morning.

You: Won’t that remove the fast-response unit?

Wedge: Yes.

You: Hm.

[politician: Do you have any objection to working with Skunk? It seems like she’s a divisive character.]

Wedge: ...

Wedge: Two functional units are better than one.

You: Well…

Choice 2:

-Change to the new schedule. Can’t patrol if you hate each other.

-Glass knew what he was doing. Keep the fast response unit.

(merge)

Wedge: Understood.

You: What else?

Wedge: All of us are on-call all the time. It would be nice if you could find more xenos.

Wedge: Also, Skunk is an alcoholic and Star has crippling anxiety issues.

Wedge: The XRB has specialist psychiatrist-xenos. I think this team would benefit from hiring one.

[Politician: And Wedge could probably benefit, too.]

You: I’ll take that under advisement.

Wedge: See you around.

**Meeting the XRB Response Teams (non-xeno)**

(show barracks)

(show Morita not angry)

Morita: Director, It is a pleasant surprise to see you making us a priority, and I know my men will take heart in that. Most people forget the the xenohuman agents of the XRB only make up a small portion of the organization—

Morita: ...and if I were to be honest, half of ours have no place on a response team. We get the job done, and they get the glory (Bitter).

[Military: You: We know better. But...]

You: I suppose there is that perception, yes.

(Morita annoyed)

Morita: Perception?

[scientist: You: Welllllll, would it not be fair to characterize many xenohumans as simply better? I mean, Skunk can fly and deploy crowd-dispersing foam, Centurion is bulletproof—]

(Morita annoyed)

Morita: Let me cut you off there.

Morita: Skunk is absolutely a liability. While she might follow commands—

Morita: —somewhat—

Morita: -in the field, half the time she’s drunk or doesn’t show up when called,

[Scientist: Wha-]

Morita: And, Centurion, that kid’s heart just ain’t in it, if I’m being honest. He’s always down to rough up some street tough—somebody that can’t hurt him— but he’s never tangled with a real threat.

[Scientist: He-]

Morita: I don’t know how he’d respond, really. He’s been resistant to putting in the hours needed to improve his close combat skills or even learn to shoot.

Morita: And don’t you get me started on Star!

[Scientist: But-]

Morita: Sure, she can fly, and shoot laser beams out of her eyes, or whatever.

Morita: But if she was so tough, how come she got kidnapped by two stiffs with a knife? None of my boys would have been caught like that!

You: I see…

You: You have some valid points, but they’re your teammates too.

You: They don’t have the benefit of years of training, and it’s our job to make them effective.

(morita looks away)

Morita: …

(Morita looks back)

Morita: I’m sorry, Director, that outburst was inappropriate. But most of the xenohumans here are amateurs, Wedge excluded. It’s dangerous to send them out as they are.

You: But Wedge has more experience?

(Morita unhappy)

Morita: Wedge used to be one of us, before he got powers.

Morita: But now he’s got a much tighter leash, and instead of commanding a squad of elite agents, he’s got…

Morita: Y’know. Skunk and the rest.

Morita: If you can get the xenos to come down here, we’re more than willing to train them up.

Morita: Speaking of which, I know your job is pretty hands off, but you’re invited to drill with us and brush up your skills.

Morita: Glass, ah…

Morita: Didn’t.

You: ...

You: So what’s the tactical situation look like?

Morita: Not great.

Morita: We could probably defeat the Sons of Man, but we need heavier munitions to deal with the heavy-hitting X’s that the gangs are packing.

Morita: Specifically Bludgeon.

Morita: He’s probably the worst in terms of immediate threat-to-the-population.

Morita: We keep finding people who “got hit by a car”, while witnesses swear they saw Bludgeon elsewhere at the time.

Morita: And really, I’m not sure what we could do if we DID arrest him. Or any of the other powerful xenos. The brick walls of our holding cells wouldn’t hold.

You: So what would be your specific requests?

Morita: (thoughtful look?)

Morita: I think we need more *professional* XRB operatives, heavier weapons, a more secure holding cell, and additional transportation. In that order.

Morita: In the meantime, Director…

Morita: Let’s get you a sidearm.

**PR Center**

King: Director, thank you for making time to visit!

King: I know it’s easy to get distracted by all the glamour of flying superheroes, and elite tactical response teams…

King: But they are, in my opinion, an afterthought to the real mission of the XRB.

King: Our purpose is the recruitment and management of xenohumans, ensuring that they end up as productive, contributing members of society…

King: And to that end we are completely failing.

King: Public perception of this branch is at an all time low, and we’re just having trouble competing with the recruitment methods of the Seerists and the Outfit.

King: The Outfit take a carrot-and-the-stick approach, offering money and power if you join, and trouble for your family members if you don’t…

King: While the Seerists are a cult that reveres xenos as demigods, and thinks that breeding with them will improve the human race.

King: You can see how those could be appealing pitches, when compared to our “government job, government salary, 24/7 on-call to fight crime, and sometimes you get flattened by King Kong” package.

King: And to compound matters, The death of Glass has pretty much eroded any confidence we held with the public.

(King smile)

King: But. We’re not out of the game yet.

King: I have plans in the work for a media BLITZ.

King: We can buy radio time, make recruitment posters of our heroes, interview the more sociable ones…

King: We’re targeting feelings of patriotism, of hometown pride…

King: ...and reminding people that every once in awhile we get Tyrants.

King: If you can approve more funding for PR, we can set up a secondary recruitment center, talk with HQ about launching this advertising blitz, provide more competitive incentives for signing up.

King: I’m hoping that the crux of the issue is that our message just isn’t getting out, rather than the we’re actually presenting something unappealing.

(King looks away)

King: Independently of that…

(King looks back)

King: I’d like to launch a negative ad campaign against the Seerists, noting that they’re unpatriotic hedonistic libertines who seduce good xenos away from the XRB and America.

King: What’s more, it wouldn’t be particularly hard to start rumors about Speakeasy. His power makes everyone easygoing and agreeable, and he’s always seen with a lot of young Seerist women…

(King looks away.)

King: ...ahem.

(King looks back)

King: That said, doing this kind of targeted push would damage our relations with the Seerists, and you should keep that in mind before ticking off on this.

[if polit: Damage them irreversibly, you’d expect. This is a fine idea if you’re willing to burn that relationship in exchange for one to two new xenohumans on your team.]

King: Interested?

Choice 2:

-I didn’t want to be friends with the Seerists anyway. Let’s poach their xenos.

-Let’s not resort to mudslinging.

King: Understood.

King: …

King: Anyway, let me know by the end of the day whether you’ll be funding the new recruitment center.

If politician:

You: Hm, have we considered hosting any kind of fundraising gala?

King: …

King: ...that’s a great idea.

King: It’ll probably take some time to set up…

King: But yeah, I’ll make this happen in a month.

King: Oh, we’re gonna get good prices for booking ahead of time, too…

(merge)

You: Sounds good.

**Powers Lab**

You wander into the powers testing lab. Trick is reading over some dossiers when you enter, but she looks up with a smile.

Trick: Oh, Director!

[if science: You: Ah, erm, heh...I-...Doctor Trick, how nice to…]

You: Hello.

Trick: You’re doing the rounds?

She glances at her notes briefly, and then back to me.

Trick: If you’re collecting a wishlist from people, I have two requests.

Trick: The first; the lab needs more funding.

Trick: Secondly, I’d like you to order our xenos to report for advanced powers testing.

You: I see.

You: What are you buying with the additional funding?

Trick: Current thinkers believe that interesting insight can be gleaned into powers’ functionality and drawbacks through use of a quantum resonance topography scanner.

If science:

You: No they fucking don’t

(trick surprise)

Trick: …

You: …

Trick: Huh?

You: I read that paper and it was unsubstantiated dreck

You: It wasn’t even wrong. It was just a lot of nonsense technobabble words strung together by some Seerist who wanted a grant

Trick: ...

You: Are you a Seerist who wants a grant

Trick: …

You: …

Trick: Okay, I basically just want a whole bunch of different drugs for them

Trick: Sometimes peoples’ powers shift when they’re in dramatically alien states of emotion or mind, and usually these shifts mean MORE functionality, permanently.

Player: I know.

Player: And the powers-testing?

Trick: I want to send our xenos to a powers-testing retreat.

You: Which one

Trick: ... El-Shaddai.

You: The Seerist summer camp?

Trick: They’re legitimate!

Trick: Look, have I not sold you on this yet?

Trick: Ongoing powers-testing is one of the most important functions of the science department…

Trick: Sometimes xenos’ powers change over time; sometimes we thought we understood them but didn’t actually.

Trick: Or sometimes we find ways to squeeze a little more use out of seemingly-useless powers.

Trick: I’d be very interested to see if we couldn’t get more functionality out of Skunk and Wedge, or find a way to better control Star’s abilities.

Player: Sounds good. I’ll be happy to tell them to report for testing...

If scientist:

Player: But we’re sending them somewhere other than El-Shaddai.

Trick: ...of course, Director.

Player: And I’ll get back to you about whether the lab will get more funding.

Trick: Of course, Director.

(Scientist: Hm...I wonder how doing those drugs would interact with my power.)

**A SoM invitation (if Military)**

-Doesn’t happen, but they show up during the Flare event

**The Seerist “Afternoon Delight” party**

-Party God comes out and there’s clearly an orgy going on inside. He offers you some kind of refreshment and talks about Seerist motivations

**Artemis Townhall**

Morita: So.

Morita: I hear you’re going to meet with Artemis.

Morita: I don’t think those amateurs are going to try anything crazy, but I’d like to come with, and bring some agents, just in case.

Player: Sounds good to me.

(black screen)

You arrive at the specified location—a deserted back alley, not too far away from the XRB headquarters.

It’s quiet here, and you’re a little thankful for the escort. It would be pretty easy to get the drop on one person alone.

Morita: Director—

Morita: Don’t let Gecko...worry you.

Morita: He’s a little screwy, but he thinks of himself as a force for good. He would never harm us.

*Gecko: Of course not…*

*Gecko: ...unless you start taking BRIBES.*

[[Gecko appears]](http://klat.com/sites/default/files/adam%20west%20batman.jpg)

Gecko: Dirrrrrector! It is so good to finally meet...my new civilian counterpart.

Gecko: Glass was a good man. He never compromised with the mob…

Gecko: He will be missed.

Gecko: I, too, am no stranger to sacrifice, in the name of justice—

Morita: Why are we here, Gecko?

Gecko: I’m glad you asked!

Gecko: I’m going to kick the hornet’s nest, and I need to know which way the dominoes are going to fall.

Morita: What?

Gecko: A wise man doesn’t pull on the dragon’s tail until he knows the mountain is behind him.

Player: What?

[politician: Oh, you’re going to...provoke one of the gangs?]

Gecko: I’m going to see what I can do to about the Outfit’s baby, and I want to know you bulls have got my back.

Gecko: So what’ll it be? I know the Outfit’s weak points, and I know just how to hit ‘em in the dough, squeeze the supply of panther sweat until Furie starts having kittens.

[politician: I imagine that cutting off their liquor supply would certainly crimp the Outfit’s revenues.]

Gecko: So are you with me?

Player: Can you tell me more about what you’re planning to do?

Gecko: Too many people here, can’t tell you. I’m not saying it’s you, Director, but someone in your outfit’s been giving you the doublecross. Everything I told to Glass came back to bite me…

(Gecko unhappy)

Gecko: Including the time I invited him out to lunch with us at a local diner.

Gecko: So nah, I work alone.

Morita: You work with Artemis.

Gecko: She’s the only one I got left.

Gecko: Dirrrrrrector!

Gecko: I’m gonna torpedo the Outfit and I don’t want to be left holding the bag.

Gecko: Can I count on you to back me up?

Choice 2:

-Yes. Time to clean up this city.

(Gecko smiling)

Gecko: Excellent.

Gecko: It’s good to see that...I have an ally…

Gecko: In JUSTICE.

-Without knowing what you’re going to do, I’m sorry, I can’t promise anything.

Gecko: I see.

Gecko: Director, there is going to come a reckoning…

Gecko: And when that day comes, I hope you haven’t taken made too many compromises.

Gecko: It would be a shame if I could no longer call you...

Gecko: Human.

Gecko: ...

Gecko: I guess we don’t have anything else to talk about.

Gecko: Be seeing you, Dirrrrrector.

(hide Gecko)

With a sudden burst of athleticism, he jumps against the wall, and climbs it like a spider.

Morita: Huh.

Morita: What a weird guy.

(black)

**A Speakeasy (if criminal or bribed)**

\*Free for criminal, not for bribed characters, not open to non criminal non bribed characters\*

Ah, perfect.

They’re not hard, if you know how to look. A hand sign from a shopkeeper, or a few small marks carved into a doorframe, or…

DIRECTOR: MEET AT BASEMENT OF HUDSON & HAWK BARBERSHOP. FURIE SENT YOU.

Or sometimes very clear instructions are delivered to you in a pile of money. The world works in mysterious ways, and all that.

(barbershop storefront)

Well, looks innocuous enough. You shouldn’t be surprised that they’ve got a juice joint in the basement, but still, you wouldn’t have known without the tipoff.

(black screen)

You head inside. There’s an entirely normal hair-cutting operation happening in the front. You head to the back...

There’s a door that looks to head down into the basement. You knock, lightly.

Voice: Why are you knocking on our storage closet?

You blink...but you’ve played this game before.

You: Furie sent me.

There’s a silence, and then the sound of a heavy bolt being drawn back.

The door opens, and you descend the stairs.

(bg speakeasy)

You blink in the dim light. There’s quite a few people here, including…

Skunk: Why HELLO there!

Skunk: Haha, I knew it!

Skunk: I just knew you were after my own heart, Director.

You: Er-

(Hide skunk)

Bludgeon: You the new Director?

You look up. There’s a tall man with a thousand-yard-stare looming over you.

Bludgeon: Boss wants a word.

I glance behind him. Ah, yes, the devil herself.

(Show Bludgeon, Show Furie, Show Bearcat)

…

Furie: Hello, Director.

-Meet Fury, Bludgeon, et al

Alchemist and a Son of Man are talking and agreeing to some kind of illicit tinkertech deal. Skunk is in the bar.

(Label: superreporter convo 1)

(show king)

King: Director, if I may?

You: Yes?

King closes the door behind him.

King: I took the liberty of slipping myself into this gap in your schedule.

Ah, yes. These ten minutes were marked as “water break”. Guess you can wait until tomorrow to pee.

King: I’d like to talk to you about a couple issues that came up at the press conference.

King: First, do you remember the talk of a chrysalis?

Player: Vaguely?

King: Someone called in a newly discovered chrysalis. This means we have a new xeno in town, and as of yet, we don’t know who they are or who they’re with.

King: We try to prevent this sort of thing. The XRB pays a bounty to anyone who calls in a pod, so that we can respond first in case they wake up…

King: ...alien…

King: But it’s actually pretty rare we get the heads up.

King: Ugh. Given how aggressively all the other groups recruit, I’m not surprised new X’s want to keep a low profile.

King: Plus, we’re pretty metropolitan, so they won’t have to worry about a lynch mob, but people still haven’t totally bounced back from the insurrection years.

King: Understandable, but...a real pain in the ass for us doing our jobs.

King: Anyway, we got some samples of the pod. Analysis is beginning now, but fingers crossed we’ll have more information on the powers in question soon.

Player: Wow, Trick can tell what powers someone has from examining the pod they came out of?

King: ...yep!

(if politician or criminal: I get the feeling that King isn’t telling me something...)

(if scientist: Wait, that’s not a thing modern science can do. Player: But— )

King: Anyway! Item two on the list:

King: Let’s talk about that unusually persistent reporter at the press conference.

King: I like to do a little research on anyone who’s going to be asking us tough questions…

King: And the thing is, she’s not registered with any of the local news outlets.

You: Huh?

You: She’s not a reporter?

King: Well, she IS, just...

King: Nobody local. She’s with some group from New York.

King: And she seems to be particularly interested in YOU.

[military or criminal: You feel a sudden prickling of sweat on the back of your neck. Reporters digging too deep into your past could be a GAME OVER for you.]

You: I see.

You: What do we do about it?

King: She hasn’t crossed any boundaries yet, so we don’t have any legal recourse.

[Criminal or military: ...though, if the situation gets bad, there’s probably some ILLEGAL recourse…]

King: I think, for now, our strategy has got to be “wait and see”.

King: I just wanted to let you know that you have an unknown person gunning for you.

You: Great.

King nods to you, businesslike.

King: I’ll let you get back to it.

(hide King)

Skunk ambushes you

Nevin returns an hour later. He gives no indication of the conversation you had earlier today.

Nevin: Hello, Director.

Later, Nevin asks you to work on the budget

Upgrade:

Xenohumans - Staff psychiatrist,

Soldiers and facility - base defense (heavier weapons, a more secure holding cell, and additional transportation)

(Military man scene of Bragg’s Roughnecks piling into a van with a bunch of crossed off xeno heads painted onto it. One guy has ridiculous acid burns on his face.)

PR team - Better image management!

Powers lab - basically incorrect unless youre scientist, in which case you unlock Wedge 2.0

Flare:

After whirlwind of a day meeting your new staff and outlining your vision for how this department should move forward you finally find yourself alone in your office with a daunting stack of paperwork that has built up since the absence of Director Glass. “This will be most of what this job is... “ you inwardly sigh \* as you sip on a cup of burnt coffee

\*If criminal\* As you sip from the hipflask you always carry with you, the reassuring burn of Canadian whisky is exactly what the doctor ordered for the headache all this bureaucratic bullshit is causing you]

When suddenly the an aid burst through your door, (embarrassed that you cannot remember her name, you opt to wait for them to speak)

Aid: Director! We just got the call that a xeno is going berserk in Uptown! There are civilian casualties. The police have set up a cordon around the area but they don’t know what the hell to do.

Dialogue tree:

If Scientist: Uhhhhhh… ok … uh Call Morita and uh… Wedge and have them handle this. Try to capture or talk down that uh… xeno and bring them in…

If Military: (You suppress a grin as the familiar surge of adrenaline hits) Understood, I will meet the assembled teams in the motor pool.

Otherwise: Fuck! Ok, I will meet Morita and Wedge in the motor pool.

\*Time Skip\*

Sloan: Sir, I just filed my complete report, do you really need for me to go over it again? \*codex update?\*

Director: Sometimes minor details are left out, I would like to hear the full story from you.

Sloan: \*Sigh\* Alright, so my squad was first to arrive on the scene around 1325 with Alpha Squad right behind us. We found that the police had set up a one cordon around the area to try and contain the xeno. The officer in charge was clearly spooked. He could only tell me that they thought it was a scared little girl and they had sent in a guy to try and calm her down. He was also able to point us to a alley a few buildings down as the last known location of the xeno. From our position in the street we could not see much other than a few burnt out cars, with people, or what were people, in them...

I had no idea where our own xenos were and I think the unknown xeno’s powers was somehow affecting the telephones in the area, I mean, all the equipment was acting up so I could not get a call out. We were going to just sit tight till the rest arrived but I saw that cop stumble out into the road with the girl behind him. He was clutching at this throat and well, burned up from the inside. Like fire came out of his mouth and he sort of wilted. It was fucking horrible sir. The girl immediately dived behind a car after a cop took a pot shot at her.

It must of made her more scared or something her because sparks started to float up from the ground everywhere and if they hit anything, they would melt and sort of wilt? Or deflate? anything they hit. I am not really sure what term to use here. At that moment I felt there was a clear danger to everyone stuck the the buildings on the streets as the sparks started to spread out from around the xeno. Alpha team went around back to try and flank her. Once they were inpostition my team advanced on the car. Alpha team had to law down some suppression after the kid tried to peak her head up.

I was able to get the drop on her, though it was not too hard as I found her rolled up in a ball screaming she was sorry or something. \*flash of guilt?\* I incapacitated her with the butt of my rifle and we were able to get her in the holding cell before she came too. I am NOT sure our cell will be able to hold her here safely and if she wakes up I don’t think we could transport her. Maybe if Dr. Trick has some sedatives…?

***Insurrection Years Monologue***

This started the Insurrection Years.

It became something of an epidemic, for powerful xenos to try to “claim territory”, to carve land out of a country and set themselves up as feudal lords. Some countries tried to hunt these xenos down...others just made sure they were targeting *foreign* countries.

(Bg riots, molotovs, some flying dude throwing fireballs)

Xeno-supremacist extremist groups encouraged this behavior. Others, like Seerists, didn’t encourage it so much as tacitly approve.

Public response was, to state the obvious, overwhelmingly negative. The citizenry had been preparing for xeno invasion for the past few years—and now they got it. Hell, as part of the preparation for invasion the nation had been busy arming and training “militia” to continue the resistance as a last ditch effort. What the hell did those insurrectionists think would happen?

Every few months, you’d hear stories about a new xeno, usually just some dumb kid, getting drunk on power and trying to actually “claim” a city—and getting gunned down like a dog.

Towns burned to the ground by xenos. Towns burned to the ground by lynch mobs looking for xenos. Towns burned to the ground by the governments, because the alternative was worse. All of our national unity and xeno-human brotherhood went right out the door once the first shot was fired.

… and it worked, more or less. The first mission of the XRB was to liberate all the few remaining xenohuman fiefdoms and put humans back in charge. It was a resounding success, but there was a long way to go towards reclaiming the public trust.

Act 2:

It’s been a month since Flare. Public response was (however it was). All-Staff meeting about that

Morita catches you up on the (probably) Sons of man bombing a seerist fuck palace

Trick explains the eugenics aspect and defends the fuck palace

Morita asks trick if she fucks a lot

Morita: So, uh…

Morita: Do you, uh, practice what you preach?

Trick: I’m doing Seera’s work in my own way.

Wedge: ...yeah, so’s Centurion.

Trick: Centurion is…

Trick: ...especially devout.

(Dossier on Sons of Man)

(Dossier on Seerists-mention their eugenics and fuck-parties)

Nevin: Both groups have expressed an interest in meeting with you.

Nevin: However, meeting with one will likely ruin relations with the other.

Morita has a conversation with you about grand strategy:

Artemis and Bludgeon gangs: we need to pick which one we’re fighting, basically.

Seerist Ice Age event; this is where your Inspire Loyalty perk comes in and you retain either Star or Centurion depending on who you are; Criminal notices your crew is acting real shifty

Ominous muttering re: Tyrants coming, we should maybe go proactive? Hunt down the gangs.

Dossiers on Capone xenos: Bludgeon, Bearcat, Alchemist,

Morita: Who should we focus on fighting?

Then private convos with xenohumans

Skunk claims PTSD, wants to talk with you privately. Tries to bone you

You refuse or not.

If you refuse, you begin the Scorn path

If you have sex with her, but don’t kowtow to blackmail, you begin Scorn

Otherwise, you begin the blackmail path.

Blackmail stages: She wants Wedge’s office, she wants to be team leader, she wants to throw a big drunken office party.

[Can the scientist actually refuse??]

[You realize it was a terrible, terrible choice when she demands that she have Wedge’s office]

Talk to Nevin

If you’re honest with Nevin, he tries to help, and you discuss a smear campaign/sending her to rehab/killing her.

Gratitude from whoever’s purchase you supported.

[if science, you copublish!]

Trick: I’m gonna publish a paper!

Wedge: Our recruitment center is now running well!

Morita: We got more soldiers /shrug

PR: Purchased faction-affection comes in

Meeting with the Sons of Man/Seerists.

(you can meet with neither, if you like)

You have the option to bring any xeno, or a response team, as your bodyguards/diplomatic assist

Artemis leaves you a tied up present: one of the gang members’ lieutenants: the Alchemist, who’s generating a shit ton of liquor.

(And an envelope of evidence demonstrating he’s guilty as all hell)

YOu have an interrogation with that person:

(if sloan is alive, they do a better interrogation)

You are the DIRECTOR. This morning, when you came in, you received a report that a pair of guards had discovered THE ALCHEMIST, tied up in front of your building, with a fat sack next to him labeled EVIDENCE.

Nevin: Sir, he's asking to speak to you. Says you should be getting a call from Capone to "sort out this mess"...

Do you want to meet with him?

You step into the holding cell.

The ALCHEMIST is here, a sour-faced little man in a slightly ill-fitting suit. He’s got a helluva black eye, and he’s watching at you with a bored expression, [but his twitching belies his anxiety. Whatever get-out-of-jail-free deal he had with the last director, there’s no guarantee it’ll carry over with you.]

Alchemist: Graves, was it?

He waves a hand dismissively.

Alchemist: Niceta meetcha, and all that.

His hands dart to his pockets like he’s looking for a cigarette—but all of his possessions were taken at the gate, of course.

Alchemist: Now I don’t know what you might be thinking, but…

Alchemist: Regardless of whatever ‘evidence’ that fire extinguisher Artemis gave you, I assure you…

Alchemist: I have never been, and never will be, convicted of any crime.

Alchemist: So. Maybe you oughta talk to the Fury to \*work something out\*…

Alchemist: In the meantime, maybe you’d like to know what all I know about Artemis?

Choice 2:

Option 1: We’re gonna nail you to the wall, bootlegger.

Option 2: Keep talking…

If 1:

The Alchemist shuts up in a hurry.

[ if soldier, you have a reputation as The Butcher, guy who really, really hates xenos]

[if criminal, you have a friendly relationship with this guy and he recognizes you]

Alchemist clarifies that they’re in no danger of conviction whatsoever

Alchemist gives you information re: Artemis

Capone /bludgeon/bearcat/stuttershock? arrive at your doorstep.

“There won’t be any problems with his processing, I trust. This has happened before, and he’s never been convicted of any crime...as he is, after all, innocent. Unless you have any evidence to the contrary…?”

[If scientist: HAHA WE TOTALLY DO]

[if politician you can be noncommittal]

Bludgeon is a changer.

Y/N turning in Alchemist.

(if you turn in alchemist, you can get another brick of cash)

You then meet with Artemis.

King convo re: PR

Wedge convo: change your response team?

Who should Foresight be investigating?

Reporter: dead draw, vaguely ominous

Sons of Man: prose re: sons of man arsenal

Artemis - heads up re: bludgeon fight

Capone’s group - Capone is talking on the phone

Skunk - skunk is boning some dudes

Timeslot choices

Military:

-Morita mentions that we should definitely kill Bludgeon and here is my plan to do so

Actually Meet with Sons of Man: Receive representative/ominous card.

The Sons of Man offer to help you with any xenohuman problems that arise: they’ll expect repayment for this favor.

Budget rejiggering

Science lab + : better screening

Second Military pump: lets you fight bludgeon meaningfully

Xenohuman pump: send Skunk to rehab for all of act 3

Politics two: secret dead draw

[if fury points: bludgeon is going to go apeshit; this reduces your response time].

Wedge bursts through the office door just as you settle in to drink your second cup of coffee at your desk

[if criminal: alt scene of you adding whisky, wedge will talk to you later about this]

Wedge: SIR!

Wedge: Bludgeon is tearing up downtown chasing Artemis!

Wedge: He apparently punched a trolley in half, and reports of injured civilians are coming in. I think he’s lost it for real this time.

Wedge: What are my orders, sir?

Choice 4:

A: send out all first responders to contain Bludgeon NOW, call in all assets on call and off duty personnel and send them as backup. [If military get a bonus truck of XRB agents to roll out?]

B: Call in all off duty assets. Wait until the full team is assembled, then deploy them together. (~25 minutes).

C: Call Fury. Bludgeon is her man, this is her responsibility to handle. and ask him what the hell is going on!? [The criminal can get Capone to deploy his team against him. Gaurantees victory, but Artemis dies]

D: Artemis has been nothing but trouble. Let’s just...wait a little while, first...

Artemis/bludgeon knockdown fight.

Police report to you that Bludgeon has murdered Gecko,

Artemis and Bludgeon are having a running downtown deathmatch,

[if capone points, you can call capone and have him hunt down Bludgeon for you]

[if Sons of Man, they can kill Bludgeon for you and then you owe a favor: you see a power armor parade coming down the street and flipping cars. They pin down Bludgeon and pneumatic hammer a railroad spike through his skull]

Depending on who you have responding to this, you either save Artemis or you don’t. Each xeno has a power score and you need to beat a target score.

Star: 2

Centurion: 1

Wedge: 1

Skunk: 0

Military 1: 1

2 or less: Artemis dies, Bludgeon dies, PR nightmare.

Score of 3: Artemis lives, Bludgeon dies

4 or more: Art lives, bludgeon capture

If you’ve captured bludgeon you have the option to turn him in to the government for a PR point. Or to hand him over to capone for a Capone point. If you hand him to Capone, Artemis won’t join you, however.

A:  
Second order set: contain bluedgon or try to rescue Artemis? (Only matters for one outcome)  
-Baseline: Artemis and Skunk deploy, tie up bludgeon and save Artemis. Moderate property damage and injuries. PR damage unless points in PR  
-If military, or with military spending will deploy a truck full of agents. Will contain damage. PR boost.  
-If changed schedule due to skunk blackmail, Skunk will not aid in fight. This leads to artemis death and PR damage.  
-If Agents deploy without Skunk, either PR boost or Artemis lives

B: saddle up boys. Artemis dies, bludgeon taken down in style. Depending on PR stats will hurt or help

C:   
If criminal you may ask for help. Same outcome as B with PR perks or injury depending.  
If you turned over alchemists eariler, fury calls you just as you are about to make a choice, offers to help and can save arty, PR injury "what is the XRB even doing?"  
-If antagonized or unaffiliated, fury says she no longer works with bledgeon and she washes her hands of the situation.   
  
If called SOM, they deploy mecha in city. PR injury. Bluedgon and Artemis die. Starts SOM quest chain

D. Artemis dies, do you   
-let bludgeon go? Likely Lose con unless you are a politician. Hurts. Unlocks bludgeon later as a character. Prompts team crisis  
-take down, same as B but prompts team crisis

King: Alright Director, here is the speech I wrote for you. Stick to these bullet points and then awnser a few questions afterwards.

[If scientist "Be polite, but also don't let them push you around...

King: ...

King: Actually, how about I give the speech, and you can handle the questions afterward?

Scientist: …I guess?

King: Okay. I know you get nervous, but you’re the goddamn Director.

King: You’re a lion. You’ve gotta BE the lion.

Scientist: I’m...a lion!

King: You’re a lion!

Scientist: RAAAAR!

King: (disgust)

]

Don't be overly hostile but also don't let them push you around. You got this!

(if you’re on the blackmail path with Skunk, she demands that you announce she’s team leader at the press conference)

Press conference with reporter:

If skunk scorn (any), reporter asks you about the Skunk sexual harassment suit

If [military], reporter focused on your history more than recent events.

If [corruption], reporter really twists your nips about bludgeon

If [zero capone points], you hear that there’s a public bounty on your head.

If [sons of man] reporter chews your ass re: bludgeon murder

If [you don’t meet with Seerists of Sons of man] reporter bitches you out

Show press conference filmreel;

Talking about instituting the draft; protests in the streets

“Send the supers!” sign or something

Act 3:

Xeno serial killer (deathwise operative) is happening.

A striker type who makes people into flesh abominations, then writes deathwise messages in their entrails

[if sons of man

Centurion kills a SoM member in a bar. SoM demand you give them Centurion.

You probably have a politician option wherein you transfer Centurion to a different place.

If you do hand him over, Trick leaves]

[if seerists

You tie up a military unit protecting the Seerists.]

Note: show the bar scene! Centurion plus SoM officer.

UNLESS you’ve sided Seerist AND given them military backing, Centurion kills the officer.

[if capone enemy, rasa comes to kill you in your office and a third person interrupts. You don’t really remember it.]

[if military: you defeat Rasa, he explains he was hired by Capone to kill you. You arrest him, he escapes because duh.]

[scientist and criminal realize the sitch]

[Rasa’s goal is actually to frighten you and get Alchemist back. He leaves a note to that effect; you have the option to capitulate.]

Reporter meeting/ come to jesus threat moment

She mentions the relationship between Trick and Vivisect

[scientist discovers reporter’s power]

[politician gets a heads up re: rasa]

Budget gratitude

New money distribution

Science lab + :

Second Military pump: bodyguards against Rasa

Xenohuman pump:

Politics two:

Foresight prioritizing:

Search for serial killer

Watch Seerists

Watch SoM

Watch Capone

(If she watches serial killer or Seerists, she gets the Deathwise lead.]

If you have high science lab, you can screen people and gain some Woobie superhero who would otherwise be picked up by the Deathwise

PR crisis is Skunk / reporter

Sons of man offer to kill skunk for you, if you’ll also let them kill Centurion

Doing this will ally you with the SoM, unless you’re already hard Capone

If you accepted bribe and Capone is enemy, reporter kills you with that in act 3, unless you handle her somehow.

You can send military to kill reporter

You can try to talk her out of it

Politician talks her out of it,

Military man can kill her

Criminal can kill her

Scientist discovers her power through fun trap -- having her read a card with her power on it.

You can send a xeno to kill reporter

Which one?

If skunk, you’re fucked

If star, you lose star out of disgust

If wedge, he reports you

[If Rasa is still alive, he kills you unless you’re Scientist OR you have high military score]

[if Military +++] you can fight the Sons of Man head on.

With Deathwise TipOff, you can infiltrate the warehouse cult meeting before you raid.

Who infiltrates?

skunk : dies, you get raided

Centurion: you get raided

Star: you get raided, she kills an enemy

Artemis: Goes flawlessly, you can launch raid

Foresight: goes flawlessly, you can launch raid

Nevin: you get raided

I WILL GO PERSONALLY!: you die, unless you’re the scientist, in which case you have the option to change teams.

A very lethal PR conference

[if politics ++++ you gain reporter for your team]

For climax of Act 3, Deathwise raid you unless you preemptively strike (with the Deathwise Tip-Off)

A failure condition: Vivisect converts Trick into a kaiju—they had an existing relationship at a previous convent, and have scissored

Act 4:

[if science ++++ Scene of Wedge being singuloth, pulling pins on grenades and storing them and being happy for once]

[if science-secret you’ve become a Tyrant and are fighting U Lovac]

[if politician-secret you’ve killed your entire team and get U Lovac]

[if Military-secret...idk ]

[if criminal +++, you have the ending of you on a boat as the city burns in the background]

Mother of worms is a thresher maw who spits multiple varieties of worms:

Lil Chub: who takes bites

Giant boas, who constrict

The Sovereign worms, who hijack the central nervous system

Timeline:

Figure out what art assets we want as banners on the Patreon

-We want Star v Witch, with the Director watching through the window.

-We want Bludgeon hulking out, backed up by a bunch of disinterested tommygun boys, picking up some rando and looking intimidating.

-Director leaning out of a car and shooting a pistol at Mollusk

Order those art assets

Message programmers to figure out technical limitations of Ren’Py; can we do the board game thing? How much will it cost? What art assets will it require?

Finish writing the plot

Revised:

Alien ship deep under the ocean is spitting out xeno powers; the minor-AI-caretaker is trying to get the stored alien uploads out of memory and into some nice human host bodies, overwriting the human minds in the process. However, despite its gentle evolutionary nudges and interventions over the past 65 million years, we’re still not ready to host them. But, it can wait no longer; the ship is deteriorating and trying to spit out as many packets as it can.

- The process of getting superpowers is: you pass out, then you wake up, knowing a word that to your bones describes you, even when it really doesn’t.

“Gardener. Tunneler. Surgeon. Entertainer. Artisan. Weatherman. Rosebush.”

And the xenos get vaguely irritated when people try to clarify this word, and although they KNOW it isn’t right, it’s also right. And no, english doesn’t have the right word for it, but it’s really viscerally annoying how you keep saying words that aren’t right.

“ ‘Doctor’? You thought ‘doctor’ was close to surgeon? Ugh, you don’t understand at all. I’m a surgeon, but for the stuff between atoms.”

“Like...a quantum—”

“No. Completely wrong. The stuff between atoms. I’m a *surgeon*.”

(Subject’s powers involve the brief, explosive creation of miniature pocket universes)

Because tantalizing hints of organic structure make taxonomy fun!

The categorization of powers is semi-predictable, but with odd outliers and inliers. A lot of strong, resilient fighters are “Gardeners”, but so are some people who can fly and have no other apparent powers.

-Sometimes, the packet is so corrupted it lacks the Header or Footer or something, and starts doing minor physical changes to people; their Concept-word comes through all scrambled (e.g., “sidanibib”) and they tend to be mildly monstrous and somewhat more powerful than people who only got as much packet as they could safely hold.

Some people get a whole lot of glitchy alien instructions downloaded to their brain, AND a whole lot of glitchy alien instructions downloaded to their body; these are Tyrants; they tend to go into a berserk rage pretty immediately.

For whatever reason, several of the concept words cause the bearer to immediately go into a suicidal fugue upon receipt of it; we have yet to recover a “Speaker” alive

Seera was a powerful precog (the best ever known) who publically announced that aliens were coming to wage war on humanity, and that all humanity needed to unite to face the threat.

Add this detail somewhere:

1. Because Furie has dedicated the top floor of her building to be her office/landing pad (she can fly) people alternatively call it the apiary/birdcage/idk whatever, and someone makes a joke that she just shits on the floor up there.
2. The guy who made the joke is jazzed that he got invited to visit her in her office, and is hoping that this means that he’s gonna make partner.
3. You hear in the newspaper that the guy in question tragically jumped to his death off of the top floor of Fury’s tower. Quote Fury: “A shame and a waste that such a passionate and outspoken man would meet an end like this—let us remember his example.”

[New power blocks](https://mthec.files.wordpress.com/2009/02/egf02.png) forming post-United Earth

Indo-China-Russia just absorbs a bunch of nearby neighbors.

Pacific Alliance (Australia SE Asia)

Basically all North America is a group, maybe South America joins the party

All xenos have the option to go for Special Forces; this lets them wear the UE uniform and sometimes get called away to hot zones.

We should probably have a UE xeno get called away in some earlier act. Wedge?

**Tiers System**

At each act, you get budget points. 2 in act 1, 1 in act 2, 1 in act 3.

Tiers of Upgrade:

***Staff Acquisitions and Retention***

- Hire specialist psychiatrist xeno, contributing to retaining Centurion and Star (necessary for Singuloth)\*

- Skunk gets rehab...and so can you! (Criminal)

***Military***

-Heavy munitions, new trucks, new holding cell, beginning the base armor. (This will allow you to save Artemis)

-Improved base defense (Impresses SoM, thwarts Mollusk)

\*If you are military, you get some free dudes (your military power is a function of idk e.g.;

(military dudes \* weapon score) + additive\_xeno\_score + situational\_boons

\*\*If you are military, you deputize the Sons of Man

***Public Relations***

- Build recruitment center\* (you recruit a xeno in act 2...and you can poach a seerist xeno too)

- Launch the Fundraising Gala \*\*\*

- (Politician only: Unite the clans)

\*Politician sets up the Fundraising Gala early and for free with an attention point.

\*\*If you are the politician, and all factions have at least neutral regard, you hit the Unite The Clans ending.

\*\*\*A corrupt criminal will get a free money point here as Furie pays for the gala

***Science***

-Bunch of powers-augmenting drugs, which will pay off in Act 2 to upgrade someones’ utility (Centurion, Artemis, or one of the as-of-yet-unnamed xenos you can recruit)

-Foresight can use her engine to investigate a gang and give you superb, actionable information about them

-(Scientist Only: Become An Eldritch Horror)

If you are the scientist:

-sometime in act 3 Foresight confronts you and you have to turn back or kill her

-You can become Cthulu on the dark path, with the deathwise

If you are the military:

-You get a bunch of free squaddies in act 1

If you are the politician, and you talk to King, you get the gala for free

If you are the criminal, you…?

**Personal Touch Bonuses**

At each act, you get attention points, 2 in each act.

**Act 1:**

-Visit our xenos in the barracks— you can change the patrol teams to put Star and Centurion together.

-Visit the XRB agents in the vehicle bays—you train in CQC and firearms.

\*Free for military\*

-Meet with King about PR matters—option to mudsling and steal Seerist xeno, Politician launches the Act 2 Gala for free.

-Meet with Trick in the powers lab—you get advanced powers testing for everyone. (necessary for Singuloth) (and you increase their Seerism levels, unless you’re the scientist)

-Meet with the Sons of Man: +1 Faction relationship

-Meet with the Seerists: +1 Faction relationship

-Meet with Artemis’ gang: +1 Faction relationship

-(if criminal or bribed) Visit a speakeasy: +1 Faction relationship

**The Codex**

XRB Chicago Xenohuman Operatives

**WEDGE**; Brian Palmer

Striker 4-7

*Creation of unstable pocket universes.*

Telos: Archivist

Birthday: October 13, 1978 (36 years old)

Blood Type: O+

Weight: 219.3 pounds (99.7 kilograms)  
Height: 5' 8" (172 centimeters)

Wedge can, at a touch, create pocket universes inaccessible to any but him. These universes can be formed only when he is touching solid matter.--(Oxygen is matter. Is this a mental block? - Dr. Trick ) These universes are never particularly large (see my notes re: potential “safe room”) and many do not contain breathable air.

These universes are unstable and collapse within a time *loosely* of Wedge's choosing. If the universe contains an object during its collapse, the universe 'detonates' with an eruption of energy. This ability is difficult to use in combat given the imprecise time-until-detonation of Wedge's universes, which usually last between five and seven seconds, but have detonated as early as at two seconds, or as late as one minute.

After an incident in which Wedge was injured in a premature detonation of one of his own pocket universes, he has presented with significant anxiety towards the use of or experimentation with his power. Incidentally, he has requested additional training in firearms.

Wedge is tactical leader of the Xenohuman response team. He has performed this duty adequately. He is somber, and seems to strongly dislike direct confrontations. He received ire from another team member when he filed a complaint against her without prior discussion.

\*\*\*UPDATE\*\*\*

Singuloth,!!!!!!

**SKUNK**; Grace Taylor

Mover 5, Blaster 4\*  
*Flight, sprays an overwhelmingly vile foam from her hands.*   
Telos: Janitor

Birthday: August 31, 1976 (38 years old)

Blood type: O-

Weight: 152.pounds (68.5 kilograms)

Height: 5' 5" (166 centimeters)

Skunk is capable of flight, and of throwing a particularly noxious foam from her hands in a tightly confined spray, out to an effective range of 30 feet. The unpleasantness of this foam cannot be overstated. Testing was halted when this writer became too sick to continue. A secondary location would be required to continue; the outdoors is not allowable due to statutes prohibiting the incautious disposal of xenohuman product.

Skunk is difficult to work with. Not because she is unsociable, but because she has extremely poor boundaries and blends her work life with her civilian life as a matter of course. Her relationships follow a pattern of volatility instability.

In the field she is functional and has consistently obeyed orders. She has behaved adequately in all tactical situations and has been instrumental in the apprehension of [redactied].

*Her private life is a major departmental liability.* She often has media attention following her, and is reckless at public relations.

\*\*\*Update\*\*\*

**CENTURION;** Jayden Brown

Brute 5

*Impressive strength, near impenetrable skin.*

Telos: Gardener

Birthday: May 14, 1995 (19 years old)

Blood type: A+

Weight: 208.8 pounds (94.9 kilograms)

Height: 5' 11" (173 centimeters)

Centurion's skin is strongly resistant to bullets and knives. His internal anatomy seems to be unremarkable, but confirmation is currently impossible as more invasive tests are not possible. He has demonstrated resistance to multiple forms of acid and temperature extremes.

Though his eyelids are near impervious, *his eyes are not.* Additionally, the inside of his mouth seems to have normal mucous membranes; cheek scraping was unremarkable. This writer proposed a thorough exploration of his digestive tract but Centurion declined and it was deemed not medically necessary.

Centurion does not wear armor, though he does obscure his face, to protect his eyes and perceived weaknesses.

Centurion seems to take glee in demonstrating his invulnerability. In the field he has been described as reckless. It is the opinion of this writer that this is not a xenopathology, but a natural consequence of being an invulnerable teenager; it would be surprising to find anything less.

**STAR;** Elissa Lobel

Mover 6\*, Blaster 8\*, Brute 1

*Flight, durability, powerful energy beams.*

Telos: Entertainer

Birthday: June 18, 1993 (21 years old)

Blood type: A+

Weight: 131.1 pounds (59.6 kilograms)

Height: 5' 9" (176 centimeters)

Star can fly at subsonic speeds. When she is at full power, she can unleash energy beams capable of cutting through building foundations. *These beams are sufficiently powerful to level multiple buildings and require direct authorization from the director before deployment.* She can vary the lengths of these beams for added control. (“Beams” is the approved term for blaster types, but I think of them as cutting torches. -Dr. Trick)

Last year Star was abducted by (non-xeno) criminals and found herself bereft of her powers. She was extricated by police, *not XRB*, and the event received much media attention. She maintained her civilian identity, uncompromised.

She has received counseling for this event, but the process is ongoing. Tactical leader Wedge has filed a complaint about her conduct in the field, when in one incident she became distraught and unable to maintain flight.

Star is extremely powerful and versatile, though her powers seem to fluctuate *strongly* with her level of confidence and happiness. Minimizing physical harm done to her is tactically sound, as is limiting her exposure to shocking or aversive stimuli.

Min Guo (Code name deprecated for security reasons)

Tinker 1-8\* (Thinker 8)

*A tinker with a logic and probabilistic processing machine focus*

Telos: Weatherman

Birthday: February 11, 1980 (34 years old)

Blood type: A+

Weight: 131.1 pounds (59.6 kilograms)

Height: 5' 9" (176 centimeters)

Status: Married

Foresight (now Min Guo) is not entirely our asset. She maintains ties to the federal XRB and international XIL and is always on-call. It is understood that she has opted to stay in Chicago and we have been directed to accommodate her request.

Guo’s powerset allows her to produce and maintain an autonomous computational and predictive machine which she refers to as “Oracle”.

This machine is able to produce actionable predictions from the queries that Min Guo inputs. Unfortunately, the confidence interval of the predictions it produces are directly proportional to the quality and quantity of the information it is provided. This limitation has led to some disastrous events such as [redacted] and [redacted].

Min Guo has also consistently requested that for operational security she not be assigned a xenohuman codename. Guo is allowed to operate under the cover job title of “Senior Office Administrator”. She does incidentally have the highest possible security clearance, due to her direct handling of highly sensitive material.

(Her security clearance is higher than yours- Dr. Trick).

She spends more than half her time performing impeccable bookkeeping for this faculty, which she insists is critical to her operational security and refuses to allow it to be relegated. She lives off-site with her civilian husband at [redacted].

**Artemis Gang**

**Artemis,** [Identity Unknown]

Brute 3?

*Apparent superhuman agility and strength?*

Telos: Unknown

Birthday: Unknown

Blood Type: Unknown

Weight: Estimated 150lbs

Height: Estimated 5’6

**Gecko**, [Identity Unknown]

Brute 3?

*Apparent superhuman agility and strength, superhuman climbing ability*

Telos: Unknown

Birthday: Unknown

Blood Type: Unknown

Weight: Estimated 180lbs?

Height: Estimated 6’1”

**Bullhorn**, Allen Bloom

**Sons of Man**

**Ironworks,** Hannah Stineburg

*Tinker power related to*

Xeno rate: about 1:50,000

The government employs something like 60% of xenos

Thinkers are ~5% of xenos

Government has maybe 50 thinkers