

# HUMANITY IN A BOTTLE

## HANDOUTS

The following are handouts for *Humanity In A Bottle*, intended to be given to the players at the start of play.

### HANDOUT #1 - INTRODUCTION

In the 23rd century the world is a devastated ruin of rubble and radiation.

200 years ago mankind all but destroyed itself in a fiery conflagration that wiped the monuments of the human race completely from the face of the earth. Gone are the great cities, the super highways, and the industry that propelled humanity to its greatness - and ultimate fall.

The world is a desolate wasteland.

In this dark future only one last enclave of life remains, the ruins of a once great domed city sitting in the middle of the wastes. One of many domed cities constructed during the time of the Ancients to house the world's ever-increasing population, it is a true metropolis...and your home. Here the last holdouts of the human race cling to survival within the boundaries of the city, protected from the mindless mutated creatures that are said to dwell beyond the walls by the "Barrier", a great killing zone erected long ago by the ancestors of your people to keep the city isolated from the rest of the world. As the last remnants of humanity died out, the Barrier's minefields, automated turrets, and other devious traps kept desperate killers and mutants from destroying what your ancestors had so carefully preserved:

Civilization. The seed of humanity.

Though the automated defenses of the Barrier have been idle for generations, and all life has long been extinct in the wasteland, for over 200 years the last survivors of the human race have continued to thrive inside the metropolis. But times have changed. The long expanse of years and their isolation have left a marked change in your people. Things have begun to wind down.

Today the city boasts a population of ten thousand or more, but most of the city still remains empty, left to wither and rust in the ages since the Fall. The great skyscrapers of the cityscape are no longer fully protected by the great dome; the vast casing that kept your ancestors safe from radiation has decayed and fallen apart in many places, leaving only a broken patchwork shell that rises over all as a reminder of how great the Ancients were.

The city continues on, but all culture has broken down. The ancient gangs that once hid from the law of the city now rule. From the ranks of the great gangs a Mayor rises every few years to lead the city, his will enforced by a special organization that claims to be descended from the original police force of the Metropolis, an organization known as the "Enforcers". Drugs, random killings, and gang warfare are all sanctioned forms of industry, commerce, and politics. Crime is a term only used when property is damaged or stolen - resources are thin in the city, and nothing broken can ever be replaced.

One thing that can never be replaced is the genetic

legacy of the city's inhabitants. Inbreeding has become a problem in the last few decades, and the city government has instituted strict policies concerning mutant births - euthanasia of infants showing any sign of defect, and "destruction" of those mutants who somehow evade the law and thrive unseen in the so-called "mutant underground".

You are Enforcers. Claiming to be descended from the original metropolitan police, your role in the city has evolved over time, in sync with the changing nature of Metropolis civilization. No longer protectors of the innocent, the Enforcers are a powerful fraternity of mercenaries with only vague ties to the heroic lawmen of the past. Your brotherhood has an official charter that places it outside of the political system - with special privileges that hold you high above the rest of the filth. Pledging loyalty only to whichever Mayor is currently in power, the Enforcers' sole goal is to do the Mayor's work. Since the Mayor must maintain a semblance of peace and stability to avoid civil unrest, this sometimes involves keeping the peace, breaking up gang battles in the streets, and even solving crimes.

But more often than not it merely involves putting the Mayor's enemies out of commission...

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## HANDOUT #2 - THE SQUAD

The player characters of *Humanity In A Bottle* are all members of the Enforcers, assigned to the 15<sup>th</sup> Metropolis Rho Police Precinct, and ideally comprise a squad of four field officers and an NPC driver for their *Peacemaker* armored patrol wagon. As such the adventure has been scaled for five characters (four PCs and one NPC), of introductory level.

This handout provides statistics for NPC squad-members in case there aren't enough players to make and control four PCs. The number of player characters playing will mean that some of these personalities may not be used at all, however, with PCs replacing NPCs instead, but ideally the players will have at least two characters (and a maximum of four). Since the driver of the squad's armored car will probably see little action, this role should be left to an NPC (such as Officer Sanderson, below).

### OFFICER SARK MURPHY

Officer Murphy is the senior member of the squad, having served for almost three years on the Force. A dedicated "bronze" (a derogatory term for a policeman), he has killed many men and women without a thought in countless raids and street sweeps. His is a calculated and salty facade, mirroring the stalwart lawman beneath.

Murphy's vision is limited to the here and now – only looking back to reflect on lost comrades and past personal mistakes. He sneers at the thought of a better life or a brighter future, and shrugs off attempts to burrow under his skin. He is a hard-boiled officer who has faced death many times in the line of duty. And he's sure to do it again in the future without hesitation.

**Officer Sark Murphy, Strong Hero 2:** CR 2; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d8+2; HP 11; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 16, touch 14, flatfooted 14 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +2 class, +2 equipment); BAB +2; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (3d6+3, stun baton), or +5 ranged (2d8, Wildey .44); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Enforcers; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +1; AP 1; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 10.

**Occupation:** Predator (Intimidate).

**Background:** Degenerate (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Skills:** Climb +3, Intimidate +4, Jump +3, Knowledge (Streetwise) +1, Knowledge (Tactics) +1.

**Feats:** Excessive Force\*, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Weapon Focus (Wildey .44).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash.

**Possessions:** Enforcer armor, Wildey .44 Magnum, 2 boxes of .44 magnum ammunition (16), *stun baton*, *power backpack*.

### OFFICER JIM DRONE

Drone is a serious officer, having served for two hard years now (one in the 6<sup>th</sup> Precinct, and one in the 15<sup>th</sup>). His first few patrols were in a real nasty neighborhood where he earned a lot of enemies in a series of brutal raids. Although he was only a foot soldier in the 6<sup>th</sup> Precinct's war against the Destroyers, he was marked for death. After several members of his former squad were rubbed out in revenge strikes, he asked for and received a transfer to the 15<sup>th</sup> Precinct. Since that time he has become a quiet and brooding trooper, a protagonist and devil's advocate often getting on the nerves of others. He has a gray, grim outlook on life, knowing full well the cheap value of life and bearing the bitter knowledge that if he dies in the line of duty his name will soon be forgotten. He doesn't make friends easily, and has an unsettling habit of loading and reloading his sidearm round by round, as if this action was the only thing left that gave him any peace of mind. He is withdrawn most of the time, only speaking to make sharp comments or pessimistically predict the fatal outcomes of group decisions.

**Officer Jim Drone, Fast Hero 1:** CR 1; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d8+2; HP 7; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 17, touch 15, flatfooted 15 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +3 class, +2 equipment); BAB +0; Grap +1; Atk +1 melee (3d6+1, stun baton), or +2 ranged (2d8, Wildey .44); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Enforcers; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 13, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Predator (Investigate).

**Background:** Degenerate (Knowledge [Streetwise]).

**Skills:** Hide +6, Knowledge (Current Events) +2, Knowledge (Streetwise) +2, Move Silently +6, Sleight of Hand +6, Tumble +6.

**Feats:** Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Evasion.

**Possessions:** Enforcer armor, Wildey .44 Magnum, 2 boxes of .44 magnum ammunition (16), *stun baton*, *power backpack*, *ready syringe* (with one dose of *Cat*).

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## OFFICER LANCE SANDERSON (NPC)

Officer Lance Sanderson is the driver of the squad's *Peacemaker* armored patrol car. A veteran of the force for a little over a year now, he has adopted the same psychotic traits as many fellows and even a wild flair for humor – a particular delight is running over rioting civvies with the squad's 10-ton armored car. Sanderson has pretty much lost his grip on reality, and spends his days sitting in the driver's seat listening to loud tunes and singing while entering a battle zone. He has twice failed psychological examinations by the Precinct Psychologist (largely due to his use of *Tufn-Up*, a popular drug used by violent gangs throughout the city), but the camaraderie among the Enforcers has so far kept him from receiving early retirement.

Sanderson is a reliable guy, and a maniac. He will drive the vehicle to hell and back if the squad leader simply asks. If he can run over a few poor souls while blasting heavy metal from the sound system, so much the better.

**Officer Lance Sanderson, Strong Hero 1:** CR 1; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d8+1; HP 6; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 15, touch 13, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +1 class, +2 equipment); BAB +1; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (3d6+3, stun baton), or +3 ranged (2d8, Wildey .44); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Enforcers; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Predator (Intimidate).

**Background:** Degenerate (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Skills:** Climb +4, Drive +3, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (Streetwise) +2, Knowledge (Tactics) +2.

**Feats:** Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash.

**Possessions:** Enforcer armor, Wildey .44 Magnum, 2 boxes of .44 magnum ammunition (16), *stun baton*, *power beltpack*, can of *Tufn-Up*.

## THE PEACEMAKER

The party is assigned to *Peacemaker P1516* of the 15<sup>th</sup> Precinct, an armored car used extensively throughout the law enforcement arm of the city's government. The *Peacemaker* is a four-wheeled armored "paddy-wagon" of pre-war design, though over the years it has been modified and improved to suit the needs of the Metropolis Rho police force. It is used widely to patrol the more rugged or dangerous Zones, and to perform riot duty or raids. Its 35mm armor plating makes it ideal for such purposes, virtually guaranteeing the safety of the squad inside even under heavy fire. Some *Peacemakers* are armed with water cannons or even machineguns, but unit *P1516* is not.

The *Peacemaker* only requires a single driver though it can carry the whole squad within (with prisoners), and can be secured from outside tampering as well. This is the squad's sole means of transport (for more details on the *Peacemaker*, see *Urban Decay*).

**Special:** The cargo compartment of the squad's *Peacemaker* carries numerous tools to be used by the party throughout the adventure as they see fit. This standard-issue gear consists of:

- Heavy-duty chain cutter (+10 competence bonus to cutting Str checks);
- One-man portable battering ram (+10 competence bonus to door break Str checks);
- A Geiger counter (some of the city Zones are still mildly radiated, after all) with a full *power cell*;
- Two *concussion grenades*;
- Three healing-type *medi-spray canisters*;
- Large *fire extinguisher*.

Note that due to shortages in the precinct's funding (and the slow diminishing of resources citywide, a direct result of having been locked up inside the city dome for more than 200 years), the party will not receive replacement *concussion grenades* or *medi-spray canisters*, so these should be used sparingly. All other supplies are replaced after each assignment.