

## Genetic Reject Employment Bureau Concept

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### History

It's 2050. Thirty years after a brief nuclear exchange that left a lot to be desired. Quite simply the apocalypse was all set to happen... But just didn't. It turns out the aged and ill-maintained nuclear weapons stockpiled by the old nuclear powers hadn't gotten all the attention they needed. Most weapons simply didn't function. Some never made it out of the silo, which was very embarrassing to all involved. (Many excuses were made.) Those that did fly typically went off course into a random stretch of land that no really cared about. (Well, except those who were there at the time. Pity.) With the threat of a nuclear apocalypse out of the way, humanity focused its efforts elsewhere. Humanity had no real choice in the manner. Since the convenient nuclear apocalypse excuse was off the table, humanity had to resume societal and species advancement without a nice distracting Doomsday to set them back a few generations.

In 2030, the first genetically engineered sentient life-form was created and revealed to the public. A few days later, the first genetic reject was created because a colorblind intern swapped out the wrong cables to the bio-engineering tank. A majority of rejects weren't treated well. Those that didn't find themselves thrown into the nearest disposal system or flushed unceremoniously down the drain (or the commode for the REALLY unfortunate few), most were often given menial jobs in the mailroom or the legal department of the corporation that created them. Some were sold to less scrupulous animation studios to draw filler frames and paint cells for terrible children shows. Others were sent off to the military to be live fire range "drone" drivers, since it was cheaper than automation systems and made the ranges more challenging. The most abused were forced to write day time soap opera scripts during a rather long writers strike. After a few activist groups released underground films to aggravate the masses and nag at the collective human guilt, legislation was passed. This legislation gave not only genetic engineered beings the same right as human, but also did the same for the rejects. This was heralded as a significant milestone in human history, until the rejects clogged up every unemployment office, snatched up every internship, and undercut everyone else out of the under-the-table jobs. Humanity found unity; no one liked the rejects.

Due to public outcry, governments of the world got together to form the Genetic Reject Employment Bureaus or GREBs. These places would not only employ rejects with jobs that no one else in the world wanted to do, but would house them to keep them off the streets. Human panhandlers and homeless were eternally grateful, since the rejects were really cutting into their livelihoods. It is very hard to look more pitiful than someone that was designed wrong to begin with.

### Storyline Place

## GREB #7704

This particularly underfunded, rundown GREB is a converted college dormitory overlooking a collapse crater. This collapse crater is the result of a nuke exploding in a hidden deep silo. So hidden, the government didn't realize it existed and it was still hooked up to the system, until after the nuke went off. While most the radiation was trapped beneath the earth, the city above was brought down a few hundred feet into a gigantic crater. An extremely rude awakening for those living there at the time. Today, the radiation levels are at national averages. But even the scummiest politician couldn't put spin hard enough on the idea of even putting college students into the building. So it was sold at discount to the government for conversion into a GREB; the conversion process consisting of stripping anything valuable out of it, putting a paltry coat of paint from the mismatch pile at the local hardware store, and hanging a few automotive air fresheners for good measure. This particular GREB only has four inhabitants. Despite the low population, in the last few years it has had a very high manager turnover. Those that have left have done so for various reasons: voluntarily, left the state, left the country, and one deemed psychological unfit for the position after an incident. The most recent manager hired has held out and shows no signs of leaving.

### Characters

-Pvt. Bryant Birmingham-

This particular reject was meant to be the military's greatest super soldier. Due to late project budget cuts, many experienced project members were given early retirement and replaced with entry-level staff. This proved to be a gross mistake when the final manual verification of key DNA sequences got assigned to the discerning eyes of a contractor technician with dyslexia. So the universal soldier became the universal anti-soldier. The endurance, strength, and toughness of a soldier... The craftiness, tactical knowledge, and leadership charisma... And the psyche of a rebellious, procrastinating, metal-head, chaos loving, forum trolling, manic. Despite the juvenile nature of the batch, they proved to have exceptional intelligence and foresight... when it came to their own plans.

The psychological error only came to light after the batch got a test assignment and equipment to perform the assignment. After the squad left the base, they disappeared from the designated test region, leaving no trace to where they went. The squad was missing for 3 weeks, until a call from a New Mexico fast food restaurant revealed their location. It seems that a squad mate had been denied use a coupon for a breakfast combo, because the restaurant switched over to the lunch menu 30 minutes early. Feeling a fellow squad mate had been gravely wronged, the entire group arrived... in full gear. The workers were forced to not only honor the coupon, cook breakfast items after 11am, but the manager was forced to perform Gilbert and Sullivan's "I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major-General" until he got it right... in the nude. (To the squad's credit they were quite supportive and indeed impressed with the show. Upon advisory of the squad, the manager is now headlining various Broadway shows.)

Somehow the unit had ventured a thousand miles undetected away from their base of origin. The reason? To use military grade explosives to blast obscene imagery into the wide open desert landscape

in hopes it'd be visible from space. It cost 34 million dollars to fill and cover up the images upon the landscape.

The military still wanted to make use of their investment. The Anti-Soldiers were separated and individually placed within regular military squads in hopes the individuals would be inclined to adopt the behaviors of a proper military squad. The exact opposite happened. Not only did the Anti-Soldiers continue previous antics, but they convinced members of the regular military to join them in their chaos. No forms of military punishment did worked. (It is noted that peeling potatoes was a particularly terrible form of punishment, which lead to the crafting of obscene potato sculptures.) The Anti-Soldiers fought against overbearing authority, questioned orders to ridiculous lengths, and, at their best, would only put a fleeting effort into honoring duty assignments.

After proving they were beyond repair, the military quickly took advantage of recent legislation to promptly drop the batch of rejects off at the GREB Main Office in Washington, DC. While the Anti-Soldiers are less troublesome without an oppressive authority to focus their efforts against, policies swiftly put into place make sure all Anti-Soldiers are spaced as far apart from each other as geographically possible. They are also restricted from ownership and operation of certain types of heavy machinery, weaponry, and electronic equipment. Despite these restrictions, it is not uncommon for Anti-Soldiers to have stashes of contraband tucked away in storage units under assumed names and in abandoned buildings.

Bryant is often found sitting on the couch in the lobby playing video games, trolling random forums on the computer, or sleeping with the blare of heavy metal over headphones. He could be considered the "Entertainment Director" for this particular GREB. On particularly dull days, he'll lead the rest of the team in various activities: Crater Golf, Garbage Can Bowling, Grocery Cart Jousting, and infamous Rad Rat Iditarod (dependant on rat populations and availability of ancient hospital wheelchairs, truck beds, or wagons). Bryant maintains this GREB's building and equipment. Equipment needed and used by his fellow team members is kept in working order. Official GREB equipment is explicitly exempt from this treatment. The GREB Job Dispatch Computer System is often sabotaged to prevent jobs from being received with the old government surplus dot matrix printer being the focus of such efforts. Part are often missing from the printer and hidden in random places.

Bryant is devoted to his fellow GREB members and will go to foolhardy lengths to protect and humor them. He has been known to be very brave, foolhardy, and over-confident in order to lead the team in the "Good Fight". This often results him putting himself first into danger, if only to serve as a warning to everyone else. Thankfully due to being exceptionally resilient and having a healing factor rivaling comic legends, failures of judgment serve as "learning experiences" for himself and the rest of the team.

Random Scene:

Bryant: "Okay, I think if I hit hard enough on the head... that might knock it out. Okay, open the door!"

Haley opens the door and Bryant charges out welding a sledgehammer found in the room. Haley quickly closes the door.

The rest watch what happens next. In the background growling, screams, and sounds of struggling ensue.

\*A minute later\*

Laura: "He's coming back! Open the door!"

Haley opens the door and Bryant stumbles back in.

Bryant collects himself... bloody, bruised, missing teeth, and the sledgehammer handle run through him. After pulling a loose tooth and tossing it to the side: "So, what have we learned?"

Haley: "The bloody critter seems to have itself a thick skull."

Bryant: "Yes. Yes, it does seem so. Was not expecting that."

Decoy: "You scream like a cheerleader in a slasher flick."

Bryant: "Unfortunately, yes. I do. I'm not exactly proud of it, but I believe I'll come to terms with it in due time."

Laura: "And now it looks extremely angry."

Bryant: "I really can't blame it. I would be a little angry too, if I were in its position."

Laura groaning: "Great. Now it's angry AND waiting for us. Anything else you'd like to do it?"

Bryant: "No. I think I've done my quota for the day."

-Haley Temoc-

Haley is a Space Miner. The Space Miner isn't technically considered a true reject. The Space Miner breed was put into reject status because of financial issues.

A biotech lab in England genetically engineered beings that were compatible with extensive cybernetic augmentation need for space mining in the extreme conditions found on asteroids. They were designed to combine raw power with incredible accuracy and precision to yield optimal efficiency. Space Miners have both innate and cybernetic enhancements to analyze the structure of objects to find weaknesses, splitting points, and ideal routes to channel forces. No pickaxe swing went to waste for a Space Miner. The steadiest hands and the ability to work the finest detail allowed mining companies to not only dig out rare gems, but have them professionally cut on-site.

Created and trained in England, they took on the culture, nature, and mannerisms of their creators. Space Miners are stoic, calm, and collected. While greatly enjoying tea, BBC programming, and cricket, they also universally adore miniature wargaming. Products from an England born company seem to be of particular interest. Most Space Miners are quite accomplished miniature painters.

When genetically engineered beings got rights, Space Miners stopped being economically viable. An oversight came to light after a few meager paychecks were scrutinized by the detail orientated Space Miners. Given government mandated hazard pay, double overtime, and other pay increase factors... The average space miner had a salary overshooting most of upper management. This oversight was promptly corrected, back pay was awarded in full to avoid lawsuits, and all the Space Miners were let go.

Space Miners found difficulty getting employment outside their comfort zone of asteroid mining. Most work places aren't accommodating for their large frame and they suffer a bit of claustrophobia within offices buildings. ("If it's too bloody cramped in a tunnel, you just pick a bigger tunnel. They frown when you move the cubicle walls when you feel cramped.") They also have a low tolerance for gross inefficiency, which excluded them a majority of jobs. Most jobs they excelled at made other workers nervous and paranoid about their continued employment, hence they were often "unofficially" placed at the bottom of the selection pool for positions. Finally, many places had policies against employees carrying around the 5 foot long giant pickaxes, which many space miners felt partial to having with them when working.

Between GREB jobs, Haley enjoys British comedies, sitting in his chair to read, and sharing tea with those he's entertaining. A tall, bulky cyborg with a gentile manner, witty wisdom, and impeccable manners, Haley is the stable anchor point for the place. He tries to buffer the insanity and chaos that can easily get out of control on and off jobs. He's also the first person Laura will come for advice on different situations. Despite serving as a point of stability, even Haley can't resist enjoying some of the crazier times at this GREB. He's actually a vital part of scavenging parts and pieces in the crater to keep everything working at the GREB building. Having a space hardened pickaxe and the ability to find all the easy routes to getting valuable parts and pieces is invaluable to the effort. And he enjoys the hunt, as it takes him back to days of wandering the surface of asteroids looking for hidden treasure.

Despite enjoying the company of his friends and the interesting jobs he is sent on, Haley's true love is painting miniatures and wargaming. He's also won regional championships in both darts and bowling.

Random Scene:

Laura watching Haley paint miniatures: "I still can't get over how a guy like you picked up this hobby."

Haley's cyber-monicle hones in a detail and paints it with the finest brush: "Not the strangest obsession I have come to seen."

Laura folding her arms in curious attent: "Okay, what's the strangest you've seen?"

Haley puts down his work, cyber-monicle flips away, and he starts to gesture: "Oh my. The strangest would have to be that of the Stellar Marines."

Laura: "Really?"

Haley: "Really. They served as our protection upon the asteroids. We spent quite a bit of time together. You know what the favorite past time for the big bad pirate fighting stellar marines would be?"

Laura smirking: "What is it?"

Haley leaning in: "Bloody, basket weaving."

Laura confused: ". . . No way."

Haley: "Yes, indeed. We could not believe it ourselves at first. There they were; big behemoths that made US look small... Weaving the most beautiful baskets you have ever laid eyes upon. They would sit around after duty in heated discussions about reed types and teach the other techniques they have learned."

Laura: "There is no way that's true."

Haley: "You have to understand. When you choose a profession, you typically have a good deal of interest in it. The trouble is when you are engineered for a profession, you are good at it... But not necessarily interested in it. Have you ever heard of the "Marlin LaTresse" collection."

Laura: "Yes. My mother loves those."

Haley: "Ever noticed how it is a very convenient anagram for "Stellar Marines"?"

Laura eyes open wide at the realization.

Haley: "Yes. The group retired from space work when they got their rights to a quaint little town in Vermont. I get free samples of their work all the time. Here, have one."

Haley rummages under the table and pulls out the cutest little basket around and gives it to Laura.

-Harry- (known as "Decoy")

Decoy is part of a failed military project to create living field decoys. The idea was that a small, fast moving bright orange target that horrifically insults you in your own language would be chased or shot at first before anything else in the area. The project initially used autonomous drones devices. Unfortunately, the drones couldn't effectively distract the enemies consistently enough. Also they lacked the ability to figure out the enemy and properly motivate to attack.

To appropriate new funding and garner much needed attention, the project started using genetic engineering to create a batch of living decoys. The decoys were gifted with lightning fast reflexes, astonishing agility, instant situation analysis abilities, a love of risky situations, and overdeveloped language centers in the brain. They can free-run at blinding speeds, predict and dodge weapon fire with ease, and maintain a constant litany of insults and slurs to aggravate the enemy to no end. Initial tests proved extremely promising. Subsequent tests showed issues. The decoys would dodge enemy fire, but attempt to flee the area. When running didn't work, the decoys often successfully convinced guards to take bribes and/or would talk their way out of tests. When these tactics failed, the decoys would

purposely lead test enemy drones to accidentally fire on exit gates and key base infrastructure. Then, the decoys would escape during the confusion.

The project was failure and under legislation, the decoys were released. Most never found good employment. The only positions they showed exceptional ability in were manning phone support centers. They quickly learned languages on the fly and sounded like a native speaker in mere weeks. Unfortunately, the decoys gain quite a bit of infamy from their tactics with difficult or annoying callers. It became common place for the targets of their ire to be verbally destroyed over the phone or manipulated and goaded into making very bad financial decisions. While the less reputable companies saw drastic increases profit, the public loathed the practice. Most places now ban the hiring of decoys for any customer support or sales position. Telemarketing companies fought very hard to repeal the policies, but eventually lost on all fronts.

Most decoys now “officially” work at GREBs to take advantage of the services. They maintain a number of underground side business that play to their natural abilities. Most decoys find themselves as dealers of “questionable origin” goods, bookies for gambling, or “no questions asked” package carriers. They also always seem to “know” someone who “knows” someone that can help.

Harry earned his nickname after successfully saving the group from many bad situations by distracting the enemy long enough for everyone else to make a break for it. Despite being flighty and paranoid, he aids the team when it counts, especially when it means profit for him. He’s often on the phone working his side business as a bookie for various events. He likes to stay out of the more dangerous side jobs, but can’t resist a significant risk with significant payoff. But he does take precautions and it very apt at using the resources he has available. Hence, he will always try to convince the nearly indestructible Bryant to “make a simple delivery” for him to dangerous places with equally dangerous people. Decoy judges if he should continue business with whomever by what condition Bryant shows back up in.

Despite his crude manner at times, he does contribute a good deal of his profit to keeping this underfunded GREB going. His connections always find a way to be useful. Despite the favors he owes, and sometimes forgets about, the favors he is due seem to save the day. He also holds the record time for the Rad Rat Iditarod, due to using a very controversial reverse cart design. The Rad Rats actually pushed the cart ahead of them and he rode in the front steering. He figured out a few Rad Rat insults and constantly aggravated the rats into furies of spite and rage that made them blindly try to run at Decoy, hence pushing the cart. He did win the race, but had six big angry Rad Rats hell bent on his destruction to contend with. He had to jump the cart and run for his life... While the rest of the group was too busy laughing at his misfortune to offer any help.

Random Scene:

Decoy counting money as Bryant walks in with a blank expression on his face.

Decoy: “Well, how the hell did it go?”

Bryant’s eye twitches.

Decoy hands open, looking at Bryant for a reaction: "And that means...?"

Bryant turns around to show a few dozen knives stuck in his back.

Decoy: "HOLY %\$\*#! Did they use the entire \*\$#%@in' cutting block on you?!"

Bryant turns back around and drops a stack of money off.

Decoy: "Damn. You're the best runner a bookie could ever ask for. So, where's the knife sharpener? I mean saw everything else stuck in ya'! Haha!"

Bryant leans down and eyes him with a big facial twitch.

Decoy: "Ha.... ... Ohh.... Um..."

Decoy pulls a few bills off the top of the stack and hands them to Bryant: "For your troubles, you poor man."

Flux

Flux is the strange grey nanotech ooze with a personality of the family dog. Not much is known about Flux's past. He crawled out of the commode one day. After much staring at a distance and throwing random bits of edible and inedible bits near it, the group befriended Flux. Flux is now the official mascot of this particular GREB. Flux has the ability to morph into crude looking but fully functional array of tools. Flux also serves as probably the only reason the GREB building is garbage and rodent free. Flux understands most speech, but cannot utter anything more than "Grp."

-Laura Dires-

For every few rejects, there are successes. Laura Dires is a second generation. Her parents were early genetically engineered human-animal hybrids that lead to more advanced projects. Being far more human than later projects, these hybrids integrated into society with little trouble. Laura appears human save for her ears, canine teeth, nails, and tail. She often mistaken for a bio-mod fan. The fad of bio-modification came after tattoos, piercings, and cybernetics became too mainstream and people wanted to up the ante to "scare the straights" more. Now the fad has come and gone, she doesn't seem that out of place.

A promising child with love of technology and mechanics, she did extremely well in school. She was picked on since she was one of the few second generation genetically engineered in the class. Instead of being shy and stereotypically nerdy, she started mocking and beating up bullies. She became the champion of nerds.

Moving to college years, she got a Masters Degree in Computer Engineering. Upon graduation she was hopeful for a promising career... Unfortunately, her graduation coincided with the biggest recession in recent history. Companies halted hiring and started posting entry level positions that, in sheer contradiction to themselves, required 2-5 years of professional experience. Not having the connections to circumvent the universal HR blockade, she had to find work in retail and food service.

Laura came to the GREB after noticing a lucrative job posting that required no experience. Feeling that anything was better than retail and food service she applied. She got the position almost immediately and started a very interesting chapter of her life.

Working at the GREB is frustrating at times. It doesn't pay the greatest, her coworkers are nuts, the office is a dump, and the work can be quite hazardous at times. But... At least she gains valuable experience to put forth towards future jobs. As to what future jobs would make use of experience in hot-wiring heavy machinery, hacking maverick defense systems, and quelling small rebellions... she doesn't quite know.

Random Scene:

Bryant wide eyed, pleading: "Bu-bu-but! It's weaponry! The cool kind!"

Laura sternly: "I am not about to give you any kind of firepower. You're dangerous enough as it is!"

Bryant begging: "PLEASE! We're surrounded by zombie themed robotic automatons! It's just not kosher to be walking around unarmed! What better time for me to be armed and dangerous!! I WAS MADE FOR THIS! PLEASE!"

Laura sneers into agreement. She looks over and passes him a pistol. It's a big pistol, but still a pistol. She's looking like Hot Fuzz's Nicholas Angel (Simon Pegg) toward the end of the movie with the amount of weaponry she has donned.

Bryant snatches the pistol, with a gleam in his eyes and an ear-to-ear grin forming: "Thank you!"

Bryant runs off to fight the horde: "Ya'll are royally screwed now! I'm packing heat! YEEHAW!"

Laura leaning over toward Haley: "Was it wise to give him the pistol?"

Haley thinks a bit: "Given the circumstances, yes. You did save the best for yourself?"

Laura nods: "Of course."

Haley: "Good girl."

Bryant is maniacally laughing in the distance with the pistol blazing.

Laura raising a brow: "I'm glad I hid the C4 from him. If he's this excited from having a pistol, I hate to see what happens if he got hold of anything bigger."

Haley sighs: "You should have seen the first and last 4<sup>th</sup> of July at the #7704."

Laura's eyes widen and she turns her head to Haley.

Haley with a remembering smirk: "Absolutely beautiful. A bloody shame the city banned any future performances. Something about the shockwaves shattering glass for a few miles away."

A few moments pass, with Bryant continuing his onslaught. The Laura and Haley watch the scene.

Laura: "So you ready, sir?"

Haley: "Why yes. But, ladies of elegance first."

Laura smiling: "Why thank you. First to 50 buys dinner.. if we make it out this?"

Haley: "Indeed."

Laura cocks her shotgun and blasts the nearest robo-zombie.

#### General Plot

GREB #7044 is assigned a series of stranger than usual tasks that get progressively weirder and dangerous. After a number of these tasks, odd common traits emerge. Eventually, the group realizes that the GREB's Job System has been quietly hijacked by an evil madman using the GREB system to get various tasks inconspicuously done. It is then up to the 7044 team to stop the evil madman before his plans come to fruition... also they need to stop him, else they'll take the blame for everything they unknowingly did to help him.

#### Game Tutorial Task – "Fix the Printer"

Laura is sitting at the manager's desk in the lobby bored. Haley is reading a book in his chair. Bryant is lazying around on the couch.

Laura: "We should have gotten a job by know."

The player is in control of Laura and is allowed to freely explore the GREB building and talk to everyone. After 5 – 10 minutes of exploring, she'll again think about how odd it is that a job hasn't come in. Similar prompts will hint the player towards the GREB Job System.

Upon use of the GREB Job System, Laura will notice a "PC LOAD LETTER" error message. Hints to the printer will be dropped again after a certain point.

Upon examining the printer, Laura will note the printer is not online. Attempts to turn it online will fail with appropriate noises. Laura opens up the printer to find the ink ribbon is missing.

The ink ribbon is in the supply closet down the hall. Laura can ask either Haley or Bryant for information about where it is.

Laura leaves to acquire the ink ribbon. On the way back, Bryant will be moving elsewhere in the building. When Laura goes to install the ink ribbon, there will be a new part missing. Upon asking, Haley will note she heard Bryant moving around in a particular direction. Bryant will return to the room behind Laura, but upon questioning will offer no help and will come up with random excuses to why he left the room.

This is where the puzzle of sorts starts. There are five parts that can be removed from the printer: Ink Ribbon, Drive Belt, Print Head, Tractor Feed, and Internal Fuse. When Laura leaves the room, Bryant will snatch a part and hide it. This happens each time Laura leaves the lobby. She won't be able to catch him in the act. Haley, Decoy, and Flux are in key parts of the GREB building. She can ask any of them and they'll direct her to where Bryant has gone the past few times.

If Laura installs any part into the printer and leaves to get other parts, Bryant will continue to snatch the parts inside the printer and place the parts back where he originally hid them.

There are two main ways to prevent Bryant from re-hiding parts. Laura must either gather all of the parts and keep them to install at once. Or she can either distract Bryant. Bryant loves heavy metal music and will be drawn to it. He has a stereo with a remote in his room. She can enroll the help of Haley to come up with some random thing to go show Bryant that's outside the room. Also, Laura can also mention that she thought Flux looked a little sick (if she's talked to Flux). Bryant will leave to go check on Flux.

When Laura installs the last part into the printer, Bryant will enter the room. (If she's got all five parts and is installing all of them at once and Bryant is in the room, he'll look very nervous at what she is doing.) The moment she attempts to put the "online" button on the printer, Bryant will jump and cover the printer like a grenade.

Bryant: "Woman! You do not know what you are doing! This thing does evil things!"

Laura: "Like what?"

Bryant: "It tries to command our lives! It tempts us! It wants us to do work!"

Laura sighs: "Get off!"

Bryant: "No."

Dialog choices with Bryant just have him give random ridiculous reasons to prevent Laura from turning the printer on.

Laura has three options to solve this situation. She can just hit him and the force will make Bryant push the "Online" button. Haley can be enlisted to crowbar Bryant off with his pickaxe. (Bryant: "Et tu Haley?") Laura can finally check the computer again, and remotely put the printer online. (Bryant: "You can do that? Huh, never knew.")

The old dot matrix will fire up and print out the first strange task for GREB 7044.