LOGISTICS

A scene for Karbon Play Test Solaris. Scene 4, Episode 1.

SETUP

Ximni's agenda: Carlos Block has been doping himself with blood from a Karbon to win fights at an underground fighting club in order to gain fame, power and wealth to take over the gang he's in.

Chris as Narrator.

Lx framed the scene.

SUMMARY

?

SCENE

«— Ximni (~Administr@MagicStar-5BA0554C.cust.tele2.se) has Left #indie_nar <~Inga> A locker-room, run-down. Stains on the wall. Lights flickering, almost rolling. Sitting on a bench is Carlos Block, a swarthy Hispanic man. He's holding a subdermal hypo, filled with a strange blue fluid - Karbon blood. He looks around, keeping an eye out for any witnesses, but there are none. So, he presses the hypo against his inner bicep, near the elbow. With a hiss, the blue blood drains from the container. <~Inga> He takes in a deep breath as his veins pop all over his body. The whites of his eyes turn green. “I'm coming for you,” he growls, getting up and walking toward the doors. <~Inga> Pushing the doors open, we see a raging crowd, chanting “Block! Block! Block!” <~Inga> We see waiting in the Battle Hexagon... Inga Gozerian. <K-Zon> After showing his 'universal pass' at the door, K-Zon pushes his way through the rowdy crowd, making a line for the bookies. Best to let them know they're going to be sharing and set expectations right from the start. <&JP> Mac hangs out at the end of the path Block will take to the ring, having already arranged the meet with the fixer needed for his bookie fried from the old days. He watches his intently, since the hot chick to his right already turned him down cold. »» You are now known as Mac_Mcgowan <K-Zon> Block, followed by a trainer and a couple members of his posse, strides towards the ring. <K-Zon> He looks like fury and power made flesh, his muscles rippling as he comes. The look in his eyes says it all. This isn't a fight. This is war. »» ~Inga paces the ring. <K-Zon> He springs into the Hexagon and stares at Inga as she paces. »» &Mac_Mcgowan tries not to look worried and instead smiles wanly »» &Mac_Mcgowan yells for a brew of whatever the heck they are drinking in here »» ~Inga pounces Block. <K-Zon> The referee looks rather ambivalent as he shouts the rules to both fighters. The basic idea being there isn't much in the way of rules. <K-Zon> As Inga pounces the referee scrambles back out to the edge of the Hexagon. <K-Zon> Block thrusts himself forward to meet her. »» ~Inga leaps up, and lands on top of Block, wrapping her arms around his neck. <K-Zon> Block growls, grips her by her synthetic hair, and charges like a train at the far side of the Hexagon. Inga can hear her vanity casing crack along her lower back as she is slammed into the barrier... »» &Mac_Mcgowan sighs loudly <&Mac_Mcgowan>

“Oh my.” <~Inga> Crackling on the edge of the Hexagon, Inga begins to glow silver, and then gold. “That was a mistake,” she growls. »» K-Zon watches from the back of the room, glad he didn't place a bet of his own after all. <~Inga> Glowing scarlet, Inga propels herself at Block, cracking at least of his three ribs as she wails on him. You can hear a CRACK coming from her shoulder… sparks begin flying. <~Inga> As Inga pulls herself off Block, everyone can see parts of his ribs sticking out of his skin. »» &Mac_Mcgowan cheers “YEA, THATS MORE LIKE IT YOU METAL MONSTER!” <K-Zon> Block stumbles back, looks down at his protruding ribs, and absolutely loses his shit. Screaming like an animal he grabs Inga by the head and starts swinging her around the Hexagon like an abused Barbie Doll. He smashes her into every possible surface before something comes loose in her neck and she flies out of his grip, landing in a heap against the barrier <K-Zon> The referee quickly declares Block the victor from the outside the Hexagon and Blocks posse try to get him moving back to his room for medical care. <&Mac_Mcgowan> Mac calls the supervisor <Mac to God. You there?> »» K-Zon moves to make sure the bookies give him his cut. <~Inga> Inga struggles to her feet, mistaking the cheers from the crowd for cheers for HER, instead of for Block. “Thank you!” <K-Zon> <Supervisor speaking.> »» ~Inga stumbles out of the ring and to Mac. “Hey, where's my purse?” <&Mac_Mcgowan> <We have a Code 9 here, likely Karbon on a rampage. Inga is down. Advise.> <K-Zon> <This is the illicit fight operation, yes?> <&Mac_Mcgowan> <Confirmed.> »» &Mac_Mcgowan just looks at Inga blankly for a moment »» K-Zon tucks his money away and moves toward the ring. <&Mac_Mcgowan> <Inga is up… I think.> <&Mac_Mcgowan> “Inga, don't feel bad, that guy was a beast.” <~Inga> “Why should I feel bad? You got him, right?” <K-Zon> <Extract injured agent. Recommend surveillance detail on subject. At least until an organized approach can be made. Decision left to agent in charge.> »» ~Inga is slurring her words. »» K-Zon leans over and picks up a patch of synth hair off the ground, hands it to Inga. <&Mac_Mcgowan> “Got who? He got away after he throw you like a rag doll. Damn girl.” <~Inga> “No no no, that was the FIRST half. They took him away.” <K-Zon> “I think… I think your head is tilted funny, Inga. We better get you out of here.” <&Mac_Mcgowan> “Right, so screws came loose or something. Man.” <&Mac_Mcgowan> *some screws

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