

# LOGISTICS

A scene for [Karbon Play Test Solaris](#). Scene 5, Episode 1.

## SETUP

Lx's agenda: Egon attempts to recruit the Agents into his conspiracy.

JP as Narrator.

JP framed the scene.

## SUMMARY

Mac, Inga, K-Zon, and Egon meet in a funky bar to discuss the previous hacking attempt. Meanwhile Egon's source for his conspiracy theory moves in and attempts to recruit them all. However the ever-vigilant group hacks them instead, revealing the conspiracy to be a conspiracy of some powerful people against the program... or is it?

## SCENE

<&JP> \* <&JP> \* <&JP> \* <&JP> \* <&JP> The nearby bar is one of those uppercrust types common on this station. Its whole upper level is a lush forest of synthetic plant forms, and special hololights create an outdoor illuminated effect. <&JP> In between all the fake flora and bright naturally fake lighting, are bistro style tables complete with umbrellas to offer shade. There is even a little breeze from the fans to rustle the leaves. <&JP> If you didn't know any better, you could swear you were outside and in a tropical forest. <&JP> The group sits at one such bistro table, a gentle breeze rippling the umbrella above. <&JP> Egon has some amber drink before him, something stronger than beer. The whole floor is kind of empty, its still early. <&JP> Two cute girls giggle a conversation in the distance, just out of earshot. Looks like they are drinking something fizzy. »» ~Inga is seated across from her brother - about as far as she can make it while still keeping him in sight. <&JP> Mac has a line of shots before him, three deep already but full at the moment. He seems perplexed. »» K-Zon looks tense and not pleased as he pulls out a chair from a table next to this one and takes a seat. Close enough to converse, but far enough to be comfortable. <&JP> The situation has been tense and quiet, not a word said on the way over. You are all wondering now if it was a good idea to do this at all. Egon just stares at his drink, looking more than a bit depressed. <&JP> Its at that point when you see a well-dressed man take a seat by himself not far from you, almost between you and the two girls... »» K-Zon casually scans the place, alert for anything awry. <&JP> Egon: "I never expected us to be sitting here like this." He keeps looking at this drink. —» Anduwaithe (~Anduwaithe@MagicStar-87B57375.ngn.east.myfairpoint.net) has joined #indie\_nar <K-Zon> "Me either. You should be in a cell." <&JP> Egon nods solemnly. "Or worse." »» K-Zon sips his water. <~Inga> "I'd rather be here than see you in a body bag. <&JP> Egon, unsure that he agrees, forces a little smile. "Thanks." <&JP> Mac downs a shot and watches the older guy in the suit, wondering if this is going anywhere. <&JP> Egon takes a drink, swallowing it down aggressively as a sudden wind

lifts some of the napkins off the table. <&JP> Mac: <Kay, check this dude's ident.> Mac sends over his preliminary ident on the guy in the suit. It says: RESTRICTED, in dangerous red. <~Inga> "What happened to you, Egon? You were a good agent. You taught me the ropes. Hell, you paid for my reconstruction. What's going on?" <&JP> Egon: "Well where do I start?" He has an almost whimsical tone. »» K-Zon blinks rapidly a few times as he starts a databank search. <&JP> Egon: "I've got a friend see, outside the usual loop, and the things I've uncovered from them has opened my eyes." <&JP> Egon: "Something fishy is going on Sis. Something terrible, I know it." <~Inga> "There's always something fishy, E. What do you know?" <&JP> Mac spits. "They call this crap whiskey?" <&JP> Egon smirks, in stark contrast to his usual depressed look, "I know I can't send it to you on the wire." <&JP> Egon instead pulls out a datachip inside a nice type E protective clear plasteel container. He slides it over to Inga. »» K-Zon narrows his eyes, reflexively, as he finishes his databank search. Forcing himself not to turn to watch the older gentleman sitting just a table away, he sends the information he found to Mac. Subject: An Sheng Hui. Not found in any public database. On the Agency watch list. Vice Minister, Internal Security Branch, connected to the local government. »» ~Inga slots the datachip into her Omni. »» ~Inga feels the encryption like an ice pick to the eye. <~Inga> "You think I have the passpic?" <&JP> Egon: "I know you do. Its from that time at the cellular pools of Altair, with the parents. Quite embarrassing." »» ~Inga can't help but laugh. <~Inga> "I thought you destroyed all the evidence of that?" <&JP> Egon: "There are always copies, its inevitable. Resistance is futile." <~Inga> "Oh sure, I kept one." »» ~Inga sticks her tongue out. <&JP> K-Zon gets a feed returned from the oracle (think supercomputer) at the Agency. It shows Egon and An Sheng meeting often at similar venues. »» ~Inga digs up the image from the hidden directory and uses it to unlock the information. <&JP> Supervisor to K-Zon only: <What have you tripped in the system? Something is going on, I'm getting a datafeed here.> »» K-Zon position his chair for a better view of An Sheng Hui, making it look like he's just getting closer to the conversation. <&JP> Mac does his second shot shivering from the "quality" of it. »» ~Inga consumes the now-decrypted information on the datachip. <K-Zon> K-Zon to Supervisor only: <You tell me.> <&JP> Inga seems to be looking at first to just a regular news feed between two stations in the local space. However, then her Omni picks out the ever-changing Agency codes embedded in this, and wallah a two-way message between Supervisors in the program. <&JP> Supervisor > K-Zon: <Its a data report on the local governments attempts to subvert our Agents in the field.> <K-Zon> <Well, what does it say?> <&JP> Supervisor > K-Zon: <It points out several Agents they are attempting to corrupt, Hank and Egon included.> »» ~Inga attempts to extract the two-way message. <K-Zon> <I see. I have a possible government agent nearby. Suggested course of action?> »» ~Inga turns to Mac and K-Zon. "Hey, you guys are a part of this too. Take a look at this." <&JP> Supervisor > K-Zon: <Take everyone into... BZZZT. All remote links fail because of a local tower failure inside 1 km. »» K-Zon stiffens. »» K-Zon makes another scan of the the bar and tracks any unusual comm traffic within a 1 mile radius with his Omni. <&JP> Egon: "I'd be careful who you show that to..." <~Inga> "They're already in this, Egon." »» ~Inga gestures around the cheezy lounge. "Why do you think we're here?" <&JP> Egon: "I'm just saying, do you /trust/ them?" »» ~Inga gestures at Mac. "I trust him." <K-Zon> "Mac, the wire just went black. We're down to the local network." <K-Zon> "I don't like this." <&JP> Mac nods, "I noticed. Must mean its time for the third shot." He downs it. »» K-Zon frowns. »» K-Zon gets up and heads toward the restrooms. <~Inga> "GUYS. Hey, there's something here you need to look at." <&JP> The old man in the nice suit gets up and approaches your table, hands in his pockets. He seems, determined? <&JP> The old man walks forward toward the table and then in a moment, K-Zon is face to face with him. »» K-Zon stops short as he almost runs into the old gentleman. <K-Zon> "Can I help you?" <&JP> An Sheng: "Friend, I don't think you want to leave yet." »» K-Zon tenses slightly. <K-Zon> "Why is that?" <&JP> His voice is calm but on edge. His eyes are barely open. "I want to discuss some things with your... party?" <&JP> Mac sits back and seems to be in thought, looking over Inga's data. <K-Zon> "Then why don't you take a seat. Here, have mine. And keep your hands in view." <&JP> He sits and then both Egon and An Sheng nod knowingly to each other, its obviously not their first meeting. »» K-Zon sets up a series of checkpoints around the old mans Omni

link, wary of any funny business. <&JP> An Sheng: "I had to kill the local wire uplink for the area. Its the only way to keep the supervisors from listening. Found that out the hard way several agents ago." »» K-Zon stays standing, scanning the bar. <&JP> Mac: "Oh, I see it, a communication in subtle but quite standard Agency methods." <~Inga> "Yes, but look at the context and content." <&JP> The giggling girls seem to have stopped giggling, but are eating their salads. Robotic servers roll away. The place is empty. »» K-Zon eyes the girls... »» K-Zon does a database check. You never know... »» K-Zon hits the limit of the local network and curses at the outage. <K-Zon> "Inga, I don't like your brother, and this old man is getting on my nerves. If there's something to be done here lets get it over with." <&JP> An Sheng: "I want to let you see the information for yourself. I've already convinced Egon. The program isn't all bad, but they are up to no good here. It may be just a collusion of several supervisors." »» K-Zon looks at Mac, and the empty glasses, then turns to Inga, "Whatever they have to show us, doesn't mean it's real. YOU should know that." <~Inga> "Then let's make sure it's real." <~Inga> "I don't know if you're lying to me, Egon, or if he's lying to you. Or if we're all being lied to. Whatever it is, I plan to get to the bottom of it. You should have done this first." <&JP> Egon: "I covered all the bases Sis..." He looks worried. When she makes that face, things go horribly wrong. »» ~Inga taps into Egon's cyberbrain, using the same back-door that he used on her. "You brought this upon yourself." Her eyes start glowing red. »» K-Zon takes an involuntary half-step backwards. »» ~Inga flickers in and out as she meets more resistance than she expected. »» K-Zon seeing her falter, throws his processing cycles at her disposal. <&JP> Mac tries to help, but Egon has his number now and has locked all his connections. His wire links all glow red and he swears. <&JP> Egon then uses Mac's connections to reinforce his defenses against the others. <&JP> An Sheng's Omni holds back safely, protected by his defenses. »» K-Zon cracks his neck and starts constructing worms and other weapons for Inga to use if needed. »» ~Inga guesses a few of Egon's pass-encryptions - she knows him too well, and drives a wedge in the firewall that Egon and Sheng are holding. »» ~Inga uses the worms and spiders K-Zon constructed, throwing them at An Sheng's defenses. They tear a few holes... some private data (but unfortunately not what we're looking for) comes leaking out. <&JP> Egon responds with an encrypting defense that scrambles more of the sensitive data as it escapes. This new armor flimsy but effective. <&JP> The girls in the background are done with their salad, but the robot servers seem to have hit a glitch. It seems An Sheng has looped his defenses through their simple systems for a boost. »» K-Zon feels Inga co-opting his cycles and concentrates on just staying linked. «— DWeird (~chatzilla@58084002.E1E13162.34041B30.IP) has Quit (Disintegrated: ChatZilla 0.9.89 [Firefox 15.0.1/20120905151427]) »» ~Inga laughs. By routing through the simple servebots, Sheng left himself open to their rudimentary security protocols. Using those back doors, Inga and K-Zon's worms get through An Sheng's defenses. Sparks fly from the robowait as Sheng's eyes roll back in his head and his face falls to the table. <~Inga> Blood and cerebral fluid trickle from his ears. <~Inga> "I' <~Inga> m sorry it had to come to this, Egon." »» ~Inga scans the data An Sheng was hiding. "It looks as though you've been duped. Here, look." »» ~Inga sends the data in a small burst to Egon, Mac and K-Zon. <&JP> The wire uplink returns shortly, and safety programs clean up the local systems affected by the hacking. <~Inga> "It looks like we're going to have to turn a closer eye to the Yoshida. If they can even dupe a top agent like you..." <&JP> Egon just sighs. <&JP> Agents rush in moments later, and arrest Egon, taking him into custody. They take what is left of An Sheng away too. <&JP> We fade to black and a moment later cut to the back of a young woman in front of a holo-terminal. <&JP> She is communicating on a secure line of the Agency. Supervisor 1: <Is the operation secure.> <&JP> Supervisor 2: <Probability, 95%.> <&JP> Supervisor 1: <That isn't good enough. You know what to do.> <&JP> She shuts off the terminal and the room is dark. <&JP> \* <&JP> \* <&JP> \* <&JP> \* <&JP> \*

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