

Delta Green:

Last Things Last

By Bret Kramer with Shane Ivey, © 2015

Clyde Baughman was an active Delta Green agent from 1967 to 1970, and an infrequent “Friendly” during the late Nineties. Four days ago he died in his apartment of a massive heart attack. Delta Green has learned of this and has tasked the nearest available agents to conduct a sweep of his apartment to remove any evidence of the organization.

The preceding paragraph is the only piece of this scenario suitable for ordinary players. From here forward it’s for the Handler’s eyes only. We are about to reveal everything. You have been warned.

Handler’s Information

For the most part, Baughman was very circumspect about keeping his secrets. There was one significant, unfortunate exception to this rule: his reaction to the death of his wife, Marlene. When cancer took her in 2002 he attempted to use certain incantations, discovered during his career with Delta Green, to restore her to life. Tragically but unsurprisingly, the spell failed to return her in the condition he wanted, instead creating only an undying monster that spoke with his wife’s voice. Baughman, distraught and ashamed, told no one. He sealed the creature in a septic tank at an isolated cabin. Baughman repeatedly tried to work up the nerve to destroy the thing that had once been his wife. He never could. She waits at his cabin still.

Involving the Agents

Many Agents are part of the official Delta Green program: a top-secret, highly restricted counterterrorism program that draws elements from the departments of Defense, Justice, Homeland Security, and Treasury among others.

Some Agents who also call themselves Delta Green are actually part of a smaller, unofficial conspiracy led by veterans who refused to come in from the cold when Delta Green was reactivated years ago.

Either way, the Agents have day jobs and lives at home. They only work on behalf of Delta Green when the group needs them.

Take your pick. Which version of Delta Green your Agents belong to doesn't much matter for this scenario.

And let the players pick or create whatever kinds of Agents they want. This scenario doesn't require particular skills, though some are more useful than others.

Needing to move quickly, Delta Green has assigned these Agents due to their proximity to Baughman's apartment. It can be in any large city you choose.

An anonymous, encrypted email is sent to each of them, instructing them to travel to Baughman's city. The agents are instructed to travel immediately and not inform anyone of their destination. Plane tickets are waiting at the nearest airport. They are to retrieve a packet of instructions from a downtown post office box.

If they're in the official program, the government employees among them are unexpectedly assigned to meet with agents of a joint terrorism task force in Baughman's city. It's so restricted that their day-to-day supervisors aren't allowed to ask a thing about it.

Agents who are not government employees or who aren't in the official program have to come up with their own excuses to leave their jobs and families behind. (In an ongoing campaign, you can explore the repercussions before the next mission in "Home" scenes and in establishing the Agent's work performance.)

In the post office box in Baughman's city, the Agents find a small package. The package contains their orders on a quickly-printed sheet (Handout A, at the end of the scenario), a dossier on Baughman (Handout B), and a key to Baughman's apartment.

Baughman's Apartment

Baughman's address is an inconspicuous apartment building in a declining, working-class neighborhood. The building is a jarring example of early 1960s design theories, blocky and drab. No one takes notice of a small group of reasonably cautious Agents entering the building or Baughman's apartment. There are no surveillance cameras around.

The interior of Baughman's small apartment is Spartan and grim. Aside from a patina of cigarette smoke there is scant evidence that anyone actually lived here.

Just inside the door, a ring of labeled keys hangs from a hook (including a key to his cabin).

A well-worn couch faces an archaic, squat television that carries basic cable only. On the adjacent coffee table are a stack of mostly completed crossword puzzle books, issues of *Sports Illustrated* and *Reader's Digest*, and a box of unhealthily artificial donuts (powdered sugar), now crumbling and dry.

The adjoining kitchen is mostly bare, with a smattering of cans, pans, and boxes. The only human touch is a crudely drawn human figure entitled "Grampa"

(signed "Cassie" and bearing two gold stars from the teacher) hanging on the refrigerator.

Down the hall are a linen closet (of no interest) and a small bathroom. The bathroom is in a disturbed state: a broken towel rack, a cracked shower door, a few fragments of a broken ceramic toothbrush-holder swept into a corner. There also persist faint traces of the smell of Baughman's corpse; this is where he died.

Baughman occupied one of the two bedrooms at the end of the hall. It holds a queen-sized bed and a dresser on top of which rest photographs of Clyde and his late wife Marlene, high school graduation pictures of his two children, a few photos of a grandchild, and a ceramic paperweight of a child's handprint with the name "Cassie, age 4" crudely painted on it.

Baughman used the other bedroom as an office and for storage. There is no computer. It takes one person about twelve hours to go through the many papers here and systematically examine them. The work can be divided between several agents. Halve the time required if at least one Agent has **Accounting** 30% or better.

Reviewing the papers reveals that Baughman owned a cabin in a rural area about four hours away by car. The papers provide coordinates.

There is nothing else of note in the apartment.

A Complication: Mrs Janowitz

Agents making an open or noisy approach to the building may encounter Mrs. Janowitz, age 66, who is out to walk her dog, Mitzi. While Janowitz knew Baughman, the two were not close. She has never met either of Baughman's children. She mentions in passing, "It was a terrible shame that poor Mr. Baughman wasn't found for three days. A real pity." Janowitz is curious but not suspicious. She can be appeased by almost any convincing story: it requires **Persuade** only if the players make her think something isn't right, and even then a **Persuade** skill of 40% or better assuages her. But after that she will keep any eye out for suspicious activity, and if the police later come asking questions she will remember the Agents well.

The Cabin

Clyde Baughman's cabin is a few hours away from his apartment by car. It is not difficult to reach, though the last few miles are off the main road and are dangerous in poor weather. The cabin itself is one story high, with a bedroom, a bathroom, a living room, a few closets, and a kitchen. The whole building is constructed of wood with a faux log-cabin exterior. It is connected to the local power grid and is heated by a large, field-stone chimney. Water is drawn by an old electrical pump attached to a well.

The key from Baughman's apartment fits in the lock. Even a cursory inspection reveals that no one has been here for at least two months. The cabin interior is quiet and there are more than a few cobwebs. Aside from second-hand furniture and a rustic décor there are two items of interest: a footlocker and the plumbing.

Behind the building stand an outhouse and a shed. Studying the outhouse with **Forensics** 40% or better finds that it was last used a couple of months ago.

The shed holds an assortment of tools and twenty one-gallon cans of gasoline, all full.

Ten yards away from the house, near the edge of the woods, the hatch for a septic tank can be spotted in a shallow pit, not buried as would be expected. Earth piled around indicates it's stood exposed for years. The septic tank's entrance hatch is uncovered and is padlocked from the outside (an unusual step; the key is another from Baughman's ring) but the handle and hinge are well oiled. It won't be obvious unless the Agents unearth more of the tank, but in fact there are two hatches, one still buried. The septic tank is far too large for the cabin.

The Footlocker

Baughman's Vietnam-era metal footlocker is stowed under his bed. This is where he kept mementos from his years with Delta Green. Atop the contents is a sealed envelope marked with a triangle in green ink. The envelope holds a short letter from Baughman (Handout C).

In the Footlocker

You can decide what other evidence Clyde Baughman has left behind. Use this as an opportunity to leave clues to future missions or as an aid in completing ongoing ones. Here are a few possibilities.

- Reel-to-reel tapes labeled with FBI evidence tags, dated 15 AUG 72 to 29 SEP 72, 21 hours total. The audio is of the congregants of an unknown church engaged in a pseudo-Christian service involving snake-handling. Frequent mentions are made of "Saint Yig," "the Scaled Redeemer," and "the Blessed Serpent." At several points congregants cry out after having been bitten. One person is refused medical treatment and begins wailing in agony. SAN loss: 0/1.
- A cardboard box containing a neatly folded but very bloody man's suit.
- An annotated copy of the doctoral dissertation "Sky Devils: Archetypal Figures in Native American Mythology" by Karen Barr. It was rejected by the University of

Indiana, Bloomington, in 1985. You can decide what it says about "Sky Devils," but studying it as a "Home" pursuit between missions grants +1 percentile in the Unnatural skill and costs 1D3 SAN.

- Three tear-gas grenades. Manufactured 20 years ago, each requires a Luck roll to work.
- A large iron knife. **Archeology** 40% identifies it as of Anglo-Saxon manufacture. A (human) bone handle is relatively new. The Ogham script cannot be deciphered and appears to be gibberish.
- A mundane leather pouch containing hair (black bear), teeth (human infant), and feathers (blue jay and barn swallow).
- One highly magnetized glass sphere, 3 cm in diameter. Anyone inspecting it with **Science (Physics)** 20% or greater loses 0/1 SAN realizing the glass is far too magnetic for nature.
- A sizeable file regarding the Ventaja Corporation (aka Venta, meaning 'advantage'), an Argentine import/export firm, dating from 1965 to 1968. The file begins with an FBI investigation into allegations of weapon smuggling into and out of Miami. The FBI investigation was discontinued but a more covert Delta Green surveillance of the company continued as Baughman uncovered financial ties between Ventaja and several accounts mentioned on a World War II-era financial watch list called "K Group." A raid on a Ventaja warehouse in San Juan, Puerto Rico, resulted in the recovery of something called "The Scheel Formula." A manila folder with that title is empty.

The Plumbing

Inspecting the cabin's plumbing finds that none of the pipes lead to the septic tank. They once did but all have been disconnected for no discernible reason.

The Septic Tank

The players may well notice the oddness of having a functioning outhouse at a cabin that has a septic tank and is perfectly capable of running water. If they don't, point it out to any Agent with INT 14 or 20% in a skill such as **Craft (Plumbing)** or **Craft (Construction)**.

Listening at either of the inspection pipes that rise from the tank reveals nothing. But anyone opening the tank is in for a rude surprise.

The tank is much larger than necessary for this cabin, nearly two meters deep (six feet), nearly two meters wide (six feet), and three meters long (ten feet). The interior is dark and only slightly damp, with a shallow layer of water at the floor. The ladder has been removed. It is clear that the tank is not being used for its intended purpose.

Any source of bright light, anyone putting a probe into the tank, or anyone actually entering the tank attracts the attention of Marlene, Clyde's long-dead wife, horribly reanimated.

The Thing In the Tank

A wasted corpse, rotten from so many years in the dank hole (SAN loss: 1/1D8 from the Unnatural), Marlene is more than an inexpertly raised zombie. Her resurrection was the result of Baughman unwittingly imbuing her remains with a unnatural consciousness we term "the Other."

The Other is a formless intelligence from dimensions outside of our own that can inhabit the corpse of any creature that had an INT of 1 or greater in life. The reanimated corpse is unnaturally strong and fast. It is more cunning than intelligent but it can to draw upon the memories of the corpse it animates.

The Other knows much of what Marlene knew. While it could not convince Clyde that his wife had returned to him, it made it impossible for him to destroy the body that spoke with his wife's dead voice. It hopes to manipulate the newcomers with greater effect.

If 'Marlene' realizes human beings are near, she attempts to get their attention and sympathy by pounding on the inside of the tank and crying for help in a croaking, pathetic voice.

She says that her husband was a sick man, always seeking terrible secrets. She says he did something strange to her, some kind of awful pagan prayer to make her his slave forever. But it didn't work the way he thought, so he locked her in this tank. Whatever he did kept her from dying.

She begs for air and light. She begs for freedom.

Trying to discern anything from her voice with **HUMINT** is no good with the concrete in between.

An Agent who opens the hatch sees her inside, huddled weakly in the shallow water, reaching a hand feebly up. On first glance she looks like a small, somewhat misshapen, nude woman in her fifties. Her flesh is grey-blue and she has torn out most of her hair. Her hands are blood-stained, the flesh stripped by constant clawing at the

walls. Her feet and lower legs are swollen from frequent immersion in water and skin sloughs off with alarming frequency.

And yet she lives.

She does her best to persuade the Agents to help her. If an Agent reaches down to help her, she takes the offered hand. She says that she'll recover. She needs only to eat and rest and things will be all right.

HUMINT even when they can see her doesn't say much.

- **HUMINT** 40% can't tell what to make of her body language and mannerisms. They're all strange; but if she's been stuck in a septic tank for all these years unable to die, that should be no surprise.
- **HUMINT** 60% senses a strange disconnect between her speech and her facial expressions and mannerisms. It's unlike anyone the Agent has ever encountered.
- **HUMINT** 80% can tell she's in a high state of alert, not quite as defeated as she seems.

If They Suspect the Other

Marlene keeps up this act as long as it works. If the Other thinks it has been found out, it will attempt to bargain with the Agents, offering the secrets of the cosmos in exchange for its life.

What exactly the Other tells the Agents is up to you. It knows far less about the cosmos than it claims, and whatever it says will be four parts nonsense to one part truth. Make up gibberish names and violations of physics.

Talking to it for an hour or two adds +1 percentile to each Agent's **Unnatural** skill at a SAN cost of 1 SAN. Keeping it imprisoned somewhere for ongoing conversations can be a "Home" pursuit between missions, a version of studying the Unnatural. That grants +1D10 percentiles to **Unnatural** at a cost of 1 SAN per skill point gained, and it may make the Agent the target of a new Delta Green mission.

Destroying Marlene

The decision to attack Marlene should not be easy. Tell the players that they each face a SAN loss for violence if they go ahead. Before you warn them of the SAN cost, secretly take stock of the players' talk and reactions. For an Agent who thinks Marlene is just an innocent woman who's been cursed by her husband, the SAN cost will be 1/1D10. For an Agent convinced that she's something worse, the SAN cost will be 1/1D6.

Clyde Baughman has provided one option: the gasoline in the shed. If poured into the tank and ignited, it will eventually destroy the Marlene-thing. When she sees what they're up to, she screams in panic and begs for mercy. If they go ahead, the Other panics, leaps out of the open hatch with impossible strength, and attacks the Agent holding the gas-can. (SAN loss: 0/1D6 from suffering Violence.)

Likewise, if the Agents bring Marlene out of the tank but then seem about to kill her or try to bind her, she lashes out with shocking ferocity.

Marlene fights for only one or two turns, just long enough to hurt one or two Agents. Then she sprints into the woods to escape. Somewhere nearby the Other expects to find another, better corpse to inhabit.

If the Agents find some way to restrain her in the tank while they light the gasoline, her dying gasps and pleading shrieks are hideous, horrified and plaintive. And they go on so long. Minutes pass. Far past the time when her voice should be silenced by scorching fumes she screams and croaks. Gradually the screams become a high, strange whine, nothing produced by a human voicebox. It rises beyond the limits of hearing and then into silence.

Destroying Marlene before she reveals her murderous intentions costs 1/1D10 SAN for an Agent who thinks she is just an innocent woman cursed by her husband. It costs 1/1D6 SAN for an Agent who's convinced she's something worse.

Destroying Marlene *after* she attacks them gains the Agents 1D8 SAN each.

That Which Was Marlene

STR 21, **CON** 25, **DEX** 17, **INT** 9, **POW** 11, **CHA** 10

HP 23, **WP** 11

SKILLS Athletics 99%, Persuade 60%, Unarmed Combat 75%, Unnatural 44%

ATTACKS Claw or Bite, Damage 1D3+2 (Armor Piercing 3)

ARMOR 3 points of desiccated flesh

NOTES Marlene's high **Athletics** skill reflects the fact that she runs and climbs with supernatural strength and speed. Her Charisma stat applies if someone can't see her or if she has time to recover to a semblance of life. That's possible if she's set free to feed on living things, especially fresh blood.

Marlene heals 1 HP at the beginning of her turn, every turn unless her body is thoroughly destroyed. If her HP drop to zero, she falls twitching—and begins to heal. If her body is destroyed, the spirit of the Other abandons Marlene's corpse and drifts away unseen, seeking a new host. If another living creature dies nearby (within about 10 meters) the Other jumps into that corpse.

Catching and destroying the Other in its incorporeal form requires secrets that cannot be found in this scenario and will not be defined in other publications. We leave them up to you to create.

Conclusion

As per their orders from Delta Green, the investigators are to remove any evidence of Clyde Baughman's involvement with organization. It is left to their discretion if they want to destroy these traces, arrange to turn them over to a Delta Green collection team at a nearby airport or military base, or hide them someplace private. So long as nothing in Baughman's apartment or cabin can reveal his work with Delta Green, the group will be satisfied.

If an Agent comes back badly hurt or suffering a new insanity, that may have unhappy effects on the Agent's career and family. You can resolve that in "Home" scenes before the next mission.

Handout A

DIRECTIVES

Proceed to residence of Agent Clyde Baughman (deceased).

Remove any evidence of our activities.

Report security breaches.

Heirs are expected w/in 48 hours. Make sure everything is clean by then.

No Friendlies!

Destroy this message immediately after memorizing it.

Handout B

SUMMARY OF A REPORT ON CLYDE BAUGHMAN

D.O.B. 3/28/1945

FAMILY: Wife, Marlene (8/20/1948 to 11/2/2002); Daughter, Sharon (9/12/1967); Son, Michael (7/28/1974).

OCCUPATION: Bureau of Internal Revenue (later IRS) 6/11/1965 – 9/1/1999, retired as Assistant Deputy Commissioner for Operational Support.

AFFILIATION: Active with group from 1967 to 1970, taking part in eleven operations (details unavailable). Numerous consultations with a specialty in taxation and property confiscations. No current association with group.

Handout C

To Whom It May Concern:

If you are reading this note, I can assume I have died or become incapacitated before I had the courage to complete my final mission. You will find about 20 gallons of gas in the shed behind this cabin. Pour it into the septic tank beside the cabin and ignite it. You'd be happier if you didn't look inside. Please make sure that the remains are kept from my children. I am so sorry. God please forgive me.

Clyde Baughman