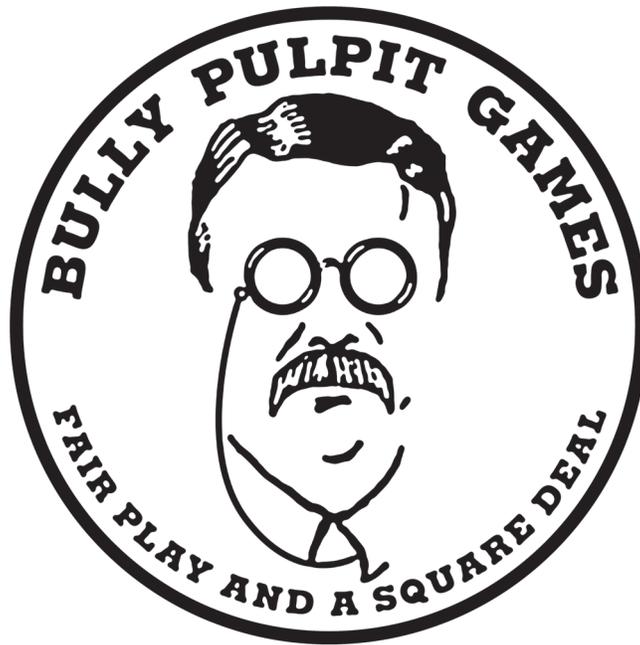


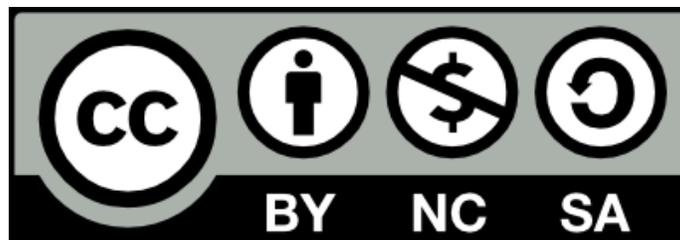
# The Cleanup

I hope you enjoy (?) *The Cleanup*. I certainly enjoyed bringing it to you and if you have comments—particularly if you play it—I would like to talk to you. I can be reached at [jason@bullypulpit-games.com](mailto:jason@bullypulpit-games.com) or @jmstar on Twitter.

None of this was done in a vacuum—there’s a whole community of talented, generous, creative people out there making and sharing their work. I borrowed from a few and stole from many, who in turn eagerly did the same.



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# The Cleanup

A Live Action Chore Resolution Game for 1-15 Players

## Credits

- Designed by Jason Morningstar, [www.bullypulpitgames.com](http://www.bullypulpitgames.com)
- ©2015 Jason Morningstar, released under the CC-BY 3.0 license
- Icons by Piotrek Chuchla, Geovani Almeida and Andy Fuchs, CC-A 3.0

## What Is This?

This game was designed for situations where a group needs to clean and tidy an area in a hurry - for example, just before leaving a rental house where a small gaming convention was held. Dishes need to be washed, floors swept, garbage bagged and discarded. Ideally, doing all these chores while playing The Cleanup will make it more interesting and fun.

## Advance Prep

- All six card sheets are formatted for printing on Avery 5263 labels, if that is convenient for you.
- Print out the two pages of Locations and one page of Objects, remove or cut them apart, and affix them to a single color of index card.
- Print out the three pages of Background, remove or cut them apart, and affix them to a different color of index card.

## Chore prep

- Make a list of necessary chores and tasks. If you have more than 30, bundle the smaller ones together by location if possible. If you have fewer tasks than cards, that's fine.
- Write a specific chore or task on the back of a Location or Object card. Discrete tasks, like cleaning the microwave, should get an Object card and larger tasks, like vacuuming an entire room, should get Location tasks. Ultimately it is up to the players to make sense of the cards, so don't worry about it too much.
- Pair a background card with each Location or Object card and place the pair near where the task or chore is to be accomplished.

## Play

Read this out loud:

"We are Maintenance Technicians aboard a gigantic military starship. Our main job is cleaning up after Captain Loveless and his irrepressible sidekick, Lieutenant Brandywine. They spend all their time neutralizing alien threats to humanity, and it is a messy, destructive business. But we all do our part, and our particular part involves gloves, masks, space mops and buckets.

We'll be cleaning up Tashersa body parts, swabbing away the blood of countless Zeliel hordes, as well as repairing the Variable Cosmic Ray Dissociation Bolus Tubes and Thought Relocator-Maskers that get wrecked by our heroes and their implacable enemies. It's dirty work, but somebody's got to do it. Let's get started!

When you take on a chore, read the Location or Object description on its card. When you finish a chore, read the Background description on the second card, and act on whatever information it provides. Now let's get cleaning!"

## Medical Bay.

Tashersa shock troopers rampaged through here, wrecking all the equipment and spilling all the medical supplies. They made a gigantic mess, and the floor is sticky and vile-smelling.



## An Escape Pod.

It looks like there was a one-on-one battle featuring a chainsaw inside this escape pod. Two colors of blood, some alien chunks you can't identify, and a lot of wreckage. Better get a mop.



## Starfighter Hangar.

The Gaakt Warlady Napedath, the Sacred Atrocity demolished the ship's entire air wing before Captain Loveless ended her reign of terror with a protonic osteofusion beam. Her bones, now a wet powder, cover everything. There's plenty of shotgun shells and stimpack wrappers, too.



## The Central Processing Core.

Captain Loveless squared off against Zeliel Boss Otugbu, Seventh Ancestral King-Lord of Misery and Flame, here in the core. He unleashed a nonpolar hydodestablization cannon, because everything has been turned to dust, including the irreplaceable core processing modules.



## Auxiliary Command Center.

An empty and discarded autoshotgun, a floor littered with shells, and two huge, filthy piles of dead Xerd parts are mute testimony to a last ditch battle. You will need a large bucket.



## Bridge.

Captain Loveless held off the Gaakt Warlady Napedath, the Sacred Atrocity, who was trying to take control of the ship. He used a chaingun. She apparently used some kind of acid spray, because all the plastic is melted and there are nasty pieces of Captain Loveless here and there.



## Warp Trunk Access.

Somebody blew some stuff up with a shotgun here. There are body parts - maybe human? maybe some kind of evil mutant? Anyway, it's a mess, and it has dripped down into the warp trunk.



## Main Engineering.

Tusopenelon assassin drones tried to take out Lt. Brandywine in a coordinated three-dimensional assault, but the Lieutenant was ready for them. The broken bits of drone are ankle deep, mixed with sludgy clumps of blood and grease.



## Containment Area Red.

Xerd swarms chewed through the diamond-plate containment barriers and freed all manner of biological horrors here. Apparently Captain Loveless punched it all to death - there is blood and viscera in rainbow hues covering every surface.



## The Terraformer Bay.

The Tashersa marines breached the hull here, and hundreds of their shock troopers made it through before Lt. Brandywine sealed the gap with a plasma grenade. The terraformer is hopelessly broken. Desiccated Tashera body parts litter the area.



## Holding Area A-16.

Captain Loveless and Lieutenant Brandywine attacked their enemies with a plasma gun, which is great for you, because it does not leave a wet bloody mess. But it does leave burnt and shattered pieces of wall panel and wiring everywhere, which is just a different kind of mess.



## Ship's Brig.

Captain Loveless and Lieutenant Brandywine fought toe to toe with a squad of elite Tashersa shock troopers while the prisoners cheered them on. There are small, filthy chunks of Tashera everywhere, and the blood is an inch deep.



## Smasher Gamma.

The Xerd mother-beast set up an aromatic bacteriofusion ray and tried to blast Captain Loveless with it, but succeeded only in filling the Smasher with disgusting alien bacterial sludge. Better wear gloves cleaning this up.



## Ship's Armory.

Tusopenelon assassin drones cornered Loveless and Brandywine here - they built a big wall out of armor suits and smacked them with a pair of allele hammers, which left glassy-looking organic fragments everywhere for you to clean up. One of them also bled a lot.



## Captain's Ready Room.

The discarded wrappers from dozens of Stimpacks tell one of two stories - either Captain Loveless needed a serious boost late in the battle, or the ship's Commander had a really good time last night. The room is filled with trash and somebody clogged the toilet in epic fashion.



## Security Level Black Lab.

Somebody use a rocket launcher to blow open the door to this off-limits area, and then got into a bloody fight with some kind of squid-dinosaur horror. Now there's a dead squid-dinosaur and a lot of rocket launcher damage to clean up.



## Xenoreduction Chamber.

The Gaakt Warlord Esahruar, Lance of Slaughter made the mistake of entering the xenoreduction chamber while it was still operating, and the heteroaccretion beam exploded him real good. You can probably shovel the wet pieces into ten large garbage bags if you fill them to the brim.



## Aft Robot Repair Blister.

Lieutenant Loveless climbed into an Armored EVA suit and punched out some monster alien with an antimatter hyperwrench, leaving a trail of disgusting viscera and electronic debris from one end to the other. Thanks, Lieutenant Brandywine!



## "Zazzy's Place".

It was grim in the best of times, with outdated wall decals promising a rad time for exhausted crew, and the huge battle has actually improved the decor. Now it has post-apocalyptic chic at least. Countless small chunks of alien have been scattered to the corners.



## Aisle Seven.

Captain Loveless and Lieutenant Brandywine held off repeated Xerd swarms here with a napalm-whirlwind whip, and now there are hundreds of tiny, crispy burnt Xerd piled up everywhere. They leave a greasy stain on anything they touch.



## Computer Station.

Captain Loveless' discarded Radsuit is slumped forlornly next to it, and a half-finished game of Future Chess blinks on the screen. Loveless was losing to the computer by a wide margin.



## Broadcasting Mobilizer-Chiller.

The terrible Zeliel Boss Znerius, The Blasphemous Explorer That Justifies the Crone is frozen in place here, emitting an extraordinary odor. He smells like an obscene combination of contaminated benzene and a pregnant woman's farts.



## Thought Relocator-Masker.

An ammo-less guard torch tries in vain to roast you, just like it burned the Tashera soldiers who crossed its path. They are all half burned and bled out in a semicircle around it. The thought relocator-masker is turned off, and should probably stay that way.



## Expansive Soil Inundation Array.

A lonely commando acid wrench lies on the floor here, leaking commando acid everywhere and gumming up the works.



## Guardian Slice Dominator Turret.

The turret has been immobilized by a Tashera adhesion buffer, and some poor crewman in a suit of Mega Armor is in there as well. Not exactly sure how you are going to clean this up.



## Portable Toxin Refinery.

A well-used Medikit is probably warning to treat this thing carefully, if the name - PORTABLE TOXIN REFINERY - wasn't enough.



## Variable Cosmic Ray Dis-sociation Bolus Tube.

Thanks to a clever trick played by Lieutenant Brandywine, Tashera technicians tried to crack this open and got themselves splattered over everything. Pieces of them are smeared into every crevice.



## Pollution-Laceration Ventilator.

Somebody stuck some body part (a hand? A claw?) inside it and got pounded by the integrated genome hammer. You'll have to flush it out and sanitize it.



## Autogrinder Robot.

Somebody hit this thing with a beam polluter and now it is autogrinding itself into a fine, lung-destroying powder. Better get a dust pan!



## Purple Saurian Child Care Robot.

Tusopenelon killbots have befriended - maybe more than befriended - this toy-like robot, and their loving caresses have denuded it of all its purple fur, which now litters the floor, walls and ceiling. Also there are a bunch of lovesick killbots here.



## Hero Worshiper.

You idolize Captain Loveless. You've got all the fictionalized books recounting his exploits, all his video games, a signed poster of him on your wall. Never miss an opportunity to tell everybody how cool he is and what an amazing hero he is.



## Liberal.

You don't think the Zeliels are all that bad, as aliens go. One time you met Otugbu, Seventh Ancestral King-Lord of Misery and Flame, at an art opening and he was a perfect gentleman. Let people know that this war is tragic, and its origins have more to do with human greed than Zeliel treachery.



## Xenophobe.

Aliens squick you out. Zeliels - shudder. Xerds - guuuuuuh. Tusopenelon and Tashersa, yuck. If you have to clean up an alien mess, that is definitely going to be a huge ordeal. Feel free to moan about how awful it is and let everyone know what a struggle it is for you. Aliens, gross.



## Grifter.

You are running a con - basically, you convince other Techs to invest in Gramulon racing lizard breeding. They breed new racing lizards and you buy them from them, reselling them to commercial syndicates. It is a massive Ponzi scheme but you are getting rich. Sell some sapphire-throated Gramulon racing lizards.



## Lovers.

You and another Maintenance Technician are lovers. They keep you busy, sure, cleaning up after Captain Loveless, but love will find a way. Go find your lover, let them know what's up, and see if you can arrange to work together.



## Cynic.

You think Captain Loveless is a joke and a jack-ass. You've followed his career from the day he was plucked out of obscurity because of his good looks, and never miss an opportunity to mock the great big hero. Tell everyone you meet what a chump he is.



## True Engineer.

You love this ship and it breaks your heart to see it so messed up. Do not miss an opportunity to tell someone how sad you are that stupid Captain Loveless chose to fight a gigantic battle inside the ship, when there are unlimited volumes of space he could have chosen instead.



## Nerd.

You love gadgets - that's why you joined the Maintenance Corps! Broadcasting Mobilizer-Chillers, Variable Cosmic Ray Dissociation Bolus Tubes, Thought Relocator-Maskers, Pollution-Laceration Ventilators, Expansive Soil Inundation Array, that stuff is your jam! Get excited if you run across anything cool and talk about it.



## Family.

You and another Maintenance Technician are siblings. You joined together and have regretted that decision ever since. Go find your sibling, say hello, and see if you can arrange to work together.



## Lazy Radical.

You don't like the way you are treated. You think Maintenance Technicians deserve more respect - shorter hours, better conditions, protective gloves that don't leak - and the only way to get that is through collective action. You need a union! Of course you are all talk, so talk it up. Maybe someone else will organize things for you.



## Robbed of Glory.

You were up for promotion, and if your test scores had been two points higher (and if your dad was a Galactic senator) it would have been you instead of Lieutenant Brandywine earning the Sunburst for Conspicuous Gallantry medal. Tell somebody all about it.



## Secret Agent.

You are an agent of the Zeliels. It was your intelligence that brought them to the sneak attack. Otugbu, Seventh Ancestral King-Lord of Misery and Flame, was to extract you and take you to the Zeliel homeworld as a reward, but now everything is in ashes. Secretly recruit a new agent and continue the fight!



## Scut Monkey.

You are a low-ranking starship maintenance technician and eager to win the favor of your superiors. Go find a job worse than this one and force someone to switch with you. It shouldn't be hard.



## Lovesick.

You love Captain Loveless, and he loves you. You know he does. He's a complicated man (his first name is Buck - not everybody knows that). He has to be emotionally distant, because of his job. But when he needs you you are there. You love him! Confide in somebody.



## Rumor Monger.

You went to technical school with Lieutenant Brandywine's sister, Sally. She told you in confidence that Lieutenant Brandywine is both the brains and the brawn of the operation, and that Captain Loveless is worse than useless in a fight. But he's too damn beautiful to sideline. Tell someone - in confidence, of course.



## Lovesick.

You love Captain Loveless, and he loves you. You know he does. He's a complicated man (his first name is Buck - not everybody knows that). He has to be emotionally distant, because of his job. But when he needs you you are there. You love him! Confide in somebody.



## Boss.

You actually rank pretty high in the utterly inconsequential hierarchy of starship maintenance technicians. Go find a job you like better and force someone to switch with you.



## A Spy Among You.

Captain Loveless himself - after swearing you to secrecy - informed you that there is a Zeliel spy on board among the maintenance technicians. Share this with a trusted friend, and root out the spy.



## Rumor Monger.

You went to technical school with Captain Loveless' brother Hank. He told you in confidence that his big hero of a brother scored so low on his military aptitude tests that he broke the chart, but was recruited into the commando force anyway because he is so good looking. Tell someone - in confidence, of course.



## Secret Agent.

You are an agent of the Gaakt, final arbiters of the fate of humanity. You revel in the thought that the human race will be destroyed, and you along with it. Esahruar, Lance of Slaughter, was to extract you and take you to the Gaakt homeworld as a reward, but now everything is in ashes. Secretly recruit a new agent and continue the fight!



## Memo from Headquarters.

Yesterday you received a memo from Galactic Maintenance HQ informing you that your sanitary gloves are defective, and are not suitable for handling viscera, organic fluids, or bodily remains. Make sure everybody you work with knows this.



## Memo from Headquarters.

Yesterday you received a memo from Galactic Maintenance HQ informing you that another technician has been promoted to Junior Assistant Maintenance Manager. Find the most hard-working crew member and tell them the good news!



## Acting Senior Maintenance Technician

Let everyone know you are Acting Senior Maintenance Technician in charge of the cleanup operation. Re-assign your current task to someone else and then go supervise until it is done. When it is completed, return to regular duties.



## Pretend Scientist.

You are really worried about the state of the Variable Cosmic Ray Dissociation Bolus Tube. It's not in its cradle, so it could be anywhere. Only you know how to render it safe, so let everybody know to keep an eye out for it. If somebody finds it, switch jobs with them so you can take care of it.



## Enemies.

You and another Maintenance Technician have an old grudge. Who is your beef with and what is it about? Be sure to tell some people - in front of your rival - why you're right, they're wrong, and what you are going to do about it.



## Memo from Headquarters.

Yesterday you received a memo from Galactic Maintenance HQ informing you that the hazardous cleanup pay bonus has been suspended for the duration of the Human-Zeliel war. Make sure everybody you work with knows this.



## Memo from Headquarters.

Yesterday you received a memo from Galactic Maintenance HQ informing you that another technician has been demoted after numerous complaints and warnings. Find the most hard-working crew member and tell them the good news!



## Squeaky Wheel.

This cleanup is being completely mishandled. You lack the required safety equipment and the hours are ridiculous. I'm sure you can come up with other grievances - go find the Acting Senior Maintenance Technician and lodge a formal complaint.



## Worry-Wart.

You are really worried about the state of the portable toxin refinery. It's not in its storage bay, so it could be anywhere. Only you know how to render it safe, so let everybody know to keep an eye out for it. If somebody finds it, switch jobs with them so you can take care of it.



## Rivals.

You and another Maintenance Technician are both in a relationship with Lieutenant Brandywine. Awkward! You are sure the Lieutenant likes you better. Tell your rival what you think of them, and why Brandywine obviously is planning on taking it to the next level with you.

