

The world is ending, at least as everyone knows it. With the Resonance Virus running rampant among the population and having developed an immunity to earlier cures, an assortment of the elite and those who happened to be near them at the time have been herded into bunkers across the nation. At one such bunker, scientists who were involved in the Resonance Project have been working around the clock on a new cure. As the hospital ward in the underground bunker is sealed, all anyone can pray for is that they will be among those who survive this apocalypse.

Byrne? BYRNE! Good god, even in this tiny quarantine bunker you can't find your blasted attache.

Oh, there. Byrne is cowering in a corner in the fetal position, rocking back and forth and whimpering. Good.

Byrne interrupted a very important phone call earlier. You were on the phone with Lisa in Finance, who keeps trying to hold your funding for further investigation. This is unacceptable, barbaric, and treasonous, and you were trying to let her know that. Byrne came over and started yelling in your ear, and you ignored the pest. Then the phone went dead. Byrne was standing in the corner holding the cable with a shit-eating grin on. "Sir, we have to go. Now. It's an emergency."

You couldn't believe the audacity. But Byrne was very insistent. On the way, some special agents informed you that this was the Project Resonance emergency protocol, and you were being taken to a quarantine bunker. Seems that the virus made it out into the world. You don't see the harm, really. It just cures Braiden's Syndrome and makes people calmer, right?

But you know protocol. This is the military after all. Can't get any decent coffee in this damn bunker...