

Blurb information

Game name: **Platinum Angels**

Author(s): David James and Nadina Geary

Blurb Text:



Get well, or else...

Ask any ShadowRunner what the one bill they will never pay late, never skimp on or try to cheat, and they will all reply:

"My DocWagon Contract"

Those medical angels that will pick you up when you are down and bleeding, get you to safety and, for those on the Platinum Contract, even engage the enemy to ensure your safety.

It's a new moon tonight. That means the runners will be out in force. It's going to be a busy night.

Oh, did we mention it's also New Year's Eve?

A ShadowRun game for a five person DocWagon Platinum Team on call for the graveyard shift. It's only eight hours...after all, how much trouble can they possibly get into in just one night?

The Phenomenonline Games Rating System.	
What's the game again?	A ShadowRun game for a five person DocWagon Platinum Team on call for the graveyard shift. It's only eight hours... after all, how much trouble can they possibly get into in just one night?
Seriousness?	In the middle
Genre/Setting	Shadowrun – a Cyberpunk world that also has magic and metahumans
Movie Rating	MA
System	ShadowRun, but don't expect to roll lots of dice.
GM Style	Tabletop GMs, good at ad-libbing NPCs. Can work with one GM, ran with two at Pheno 2008
Number of players	5
Previously run at...	Phenomenon 2008

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A Shadowrun-lite primer

This is for those of you who've never played in the Shadowrun universe and more importantly, for those of you who've never played in our Shadowrun universe. We've corrupted the fourth edition rules to make our story work, so no rules lawyers please. This is about the characters and their stories not the game mechanics. We run system light, there are no dice here. Put them away. Now!

In brief:

- This story is set in Seattle in 2070.
- Shadowrun is a combination of fantasy and cyberpunk.
- The world has reawakened and magic is present. So are orcs, elves, trolls, dwarves and the very occasional dragon. They're nothing like the fairy tales led you to believe; not all elves are nice and not all trolls are dumb. Also, not everyone can use magic, it's still largely misunderstood by the general public and the media isn't helping.
- Cyberware and bioware are heavily utilised by those who can afford it, but there is still a stigma associated with obvious modifications. Shiny metal arms are just as likely to get you beaten as admired.
- The internet, known as the Matrix is everywhere. Very few people aren't connected to a wireless network at all times even if it's just advertising or their comm unit.
- This is not a nice place to live, actions have consequences. People die, injuries cause pain. Losses cause emotional trauma. Hope is rare; cynicism abounds. Escapism by any means possible is rampant.
- The powerful elite are secure and far removed from base street-level activity. The underclass is scrabbling for basic survival.
- Bigotry exists against metahumans, ethnicities, genders, classes of society, sexual preferences, religious adherents, various cultures and more.
- You are not Shadowrunners. You're the guys who mop them off the walls when a run heads south.

Glossary

DocWagon: Your employer. DocWagon is an international AA Corporation, headquartered in Atlanta, CAS. It was a pioneer in the medical services industry by offering unique medical insurances including armed ambulance services and tracking/monitoring bracelets, colloquially known as "DocWagon™-type services". It since has been joined by various competitors, including CrashCart Medical Services, but DocWagon has remained the leader of the fast point-of-service emergency medical service market.

Street Samurai: people (all races) who have heavily augmented their bodies with cyberware and bioware and focus on physical combat.

Adepts: use magical abilities that increase their physical combat abilities. It is rare for them to have other magic.

Hackers & Riggers: in SR4 hackers (previously Deckers) and riggers are two sides of a stream of people who are experts in technology. Riggers focus on vehicle and drone (robot) control. Hackers play with cyberspace. Both are excellent at overcoming computer security but a hacker is better.

Magicians, mages, shamans and sorcerers: Magic users of various types, each have a slightly different focus and type of magic. Generally they can view emotions and call spirits from astral space as well as being able to use the astral plane to investigate where physical investigation is not possible.

Skillsofts: software that can be plugged in ('slotted') to a person's mind via a datajack. It allows perfect textbook knowledge of a skill such as a language, how to repair complex mechanical equipment or perform surgery. The knowledge is only usable while the person has the skillsoft 'slotted'. Once removed, the knowledge is gone as it has no ability to transfer to the user's mind. Unfortunately, it is becoming increasingly apparent in medical studies that long term reliance on skillsofts can erode a person's actual abilities.

Datajack: are cybertechnology implants that allow metahumans to directly access computers and information with their mind. They typically resemble a coin-sized dataport that is implanted either on the side of the head (typically in the temporal region of the skull, behind the ear or on the temple) or the back of the neck (just below the brainstem), although a datajack can be placed anywhere in the body. Datajacks are the most common cybertechnology enhancement and are essential for rigging and decking.

Variations on the basic datajack design include induction datajacks, eye laser datajacks, and wireless datajacks. A Direct Neural Interface or DNI resembles the function of a datajack, but only for internal cyberware devices.

Commlink: Also known as a "comm" or "link", a commlink is an electronic device that is part-PDA, part-personal computer, part-cyberterminal, and part-global communications device. It serves as the gateway for the average user to both the Augmented Reality and Virtual Reality of the Wireless Matrix. Commlinks also serve as the hub for a user's Personal Area Network, the link between all of the electronic devices on one's body.

SIN (System Identification Number): refers to a unique identifying number that 'legitimate' citizens of the UCAS have. It allows the tracking of activities of registered citizens, including licenses, property purchases, and criminal violations. It serves multiple duties as birth certificate, passport, credit history and legal record. A SIN is often associated with a person's credstick for ease of use, so that the credstick's owner can easily show proof of identity

While people without SINs are officially known as "probationary citizens", a person without a SIN is referred to colloquially as SINless, a term that usually denotes an illegal alien or criminal. "Probationary Citizens" have no legal rights and are not allowed to vote. When a criminal is caught and cannot be associated with a legal SIN, they are issued a temporary criminal SIN for processing and record keeping.

Character sheets.

Include the character sheets formatted for printing as they would be for the con.



DocWagon Personnel File

Employee Name: Dr Susan Ho

Employee ID: MP 3499-01

Call Sign: Doc

Team No: 14C

Position: Team Leader, Trauma Surgeon

Name: Dr Susan Ho (Doc)
Position: Team Leader/Trauma Surgeon
Birthdate: 01/05/2041
Current Age: 29
Sex: Female
Race: Human



Qualifications:

- Trauma Surgery
- Emergency Procedures
- Crisis Management
- Started employ at Doc Wagon in October 2065
- Promoted to Team Leader in July 2066
- Rated as “Proficient” in mandatory self-defence and small-arms training.

Citations:

- 2067 Certificate of Merit for highest survival rate for any team for the calendar year.
- 2068 Certificate of Merit for highest survival rate for any team for the calendar year.
- 2069 Certificate of Merit for highest survival rate for any team for the calendar year.

Reprimands:

- July 2067 Two week suspension without pay for striking and threatening a member of the public

Supervisor’s remarks:

Dr Ho views trauma medicine as a competition. She will go to any end to save a patient, but not because she cares for them—she sees it as a personal insult if they die. Dr Ho has often been described by work colleagues as a beautiful, but hardened woman, not one to cross.

She rarely lets her hair down while on the job, but the compulsory annual Psych evaluation has never flagged any concern over this as she is more relaxed in the company of her team during downtime and continues a healthy social life outside work. According to the tests she is aware of and in touch with her emotions, she merely chooses not to display them at work.

Personal History:

To this day the smell of a freshly opened regen pack takes me right back to that moment...

Adrian, my brother, had been hit by a speeding rigger out of control in the 'burbs. I was only 11, Adrian was 14, and I used to follow him around like a shadow. A CrashKart team showed up in plenty of time, but Adrian still died. It was only when months later, while I was reading the report my parents tried to hide from me, that I realised that Adrian only died because one of the CrashKart team, a Dr Rudolf Csaky, had made what amounted to a ridiculous rookie mistake and the leader of the team didn't double-check him. I didn't quite understand what that meant at the time, but I do now.

In my own schooling after that I subconsciously started to double and triple check everything I or anyone I was teamed with for an assignment did. I graduated third in my class at medical school, my tutors claiming that the little errors in my procedure were due to the pressure I put myself under to check everything. Bah, so I didn't always spend the full time comforting the patient, big deal, at least none of my errors was the type to kill anyone.

I joined DocWagon five years ago as a paramedic, because they were the company with the best record for patient survival. My plan was to spend a year in the trenches, then a year running a team, and then move into a surgical residency in the DocWagon Hospital itself.

The first part worked out just fine; in fact I was running my first team in nine months. Then it all went a little astray. Every time I went for the next step something would happen. The promotions officer turned out to be the exec I explained his complete idiocy in minute detail to the week before. Or I told a patient the plain facts about her condition only to be brought up on charges of having a 'less than perfect customer relations focus'. (In other words my bedside manner sucked.) Or the time when I turned up to the interview late because I was crying all night at Angel's place over the latest idiot who couldn't see what was right in front of his face.

People are too much trouble sometimes. I'm obviously attractive, I've never had trouble getting a date or starting a relationship, but all too soon it's "You never pay attention to me anymore," or "I don't know who you really are," or "When will you stop going over and over that bloody job and come to bed!" They just don't understand dedication.

DocWagon can't get rid of me though; they know I'm the best damned team boss they've got. So, since results seem to be the one thing they can't ignore, I've decided to start to augment my abilities with skillsofts. I had an old friend do the implant on the QT, and I haven't let the execs know about it. When our team's patient survival rate goes through the roof they'll have to promote me or risk losing me to another company; maybe even that new one that's just moved into this city.

What I think about the others:

Thomas Weiss-Beton (Silver)

The moral compass of the team. He's saved me from screwing my career more than once by interrupting me when I was about to explode at the shift administrator or one of the execs. He's brilliant at calming some of the more panicked patients down so we can work on them, and also acts as counsellor to the other team members after a particularly traumatic run.

Silver's the real family man as well and his wife has hosted weekend BBQs for the team on many occasions. He's not soft when it counts though; he's blasted as many enemy mages as he's healed friendly ones. I'm comforted knowing that any spirits that come after us have Silver to deal with.

Katarina Delage (Kat)

Kat is one of a kind. She's got the social conscience of a child in the body of a porn star, and she knows it. When her mind is on the job she's great, it's keeping it there that is the trick. She drives like a demon and knows these streets backwards, which is handy I guess since that's the way we often end up speeding down them.

She's left a trail of guys, and more than a few gals behind her, but I wouldn't say a trail of broken hearts. They all know that she's not

the type of girl to be held down to one relationship, not yet anyway. The only problem is when she sets her sights on someone on the team. The last time that happened the fallout when she got bored of him almost ripped the team apart and I had to let him go. We had a ... discussion ... and I just made her promise me one thing—no messing about with anyone in the team. That sort of thing can be fatal.

Gabriel Garner (Angel)

My rock, my ever-dependable Angel. Keeps us safe on the streets, listens to me when I need a friend. I'd be lost without him. I know that the "gentle giant" tag is a bit clichéd, and to be honest most of the time it really doesn't suit Angel, but to me at least it describes him well enough. I hired him when he first applied to DocWagon, even gave him his street name. Angel of Mercy for those who are signed up, Angel of Death to anyone else. Or just Angel to us. He is, however, indisputably in charge and gives the orders whenever the situation we're in turns dangerous.

The only time I've ever seen him screw up was about a year ago when something distracted him on a job and one of the people trying to assassinate our patient managed to lob a grenade at us without Angel seeing him. It landed next to the patient while Kat was diving in to release him from a cyberlock.

Angel actually dived onto the grenade and took the blast, the idiot. Spent some time in hospital recovering afterwards, and I chewed him out something fierce. He says he knew he could take the blast, and I guess he was right in the end, but I was never so mad at him as I was then.

I've lost count of the number of nights I've fallen asleep on his couch after an evening of ranting over decisions from the bosses, or crying for some guy who couldn't handle my work. I've tried to help him too, I know he's got it really bad for someone, but he hasn't told me who yet. Whoever it is I hope she realises just how good a person he is.

Ash Zachary

Our new rookie. Ash seemed lively enough at the interviews and tests, but he's gone very quiet and introspective his first week on the streets. That's not too unusual in and of itself, but he'd better snap out of it soon. His testing and education are top notch, and he's fitted out with the latest gear. On paper he's perfect for the job, but if he doesn't start to loosen up and gel with the team soon I'll have to let him go. Personally I'd hate to have to do that to the kid, but I know Silver would say that I just wouldn't like to admit that I made the wrong decision in hiring him in the first place. He just seems really close-mouthed at the moment, especially around me.





DocWagon Personnel File

Employee Name: Katarina Delage

Employee ID: VR 2548-03

Call Sign: Kat

Team No: 14C

Position: Rigger, Emergency Vehicle Driver.

Name: Katarina Delage (Kat)
Position: Rigger, Emergency Vehicle Driver.
Birthdate: 03/11/2046
Current Age: 24
Sex: Female
Race: Human



Qualifications:

- Basic First Aid
- Full Integrated Vehicle Rig Enhancement
- 99.6% rating in Defensive Driving Assessment
- Rated as “Proficient” for Medical Cyberdives
- Started employ at Doc Wagon in May 2067
- Rated as “Proficient” in mandatory self-defence and small-arms training.

Citations:

- 2068 Certificate of Merit for highest survival rate for any team for the calendar year.
- 2069 Certificate of Merit for highest survival rate for any team for the calendar year.

Reprimands:

- August 2067 Deduction of one day’s pay for reckless driving resulting in damage to a DocWagon wagon.
- September 2067 Deduction of one day’s pay for reckless driving resulting in damage to a DocWagon wagon.
- December 2067 Deduction of one day’s pay for reckless driving resulting in damage to a DocWagon wagon.
- May 2068 Deduction of one day’s pay for reckless driving resulting in damage to a DocWagon wagon.
- December 2068 Deduction of one day’s pay for reckless driving resulting in damage to a DocWagon wagon.
- December 2069 Deduction of one day’s pay for reckless driving resulting in damage to a DocWagon wagon.

Supervisor’s remarks:

Despite the many driving incidents that Katarina has been cautioned and reprimanded for, she remains one of the best drivers in the city. Mandatory tests show that she doesn’t partake of any mind-altering drugs other than alcohol. She has been noted as saying at these tests that “Life is too much of a rush to be covered up with chemicals!”

When she first joined DocWagon she spoke almost entirely in street-slang. While this is still prevalent, Katarina is obviously making an effort to communicate in a more professional manner. This is however notably more difficult for her in times of stress.

Personal History:

As the song says—"Shut up and drive!" Only for us, it's the rest of them that need to shut up. To be honest they're not too bad, but it is fun to razz them when they complain I'm cornering too fast. There's nothing as freeing to the soul as rigging into the ambulance and letting him loose. Yes, the ambulance is a 'he'. Don't ask. He wouldn't talk to you anyway.

Oh yeah, and the next person who jokes that I'm too tall for a dwarf is gonna get run over. Some humans (i.e. me) rock at rigging, contrary to what the dwarf crowd might say. And *we're* the ones that get smacked for racial stereotyping.

I love this job. When we're on it's a blur from the start of the shift until the end, and 'cause we pull the better customers I have plenty of cash when we get time to play. And play I do. Nightclubs, dayclubs, water-skiing, base-jumping, rigging any vehicle I can my hands on and of course jumping anything cute and fit enough. I've had to be a little choosier with my lovers recently—I had to call DocWagon for one of them myself afterwards. That was embarrassing. Team 12B won't let me live that down. Not that it bothers me, just adds to the rep. *Apparently*, I get carried away and 'too rough'. Wimps. It's not like I tie them up or hit them or anything kinky like that, I'm just athletic and I like things energetic! That and the fact that I'm usually ready to go again quite a bit before they are. (What's with that anyway? It's not like they expend much energy, it's usually me doing all the work... Whatever.)

People call me an adrenaline junkie, yeah, maybe I am. But hell, I could be a stimjunkie or worse. This job gives me what I need—and pays me to do it! As a wagon driver, not only do I get to drive the way I want—it's *real*. People's lives are at stake! That's a serious rush and that's why I love this job.

But, the best runs are the ones where I get to help the team with the patients as well. I'm all set up to dive into any riggers that have gotten cyberlocked to their machines or attacked by I.C.E and free their minds so they can be unjacked. Man, those dives are a completely different style of rush. Try jacking in to your

lover next time, you'll get what I mean, talk about mindblowing sex!

What I think about the others:

Dr Susan Ho (Doc)

She's the boss-lady, and she can be tough. Unforgiving if you mess up, but she's more or less fair on the team. If you screw up, she'll drill you for it, but she appreciates anything that makes her team look good and I know I do that. Sometimes I think she's got a soft centre, she can be a bit of a mother hen sometimes—made me promise not to 'get involved' with any members of her team, I think she's worried I'd break them or something. I kinda see her point, but if they can't cope, they shouldn't be on the team, right?

Doc hates it when I sleep with team members. She says they tend to become ex-team members too soon after. It's only happened once; I don't think I really had anything to do with him leaving though. I think it was more her attitude when she found out. Totally spun—almost like she'd been interested in him.

She pushes us hard on shift, but she pushes herself even harder, and I respect her for that. There's no way I'll back down from hard work, an easy life'd be so boring. Besides, she lets me drive the way I want to, provided it helps keep her patients alive. In all, I like the Doc and I'll back her up anytime. Hell, she's done it for me a bunch of times.

Thomas Weiss-Beton (Silver)

I always wonder if his wife won him at a street carnival, just like all the other plush toys. He's a big ol' green skin softie. Looks like a thug, but it's hard not to when you're an orc. Him being a shaman was a bit of a surprise to me, guess I wasn't as open minded as I thought. I picked on his whole 'way of the spirit' thing when I first joined three years ago, but he took it so good-naturedly that it stopped being fun real fast. Kinda like punching a teddy bear. You wouldn't know it to look at him, but Silver has a really good heart, and that's rare enough these days. Of course I wouldn't say that to his face, I have a reputation to uphold after all. His wife, Charlotte, does

throw a damn fine party though. Gabrielle, their kid, used to be kinda cute too, but she was like nine or something. I used to like telling Gaby tales that made Charlotte cringe, but lately Gaby's turned into a bit of a bitch to me. No idea what I did to deserve that, maybe it's just puberty kicking in. Meh.

Gabriel Garner (Angel)

Tall, dark and brooding. Angel's our muscle, and he's good at that, which is handy because he doesn't seem able to keep up with anything else. Don't get me wrong, the guy's not stupid; he just takes ages to think about what he's going to say. Every time I ask him a question it's like I have to ask him three or four times before I get an answer from him. He gets there in the end I suppose, but I hate being forced to go the slow way.

He's very protective of the team though, and he's taken hits for all of us more than once. He's even used himself as a shield over me

while I dived into a patient and got shot up pretty bad without ever saying a thing. I wouldn't have even known if Silver hadn't told me a week later. And he's always in Doc's shadow. Come to think about it, she's mentioned that he's an excellent cook a few times too... Maybe she's just really good at hiding her own rule bending? Hmmm...

Ash Zachary

The Rookie. When he first joined us he gave me the once over—twice—and I could see he liked what he saw. He's not bad either, a little on the skinny side, but given the Doc's rule...

Skinny boy's only been with us a week so far, but it's obvious the work's already started to get to him. He's gone from talkative and funny to silent and sullen faster than a junkie coming down from a hit. He isn't going to last long at this rate, which means I could have slept with him after all. Still, he looks the type to get all clingy afterwards, so it's probably good that I stuck to the Doc's rules.





DocWagon Personnel File

Employee Name: Dr. Thomas Weiss-Beton

Employee ID: MS 636-14

Call Sign: Silver

Team No: 14C

Position: Trauma Shaman.

Name: Thomas Weiss-Beton (Silver)
Position: Trauma Shaman
Birthdate: Exact date undisclosed
Current Age: 33
Sex: Male
Race: Orc



Qualifications:

- Trauma Medicine
- Emergency Procedures
- Psychology/Counselling
- Nature Shaman of the Sixth Lodge
- Started employ at Doc Wagon in July 2066
- Rated as “Poor” in mandatory self-defence and small-arms training.

Citations:

- 2067 Certificate of Merit for highest survival rate for any team for the calendar year.
- 2068 Certificate of Merit for highest survival rate for any team for the calendar year.
- 2069 Certificate of Merit for highest survival rate for any team for the calendar year.

Reprimands:

N/A

Supervisors remarks:

Thomas is an example of the perfect employee. Stable, married, one child now 12 years old. Never takes time off for “blue flues”, helps keep his team together. In fact, it has been observed that he often acts as an impromptu counsellor to his other team members.

It has been noted by several staff at DocWagon Central that he has an excellent bedside manner, and actually cares for the patient, regardless of their race. That’s rare enough these days, but add that to the fact that his abilities make him invaluable for working on mages or other people to whom invasive or cyber surgery would be harmful make him someone that DocWagon has listed as a “Keep at all costs” employee.

As per procedure in these matters, Thomas has not been informed of this listing.

Personal History:

I joined the Doc's team four years ago, after the previous shaman retired. Except for the newest addition of Ash when the platinum teams were upgraded we've been one of the more solid ones. Keeping this bunch together takes more than the Doc's leadership though—some of what we see and have to deal with weighs heavily on the soul. It can build up like mercury poisoning if it isn't dealt with soon.

That's where I come in. As well as helping those patients who would suffer if left only in the hands of technology, I also administer to the mental and spiritual well-being of the team. Most of the time this has to be done subtly of course, (and the weekend BBQ's my wife puts on for the team are a great way of loosening them up), but every now and then one of them will recognize that they need help and come to me directly.

I'm what you might call their "devil's diary", everyone tells me their problems. The only thing is I haven't got anyone to unload on. No one ever asks if I'm okay, they all seem to assume that I am, since I can listen to them.

That is, until I met Amelia. She's a nurse at DocWagon General, and about three months ago we began what can only honestly be called an affair. She's in a similar position with the rest of the nurses on her ward, being the one to listen to all their problems but having no one to listen to hers. We listened to each other, and the rest grew from that.

Of course, all this has been forcing me to think very carefully about the future of my marriage and my career here at DocWagon. I met Charlotte when I was attending university and her law firm sent her to give a lecture to our class about medical indemnity. I was only 21 when our daughter Gabrielle was born, Charlotte was 27 and well established in her career. I honestly thought we were in love, but after the way Amelia and I help each other I have to wonder why I never get the chance to open up and talk to Charlotte the way she does to me. Just like at work, when I'm at home I'm expected to listen to all her cares and worries about life and her cases and offer advice without my own feelings being taken into account.

So, I keep watch on my friends, and I tend to those in our care. I dislike having to use force on any that may be standing in our way, but the life and spirit of the patient is of utmost importance.

What I think about the others:

Dr Susan Ho (Doc)

A sad one is our Doc. She fights with herself as much as with the universe. Unfortunately she doesn't seem to realise that it's a fight she can't win. Doc bottles all her emotions up until they explode, and poor Angel seems to be the one she chooses to unload at.

Over the last two years she has been winding herself up tighter and tighter. Like a spring mechanism on an antique watch. Every now and then she even seems to slip with a patient, forgetting some part of a basic procedure. As rare as that is it does show just how tense and stressed she is.

Katarina Delage (Kat)

Young, full of life and promise. Kat likes to run rough, "live life to the fullest" to quote her directly. At times I think she misinterprets living on the edge of destruction as fulfilling that objective. Maybe it's just the group she socialises with in her down time. They appear to egg each other on to more and more ridiculous stunts. I'm not sure if I wouldn't prefer her to have a drug addiction. At least I could understand that. This headlong assault on life is unusual for someone who's never been in combat.

Unlike most young people with a destructive streak, I don't think Kat is running from anything or trying to hide anything. She's a very open person, and somehow I think her choice of lifestyle is simply because she knows no other way. Apparently riggers can be like that sometimes.

Gabriel Garner (Angel)

Dependable, a rock both physically and metaphysically. Where I use my heart and mind to hold this team together, Angel uses his muscles and determination. I know that Doc relies heavily on his friendship, and I know that I always feel better knowing he is there. He certainly breaks the "dumb troll"

stereotype. He may not be formally medically trained, but his tactical knowledge and ability to size up any situation at a glance is amazing. I've only been able to beat him once in our weekly games of chess, and I'm not completely sure that he didn't let me win that one out of politeness.

The only odd thing about Angel is that he never seems to ever go after something, anything, because it is what he wants. To be frank, I have no idea what he wants. It's like he lives for the team, and everything else comes a distant fourth. Great for the "Knight in Shining Armour" schtick, not so great for a well-rounded sentient being. It does make him look good from a distance though, even my daughter has a crush on him. She could have a worse role model for a first crush I suppose. He's the closest thing to a gentleman she's likely to see in our streets.

We nearly lost him about a year ago though when something distracted him on a job and one of the people trying to assassinate our patient managed to lob a grenade at us without Angel seeing him. It landed next to the patient while Kat was diving in to release

him from a cyberlock. Angel actually dived onto the grenade and took the blast, and what no one, not even Angel, knows is that it actually took him out. I cashed in just about every favour I had ever earned from the spirit world to keep him from leaving before the Doc could work on him and bring him back properly.

Ash Zachary

Hidden potential. Lots of promise, but something is bothering him, holding him back from committing fully to the team. When he first started he certainly seemed outgoing and friendly, eager to make a good first impression on all the team members. But as the week has gone on he's become almost sullen. Almost as if he's reacted to being told off for making a mistake, except that he hasn't made any and he certainly hasn't been told off to my knowledge. I wonder if he made a move on Kat and got knocked back. The girl's been making eyes at him and I know she's trying to behave herself lately, so maybe she was a little harsh in her rejection just to make a point to the Doc that she's following orders.





DocWagon Personnel File

Employee Name: Dr. Ash Zachary

Employee ID: CB 2669-07

Call Sign: *Yet to be registered*

Team No: 14C

Position: Poisons Specialist, Cyber-Stabiliser.

Name: Ash Csaky (No Call Sign registered as yet)
Position: Poisons Specialist, Cyber-Stabiliser.
Birthdate: 14/02/2046
Current Age: 24
Sex: Male
Race: Human



Qualifications:

- Pharmacology of Poisons
- Cyber Engineering
- Trauma Medicine
- Started employ at Doc Wagon in December 2070
- Rated as “Above Average” in mandatory self-defence and small-arms training.

Citations:

N/A

Reprimands:

N/A

Supervisor’s remarks:

Candidate has poison/disease detection equipment built in with an internal device designed to analyse a poison in a patient’s bloodstream, create an antidote or anti-toxin and re-inject this back into the patient.

Candidate is highly cyber enhanced, but also displayed a natural skill for medicine in testing.

Candidate is proficient in jacking into a patient's cybergear to help them stabilise damage.

Candidate recommended for hiring December 14, 2070. Hired and requested to team 14C December 24, 2070.

Personal History:

My father, Rudolf Csaky, was an ambo for CrashKart, one of their best. He was dedicated, but couldn't handle losing patients to what he called "silly mistakes", basically the errors of judgment that can afflict us all from time to time; after all, this is a stressful job.

He started to supplement his knowledge and training through the use of skillsofts, but over the years those things tend to overwrite your own hard earned skills, and before you know it you're useless without them. Your moves become textbook perfect, but there are so many times in this job that you need to be able to operate outside the textbook, no pun intended.

Then there was one particular botch-up that ended up killing a 14 year old kid who had been hit by a car, but who normally should never have died from the accident. He ended up losing his job and being blacklisted by the review board because his skillsoft addiction was revealed. The rest of his team were heavily penalised as well, because it turns out that they knew about Dad's problem and never reported it.

I escaped the dark cloud of brooding that seemed to come over the family home by spending as much time as I could out at the movie theatres. I love all styles of movies, from the classic 2D's to the latest multimedia extravaganzas. I've even become something of a collector of the oldies, even some black and whites. I guess everyone needs something to geek about. Trideo's all very well, but there's more of an art to the old stuff. They had to create the concept of 3D with such limited tech.

I guess medicine is in my blood though, as I could never see myself doing anything else. Early on in my training I became fascinated by the body's reaction to drugs both good and bad, and of course to poisons. The way the body's system of hormones, organs, and subsystems practically dance when a foreign chemical is introduced is quite artistic. Unfortunately our ability to develop and install bioware, cyberware and new drugs has far outstripped the evolutionary powers of our bodies, and this is where I step in.

I have specialised in the science of pharmacology, poisons and the body's reactions to cyberware and bioware. I have installed in my chest a small chemical laboratory, so that I can sample a patients blood for foreign chemicals or poisons or rejection symptoms on scene and develop anti-toxins reasonably quickly. I can't do a large volume of antidote out on a job, but it should be enough to treat a couple of patients, and with some of the stuff we see most patients won't survive to get back to the bigger treatment facility at the hospital without some intervention.

The stigma of being Rudolf Csaky's son has dogged me throughout my medical training and my attempts at getting a job. CrashKart wouldn't touch me with a barge pole in case some lawyer jumped on the name. That's when I 'anglicised' my surname to Zachary and registered for employment at DocWagon.

What I think about the others:

Dr Susan Ho (Doc)

When I first heard that Dr Ho was hiring, I jumped at the chance of being on her team. Her reputation at Uni was of having the highest patient survival rate of all time, but that she lost points due to certain "aggressive" techniques. Our instructors still use her as an object lesson of how patient survival alone isn't enough to secure top marks. I guess that's why someone of her experience is still working a mobile DocWagon and not in a hospital. I thought she'd be the best person to intern with before moving on, but now...

I've only been on the team for a week but already I can see the same weird symptoms, the same reactions to situations in Dr Ho as I saw in my father. I haven't got any proof that she's a soft-junkie, but if she is there's no way I'm going to allow myself to be pulled down with her when she falls. The only problem is; what if I'm wrong? What if it's just my own fears making me think these things? I guess I've become a little quieter as the week's gone by, trying to work this out, and I think some of the others in the team have started to notice.

Thomas Weiss-Beton (Silver)

A shaman... When I was little, stories of these guys and the connection they have with the spirit world used to freak me out. Dad even refused to have one on his team. Having worked with some in training though, I find them very comforting to have around, especially when things go wrong. Silver doesn't seem in the least bit scary. In fact, I get the feeling he'd be really easy to talk to. He might be an option to talk to about Dr Ho. Maybe he'd understand if I talked about my dad first?

Katarina Delage (Kat)

Cute! And dangerous... It doesn't take a genius to see that Kat is good at her job, really good. Hell, the way she drives, if she wasn't

she would have killed herself and taken a lot of innocent people with her long before now. When I first arrived she seemed very happy to see me, and more than a little forward, but a scowl from Dr Ho made her back off unfortunately. I guess there are still some team dynamics I have yet to clue in on. Not sure if I should pursue her out of hours? I guess there's always the thing my mother used to say about not fouling your own nest.

Gabriel Garner (Angel)

Glad he's with us, and he certainly seems very welcoming. By all accounts he's one of the better security operatives that DocWagon have, but he looks very strongly to Dr Ho for direction in everything other than his job. I haven't had the opportunity to really talk to him yet, as he's always following the Doctor.





DocWagon Personnel File

Employee Name: Gabriel Gardner

Employee ID: PS 8558-22

Call Sign: Angel

Team No: 14C

Position: Protection Specialist, Explosive Disposal Expert.

Name: Gabriel Gardner (Angel)
Position: Protection Specialist, Explosive Disposal Expert.
Birthdate: 06/08/2044
Current Age: 26
Sex: Male
Race: Troll



Qualifications:

- Basic First Aid
- Combat Strategy/Tactics
- Explosives Disposal
- Combat Engineering
- Started employ at Doc Wagon in July 2066
- Rated as “Outstanding” in mandatory self-defence and small-arms training.
- Rewrote DocWagon Training Module in self-defence and small-arms training, October 2066

Citations:

- 2067 Certificate of Merit for highest survival rate for any team for the calendar year.
- 2068 Certificate of Merit for highest survival rate for any team for the calendar year.
- 2069 Certificate of Merit for highest survival rate for any team for the calendar year.

Reprimands:

None.

Supervisor's remarks:

Gabriel came to DocWagon directly from a 6 year stint in the Armed Forces, and immediately his steadfast and no-nonsense manner proved an excellent addition. While it is true that he takes orders well, he also isn't backwards in telling his superiors where the flaws are in their orders, or anything else for that matter. He always does it politely however, and tends to be correct in his analysis of a situation, so his suggestions for improvement tend to go down well.

Note of a possible future problem: His obvious loyalty to Dr Ho may make it difficult to move him elsewhere in the organisation if it is deemed that he would be of better service to DocWagon in another position.

Personal History:

Being born a Troll, rather than one of those that come to the change later in life, I was always physically advanced for my age. Fortunately the government recognises these things these days and I was allowed to use my talents by signing up with the Armed Services at the age of 16.

Big or not though, there was no way they were going to allow a minor onto the front line, (imagine the headlines if they did!), and so I started my career learning everything I could about combat engineering, explosives and demolitions, while working as a coreman in a MASH unit.

As it turned out I had a talent for working around medicos, and the number of times that people were coming in with potentially dangerous or even explosive material or damaged hardware was on the increase. I ended up staying with various MASH units for five years, rewriting the guidelines for dealing with munitions and explosives as I did so. Some of the poor bastards we had to deal with had no idea they were wired to explode as soon as our Doctors started to work on them.

In my sixth year though, I was “promoted” to a training and desk job. Sure the pay was higher, but I didn’t join to work behind a desk, I wanted to help people, as corny as that sounds. So, at the end of my six year term, I opted out, and DocWagon took me in.

Well, “Doc” took me in. I’m usually described as “Quiet”, but I guess when I make a friend they stay that way. Susan once said I was a volcanic lake, that “Still waters run deep, and yours has a fire at its base”, but she was drunk at the time and crying over the latest dork to drop her so I doubt she would remember it. Susan hired me from the pool of hopefuls and we just immediately clicked. Now I have the work I love with people I respect. What could be better?

Well, I could have someone to share it with I suppose. I live alone, in an old warehouse converted into a series of studio apartments, very chic, fairly expensive, but I get paid well and I don’t have anyone but me to spend it on. The stairs, couches, chairs, tables and bed, have all been reinforced for someone of my

bulk, and the place is finished in a brushed steel and black iron motif.

And then there’s my kitchen. Susan gaped when she first saw it. Everything a Gourmet Chef could wish for. Cooking is my second passion, and I am, if I do say so myself, an excellent self-trained gourmet cook. I was going to book in to one of those community college courses, but our hours just don’t allow it. If I am alone (unless Susan’s here, that’d be most of the time) off-shift you will find me in my kitchen, trying out and inventing new recipes, with the private 24 hour cooking channel I have subscribed to running in the background. Susan’s always good to have about at 2am to try my latest dessert recipe on, especially if she’s just had a bad date.

What I think about the others:

Dr Susan Ho (Doc)

The elder sister I never had. Susan is fantastic as a no-nonsense boss, and I’m also proud to call her a friend. It’s probably a good thing that neither of us is the others “type”, because I’ve almost lost count of the number of times that she has ended up at my place to sleep off a drunken stupor after a date has gone bad or to cry on my shoulder when a relationship has come to a sticky end. She may have no skill in choosing men, but on the job she’s top notch, and that earns my loyalty.

Thomas Weiss-Beton (Silver)

Okay, I won’t pretend to understand some of the "hoopy-shit" that Silver comes out with from time to time, but whatever it is he is a wonderfully calming influence on the patients and, when needed, on the team. Like the wise old Chinese guy in those Hong Kong movies, you may not like Silver on first meeting, but you gotta respect the guy. Actually, that’s not a bad analogy... if you overlook the fact that Silver’s not old. Or Chinese. Or in any way good at martial arts. Nah, I give up.

I have come to like him though, and his family. His kid is quite cute actually, in the way she watches the two of us play chess. We play once a week, and for all his wisdom, he sucks at it. I let him win once, he seemed so stressed out that week that I had to, but I’ll never let him know I threw the game.

Katarina Delage (Kat)

sigh You wouldn't know that I'm a 26 year old trained killing machine whenever Kat is around. Not from the way I act anyway. I go all tongue-tied, shy, stumble over words... pathetic really. And yet every time I look at her or watch her drive—wow.

Yep, I'm completely smitten with her, and to date I've done not one thing about it. It doesn't help that she seems to have a different guy with her every weekend. I hate the fact that other guys get to be with her, but the fact that none of them seem to last gives me hope at least.

I need to be a little careful though. Once, while Kat was diving into a patient and therefore unaware, I stared at her too long and missed seeing someone toss a grenade in her direction until it was almost too late. Diving on it was the only way to save her life. The explosion knocked me right out, and all I remember of things after that are some really weird dreams involving flying and Silver running below me holding onto a string like I was some sort of kite. I woke up in hospital and spent the next month in bed healing up for that. Got chewed out by Doc something fierce too.

Ash Zachary

Susan allowed him on her team, so he must be okay. I just don't know him very well yet. He's started to react oddly to the Doc, stand-offish and kinda shy. Basically the same way it must look to anyone else that I react to Kat. Well, they're both professionals, and would understand where each other was coming from, maybe he's interested in her but worried about the fact that she's his boss? He could be the perfect guy for Doc. I wonder what it would take to get them together? Ok, so I'd be making her break her own rules about not dating within the team, but maybe she needs to have a relationship with someone in the same field, someone who would truly understand her drive.



Other player-facing materials or printables *Again, anything the players will need to see.*

Badges

 <p>DocWagon Specialist</p>	 <p>DocWagon Specialist Katarina Delage Team 14C EMT Driver</p>
 <p>DocWagon Specialist Dr. Thomas Weiss-Beton Team 14C Trauma Shaman</p>	 <p>DocWagon Specialist Gabriel Gardner Team 14C Protection Specialist</p>
 <p>DocWagon Specialist Dr. Ash Zachary Team 14C Poisons/Cyber Specialist</p>	 <p>DocWagon Specialist Dr. Susan Ho Team 14C Team Leader</p>

GM notes

Platinum Angels - Scenes

NOTE: This game was originally run with two GMs, one running the game and the other playing various NPCs. Where you see "David" or "Dina" below, that is just the prompts for the two GMs to share the workload in each scene. The game takes places as a number of scenes or "Call-Outs" for the team which start to uncover a larger plot for them to encounter and deal with.

Scenes are presented with a description of the setup, an intro text and details of key NPCs. Let the scenes play out until it is time to move on to the next one.

Opening BBQ:

The players shift runs from 10pm to 6.30am.

It is now 9pm, and everyone is gathered for a BBQ dinner at Silver's place. This is a fairly regular type of event for the crew, but this one is slightly special due to it not only being New Years Eve, but also because it is the first BBQ that Ash has attended.

The backyard of this suburban house is almost surrounded by tall trees that seem to be outgrowing every other tree in the neighbourhood, and the grass beneath bare feet is luxurious and soft. In the background, Johnny Cash style music can be heard emanating from the lounge room.

Charlotte (Silver's wife) will welcome Ash to the team in a short speech.

(David)

Opening Description

The last explosion of colour and incandescence fades to black and the stars above start to glimmer through the remaining smoke on this crisp and cold clear night. The fireworks you all just witnessed were the smaller ones designed be fired earlier in the night to satisfy small children and allow parents to put them to bed, to enjoy the rest of New Years Eve and the main event at midnight, just three hours away.

As your eyes refocus to Silver's closed-in backyard, it's high fences masked by tall bushes and trees, the grass lush beneath your feet and a table-full of plates, bowls and cups containing the remains of what was an excellent BBQ, Charlotte gives her husband a squeeze, removes her arm from around his waist and heads over to the table. A pop of a champagne cork echoes across the yard, and she pours glasses for everyone, including Gabrielle, Silver and Charlotte's 12 year old daughter who has been holding Angel's hand with childish glee at the fireworks

As she hands out the glasses, Charlotte makes a toast (*Dina*) Welcoming Ash to the team

David

Later...

The radio that has been playing the top songs of the last year breaks to give an update of the countdown:

“Hi folks, it’s Thommo, that’s Derek Thoms to our interstate visitors tonight, and I’d like to take this chance to tell you all about a very exciting development for Seattle-ites in this New Year. As you all know I’m a great believer in competition, and for too long the good people of Seattle have been without competition for one of their most basic needs – Medical Insurance. Well, as of tonight, the great DocWagon has some competition at last. ImMedica, one of Chicago’s finest medical response companies, has decided to expand into Seattle. This should see premiums come down for everyone in the long run. It’s now 9:50, so only just over two hours to go folks! And now, our next song is a remake of ...”

Scene: Opening BBQ

NPC: Charlotte Weiss-Beton, Female, 39, Orc, Silver’s wife

Charlotte is an attractive, determined lawyer practicing in the field of family law. Being an orc forced her to work even harder to fulfil her dream of being a successful lawyer and she has become very career oriented, to prove that she and other orcs can do something other than be muscle. When she was studying and beginning her career, she really didn’t have time for relationships, but when she met Tom—Silver—that changed. He was so good at listening and understanding and they shared their experiences and dreams. She didn’t even realise he was six years younger than her. It was just natural that they got married and started a family.

Charlotte tries not to bring her work home; the nasty side of family law has things she does not want her daughter exposed to. She loves the support and understanding she gets from Silver and thinks she’s really lucky to have someone willing to listen and help her talk through her issues. She still finds it amazing that she’s found a man who will let her focus on her career and help her maintain the balance between work and home.

She likes hosting the barbeques for the DocWagon team. It’s nice to see that Silver has such a great bunch of people to work with. They mesh so well that sometimes she feels a tiny pang of jealousy, since her office doesn’t have that camaraderie and she can’t join in their anecdotes.

Charlotte has focussed so much on her career that she has missed the cues of her family being under the same pressures her clients face. Silver’s apparent dedication to his work makes her happy, because it eases her guilt about her own workaholic tendencies. She’s convinced herself that they really are a great match with their commitment to work that helps others. Charlotte loves Silver, she is still affectionate with him, likely to sit with her arm around him at the barbeques and drop kisses in passing.

If Silver’s affair comes out, she will be shocked as it’s not at all what she expected, given that she thinks their relationship is great. She’s also oblivious to how her daughter really feels. Since Gabrielle doesn’t complain and is getting on fine at school, Charlotte honestly believes that everything is ok with her.

NPC: Gabrielle Weiss-Beton: Female, 12, Orc, Silver’s daughter

Gabrielle is at an awkward stage—becoming a teenager. She can’t interact with the DocWagon crew in the same way she did as a child, but she’s obviously not on equal footing with them yet.

She's got a huge crush on Angel, which doesn't help her clumsy attempts at adult conversation. What makes it even worse is that it's painfully obvious to her that Angel likes Kat. She used to really like Kat but now basically ignores her because she doesn't know how to deal with the jealousy.

Gabrielle feels ignored by her parents, that she comes a distant second to their jobs. They are caring when they are home, making sure she's got everything she needs and wants, including music lessons, so she doesn't complain, but it is clear to her that she isn't their priority. She was always reserved, preferring to read or draw alone than get involved in sports or group games, but she misses the attention. Lately she has stopped attempting to talk with her parents because they don't really seem interested. She can see that there is something wrong between her parents even if they can't, but she isn't sure how to ask about it.

Scene: Wagon 38:

Arriving late, (or even just on time), for their shift, the crew find that the only Wagon left in the garage to attach to Kat's truck is Wagon 38.

Theoretically there is nothing wrong with Wagon 38. Tests have shown that it is identical to all the other Wagons, but every rigger in the shop will tell you that there is something "just not right" with that Wagon, and that it is just plain unlucky.

At first there are no free jobs on the board – they've all been taken by those that arrived on time. Then an alert flashes up...

David

Opening Description

Arriving just a little later than normal, the depot is more than just a little empty. Every wagon has already been taken out by various teams ... all except Wagon 38.

Theoretically there is nothing wrong with Wagon 38, and exhaustive tests taken by DocWagon in an attempt to settle the argument have shown that it is identical to all the other Wagons, but every rigger in the shop will tell you that there is something "just not right" with that Wagon, and that it is just plain unlucky.

To top it all off, someone has scarfed the last chocolate biscuit from the tea room.

Scene: First Callout

Sudden life-sign drop on a platinum subscriber detected. Life signs and other biological data suggesting possible stroke, or ingestion of poison. Erratic heart rate showing strenuous beating as well as some complete skips.

Patient – Deborah Reed (F) 31 Elf.

(New second wife to Mayor of Seattle, currently celebrating the Mayor's son's 21st birthday and their wedding. First wife died before the election.)

(Mayor – Gregory Reed II (M) 68, Human)

(Mayor's Son – Gregory Reed III (M) 21, Human)

Location – Seattle Towers, 26th floor. (Private Function floor) Address of towers (only) given on callout (not floor)

Deborah has recently been bought the Platinum contract by her new husband (married three days earlier in a private ceremony). She has decided that it would be wonderful darling if the public celebration of her marriage coincided with the birthday celebration of the Mayor's son.

The couture dress that Deborah has chosen however has experimental cyberware embedded in it which will do funky highlights and colour changes to the dress but is also interfering with the proper function of the alert bracelet.

The team had better tread carefully and not run in "guns blazing"

David being guards, Dina being Deborah

Opening Description

Seattle Tower is one of the most exclusive venues in town - in fact, the most exclusive if you ignore those explicitly owned by a single megacorp for use by its employees alone.

When you arrive at the main doors your tracer shows the owner of the alert bracelet to be 90 metres above you, placing it on the Private Function Floor of the Tower. The information board in the Foyer proudly proclaims that the entire 26th Floor is hosting the Mayor of Seattle, Gregory Reed II, Wedding Reception, New Years Eve Party and Gregory Reed III 21st birthday party.

First Callout

NPC: Deborah 'Debbie-Doll' Wake-Reed: female, 31, elf, mayor's wife.

A former child star, Deborah is now a career trophy wife. She alternates between coquette and bitch with alarming ease. Under the pretty face is still a spoiled child who wants the expensive toys and candy and will do whatever it takes to get them, even pretend to be a nice person.

With Debbie-Doll's cuteness gone it looked like no amount of modern miracles could revive Deborah Wake-Reed's acting career after the box office disasters that were her first, second and third attempts at adult roles. She had the obligatory 'off the rails' period in her early 20s when she partied hard and was caught in compromising situations with various bad boys and girls.

She had two failed marriages: one at 22 to Johnny De Vris (another child star who had appeared to make the transition to adult actor successfully) ending in scandal less than a year later when he was found dead in a hotel spa with an also-dead male prostitute. This spurred her on to greater misdeeds until at 28 she appeared to find religion and clean herself up before her second marriage to a wealthy property developer. He tired of her tantrums and ill-concealed

drug habit after six months and divorced her in spectacular fashion. After this embarrassment, Debbie retired from public life and attempted to relaunch her acting career seriously.

At the opening night of her comeback film, she met local politician Gregory Reed II and his ailing wife. He was taken with her and she, recognising an opportunity, ensured she was invited to every event he was to appear at. She became Reed's confidante, at his side throughout his political campaign and supporting him through his wife's illness and death. After her last film's success Debbie changed her public image enough that her support of Reed went unquestioned by all but the smuttiest of gossip mags. A year after the first Mrs Reed passed away Senator Reed proposed to his pet.

Debbie cares for Reed in some small way, but she doesn't love him. She is not physically attracted to him, he is old in her eyes and she still thinks of herself as an icon for young men, like Reed's son, Greg Jr. She plays the part of the devoted wife in public and happily accepts his money while using Reed's grief over Irene's death to keep him at arms bay by pushing him into his work. After all, 'it's what Irene would have wanted.'

She is now the new second wife to the Mayor of Seattle, currently celebrating their wedding, New Year's Eve and the Mayor's son's 21st birthday—in that order.

NPC: Mayor Gregory Reed II: Male, 68, human.

Gregory Reed II is a calm, older, human politician. He is one of the rare few who became a politician because he wants to help people. He is a distinguished person who uses quiet logic to argue his case. Always a devoted family man, he has lately been accused of being indulgent with his adult son Greg Jr and second wife Debbie.

He was previously the sort to celebrate privately, but since Irene's death and his subsequent remarriage to Debbie, he has been hosting lavish events on a regular basis. Not everyone believes he is behind this change in style. Many point their fingers at the trid-star who he has recently married.

Irene died after a long battle with cancer during the lead up to the Mayoral elections. Irene had been popular with the voters and Reed was known for his devotion to her and his son. Public sympathy assisted in a landslide election win for Reed.

Reed also gained a huge increase in popularity when former child star Debbie-Doll Wake joined his campaign. He met her two years prior at the opening night of her comeback film. She was beautiful, sophisticated and charming, nothing like the little girl he remembered from her former films or the starlet trash she'd been until recently. In short, she had grown up. As Irene's illness progressed, he found that Debbie was a dependable friend, attentive, always ready to give him a hug or a shoulder to cry on when Irene's latest results showed she was getting worse. As Irene could no longer attend public events, it was natural for him to invite Debbie to be his companion in her place. Soon she was by his side almost constantly, but never so near as to be inappropriate. He found himself relying on her increasingly and was lost when she was on location filming just after the election.

After Irene died and he won the election, Reed threw himself into his work as Mayor. Outside of official appointments the only person he saw regularly was Debbie. Eventually he realised he was in love with her and proposed. She had appeared delighted when she accepted. Now, he lavishes everything on Debbie, nothing but the best money can buy. His most recent present to her was a gift of a Lifetime Platinum DocWagon contract.

NPC: Gregory 'Greg Jr' Reed III: Male, 21, Human, Mayor's Son.

Greg Jr can't quite come to terms with his father's new marriage. He used to have posters of Debbie-Doll pouting, scantily-clad on his bedroom walls and one or two of the compromising videos from her rampage years on file. Now she's his step-mother and it's all wrong.

At first he thought it was cool that she was helping his father on the campaign. When she started flirting with him, Greg Jr, it was even better. The occasional kiss and grope was great, but she swore him to secrecy and he agreed it would look bad in the press. When it became clear she was angling for his father even while his mother was in hospital he became angry. He confronted her about it but she just laughed and said that once she was married to Reed Snr and he was Mayor, they could do whatever they liked and Reed Snr didn't need to know. They'd all get what they wanted so where was the harm?

Greg has recently taken to avoiding the family home as much as possible. Staying out and spending his time and money on entertainment, alarmingly similar to Debbie's own early 20's. He's furious that his 21st birthday is being held in conjunction with Debbie and Gregory's second wedding reception and plans not to attend. He will instead go to a party organised by his 'real' friends on the other side of town.

NPC: Tisha Halstein: Female, 25, Elf, Debbie's assistant

Tisha has been Debbie's assistant since Debbie's second marriage ended in a mess. She was hired by Debbie's lawyer to help keep any bad publicity under wraps. Secretly she's unimpressed by the star's antics, but is also enough of an actor to appear like she gives a damn about what colour shoes will go with her charge's dog's collar. She is efficient and polite. She only speaks when necessary and will let very little slip about her charge. She is being pushed to her limit lately, so if the situation warrants it she may lose her temper and give away something to the DocWagon team that the marriage is a farce.

NPCs: Random guests: mostly human and elven, some orcs (mostly bodyguards).

20's and early 30's predominant for the men (all good looking, Debbie has invited the actors and musicians she knows).

Scene: Second Callout

Since there is no patient to return to the hospital from the first callout the team register being 'clean' and get a callout on their way back to the depot.

Second Callout is a manual call in from a runner team that have come a cropper of an anti-personnel mine. They have one slightly wounded and one heavily wounded team member.

The problem is, when they arrive the PC's discover that the people are being treated by medical personnel from a new company recently started up in Seattle – "ImMedica". They have already treated the patients and are loading them into the wagon to take them to hospital. Upon arrival they offered the team not only medical help, but FREE medical help with no strings attached as an introductory offer with an additional first month free if they decide to transfer their current DocWagon contract to the new company.

David

Opening Description

A troll, bristling with the latest in cyberware and equipment stands between you and the destroyed vehicle. Two dwarves sit on the gutter beyond him, nursing their heads while being tended to by a rather attractive medic. One body can be seen completely covered by a grey sheet while two more medicos, surgeons by the look of them, work on a very badly wounded human bathed in the eerie blue light of a clean field generator.

Scene: Tea Break

Back at the depot waiting for another callout. Tea happens, and the team that took "their" wagon returns brimming with the story about their callout – saving the son of the Mayor from being mugged outside a university dorm party that he had gone to in order to avoid his own 21st birthday party and his new "mum". They are being treated very well by the Mayor for keeping it quiet from the press until they got the boy to the proper party. (Description of the party is dependent on what the PC's did when they got there earlier.)

This is also when midnight occurs. Allow the players some time to celebrate/acknowledge the New Year.

Dina

Opening Description

The depot isn't as empty now, two other wagons sit in their recharge bay, and the smell of freshly brewed coffee wafts across the garage from the Tea Room.

The usually jovial sound of your colleagues relaxing however is missing, instead you walk into the room to: "We couldn't believe it! It was the second time tonight that we'd been beaten to the scene by these ImMedica people!"

"Yeah? Well expect to see our faces in the morning papers tomorrow dudes, we saved the life of the son of the Mayor! ImMedica didn't beat us, never even showed up."

At some point:

Radio announces 15 seconds until midnight...

Scene: Third Callout (OPTIONAL SCENE – Leave this scene out if running out of time!)

Call out to the offices of Lindar ChemTechnics where a VP has collapsed at an office New Year's Eve party.

Arrive to see an ImMedica airlift shuttle taking off from the roof with their patient. The security officers in the foyer hand Doc a letter to be passed onto her superiors. It is official notification of Lindar's move from DocWagon to ImMedica for their executive employee health plan.

David

Opening Description

You are stopped by the security gates leading into the Lindar compound. Under the penetrating beams of searchlights you see a helicopter with the markings of ImMedica upon it lifting off from the roof of the main Lindar building. Looking through the bullet-proof glass of his security station, the gate guard is looking directly at Kat and is slowly shaking his head.

Scene: Fourth Callout

Callout for a fairly high powered runner team that have had their vehicle taken out on the superhighway. All accounts are that they were returning from a successful run when they were taken out by a rocket.

Not beaten there. If Kat isn't trying something to get to scenes quicker by this time I'd be very disappointed. This will seem like a reward for her efforts.

Find clues that the other teams know when the incidents are going to occur (Although not quite a smoking rocket launcher). Perhaps a list of incidents that are going to occur that night including some in the future.

Dina

Opening Description

On the highway, blocking two of the eight lanes of traffic, a rigger-vehicle lies on its side. It is, or at least was, a stylish red and black muscle-car. From the looks of the armor plating that has been ripped asunder by some sort of explosion, it's obvious that whatever hit this car was packing quite a punch.

Through the smashed door and windows, it can be seen that the rigger has unfortunately been killed outright. The front passenger, a street sam, looks gravely wounded, but the two in the back seem to have been saved from the explosion at least by an internal barrier between the front and the back compartments. They still hang sideways, unconscious, suspended by their seatbelts.

- Hand Kat her memory sheet (**Kat and Koji**, below)
- Doc can't work out how to perform the needed intubation on the front passenger
- ImMedica turn up during the rest of team working on the patients – time for the PC's to nab them and their database. (Angel and Kat probably)

Seriously – how would the PC's get this?

- Hacking into a ImMedica vehicle
- Diving into an unconscious ImMedica team member (The violent option)
- Following an ImMedica team
- Emergency Scene below.

What they find:

- Evidence of their call-out sheet for the night, including call outs listed in the future!
- Two such callouts are listed to occur in 15 minutes. One is to a NYE Party at the Law Firm Silver's wife works at (and to where she and their daughter were going after the BBQ) for a food poisoning outbreak. (Tell Silver privately that he knows that the biological indicated on the callout sheet his wife is terribly allergic to, and that she would have a far more severe reaction to than normal. It could kill her.)
- The other is a gas-leak and power failure at the main hospital of DocWagon itself! (Tell Kat privately that the power outages noted would lower the firewall on DocWagon's mainframe, leaving accounts, patient records, client records, everything undefended.)

NPC: Koji 'Rush' Kubota: Human, 28, street samurai (Kat's ex)

Koji Kubota aka Rush is what the streets consider a top quality 'runner—he's still alive after nearly a decade of running. Born in Seattle to Japanese immigrants, Koji fell into the shadows after the Renraku arcology disaster of 2059 trapped his family inside. His first run was as part of a team trying to get in. He was the only one who made it out alive. He became obsessed with becoming the toughest and best street sam around with the intention of going back in, but cyberwear is expensive and there was always a newer, better model of something coming out. His life became a merry-go-round of upgrades and dangerous high paid jobs. He is heavily cybered, with so little essence left his last technician told him to stop or risk insanity. Sometimes people wonder whether he hasn't already lost it.

The thing that kept Rush going and surviving battles was his sense of honour to his family: he had to get them out. When the arcology was finally breached, Rush wasn't part of it and has never forgiven himself. He sees it as a failure on his part that he didn't get in to find his family before someone else did. Now dangerous runs are a compulsion, it's almost like he's trying to get killed but can't. Some runners are scared to work alongside him, but others (like Kat) are drawn to his intensity. He doesn't have long term relationships, preferring to stay aloof from emotions fearing they will make him lose his edge. His general story is known to many in the shadows and a number of women have decided they will be the one to make him happy. They all end up disappointed because he backs off from real emotional interaction. Ironically since she didn't ask for closeness, Kat is the only one he's been even remotely close to, but he eventually ended their relationship too.

Handout: Kat and Koji

You see a badly wounded street samurai. There's surprisingly little blood so you can see he's cybered to the gills; even with Alphawear he must have barely any essence left. You only know of one sam mad enough to be that full of metal.

Wait... Shit. No! It can't be, but it is. He never altered his eyes, you'd recognise them anywhere.

Coming closer you see that it is the one person you never expected to be dying in a street fight—Rush, aka Koji Kubota.

You get a flash of memory; sweat, laughter, loud music and heat. In front of you is the one lover you could have fallen for and you were pretty sure he was edging towards falling for you too. You two were unstoppable, in more ways than one. With your taste for crazy stunts, a hard arsed cyberised street samurai was your best match. He even almost convinced you to give up driving for DocWagon and become a runner with him, but then he bolted one morning and you haven't seen him since. Until now.

Alternate Scene 1: Attack on DocWagon (David):

This will be an infiltration attack by an ImMedica runner attempting to gain DocWagon's complete staff and customer database as well as their stockholders information. The runner has gained access to the DocWagon depot pretending to be a patient in a fake DocWagon wagon and team.

The PC's are (unusually for this time of night) arriving back at the depot because yet again they missed out on getting a patient due to the ImMedica teams.

Alternate Scene 2: Poisoning at the Law Firm (Dina)

PC's arrive before the ImMedica team, and are rushed upstairs by a panicked doorman, (who was in the process of calling the alert in). Upstairs, Charlotte and one other person are entering anaphylactic shock and need immediate treatment.

ImMedica team will arrive six minutes after the PC's and try to gain entrance to the offices.

IMPORTANT: Angel needs to recognise one of the men dressed as wait staff (Mad Jock-Doc McDonnell) as a runner with a rather nasty reputation. This man will need to be captured and have his datapad confiscated and hacked for the final scene to work. Give the PC's multiple chances to do this.

Alternate Scene 3: Emergency Scene

To be used only if the PC's are getting nowhere. A contact to one of the characters calls them to say that their team has been hired by someone to cause a small accident where some people would get hurt and were *very* specific about the place and time it had to occur, not a minute sooner or later. What might we get for such information huh?

Final Scene: Showdown at Dawn

The final “accident” scheduled to happen this shift is on the datapad of the runner captured at the Law Firm, but is *not* on the schedule that the ImMedica teams have. It is scheduled to occur at 6:15am, just as the sun rises. According to the list, the target is a Mrs Emily Parr, although it is noted that collateral damage to her husband Keith and son John is quite acceptable under the terms of the contract.

A rigger has been hacked with Black IC, and set up in his sports car. When he sees the appropriate target (Mrs Parr) leaving the Mayor’s party at the Seattle Tower he is to drive his vehicle so that it runs out of control and hits Mrs Parr, either killing or seriously injuring her. He is then programmed to drive off, and eventually kill himself by driving off a cliff into the ocean.

Susan will recognise the name of Mrs Emily Parr as the new ImMedica VP in charge of Seattle.

If saved, she will make a similar offer to the team as Hig (below), but will also want Hig’s head on a platter. Her own people can handle this though.

David

Opening Description

The sun is all of ten minutes away from rising as people start to file out of the Mayor’s Party, gathering and milling about, saying their final farewells in little groups inside and just outside the foyer of the famous tower.

Anything else?

Armed with knowledge that ImMedica is causing the incidents in order to get to them first – the PC’s may do something silly...

Possible endings:

- Confront ImMedica and deal. Meet a Mid 30’s hardball elven human exec; (Mr Hig Hurglenflurst). He’ll agree to call off the runners in return for the team keeping the secret and handing over all the evidence. It was all a terrible mistake! Heads will roll! I’ll find out who was responsible for this terrible thing and personally fire him. Meanwhile, you were so resourceful in discovering this – we could use people like you. Would you like to work for us? More pay, better conditions, Susan, may I call you Susan? You’ve been overlooked for promotion so many times, that would not happen here...
- Confront ImMedica and fight. (Otherwise known as the “Bonehead Manoeuvre”.) Expect tough opposition. Not sure just what the team will think they might get from this – they’re medicos, not runners.
- Hide in sand, do nothing, finish shift. (AKA “Epic Fail”) DocWagon goes down, they’re out of a job.
- Various internal characterisation endings.