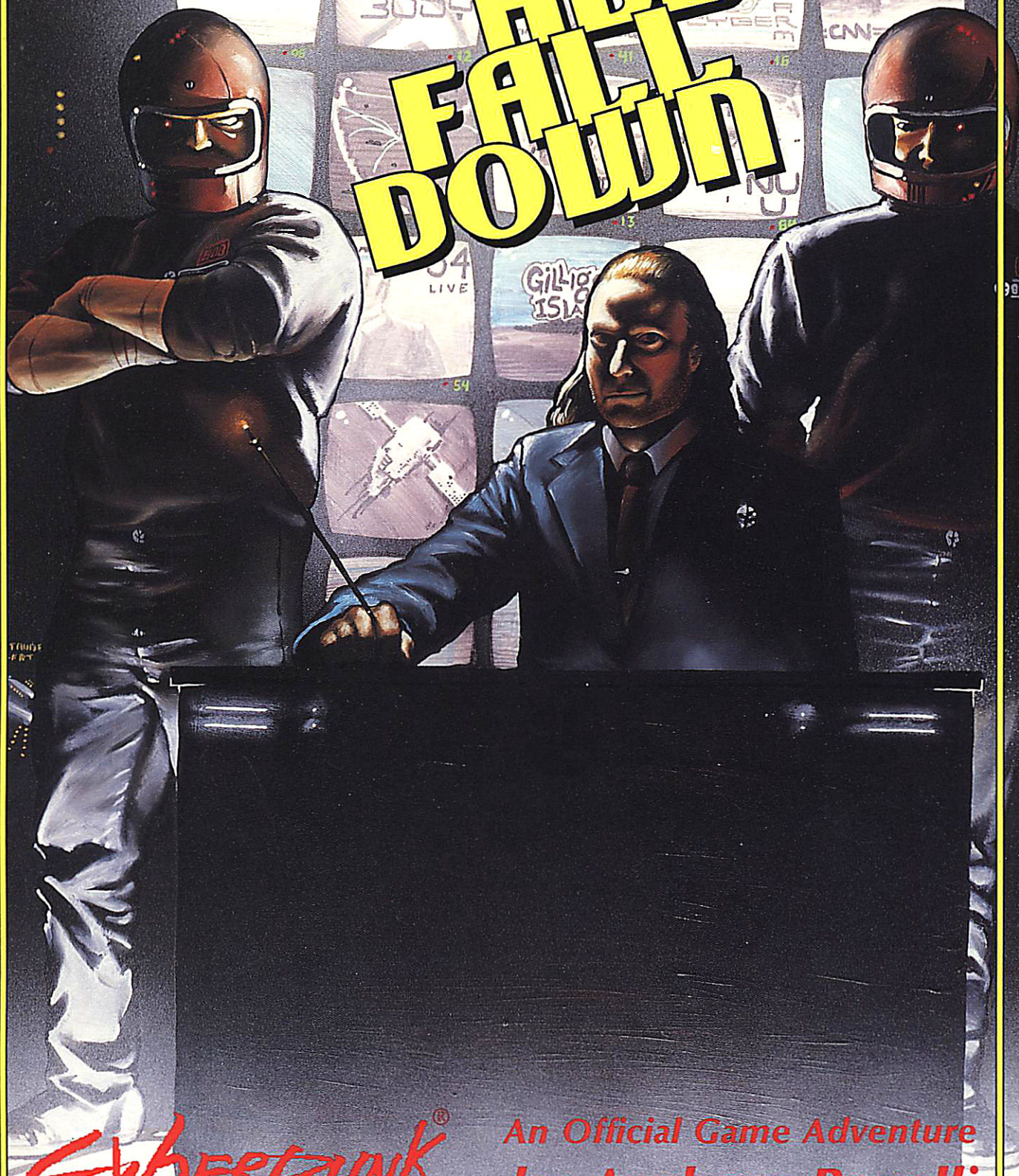


ALL FALL DOWN



CYBERPUNK®

*An Official Game Adventure
by Andrew Borelli*

FALL FALL DOWN

**A CYBERPUNK 2020®
ADVENTURE**

by Andrew Borelli



CREDITS

Design: Andrew Borelli

Editing: Darin "Woody" Eblom

Product Manager: John Nephew

Editorial Assistance: Zara Lasater, John Nephew

Editor for R. Talsorian Games: Derek Quintanar

Cover Art: Doug Shuler

Interior Art: David Brown, David Douglas

Cartography: Kevin O'Neill

Layout: John A. Nephew

Author's Special Thanks: Candace Barbato (Thanx Cand!)

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INTRODUCTION

BACKGROUND

Two months ago, Biotechnica's deep space explorer floated back toward the Earth and crashed on our moon. A salvage team sent two days later never reported back. Suspicious that Petrochem might be attempting to provoke Corporate war, Biotechnica sent a mercenary team to check out the wreckage. The mercs reported back the next day to say that the original crew plus the salvage team were both dead. Some bodies had exploded inside their suits. Other men were found dead, locked in combat, with knives or sharp objects still protruding from each others punctured suits. Some were found with fletchette pistols to their shattered heads, the scene indicating that the men had sprayed the room and everyone in them with fletchettes before

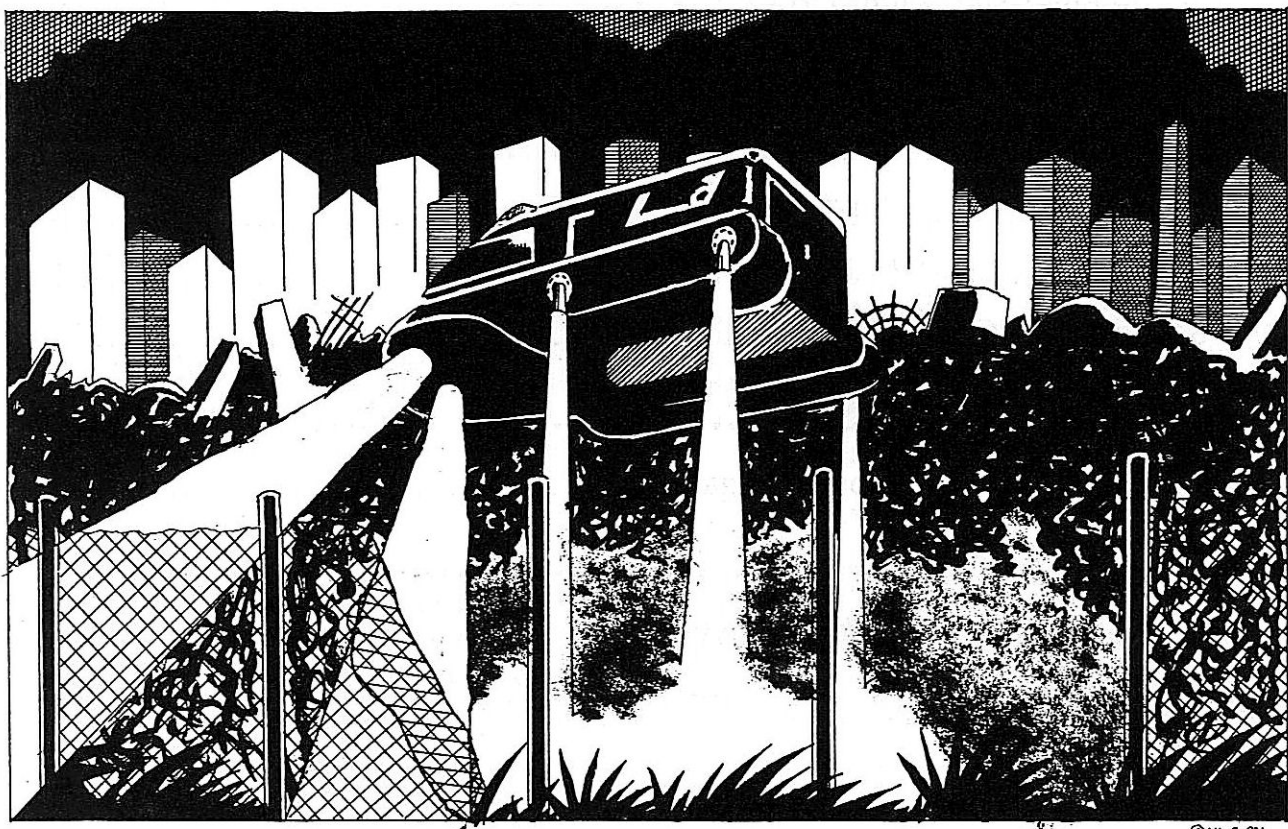
shooting themselves. It was as if the crews tried to kill each other.

Further investigation revealed that the crewmen not actually in combat were all killed by a strange fungus which nested for a few hours before messily — and unsuccessfully — trying to be born. It was discovered that the fungus grew due to a chemical reaction caused by mutated experimental medicine. Records on the ship were salvaged by a Tech team and showed that the ship was bombarded by radiation while on its way to the moons of Saturn to look into construction prospects for covert military bases and that many crew members suffered radiation sickness. The commanding officer logged that he was giving the order to dispense the experimental medicines. The CO's reports seemed to be gibberish after that, as if the crew had gone

mad, but no mention of the spores were made.

The incident was tightly covered up (since the mission was top secret to begin with), but naturally Biotechnica saw the opportunity to develop a new bioweapon. Stage one of the development has already been completed. Stage two, actual infection of a human host, is underway. Once Biotechnica has the data it needs, it will begin Stage Three: releasing the spores into a Combat Zone and seeing how effectively they work. By sheer coincidence, the neighborhood to be sacrificed is the same one in which the PCs live and work.

To make things more complex, the head of Biotechnica's Research and Development department, Dr. Lisa Tomes, has taken an extended leave of absence due to cancer. With her



©1988 42

out of the picture, the R&D department is headed for civil war.

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

Two high ranking Corps are currently both pushing for their weapon projects to be adopted by the Board of Directors. So while one side works with the PCs, the other will try to shut their operation down. However it turns out, one thing's for certain: both sides want to flatline the players when this is wrapped up.

COMBAT SCORES

To make this adventure easy to use, we have included Combat Scores for each NPC that might engage the PCs in combat. These numbers total bonuses and penalties for the character in normal conditions, so that you need not look up all the information yourself. For instance, each weapon has its vital stats summarized for ease of play (#Shots, rate of fire, damage and reliability), and then the bonus that the character receives when using the weapon is given — taking into account such factors as weapon accuracy, character skill and reflexes, smartgun links and cyberoptics, and penalties for the encumbrance of the armor worn by the character.

For martial arts, a single bonus is given; it does not reflect key attack bonuses (see *Cyberpunk®*, p90) for that martial art.

For armor, if no score is given for a body area, assume the SP value protecting the area to be zero.

If unusual conditions prevail, you may wish to revise figures accordingly. Suppose a character unloads her MetalGear — that relieves 2 EV, and in effect raises any scores that are raised on reflex (initiative bonus, weapons bonus) by +2.

A common initiative modifier is Sandevistan Speedware. When acti-

vated by subvocalized command, it gives a +3 bonus to initiative on the subsequent five turns. Then it must be activated again, after two turns without the speed. Since this modifier switches on and off through a combat, we have indicated initiative bonus totals with asterisks (*) when the +3 Speedware bonus is included. Be sure to subtract 3 from the total when it's an "off" turn — the first turn of combat and between boosted states.

Look for this information after the equipment lists, choomba, and happy hunting.

WELCOME TO BOOMERTOWN

Before (and certainly after) the Collapse, Las Vegas was a dying, violent American city, not much different from any other. Heat waves, mob violence and choking pollution almost killed the city; even the gambling industry that made the place famous was on its way out.

In 2005, Corporate money began to pour into Las Vegas in an attempt to rebuild the old recreational industries. Corps began to rediscover Vegas as a fun place to blow a few hundred thousand Euro. The downtrodden working class meanwhile discovered that jobs (both legal and otherwise) were once again available. Now they call it Boomertown.

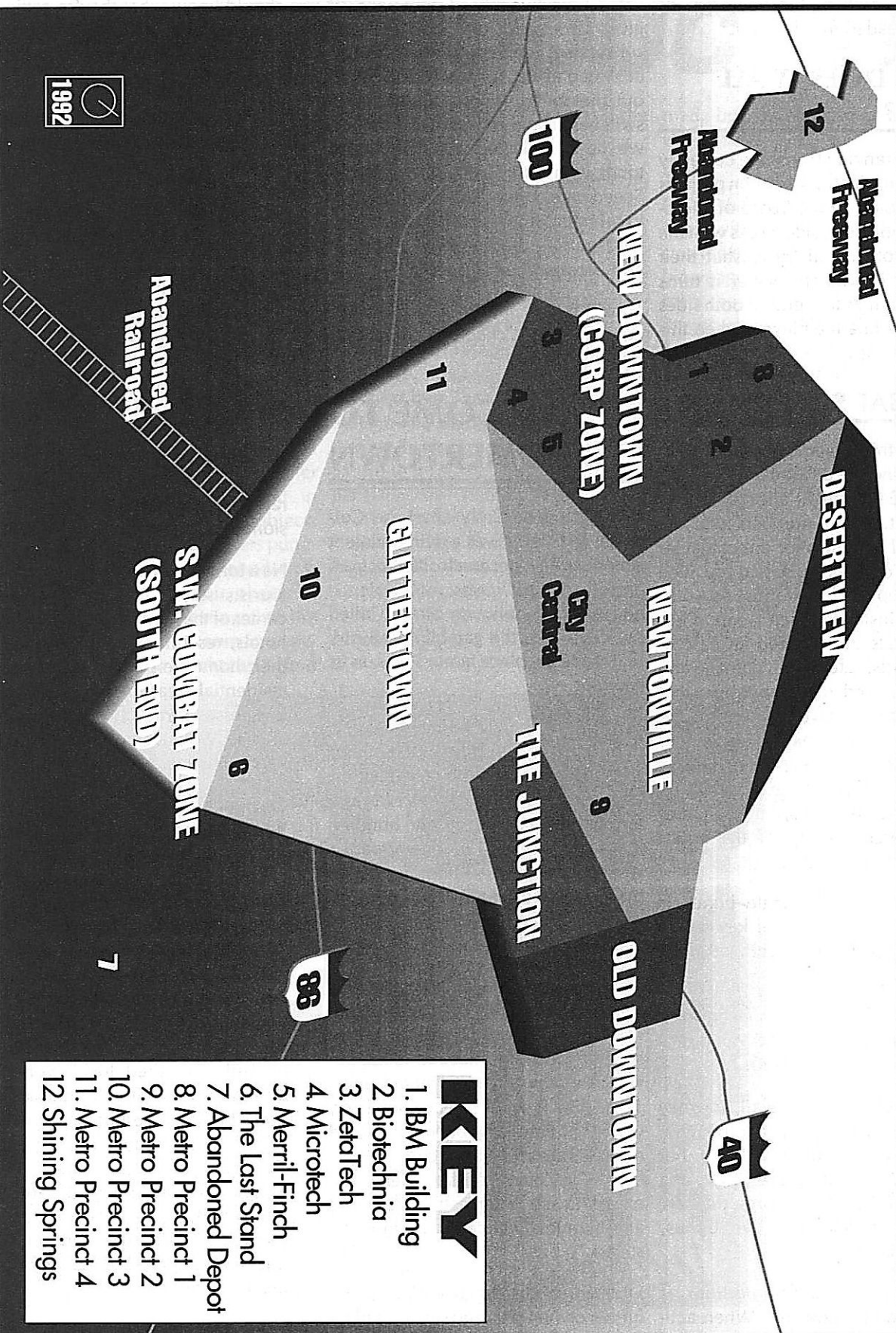
Some sections of Vegas, unfortunately, succumbed to the Collapse before money could breathe life into them, so large parts of former gambling havens are now empty Combat Zones. The decay is wide spread, however, which in a way is a good thing; instead of one huge megagang controlling a burnt out Zone, Vegas residents can expect to see lesser petty-ante punks and harmless wanderers walking the streets.

Since Las Vegas is a great place to run further campaigns, and since the play-

ers should know what they're getting into, here's a rundown on the areas that make Vegas what it is today (there's also a map on page 6):

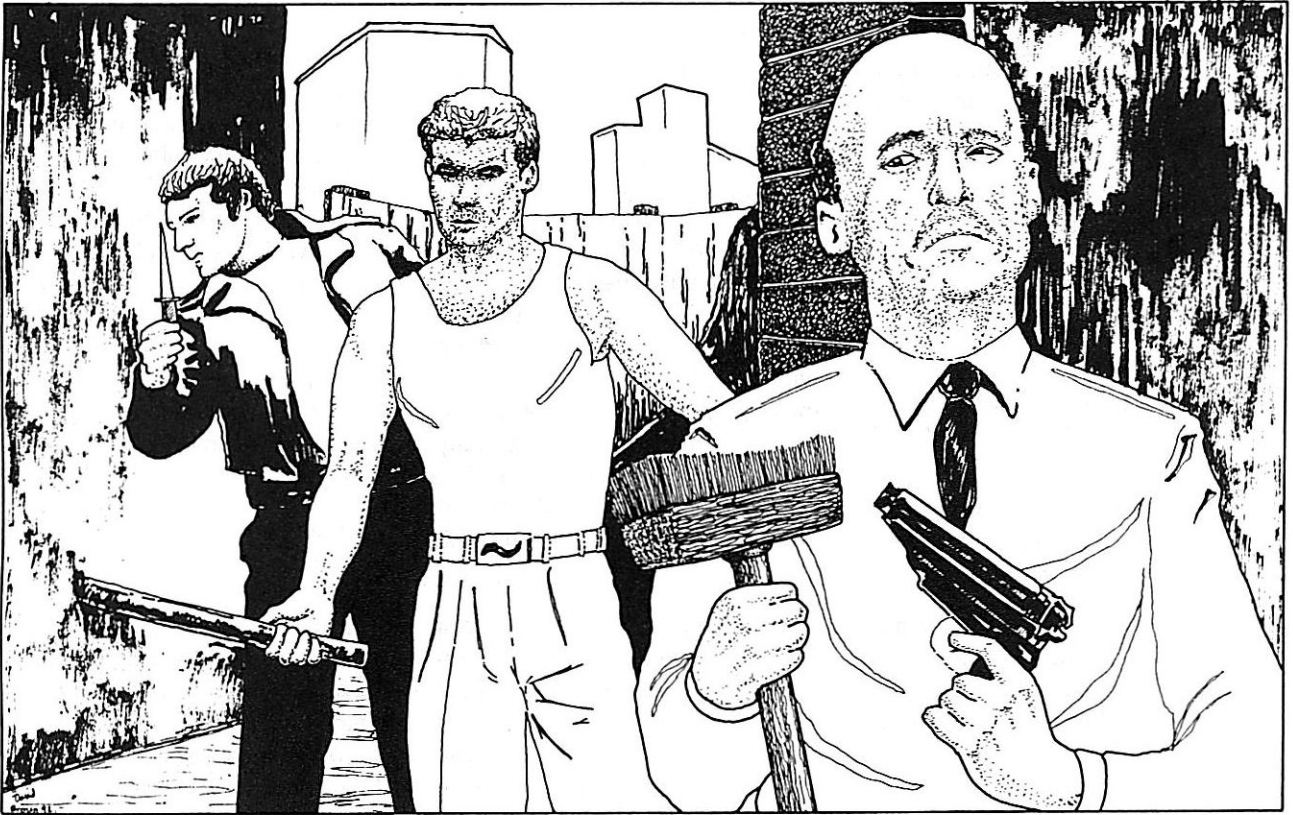
- 1 **City Central:** This is the municipal heart of Las Vegas; essentially, it's what makes the city go. City Hall, Metro Precinct One, the NETWATCH Building, the Gambling Commission, and the main Trauma Team center are all here. The streets are lined with expensive shops, although smaller businesses of less repute exist. By the way, the traffic's abominable. Naturally, security is pretty tight here night and day (although the streets aren't restricted), and since Corporate money keeps the City government in line, expect to see some Corporate hitters on the streets occasionally.
- 2 **Newtonville:** This is where many tourists stay. Although not the center of the gambling trade, many hotels, restaurants and bars make their home here. There is a light residential area here as well, so the businesses attract (and employ) the locals. Violence and police intervention are relatively minimal.
- 3 **The Junction:** The Junction is where Vegas' abandoned subway system used to come up for air. There's an old train trestle in the center of this area, and access to the abandoned tunnels as well. There are nasty rumors about cannibal gangs hanging around down there, but so far no one's gone down to check. The area has mostly lower class housing, bars, and nightclubs packed with tired local workers and punks looking for the next score. Not the best neighborhood to get stuck in at night, but not Combat Zone status either. The problem is that although the area is tightly knit, the level of violence is rising, and police intervention has become a nightly occurrence once again.

LAS VEGAS 2020 (And Surrounding Area)



KEY

1. IBM Building
2. Biotechnia
3. ZetaTech
4. Microtech
5. Merrill-Finch
6. The Last Stand
7. Abandoned Depot
8. Metro Precinct 1
9. Metro Precinct 2
10. Metro Precinct 3
11. Metro Precinct 4
12. Shining Springs



4 **Old Downtown:** This is Boomertown's answer to the Rust Belt. Most of the city's industries are either in Corporate towers or glittering casinos. Just about every other industry is dead. Although not a Combat Zone, Old Downtown is downright dangerous. Homeless 'dorphers mix with jacked up punks to do battle in abandoned steelworks and burnt out warehouses. Some small shops and factories exist, but only on a local level. Naturally, police intervention is heavy. No one lives here. Be careful.

5 **The Corporate Zone (aka New Downtown):** New Downtown is the Corporate Zone, as we've all seen it in many other cities. Huge, shining Corporate towers breach the sky while below, on the spotless sidewalks, heavily armed guards politely nod to Corps in incredibly overpriced restaurants and shops. The traffic is light and

the sun always shines. If you're walking around here, carry a Corporate ID Card or consider yourself under arrest.

6 **Glittertown:** The center of the gambling mystique, this is where it all happens in Vegas. Gigantic hotel/casinos, reaching almost as high as the Corporate buildings, are as plentiful as the con men running on the streets. Glittertown is a colorful mixture of rich and poor, honest and crooked. Punks, Corps, high rollers and low lifes all meet here in the trendiest of bars, casinos and hangouts open to anyone. Here's where you'll find cybicycles parked next to town cars. The streets are always crowded, the stores always busy, and of course at night the casinos are rockin'. Although violence occurs, security is actually very tight, especially when it comes to the gambling. The penalties for cheating are severe, because the

Gambling Commission is VERY strict with the casinos, so they expect their patrons to be just as honest. Fair warning, but enjoy yourself just the same.

7 **Desert View:** This is an expensive neighborhood at the northern end of the city. The wealth here isn't as extravagant or eccentric as in other areas — call it subtly loaded. Most Corps, successful gamblers, and other wealthy types make their homes here in beautiful town houses and condo complexes. Tight security goes without saying, and of course the area is kept clean and bright. As in the Corporate Zone, you need a really good reason to walk around if you're not a resident.

8 **Southwest Combat Zone (formerly South End):** This is Vegas' only true Combat Zone. Gangs roam the area, doing what boosters do best. Most of the area is totally

devastated, but many of the old hotel/casinos, now abandoned and falling apart, still exist. These former palaces sometimes house small blacktech clinics, drug dens, and hangouts. Police presence is limited, but actual intervention is very heavy, as city authorities wish to prevent the spread of chaos. The Combat Zone is very grim, very dark, and not much fun. You've been warned.

REELING 'EM IN

This adventure should have a Fixer and two or three Solos, but any type of character can fit in. Here are just a few hooks for the character classes:

- ❑ **Rockers:** The gig scene is dead right now in Night City. Your old friend from Boomertown, however, just offered you a job doing gigs at a place called "The Last Stand". Sounds interesting, so you're gonna go for it.
- ❑ **Solos:** You're currently working as muscle for a small nickel and dime mob in Vegas. Things have been slow, even though you work out of the South End, but there's rumors of a major deal tonight. That's why you're on bodyguard duty with the Boss at some local bar.
- ❑ **Netrunners:** Things have always been pretty slow on the Net scene in Vegas, but on occasion you work the gambling grids in Glittertown. Sometimes someone asks you to fix a game for the right price; other times you're asked to burn a cheater. Right now you're unemployed, so you've been hanging around in the darker areas of town, hoping for some underworld job to put real Euro in your pocket.
- ❑ **Techie:** You work out of a blacktech clinic in the Combat Zone, prepping, repairing and occasionally building bits of illegal cyberware.
- You also act as a medical technician on occasion, when your ripperdoc employer patches up a shredded booster or some such street garbage. Last night was intense; a gang war left lots of dead and dyings at your doorstep. Right now you're chilling at a local bar.
- ❑ **Medic:** You work as a "pharmacist", designing new street drugs and making the classic stuff as well. Right now you're working with a small boss in Boomertown, making batches of Blue Glass. Your true love, the job you'd really like, is combat medicine; but Trauma Team just isn't hiring. Between jobs you hang out with the gang at the Last Stand.
- ❑ **Corporate** (a good alternate to a Fixer): You wanted to work overseas, see the world, be part of the Company's field operations. But the small pharmaceutical firm you signed up for just doesn't have worldwide interests. And they've decided your talents would best be spent peddling Blue Glass on the streets so the big Execs can fund their major medical projects. Sure, you get to see the Corporate Zone, do lunch with the chairman, and sit in on the meetings, but on Friday nights like this one you have to come to dumps like the Last Stand and bang out a deal with some local streetscum. Such is life.
- ❑ **Media:** There are wars, and then there are wars. You used to be pretty chill stuff around the Net News office, and you earned your wings covering the Second Corporate War. You've seen violence and degradation for years — but not like this. Not in the US, you thought. Never before have you really seen America's streets. It's almost as bad as that extraction in Vladivostok. A major press scandal, unfortunately, has left you covering the crime beat in Vegas, looking for a good story. Maybe you'll find one before you drink yourself into a stupor at the Last Stand.
- ❑ **Cop:** You're a product of the Phoenix Evacuation. After the city fell to riots, extreme heat, and intense pollution, you broke off from the military convoy to Annapolis and headed for Boomertown. Once there, with your legal background you decided it would be easy to learn the ins and outs of the local mob scene and maybe make some money on the dark side. Now you're the distributor for the gang with connections in some precincts. But not downtown.
- ❑ **Nomad:** Your pack is relatively small; there's around 80 of you, all former laborers, kicked out when Petrochem decided it was time to automate. You're riding up now from San Antonio following some heavy road combat to visit your old friend Raze in Vegas. Word is he'll be at the Last Stand tonight.
- ❑ **Fixer:** The heart of the adventure! You started out as a streetpunk, hustling the money channels in Glittertown. Slowly you drifted towards drugs, becoming a courier, then a distributor, until eventually you ran the show. Now you run a major Blue Glass operation, supplying 35% of all the Glass in Boomertown. Tonight you'll be rich if your deal with that Nomad guy Raze goes down.

PART ONE: ACQUISITION

SCENE ONE: THE LAST STAND

The Last Stand is a bar bordering the Combat Zone. Its name comes from the fact that it's been the sight of pitched battles between boosters and police. It's also where the team Fixer does most of his business.

Tonight a major deal goes down. The Neo Wasters, a biker gang from Needles, want a cheap, readily available source of Blue Glass. The gang leader, Raze, should be here any minute. Read this description to the players:

You're in the Last Stand, a bar on the edge of the Combat Zone known for desperate shootouts and huge battles. The place is a small hole in the wall built into an abandoned hotel/casino. The atmosphere in here is tense; bad lighting, dungy and ragged carpet, the dull hum of air conditioning. Tired, off-duty Cops pensively slosh down drink after drink while nervous punks stand on the sides, ready for some action. Nothing vaguely Corporate hangs out here. Ever.

Tonight a major deal with the Neo Wasters, a biker gang, is expected. Five kilos of Blue Glass for fifty thousand Euro.

You're all packed into a booth on the far wall; the Fixer is preparing his offer while the Solos eye the talent.

The tension in here is so thick...you know the rest. Cops who know the

PCs' rep will give them dirty looks every now and then. Punks from rival gangs will try to start trouble, or at least exchange words. Play it out until it gets boring, and try not to kill anyone.

Eventually Raze, the leader of the Neos, struts through the door with two ordinary looking bikers. Raze acts like he owns the place as he marches across the bar and sits with the characters. The two bikers silently stand at attention.

Raze (Nomad)

Play Raze as an arrogant biker who wants everyone to know that he leads a family. He's slightly psychotic, but not dangerous in the sense that he probably won't go off the handle for no reason — he just likes to take chances and act crazy. In his case, cyberware installation hasn't made him cold but rather suicidal; life is something he can do with or without. (Mention the large purple mohawk, too.)

Stats

INT 6	REF 6	TECH 5
CL 9	ATT 5	LK 6
MA 7	BODY 7	EMP 4

Cybernetics

Processor, Kerenzikov II Boost, Smartgun Link, Interface Plugs, Right Cyboptic (Targeting, Weapon Readout, Times Square), Left Cyberarm (Superchrome, Tool Hand)

Skills

Family +10, Aware/Notice +6, Endurance +7, Melee +5, Rifle +5, Drive +8, Basic Tech +5, Survival +6, Brawling +7, Athletics +5, Streetwise +5, Pistol +6, Shotgun +5

Equipment

Biker leathers, Medium Armored Jacket, Flak Pants, Sternmeyer Stakeout Shotgun (Smart), Colt .45, MonoKnife, Cuban Cigars, Small Survival Pack, Armored Motorcycle Helmet w/Mirrorshade visor (SP 20, looks like an armored football helmet.)

Combat Scores

Initiative: +8

Stun/Death Save: 7

Body Type Modifier: -2

Sternmeyer Stakeout 10 (#Shots 10/ROF 2/DAM 4D6/REL ST): +14

Colt .45 (#Shots 6/ROF 1/DAM 2D6+2/REL VR): +12

Armor: Arms/Torso 16, Legs/Head 20

You can drag this out as long as you'd like. Raze has a fairly good reputation, and since competition is up and times are tough, he wants a small price reduction. Make sure the argument doesn't turn into a fight. Wrap the deal up (here's a chance for some meaty roleplaying for the Fixer) and have them drink to it. Then...

As you hoist another beer, the door bursts open and five punks in overcoats, dusty pants and beat-up Stetsons come roaring in. They all look and act slightly drunk; shouting, laughing, and insulting each other. They are wearing red bandanas over their noses and mouths, so they must have come from outside the city where the air is thick from the dust storms. These men are members of the James Gang, a boostergang with a fetish for Western dress. Immediately, the Cops have their hands on their holsters, and the other

patrons have taken to safer positions.

You've encountered the James Gang before, and there's always been relative peace. You notice, however, Raze and his two escorts are getting real edgy.

Anyone who questions Raze will get some angry and obscene mutterances about the James'. It seems there's a rivalry between them and the Neos.

Five tense minutes pass, then the inevitable happens. One of the James boys notices Raze and drunkenly flips him the bird. Without a word, Raze draws his Colt and fires, blowing the finger clean off. The booster drops to the ground, screaming, as his comrades return fire.

Well, here's the shootout we were all waiting for. Use the "Punk" stats at the end of the book for Raze's bodyguards.

James Ganger

A James Ganger will duck behind anything possible in order to protect his legs. In a Firefight, several gangers will lay down suppressive fire from cover while others maneuver for clear shots. Any scrap that the James' get in should resemble the typical chaos of western movies.

Stats

INT 5	REF 6	TECH 4
CL 6	ATT 7	LK 4
MA 6	BODY 7	EMP 4

Cybernetics

Processor, Sandivistan Booster, Smartgun Link, Big Knucks, Cyberoptics (Targeting, IR), Cyberarm/leg (depends), maybe Rippers and/or BigKnucks

Skills

Rank +2-5 (varies), Cadre Tactics +4, Pistol +8, SMG +5, Rifle +4, Brawling +7, Melee +4, Athletics +7

Equipment

Denim Jeans, Med Armor Jackets, Stetson hats, Long Overcoats, .357 Six-shooters (2 each), Small lead bullwhip (treat as a club)

Combat Scores

Initiative: +9*

Stun/Death Save: 7

Body Type Modifier: -2

.357 Revolvers (#Shots 6/ROF 1/DAM 2D6+3/Rel VR): +14

Melee (Bullwhip/DAM 1D6): +10

Armor: Arms/Torso 18

When the smoke clears (or if the players are getting their asses kicked)...

Suddenly everything goes pitch black; the TV dims, the radio dies away, and you realize the power's been cut. Outside, there's a blinding white light followed by the loud hum of police AV's. Red and blue flashers cut through the dark, and following the roar of an autocannon, five 20mm rounds shatter the blast proof front win-



The Miranda Code, circa 2005

For players who insist on detail, here's the Dark Future's answer to the Suspect's Bill of Rights, as written in the Nevada Civilian Justice Code:

"You have been caught and charged with committing an act defined as a felony under the Nevada Civilian Justice Code. You have only the right to a one day trial. Before this trial, any methods including physical torture and/or braindance can be used to extract a confession. You may be subject to execution following trial. You are now under arrest."

dow — warning shots. The Riot Squad has arrived.

Any Referee who's watched a typical war movie can guess what happens next. Police officers, armed and armored in black uniforms, come storming in military style, secure the bar, and round up the characters. If the PCs want to fight, they are badly outnumbered and outgunned, and Raze knows that if the police really want to they can just napalm the whole place. The characters are booked and charged with the rest of the patrons and hauled into waiting AV's. Once safely chained to their seats the PCs (and the rest of the suspects) have their rights read to them.

SCENE TWO: AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE

The player characters are eventually taken uptown to a police precinct built and defended like a fortress. They're thrown into filthy individual cells in the basement and told to "await questioning".

Describe the place as a paranoid madhouse: sentries saluting one another everywhere, security passcards, Cops dragging screaming suspects to the

Desk Sergeant, sobbing victims filling out incident reports...

Even more screaming and crying can be heard from the infirmary nearby, where wounded Cops and suspects are treated. Tonight it seems lively. Any wounded players are treated and brought back to their cells.

Here's a good place to introduce a new character who wants to hang out with the team. This new character may be in any shape or form: a wandering Media looking for a story, a sympathetic Medic in the Infirmary, another prisoner, or maybe a bored Cop looking for conversation. Once this has been wrapped up, relay the following:

Eventually, fatigue settles in, and after awful dinners you settle down to restless sleep. Morning dawns painfully, but at least it seems quieter. It's very hot; the air conditioning doesn't reach this part of the precinct. A fan down the hall lazily blows around stagnant air.

Around nine a Cop comes and releases all of you, explaining that a Corporate-looking character has posted bond for you and wants to see the team.

You're brought to the releasing area where your papers are drawn

up and you're quickly hustled outside. An unmarked AV is waiting, with two grim Corporate guards to motion you inside. Your weapons and gear are waiting for you on the seats of the AV, but the ammo is gone.

The AV lifts off and brings the characters across the city to the Desert Eagle Shopping Center, a large housing/shopping arcology. See the *Night City™ Sourcebook* for a detailed description of modern malls.

The PCs are taken under guard to a small office in a stop-n-go cybertech clinic. The name on the door reads "Mr. John Carter, Biotechnica Associates." Carter greets them warmly in his small but luxurious office, offering the PCs drinks, cigars, his business card, etc. Carter seems boorish, almost obnoxious, but he knows how to dress in any event. He sits and motions for the PCs to do the same.

So what's this all about?

"Glad you asked, choomba," Carter says through his smile. "The Company's got a little job to do in Vegas, and we thought your mob would be perfect. Caviar?"

Carter will go on to explain that Biotechnica has a new drug they want to market, but due to the "recreational applications", as Carter puts it, they'd prefer to test it secretly. If the players want to know about profits, distribution, or whatever, Carter hands them each a manila folder with single sheets of paper in them. They are all identical photocopies outlining Biotechnica's proposal:

BIOTECHNICA CORPORATION

*****TOP SECRET*****

BLACK OPS FILE# 49591039
NET NODE# 45-343-228-7264
SUBJECT: PROJECT WRANGLER
WRITTEN BY: DR. LINUS HALL,
R&D SECTION

CREATED: JUNE 5 2020

TEXT:

PROJECT WRANGLER IS A BIONARCOTICS DISTRIBUTION OPERATION DESIGNED TO DISTRIBUTE LARGE AMOUNTS OF A CHEAP, HARMLESS, BUT HIGHLY ADDICTIVE DRUG ON THE GENERAL MARKET. DEVELOPED EARLIER THIS YEAR, "BLUE ICE," OUR NEW PRODUCT, WAS FOUND TO BE THE MOST POPULAR DRUG IN TESTS RUN ON MULTIPLE ADDICTS.

WRANGLER DICTATES THAT AROUND 500 KILOS WILL BE TEST SOLD IN A SMALLER METROPOLIS IN THE SOUTHWEST AREA. SALES WILL BE GRAPHED, AND THE PROFITABILITY AND EFFECTIVENESS OF THE DRUG WILL BE GAUGED.

ACTUAL SALES WOULD BE LEFT TO AN INDEPENDENT DISTRIBUTOR, WHO WOULD HAVE FREE REIGN IN DISTRIBUTION, RETAINING 30% OF THE TOTAL PROFITS.

SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE PER UNIT (10 GRAMS) IS TEN (10) EURO DOLLARS.

A handout at the back of this booklet reproduces the text. You may photocopy it (for personal use only) and hand copies to your players as a prop, just as Carter hands it to the PCs.

Carter will give the players a few minutes to talk it over, but he will stress that they are in Biotechnica's debt, that the office is heavily guarded and that they know too much to turn down the offer now.

Referee: As you may have guessed, that document up there is bunk. Biotechnica plans to flatline the distributors before paying them anything once they've figured out how well the weapon works. Of course, what self-respecting dealer is going to hand over 70% to Biotechnica anyway?

Once the players have (if they're smart) accepted, Carter will work out the final details with the team Fixer. "Great to have you all aboard", he says, beaming. "We'll deliver the first fifty kilos tomorrow night, say around 2300? Meet our people by the old Army terminals."

John Carter, Corporate Scumbag

Play Carter like a typical, overbearing, unscrupulous Corp. You know 'em, you love 'em...

Stats

INT 9	REF 6	TECH 4
CL 6	ATT 8	LK 7
MA 5	BODY 6	EMP 5

Cybernetics

Processor, Pistol 3 Skill Chip, Smartgun Link, Skinwatch

Skills

Resources +8, Aware/Notice +6, Human Perception +6, Education +8, Library Search +5, Social +5, Persuasion +9, Stock Market +6, Wardrobe/Style +4, Personal Grooming +7, Pistol +3

Equipment

Corporate Suits, Kevlar Vest, Mirrorshades, Armalite 44 (Smart), CredCard, Corporate ID Card

Combat Scores

Initiative: +6

Stun/Death Save: 6

Body Type Modifier: -2

Armalite 44(# Shots 8/ROF 1/DAM 4D6+1/Rel ST): +11

Armor: Torso 10

After the deal is done, the characters will be quickly shuttled out of the mall and into the streets again. By now, they'll probably have a whole lot of questions. The PCs can acquire the following information from the appropriate sources, in a variety of ways; now it's time for sleazy bars and back alley meetings:

❑ **Solos, Rockers, Cops:** Something big happened last night at Bowzers. Solos with no Corp colors suddenly opened up on a major Blue Glass dealer. Some smaller hits took place on the East side.

❑ **Medics, Solos, Medias:** Last month Dr. Edward Tipoli, a specialist in pharmaceutical genetics, disappeared from his Revolution Genetics research lab in a suspected extraction. No Corporation has claimed responsibility.

❑ **Cops:** The Enforcer Units are really cracking down hard on illegal drug ops. Word is Corporate money is involved.

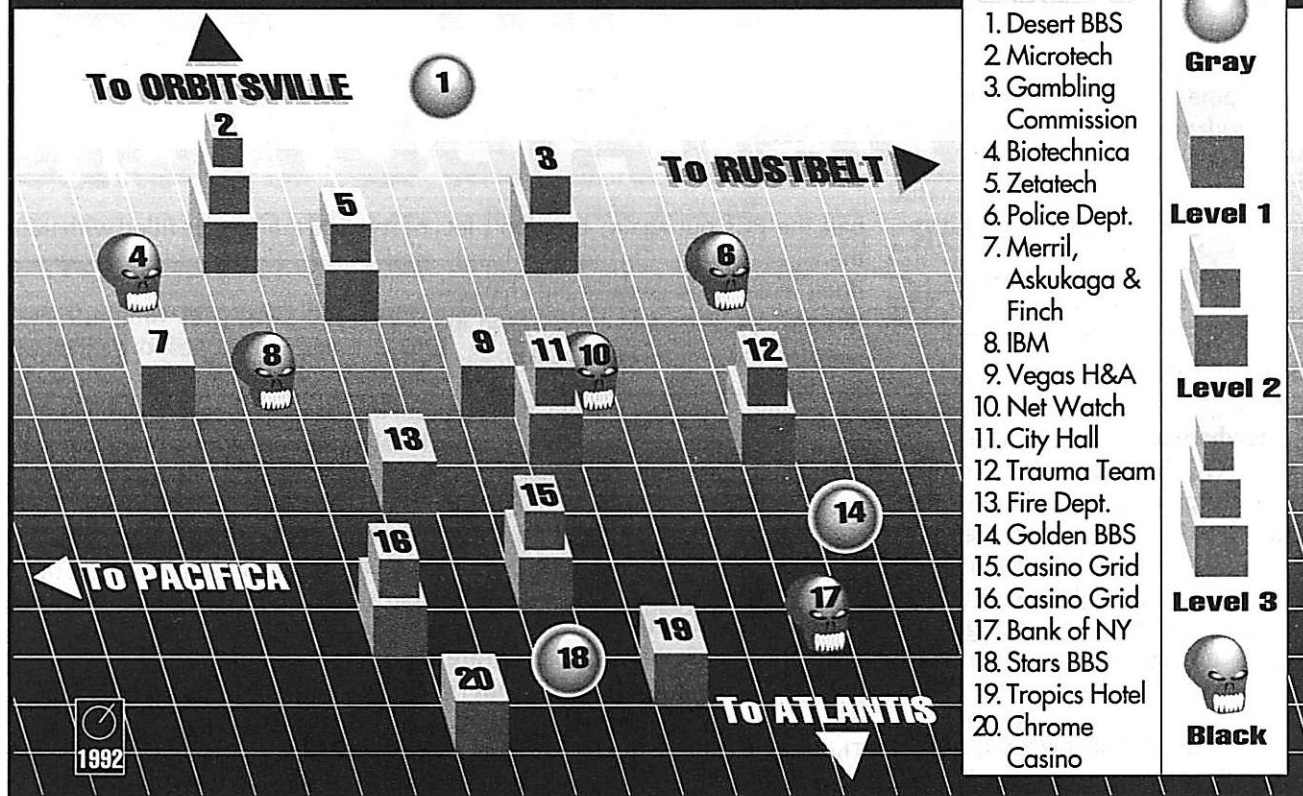
❑ **Netrunners (Realspace), Techies:** Didja hear about Eddie B., the hotshot 'runner from Boston? Got himself iced last night poking around the Biotechnica grid. The files he was reading are usually undefended.

❑ **Netrunners (Netspace):** Local BBSs have been shut down lately due to "technical problems". The Net seems emptier lately, and all your friends are acting strange. NETWATCH seems to be discouraging people from running this sector. The Corporate databases are bristling with activity and impossible to get near. Ref: You might want to enforce this idea by throwing in a few close calls with Black ICE programs.

❑ **Rockers, Solos:** Lots of concerts lately have been cancelled. Last night two gunmen burst into the Down With the Corps Benefit Concert and killed a small time Rockerboy whose act included spoofing members of Biotechnica's high command. Local pirate radio stations are just disappearing.

❑ **Medias:** Someone's been censoring all the local news. Corporate stories are being buried, and the police blotter is "off limits" again for 48 hours. Local TV, radio and

LAS VEGAS CITY:NETGRID



cable networks are being forced off the air as someone attempts to clear the airwaves.

❑ **Nomads, Cops:** A small pack was wiped out by mercs after they stumbled across something in the desert; the remains of some kind of failed experiment. Everything's being heavily clamped down on.

❑ **Fixers, Cops:** The drug community is reeling under a wave of professional hits. Someone's looking to grab the market for themselves.

This kind of stuff should leave the PCs feeling extremely paranoid. This is good. It keeps them on their toes.

SCENE THREE: BUSINESS AS USUAL

The following night the PCs meet at the old Army munitions dump two miles outside the city.

The old munitions dump was closed in 1996 due to budget restrictions. It's nothing to speak of; just an old, fenced off area filled with a few rusty quonset huts and lots of dilapidated, vandalized vehicles. The wind blows dense waves of dust in your faces as you wait in a "borrowed" AV by the gate. On the horizon, the neon lights of Vegas beckon, brightening the night sky like the historic Aurora Borealis of children's tales.

Your concentration is broken by the glare of headlights in the distance: Nomads. Lots of Nomads.

A huge convoy draws near, composed of cybercycles and leviathan armored trucks. You recognize this group shortly...it's the Neo Wasters, with Raze leading the pack.

Raze jacks out of his bike and greets you: "Choombs! Biotechnica's got you working on this one too, huh?"

Raze will motion to some of the others who begin offloading large boxes from one of the trucks. The crates contain the infamous Blue Ice. Once the delivery is finished, Raze and the PCs may talk for awhile, but eventually his family will mount up and ride into the darkness.

The dope's yours; now what do you do?

PART TWO:

DISTRIBUTION

SCENE FOUR: THE STING

Once the PCs are back in the city, they'll probably want to stash the drugs somewhere until they can begin to sell them. Or, they may want to set up a base of operations and begin selling right away. Whatever the case, wherever they may be, (assuming the PCs are smart enough to stash the stuff in a building) the James Gang knows what's up and wants the drugs for themselves.

Let the PCs start to map out a plan. When they're fairly settled in, hit them with this one:

The lights in the building suddenly go out; everything's dead quiet. Those with enhanced hearing can detect the sound of shoes hitting concrete; they can almost see the IR traces. Someone else wants the drugs.

The James' blow open the doors with satchel charges and come storming in, weapons blazing. They start to secure the whole building, room by room, killing anyone in them, while searching for the drugs. Keep sending swarms of enraged, screaming boosters at the players until they have to retreat. Set the building on fire. Bring in the Rapid-SWAT team. Chaos is fun! When you're done destroying the place, and the characters have their backs to a wall, The Battle of the Blue Ice will begin as a dozen James Gangers storm the PCs' barricades.

Eventually the smoke will clear. If something goes very wrong, have the Rapid-SWAT or the Riot Control Team

bail the PCs out again, but don't let them get arrested. On the other hand, don't make it too easy. If the characters kill the first wave easily, send in another and watch 'em sweat!

The scene should end with the PCs beating a hasty retreat, barely escaping with (or maybe without) their drugs, leaving a burning shell surrounded by Cops.

How can a seemingly chaotic boostergang defeat the well-oiled team of characters? Some of the James' are unemployed Techs and 'Runners who've found a home in the gang. This lot assists the gang in disabling your PCs' traps. A number of the gang are veteran Solos, so they also know the tricks of the trade, adding to their experience. The gang came prepared — the James' are all packing shotguns and a few SMGs to liven the party. Finally, there's just a lot more of them than PCs. Isn't strength in numbers wonderful?

One last thing: The James' are getting annoying, aren't they? Bet your PCs wish they could find where this bunch lives.

They can. Remember Ace-In-Hole, the hangout of Old West legend? Well, these gunslingers travel around Vegas via the sewers, living on an abandoned train platform of the same name. They're the "cannibals" everyone thinks lives in the subway systems. They live like a colony; finding them down there is well nigh impossible unless a concerted effort is made. If the den is found, a system not-unlike the Viet Cong tunnels of Vietnam fame is discovered, and the firefights will be

nasty. The tunnels are filled with traps and alarms, just to add to the fun.

When the PCs stop running, they should have a few questions, like how the James' knew what was going on. Let them fish around with some of the local information sources, but there isn't much to find. The players might want to talk to Carter, but he's always "out for the day". Going to Biotechnica is a wash. The next day, though, there will be a lot of emergency vehicles outside the Biotechnica building with streams of smoke pouring out of the top few floors. The story in the screamsheets claim an unsuccessful extraction attempt on a Dr. Thomas Moore, Biotechnica R&D, occurred, but names no attackers.

Fixers, Cops, and Netrunners will have the most luck in finding out what's going on. Again, let the PC's have free reign in getting this information, but make it interesting; impromptu firefights, etc.

❑ **Fixers, Solos:** That attack on the Biotechnica building was definitely an assassination attempt. Word is the R&D department is heading for civil war.

❑ **Cops:** Some friends of yours in the local precinct helped out in cleanup after the attack. Call them crazy, but it looked like everyone was killing everyone else. It was no extraction, anyway. Everyone was wearing Biotechnica colors, and the scene was chaos.

❑ **Netrunners** (Netspace — Use the city grid on p. 13 and the Biotechnica grid on p. 15): Most of the files are garbage or

unbreachable, but there's an unmarked memo in an R&D Black Ops file. It doesn't name names, and it's in code, but it seems someone in Biotechnica's high command wanted Moore removed.

SCENE FIVE: STEP RIGHT UP

Now comes the time to sell the product. Here's where the Fixer and the team distributor have their work cut out for them. The trick is to find some dependable street scum from around the city and hire them to sell the stuff. This may take awhile, and again is open to any action by the characters. As the Referee, you have the final say in what is and isn't plausible action on the part of the PCs. The inevitable firefights and cops make this an exciting situation for the characters.

Once a network's been set up, start running things on a daily basis. Every day, the Fixer negotiates one deal for 10 kilos, while the other dealers sell a total of one. It's up to you to make this interesting by throwing in some daily crisis. To total daily profits, use this equation:

[(# of Distributors + PCs) x 30] - 300 Eurodollars

This is profit for the PCs, after Biotechnica's 70% cut has been taken. The minus 300 euro accounts for drug busts, bad deals, etc.

Oh, by the way, have the Fixer attempt a [Luck, Difficulty 15] every day. If he fails, one of his distributors gets killed.

Other crises may occur as well, often enough to make things interesting. You can either choose your own crisis or roll D10 on the following chart:

- 1 There was a riot today by the Junction and one of your dealers is missing. Rumors are the Burning

Sand boosters grabbed him. Go find him if you want.

- 2 Random drug sweep puts 1D6 of your men in jail. Go bail them out at 500 Euro a man or suffer the income loss.

- 3 A distributor grabbed ten kilos for himself and took off. Local boosterboys say he's headed for the old Army depot.

- 4 Media crews are sweeping Glittertown asking you to comment on the mayor's new anti-drug rules. Give them one good reason why you shouldn't be thrown into braindance.

- 5 Robbery takes place; 20 kilos are missing. Want to fill out a report or go find the thieves?

- 6 It's Riot Control time! A food riot breaks out near wherever the PCs have the drugs hidden and the mob's headed for the building.

- 7 One of the non-combat oriented PCs gets himself in trouble in Glittertown with a bouncer. Make an argument or pick a target before he gets pummeled.

- 8 A huge explosion and fire breaks out next door. Move the drugs and find a new hideout before you all end up extra-toasty.

- 9 Toxic dustclouds keep everyone indoors. Lose 600 Euro in profits.

- 10 All's quiet...for now.

When the 50 kilos are sold, the PCs meet at the old Army base to pick up more. If the players are getting cocky, an ambush by the James Gang might feed them crow for a while. After twenty days of selling has gone by, let the PCs witness a riot at one of the casinos, started by a screaming maniac who claimed aliens were taking him over. The psycho happened to be a customer of the Fixer.

Sprinkle the screamsheets with a cacophony of tragedy: Strange, unexplained murders are happening all over the city. Drug overdoses are skyrocketing; often the victim dies in a gush of blood before the emergency teams arrive. The screamsheets are blaming it on a bioplague gone wrong, but smart characters shouldn't be willing to accept the easy answer. The Combat Zone is becoming even more chaotic, and the rest of the city is turning into a war zone.

By now, the PCs should have a pretty good idea that the crap they're selling has some really bad side effects. Naturally, they'll want to talk to Biotechnica. Trying to reach Carter via conventional means doesn't work, and going there in the day just gets them thrown out of the building.

Then, one night, a small group of local punks corners them in an alleyway and tries to kill them for no reason. After the firefight's over, examining the bodies show a strange, horrid smelling purple stuff is growing out of their noses and ears.

In their pockets are small amounts of Blue Ice. Even the most dense Solo will understand a brick in the face.

SCENE SIX: THE GLOVES COME OFF

The day after the alley attack, all hell breaks loose in the Corporate sector. The Biotechnica building erupts into chaos as the civil war goes full swing; CorpGrunts begin to side with either camp and start killing each other.

You awaken to the sound of explosions and gunfire coming from the Corporate Zone. The Biotechnica building is burning. You rush down to see what's going on and find the whole place swarming with firefighters, Trauma Teams, Rapid-SWAT, and

Media crews. The papers are full of the story; Biotechnica's R&D department has fallen apart. Dr. Lisa Tomes has died of cancer, leaving no leader, and the two executives vying for her spot are going to war. Those two individuals are Mr. John Carter and Dr. Thomas Moore.

There's another explosion which destroys the entire top floor. More panicking Corps come running out of the lobby with armed escorts. The sound of gunfire inside is as thick as the walls holding it in.

At this point you can give the players a copy of the screamsheet prop in the back of the book, as a supplement or alternative to the scene just described.

Getting the real story from conventional sources is almost impossible; another trip into the Net to the main Biotechnica grid may be necessary.

In Memory 4, the Netrunner will find another 'runner wearing Corporate colors filing a report. This guy will immediately try to flatline the PC, but he's just a suit weeflerunner who shouldn't pose any real threat. The PC 'runner doesn't even have to kill him. When the shooting stops, have the 'runner download the following:

BIOTECHNICA CORPORATION

BLACK OPS FILE# 5820194A
NET NODE # 445-174-8423
TOP SECRET
(EMERGENCY PRIORITY FILE)
CREATED: 12 JUNE 2020
SUBJ: CORP CIVIL WAR, R&D
TEXT:

SIRS:

TWO ARMED CAMPS, LED BY DR. THOMAS MOORE AND MR. JOHN CARTER ARE NOW OFFICIALLY AT WAR AND AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS. SEVERE DAMAGE HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE TO OUR LAS VEGAS COMPLEX, WITH

CONSIDERABLE LOSS OF LIFE. NEEDLESS TO SAY, IF THIS WAR IS ALLOWED TO CONTINUE, THIS CORPORATION WILL SUFFER UNIMAGINABLE LOSSES IN THE NEXT FISCAL QUARTER AND WILL PROBABLY LOSE ANY LEVEL OF CONTROL ALREADY ESTABLISHED IN THIS CITY.

A SMALL LOYALIST CONTINGENT, LED BY DR. JOSEPH HARRISON, IS ATTEMPTING TO IMPEDE BOTH RADICAL ELEMENTS BEFORE ANY REAL DAMAGE CAN BE DONE. I SHOULD MENTION THAT ASSISTANCE WILL BE NEEDED AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, BECAUSE MANY MEMBERS OF THIS FORMERLY CONSOLIDATED DEPARTMENT ARE ALREADY TAKING SIDES. I SHOULD ALSO MENTION THE DISCOVERY OF TWO UNAUTHORIZED WEAPONS PROJECTS INVOLVING TOTAL STRANGERS FROM THE OUTSIDE. THESE PROJECTS ARE

(END OF FILE)

This text is again located at the back of this booklet as a prop, for you to hand to the party's netrunner.

The players should have a pretty keen grasp of what's going on now. They should also realize that getting in touch with this neutral party would be a good idea. They should furthermore realize that Biotechnica plans to double-cross them. Let the players stew in their own juices thinking of something to do. When they've had enough thinking (or if they think of something really stupid) bring in some reinforcements for them.

As you turn the corner, hot winds and caustic dust blow into your faces. There's a tremendous roar, and anyone in the know distinguishes it to be the rumble of a huge Nomad pack. The Neo Wasters are in town.

The entire family comes to a screeching halt as Raze gives the signal. Jumping off his bike, he runs over to you.

"Pretty heavy shit going down, choombas! Anybody got the real story?"

When he hears about the bogus drugs his face twists into an ugly grimace.

"We've been backshot! Damn! Shoulda known! Damn Corps!"

Raze continues cursing for five minutes before turning to face you.

"Choombs, we're in it deep. The way I see it, no matter how this war thing turns out, we're gonna end up flatlined. We'll be blamed, not Biotechnica."

Raze stops for a moment to light a cigar. Scorching winds blow down the street, and his cyberware glints in the noonday sun.

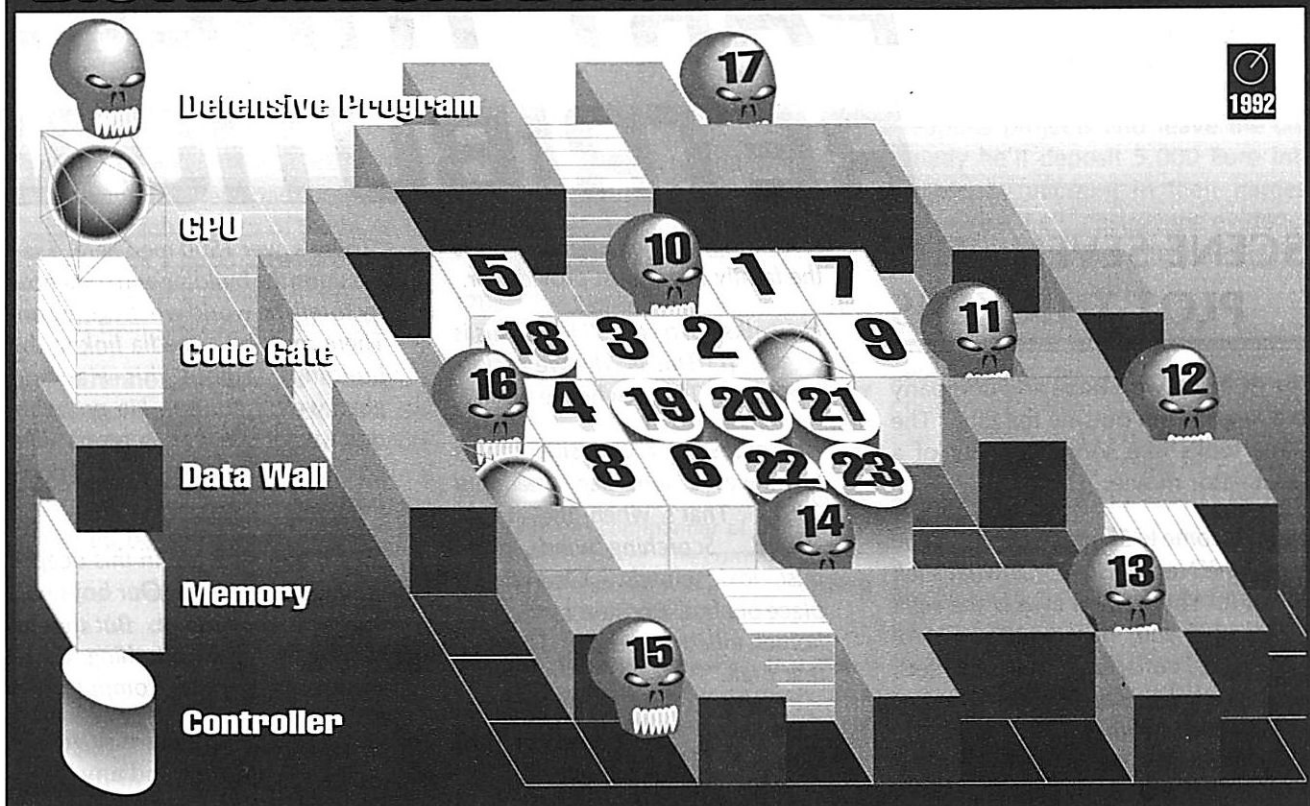
"I say we take the fight to the Corps. No weeflerunner suit mofo gonna outsmart my family. I say we get involved in this war thing. You down?"

If the Players Drop Out Now: Well, then the adventure is over. They'll have to destroy the drugs before they leave (unless they want Biotechnica to start mass marketing the stuff), and they'll have to leave light and fast some dark night, leaving everything behind them while Vegas burns. The Neo Wasters will probably be wiped out. Ashes, ashes...

If the Players Fight: That's the spirit! Continue on to Scene 7...

BIOTECHNICA: Data Fortress

1992



BIOTECHNICA DATA FORTRESS KEY

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Wageslave payroll sheets | 14. Demon with Zombie, Killer 2 |
| 2. Executive payroll sheets | 15. Watchdog |
| 3. Chairman's payroll sheet | 16. Succubus with Pit Bull, DeckRash, Killer 4, Sword |
| 4. Black Ops File: data concerning the spores are here | 17. Bloodhound |
| 5. Grey Ops: bribes, two slush funds | 18. Controller program; controls all the elevators in the building |
| 6. Grey Ops: Assassinations, illegal experiments | 19. Controller program; does the alarms, but not the traps |
| 7. Black Ops: more data concerning the spores | 20. Controller program; controls printers in main lab |
| 8. Regular experimental files | 21. Controller program; controls security cameras in the building |
| 9. Virtual lab construct | 22. Controller program; controls hazmat robots in main lab |
| 10. Hellbolt program | 23. Controller program; controls fabrication devices in main lab |
| 11. Pit Bull program | |
| 12. Watchdog program | |
| 13. Succubus with Bloodhound, SeeYa, Killer 4, Liche | |

PART THREE: RETRIBUTION

SCENE SEVEN: THE PLOT THICKENS

The PCs ride with Raze and company to a large camp outside the city. The place looks like something out of a Terminator movie.

Welcome to Shining Springs, home of the Neo Wasters. Or what's left of it. You stare in awe at the sight around you; burnt out frames of homes, collapsing, melted streets, rusty shells of cars. There are masses of foul smelling, underfed people all around. Some putrid stew is cooking nearby. There are babies

screaming, women crying. This is the family Raze must provide for.

He walks up to you. "Here. This is the camp. This is why we peddle the drugs. This is why we steal."

He senses your curiosity. "This town was a suburban area until 1997. That's when the storms started. Scorching winds, acrid dust, toxic clouds. Cleared this place out fast. Boosters burned our homes, killed our people. This is all that's left."

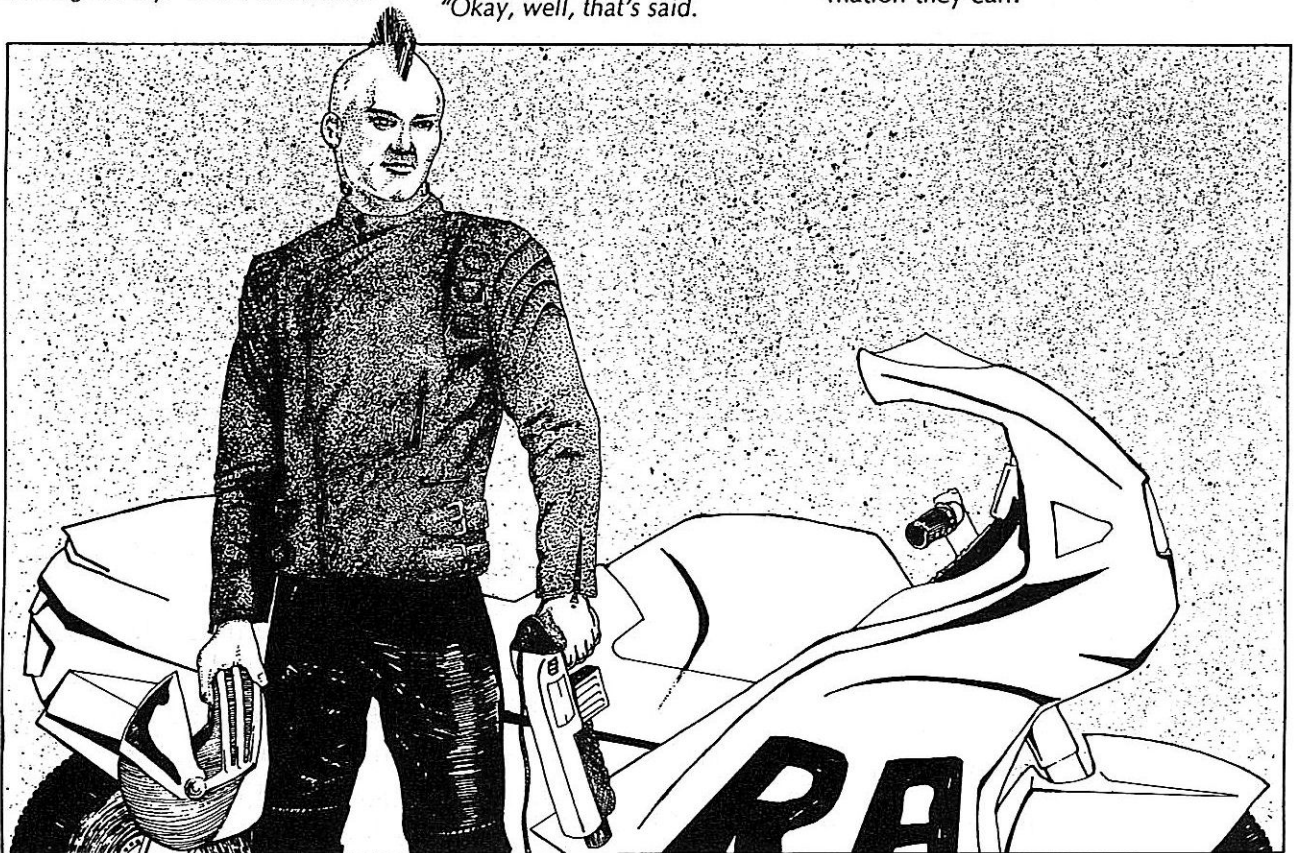
Raze seems very emotional for a moment. Then he continues:

"Okay, well, that's said.

"There's over 1500 men here. I say we storm the building and somehow try to tell the world what's going on. There must be a media link in the building. About this Harrison guy...well, I dunno. He probably don't want the war to go on, like you say, but he's Corporate. I don't trust 'em.

"Look, you guys are in this deeper than we ever were. Our boys will move on your signal. But they're still my family. Nothing crazy without my say so. Compute?"

The PCs' best bet is to return to Vegas. They have 12 hours to find any information they can:



❑ **Fixer:** I'll sell ya the passwords to all of Biotechnica's secure areas. Only 10,000 Euro, and a couple of your street dealers. (The team 'runner has a 50% chance of passing through code gates with these old codes.)

❑ **Netrunner (Realspace):** Downloading schematics of the building would be a good idea. You might want to hang around in the Net to turn their security systems off.

❑ **Netrunner (Netspace):** There's a file in Memory 7, Black Ops, describing how the weapon was developed, and it names names in a big way. Perhaps Net News 54 would be interested?

❑ **Solos:** Yeah, I might be interested in a hit on Biotechnica. By the way, have you noticed all the Lazarus AVs around lately?

❑ **Medias:** Something big's going down in the 11th hour. This war may get bigger. Sure, I'd LOVE to break this story. Six o'clock news and all.

TIMETABLE

The following is a timetable of events from 1300 hours until 0100 hours the next morning. Use it to gauge what's going on while the players are scrounging up info.

1300: Players leave for Vegas.

1345: Biotechnica contracts the Lazarus Corporation (a private military corporation, described in CorpBook 2 from R. Talsorian Games) "for security purposes," allowing assistance in quelling the civil war. Lazarus troops are on the way.

1430: Dr. Thomas Moore's CorpGrunts attack Carter's base of operations. The building is destroyed and Carter barely escapes.

1500: A large group of Blood Razors (paid by Carter) ambushes many of Moore's men outside the Biotechnica complex.

Most of the team is killed and the Razors vanish.

1515: Carter establishes a base at the Tropics Hotel/Casino.

1600: Lazarus CorpGrunts flood the city. Security teams, in conjunction with the city police, clear the streets and impose a curfew. From now on the PCs have a good chance of being stopped and questioned.

1700: The James Gang attacks a contingent of Lazarus troops and is badly bloodied. Lazarus responds by destroying the bulk of the gang at their Junction hideout. Biotechnica regulars begin to arrive from Los Angeles.

1745: James Gang survivors attack the AV where the commander of the Lazarus group is staying. The commanding officer is killed before the last of the gang is dispatched, slowing operations.

1810: Biotechnica announces that its Las Vegas operation is indefinitely shut down and denies all knowledge of illegal weapons research. It also officially fires Moore and Carter.

1845: Unknown assassins unsuccessfully attack Harrison, the leader of the loyalist Biotechnica group. Carter makes a bid for peace over the phone with Moore and is denied. Carter's men fire a napalm canister into the Biotechnica building's lobby as a warning.

1900-2300: Curfew. The streets are almost silent, the pitch blackness broken only by the occasional shootout. The PCs must now use their Stealth to get around or stay indoors. Being caught means questioning and arrest.

Midnight: A joint team of Lazarus/Biotechnica troops arrives at the Tropics Casino to arrest Carter. His troops fight back, and a pitched battle begins. Fearful of arrest also, Moore barricades his building like a fortress and prepares for a fight.

0100: Carter's team is wiped out. Carter kills himself to avoid capture, and the whole story about the weapons research is revealed to Harrison, who naturally isn't going public. Unknown to the PCs, the Loyalist party then decides to flatline them to ensure their silence. At

the same time, a large convoy departs from the city's outskirts to arrest Moore.

At five minutes to one, Moore makes a phone call to the Fixer. He promises that if the characters shut up about the weapons projects and leave the city quietly he'll deposit 5,000 Euro into an escrow account in their names. Otherwise, he'll destroy the evidence altogether, or worse, alter it so the PCs look like the bad guys.

The characters don't actually want to take him up on this, do they? Of course not. Now comes the time to call in the Neo Wasters. If Moore is simply arrested, he'll pay for damages and retire with his fortune to Europe. He won't be prosecuted, because that would look bad for Biotechnica, and the PCs will probably end up dead to ensure their silence. The only way to clear their names and maybe get a few bucks out of this may be to get to Moore before the Biotechnica/Lazarus team does and make him talk on prime time.

After the call is made, the Neo Wasters will move out of their camp and be at the building in 30 minutes. When they storm the building, the PCs can slip in and take care of Moore.

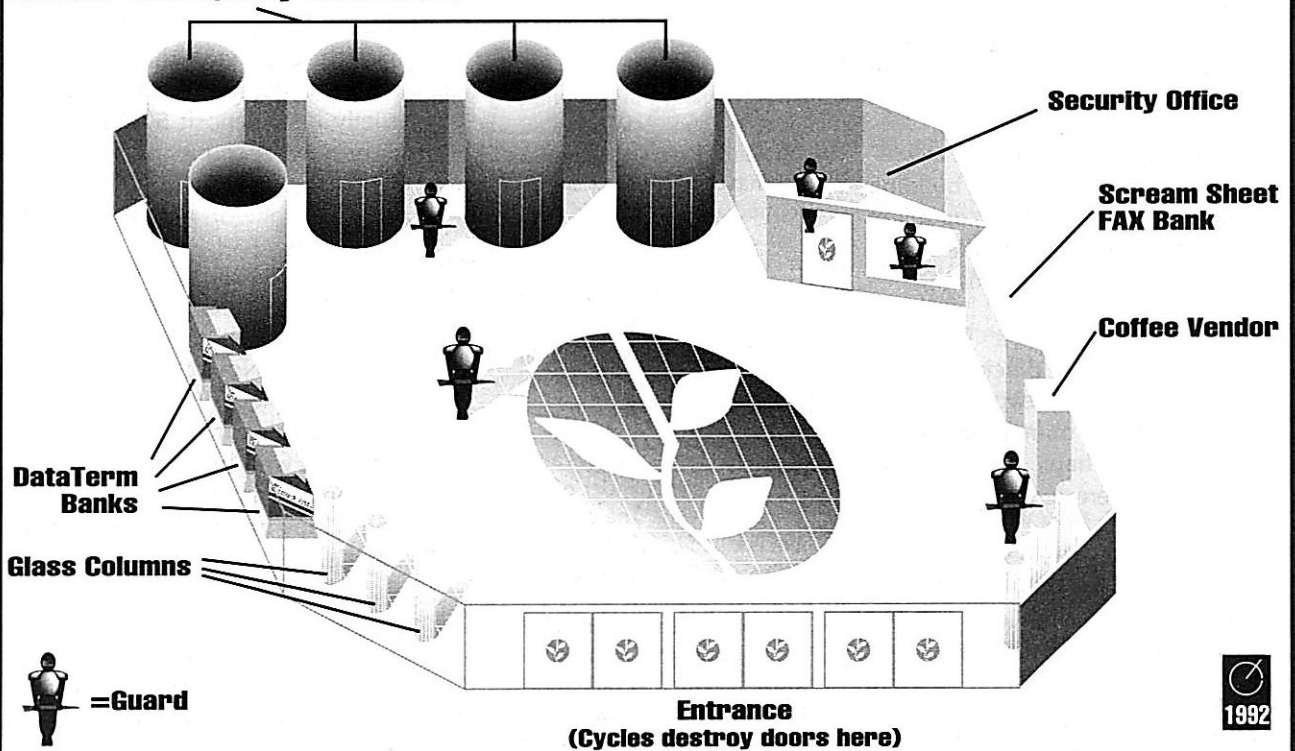
After 30 endless minutes, the Neos finally ride up. Ten of them accelerate and suddenly dive off their bikes. You watch as the booby-trapped cycles slam into the front door, destroying the entire lobby and the security doors that protect it. The rest of the gang dismounts and charges into the building.

Raze calls out to you, "Take out the Corp, we'll secure things here!"

The gang begins to dispatch the security guards before taking up defensive positions all around the building. A smaller group of bikers ascends the staircases with orders to cause random mayhem.

BIOTECHNICA BUILDING: Main Lobby

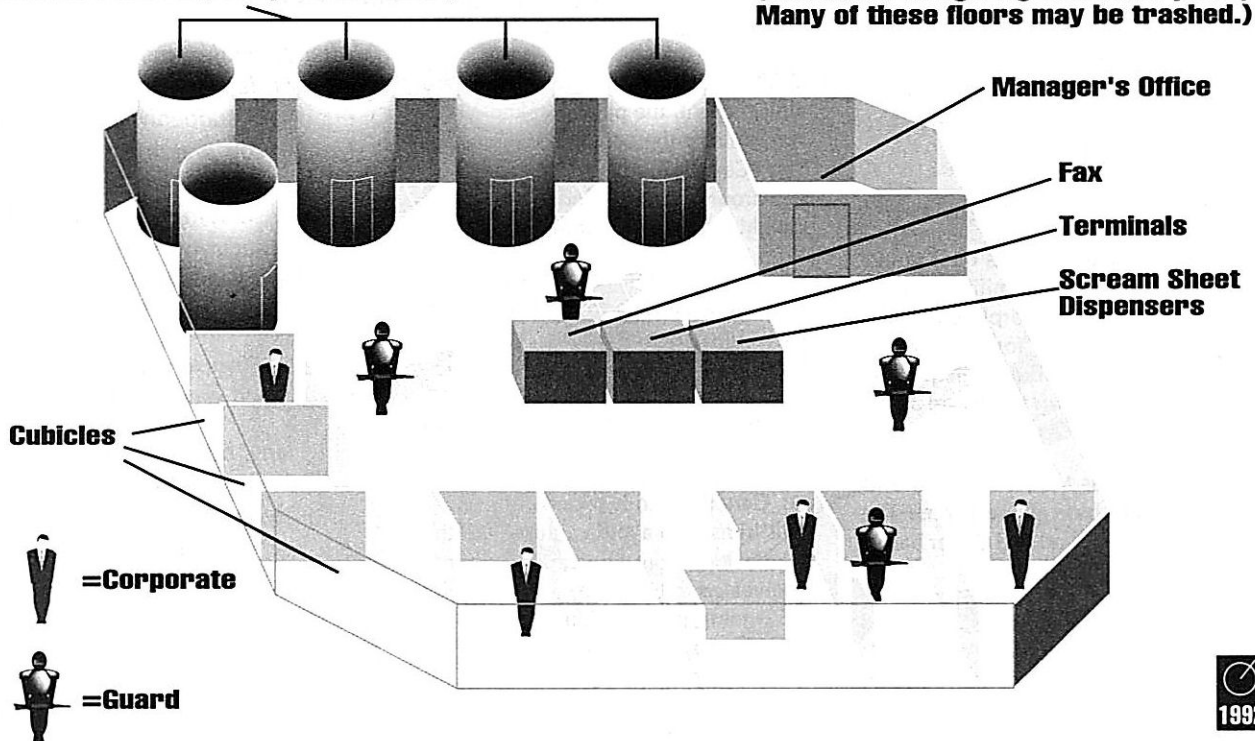
Elevator Tubes (Lobby-100th Floor)



BIOTECHNICA: Basic Office Floor

Elevator Tubes (Lobby-100th Floor)

(Note: LOTS of fighting has taken place;
Many of these floors may be trashed.)



SCENE EIGHT: WE BUILDING ALL FALL DOWN ENCOUNTERS

Well Ref—it's party time. Remember *Never Fade Away*? Here's another running battle within a large Corporate complex, complete with humorless CorpGrunts, nerdy suits, and nasty boobytraps. Remember that the PCs can use any method they want (if YOU say it's plausible) to reach the 132nd floor—it's up to you to make it interesting.

There are stats for Lazarus, Biotechnica and mercenary 'Grunts in the back of the book, but during the attack, these killers will be loaded up a lot heavier than the stats say. Each 'Grunt now carries one heavy assault rifle, two heavy autopistols and an array of small heavy weapons (like grenades). They're also armored a lot heavier and any 'Grunt at a fixed position (i.e. in a bubble office) also has a doorgunner's vest.

Each floor has a small assortment of automated guns and mines set at the last minute by Moore's people. The mines may be placed anywhere on the maps at your discretion, but be reasonable about it. The computer aimed guns (use the WXA stats, bottom right column) are operated via NET link and will open fire on a target if alarms are set off. The locations of guns and alarms are up to you, but be fair. Nobody installs guns in the ladies room, for example, and not many broom closets are alarmed.

If things get too hot, you might want to lighten up on the players a little by having the Neos cause some convenient disaster—i.e., having them cut the lights on the floor the PCs are on just before the players get diced. Building layouts are on pages 20 and 22. Good luck, and happy hunting.

Here's some random encounters for the PCs to deal with once inside the building:

- 1 A team of Solos down the hall, wearing Biotechnica uniforms with black patches on the sleeve. Sounds like mutineers to me.
- 2 A Techie not aligned with any side. Maybe he can help get you past the traps?
- 3 A wounded Corp working for the loyalists, huddling behind a bullet-riddled desk. He looks shell shocked.
- 4 There's a 'runner jacked into a link at his desk. He's wearing mutineer colors, but perhaps he can be persuaded. Or you can leave him alone.
- 5 A single, maddened Solo wearing loyal colors. He's heavily armed and thinks you're all scummy traitors who deserve to die.
- 6 One of Moore's Corps, shredding stacks of papers. He doesn't see you.
- 7 A group of mutinous Techies scrambling computer data. They don't really notice you but they're pretty well armed and they'll fire if you cheese them off.
- 8 A wounded CorpGrunt in mutineer colors, dying slowly in an elevator tube. He'd really appreciate help.
- 9 A team of loyal Solos, on their way to "visit" Moore. They're busy slaughtering a small bunch of mutinous CorpGrunts in the next room.
- 0 A bunch of loyal Corps hiding behind a plexiglass screen in a bubble office.

Notes: There's a really bad trap outside the elevator to the 132nd floor. Each of the players must make [Awareness, Difficulty 15]. If they fail, they risk setting off a claymore mine trap ([Luck, Difficulty 15] by stepping on a wire outside the elevator tube. If the claymore goes off, everyone takes 5D10 damage and there's a chance the tube will collapse. [Jury Rig, Difficulty 20] or [Basic Tech,

Difficulty 25] will keep the tube from plummeting down the shaft. The trap cannot be deactivated: it's far too complex and there isn't time.

FLOOR 132

You step out of the elevator and into a large atrium. The room is brightly lit, with neon Corporate logos everywhere. At the end of the room are two swinging doors. A sign reads "Conference Room", and beneath that "General HQ, Dr. Thomas Moore, Biotechnica Associates".

Anyone with security detection cyberware, IR cyberoptics, or an Awareness of 6 or more notices small plates built into the walls. This is good, because they have about 10 seconds before...

Suddenly small panels in the wall pop open revealing black steel muzzles. The guns open fire, spraying the area suppressively with 7.62 rounds. You all dive back into the elevator. The guns go silent for lack of a target but are all still aimed in your general direction.

Arasaka WXA Computer Aimed Weapons

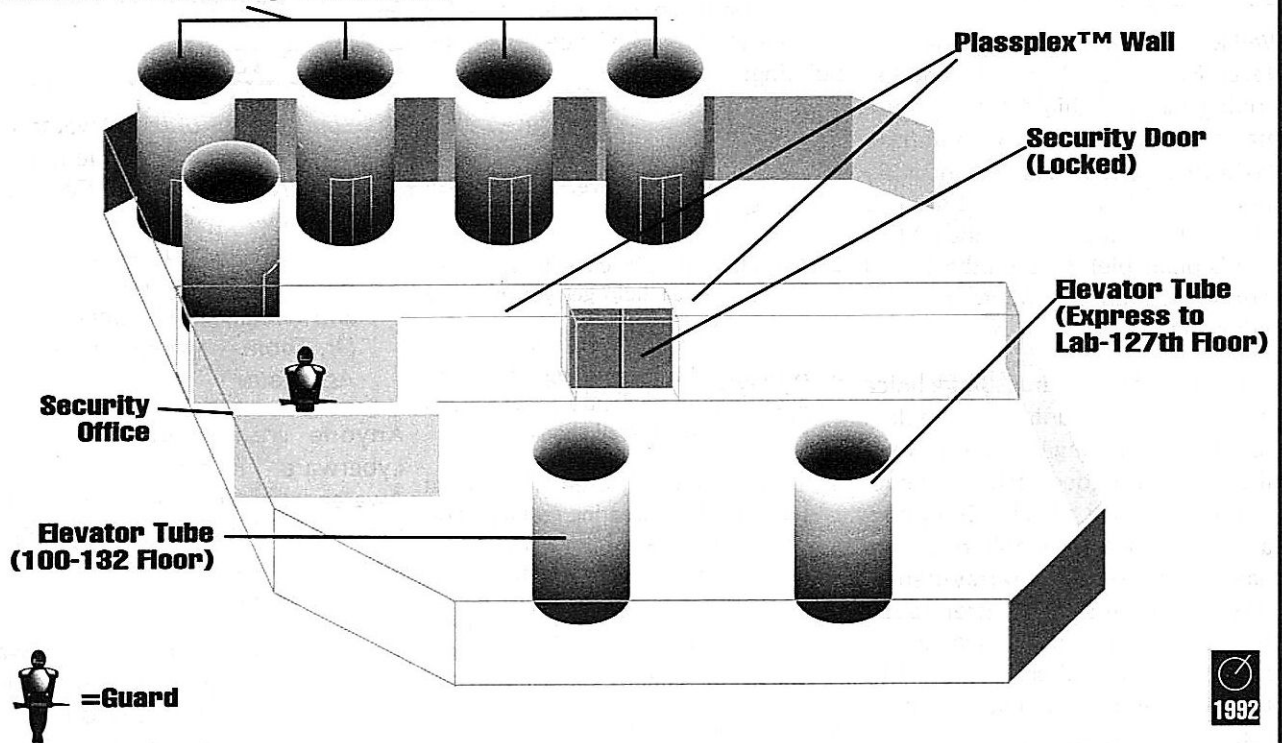
(#Shots 5/ROF 5/DAM Spec/Rel VR)

Targeting: The Computer will track a target, and lock on if it wins an opposed roll against the target's Athletics. The Computer's tracking skill is 15 + d10. If there is a lock, some guns will hit. 5 guns (no more) fire simultaneously, once every round. Roll 1D10/2 to see how many guns (1 to 5) strike the target. Each gun does 8D6 damage, and hits the same body location. The guns are not heavily armored and can be destroyed with heavy weapons.

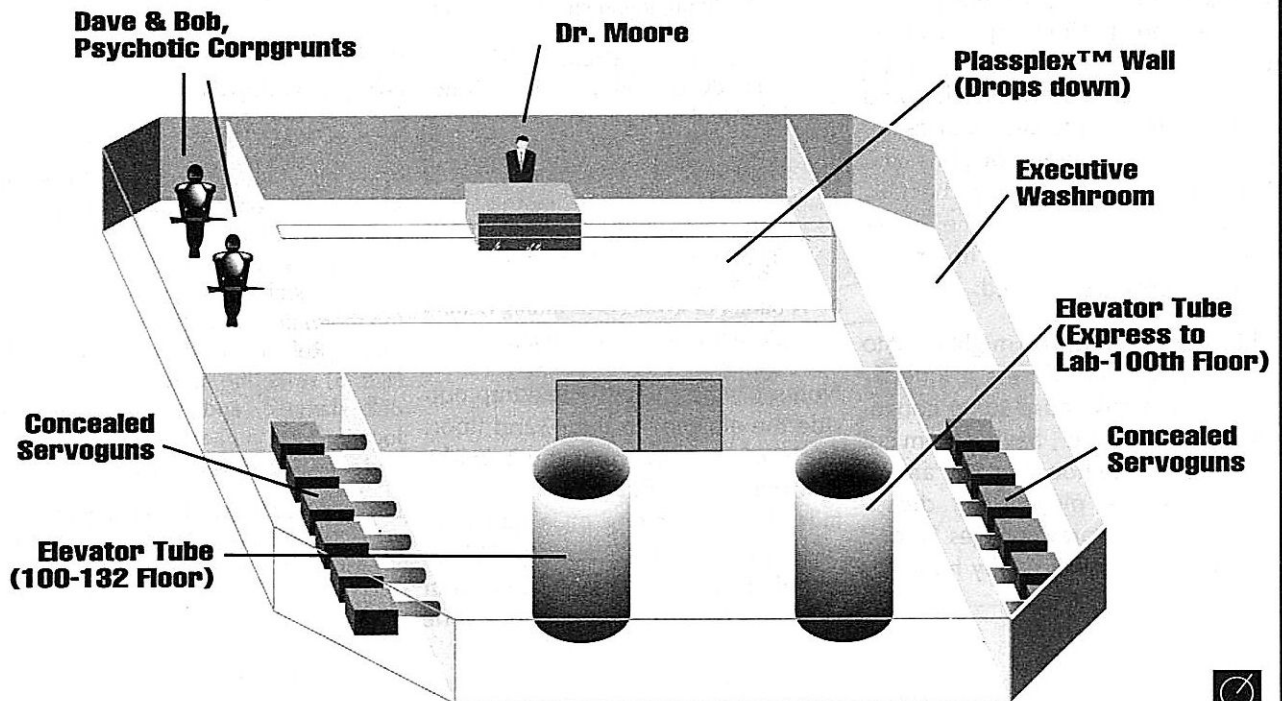
Each player must run, single file, making a few Athletic/Reflex rolls each to avoid being hit. Any players with heavy weapons can try to knock out a few guns; this produces a satisfying explosion, but another gun always activates to replace the destroyed one (there are 15 guns, firing in banks of

BIOTECHNICA: 100th Floor

Elevator Tubes (Lobby-100th Floor)



BIOTECHNICA: 127th Floor



five at a time). A lot of ammo and time will be wasted if they try to peg each gun, but hey, it's their lives.

You are in the sizeable office of Dr. Thomas Moore. The room is expensively equipped with all the latest little Corporate perks. On the far wall is a huge bank of vidscreens connected to the worldwide cable and satellite services — Moore likes to be informed. There are numerous Net/Media/Comsat links on the panel. Moore sits at a large synthmahogany desk, staring at you with indifferent eyes. He's dressed in a casual suit, seems to be in his mid-30's, and has a beard befitting a guy with "doctor" in front of his name.

"So you're the fodder Carter hired, hmm? Too bad about him. He might have gone far."

Carter's dead?

"I'm afraid so. Had to be flatlined. Bad for business. Damned annoying Brooklyn accent to boot."

So who are you, anyway?

"Call me the competition. I've been watching you boys since your op kicked off. Been intervening a little, too. But you won't have the James Gang to worry about anymore. Lazarus has seen to that." Moore lights a cigarette before continuing. "Anyway, with the war over, we can get about the business of producing fine bioweapons. I'm sure the loyalist party will see it my way. After all, we're one big happy again."

You had us traced and tried to flatline us? We should kill you!

"I figured you'd say that. But before you do something rash, I think you should meet the competition."

Moore presses a button on his lapel and the doors swing open. A large, hulking CorpGrunt marches in, wearing an immaculate uniform in Biotechnica colors. There's something strange about his helmet. His nametag reads "Hi, my name is Dave".

"This is the project I was perfecting when Carter was playing around with his sloppy spores", Moore sneers proudly. "Mind enhancement, advanced muscle graft, cyberpsychosis adjustment...the perfect fighting machine!"

"Now", Moore continues, "I've made you a very generous offer to forget this whole thing and disappear. Pick up some 'damage compensation' in the process. Or you can take on Dave. I think the choice is simple."

If the Players Agree to Moore's Terms: They'll be escorted out of the building, and Raze will probably try to kill them for backing out. No money will be transferred into their accounts, and a hit team sent by Biotechnica (which is once again a united Corporation) will later politely ice them (or at least try to).

If the Players Reject Moore's Terms: Smash! Bang! Pow! Cut to firefight!

A huge synthplasm plate slides down in front of Moore, cutting the office space in half.

PlasTech Industries Plassplex Shield: SP 100, SDP 150. Three year warranty, good for stopping all forms of firearm rounds and sufficient to stop explosions. Also resistant against lasers.

Dave advances on the characters mindlessly for close-quarters combat, and behind him a second hulk appears, wearing an identical helmet.

Dave & Bob

Psychotic CorpGrunts

Moore doesn't immediately release Bob. When Dave is in imminent danger of dying, Moore issues a quick order on his desk terminal, and Bob comes marching in to continue the fight. If Bob is attacked, he will not even defend himself unless he has been ordered into combat.

Dave and Bob are controlled by implants in their helmets which keep them from suffering total cyberpsychosis. The helmets are linked to their cerebral cortexes and chipped

with certain bioprogramming as well as combat programs. It also allows Moore to order them around.

Destroy or damage the helmets (by scoring head damage) and the pair will suffer severe cerebral hemorrhaging (because the helmets are directly linked to their brains) and fall unconscious. Or, if they fail a stun save roll, drop dead in a shower of blood. The helmets aren't linked, however, so if one falls the other keeps going. The helmets have an SP of 30 and an SDP of 20. When the helmets lose ten or more points of SDP, Dave or Bob goes down.

Stats

INT 4	REF 10	TECH 2
CL 3	ATT 5	LK 5
MA 4	BODY 10	EMP 2

Cybernetics

Processor, Biomonitors, Pain Editor, Smartgun Link, Sandevistan Booster, Nanosurgeons, FULL BODY PLATING: SP 30, SDP 30 and EMP Shielding in Right Cyberarm (Big Knucks), Left Cyberarm (Rippers), Right Cyberleg (Holster), Left Cyberleg

Skills

Combat Sense +5, Melee +10, Brawling +10, Pistol/SMG +6, Rifle +4, Heavy Weapons +4, Athletics +5, Aware/Notice +3

Equipment

CorpGrunt Uniforms, Command/Control Helmets, variable Smart firearms, MonoKnives, Corporate ID Cards

Combat Scores

Initiative: +13*

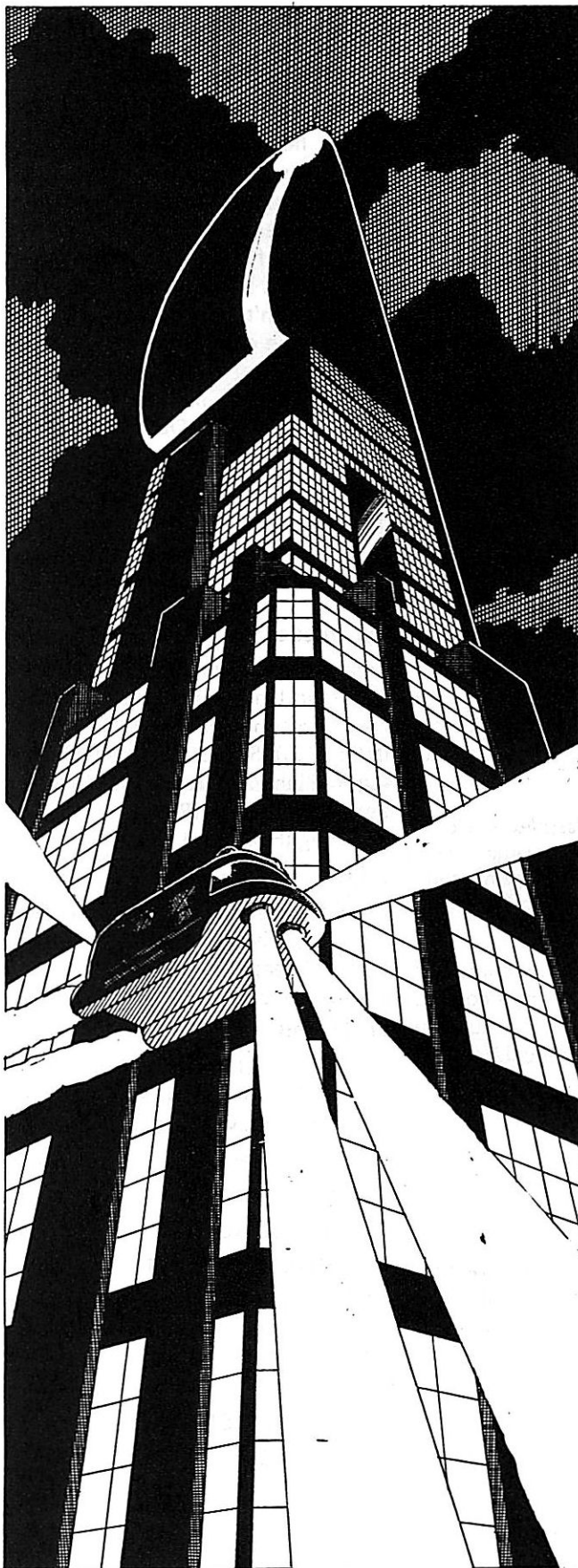
Stun/Death Save: 10

Body Type Modifier: -5

Militech Ronin Light Assault (# Shots 35/ROF 30/DAM 5D6/Rel VR) (Dave): +17

Ingram MAC 14 (# Shots 20/ROF 10/DAM 4D6/Rel ST) (Bob): +16

Armor: All 30



SCENE NINE: OK, WHOSE DEAL?

Raze calls and tells you that the building has been thoroughly wrecked and since the Biotechnica/Lazarus team is on the way, the Neos are pulling out. He advises you to do the same because parts of the building are on fire.

Moments later the Biotech/Lazarus team storms in and holds you at gunpoint. Moore immediately raises the shield, because he realizes they have more than sufficient explosives to destroy the wall — and him.

The PCs will undoubtedly explain things to the security people, who will radio for Dr. Joseph Harrison and other Corps from Biotechnica's high command to come up. Harrison will present the team with an offer. They can forget all this happened and be paid well. Biotechnica has already gone about destroying the drugs, and the presence of another Corporation (plus heavy media coverage downstairs) will ensure that Moore will be prosecuted.

The players may think this over and bargain all they want. Harrison will never go higher than 20,000 Euro per character. If the team somehow gets this all live on TV, Biotechnica will be a bit more giving.

If They Deal With Harrison: Biotechnica will go public with some of the story, but the more sensitive bits will be censored and the PCs won't have a chance to collect their money since Biotechnica will try to have them iced as soon as the heat dies down.

If They Deal With Lazarus: The Lazarus Group will pay them small compensations (VERY small, say around 1500 Euro each), and will transport them out of the city safely, but that's it.

If They Deal With Anyone With Media Coverage Present: This is only possible if somehow this whole thing is being broadcast and/or taped en masse. How the players manage that is entirely up to their ingenuity. The players will be paid VERY well (50,000 Euro each), and the entire story of the weapons scandal will be made public. The team Media will see to pasting Biotechnica's guilt all over the screamsheets, and the indictments will come down.

Lazarus will offer protection to the PCs, and safe escort to the city of their choice. Biotechnica will close down their operations in Las Vegas and tear down the old building until a new center is built.

No matter how it happens, the PCs are going to have to leave Vegas. They might want to consider ID Card remakes, or just becoming Blanks, especially if they ticked off Lazarus or Biotechnica in a particularly big way. However they do it, some very heavy *merde* is happening, lots of Corporate faces are going to go down, and the characters will have to leave their old lives behind so the Man can clean up their mess. Ashes, ashes, we all fall down.

SUPPORTING CAST

PUNK

Stats

INT 4	REF 9	TECH 3
CL 6	ATT 5	LK 5
MA 6	BODY 6	EMP 4

Cybernetics

Processor, Left Cyberoptic (Low Lite), Rippers, Right Cyberarm (Hammerhand)

Skills

Athletics +5, Rifle +3, Pistol +4, Melee +5, Brawling +7, Streetwise +5

Equipment

Light Armored Jacket, Leather Pants, Dai Lung Streetmaster, any assorted small melee weapon

Combat Scores

Initiative: +9

Stun/Death Save: 6

Body Type Modifier: -2

Dai Lung Streetmaster (#Shots 12/ROF 2/DAM 2D6+3/Rel UR): +13

Melee (Asst weapons): +14

Armor: Arms/Torso 14, Legs 4

COP

Stats

INT 6	REF 6	TECH 5
CL 7	ATT 5	LK 6
MA 5	BODY 7	EMP 6

Cybernetics

Processor (Sandevistan Boost, Interface Plugs, Smartgun Link, Radio Link, Wide Band Radio Scanner), Big Knucks, Right Cyberoptic (Target, Low Lite, Times Square), Right Cyberarm (Pop-up Federated Arms Autopistol)

Skills

Authority +4, Athletics +6, Melee +5, Brawling +6, Rifle +5, Pistol +6, SMG +6

Equipment

Steel Helmet, Heavy Armored Jacket, Flak Pants, H&K MP-11 (Smart), Feder-

ated Arms X-9 Autopistol (Smart), Plaskuffs, ID Card, First Aid Kit, Radio Links

Combat Scores

Initiative: +9*

Stun/Death Save: 7

Body Type Modifier: -2

H&K MP-11 (#Shots 30/ROF 20/DAM 4D6+1/Rel ST): +14

Federated Arms X-9 (#Shots 12/ROF 2/DAM 2D6+1/Rel ST): +15

Armor: Head 14, Right Arm 14, Torso/Left Arm/Legs 20

CORPGRUNT

Stats

INT 5	REF 9	TECH 5
CL 8	ATT 3	LK 4
MA 5	BODY 8	EMP 4

Cybernetics

Processor, Smartgun Link, Interface Plugs, Right Cyberarm (RipperHand, EMP Shield)

(Note: Corporations don't standardize cyberware installation even in their own private armies. Cybernetics on these guys generally vary to a moderate extent, so feel free to add or invent some interesting chrome.)

Skills

Combat Sense +3, Athletics +7, Pistol +7, SMG +5, Rifle +6, Brawling +8, Melee +6, Aware/Notice +5

Equipment

Smartgoggles (Targeting, UV, Times Square), Nylon Helmet, Armored Uniform Jumpsuit (SP 18, edged weapons treat SP as half), Militech Light Assault Rifle, Sternmeyer Type 35, First Aid Kit, Corporate ID Card

Combat Scores

Initiative: +12

Stun/Death Save: 8

Body Type Modifier: -3

Militech LAR (#Shots 35/ROF 30/DAM 5D6/Rel VR): +19

Sternmeyer Type 35 (#Shots 8/ROF 2/DAM 3D6/Rel VR): +15

Armor: Head 20, Rest of Body 18

PERSONALITIES FROM AROUND VEGAS

Here are some more developed, peaceable stock NPCs from around Vegas who do more than follow orders and die.

CASINO BOUNCER

The Bouncer's a typical casino giant out of any detective story. He's nice enough to patrons, if you're an established regular. If not, watch out! This guy is armed, and they pay him to shoot people he doesn't like. He's also pretty observant, so don't bother trying to get anything past him. Remember: His job is casino security; don't try to breach it.

Stats

INT 5	REF 7	TECH 5
CL 10	ATT 6	LK 5
MA 5	BODY 11	EMP 3

Cybernetics

Processor, Machine Link, Smartgun Link, Sandevistan Boost, Chipware Socket (with Education 3, Gen. Lang. 3, Social 2, Wardrobe & Style 3), Grafted Muscle, Right Cyberoptic (Thermograph), Right Cyberarm (Realskinn, BigKnucks)

Skills

Authority +2, Athletics +5, Brawling +10, Melee +6, Pistol +7, Rifle +2, Gambling +7, Aware/Notice +6, Intimide +6, plus chips (see above).

Equipment

Kevlar Tuxedo, ArmaLite 44 (Smart), ID Card, Security Scanner

Combat Scores

Initiative: +10*

Stun/Death Save: 11

Body Type Modifier: -5

Armalite 44 (#Shots 8/ROF 1/DAM 4D6/Rel ST): +17

Armor: Arms/Torso/Legs 10

CON MAN

Here we have the typical street hustler so common to Glittertown. He's seen it all, done it all, and essentially knows all the tricks. He's out to get your Euro to finance bigger and better cons. Watch your back, keep your hands on your wallet, don't believe what he says and don't play cards with this guy.

Stats

INT 8 REF 7 TECH 3

CL 9 ATT 7 LK 6

MA 5 BODY 6 EMP 8

Cybernetics

Processor (Interface Plugs), Adrenal Boost, Left Cyberoptic (Color Shift, Thermograph, Times Square), Left Cyberaudio (Wearman, Voice Stress Analyzer, Phone Link)

Skills

Fast Talk +8, Gambling +7, Social +4, Personal Grooming +6, Streetdeal +7, Streetwise +6, Drive +5, Pistol +3, SMG +5, Shadow/Ditch +6, Brawling +5, Melee +2

Equipment

Casual Clothes, Light Armored Jacket, ID Card, deck of cards, Vz61 Skorpion, switchblade

Combat Scores

Initiative: +7

Stun/Death Save: 6

Body Type Modifier: -2

Vz61 Skorpion (#Shots 25/ROF 20/DAM 1D6+2/Rel VR): +12

Armor: Torso/Arms 12

CARD SHARK

This guy's the one they sing about in the old Western chips. Although cool and secure with himself, this gamblers one

big drawback is that secretly he's a cheapskate at heart (check out the pistol he carries). Still, he makes good money working up and down Glittertown, and he's pretty popular with the ladies.

Stats

INT 7 REF 7 TECH 4

CL 8 ATT 8 LK 9

MA 5 BODY 7 EMP 6

Cybernetics

Processor (Pain Editor, Interface Plugs), Mr Studd Implant, Right Cyberoptic (Times Square), Left Cyberaudio (Voice Stress Analyzer, Enhanced Hearing)

Skills

Gamble +10, Social +6, Wardrobe +7, Pistol +4, Athletics +4 Brawling +5, Human Perception +8, Education +5, Seduction +6, Aware/Notice +6, Streetwise +3

Equipment

Ultrastyle Eveningware, ID Card, CredCard, deck of cards, Kevlar Vest, Mirrorshades, BudgetArms Auto 3

Combat Scores

Initiative: +7

Stun/Death Save: 7

Body Type Modifier: -2

BudgetArms Auto 3 (#Shots 8/ROF 2/DAM 3D6/Rel UR): +10

Armor: Torso 10

MS. RITA LEEMAN

EBM Corporation, Sales Division

Rita Leeman is the manager of EBM's sales division in Vegas. Competent and a fast talker, Leeman has won more than one sales contract with assorted large Corporations, often through brutal means. Her latest feat was to land a contract with Net News 54 by sending a team of Solos to trash Microtech's sales department before they could present their offer to Net News. The team ended up napalming Microtech's local office. Leeman isn't driven by cold-bloodedness, but rather a fanatical devotion to EBM. She's actually rather

pleasant after hours, and can be a source of help. She can be found during her lunch breaks at the Cafe Belladonna, in the lobby of the EBM building. On the weekends, she relaxes at home in Desert View or hits Glittertown with her boyfriend, drinking, gambling and dancing the evening away.

Stats

INT 10 REF 5 TECH 5

CL 7 ATT 8 LK 8

MA 5 BODY 6 EMP 6

Cybernetics

Right Cyberoptic (Times Square), Right Cyberaudio (Bug Detector)

Skills

Resources +7, Aware/Notice +6, Human Perception +5, Education +7, Library Search +5, Social +6, Persuasion +7, Stock Market +5, Wardrobe +6, Personal Grooming +8, Drive +5, Pistol +3, Gamble +3, Dance +3

Equipment

Corporate Suits, Kevlar Trenchcoat, Corporate ID, CredCard, Briefcase w/ assorted paperwork, Colt AMT 2000

Combat Scores

Initiative: +5

Stun/Death Save: 6

Body Type Modifier: -2

Colt AMT 2000 (#Shots 8/ROF 1/DAM 4D6+1/Rel VR): +8

Armor: Arms/Torso/Legs 10

SAGE (NOMAD)

Sage isn't a Nomad per se, but rather a seller of information who wanders the streets of Vegas and the surrounding areas. If you really need to know something, Sage can be found after midnight somewhere in the Junction. He'll sell information for Euro, but usually prefers to trade it for more information. When Sage is around, the conversation drops to a whisper, because Sage's cyberaudio is constantly recording.

Sage isn't really a nasty soul, just disillusioned. Since he started his career as a professional eavesdropper, he's heard many conversations he wishes he hadn't.

Stats

INT 5 REF 6/8 TECH 6
CL 8 ATT 6 LK 5
MA 7 BODY 7 EMP 5

Cybernetics

Processor (Interface Plugs, Sandevistan Booster, Smartgun Link), Right Cyboptic (Times Square, Weapon Readout), Right Cyberaudio (Wearman, Level Damper, Enhanced Hearing, Digital Recorder)

Skills

Family +4, Aware/Notice +8, Endurance +5, Melee +4, Pistol +5, Drive +5, Basic Tech +6, Wilderness Survival +3, Brawling +7, Athletics +5, Streetwise +7, SMG +5, Oratory +4

Equipment

Armored Trenchcoat (SP 16), Vz61 Skorpion, Techscanner, B & E Tools, ID Card

Combat Scores

Initiative: +9*

Stun/Death Save: 7

Body Type Modifier: -2

Vz61 Skorpion (#Shots 25/ROF 20/DAM 1D6+2/Rel VR): +11

Armor: Arms/Legs/Torso 16 (But only if the coat's buttoned)

FRANCIS CACCILO

Local Godfather (Corporate)

Frank Cacciolo is the head of the Bank of Las Vegas as well as being the local Mob lord. Cacciolo's family runs the majority of the syndicate action in Boomertown, and after taking over the Bank in 2011, has the power and finance to keep control. Cacciolo himself started out as a street bruiser under his father, and after his father's murder during a gang war in 2002, Frank took over the operation.

The Cacciolo family has a long tradition of violence in Vegas stretching back to the city's inception as the gambling capital of the country. Cacciolo can be a source of help, but he can also be an enemy, and as anyone who's seen a

gangster film can tell you, crossing him would be a really bad idea. Keep in mind that Frank will be distrustful, because the family dabbles in Blue Glass dealing, making the team Fixer a rival. Cacciolo can be found at the main branch of the Bank during working hours. He spends his evenings at the family compound in Desert View and his weekends debauching in Glittertown.

Stats

INT 8 REF 9 TECH 5
CL 7 ATT 7 LK 6
MA 5 BODY 7 EMP 5

Cybernetics

Processor (Interface Plugs, Pain Editor), Adrenal Boost, Big Knucks, Toxin Binder, Right Cyboptic (Target, Times Square)

Skills

Resources +10, Aware/Notice +6, Human Perception +10, Education +3, Library Search +4, Social +4, Persuasion +8, Stock Market +4, Wardrobe/Style +4, Personal Grooming +4, Brawling +7, Pistol +5, Banking +5, SMG+3

Equipment

Corporate Suits, ID Card, CredCard, Bank Card, Security Scanner, Poison Sniffer, handkerchief, lucky quarter, Kevlar Vest, Beretta 9mm

Combat Scores

Initiative: +9

Stun/Death Save: 7

Body Type Modifier: -2

Beretta 9mm (#Shots 10/ROF 1/DAM 2D6+1/Rel VR): +14

Armor: Torso 10

CAPT. PETER RADWYN

Las Vegas Police

Department, Enforcer Squad

Peter Radwyn is the head of the Las Vegas Police Department's Enforcer Squads. Since their inception in 2010, the Enforcers have been responsible for keeping the peace, stifling the drug trade, and busting particularly nasty distributors. Naturally, Radwyn won't be very

fond of the team Fixer, but can you say "friend", boys and girls?

Radwyn has access to large amounts of firepower and has connections in all the right places. He's the most unbribeable Cop on the force, so watch what you say to him. When he's not on active combat duty, Radwyn is filling out reports or hanging out somewhere in the Junction, where he lives.

Stats

INT 8 REF 9 TECH 5
CL 7 ATT 6 LK 5
MA 6 BODY 8 EMP 5

Cybernetics

Processor, Smartgun Link, Kerenzikov II Boost, Right Cyberaudio (Sound Damper, Enhanced Hearing, TB Radio Link), Right Cyboptic (Targeting, Times Square, Low Lite), Right Cyberarm (Realskinn, Medical Hand), Left Cyberarm (Realskinn, Hammerhand)

Skills

Authority +8, Aware/Notice +6, Pistol +7, SMG +5, Human Perception +10, Athletics +7, Education +5, Melee +6, Interrogation +4, Streetwise +8, Brawling +5, Expert: Drugs +7, AV Pilot +6, First Aid +5

Equipment

Uniform, Metal Gear (Torso & Arms only), Flak Pants, Nylon Helmet, Slapatches (various painkillers & disinfectants), Plaskuffs, Drug Analyzer, ID Card, Flashlight, Lawtech Taser Nightstick, MonoKnife, Chadran Arms City Reaper 11mm (caseless) SMG with over/under 40mm grenade launcher

Combat Scores

Initiative: +11

Stun/Death Save: 8

Body Type Modifier: -3

Chadran Arms "City Reaper" (#Shots 40/ROF 20/DAM 3D6+2/Rel VR): +17
Grenade Launcher (#Shots 4/ROF 1/DAM 3D10/Rel ST): +17

Stick/Taser (2D6 clubbing damage, save roll required to keep from blacking out): +14

Armor: Torso/Arms 25, Head/Legs 20

THE FINAL WORD

HOW DOES BLUE ICE WORK, ANYWAY?

Many of you are probably still wondering what would happen if the PCs tried to ingest some of the Ice. Or, what a scan would turn up if someone (like a nosey Tech) tried to analyze it. Maybe you just want to know its basic background and effects. Here's the word.

Blue Ice originated as Experimental Combat Drug Number Five. Biotechnica intended it to be a field counter agent to radiological and chemical warfare, and it included samples of the drug with the space crew because the crew was investigating the prospects of building military

and research bases on other planets. When the radiation storm hit, the ships shields were penetrated, and the radiation mutated the drugs chemical makeup.

Now, when someone ingests the drug, their immune systems go berserk. Normally, when microbes invade the body, the immune system is supposed to kick in and fight it. The mutated system, however, bonds with the invader, and forms a spore which multiplies rapidly. The spore leads to sickness, madness, and eventually death. Someone who ingests this drug will, after experiencing mild, annoying pain, suddenly die in a quick burst of unbelievable agony. Telltale signs of usage are psychosis, discoloring of the skin, and finally purple "slime" dripping from the nose and mouth. This "slime" is the fungus mixed with mucus.

The version of the drug being distributed in Vegas includes some designer compounds — hallucinogens and powerful stimulants — that mask the Ice's true nature and give it appeal for junkies.

As far as anyone knows, there is no cure once Blue Ice is ingested, and since the drugs are destroyed at the end of the adventure, no one will probably ever find out. Of course, if the characters don't survive, Biotechnica will mass market the stuff as a weapon and a cure will be found eventually (for the right price).

Stay clear of Blue Ice and keep your head down.



BIOTECHNICA CORPORATION

Southwest Research & Development Associates, Las Vegas, NV

*****TOP SECRET*****

BLACK OPS FILE# 49591039

NET NODE# 45-343-228-7264

SUBJECT: PROJECT WRANGLER

WRITTEN BY: DR. LINUS HALL, R&D SECTION

CREATED: JUNE 5 2020

TEXT:

PROJECT WRANGLER IS A BIONARCOTICS DISTRIBUTION OPERATION DESIGNED TO DISTRIBUTE LARGE AMOUNTS OF A CHEAP, HARMLESS, BUT HIGHLY ADDICTIVE DRUG ON THE GENERAL MARKET. DEVELOPED EARLIER THIS YEAR, "BLUE ICE", OUR NEW PRODUCT, WAS FOUND TO BE THE MOST POPULAR DRUG IN TESTS RUN ON MULTIPLE ADDICTS.

WRANGLER DICTATES THAT AROUND 500 KILOS WILL BE TEST SOLD IN A SMALLER METROPOLIS IN THE MIDWEST AREA. SALES WILL BE GRAPHED, AND THE PROFITABILITY AND EFFECTIVENESS OF THE DRUG WILL BE GAUGED.

ACTUAL SALES WOULD BE LEFT TO AN INDEPENDENT DISTRIBUTOR, WHO WOULD HAVE FREE REIGN IN DISTRIBUTION, RETAINING 30% OF THE TOTAL PROFITS.

SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE PER UNIT (10 GRAMS) IS TEN (10) EURODOLLARS.

BIOTECHNICA CORPORATION

Southwest Research & Development Associates, Las Vegas, NV

*****TOP SECRET*****

(EMERGENCY PRIORITY FILE)

BLACK OPS FILE# 5820194A

NET NODE # 445-174-8423

CREATED: 12 JUNE 2020

SUBJ: CORP CIVIL WAR, R&D

TEXT:

SIRS:

TWO ARMED CAMPS, LED BY DR. THOMAS MOORE AND MR. JOHN CARTER ARE NOW OFFICIALLY AT WAR AND AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS. SEVERE DAMAGE HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE TO OUR LAS VEGAS COMPLEX, WITH CONSIDERABLE LOSS OF LIFE. NEEDLESS TO SAY, IF THIS WAR IS ALLOWED TO CONTINUE, THIS CORPORATION WILL SUFFER UNIMAGINABLE LOSSES IN THE NEXT FISCAL QUARTER AND WILL PROBABLY LOSE ANY LEVEL OF CONTROL ALREADY ESTABLISHED IN THIS CITY.

A SMALL LOYALIST CONTINGENT, LED BY DR. JOSEPH HARRISON, IS ATTEMPTING TO IMPEDE BOTH RADICAL ELEMENTS BEFORE ANY REAL DAMAGE CAN BE DONE. I SHOULD MENTION THAT ASSISTANCE WILL BE NEEDED AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, BECAUSE MANY MEMBERS OF THIS FORMERLY CONSOLIDATED DEPARTMENT ARE ALREADY TAKING SIDES. I SHOULD ALSO MENTION THE DISCOVERY OF TWO UNAUTHORIZED WEAPONS PROJECTS INVOLVING TOTAL STRANGERS FROM THE OUTSIDE. THESE PROJECTS ARE

(END OF FILE)

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>SUBJ:TOP STORIES::TIME:
CURRENT

Corporate Civil War?

Strife Wracks

Biotechnica in Vegas

LAS VEGAS (DMS Wire Services): Biotechnica Corporation's Southwest Research & Development Associates, a local division of the multinational genetic engineering and biological research corporation, is convulsed by one of the worst intracorporate struggles in Vegas history. The death from cancer last night of Dr. Lisa Tomes, head of the division, has brought the conflict out into the open. Two rival factions, led by Mr. John Carter and Dr. Thomas Moore, are waging open war across the Las Vegas corporate sector, vying to succeed to her vacant position.

A spokesperson for Biotechnica Corporation, speaking by satellite from the corporation's main office in Rome, stated that they are "assessing the situation and will take whatever actions are necessary to halt the carnage and re-establishing normal operations and good will within the city of Las Vegas."

Cacciolo Denies DA's Allegations

LAS VEGAS (DMS Wire Services) — Frank Cacciolo, President of the Bank of Las Vegas, issued a written

statement this morning flatly denying allegations made yesterday by District Attorney Marya Elsberg. Elsberg, in an unguarded moment on the *Las Vegas This Evening* talk show, said that her investigations into local organized crime led inevitably to the conclusion that Cacciolo was deeply involved in corrupt organizations and the trade in illegal narcotics. She stated that, barring calamity, she expected to bring forth an indictment within the month.

Cacciolo's statement called Elsberg's remarks "outrageous fabrications that will not hold up before any grand jury in this city."

Drug Overdoses Skyrocket

LAS VEGAS (DMS Wire Services) — Las Vegas is reeling under an epidemic of drug overdoses, reports the county coroner's office. While the coroner is not announcing many details, pending further investigation, speculation is rife. The symptoms match no previously known cases of drug overdoses.

Peter Radwyn, captain of the Las Vegas Police Department Enforcer Squad, described one overdose instance: "We responded to a call on the edge of Old Downtown. An individual was said to be on a rooftop, firing an automatic weapon into the air and threatening to jump. He never did jump, nor did he harm anyone; but when we arrived on the scene he had collapsed and died. Blood was gushing from his nose and ears, and an unidentified substance characteristic of this phenomenon was present."

Radwyn added, "If anyone observes similar symptoms, we ask that our department be called immediately. We are also interested

in what substances may have been ingested by past victims, so that we may discern the cause of these unfortunate events. As all recorded victims are known abusers of illegal drugs, we are not ruling out the possibility of some sort of contaminated product being sold in the Las Vegas underworld.

"Now more than ever, I must counsel the youth and adults of Las Vegas to *avoid drugs*. Why put your life at risk?"

Outside of official press conferences and bulletins, speculation is raging. Many people have expressed the view that the cause of the epidemic may be a hitherto unidentified bioplague.

Michela's Debt Rating Bombs

NEW YORK (DMS Wire Services) — Financial giant Merrill, Asukaga & Finch announced today that it has revised the ratings of bonds and securities issued or backed by the government of Michela's from CC to D, in all currency denominations. This is widely regarded as a response to the rising civil turmoil that wracks the Caribbean republic. Asked whether this move reflects general media reports or special intelligence garnered by MA&F, a corporate spokesman declined to comment.

According to Elena Chu, a private broker in international securities, the news will undoubtedly raise the cost of debt servicing to the island government. Chu added, based on her observations of the region's history, that it may further destabilize the ruling Tarragou regime.

Is it just you, or is the world going crazy?

As you drink strong coffee in the all-night, sidewalk cafe, you reflect on how you've changed since your plane touched down on Al Amarja three weeks ago. Three weeks, is that all? You half-chuckle, half-moan, quietly to yourself. Three weeks ago you had faith in the rational world your high school science teacher told you about. Two weeks ago you didn't believe in psychic powers, in the soul, in life on other planets. One week ago you knew what the world was about and knew your place in it. When you got up this morning, you had never killed.

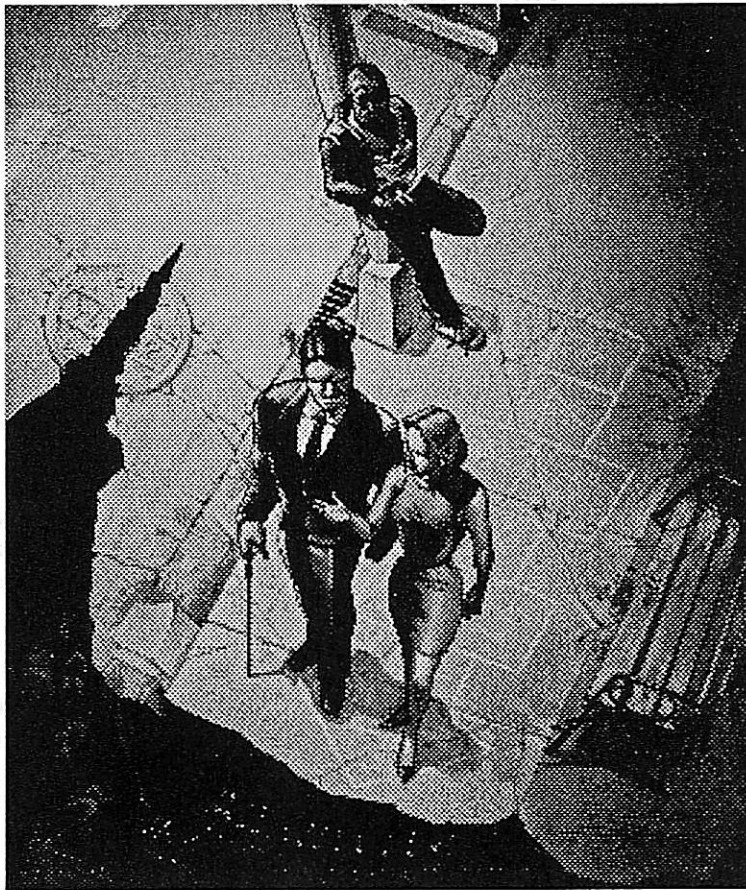
"Cigarettes?" says a familiar voice beside you. You turn and pretend not to recognize your co-conspirator, posing as a petty street vendor.

"Three, please," you say. The folded dollar bill you hand her contains the computer chip you took from the cooling corpse you left in an alley seven blocks away. Two cigarettes she passes you each contain a rolled up thousand dollar bill. The third contains the passwords you'll need to get your next assignment.

It's not the money you do this for, you tell yourself. The things you're fighting — they want to rule the world. First, though, they want to control your mind.

Devious secret agents, subtle alien invasions, ancient conspiracies, the secret of human nature, drooling psychopaths, weird science, a quick but painful death — who knows what you may find when you play *Over the Edge™*? For the first time, the surreal undercurrents of fiction, cinema, and television have come to role-playing, and *Over the Edge* is the game that can take you where

OVER THE EDGE



you've never been before.

*** Freeform Character Creation:** Define your character the way you want to, without the limits of skill lists, random rolls, and artificial limitations. The rules favor character development over mechanics.

*** Open Setting:** Anything goes on the chaotic island of Al Amarja. If it troubles your dreams, if it scares you, if you hope it isn't true, it's waiting for you *Over the Edge*. Players can never be sure what they're up against, who is on their side, and why.

*** Focus on the Story:** Easy, open-ended mechanics allow you to spend more time developing your character and your plots, instead of crunching numbers. The GM's chapters include numerous story ideas and plenty of advice for better gamemastering.

*** Easy To Get Started:** Three beginning adventures introduce the GM and players to the wild world of Al Amarja and make the first sessions easy to run.

*** Play With Your Favorite System:** Includes conversion notes so you can use *Over the Edge* as background for *Bureau 13**, *CORPS**, *The DUEL System**, *Fringeworthy**, *NightLife**, or *To Challenge Tomorrow**. The rich background can also be easily commandeered for other modern game systems.

Over the Edge is 240 pages, perfect bound.

Product Number AG2000. Suggested retail price: \$22.

Created by Jonathan Tweet. Cover Art by Doug Shuler. Interior Art by Cheryl Mandus, Eric Hotz, Kevin O'Neill and David Brown

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Come to Al Amarja
Where Nightmares Go to Breed™

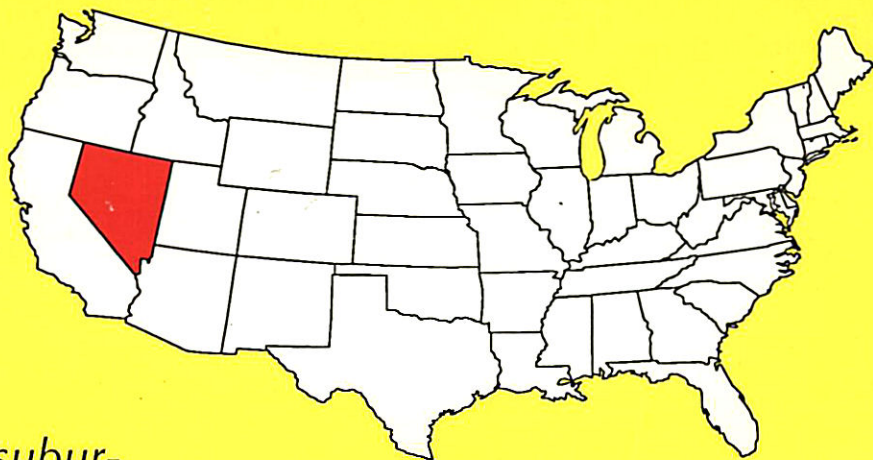
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Raze leans over toward you. The nomad's cold, suicidal demeanor is somehow different.

"Here," he says, "This is the camp. This is why we peddle drugs. This is why we steal. This town was a suburban area until 1997. That's when the storms started...This is all that's left."

Raze lowers his head into his hands for a moment, then continues:

"Okay, well, that's said. Now, it seems to me we've got some hell to raise. Are you ready to rock?"



Las Vegas

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It starts as a fast-euro job in the rebuilt city of Las Vegas. Your only concern is how to spend the money and avoid the ever-present James Gang, a group of rednecks right from the old celluloid. Just a couple months of gambling, parties, and low-blood thrills.

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