

PROTECT & SERVE

PROTECT AND SERVE
A LAW ENFORCEMENT SOURCEBOOK
FOR

CYBERPUNK®

FORWARD

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Before you start accessing this book, let me tell you something about it. To Protect and Serve is a Law Enforcement Sourcebook for CYBERPUNK 2020, allowing you to run and play Cyberpunk games in the cop environment. A police-based game is probably a little different than any other game of CYBERPUNK you've played, but it offers a fantastic opportunity for roleplay and campaigning. If you don't plan on running this type of game, this book will still open your eyes to the worlds of crime and enforcement within the CYBERPUNK world.

When dealing with law enforcement, there is a great temptation to follow the rules to the letter. Referees reading this book should remember one important thing: Nothing is carved in stone! If you don't like, or agree, with something in here, change it! That's what you're there for.

I have to admit that I had a great time writing this project, from researching all the data to putting everything together. I've run a cop campaign in CYBERPUNK for some time and loved it; so did my players. If I can pass on a fraction of that fun to you, then it's all been worth the long nights, coffee and cigarettes.

And remember! Let's be careful out there...

Geoff Pass
England.

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New Scotland Yard and dozens of authors whose books were so helpful, but most of all: To every cop who has ever lived, and died, in the line of duty.

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strictly coincidental.

INTRODUCTIONS

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THE COP'S OATH

As a Law Enforcement Officer, my fundamental duty is to serve mankind; to safeguard lives and property; to protect the innocent against deception. I further swear to protect the weak against oppression or intimidation, the peaceful against violence and disorder; and to respect the Constitutional rights of all men to liberty, equality and justice.

I will keep my private life unsullied as an example to all; maintain courageous calm in the face of danger, scorn, or ridicule; develop self-restraint; and be constantly mindful of the welfare of others. Honest in thought and deed in both my personal and official life, I will be exemplary in obeying the laws of the land and regulations of my department. Whatever I see or hear of a confidential nature or that is confided to me in my official capacity will be kept ever secret unless revelation is necessary in the performance of my duty.

I will never act officiously or permit personal feelings, prejudices, animosities or friendships to influence my decisions. With no compromise for crime and with relentless prosecution of criminals, I will enforce the law courteously, without fear or favor, malice or ill will, never employing unnecessary force or violence and never accepting gratuities.

I recognize the badge of my office as a symbol of public faith, and I accept it as a public trust to be held so long as I am true to the ethics of the police service. I will constantly strive to achieve these objectives and ideals, dedicating myself before God to my chosen profession...law enforcement.

KEEPING YOUR HEAD TOGETHER

The scene looked bad as the black Omega cruiser pulled in behind one of the six Trauma Team paramedic vans. The screaming siren died; the swirling lights died as well.

DeVris sat back in the sim-leather roll seat, narrowing his eyes as he drew deeply on a Russian Krilova. He let the smoke trickle through his nose, stubbing the cigarette out as he opened the door and stepped into chaos.

It was definitely bad.

Clear of the deceptive silence of the Omega's interior, DeVris could now hear the crackle of automatic weapons over garbled screams of "Ceasefire!" Unhooking the strap of his shoulder holster, he strode through the fray of police vehicles, paramedics and concerned citizens.

He knew it was big time when he caught the harsh glare of six floodlights focussed on a single apartment building. Backed away but covering the battle zone were at least twenty cops, most staying low as streams of lead spat out the windows of the top floor. Most of the police vehicles were pockmarked with bullet holes. Approaching the police line, he fought his way past the medias; all out for the story, they were playing wolf pack tactics in a feeble attempt to slip past the cops.

A hulking sergeant stood aside as DeVris approached, sparing a bemused look at his unexpectedly formal attire. Once inside the perimeter, he headed straight for the large rig with "NCPD Mobile Command 14" stencilled in white down the side, ducking as a stream of bullets swept the stationary vehicles. Some of the cops started shooting back. Two of the floods went out. Two more flickered on.

Dr. Crowley was crouched around the back of the mobile rig, coffee in one hand and loud-hailer in the other. He smiled at DeVris' approach. "How was the opera?"

DeVris lit another Krilova. Clouds of blue smoke billowed around him. "Bomb scare," he said shortly. "They had to close it down for two hours while disposal boys checked it out." DeVris did not sound happy. "Where's Sanchez?"

The police psychologist took another swig of coffee and shook his head. "No idea. He took off with some sticks to check out the rear of the building. That was about ten minutes ago."

"I guess I'll just hang around here then. Who's inside the can?" DeVris jerked his head towards the mobile HQ. "No one right now," the psychologist replied absently as he peered around the side of the rig at the now quiet apartment building. He turned back and popped the door to the

HQ. As the reinforced titanium doors slid open, a shadow of red light fell across him. "Wanna come in?" he said, big grin plastered over his face.

The interior of the mobile HQ vehicle was one large control center, packed with monitors, TV cams, external cameras, weapon systems, PA, vidcomm and communicators back to NCPD Central. DeVris followed Crowley in. "Who's holed up inside?" The psychologist picked up a phone set and began punching numbers on the keypad. "Ching and his boys," he replied. "They've declared war on their own Triad chief. They've got about fourteen hostages in there with them. We started with twenty-two."

DeVris picked up a bundle of computer printouts and cast an eye over them. "This the assimilation?" The psychologist nodded quickly, then spoke into the phone. "Is that Ching?...Well, get Ching on the line, dammit! This is Dr. Crowley...Listen to me, goon, get Ching on the horn now or I'll send in the National Guard!"

Glancing at a monitor, DeVris saw that the shooting had started up again. It seemed Ching had dumped the body of a hostage out of a top floor window. She fell screaming to the ground sixty feet below. DeVris shook his head. *Where the hell was Sanchez?*

"Where the frack am I going to get a freight jet at this time of night, Ching? Goddammit, I'm doing my best but you're gonna have to stop playing bouncy with the hostages." DeVris could see Crowley was losing it. He was about to make a suggestion when the door slid open and

a young Special Weapons trooper staggered in. He was soaked with blood; his AllStop Kevlar suit had about four holes punched in it, and he was making a mess of the white floor panels.

Another, less-trashed trooper followed the first one in. DeVris pulled his badge from his pocket and presented it to him. "Lieutenant DeVris, Tactical. Where's Captain Sanchez?"

The trooper looked dazed, as if he was having trouble comprehending what DeVris had just said. Then, in one sentence, he blurted it all out: "They've got heavy hardware man the Captain got his head blown off and before we could bug out the rest of us went down it's a real mess back there sir. Charlie here took four from a support weapon or something Oh God I think I'm gonna puke..." With that, the trooper dropped to his knees and retched. DeVris stamped out his cigarette. Shaking his head, he grated, "So who the hell's in charge here?" "It looks like you are," Crowley answered as he hung up the phone.

"I knew this was gonna be bad," DeVris muttered. He turned back to Crowley "So what's your psychological evaluation?" The psychologist pondered for a moment, his brow furrowing. He shrugged. "These guys are far gone and blitzing all the way. If you don't take them down it's going to be Triad happy hour out there. They're nuts." DeVris paused for a moment before replying. "Okay, let's do it."

Five minutes later, Mobile HQ 14 was filled with cops. DeVris stood in the center, finishing his briefing. "...and I want all our wounded, and the

"Where am I going to get a freight jet at this time of night, Ching? ...dammit, I'm doing my best, but you're gonna have to stop bouncing the hostages."



wounded civilians, evac'd to hospital as fast as possible. We've only got eighteen men total until MaxTac or some form of backup arrives, so no heroics. Taylor, get your boys on covering fire—if they start shooting, shoot back at them. Reece, get your team geared up; you'll be going in when I give the word. Crowley, keep that communication line open—buy us some time. Ching must only have about ten hostages left; the next time he bounces someone off the sidewalk I want maximum firepower on that window! Shoot to kill."

The cops flooded out of the command rig. DeVris was left alone with Crowley and a cop who was manning the phones. He took two long swigs from a cold cup of coffee before he realized he'd dropped his cigarette butt in it five minutes earlier.

"Sir, it's the Chief!" the cop at the phones spoke nervously, handing a headset over to DeVris. "That's all I need," DeVries said, reaching for the mike. He keyed it, "DeVris. Tactical...Yes...No, I'm afraid Sanchez took a hit...No sir...That's right...I need backup here, sir...MaxTac for starters...Is that a good idea, sir?...Will do." DeVris passed the headset back to the cop and sighed.

Crowley pulled back the earpiece of his headset, "What's up?" DeVris shrugged. "Oh, nothing much. Garrison of MaxTac has signed himself out of NC General to hook up to Muther-1. He's our back up."

Crowley looked confused. "But he almost got iced at that riot on 28th St. a few hours ago! Took some real damage, they said." There was awe in his voice. DeVris nodded and lit another cigarette. "Right. Lost three fingers and most of his left cheek in addition to the gunshot wounds. He's signed himself out saying it's only a concussion." He blew out smoke and turned to the cop manning the communications console. "Try and patch us in to Muther-1. I wanna talk to Garrison before he screams in."

DeVries turned back to the external monitor. Outside the command rig, Sergeant Reece and his squad of six men had geared up and were awaiting the word. Tension was high. The apartment block was drenched in white light and the shot-up police vehicles were providing cover for Taylor's boys. A pile of bodies had built up on the sidewalk outside the block. All was quiet except for the occasional scream from the top floor. Crowley started to say something; DeVries turned back towards him.

"They're arguing over their stash. It could be a good time..."

DeVris pulled up a headset and yelled into it. "Reece! Go!" Instantly a wall of bullets smashed into the apartment block's top floor, as Taylor and his men opened fire. Reece and his squad charged the doors. In a few moments they were in. Taylor's barrage continued.

DeVris' headset crackled as Reece's voice came through. "Okay, we're in. Proceeding up the stairwell. I don't think there's as many as..." DeVris ripped the headset away from his ears as it emitted a shrill scream of static. The rig shook with an almighty blast from the booby-trapped stairwell. A police vehicle was flipped and another caught fire. Reece's men were gone. The few survivors of Taylor's squad were now being cut to pieces by combined fire from the top floor as Ching's gang opened up.

"DeVris—this is Taylor! Reece has been torched and we're down to three men! We can't get to you without taking holes! Request assistance!" Taylor's voice sounded anxious, but not panicked.

"Yo! What's the lowdown?" Garrison grinned, showing more teeth through his cheek.

"Maintain your position, Taylor, we'll get to you." DeVris dropped the headset on the console and stubbed out his Krilova on the monitor screen in front of him. He turned to Crowley. "Could be a good time, huh?" Crowley shrugged and continued his attempts at picking up the line with Ching.

"Sir, I've got Lieutenant Garrison of MaxTac on hold," the cop at the comm desk said. DeVris pulled back on the headset and punched the green flashing button. A crackling picture appeared. It was Garrison in Muther-1. The flight helmet he wore obscured most of the damage to his cheek, but DeVris could still see teeth through the gaping wound; it was bleeding, too. He could see Garrison had come as soon as he could: He was still wearing his bloodstreaked hospital gown. "You okay, Garrison?" DeVris asked carefully.

"Yo! DeVris! What's the lowdown?" Garrison grinned, showing more of his teeth through his cheek.

"I've got over a dozen men down, including Sanchez. Ching is holed up in an apartment block with a several hostages. We're down to five men, including me. Are you sure you're okay?"

Garrison nodded. "Feelin' a bit green, but I'll make it. I'm locked and loaded and on my way in. You think you can hold for about ninety seconds?"

"We'll hold. Burn em' on my mark." DeVris turned to the cop. "Keep this line open." To Crowley, he said, "Tell Ching his transport's coming in now. Roof pick up. Conditional—he leaves the hostages where they are." He lit another cigarette. "Taylor. Go for the building now. Hostage rescue. Get them outta there; you've got just over 70 seconds."

"On our way."

"They're going for it!" Crowley yelled. DeVris turned back to Garrison. "Okay, come in fast and hit them. They'll be on the roof. You won't have time to lock on before they realize, so go to manual."

"They're on the roof. No hostages." Crowley called out. DeVris keyed his mike. "Taylor, what's your sitrep?"

"We're almost there. No resistance yet."

"All right. You've got 50 seconds. Let me know when you're on your way down or you'll be in Ground Zero!" Seconds counted down. DeVris watched his monitors. Garrison hooked up to his weapons links. The Triads on the roof were firing down at the crowd. They were taking hits.

"Okay, we're on our way down. There were only four of them." Taylor reported.

"I'm comin' in! This is going to be a Big Kahoma so keep your people back!" Garrison sounded gleeful.

"We're out!" Taylor reported. *Not bad*, thought DeVries, *only five seconds to spare*. The scream of the AV-9's jets sounded like a thousand banshees as it roared in. Garrison walked fire across the roof with his twin chain guns, while he adjusted for the belly-mounted rapid fire rocket launcher. The first rocket sheared off a corner of the roof. By this time Ching and his boys realized they'd been set up; they were fighting to get back into the building. The first of the multi-salvo of hi-explosive rockets took the roof clean off; the rest worked their way down floor by floor.

Over the comm, DeVris could hear Garrison's yells of "Yeah!" and "Get Some!" as he systematically demolished the entire building. The whole apartment block came down hard in a cloud of dust and fragments, with Muther-1 hovering over the devastated site like an avenging angel.

DeVris dropped back into his chair and tried to relax. The cop at the comm desk spoke up nervously. "Sir, you're wanted down near Med Tech—there's a firefight going on between Trauma Team and REO Meatwagon."

DeVris stubbed another cigarette out on the monitor screen and keyed his mike to Muther-1. "Garrison. Wait up, I'm hitching a ride." ■