

THE REPO GIG



This short Gig is designed for crews who screwed up by fencing hot goods—especially if those goods belonged to the Tyger Claws. It serves as an introduction to Wakako Okada. Operating as a seasoned Fixer who brokers deals between the street gangs and Edgerunners, Wakako offers the crew a rare chance to wipe their slates clean—provided they can recover the very data they just sold. It's a brief, fast-paced run.



SCAN ME

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INTRODUCTION

Session Intro: *The Bill Comes Due*

The State of Affairs: The crew is currently riding the high of a quick payday. They fenced the stolen pachinko computer, spent some eddies, and think they got away with the bloody assault clean. They are wrong.

Someone calls, someone who they don't expect. With news they don't wish, and solutions that doesn't please.

But such is the way of Night City.

How to Roleplay Wakako

- **Tone:** Polite, chillingly calm, and grandmotherly. She never shouts.
- **Attitude:** Condescending but practical. She treats the crew like foolish children who broke a vase in her house.
- **Pacing:** Speak slowly. Let silences hang to make the players sweat.

The Inciting Incident (The Call):

- **Who calls:** Wakako Okada. She wants to meet them in person and calls the crew directly on a secure line.
- **The Danger:** She bluntly informs them that their Netrunner's uncloaked signature from the pachinko raid is bouncing around the local subnet. The Tyger Claw bosses are currently pulling it.
- **The Offer:** She has temporarily frozen the trace. She will delete it permanently, but they have to clean up the mess they made in her district.
- **The Target:** They must steal back the exact data they just sold, or destroy it.
- **The Reward:** A clean slate with the Tyger Claws, and the distinct "honor" of owing Wakako a personal favor.



Questions & Wakako's Answers

"Where is the data now?"

"I already tracked your buyer. An info-broker named Vinyl. She operates out of a capsule hotel in Kabuki. I am sending you the floor plan now."

"Why do you care?"

"Because that data contains ledgers that disrupt my business arrangements. You are going to fix it so I don't have to deploy my own people and cause a scene."

"What if we refuse?"

"Then I will simply hang up, unfreeze the trace, and let the Tyger Claw hit squads find you by dinner time. The choice is yours, little ones."

"Do we get paid for this?"

"Your payment is keeping your heads attached to your necks. Do this correctly, and perhaps I will consider you for paying work in the future."

THE TARGET

"THE NEON COFFIN" CAPSULE HOTEL (KABUKI)

A claustrophobic, buzzing hive of cheap sleep in the heart of Kabuki. The air smells of recycled ozone, synthetic ramen, and desperation. The corridors are barely wide enough for two people to stand shoulder-to-shoulder, lined floor-to-ceiling with glowing, fiberglass sleeping pods. It is packed to the brim with exhausted wageslaves, low-level fixers, and night-shift workers just trying to get a few hours of dead air.

Vinyl: The Paranoid Info-Broker

Vinyl is a wiry, jittery woman in her late 30s who looks like she hasn't slept in a week. She is rarely seen without a bulky, modified neural interface headset, and her fingers are perpetually tap-dancing on virtual keyboards. Her voice is a rapid-fire, low whisper, often punctuated by nervous glances toward her wall of security monitors. She rarely leaves her fortified operations center, preferring to interact with the world through a dozen burner Agents.

Vinyl isn't a political player; she is a collector of leverage. When she bought the Pachinko computer data, she didn't care about the Tyger Claws or the prostitutes. She saw the payoff ledger and realized she could blackmail dozens of low-level NCPD officers and corporate mid-managers listed on it.

Recognizing that the Tyger Claws could eventually track the data to her, Vinyl spent a significant chunk of her available eddies hiring specialized security. She contracted a pair of massive, heavily augmented Animal Gang members for immediate, brutal close-quarters defense.

Vinyl operates out of a gutted block of sleeping pods at the far end of Floor 4. This is a nightmare of jury-rigged cooling pipes, thick bundles of black fiber-optic cables, and blinking server lights crammed into the fiberglass shells of former sleeping units.



Key Details & Challenges:

- **Paper-Thin Walls:** The fiberglass pods offer zero ballistic protection (thin cover). Any missed shots with medium/heavy firearms will punch straight through into occupied pods.
- **Claustrophobic Combat:** The narrow hallways eliminate flanking maneuvers. There is almost no cover, melee weapons are highly effective, and area-of-effect weapons are practically suicidal.
- **The Chokepoint:** Vinyl has rented out the entire back section of Floor 4. The only way in is guarded by two massive, heavily augmented bouncers who are cramped and irritable in the tiny hallway.
- **The Server Room:** The stolen data isn't sitting neatly on an Agent. Vinyl has completely gutted a block of sleeping pods and wired them together into a massive, heavily cooled, jury-rigged server rack. It cannot be moved; it must be hacked or physically destroyed on site.
- **The Front Desk:** The lobby manager is underpaid and easily bribed or distracted, but they are glued to the security feeds. If they see drawn weapons or a firefight on the monitors, they will hit the silent panic button.

THE STATS

ANIMAL GANG MEMBER (HARDENED)

INT	4	REF	6	DEX	5	TECH	2
COOL	4	WILL	4	MOVE	6	BODY	10
EMP	3						

DERIVED STATS

► Hit Points 45 ► Seriously Wounded 23 ► Death Save 10

ARMOR

► Subdermal Armor (Bodyplating): Head 11 SP, Body 11 SP

WEAPONS

► Martial Arts (Boxing) 3d6 (ROF 2, Ignores half SP)

SKILL BASES

Athletics 9, Brawling 9, Conceal/Reveal Object 6, Concentration 8, Conversation 5, Drive Land Vehicle 10, Education 6, Endurance 6, Evasion 7, First Aid 4, Handgun 12, Human Perception 5, Interrogation 6, Language (Native) 8, Language (Streetlangu) 6, Local Expert (Your Home) 6, **Martial Arts (Boxing) 12**, Perception 8, Persuasion 6, Resist Torture/Drugs 8, Stealth 7

CYBERWARE & SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

Grafted Muscle and Bone Lace, Subdermal Armor, Disposable Cellphone, Techhair.

VINYL SERVER NET ARCH

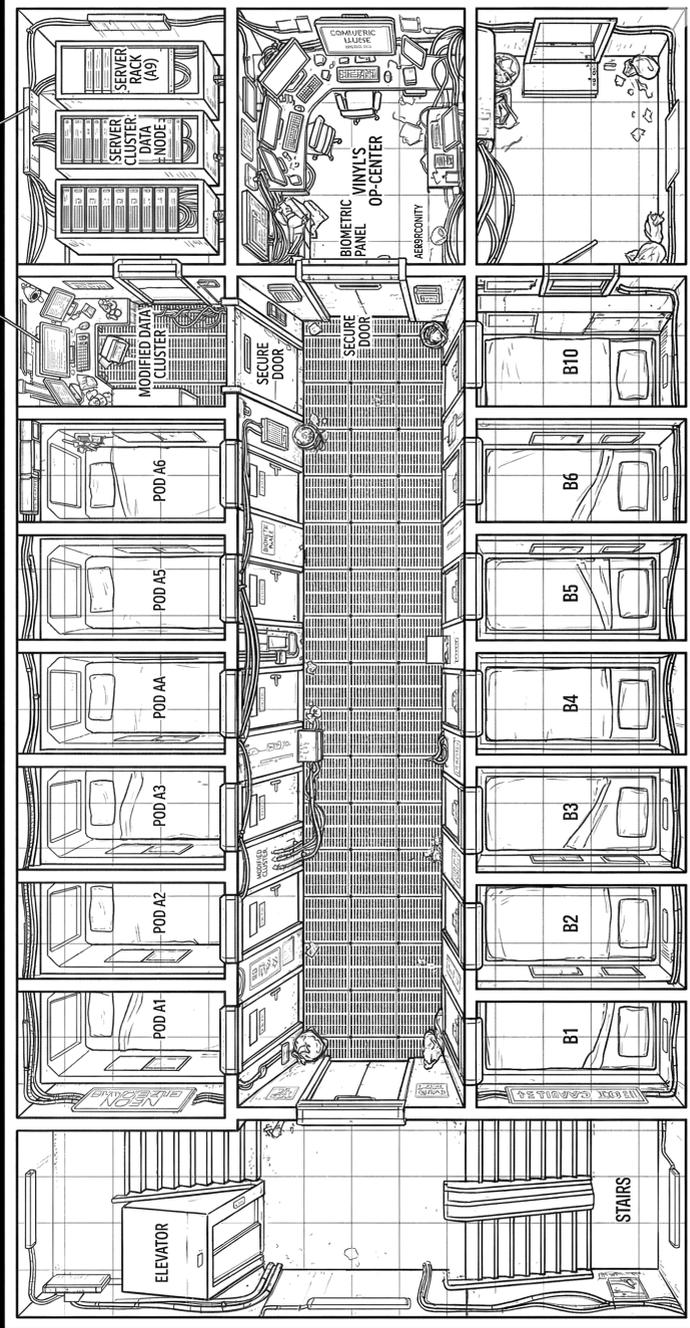
Vinyl has a small server to host all her data. But even if it doesn't have that many floors, it's still a dangerous NETArch.

Files on level 7 has Wakako target. Files on level 5 and 9 have other sellable info that Wakako may buy at 500eb (expensive) each one.

Vinyl doesn't store copies of what she already sold.

Floor	Content
1	Password DV 6
2	Password DV 8
3	Killer
4	Raven x2
5	File DV 8
6	Skunk
7	File DV 8
8	Asp
9	File DV 8
10	Giant





Floor Walls : Thin cover (10 HP)
POD Doors : Sec.Tech DV 11
Secure Doors : Sec.Tech DV 17

Control lights : Interface DV 8
Control POD Doors : Interface DV 10
Control Cameras : Interface DV 8

AFTERMATH

THE GETAWAY & AFTERMATH

Getting the data is only half the job; getting out of Kabuki is the rest. The crew's exit strategy depends entirely on how much noise they made and how long they took.

If they went loud:

The NCPD or private hotel security responds. As the crew reaches the ground floor, a squad of heavily armed Security Officers (one per player) is waiting behind their cruisers, barricading the main exit. The players will have to shoot their way out or find a very creative back alley escape route.

If they took too much time:

The Tyger Claws manage to trace the data to the hotel before the crew can leave. Instead of cops, a hit squad of Tyger Claw Boostergangers is waiting in the lobby or alleyway. Mechanically, use the standard Boosterganger stats, but swap their Wolverers out for Katanas.

If they were fast and quiet:

The lobby is exactly as they left it. Stepping out into the neon rain, a sleek, black Makigai Maitreya with tinted windows is idling by the curb. A stoic Tyger Claw enforcer in a tailored suit rolls down the window, silently accepts the data drive (or confirms the server destruction), and drives away without a word.

THE FINAL CALL

Regardless of how messy the exit was, if the crew successfully secures or destroys the pachinko ledger, their Holocall rings as soon as they are blocks away.

It is Wakako.

She congratulates them on a job adequately done and confirms that she has permanently scrubbed their Netrunner's uncloaked signature from the local subnet. The Tyger Claw hit squads are officially called off; they are free to walk the streets of Night City without looking over their shoulders.

Before they can celebrate, she drops the hook: she considers their previous debt settled, but the fact that she had to intervene at all means they now owe her a **personal favor**. She tells them to rest up, because she will be calling again soon to collect it.

The line goes dead.

