



RAYMOND “RAY” CALVIN

“A great social success is a pretty girl who plays her cards as carefully as if she were plain.”

– F. Scott Fitzgerald

*“Fly me to the moon
Let me sing among the stars
Let me see what spring is like
On jupiter and mars!”*

– Frank Sinatra

A nice, dark suit with cufflinks and a hankchief in the breast pocket. Fedora at an angle, glass of synthetic whiskey in hand. Always cool, always in control, always a gentleman. This is the essence of Ray Calvin and his musical stylings. People like you because you evoke a better time. A simpler time, but a time when things in life had meaning and depth. When things had *class*. Back then, people didn’t need to get all jumbled up on trance and screw robot hookers in back alleys. All they needed was a classy dame in the one hand, their vice of choice in the other and some relaxing music.

All of these, you can provide.

Your signature occupation, and the base of your social power, is the *Gentlemen’s Club*. It’s a lounge/club deep in the bowels of the station, and it’s a small piece of sanity in the middle of a madhouse. Within the *Club*, there isn’t any of this cockamamie automaton/ReMade shrieking about civil rights, or dames who don’t know not to speak out of turn, or the progression of scientists and communists trying to tell you how to run your life. In the club, you can put your feet up, light a cigar, queue up an oldie on Radio Free Arcadia and just shoot the shit with the boys over a game of cards. This is how you conduct most of your affairs. The club has regulars, and others come and go if they have business with you or one of the others to attend to. Sidious T. “Mr.” Kane and Ari Meyer are two of your good old bastards. They’re both fixers, of a sort, in that they know how to get something done that needs doing. Exalted Breeder Chris Hepburn and Nicholas “Nick” Hall also come around, but your line of work with them is more involved.

Years ago, back when the station was just getting back on its feet from the nasty hand life dealt it during the Crisis, contraband was in great demand and would fetch a nice price. You worked in a network of men like yourself - clean cut, solid, dependable men - to distribute what remained of spirits from the surface to whoever would pay the most for it. Before long, the supply essentially ran out, so you started manufacturing your own. You’d pay off the various groups who thought they were doing the Lord’s work by keeping people from having a good time and a drink or two. All of this paid off handsomely, and you eventually built the *Gentlemen’s Club* with the proceeds. Exalted, Nick and you became the reigning kings of the underground liquor market, and you called yourselves the Rat Pack. It’s good to be on top of the world, but you can’t get complacent. There’s all kinds of unsavory elements out there who would cut your throat for a pan if they knew that it was you in charge.

You knew Captain Archer, by the way. He was a good man. Arcadia sorely needs people like him. You weren’t in the ADI with him, but you were drinking buddies around the station when he wasn’t on duty. It was just like him to dive right into Sector 5. Shit, James Archer wouldn’t care how many Zeds there were, that guy was a superhero with a gun when it came to his squad or the ladies. What you wouldn’t give for one more round of drinks with Archer. Oh, well. That was three decades ago, and things have changed so much. You invited his kid, First Lieutenant James Archer, Jr., into the Gentlemen’s Club, even though he still has some growing up to do. He’s “Little Jimmy” to a bunch of the old guard, but you call him “Archer”, like his father. Archer’s wife - well, they were never technically married, but you wouldn’t tell junior that - passed away shortly after he was born, so he’s been in military houses the whole time. Good kid. Still a little wet behind the ears, but what can you do? You think he has a crush on Bernardine “Birdie Vicious” Vance, even.

Birdie is one of those dames that smells and looks and acts like trouble, but she's nice on the eyes. Besides, you're far too old to get messed up with girls her age, so it's not like anything bad'll happen. She's a kid, for Chrissake. You met her on the entertainment circuit, and she's stuck around ever since. You don't let her in on all the deepest secrets around here, of course. There are a few other dames you instinctively get along with, but Father Patricia "Patsy 'Boom Boom' L'Amore" Kowalski is the main other one. See, there are two kinds of women in the world: there's the ones you take home to your mother, and the kind that are nice to keep around after dark. Patsy is ... a woman of the world. A woman *of the night*, perhaps you could say. If you had a best friend back in those days, it probably would have been her. You were her client, she was your confidante. It was magic. You never really fully *trusted* her, since she's too much like yourself, but you're pretty sure she could back you up when it really mattered. Hell, your mother's dead, you probably could have married Patsy if you felt like it. But that's not either of your styles.

Anyway, the *Gentlemen's Club* is most annoyingly next door to the *Rebels*. Back in the day, you used to be chums with II-10101-M/"Groovytron", an auto with a sense of style. Then things got a little off beat. He turned more into one of those underground, unwashed types. Started running with a different crowd, started pretending he didn't know you. You came up to him, like a man, and demanded an explanation for this pile of horse shit. He just kind of shrugged. Well, long story short, the two of you have a gentleman's wager regarding the status of your two establishments, and you're sure that you and the old bastards that hang around this place can mop the floor with his drug-addled street punks. You've even put a large sum of money on the bet. It's nothing you can't afford to lose - your pride will hurt worse than your wallet, but you figure that'd encourage your pals more than anything else. The first part of the bet concerns a golden poker chip from your past, and you gave it to Patsy for safekeeping. She hid it somewhere, but gave you a hint of where to start looking.

If that weren't enough to keep you occupied, you recently signed a contract with SWORD Conglomerates, one of the new budding megacorps around the station. It'd be nice to move into a more legitimate type of business at some point, what with the Ark starting to surface and all. Your boss, Wynne Ruth Lockhart is an extremely put together woman. Pleasure just being around her. SWORD has their fingers in a lot of pies at the moment, which lines up nicely with the way you do things. You don't like to push their products or anything, but you make sure the *Club* is always stocked with enough SWORD Brand Cola!™, for anybody who wants to cut it with whiskey. Imagine that. Ray Calvin, corporate man. Mother would be proud.

You're popular enough to get nominated for the Cultural Ambassador hulabaloo, and you've been mulling over how seriously you're taking it. You're leaning towards going all in and seeing what cards are in the flop. In your humble estimation, it's places like the *Gentlemen's Club* and the services of the Rat Pack that's kept anybody sane in this underwater tin can in the first place. If they made you the Ambassador, you'd have a few things to say right off the bat about this and that. In fact, maybe it's about time you got some higher level recognition around here. You couldn't stomach it if it was some commie or four eyes or street riff raff calling the shots. So you'd better make sure you'd win. SWORD has taken a particular interest in your candidacy, and hey, whatever works, you're not going to complain. The ends justify the means, you know?

Alright, enough of this ring-a-dink-dink. Time to roll up your sleeves and get to work. After this drink.

- The *Gentlemen's Club* brings in a steady stream of revenue. You have a non-zero base, static Income (in addition to variable Income).

Goals

- Become the Cultural Ambassador.
- Win your bet with Groovytron for the Gentlemen's Club.
- Make sure SWORD Conglomerates dominates the white market.
- Make sure the Rat Pack dominates the black market.

Contacts

- Father Patricia "Patsy 'Boom Boom' L'Amore" Kowalski (Amy Guyomard): Old friend with whom you have an excellent working relationship.
- II-10101-M/"Groovytron" (James Douberly): Old friend turned rival. Runs the nasty *Rebels*.

- Wynne Ruth Lockhart (Emily Rosser): Your boss at SWORD Conglomerates.
- Sidious T. "Mr." Kane (Eli Stickgold): Drinking buddy. Favorite drink: bourbon, neat.
- Ari Meyer (Andrew Clough): That old bastard. Favorite drink: whiskey and SWORD-Brand Cola!™
- Nicholas "Nick" Hall (Cory Robinson): The author. Favorite drink: scotch and soda.
- Exalted Breeder Chris Hepburn (Mike Salvato): The Darwinist poster boy. Favorite drink: black Russians.
- First Lieutenant James Archer, Jr. (Frederick Moore): James' kid. Favorite drink: light beers.
- Bernardine "Birdie Vicious" Vance (Jessie Perez): The pop starlet. Favorite drink: tequila sunrise.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Gentlemen's Club
- Cultural Ambassador Candidate
- SWORD Conglomerates
- Corporations
- Rat Pack

Greensheets

- Fame
- Arcadia, Incorporated
- Criminal Enterprise
- Rebels vs. Gentlemen
- Advanced Shadowrunning (*You will get your shadowrun ability suite at the start of game.*)

Abilities

- Famous
- Counseling
- Basic Robotics (2)
- Basic Mechanics (2)
- Psychological Limitation: (alcohol) Addict

Items

- Civilian-grade pistol (131)
- a cocktail (221)

Stats

- | | | | |
|----------------------|--------|------------------------------|----------|
| - Combat Rating: | 4 | - Password: | oldtimes |
| - Influence: | 4 | - P/M/B Markers: | 121 |
| - Seduction Attack: | 5 | - Base sigma: | 0 |
| - Seduction Defense: | 3 | - Fixed Income: | 10 |
| - Username: | calvin | - Starting Computron Income: | 5 |