
Susan Forester

“I told him you were a tramp and he should dump ya.”

— Miller’s Crossing

“I’ve got all the money I’ll ever need if I die by four o’clock this afternoon.”

— Henry Youngman

All this time spent grooming and he has to up and die too early. Don’t take it wrong, you kind of did like the old bastard, but he never married you and now you’re not even in the Will. Granted, you’re not *really* family, but with all of the time you spent providing companionship to Leon, you think you deserve something.

You grew up in San Francisco in a middle class neighborhood. Your dad was an accountant and your mom, well, mom had a problem with opium. It stemmed from an operation she had once undergone. But the details of it are neither here nor there and you don’t really like to think about them. Needless to say your home environment wasn’t pristine. You ran away from home a few times and picked up random jobs wherever you could. You never really had the patience or ability to hold anything down for long. Eventually you gave up on that for good and wound up hooking up with a navy man. To cut a long story short, he turned out to be scum and you left him, but not before you had followed him to Chicago.

Of course, things were pretty down for awhile. Your little brother Jack showed up after you wrote him a letter telling of your plights. You needed some emotional support and for some reason you thought he might be able to provide it. Really, you were probably better off without the brat.

He did do one thing for you, though; through an extremely round about way he got you involved with the old coot. Jack got involved in the boxing scene and pretty quickly started bookmaking. You have to admit, he was rather good at laying the odds. This is how he caught the attention of Leon Cumani, the boss of Springfield. Leon’s second wife had died a couple of years before, and with your charms, it didn’t take long for him to take you on as his mistress. You’ve spent the last couple of years keeping him company, as it were. You were expecting that anytime now he might wed you. Just your luck the old man gets felled by a stroke.

This would not have been the worst thing to happen had everything else played out as you had hoped. But since Leon never bothered to put you in the Will you’re pretty much going to be heading back to Chicago to support yourself. Not a prospect you want to deal with anymore. Of course, that bitch daughter of his, Deb, gets a huge inheritance. You need to do something to get your share. Perhaps you could convince one of Leon’s sons that you should get some. Maybe you could even work it so you get Deb’s share instead. If you discredit her enough, maybe the family will kick her out and divy up her share, giving a nice portion to the woman who kept Leon happy in his last few years. This would be no easy task, admittedly; it’ll take a lot to convince them of that.

Better yet, you may be able to convince Deb to give you her portion herself. A little knowledge goes a long way, and you are sure that there are things out there that she doesn’t want getting around. Perhaps she would be willing to buy your silence. Of course, you’d need something really juicy for that. For starters, you know that her marriage with the gunman Benjamin Weinstein is not doing so well, as Leon had commented in the past that he was worried about them. There are plenty of things that might threaten to destroy somebody’s life. If you could find out about infidelity, or money problems, or secrets the two of them have been keeping from each other she might pay anything to keep your mouth shut. Hell, if you *made up* something convincing enough she might pay you to stop the idea from spreading. It would be quite fulfilling to destroy that spoiled brat of Leon’s anyway.

You may have found a better way. A few days ago you were rumaging through Leon’s desk, looking for anything you might be able to use (frankly, you’re glad no one saw you). You found a receipt, dated and signed by Leon a few days before his death,

for a custom piece of jewelry. A *diamond ring*. You were momentarily floored; that had to be an engagement ring, and that had to be for you. Could that make a difference to his family? You weren't sure. Could it make a difference, legally, for the Will?

You have one friend from your youth in San Francisco in the area. Laura Hailey was a "smart girl" from high school you never really got to know before you ran off. Turns out, she's now some hotshot lawyer working in the District Attorney's office in Chicago. She's also a hotshot writer for *Time* or one of those magazines. A couple years ago you saw her name in the paper and remembered it. You wrote her a letter, and went to dinner with her a few times, sometimes in Chicago and sometimes in Springfield. You almost resent her and all her success, but she's a friend who's treated you well when you've seen her.

You figured she could give you some legal advice, so you called her up and told her your situation (well, not about *how* you found the receipt). It was a pretty straightforward call for help. She said it sounded promising. She told you to meet with her after the funeral, and that she will have done her research by then. You brought the receipt in case she needs it. So maybe you'll have another plan of attack to get what you deserve.

There's also the matter of your brother. As usual, the little bastard seems to have gotten himself into a bind. Jack is a smalltime bookie in Chicago. Apparently, Michael Gavin (an Irish mobster) has been using him to place bets on fixed fights and Jack has been selling out the fix. Of course Gavin figures this out and decides that Jack needs to die. So it comes to you to save his sorry ass.

You convinced Leon to protect Jack easily enough. He had one of his associates named Bernard Porcellato stash him away in a hotel somewhere. Now that Leon's dead, though, you figure Gavin is probably going to go through with the hit. Apparently, Jack figured that as well. The night Leon died, Jack split from the hotel room where Bernie was hiding him and headed off to stay with a friend named Charlie Hayes. He's been keeping a real low profile since then. The only reason you even know that he's there is because the bastard wrote you asking for money. Apparently, Charlie is throwing him out soon and he wants to skip town, but has "no money and no place to go." (You don't know what he did with the money he made selling out Gavin's fixes.)

You figure he probably deserves what he'd be getting if you dropped him on the floor, but he is family. So you feel the need to help him out. You're either going to need to convince Tommy (Leon's eldest son) to keep protecting the little bastard now or you're going to need to find some way to make arrangements for him to get the hell out of Springfield. Convincing Tommy to help ain't going to be as easy seeing as how you're not sleeping with him yet. As for helping Jack flee the city, you wouldn't even know where to begin. Maybe if you got him a couple large he could figure it out on his own. Your brother is quite a pain in the ass for all the problems he causes you.

A bright side of this, though, is that after Bernie had your brother hidden you went to look at his pad. Apparently, Jack was also trafficking dope. Well, you can't pass up a money making potential like this, can you? There was a lot of the stuff there. You hid it in a little garage that you rented out. You have the key with you. Now you just need to find somebody to move it for real. Of course you'll have to offer them a good bit of the profits, enough to cover their work anyway. But any money you get is that much more than you had before. Perhaps Tommy might want to get in on this. Hell, maybe you can even use this as incentive for someone to help your brother.

Notes

- Jack is currently staying at Charlie's apartment located at 119 Washington Street in Springfield.
- The storage locker with the drugs in located in a self-storage facility located at 71 Eighth Street in Springfield, locker A9.
- The drugs are, specifically, four pounds of heroin. You don't know exactly what they should be worth but you'd guess a small 4 digit number (i.e. more than \$1,000 but less than \$5,000).

Goals

- Get into the Will with Laura's help.
- ... or blackmail Deb into giving you her inheritance.

- Keep your brother alive by getting him protection, getting him out of town, or convincing Gavin to call the hit off.
- Move the dope you found in your brother's apartment, preferably making a good deal of money off of it.

Contacts

- Leon Cumani (deceased): The bastard who never got around to popping the question to you. Sure, you'll miss him. But you'll miss his checkbook more.
- Laura Hailey (Gail Freedman): Your friend from San Francisco who's now a big lawyer and writer in Chicago. She's trying to help you get into Leon's Will.
- Thomas Cumani (Vance Walsh): Leon's oldest son to his first wife. He's taking over the family.
- William Cumani (Xavid Pretzer): Leon's middle son to his first wife. You don't think that he and Tommy get along all that well.
- Debora Weinstein (Karen Czaplicki): Leon's daughter to his second wife. She's a spoiled brat. Married to Benjamin.
- Benjamin Weinstein (Don Ross): Leon's most trusted gunman. Known to have a bit of a temper. Married to Deb.
- Athony Pesotta (Janice Walsh): Someone in the Cumani organization.
- Bernard Porcellato (Rickland Powell): A go-to man in the Cumani family.
- John Barcelione (Doug Freedman): A bodyguard of Leon. Goes by Johnny the Tooth. Seems to be following Tommy around now. He's just a brainless brute.
- Jack Forester (not in game): Your younger brother. He's a schmuck, but he's family.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- Leon Cumani's Last Will and Testimate *You are not actually a benefactor of Leon's estate, but you've done some basic research to know some of what it would take to change that.*

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Assist
- Wound

Items

- Jewelry Receipt *For your ring.*
- 40 Dollars
- Copper Key *The key to the garage.*

Stats

- Combat Rating: 1