



Mario Tammarata

CHARACTER SHEET

I know something of a woman in a man's profession. Yes, by God, I do know about that.

Queen Elizabeth, Shakespeare in Love

Being the daughter of a mob boss... er—the *son* of a mob boss is the ideal you've always hoped to live up to, ever since you were a little girl. But as you've seen, Maria, things don't always go according to plan.

As a little girl, you followed your twin brother Mario around everywhere he went. You grew up together, and slowly you realized that, being a girl, your role in the Family would be behind the scenes. The women of the family were not the ones who made the deals, who ran the businesses, or who engaged in the intrigue that comes with the mafia. No, you would find a nice Italian boy to marry, presumably one with good connections, lots of money, or something that interested the Family.

No, you thought as a teenager, that would never be you. You rebelled against that idea and engaged in growing up as much a part of the day to day business of the mob that you could. Your mother understood. She had gone through this, too, when she was young, and it was just a phase, she said, you'd settle down. Your father was willing to indulge what he considered girlish impulses, but made it clear that he expected you to accept your place. He loved you, and the front lines of the mob were no place for ladies. Your brother Mario, though, he was sympathetic and thought that you should be allowed to do what you wanted.

By the time you were in your early 20s, you still hadn't calmed down. Mario was becoming more and more involved in the Family, taking on responsibilities and being groomed to have a long career in the mob. They tried to get you to behave, but you still wanted to prove that you could hack it in the family business. Mario was still on your side, and had seen that you knew what you were doing and could take care of yourself. You'd tagged along to several of his meetings now, and even helped negotiate a better price for one shipment.

In the meantime, since you couldn't spend all of your time running the business, you started seeing a nice man named Vincenzo. He was slightly older than you— well, a lot older than you, but he was passionate, and mysterious. Tall, dark, and handsome. He knew the world. At first, it was nothing serious, just an affair, but you grew more and more involved with him. He worked for the Church, he said, but rarely talked about that. After eight months together with him, you were beginning to consider what kind of a life you could have together. But you were afraid of what how he would react if he knew you were in the Italian mafia. You were afraid that he would hold that against you. You also weren't sure how your Family would react to him. He was Italian, yes, but Vincenzo was not connected to the Family. Sometimes, that was okay. Sometimes, it meant trouble. One of your cousins left the Family, with blessings and good wishes, to have children with her oblivious husband. You couldn't do that. And so many other boys have been driven off, either because they didn't want to be involved with the mob or because the mob didn't want them to be involved. It was complicated, but you would figure something out.

But your first love was still the Family. One evening, you went with Mario and several Family strongarms to a warehouse on the river to meet the Hand of Fire, South American druglords. It was going to be a routine deal to establish shipments of cocaine through the Mediterranean. The Hand of Fire was under new management. The son of one of the jefes pulled a coup. He was a little unstable, you thought, and judging from the purge of his organization, a little bloodthirsty. Nevertheless, they had no beef with the Italians, and since it was new management, a new negotiation was in order. But the Hand of Fire had other ideas.

The new jefe, Jose, blamed the Italians for ruining cocaine prices and screwing the South Americans on the shipment deals. He also claimed that the Italians had been plotting with his dead father to try and have him offed. He was clearly nuts, and very dangerous. Mario tried to talk him down, but he just became more and more outraged.

Suddenly, the South Americans opened fire, ambushing you and your men. Mario was shot in the chest. Everything was chaos. Everyone was running or chasing or shooting. You hid among the crates and boxes in the warehouse, unable to tell how long the shooting around you last. It was suddenly quiet, you could hear the South Americans breathing heavily. They counted their dead, only four, and several wounded, collected their things and left the warehouse. You crept out of your hiding place looking for Mario. He was on the ground in a pool of his blood, his lifeless eyes were staring at the ceiling. You closed his eyes, trying to control yourself. Deep within you, rage and terror and sorrow welled up as you looked at the face of your dead twin. You wanted to howl.

Before you could scream, though, you heard the warehouse doors coming open again. You hid as the South Americans came in and began cleaning up the bodies, including Mario's. They weighted them down and threw them in the river so they wouldn't be found. You couldn't do anything that night except cry in rage and sorrow.

When you stopped shedding tears, you decided to start shedding blood. You didn't go home, even though you knew everyone must be worried sick about you. They would have heard what happened at the warehouse. You knew what you had to do. The South Americans would have to pay for this. You knew who each of the men involved in the ambush was. Finding them shouldn't be too hard. The underworld is a small world.

You knew, though, what would happen if you, Maria, started looking for these guys. You would be sent home. The men would take care of this, and they would never let you risk your life like that again. But if Mario went looking for vengeance...

You cut your hair, bound your breasts, put on a suit, and wore a fake goatee like Mario's. You were the very image of your brother. His twin. Your impersonation was imperfect, but the people you talked to chalked it up to grief over the loss of your sister. They told you where to find the responsible members of the Hand of Fire. One by one, you found them, and killed them, avenging your brother. It was bad business, and you regretted it, but you would have regretted letting them live even more.

You returned to Italy, trying to think of how you would face your family, how you would tell them what had happened. There were two surprises for you when you returned from South America. The first was morning sickness, the second was that your family knew you were alive and knew what you had done in South America. That they were proud of you. That you did right by the Family.

You. Mario. Not Maria. Mario.

It had been in the news, everyone knew: Maria was dead. You wanted to tell them that Mario was dead, and that you were alive, but you couldn't. They would be proud of Maria for what she did, too, but then she'd have to go be Maria, and live behind walls. Mario, they could still have Mario, a son to inherit the family. You had avenged your sister, after all. And maybe someday you could tell them that their daughter was still alive. Even if that meant telling them that their son was dead. Instead, you told them that losing your sister was too much for you, and that you needed to disappear for a while. They understood.

You decided to have the baby. You spent a year in Venice, learning to live like your brother, practicing your voice, practicing your walk, your look, perfecting a wig and a fake goatee. You had the baby, a girl in the summer, and mothered her for three months. But you knew you couldn't keep her if you intended to go back to Rome, and you did. You left the girl in the care of the nurse who had been helping you with the pregnancy. She understood and promised to make sure she found her way to a good home, no orphanages. You cried when they left. You cried on your way to Rome, but those would be the last tears of Maria. There was only Mario now.

If anyone noticed anything, any changes in appearance or demeanor, they knew how close you and Maria had been, so they attributed it to your grief and your year of mourning. Otherwise, no one seemed to suspect anything. You returned to the Family business, running this operation and that operation. You were good at it, you got better. You steadily took on more responsibility over the years, becoming one of the Family's golden children and one of the Don's favorites.

But it was hard being Mario all the time. It wasn't long before you were automatically him. The illusion was second-nature. But you still knew yourself as Maria. Some people thought it was odd that you never dated, but you kept yourself busy enough with the business that everyone assumed you never had time. Recently, though, new rumors have cropped. Maybe, they say, it's not that Mario doesn't have time to date, but maybe it's that Mario doesn't have time to date girls.

They're referring to Guiseppe. He's a limo driver. Two years ago, he almost ran you over in his limo. Well, more precisely, you and some backup had gone to one of the Family warehouses to check out rumors of Russian thugs snooping around. You found them all right. Probably Russian mobsters trying to clean out a warehouse before you'd notice. It didn't take much to break them up, but in the mess that followed, they all came around the corner and saw you. It was four or five of them and only one of you. You turned and ran and they gave chase. You ran out into the street and were nearly run down by the long black car. He opened the door for you and you jumped in as he sped away.

The Russians gave chase and shot up his car, but he, his name was Guiseppe, knew the streets well enough to lose them. You were bedraggled from running and fighting. Your goatee was peeling off and your long black hair was coming out from under your boy's wig. He noticed.

You went back to his place and got cleaned up. It was late, and his car was ruined, so slept on his couch. You would get home in the morning. You woke up early, before he did, and left. You pulled in a few favors with people you knew and two days later, you managed to get him a new limo. You surprised him with it, leaving it in his garage with only a note that he should come see you at Cardullo's, one of your favorite, Family-owned, restaurants.

He showed up. You were dressed as Mario, of course, and he was discreet enough that he knew not to mention Maria, but you could also tell that he was interested. You weren't sure how to feel, but after more than ten years of hiding in disguise, to be recognized as Maria, even when he didn't know anything about who you were, felt good. You began to see him more and more. You spent time as much time together as you could. You went out together. Most of the time, you went as Mario, which Guiseppe found amusing. But on occasion, when you were absolutely certain you wouldn't be recognized, when you went to places where no one knew anything, you went as Maria.

You and Guiseppe have been dating for two years now. It's no wonder there were rumors. No one in the Family had said anything, but you knew they had heard. You ran a tight business for the Family, but even with all your good work, your loyalty, there are some who would frown on Mario dating another boy. And at this point, you can't explain to them that you're Maria. You're at just the wrong place in your career. Not powerful enough to do what you want, but too high up to get out now.

That's where Desirae comes in. Desirae Van Kirk, star of the silver screen. A Hollywood actress of the highest caliber. But Hollywood isn't as permissive as it used to be, and with America's new moral majority imposing strict behaviors on the media, including the movies, well, there's only so much innuendo a girl can make. She came to you last summer. She'd heard the rumors, and she proposed a scheme.

"There's no reason we can't be happy together," she said, "So long as we have our true loves with us." You and Desirae would date, become engaged, and marry, proving once and for all that you were the macho mafioso and she was the demure dame of silver screen. Of course, it would be a sham marriage. There wouldn't be any actual consummation. And as far as Desirae was concerned, you were Mario. She didn't even know who Maria was, and for simplicity's sake, covering up homosexuality with a beard is much easier than covering up your twin sister's sudden reappearance. You talked it over with Guiseppe, who agreed that it might be for the best to squash these rumors. They were more trouble than they were worth.

The Don was pleased when he heard you were dating a nice girl. Desirae was one of his favorite actresses, and a real looker. He said that he would be pleased to dance at your wedding. But it was becoming more and more clear that the Don might not make it to the wedding. He was getting older and frailer by the day. It would be a sad day when he finally went though. He was your favorite uncle. While no one said it, it was time to think about who would run the business after him.

That person should be you. You've been given more and more responsibility over the years. There's hardly anyone else who knows how this business works as well as you. While it was never explicit, you've been put in a position to succeed. You

can prove yourself. But it's more than that. As an underling, Maria might be able to come back, but it won't be easy. As the Don... Your word runs the Family. Even if you surprised everyone else, you would still be Don. Everything you've done, you've earned. Everything you've accomplished, you deserve. As Don, no one would question that, whether you were Mario or Maria.¹

First, though, you have to ensure that everything with Desirae goes well. It's more important now that you keep your word to her. You both need a good cover. More importantly, though, make sure that things with Guiseppe go well. Keep your wits about you, and you might just be the next head of the Family.

Contacts

- Guiseppe Refa (Nicholas Harrington) — Your boyfriend.
- Don Antonio Gaultieri (Amittai Axelrod) — The Done of the Family
- Desirae Van Kirk (Erin Price) — Your fiancé

Guilt

- The Don will not be pleased. (More displeased for higher G).

Bluesheets

- The Family
- Basic Catholicism
- The Path of Reason within the Church

Greensheets

- Justice in the Holy See
- The Wedding (Mario)
- The Family
- On Choosing the Heir to St. Peter's Throne
- Reputation and Damage Thereto
- On the Formation of the Greater Christian Faith

Abilities

- First Aid
- Cat Burglar
- Lawyer
- Rome Native
- Nimble
- Particular Vice: Wrath
- Virtuous against Lust
- Standard Temptation Attacks
- Temptation: Gluttony
- Temptation: Sloth
- Temptation: Lust
- Temptation: Avarice
- Temptation: Wrath
- Temptation: Pride
- Temptation: Envy
- Confess Sin

Psychological Limitations

- Omerta

¹If you wish to unveil Maria at anypoint, see the GMs. Even should you become Don, feel free to play Mario as long as you like.

Items

- Briefcase
- Automatic Lockpicking Gun

Memory Packets

- 532
- 60798
- V01
- V02
- V03
- V01
- V02
- V03

Stats:

- Virtue (Virtue): 4
- Vice (Vice): 4
- Signature (Sig.): 2905
- Sin (Sin): 0
- Sigma (Sigma): 0
- Gamma (Gamma): 0
- ST (ST): 2
- FT (FT): JOPLMP
- Q numbers (Q): 118, 208
- MHC (MHC): WVC
- Phi (Phi): 5
- Lambda (Lambda): 0