



Agatha Condell

Vagabond Empress of All Rats

Vampire

Age: 11 / ~ 130

Nationality: English (Victorian Era)

Touchstone: Artful Dodger / KayKay / Discworld style urchins

Agatha is a perpetually eleven-year old urchin from the Victorian era, who has spent the last hundred years amusing herself. Her vampire gift makes her the beloved empress of the rats – they dote on her, protect her, and even keep her warm at night.

Unlike some child vampires, Agatha largely remains an eleven year old in maturity. She's a prankster, a gadfly, and loves nothing more than tweaking people and going to places she's not meant to be. Her three favourite things in the world are stealing, getting away with stealing, and butts, which 'are weird'. She's absolutely fearless and considers guilt something for others to worry over.

Performance Notes

Agatha speaks in urchin-style dialogue, but she doesn't have to be a Cockney. We'd rather have an authentic-sounding kid than an authentic-sounding accent.

Sample Lines

(intro. She's sneaking into the player's hotel room) Oh. Sorry. Thought you was out, obviously. Name's Agatha. Wow. No offence, but you're lookin' like death up there. Want a rat maybe? Nice and juicy, prob'ly not even any plague or anything.

(She tried to rob the player and got caught) Alright, so you caught me. Not a lot of folks can do that, so, yeah. That's a thing. What is it you was after?

(snort) I go where I want. You don't like it, I got sev'ral hundred rats happy to show up an' throw a party in your bedroom. Anyways, I'm like, what, way older than you. Show some respect, youngster.

(eulogy for a dead rat, sincere) So, bye, Tilly. Can't say if there's a heaven. Prob'ly not. Anyway, even if there is, they're not likely big on rats, 'cause you know how people are. Idiots.



Saoirse Kane

Enforcer With A Heart Of Iron Pyrite

Vampire

Age: 30s / ~ 150

Nationality: Irish

Saoirse Kane is the enforcer of the modern vampire authorities – a former pitfighter turned mercenary. In her warmblood days, she loved nothing more than the sweat and blood of bare-knuckle brawling on the Dublin docks. A hundred years later, her fists are legendary – as the champion of the city fight club, and the last thing troublemakers see before being curb-stomped.

She is fiercely protective of those who can't protect themselves, and a trainer from hell for those looking to toughen up against the world.

Character Notes

Pronounced 'ser-shuh', like 'inertia'.

Irish accent. Gruff confidence, usually disdainful in the way of a PE teacher looking at an underwhelming sports team. Saoirse dismisses her own knowledge and how much she cares as if doing so will hide the fact, which it absolutely doesn't. If she wore sleeves, she'd have her heart on them... grudgingly.

Sample Lines

(introduction) Everyone's got a story. Mine's nothing special. Way back, got in a few pub fights in the old country. Found I was pretty good at it. When Death finally came to collect, reckon I must have knocked his tits off.

(drill instructor) Dead! You're dead, you're dead, and you're dead! If you want to come back to life, that'll be another five laps! Don't make me come chasing after you with Sentinel's big stick!

(warning) Listen. Me, I don't give a damn what you do, but Vail and Tremaine and Wick, they like a quiet city. Friendly warning, 'cause we'll not be sparring if they decide you're going to be trouble.

(discussing scars) Earned all these scars the old fashioned way - bare-chested and covered in sweat and blood, back in the fighting pits of Dublin.



Veronica Castigliano

Prodigal Princess of Old Europe

Vampire

Age: ~ 20s / ~ 470

Nationality: Italian

Veronica is Third Heir to the Castigliano family – an incredibly rich vampire dynasty with its fingers in pies around the world. She is loyal, devoted, immaculately presented and diligent in her service to the family, which consists primarily of infiltrating the great courts of Europe, finding artists whose work will later flourish, and replacing the originals with her own exquisite counterfeits that can be stored in the vault. Behind the serenity, however, Veronica is deeply unhappy. Her duty has left her completely alone and isolated, and despite generally being distant enough that she does not like touching the world even through gloves, she secretly longs for company that her Duty does not permit. As such, she embraces solitude, with a poker face so practiced that people can forget that behind the manners and seeming naivety is a razor-sharp mind, forged in the highest levels of power.

Character Notes

Pronounced 'Casti-iano'

Veronica never uses contractions. She speaks almost perfect English, but in a form that suggests that she learned it from a dictionary – often using words that mean the right thing, but which people would never use, or never use in that form (e.g. "Shall we promenade?" "I shall diarise this.")

Sample Lines

(introduction) I am Lady Veronica Alessia-Emilia Castigliano, Third Heir and Envoy of the Castigliano Dynasty. I serve my Family and my Patriarch. I- that is my entirety. I am my duty. My duty is I.

(authenticating a painting) Unfortunately, I regret to have to inform the gentleman that it is no original Vernet. If we examine the corner, you will note that the inscription lacks the telltale flourish in the signature. Also, I should perhaps note it was I who painted it.

(on family) Parental and child relationships are often difficult. Occasionally I wonder if that was why mine chose to sell me to my Patriarch. I do confess mild resentment that they did not haggle.

(handling a scam) Money is of no import to my family. There is but one currency that we Castiglianos hold dear. Pride, Master Maze. My Patriarch is of proud heritage. The last to disappoint him upon matters of trustworthiness, he had relieved of arms, legs, eyes and tongue. I believe he lingers still, within a forgotten corner of our family vaults. A pity. Until then, he was fond of his nephew.



Inez Salamandra

The Pirate Who Escaped Davy Jones

Vampire

Age: ~ 30s / ~ 500

Nationality: "Who gives a shit?" (Pirate)

Inez Salamandra was a feared vampire pirate in the Golden Age of Piracy, before being betrayed and sunk to the bottom of the ocean. Hundreds of years later, she returns to a world that has forgotten her, and moved on from everything she knew. Deciding that biker gangs are the closest she can get, she signs up with the Judas Legion to try and find a new family – but family can be hard to trust.

Inez is a frustrated human swear-jar, never happier than when she has a broken nose and the other bastard has worse. She's perpetually cross at both being trapped in a future that she hates, and the fact that she can't even hope for revenge against those who betrayed her. Making it worse, there are few jobs for an ex-pirate, especially one who spends everything she gets on gambling and whoring.

Character Notes

Inez doesn't know her nationality. She grew up a proud mongrel in pirate ports like Tortuga, where she developed a talent for tattoo artistry and bar fights, before taking to the sea at a young age.

Inez pretty much can't stand other women, supposedly because she's always seen them as being damsels and wenches unwilling to fight for themselves. She claims this, at least, but it still somehow extends to disapproving of (other!) female pirates, considering them both bad luck and a nuisance.

Sample Lines

(intro) Wasn't no-one special, not before running into the Black Ships. After that, all the Caribbean knew the name Inez Salamandra, their undying pirate queen, shrugging off bullets and blades and always coming back for more. Life was good. Death was better.

(friendly fighting) Ha! Nice backhand there, Weaver. Your little sister teach you that one? C'mon. You want to smack a bitch, don't act like she's begging for a nice friendly spank on the arse!

(storytelling) Only ever saw the Black Ships once, but I'd heard the stories. Cursed ships carved of wood darker than deepest midnight. No lights on their hull. Not a man standing watch. Never would they put in at any port anyone ever heard of, but they always had their crews of the damned. Cravens and traitors, condemned to service.

(on piracy) Ha. Wasn't all good times, but it's the good times you got to cling to. They're the bits worth the remembering. Hell. Sometimes, they make you remember there's still good shit still waiting to be found. Nipple clamps and car batteries. Fuck yeah...

(infuriated) "Ladylike behaviour?" Eat my *entire* dick.



Lizbeth Tremaine

The Face Of The New World

Vampire

Age: 40s / ~ 150

Nationality: American (Flexible)

Touchstones: Fiona Shaw (Killing Eve)

Lizbeth Tremaine is the leader of the vampire integration movement. She's a born politician doing her best to juggle two extremely difficult worlds, with very little support. This tends to leave her somewhat irritable, much like a schoolteacher perpetually cursed with the naughty class. Fortunately, as an ex-governess, she has experience with that – and hasn't changed her approach much. She actively tries to be above the many trivial concerns of the night, and be and insist on a good example for other vampires to follow. Unfortunately, vampires don't much like being lead.

Character Notes

Clipped, professional, often extremely dismissive. Tremaine has no time for fools or time-wasters, but has a tendency to overlook how angry her tone makes them. Despite her political savvy, nobody actually likes her very much, and she is very poor at making friends. Her idea of putting on a friendly face is having people call her 'Lizbeth' instead of 'Elizabeth'. Only Monika Vail dares call her 'Lizzy'.

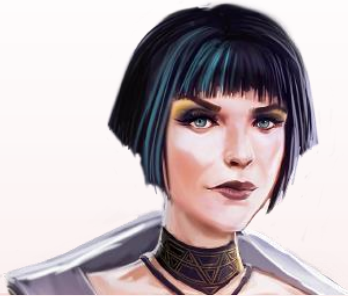
Sample Lines

(work) I have the honour of representing our kind to the world. Make no mistake, we are outnumbered in this world by a factor of billions.

(laughs) Ah... honesty. The one thing a lifetime in politics cannot prepare a person for.

(on Monika Vail, a dangerous vampire she is wary of) Monika... I almost feel bad about sending you into that particular lion's den. Monika handles the press, when they need handling, and knows where the bodies are buried. This is usually just a metaphor.

(to her assistant) Let me worry about the political implications, Rupert. I do that so that you can focus on your own important tasks, such as the filing – which remains unfinished, I believe.



Monika Vail

Self-Appointed Editor of Reality

Vampire

Age: 20s / ~ 80

Nationality: American (Flexible)

Touchstone: Kirsten Geary (The Secret World)

Monika Vail learned about vampires when she worked for the SOE during the Second World War. She decided that she wanted in. She made that happen. Since then, she has risen to become the first crisis PR woman for the undead, helping to bury problematic stories... sometimes metaphorically.

Monika is a hedonistic, cruel, acid-tongued woman who loves nothing more than having power over others, and abusing it to its full. She loves to be the heart of scandals, despite her job being to keep everyone else's out of the press, whether it involves meeting an up-and-coming vampire player in her hot-tub in the company of a pair of paid gigolos, or complaining about the plot in snuff movies. Monika considers the world to be her toy, and she always loves to break her toys...

Character Notes

Monika is a sociopath, and proud of it. Her tone drips contempt and the self-satisfied humour of always (in her mind) being the smartest and best dressed person in the room. If she objects to other people's sins, it's only because they mean more work for her. She couldn't give a damn about anyone else, and only does what she does because of a past obligation.

Sample Lines

(on helping the player) So, to recap... you waltz your way out of the grave, and immediately decide you deserve power and respect? How tediously *vampire*. A little nibble on the neck and suddenly everyone starts thinking they're the new protagonist of reality.

(asked for a favour) Yes, yes, yes. This is my 'don't care' face, get used to it.

(watching movie) I truly despair of these modern snuff flicks always rushing to the money shot. Where's the drama? The foreplay!? Make me care about the doomed young lovers before releasing the starving hounds! Otherwise the fun's all over before I'm even moist.

(cold fury) Well. I hope you enjoyed the gift that was life, because now mummy is taking it back to the store for a refund...



Seraphine Lascelles

The Queen of Nightmares

Vampire

Age: 20s / 300

Nationality: French

Touchstone: Joan of Arc

Seraphine was a nun who fell afoul of a particularly cruel vampire who sought to break her faith while wearing the cloak of the Inquisition. He succeeded, and marked the occasion by burning out her eye with a hot ember, before leaving her to live in the hell of being forever rejected by God.

The more cynical Seraphine has endured ever since, staying to the shadows. She finds herself drawn out now due to the belief that the city, and the promise of a new start, is merely a trap for her fellow vampires. She will show people that truth, and blow open the cage, helped by her ability to walk through the dreams of the living and the recently dead, and spin them into nightmares. She does this from her base, Necropolis, a bohemian home for vampires with nowhere else to turn.

Character Notes

French accent.

Pronounced 'La-shells'.

Seraphine tries to be calm, serene and authoritative, but her resentment and vicious cynicism is quick to leak out. She rather wants to be a martyr, even though she would deny it. She does her best to avoid collateral damage in her terrorist actions, but that is really more for the show of it.

Sample Lines

(on herself) I harbour no delusions of righteousness. I know myself a monster, and I will shoulder that weight as long as I may spare others the burden.

(terrifying a victim with nightmares) What frightens you, Monsieur Malick, in the dark? Is it the agonies of flesh that you fear, or promises of the fire that follows?

(on the City) The city offered freedom, and I do not blame any for their optimism in reaching for it. But lies flourish in ivory towers, but pain reveals the truth. And truth... truth will out.

(on redemption) Redemption is a luxury few ever enjoy. Sin and punishment, however, is a contract learned by every child the first time they are caught stealing a cookie from the jar.



Dahlia Riordan

Keeper Of The Black Butterflies

Human

Age: 40s

Nationality: American

Touchstone: A Clockwork Orange

Dahlia Riordan is the drugs queenpin of Cradlebridge – a former member of the mob (albeit an accountant, which she doesn't like anyone knowing about) who now has her own fortress in the ruins of St Raphael's Hospital. There, she sits watching cartoons and counting her money, while her slaves work at the end of chains on her production line. Any talking is liable to be met with a cigarette straight to the eye. You don't even want to know what happens for talking *back*.

Character Notes

As with the Touchstone, Dahlia basically lives like she's in A Clockwork Orange. She likes referring to people as birds, like 'sparrows', with the player immediately given the nickname 'chickadee'. Everything she says, she says with a cigarette in her mouth, and the sureness of a woman who knows that she has no rivals to threaten her, and the local police would never dare risk an assault. The only reason that her power is limited to the hospital is that she's too lazy to rule a larger empire.

Sample Lines

(on favours) Well now, isn't that the question? It would make me... well, I won't say a happy woman. I don't 'do' happy. But, between us, right now I couldn't care less what you want.

(on respecting authority) Well, someone helped themselves to a double-scoop of self-confidence for breakfast, hmm? Let me be quite clear. I had special dealings with the King of Cradlebridge because he was the King of Cradlebridge. You, my little chickadee, are not.

(on favours) Need? Look around you, chickadee. I don't 'need' to do a good goddamn thing. The fact I let you walk around here is nothing short of a blessing from on high, and one you might want to start appreciating if you don't want to be my new coldblood cash cow.

(dismissive) No fraternising with the staff, chickadee. You'll start making them think they're people.



Dr. Irene Velasco

The Tired Face of Charity

Human

Age: 40s

Nationality: American

Dr Velasco is a woman cursed with a sense of responsibility. She lives in a city where the poor have historically had to fend for themselves, and has taken it upon herself to both open a soup kitchen for hungry vampires, and work on a volunteer basis at the free clinic. As such, she tends to be physically and mentally exhausted, and a little snappy in attitude. However, she remains one of the most morally upright people that the player meets, and one of the few who can be relied upon to do everything she can to push back against both social and economic injustice.

Character Notes

Velasco is kept awake entirely by extremely strong coffee. She has an edge to her speech as a result of both that, and being fully aware that she isn't especially appreciated for her efforts. Even so, she will move heaven and earth to make the city just a slightly better place – thanks, or no thanks.

Sample Lines

(charity) If you're here to donate blood, please enquire at the Free Clinic. Ah. Wait. I remember you. You came here for a bed... last week, wasn't it? I hope you weren't expecting another.

(intro) Doctor Velasco. Irene. I'm an oncologist at New City General, with a sub-speciality in haematology. I never thought I would be using it for anything like this. I do what I can, but it will never be enough.

(on a dangerous assignment) The one useful thing about sleep deprivation is that it dulls one's sense of self-preservation. These people cannot come to my clinic. The clinic must come to them. Do pass me the sterilised needles, won't you? Thank you...

(on pain) People in pain will do whatever it takes to make that pain go away. Even things they would never normally dream of.



Hazel / Hannah Allen

Loyal Servant Of A Glorious Master

Human

Age: 20

Nationality: American

On the surface, Hazel is the loyal and hard-working assistant to honest bookshop owner Maze. In truth, she is his vampiric thrall – bound by his blood to see him as her Master, and suffering under both the effects of that blood (including sleep deprivation and the compulsion to eat insects) and being owned by a cruel con artist who treats her more like a pet. Her name isn't even Hazel, it's Hannah. She's not sure if he calls her Hazel because he likes that more, or because he's genuinely forgotten who she is.

However, all bonds can break. Once freed of Maze's control, Hazel/Hannah discovers that she has learned more than a few of her 'Master's' tricks. With the player's help she sets out to con the con artist, and claw back the life that he stole from her when he first injected her with his blood.

Character Notes

Hazel needs to make the player feel sympathetic without her coming across as annoyingly wet or needy. She's in a very, very bad place, and it has to get worse before it gets better. The player has to play their part in it, often in ways that make them feel bad, even if the overall goal is a worthy one.

Sample Lines

(intro) My name's actually Hannah. I... Master calls me Hazel because he likes my eyes. Or... or maybe he doesn't remember. Um. I don't- Sorry. I'm... just really tired. Master says not to yawn in front of customers, but I haven't slept in a few days. It's okay. Master's blood keeps me awake, and the shop keeps me busy.

(on vampires) Master promised that he'd be my guide, but I... I don't really want to be a vampire. I mean. Um. No offence. I just... I just can't imagine not ever seeing the sun again. I think I'd miss it.

(freed, on having family to call) I... I don't think so. He had me call home when my college fund ran out, but then they started writing and calling... for a bit, anyway. He said talking to them would only cause trouble. I guess in the end they stopped trying.

(freed from her master's influence, vowing revenge) I can't run. He'll only find another girl, but- I know him... how he thinks. He'll never see me coming. I can- I need to do this. I want to see him beaten and humiliated at his own sick game, and I want him to know- I want him to know, it was *me*.