

Shirley Fontaine, B-Grade Ex-Soap Star with an Overinflated Sense of Her Own Importance (Real Name Shirley Lawson):

You always knew you were meant for something better. You weren't going to end up like your pathetic, always-pregnant mother - married to a drunk lumber worker with a pack of brats running her ragged every night and diner customers hassling her every day.

There was no way you were ever going to amount to anything if you stayed at home. You come from a crappy little town called Winslow in Montana, and you left it (and your family) aged seventeen and never looked back. You had looks and confidence, and a dream to get to LA. You didn't have the money to get there, so you hitched rides with local lumber truckers, sometimes paying your way in the pack of a smelly truck cab with your dress hiked up.

It wasn't exactly the dream voyage, but what did it matter? All that mattered was to get to LA. To your dream. To dozens of unsuccessful auditions, and a crappy job as a waitress in a diner just like your loser mom, except serving a fancier brand of coffee.

You were close to giving up hope, when you finally landed a major role on a local soap called "Out of Order" playing a ditsy attorney. It was kinda like Ally McBeal, but with less jokes and more topless scenes. But it was what you'd always wanted (give or take). You were a *star*. Your picture was in magazines, you never had to wait in line, and you had money to burn. Other people got your fucking coffee now.

You were so elated and giddy, that when your balding agent Dylan (who'd been nursing a crush on you for years) proposed, you even said yes. Life was good. Out of Order paid well, plus Dylan's salary for extra, and you had men hanging off you when Dylan was out of town on business.

Until "Out of Order" got canceled halfway through its second season. You tried to go back to auditioning, but it was even worse than before, now that you'd had a taste of the good life. Maybe if Out of Order had made a third season, you would have had enough of a reputation to get more work, but you were rapidly becoming "the girl from that one show". You gave up on regular auditioning, and now you creak by on Dylan's salary, waiting by the phone for a call that never seems to come.

With every year, your despair grows, and your resentment of Dylan and his other clients, the prettier, more talented ones who are still getting work grows along with it. You still act the diva as much as you can - nothing gives you that thrill like a maitre'd letting you into a VIP room, or getting you a good table without a reservation. But less and less VIP rooms are open to you, and you can afford fewer and fewer restaurants.

And now you've been reduced to this. Rather than your usual bi-yearly trip to the Hamptons, you're going camping at some bullshit little trailer park which no one worthwhile was ever been to. You're going to be the only celebrity there. Then, again, you're going to be *the only celebrity there...*

Other Characters:

Dylan Fortaine, your (Older) Husband and (Semi-Successful) Agent: You can believe you settled for him. At least if he was super-rich, it would make sense, but he makes okay money. Peanuts by Hollywood standards. And deep down, what really burns is that he's still making more than you, as you drink wine you can't afford and try to book reservations at hotels which have banned you.

As much as you loath him and treat him badly, you're also secretly terrified of him leaving (at least until you find a better prospect).

Roleplaying Tips

You are the most important person in the room. Dylan is a tool to make your life easier, like a dishwasher with a penis. You act like you're the one with all the power in the relationship, even that technically Dylan has all the money. You feel it's like a conjuring trick - as long as you keep acting like a star and talking about the next project, you can keep him from realising that you're basically a kept woman.

You are almost pathetically grateful to anyone who recognises your status as a celebrity and often disproportionately reward and help them, even if it is ill-advised. A valet who remembers your name is likely to get a \$100 tip that you can't afford, for example.

Obsession: Being the centre of attention in whatever is going on

Rage Stimulus: People who treat her like the jumped-up little tramp she is

Fear Stimulus: That Out of Order was her only shot, and she's going to end up stuck-in a dead-end job like her loser family.

Noble Stimulus: Nice to those who are nice to me. Shirley is so starved for attention that she is pathetically grateful to people who actually do treat her like she wants to be treated (with the exception of Dylan). Someone who treats her like a real celebrity will earn her undying loyalty, even if they didn't actually do anything concrete to help her.

Her Obsession skill "It's All About Me" is a Charm skill which allows her to get her way with people, as long as whatever she is trying to do is something for her own personal comfort. It also helps her make a good first impression, before her inherently ugly personality starts to show through.

Body: 50 "Shapely, but starting to lose it"

Struggle: 15
General Athletics: 20
Acting: 45

Speed: 60 "Great legs"

LA Driver: 40
Dodge: 35
Shake the money-maker
(Dance): 15

Mind: 50 "Self-involved"

Hollywood Trivia (General Education): 40
Conceal: 25
Notice: 30

Soul: 60 "Dynamic"

It's All About Me (Charm): 60
That's Fascinating! (Lie): 45

Notes on Skills:

Acting: This skill allows Shirley to fake an emotional response. Technically, it's a variant on lying, but much more focused on emotions and mood. This would cover a fake tantrum or pretending to be delighted to see someone.

Shake the money-maker: Shirley used to be a more attractive dancer, but while time has started to take its toll, she still has some skills. This can also cover any act of relative flexibility (squeezing through a small gap, for example)

Violence: 0H 1F
Helplessness: 1H 1F
Self: 1H 2F
Isolation: 1H 2F
Unnatural: 0H 0F