

A BUNCH OF SOB's: [REDACTED] + TROUBLE



STREETS OF

REDUCED

A SAVAGE WORLD OF CRIME + CORRUPTION

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[REDACTED]

Is it safe to talk? Look, we don't have much time here so let's cut the shit. As soon as we part ways, you don't know me anymore, comprende? Once you're in, you're in. This is the long game. You can never revisit your old life, never let it find you. You are who this file says you are and nobody else. Get this down cold and never—*never*—break character. I'm not shitting you. The lazy days of your training are a distant memory. You may die under this identity and it probably won't be because of old age.

Here's the deal. Work your way to the top. You know who we're after. Get yourself in good however you must. As far as G*d's concerned, you're one of them. You understand the implications of that, yeah? When they say jump, you touch cloud. Now, when you have something good—and this may take years—then you call this number. Someone will answer. We'll go from there. If you're ever in danger, well, you probably won't have a chance to make a phone call.

Get your act right because they're Fort Knox when it comes to who they let in and who they don't. You slip once, you're dead. Yeah, I keep harping on that because it's true. The men and women you're going to interact with everyday are lifers and they know their people. They can smell their own kind. And if you smell wrong, they'll peel your skin back from your head to your ass.

You will steal, you will kill, you will do what they tell you. Don't let your precious little conscience get in the way of your duty. They'll call on you to do all kinds of shit and you'll do it. Because when you get the goods, you have enough ammunition, we're gonna blow their entire operation apart. We're gonna nail them to the fucking wall.

Alright, we're done. Good luck out there.

PLAYING A [REDACTED]

Back when, you were a good guy. I mean, you still are but nobody knows it. It's been so long since you were who you used to be, you have a hard time remembering. This new identity, it's taking over your skin. You speak some other person's words. You kiss another person's lover. You dream another person's dreams. The distance makes what you have to do palatable. It makes



WHAT DO YOU MEAN AM
I SURE? OF COURSE
I'M SURE. HAVE I EVER
STEERED YOU WRONG?

STREETS OF BEDLAM

it possible. But there are times, and they're coming more and more often anymore, when that person back then seems like a dream. And this person now is you waking up.

CREATING A [REDACTED]

Welcome to the life. Before you completely disappear into character, here's what you need to do.

1. THE BASICS

[Redacted] begin with a d4 in all five Attributes. You get 5 points to advance them as you see fit, to a max of d12.

2. SKILLS

[Redacted] have Cop Sense (SoB), Interrogation (SWD), and Streetwise (SWD). Fighting (SWD) and Shooting (SWD) are good too but not required.

You have 15 points to distribute between these Skills and whichever other skills you like (see the Exceptions + Exclusions sidebar though).

3. EDGES + HINDRANCES

All [Redacted] get the following:

LUCKY CHARM (E): [Redacted] are in deep. To help keep their heads on straight, these deep cover agents always have something—something—that reminds them of who they were before. It's rarely something outwardly significant. Wedding rings and photos are bad choices. But a coffee cup, a bracelet, an old postcard (without writing), something of sentimental value.

CRASH COURSE IN CRIME (E): Being a criminal wasn't on your career path initially. Deep down, maybe real deep, you're a cop. But you learned fast the ways of the crooked and have excelled at it. You get a free dice rank in two different crime-related skills, such as Interrogation, Shooting, Racketeering, etc.

A BIT OF THE OLD LIFE (H): Struggle with it or not, you were somebody else before you became who you are now. And, y'know what, not everybody got the memo you weren't you anymore. Describe your old life, including what type of cop you were, who your old acquaintances were. The GM will occasionally sprinkle these people in your life, possibly putting your cover in danger.

4. CHOOSE YOUR STRESS LEVEL

As a [Redacted], you gave up your old life and started another one entire. The good ones, they play their parts without a fault. The others never make it back to civilization. Living in the lion's den takes its toll on you. The question is, pal, how are you holding up?

4a. Fighting the Good Fight

You feel good. You feel strong. You have your mind on the job and you're pushing toward the mission everyday. You're angling your way further into operations so you can learn more and get the info you need. So far, things are on track. Hiding alongside you is a:

CONFIDANTE (H): Despite orders, you maintain contact with one person from your former life—or have made friends with somebody you let in on your secret. This person is the one person outside your own head you can turn to, vent to, and through them you cling to your sanity and your old identity. But a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, friend. And, one day, your link is going to break.

4b. Slowly Cracking

Life in the haze is getting to you. You're forgetting who you were once-upon-a, losing sight of the mission, and are on the verge of turning your back on the job and never surfacing as your old self again. To cope with the stress, you take:

SANITY PILLS (H): Only way you can keep your head on straight anymore is through liberal application of self-prescribed medication. For a lot of folks like you, it's booze but heroin is a popular choice as well. Some folks prefer to mix. Doesn't matter, do what you want. It's not you that you're killing, right? It's this other person. And this other person has the Habit Hindrance (SWD).

5. DERIVED STATISTICS

Use the standard equations and bases for your Charisma, Pace, Parry, and Toughness as you would a normal character.

6. GEAR

Along with the basics, your [Redacted] begins with a Glock 9mm sidearm, an agenda and/or prime target, an artifact from their former life, and \$500 starting cash.

7. PERSONALIZE

Once you're happy with your character, flip to page 49 of the Streets of Bedlam setting book and continue to Step 3.

TROUBLE

Trouble. You're either in it or causing it. It's not that you necessarily mean to. Half the time, it finds you. At least, that's your take on it. How it shakes down is folks are attracted to you: your looks, your style, that hint of innocence on your face. And they immediately want to protect you.

Some people just aren't alive unless they're saving somebody.

You're not a pretty princess, some damsel-in-distress, but you'll play the role. For a moment, you give their life purpose, you fill some hole in their sad existence. Sometimes you're the center of their universe and sometimes you're their dirty little secret. Sometimes you're both. All that is fine by you.

You focus on yourself because you're the only one who really cares about you. The adoration others heap on you is nice but it's fleeting. Either you'll get bored or they'll get distracted. Sure, you're in the prime spot now, but every time you wake, you're one day older. You know you'll have to use what you have while you can to get what you need. You're not into tying yourself down though you'll take the benefits while they're offered. Every relationship is an affair, every friendship is fleeting, and every connection you make will ultimately end in heartbreak. You're just making sure it's you who delivers the bad news. Nobody's breaking your heart, that's for sure.

Trouble comes in ages young and old, sizes big and small, male and female alike. Something about you is special. You have an allure, an attraction, that draws people to you. A lot of the times it's sex appeal. Something in your lips, something in your eyes, the curves and tone of your body, stirs up desire in a good portion of the populace. But sometimes it's softness, vulnerability, that brings out somebody's protective instinct. Which you latch onto lovingly.

And then you exploit it.

PLAYING A TROUBLE

You may seem coy and demure. Or you may strut around red hot. Whatever face you show, it's likely affected to maximize your charm. You are well aware you attract people and you know how to turn it on high in order to get out of traffic tickets, lure people away from their significant others, fill your bank account, or get some sucker to drop his gun. One bit lip, one doe-eyed glance, and they're eating out of your hand. You love it.



LOOK, I TAKE CARE OF
MYSELF. BUT IF YOU
GET ME REASON, I'LL
TAKE CARE OF YOU.
UNDERSTAND?

CREATING A TROUBLE

Don't you try your charms on me. Just grab a sheet and a pen. Here's what you need to do.

1. THE BASICS

Troubles begin with a d4 in all five Attributes. You get 5 points to advance them as you see fit, to a max of d12.

2. SKILLS

Troubles have Intimidation (SWD), Notice (SWD), and Persuasion (SWD). Driving (SWD) and Fighting (SWD) can help get you out of tight spots but are not required.

You have 15 points to distribute between these Skills and whichever other skills you like (see the Exceptions + Exclusions sidebar though).

3. EDGES + HINDRANCES

All Troubles get the following:

SHOWSTOPPER (E): People take notice of you. You walk across a room, a dozen heads turn. You smile, a hundred hearts melt. You have a style that makes people want to know more. You start the game with the Attractiveness Edge (SWD). Use it well.

SUGAR DADDY/MAMA (E): You are currently sharing the company of someone special. This person may be particularly powerful or maybe just stupid rich. They lavish you with jewels, fine clothes, the latest electronic toys, whatever your little heart desires. Detail this person, including Archetype (if applicable) and basic description, and give those notes to the GM.

4. CHOOSE YOUR STATUS

Troubles are kind of like parasites. They can't live long without attaching to a host. Ideally, you'd bounce from one sucker to another, draining them dry like the sassy leech you are. But this isn't a world where stuff like that is easy. No, you, you're in one of the following (but definitely the last one):

4a. In a Bad Relationship

Some of your suitors are just lonely saps. They have more money than time to hunt or ability to catch, so you make it easy on them. Those are the good ones. The others are real bent-nosed hardcases who are all smooth talk and "baby baby" outside but turn into animals—the bad kind—behind closed doors. Normally you slip out the back and away from the creep but something about this one has you scared. This person is:

LOVE-CRAZED (H): Your sugar daddy/mama fell for you hard, and they aren't gonna let anybody else near you. He or she is insanely jealous, questioning

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your every action and motive. Way they see it, the world is out to steal you from them. They're thinking they have to do something soon so you don't leave them. So you won't leave them. So you *can't* leave them. And if you don't get out soon, they'll execute that twisted little plan of theirs.

4b. On the Run

Baby did a bad bad thing. You came to Bedlam looking to escape some big fuck-up in your recent past. You crossed someone with a long memory and a bad temper, got caught up in a job gone wrong, or escaped a situation before it got worse. Thing is though:

ELI'S COMING (H): The person you crossed is gunning for you. They know what you did—or seriously suspect it—and you're gonna pay. You begin the game with the Minor Enemy Hindrance (SWD). The person looking for you may be authority but may not be. No matter, you're scared either way. You can bump this up to Major for an extra point.

All Troubles are also:

4c. About to Meet the Right One

Whether you're in a bad relationship or on the run, your world is about flip upside-down. Sometime soon, at the worst possible moment, you're going to find out that you are:

STAR-CROSS'D (H): Lucky you. You're gonna find true love. We're talking no bullshit, no agenda, real honest-to-G*d love. This person is going to get pulled into your world of bullshit and pain, and may well have their life threatened if not ended by this little game you play. This person may be an innocent or a "bad guy" who doesn't care your shtupping his boss, or the cop who doesn't realize the person they're chasing is *you*. It could even be the person you're with now, provided they aren't love-crazed. Things are coming to a head for you, sweetie.

5. DERIVED STATISTICS

Use the standard equations and bases for your Charisma, Pace, Parry, and Toughness as you would a normal character.

6. GEAR

Along with the basics, your Trouble begins with a signature piece of clothing or jewelry, the first link that will lead you to your star-cross'd lover (such as a matchbook with a phone number, a lost puppy you're returning to its owner, etc), a small blade for protection, and \$500 starting cash.

7. PERSONALIZE

Once you're happy with your character, flip to page 49 of the Streets of Bedlam setting book and continue to Step 3.

KEY CHARACTERS

Just as each Archetype in the *Streets of Bedlam* corebook has a Key Character associated with it, the Ingenue and Sawbones do as well. Here are the NPC write-ups for Michael and Harley, the characters depicted in the illustrations earlier.

MICHAEL (THE [REDACTED])

Nowadays, Michael Berry is a real scumbag of a drug dealer. He's opportunistic, has no regard for his clientele, and will walk over whoever he has to in order to work his way up the ladder.

He burst onto the scene about five years ago. He worked along the coast, starting as a penny-dealer, and quickly made a name for himself. He soon got a call from a friend in Bedlam. His buddy Terry was looking for a Number Two man to help direct the flow of product here in the twin cities.

Michael jumped at the chance. That was eighteen months ago, and he quickly made numerous waves and connections. He just recently made deals to cut out the middleman Terry had been using for years. They're now getting product at a significantly lower price and have one less potential kink in the supply line.

That middleman is none too happy though, and he's fitting to cut Michael and Terry out of the game entirely, and *permanently*.

Back when, Michael Berry was a regular guy. He worked the desk at a precinct back east with ambitions for something greater. He had a beautiful wife and was the daddy of a brand-new baby boy. One night, a couple junkies broke into his home looking for cash. His wife got up to investigate the noises coming from the living room and came face to face with a shotgun blast to the belly. The sound of the gun woke up the baby. Then Michael Jr started to cry. He stopped soon after.

From that day on, Michael Berry has been a dead man.

Michael Berry

A deep cover agent infiltrating the drug trade in Bedlam.

ARCHETYPE: [Redacted]

RANK: Novice

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d8

SKILLS: Cop Sense d6, Driving d6, Fighting d8, Interrogation d6, Investigation d4, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Streetwise d6

Charisma 0, Pace 6, Parry 6, Toughness 6

HINDRANCES: A Bit of the Old Life, Confidante (Terry Swisher), Enemy (Minor; Terry's Middleman)

EDGES: Lucky Charm (Pocket Watch), Crash Course in Crime

HARLEY (THE TROUBLE)

Harley Mitchell has no sob story. She wasn't abused, nobody diddled her as a kid, and, yes, she went to church. Every Sunday, thank you very much.

But life in the small town in which she was born just wasn't for her so she hit the road at 16 and hasn't looked back.

She's traveled all over this great big country of ours. At every single stop, she managed to find somebody who would take pity on her, buy her a meal, and give her a lift to the next town. That's something folks have always done for Harley. They only sometimes wanted something in return.

About a city back, she shacked up with a guy named Carlos who made a pretty good living selling *coca*. He didn't do the legwork either; he was pretty much the kingpin. Carlos was loaded and he bought his little "chica blanca" whatever she wanted.

Problem was, Carlos couldn't handle his blow. Two snorts in, he'd get all crazy. He'd get paranoid, start yelling and screaming at her, accusing her of fucking his bodyguards and his brother and, hell, the guy at the drycleaners. Harley shut him out. She stuck to the wild parties and fast cars and ignore the drama.

But Carlos fell further and further down the white mountain. He lost sight of the game, got too drunk on the power and money, and he started to take Harley for granted. He tried to keep her locked up in his mansion, wanted to control what she wore, not let her talk to anyone without him around.

One night, coked out of his mind, Carlos hit her. And then he drew a gun.

Harley slapped the piece out of his hand and told Carlos to go to hell. She dumped a table full of a coke into his backyard pool, pocketed all the cash she could fit, and headed out. *Vaya con Dios, pendejo*.

Bedlam was supposed to be a quick stop for gas and a burger but after she talked up that hot stranger at the bar, and the night at his place that followed, she decided to stick around for a while. Besides, this new guy of hers is a cop. And right now she could use the protection.

Harley Mitchell

A girl on the run from the drug dealer she double-crossed.

ARCHETYPE: Trouble

RANK: Novice

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

SKILLS: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Shooting d4, Persuasion d8, Streetwise d6

Charisma +2, Pace 6, Parry 5, Toughness 5

HINDRANCES: Enemy (Carlos), Star-Cross'd

EDGES: Showstopper, Sugar Daddy (Ofc. Davis Crosslin)

STREETS OF BEDLAM

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