

Eleanor Barnes

Bank Teller

You work in the bank as a teller. It's basically about one step up from working any retail job: you take some cash from people, you make change, you make sure to smile and you push new promotional offers. As a teller, you're sort of the lowest rung on the bank's ladder. In practice, this means that there are as many security protocols to stop you from stealing as there are protocols to keep customers from stealing.

Not that you'd ever steal anything. You're a nice, honest person, unlike your ex-husband Ruben. When you first met him, he seemed like a really nice guy, with a well paying job. Sure, he never talked about his job, but other than that you never suspected anything was wrong until the police took him away in handcuffs. It turns out all the gifts he had given you were stolen. You haven't spoken to Ruben since then, and you had your lawyer arrange a divorce while Ruben was in the state penitentiary.

Following that mistake, you've been a lot more cautious and skeptical. And you think there's something funny going on in the bank. Every time you find some weird monetary glitch or accounting error, your manager Martin/Marilyn Kirkwood takes the matter away and you never hear about it again. You wouldn't have thought twice about these things before, but now you're more suspicious. And there was some sort of embezzling court case a few years ago, where Charlie/Cecilia Laughton, the VP of the bank, was arrested. Martin/Marilyn was the whistleblower in that case. So maybe Martin / Marilyn is just being cautious, checking for more embezzling. Or maybe something more is going on.

You only recognize a few others here besides Martin/Marilyn and Samuel / Susan Garcia, the bank security guard. There's old Mrs. Donalbain, who's here for some sort of withdrawal. She was the mother of Edmund / Edith Donalbain, who was a security contractor for the bank a year or so ago. And you recognize one of the other customers... Walter/Esther something? But you just recognize the face from repeated visits, no actual knowledge of his/her life.

Oh god, why is Ruben here, at your workplace in the middle of the day? What could he possibly want, and want enough to bother you at work? And what do you do with him once the men with guns burst into the bank? Is Ruben involved in some new criminal activity?