

Max Olson
Bouncer,
Ht 6'1 - Age 32
Bankruptcy



Hi, Max Olson here. I'm 32 and have been single for a few years. I was in an unhealthy relationship for years, so I'm in no hurry to settle down. I always thought Hope and I would give it a go. There was certainly chemistry between us.

I met Hope through a mutual friend, and she called out of the blue to ask me if I would be interested in an open position she had for her new club. As luck would have it, I was in between jobs, so I figured, why not? I've been there ever since. I ensure guests are well-behaved and of legal drinking age. I also get the girls safely to their vehicles at the end of their shifts. That's why I feel 100% responsible for Hope. If I had been there, Hope would still be alive.

I got to know Hope pretty well over the years, and I will miss her and the job. I doubt her family will keep the club open. Hope was in an accident when she was 16 and was awarded a settlement at 18 that she used to open the business.

Saturday night, I got to the club at 6:30 pm. Sandy and Paloma, um, I mean Cindy, were both working the bar. Hope showed up a little after I did, then a few minutes later, Ted came in. Sandy was a significant point of contention. I dealt with several complaints regarding her poor attitude and bad service. I could tell something was off with Hope that night; she was not herself when I brought the Sandy issue to Hope's attention; she was way more upset than I expected. She's usually cool as a cucumber.

I called last call, guests left with no issues worth talking about, and the bar was cleared out by 1 am. I watched as Hope pulled Sandy aside and fired her on the spot. I couldn't hear what was being said; however, I can tell you she was upset and handed her the front door keys, started to leave, turned around, gave her another key, and started the door. Cindy was walking out the front door, so I hurried to catch up with her. I walked her to her car and then checked my phone; I had an SOS text from my sister. She was at another bar, drank too much, and needed a ride.

I sprinted to my car. I figured if I hurried, I could grab my sister, drop her at home, and be back to walk Hope out before she even noticed I was gone. It was around 1:15 am.

My sister was a handful, and it took me longer than expected. I texted Hope at 2:33 am and told her I was a minute away. She replied immediately and told me she was already in her car and about to leave and that I didn't need to return. I should have gone back, and none of this would have happened. I should have done my job.