

Ted Nollan,
Manager
Ht 6'3 - Age 36
No background



My name is Ted Nollan, and I'm 36 years old. I'm happily married to my high school sweetheart. We have two little squirts; Sam is two, and Brooke is four. My wife Anna is a stay-at-home mom and my whole world.

I am a general manager at Hopeless Night's Night Club. That is if they don't close the place for good. I was working the night Hope was killed, and I might have been the last to see her alive besides her killer. Hope owned the Club and was the youngest yet the most excellent boss I have ever had. I still can't believe she's dead!

That night was a pretty typical Saturday night. Our night shift starts at 5 pm, but Hope ran errands that day and returned just after 6 pm. Sandy, Cindy, and Hope were all bartending, and Max worked the door. Hope bartended every Saturday. She said you couldn't run a business if unwilling to get in the trenches.

All customers had left just after one am. Hope had scheduled a handyman for the next morning to do a few repairs, and she wanted to get home early, so she told everyone working that last call would be at one. Everyone except Sandy chipped in to get closing duties done beforehand.

Sandy had two gears, slow and even slower. Hope had already planned to fire her Monday, but I think she had enough after her subpar performance that night. She pulled her aside, and then a few minutes later, Sandy grabbed her things and yelled threats at her, telling her she would make Hope pay.

When I was ready to leave, Hope was still at her desk and said she would go in a few minutes. I offered to wait and walk her out, and she told me that is what Max gets paid for and that he was walking Cindy to her car and would be back. She told me to go home to my wife and kids. So I did. I live 20 minutes from the Club. I got home and crawled into bed with my wife, who was out like a light.

I didn't know much about Hope outside of work. I had always wondered if she and Max had something going on because she didn't have much of a personal life. She never went on vacation. She told me once that there was time for rest when she was dead, and who needs a vacation when you have a mustang convertible and live in a state where it never snows?

She was wise beyond her years, and she will be missed.