

Toybox Troubles Script

Opening Cutscene

Exterior - **Toybox**

A dark, dingy evening. Grey. We focus on a crime scene, cordoned off with bits of ribbon and string. A body lies in the centre, surrounded by a collection of plastic, green army men. There's a low hum of background ambient chatter. Then we see a figure approaching, out of the haze. The camera focuses on them. Detective Bearbones. He swans over towards the crime scene, quickly approached by one of the army men - the General.

General: "Detective Bearbones. It's about time."

Detective: "Nice place you've got here, General."

-He pulls a red crayon from his jacket pocket, starting to smoke-
"Mind filling me in on the case?"

General: "Murder. Just outside-"

-He stops-

"I'm sorry, but would you mind not lighting that up here?"

Detective, *smoking a red crayon:* "Out of all people, didn't expect you to have an issue with me puffin'."

General: "I've been trying to give it up, is all."

Detective, *chuckles and continues smoking:* "It ain't worth giving up. Tried it a while back, couldn't think straight. Accidentally jailed the wrong guy. Not that I told anyone."

General, *raising an eyebrow:* "Now you've told me."

Detective: "Huh."

-Holding the smoking crayon in his mouth, he dunks a paw into his coat pocket and pulls out another crayon-

"Have one on me, forget I said anything."

-General takes it, Detective fetches a light-

"It's green, as well. Matches your plastic."

General, *puffing out green smoke:* "How fitting. Now, can we get to business?"

Detective: "Yep."

-Looks over towards the crime scene, frowning-

"There's worse things in the world than smoking."

General: "Quite. If you'd follow me."

They both walk towards the crime scene.

Detective: "Where are we, General?"

Camera pans away from the two smoking lawmen and we see a boxy area labelled 'Patchpaws Primary'. The whole place looks run down, the moody atmosphere giving a dark feeling to affairs. The crime scene is below the front gates.

General: "Patchpaws Primary, just outside the school grounds."

Camera zooms back into the General and Detective, who enter through the ribbon into the crime scene. The mutilated body of a patchwork stuffed toy sits in the centre, almost completely devoid of any stuffing. The General takes another puff of green crayon, clouding the space in green smoke.

General: "Victim is one *Mrs Patchpaws*. Time of death can't have been more than a few hours ago, must've happened sometime after the school closed and obviously before the body was found."

Detective: "She work here?"

General: "At the school, yes. Handled the finances, her husband handled the teaching."

Detective: "A husband that happened to work right beside the scene of the crime? I'd call it on the nose, if I didn't know better."

General: "Professor Patchpaws, they call him. He's still inside the school, hasn't left his classroom. Wanted to grieve alone. We've got a perimeter around the place, so there's no chance of him getting out."

Detective: "Sounds like you've got everything handled."

-The Detective bobs down next to the body, puffing out a plume of red crayon smoke that hangs in the air over the corpse-

"But this is where I come in."

-He examines the scene-

"Her stuffing's been completely ripped out. Any ideas where it is?"

General: "Unfortunately not. Completely missing, gone without a trace."

Detective: "Well it can't have walked away by itself, however interesting that would be."

-He stands back up, trudging across to the General-

"Likelihood is, whoever killed Mrs Patchpaws still has her stuffing. They must've needed it, or why bother removing it at all? Find it, and we find the killer."

General: "Excellent."

Detective: "One last thing. The body, who found it? Who called you in?"

General: "A fellow named Bill. Nervy looking duck, never stopped shaking after we turned up. Some troops took him back to the station; he's waiting to be interrogated."

Detective: "Bill, eh? So that makes two suspects, the duck..."
-He tosses his red crayon down to the floor, stamping it out-
"And the professor."

General: "One at the station, one in the school. Both waiting to be interrogated about the murder."

Detective: "Sounds like a fun way to spend an evening."

General: "Better you than me."

-The General takes one last puff of green crayon, before discarding it onto the floor-

"The lads and I will be staying around here, come back when you've got some evidence."

Detective: "See you around, General. And tell your bulls to stay out of my way."

-He gestures to the other toy soldiers-
"They cramp my style."

End of conversation

This opening cutscene leads the player into the gameplay, and their main objective is to go and talk to both Patchpaws and Bill, in whichever order they choose.

Introduction of Looker:

Following the opening conversation with the General, and before speaking to any of the suspects, the Detective needs to talk to Looker. This introduces the player to Bearbones' sidekick and the hint system for the game.

Exterior - **Toybox**

Detective: "Okay... I may need a hand with this one."

Bearbones sticks a hand into his pocket and pulls out a toy magnifying glass.

Looker: "Finally, some fresh air!"

-The magnifying glass coughs for a moment-
"Your pockets stink of smoke."

Detective: "Thought you'd be used to it by now, Looker."

-Bearbones holds Looker up, eying it with a familiar expression-
"I need a few pointers."

Looker: "Not even a hello? You know what they say, Bearbones, manners don't cost a thing."

Detective: "You'll get a please and thank you when you point me in the direction I need to go."

Looker: "Fine."

-It pouts-
"Give me a second to sort my head out. Get some fresh air."

Detective: "You don't have a head, you're a magnifying glass. Now do your job."

End of conversation

This brief conversation leads into Looker giving the player a hint. The first hint will be to go and speak with either Patchpaws or Bill.

Patchpaws Dialogue:

Interior - **Patchpaws Primary**

The Detective enters a modest, square classroom. The walls are made of colourful building blocks, but the paint is peeling and cracked at the corners. Rickety wooden desks litter the centre of the space, with blank notepads discarded carelessly atop them.

A shrivelled looking soft toy is leant up at the far end of the room, propped up against a desk. It's Professor Patchpaws, the decrepit old fox who's been repaired countless times, so much so that none of his original skin looks to be left. Yet he has none of the vigour of a new man.

Detective, entering: "Professor Patchpaws, I take it."

Patchpaws, clearly emotional: "Who's asking?"

Detective: "The detective, on the Mrs Patchpaws case. Call me Bearbones."

Silence for a few moments.

Patchpaws: "It was my wife."

-He snuffles into a soggy tissue-
"They killed my wife."

Detective: "Sometimes that's just how the dice fall."

-The Detective crosses over to a window and creaks it open with one paw, using the other to procure a crayon from his coat-
"Mind if I light this up?"

Patchpaws, shakily pointing over to a no smoking sign: "You shouldn't smoke in a school area."

Choice:

<u>Smoke Anyway</u>	<u>Don't Smoke</u>
<p>Detective: "That's not a direct no."</p> <p><i>He ignites a blue crayon, putting it to his mouth and giving a sharp inhale. After a moment, he spews out a cloud of blue smoke, looking out of the murky window.</i></p>	<p>Detective: "Alright then."</p> <p><i>-He puts the crayon away-</i> "Who am I to be above the law?"</p> <p><i>He walks away from the window, sitting on the edge of a school desk.</i></p>

Detective: "At this time, the kids should all be in bed. I'm sure they won't mind."	
Patchpaws: "Do what you want."	-
Detective: "I will." <i>He walks away from the window, sitting on the edge of a school desk.</i>	-

Detective: "I'm sure you don't need telling again, but your wife has been killed just outside of this here establishment. That makes you a lead suspect."

Patchpaws: "The General filled me in."
-He sobs into his drooping tissue again-
 "How can you think I did any of this, Detective?"

Detective: "Well, quite easily it turns out. The victim's your wife, killed outside your school. Doesn't just make you a suspect, it makes you suspect number one."

Patchpaws: "My whole life is falling to pieces around me. From the eviction notices to my health decline, and now this."

Choice:

<u>Be Kind</u>	<u>Be Harsh</u>
Detective: "I understand. Times in this Toybox are tough. Everyone feels it, but the law can't stop for anything." <i>-Bearbones gives a small smile-</i> "Now, are you ready enough for an interrogation, or should I circle back in a few hours?"	Detective: "Yeah, yeah, I get it. Life's unfair, you deserve better, I've heard it all before. But if you're going to spend this whole discussion crying, then I'll throw you in jail without a fair shot." <i>-Bearbones raises an eyebrow-</i> "Happy?"
Patchpaws, putting on a brave face: "No, no, I'm ready. Ask your questions, Detective."	Patchpaws, sniffing: "Happy."
Detective: "Perfect. Now, where to start?"	Detective: "Good. Then let's begin."

Interrogation Options:

1. "Straight up. Did you kill Mrs Patchpaws?"
2. "Can you think of anyone who would want to do harm to your wife?"
3. "You ever fall out with Mrs Patchpaws?"
4. "Do you have an alibi?"
5. "Can you fill me in more on your personal issues?"
6. "The stuffing was ripped out. Any idea where it is now?"
7. "I think that's all the questions I have for now."

Dialogue Option 1:

Detective: "This is a long shot, but I've seen it work before."

-He clears his throat, fixing his posture-

"Did you kill Mrs Patchpaws?"

Patchpaws: "No!"

-He coughs uncomfortably, almost a splutter-

"I did not kill my wife!"

Detective, scribbling down in his notebook: "Noted."

Return to dialogue options.

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Dialogue Option 2:

Detective: "You know anyone who Mrs Patchpaws didn't get along with?
Maybe a co-worker, or the parent of a student?"

Patchpaws: "Not to my knowledge, no. She was universally loved."

Detective: "How useful. You know, in all my time around this Toybox,
I've never met anyone without enemies."

Patchpaws: "Then clearly you've never been to Patchpaws Primary."

Detective: "This place doesn't look like paradise to me."

-Patchpaws whimpers sadly-

"No offense. Anyway, onto the next question."

Return to dialogue options.

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Dialogue Option 3:

Detective: "You and your wife, ever tangle?"

Patchpaws: "Excuse me?"

Detective: "You know, tangle."

-Bearbones raises an eyebrow-

"Like a brawl, you ever brawl? Wrangle? Scrap? Have a round of fisticuffs?"

-Patchpaws stares blankly, slowly shaking his head-

"Oh, stuff this. You ever argue?"

Patchpaws: "Oh."

-He nods in realisation-

"No."

Detective, *grumbling:* "I need more substance, Patchpaws. Care to elaborate at all?"

Patchpaws: "She was perfect. The only time we ever disagreed was when talking about this old place."

He gestures to the school classroom around him.

Detective: "So you disagreed about Patchpaws Primary? In what way?"

Patchpaws: "About whether to shut up shop and close down. She handled the money side of things and apparently we'd been getting eviction warnings for a while. Money isn't exactly flowing through the school systems."

Detective: "So she wanted to close? Save money and leave the building?"

Patchpaws: "She did. But I've always been the one with the passion for teaching, didn't want to give it up. Couldn't imagine my life without a timetable."

Detective: "That's an interesting angle."

-He scribbles stuff down in his notebook-

"Those arguments about the school ever come to a head?"

Patchpaws: "No. We never wrangled or had *fisticuffs*; whatever it is you say. Wouldn't even call them arguments. Just discussions."

Detective: "You got it."

Return to dialogue options.

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Dialogue Option 4:

Detective: "What were you doing this evening, at the time of the murder? Do you have an alibi?"

Patchpaws: "I was in here, marking the homework the class handed in today."

-He points over to a small stack of papers on his desk-

"I've got the sheets on my desk to prove it."

Detective: "What if that was yesterday's homework, eh? How do I know you've marked those today?"

Patchpaws: "They're all dated. Ask any of the students, if you want, the homework was due today."

Detective: "For the time being, I'll take your word for it. Haven't been much fond of interrogating children since a case from a few years back. Scared this little white elephant a bit too much and let's just say, the brown patch wasn't a design choice."

Patchpaws: "Wait, you aren't talking about little Winnie, are you? I used to teach them!"

Detective: "It's a small Toybox, ain't it?"

They share a moment of nostalgia.

Patchpaws: "Hang on, why were you interrogating Winnie?"

Detective: "Best move on, eh? Doesn't do to dwell. Next question."

Return to dialogue options.

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Dialogue Option 5:

Detective: "Earlier, you mentioned some of your personal issues. Could you elaborate on any of 'em?"

Patchpaws: "Well, my health has been suffering quite a bit recently."

-He gestures to himself, drawing Bearbones' eye to the more decrepit, withering parts of his body-

"I'm getting old, Detective."

Detective: "Looks like you need some more stuffing."

Patchpaws: "I suppose so. Or just a quiet retirement. But we never had the money for old age."

Detective: "Living's an expensive business, ain't it?"

-The Detective jots a few notes down-

"Anything about these eviction notices you mentioned?"

Patchpaws: "Truth be told, I don't know too much about them. My wife handled all the financial side of things. But from what I can tell, we just simply don't have the money to continue paying for the building, and the bank want us out."

Detective: "Interesting."

Return to dialogue options.

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Dialogue Option 6:

Detective: "When I inspected the body, the stuffing had all been removed. Any ideas who'd want it? Or where it is?"

Patchpaws: "Unsurprisingly, no. I know stuffing is always coveted in the Toybox, but I don't know who would kill my wife for it. Or why *her* specifically."

Detective: "So, after this conversation, I'm free to take a gander at this whole place? You ain't concerned that I find anything unruly, like a stash of fluffy white stuffing?"

Patchpaws: "Go ahead. I'm not hiding anything."

Detective: "We'll see."

Return to dialogue options.

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Dialogue Option 7:

Detective: "Alright, Patchpaws. I think you've answered all my burning questions for the time being."

-Detective begins to make for the exit-

"But don't get any funny ideas about running off. Stay here, so I know where to find you."

Patchpaws: "I don't exactly have anywhere else to go, Detective. I'll be here."

End of Conversation & End of Excerpt