

Santa's Secret

Scene#: 3

Location: The Silver Cat Jazz Bar

Characters: Chrome Steele, Jack Scanlon

Situation: Chrome has been approached by young Bianca Fontaine to find her missing dad (Freddy Fontaine). The police won't help, as they think he's just a deadbeat. Chrome is surprised that an organic has turned to him for help – it's not like anyone's beating down his door. He hasn't taken the case but can't quite let it go just yet. He has decided to follow his only lead & soak in some smooth jazz at the same time...

Goal: This is the 1st minor interrogation. Provide subtle differences in the conversation for now, with the appropriate tone and associated expressions, and get users familiar with the detective style choices. The best choice will give the 1st missable glitch (a suppressed fragment of Chrome's past memories) as a reward, as well as a small, additional piece of information (Freddy skipped out of town once before) that will prove useful later on.

Best Choice: Hardboiled



Chrome Steele Internal Monologue

The moment I enter the Silver Cat the jazz sways and stutters all around me. It's been too long.

The jazz trio at work follows no rules, no formula, no set pattern. The lack of syncopation is oddly... moving.

It's enough to make a man cry. I'm sure of it.

After a quick scan of the joint, I spot a regular at the corner of the bar with a stack of empty glasses in front of him.

Come to think of it, seems like he's always here.

If anyone's seen Freddy, it's him.



Chrome: Can I buy you another drink?

Jack: Ahh, beggars can't be choosers, my mama used to say. Rest her soul.

Jack: Jack Scanlon's the name. To whom do I owe this honor?

Chrome: Chrome. Chrome Steele. I'm a friend of Freddy's - Freddy Fontaine. You know him?

Jack: Good ol' Freddy. Salt of the earth. His daughter too, um... Bianca! Lovely girl...

Jack: Fine gin this, ain't it?

Jack: Ahh, I suppose you wouldn't know! Shame...

Jack: Hey, you look like the kind sort. Can I ask for a small loan? Something to get on my feet? I'm good for it...

Chrome Steele Internal Monologue

Jack seemed like the friendly sort. Gregarious, but unfocused. Meandering. His attention wavering like a mercurial jazz riff.




I'm sure it had nothing to do with the alcohol on his breath bombarding my aromatic sensors.

This guy's all over the place. I need to keep him focused somehow. I have to be careful which tact I choose, so I can extract the most info...

CHOICE

- Logical
- Unassuming
- Hardboiled

BRANCHES

LOGICAL	UNASSUMING	HARDBOILED
 <p>Chrome: I'm curious as to the whereabouts of Freddy.</p>	 <p>Chrome: So, about Freddy. Nice guy, huh?</p>	 <p>Chrome: Let's cut to the chase. Freddy's missing.</p>

<p>Jack: Oh really, why's that?</p> <p>Chrome: According to Bianca, he vanished without a trace.</p> <p>Jack: Did you say Bianca? Good kid, right??</p> <p>Chrome: Focus, sir! Just tell me how you know Freddy.</p> <p>Jack: Oh, me and Freddy? We go waaay back.</p> <p>Jack: We used to work together at the docks - after his boxing career fizzled.</p> <p>Jack: He went through some rough times. In and out of trouble for a while.</p> <p>Jack: But he straightened himself out.</p> <p>Chrome: Is there anything else worth note? And be specific.</p> <p>Jack: He used to get his hands on all these fancy cigarettes.</p> <p>Jack: European shit, right off the boats. Hand-rolled, clove, you name it!</p> <p>Jack: We used to bag off and take smoke breaks all the time...</p> <p>Chrome: Sounds... lovely. Can you tell me anything more recent?</p> <p>Chrome: And just the facts!</p>	<p>Jack: Oh, Freddy? Yeah. We go waaay back.</p> <p>Jack: We used to work together at the docks - after his boxing career fizzled.</p> <p>Jack: He went through some rough times. In and out of trouble for a while.</p> <p>Jack: But he straightened himself out, Freddy did.</p> <p>Chrome: Good for him. Still, he's a real character, huh?</p> <p>Jack: I'll say. He used to get his hands on all these fancy cigarettes.</p> <p>Jack: European shit, right off the boats. Hand-rolled, clove, you name it!</p> <p>Jack: We used to bag off and take smoke breaks all the time...</p> <p>Chrome: Ahh, good times. So, listen...</p> <p>Chrome: I hear Bianca's been looking for her old man.</p> <p>Chrome: Any idea what he's been up to? So's I can pass it along?</p> <p>Jack: Eh, sure. Lemme, think...</p> <p>Jack: ...</p> <p>Jack: ...</p>	<p>Chrome: And Bianca's real worried. Thinks he might be in danger.</p> <p>Jack: Danger, you say?</p> <p>Chrome: Tell me, how do you know Freddy?</p> <p>Chrome: And don't leave anything out.</p> <p>Jack: Oh! Me and Freddy? We go waaay back.</p> <p>Jack: We used to work together at the docks - after his boxing career fizzled.</p> <p>Jack: He went through some rough times. In and out of trouble for a while.</p> <p>Jack: But he straightened himself out, Freddy did.</p> <p>Chrome: Oh, really? You sure about that?</p> <p>Jack: I swear on a stack of bibles. I mean... as far as I know.</p> <p>Jack: What I mean to say is... Freddy went dark once before, long time ago.</p> <p>Jack: It was real rough for Bianca, and Freddy felt terrible about it.</p> <p>Jack: He would never do that to her again, not if he could help it. That's a fact!</p> <p>Chrome Steele Internal Monologue <i>Bianca... abandoned -</i></p>
--	---	---

<p>Jack: Eh, sure. Lemme, think...</p> <p>Jack: ...</p> <p>Jack: ...</p> <p>Jack: I remember now! He mentioned something about a gig at the Department Store.</p> <p>Chrome: Fowler's?</p> <p>Jack: Yeah, that dump!! Didn't really want to talk about it though. Was about a week ago.</p> <p>Chrome: I see. Are there any other details you may have forgotten to mention?</p> <p>Jack: Well, would you look at this? My glass is empty.</p>	<p>Jack: I remember now! He mentioned something about a gig at the Department Store.</p> <p>Chrome: Fowler's?</p> <p>Jack: Yeah, that dump!! Didn't really want to talk about it though. Was about a week ago.</p> <p>Chrome: That's great! Boy, that's wonderful. I see. Anything else?</p> <p>Jack: Well, would you look at this? My glass is empty.</p>	<p>TRIGGER GLITCH SCENE #2 GLITCH COUNT +1</p> <p>Chrome: ...</p> <p>Chrome: Anything else you leaving out? Spill the beans. All of 'em.</p> <p>Jack: Well, he used to get his hands on all these fancy cigarettes.</p> <p>Jack: European shit, right off the boats. Hand-rolled, clove, you name it!</p> <p>Jack: We used to bag off and take smoke breaks all the time...</p> <p>Chrome: Okay, that's enough. Focus, man! This is serious.</p> <p>Chrome: Tell me about the last time you spoke.</p> <p>Jack: Eh, sure. Lemme, think...</p> <p>Jack: ...</p> <p>Jack: ...</p> <p>Jack: I remember now! He mentioned something about a gig at the Department Store.</p> <p>Chrome: Fowler's?</p> <p>Jack: Yeah, that dump!! Didn't really want to talk about it though. Was about a week ago.</p>
--	---	---

		<p>Chrome: I see. Is there anything else? Anything at all?</p> <p>Jack: Well, would you look at this? My glass is empty.</p>
--	--	--

Chrome: Thanks for your time, Jack. It's been...

IF CHOICE == HARDBOILED

Jack: ...very helpful.

IF CHOICE <> HARDBOILED

Jack: ...interesting.

Jack: Think nothing of it.

Jack: Excuse me now Steeley boy, time for a piss and a smoke. I'd ask you to join me, but, y'know...

Chrome: See you around, Jack.

Chrome Steele Internal Monologue

Seems like Freddy had some secret business at Fowler's Department Store, of all places.

It's as good a lead as any, I suppose.

I take a minute to message Bianca that I'm taking the case.

For now.