

CONTEXT: Players (*no names and no voice due to Co-op game*) have picked up a note on a notice board that read: "*Plenty of pennies for a normal, easy job. Absolutely nothing weird, peculiar, particular or untoward.* Meet me at the Hog's Head Inn, Room 205 if you're interested. - Jaspar."

Players have gone to the inn and found Room 205. Its door has an [interact] prompt.

CINEMATIC
TRIGGER:

One of the players [interact] with Room 205's door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOG'S HEAD INN HALLWAY, MID-DAY

An unkempt middle-aged man (JASPAR) opens a slit in the door. He is hunched over and weary as he peaks outside, but then he sees the three PLAYERS. He perks up and opens the door further.

JASPAR
You're here about the note?

JASPAR motions PLAYERS inside.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 205, MID-DAY

JASPAR closes the door timidly, but when he turns back, he's buzzing with anticipation.

JASPAR
It's simple, really. I need you to
kill me.

The PLAYERS look at each other. There's a beat. Then a shrug from all of them before they start pulling their weapons. JASPAR's eyes widen in horror.

JASPAR (CONT'D)
No, no, no! Not like that.
(nervous laughter)
A performance of this caliber needs
staging and an audience. Yes, we
need MAUD to not only see it, but
feel it. One moment.

JASPAR fumbles his way to a small table and opens a drawer. He rummages a bit before finding what he's looking for. A knife.

JASPAR (CONT'D)
Do you have acting credentials? No matter. You see this knife? You'd hold it out just like so.

He motions the PLAYERS to look as he raises the knife proudly to his chest.

JASPAR (CONT'D)
And then you'd just--

Without hesitation, JASPAR stabs the knife into his upper body. He jerks back towards the table dramatically, falling to his knees. He *groans*, clenching the knife that's deep into his chest. He falls to the ground and dies dramatically.

The PLAYERS look at each other, as if to ask each other, *what just happened?*

JASPAR (CONT'D)
(jubilant)
Fooled you!

JASPAR stands up, his head held high with a wide grin on his face. He holds the knife triumphantly in his hand, placing one of his fingers on the tip of it, then pushes it down. The blade retracts into the handle with a springy *squeak*.

JASPAR (CONT'D)
One of my stage props. See, this is my idea. I'll lure MAUD to the tavern downstairs, and you'll sneak in while we argue, which will inevitable happen, because...

JASPAR cups up his one of his hands in front of his mouth as if to tell the PLAYERS a secret.

JASPAR (CONT'D)
(whispers)
I owe her quite a bit of money.
(clears throat)
But with your involvement and my acting chops, MAUD has to believe I'm dead. She'll stop her incessant hounding, and you'll get your reward. Everyone wins.

JASPAR presents the knife to the PLAYERS.

JASPAR (CONT'D)
Meet me down there when you're
ready. *Curtain up*, as they say.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO: GAMEPLAY

INT. INN'S ROOM - EVENING

PLAYERS are standing in the middle of the small room, the
door open to the outside. JASPAR is gone. PLAYERS have
returned to gameplay.