

## An excerpt from a script I wrote for a GameJam

1. Stepping out of the quiet tavern, your eyes are met with a surprising sight. A man, bedecked in opulent attire, is brazenly inspecting the contents of your wagon, hastily rummaging through your crates and bales. You quicken your pace, and stride towards the figure.
2. Hearing you approach, the man straightens himself with an air of haughtiness, before turning to face you. His finely tailored garments, adorned with resplendent embroidery and shimmering jewels, conveys his status as a person of import, and also stands in stark contrast to the simple, work-worn attire of the townsfolk.
3. The man greets you with what some might consider a smile, others a smirk or a sneer.

“Ah, the traveler from the West,” he remarks. “Word travels quickly in this little town you see, I’ve heard the townspeople making quite a fuss about your arrival. Simple as usual, these folk, always in awe of those who bring a glimpse of the outside world.”

His gaze sweeps dismissively across the town’s modest structures, before returning to you. “But I digress. I am Master Alastair, esteemed leader of the trader’s guild in these parts. I believe we could benefit from a discussion, you and I. There is much business to be conducted, opportunities to be seized. Come, accompany me to my residence, and we shall delve into matters of actual significance.”

4. Without waiting for your reply, Alastair raises his hand and beckons to the nearby buildings. In that instant, as if summoned from the shadows, a duo of servants emerge, carrying an ornate chair. With visible strain and effort, they lower their master into the lavish seat, ensuring his comfort before hoisting up the chair, and beginning their march to Alastair’s residence. With only two of them however, the seat and its occupant proves to be an unwieldy load for the servants, causing the chair to wobble dangerously with each step.

You watch with a mixture of surprise and concern as Alastair maintains a facade of nobility and majesty throughout the ordeal, his gaze fixed ahead, seemingly oblivious to the imminent threat of toppling out of his ill-supported seat. You can’t help but be slightly impressed by Alastair’s unwavering determination to project an image of grandeur, even in the face of such an unsteady transport.

5. As the servants struggle to maintain their balance, Alastair seizes the opportunity to strike up a conversation with you. His voice carries a hint of wistfulness as he begins to share his past. "You know, before my esteemed promotion, I had the privilege of serving in a bustling port city," Alastair remarks, a touch of longing in his words. "The vibrant markets, the refined gatherings—it was a world alive with culture and sophistication."

You find it challenging to focus on Alastair's words amidst the constant wobbling of his chair, but do your best to pay attention.

"But fate, in its peculiar ways, has brought me to this humble town in the depths of the forest," Alastair continues, his voice tinged with a sense of duty. "Though this place may lack the allure of the port city, I believe it is my responsibility to impart a touch of culture and refinement to its inhabitants."

You listen to his story...

Choices:

A: Suspiciously. Given what you have seen of Alastair, his mannerisms, and the attempts at backwoods grandeur, you think he may have ulterior motives...

-> 17A

B: Politely. Perhaps Alastair genuinely intends to elevate the townspeople's lives. -> 17B