

GREY MATTER

Smoke on the Horizon: A Dick Kennedy Adventure

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DICK KENNEDY *A P.I.*

JAN *His secretary.*

MOIRA *A client.*

GAS BOY *A bandit.*

SCIENTEST *The head scientist for sector 5B.1*

NEW HAVEN

INT. DICK KENNEDY'S OFFICE. - NIGHT - **SCRIPTED EVENT**
(CUTSCENE)

An old ceiling fan spins slowly in a smoky office with little furniture. Just a bare desk with nothing on it but a walkie talkie and an almost empty bottle of whiskey. The venetian blinds on the single window are half open, casting a shadow across the room. DICK KENNEDY, private investigator is sleeping with his feet up on the desk, leaning back in a wheeled wooden chair. He's wearing a shabby suit that's too large for him, a crumpled tie, and a fedora. Suddenly the radio crackles to life and startles him. His legs slip off the desk, lurching him forward and almost sending him sprawling across the sticky black and white tiled floor. He instinctively reaches for his desk to stop his fall and in doing so knocks the whiskey bottle to the ground. Glass shatters with a loud crash and scatters shards across the room.

DICK
"FUCK!"

Beat as he recovers and composes himself.

DICK

To himself:

"Shit I hope no one heard that."

He reaches for the microphone clipped to his lapel and presses the talk button.

DICK

"Say again dispatch, did not copy."

The radio crackles again and the dispatch operator JAN, her tone as surly as usual, comes over the line.

JAN

"God dammit Dick, are you drunk again?"

DICK presses the talk button on the mic just as he breaks

into a coughing fit. Recovering, he replies.

DICK

"Uh, no..."

JAN

"You've always been a terrible liar."

DICK

"Look Jan, what is it? I was sleeping."

JAN *Pithy.*

"You gotta customer."

DICK *To himself.*

"At this time of night?"

Dick stares solemnly around the room, sighing, then reaching inside his suit jacket's breast pocket and retrieving a cigarette. Noticing it's his last one he sighs again, crumples the pack and tosses it to the floor.

JAN

"Dick! You still with me? Whadya want me to tell 'em? Come back during daylight hours?"

DICK lights his cigarette with a flick of his zippo lighter and takes a long slow drag.

DICK *Clearing his throat.*

"No no, I'm up now for christ's sake. Put them on the horn..."

A diminutive VOICE comes across the line, barely audible, and sounding terrified.

VOICE

"H-hello?"

DICK *Attempting to sound professional.*

"Dick Kennedy, Private Investigator."

DICK breaks into another coughing fit while still holding the mic's talk button, pounding his chest and then spitting out an uncomfortably large wad of phlegm.

VOICE

"Uh, okay...well um, hi."

DICK

"Is there something I can help you with ma'am?"

VOICE

"Yes. Well, I hope so. I have information."

DICK

"Information is the name of the game...go on..."

VOICE *Stern, but still quiet.*

"Well, it's sensitive...and I don't know who else might be listening."

DICK takes another long haul of his smoke, finishing it, and butting it out on the floor with his heel.

DICK

"Look lady, whoever you are...can we cut to the chase? I'm not one for beating around the bush."

VOICE

"My name is Moira. I'm the...well I help keep camp 5B1 safe and supplied. Some people call me the compound's leader."

DICK

"Okay Moira, still not certain what it is I can do for you and your information."

MOIRA

"I'll explain in person. I didn't want to just show up without calling in first. Can you meet me at the old donut shop at dawn? I can pay."

DICK longingly pats his now empty breast pocket and sighs again.

DICK *To himself.*

"I do not have a good feeling about this."

DICK *Into Mic.*

"Donut shop...that's neutral territory...fine. Dawn. I'll be there. Probably the only guy wearing a suit and a fedora."

MOIRA

"Hah, I would guess so. Okay, great. Thank you. See you then."

END INTRO CUTSCENE.

INT. DICK'S OFFICE. NEW HAVEN - DAY

Daylight slowly spreads over a panning shot of DICK asleep in his char.

[Player]

Dick snoring loudly.

[PLAYER INPUT ACTIVE]

[IF player goes to HALLWAY, THEN go to scene, "HALLWAY"]

[BOTTLE OF LIQUOR IN DICK'S DESK DRAWER]

END SCENE

INT. HALLWAY. - DAY

[HALLWAY WITH TWO DOORS, TO JAN'S OFFICE (LOCKED), OR

STAIRWAY DOWN TO 2ND AND GROUND FLOORS]

[IF the player goes to STAIRWAY, THEN go to scene "Stairway"]

[IF the player goes to JANS OFFICE THEN PLAY AUDIO "Jans_answer"]

[IF the player goes to DICK KENNEDY'S OFFICE THEN go to scene "Dick's Office"]

END SCENE

INT. STAIRWAY. - DAY

A plain white two-story cement staircase with no railing and a door on each floor.

[IF the player goes to floor_1, THEN go to scene "Ground Floor"]

[IF the player goes to floor_2, THEN go to scene "Second Floor"]

[IF the player goes to floor_3, THEN go to scene "Hallway"]

[PLAYER]

[IF player IDLE THEN play random audio 1, 2, or 3]

IDLE_AUDIO1

This gumshoe... is stuck.

IDLE_AUDIO2

Ah, hell, I missed my train of thought...what was I doing?

IDLE_AUDIO3

What to do...what...to...do...hmmm...

END SCENE

INT. FLOOR TWO. - NIGHT

[IF Player goes to STAIRWELL, then go to scene, "Stairwell"]

[ENEMIES: 1 GUARD, HIDDEN, ASLEEP? GUARDING ITEM?]

Several non-descript cubicles sit abandoned. Various papers and garbage and strewn about all over of the place. A single set of fluorescent lights glows and flickers dimly in one corner of the large room. The wind whistles faintly through the broken windows, under the sound of a radio left on playing music.

END SCENE

INT. GROUND FLOOR. - NIGHT

[IF Player goes to STAIRWELL, then go to scene, "Stairwell"]

[ENEMIES: 2 GUARDS, HIDDEN, PATROLLING]

[PACK OF SMOKES ITEM IN VENDING MACHINE]

[IF player goes to STREET, THEN go to scene "Street"]

A large but grungy lobby with faded plush velvet carpeting, two worn couches, and a few dusty book cases and art objects, paintings, etc. displayed throughout the room. At the centre of the room is a circular desk with nothing on it and a chair, tipped over sideways. Large glass panels with a matching glass turn-style in the center of the room look out onto the street, where the donut shop is visible.

END SCENE

EXT. STREET. - EARLY MORNING

[IF player goes to DONUT SHOP, then go to scene, "Donut Shop"]

[IF player goes to SAL'S, then go to scene, "Sal's Garage"]

[IF player goes to MALL/APARTMENT, then go to scene, "Apartment"]

[IF player goes to GUN SHOP, then go to scene, "Hunting Store"]

[ENEMIES - SPAWN AT RANDOM BETWEEN 1-3?]

Ruined cars, cement and makeshift barriers, sandbags and debris line the street and the few buildings on it. The donut shop is the only building on the block emanating much light. Further down the street there is a garage and a smattering of residential and commercial buildings, including a hunting supply store. At the far north end of the street is a large wall and security gate that is closed. It is eerily silent.

END SCENE

INT. DONUT SHOP. - LATE MORNING

[IF player uses tape recorder, THEN PLAY AUDIO **tape 1**]

[THERE IS A LARGE COOLER BEHIND THE COUNTER WITH A SMALLER '**EMERGENCY ORGAN DONATION FOR TRANSPLANT**' COOLER INSIDE IT]

The brightly lit counter/display has a few donuts scattered around, but they look several days old. There's a few tables and chairs that look like they've been eaten at recently but there are no staff or customers there. On the counter near where the missing cash register would have been is a tape recording with a note with, "Dick" written on it.

TAPE 1

MOIRA

"I thought we were meeting at dawn? It's almost noon as I'm recording this. I'm starting to question my employing you.

Beat

But I guess you'll have to do for now.
So here's the job. You heard of 5B.1?

DICK *To himself*

"That's that shut-in science colony on the other side of the neutral zone..."

MOIRA

"Bunch of crazy tech wizards that barely leave their compound or even open their gates for anything but supplies.

Not fond of outsiders...at all."

Suddenly.

"Shit! I think I gotta tail...gotta run...more later. For now, just make sure you grab the transport material in that cooler behind the counter. We're going to need it, heh. Once you've got it meet me just inside the 5B.1 border. There's an old garage nearby, 'Sal's.' It's, hard to miss.

END TAPE 1

JANS ANSWER

JAN

"My left foot Dick Kennedy, go do your job.

RANDOM DICK IDLE

IDLE_AUDIO1

This gumshoe, is stuck.

IDLE_AUDIO2

Ah, hell, I missed my train of thought...what was I doing?

IDLE_AUDIO3

What to do...what...to...do...hmmm...

END SCENE

INT. SAL'S - AFTERNOON

[DESTROYABLE OBJECTS]

[IF player uses tape then PLAY AUDIO **TAPE 2**]

[ON ONE OF THE EMPTY AUTOPSY TABLES IS AN **AUTOPSY REPORT**]

[IF player uses AUTOPSY REPORT then PLAY AUDIO **AUTOPSY_REPORT**]

[IF player goes to STREET THEN go to scene, "Street"]

Prominent on a workbench in a rusted interior with shelves and tools scattered around in a chaotic fashion, a pile of garbage in one corner, is another recorded message. Remnants of grease blacken almost every surface. There's a large plastic tarp behind the clutter leading to a larger room, which is much tidier but still stained with years of grease. A cement floor with a drain in the middle, and bodies in body bags on some of the several large metal tables placed evenly around the room. There's an array of lights and mirrors.

TAPE 2

MOIRA *Out of breath.*

"You still with me? I hope so...okay, so I think I lost whoever that was for now, but this is not a good sign. We need to move more quickly then I thought. Sorry we still can't meet in person yet, but you'll have to trust me...it's safer for everyone this way. Especially you...and of course, I promised to make it worth your while, and I keep my promises."

DICK *To himself.*

"Guess I'll just have to take your word for that, huh,

Moira?"

MOIRA *Catching her breath.*

"So here's what you need to find. There should be a medical document...an autopsy report back there somewhere. Don't let a couple of stiffness freak you out...it should be in a fairly obvious place. That won't be the tricky part...the tricky part will be getting past the security perimeter around the old mall, and through the gate into the heart of the compound.

Once you're inside head for the compounds Records and Operations building. Non-descript, but you're a detective for god's sake...you'll find it."

DICK

"This is not what I signed up for."

MOIRA

"I know this isn't what you signed up for, but please...it's important. Not just to me...at the risk of sounding overly dramatic...to the fate of humanity."

END TAPE 2

AUTOPSY REPORT

DICK *Reading*

"Patient is middle-aged, 5'8", 186 pounds..."

DICK *To himself*

"Blah blah blah...technical medical information..."

DICK *Reading*

"...lungs and liver have both certainly seen better days but the brain by all measures is probably the best candidate for a vaccine we've come across yet. I dread to think what might happen if this information fell into the wrong hands...we've got to act quickly...but how to make such a proposal!? We may have to consider some less ethical methods of obtaining the specimen."

DICK *To himself*

"Huh, that's strange the patient name and vital info are blank but the doc's signed the form..."

END AUTOPSY REPORT

END SCENE

INT. MALL/APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

[IF player goes to STREET THEN go to scene, "Street"]

[**KEY** TO GUN STORE LOCATED IN ROOM 2 LOBBY DESK]

[1 ENEMY CIRCLING BETWEEN ONE SIDE OF BUILDING AND THROUGH IT]

A commercial and residential building with the apartment lobby facing the street. There are two rooms, each with their own entrance. A hallway connects them.

ROOM 1: One, a convenience store, is at the back of the building leading out into an alley with debris strewn around. Candy and gum line the counter where the cash register is. Alcohol, pop, and other general goods line the store's few small shelves.

ROOM 2: The other room is a simple space with a desk at its back center. There are few couches and chairs scattered around. The wallpaper is peeling and the few generic pieces of art that hang on the wall are dusty and crooked. The entrance of the building faces the street.

END SCENE

INT. GUN STORE - AFTERNOON

[IF player goes to STREET THEN go to scene, "Street"]

[**RIFLE** LOCATED LEANING BEHIND COUNTER, OUT OF SIGHT WHEN ENTERING THE BUILDING]

[IF player **HAS KEY** and uses **BUTTON** OPEN GATE TO **SECTION 2**]

A simple square box with shelves of rifles behind the counter. Knives and other camping and survival tools line a glass case under it. There is climbing gear, fishing gear, camping gear, ammunition and various other items stacked in neat piles around the shop. Plain olive walls show signs of wear, chips in the plaster, etc., but the space is bright, clean, and organized. It has more the appearance of an armory or supply depot than a commercial space. Also behind the counter is a hidden cupboard built into the back wall. Inside it is a large purple button with a plastic case over it.

END SCENE

EXT. STREET II - EVENING

[ON FIRST ENTRANCE TO SCENE PLAY AUDIO **JAN_2**]

[IF player goes to MEDICAL RECORDS THEN go to scene, "Medical_Records"]

[IF player goes to WAREHOUSE/Surgery, THEN go to scene, "Warehouse"]

[2 STATIONARY ENEMIES ON EACH SIDE OF WAREHOUSE TALKING, 1 ENEMY PATROLLING PERIMETER OF SECTION 2, 1 ASLEEP IN STATION HOUSE]

A massive box-shaped building several stories high dominates the view to the north. It looks very old, but still extremely solid, obviously a former warehouse or factory of some kind. To the west is a smaller rectangular two story building with an extension on its rear side. The letters, "RO" cut from a shiny dark metal sit above the turnstile doorway. Off to the south east is a gas pump and tiny station house. There is debris around the perimeter of the compound, but there is a large open space in the center with a series of cement barriers and crowd control fencing set up.

JAN_2

JAN

"Hey Dick...you copy? Come in, Dick..."

DICK

"Copy Jan, what's up? And can you make it quick...now's not an ideal time to be having a conversation."

JAN *Sarcastic*

"Of course, Richard...so this "Moira" gal...look could be nothing but I'm not a hundred-percent on her motives...or even her identity for that matter...just heard a rumour in a chat that..."

Static and strange radio tones and beeps emanate from Dick's radio, squelching loudly.

DICK *In pain.*
"Ah...shit."

JAN *Panicked.*

"Oh my god, Dick, you have to..."

More static, tones and beeps before the radio cuts out entirely. Dick shakes it in frustration, then sighs and turns it off.

DICK

"Well that didn't sound good...shit, shit, shit."

END SCENE

INT. MEDICAL RECORDS - EVENING

[1 ENEMY PATROLLING BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN 2 ROOMS]

[IF player uses tape_recorder, THEN PLAY AUDIO **TAPE 3**]

[**CT_SCAN DOCUMENT** ON TOP OF PILE OF FOLDERS AT THE BACK OF ONE OF THE ROWS OF SHELVES]

[IF player uses CT scan document, THEN PLAY AUDIO **CT_SCAN DOCUMENT**]

[ON EXIT **SCRIPTED_EVENT FIREFIGHT**]

A large main room is crammed with simple iron shelving,

mostly containing file folders with medical files of patients, as well as a collection of medical and science books. There are various journals scattered around the empty space near the entrance. Small windows surround the top of the walls sending shafts of streetlight into the dim and dusty space.

TAPE 3

MOIRA

"I'm...sorry, Dick. I haven't been entirely honest with you."

DICK

"Yeah, doll, I am starting to get that impression."

MOIRA

"But I promise it's to keep you, and this project safe. These scientists they got holed up in there, they're working on some kind of psycho-bio weapon. I...we, have to stop them and recover their technology so we can use it to heal people, maybe even cure them, who knows."

DICK

"The plot thickens..."

MOIRA

"First things first though, we have to collect enough info on their tech. Then, we meet up at their headquarters. Top floor of that behemoth of a building outside. If we can't steal whatever it is they're being so secretive about up there, then we destroy it. It's the only thing. I hope I can count on you."

DICK

"Dammit this dame has led me on a pretty wild goose chase so far. And I gotta find out what is up with Jan, but I can't stop now, even though I'm starting to doubt this story has a happy ending."

END TAPE 3

CT SCAN DOCUMENT

DICK *Reading*

"Cerebral cortex and cerebellum both megencephalitic,
consistent with macrocromia observed in patient."

DICK *To himself*

"Well that's a bunch of gibber-jabber if I've ever heard
any..."

DICK *Reading*

"Neurosynaptic cell count in the hundreds of millions.
Mitosis is exponential. Meta-chlorian bloom off the charts."

DICK *To himself*

"Absolute Greek to me..."

DICK *Reading*

"Harvest window likely limited. We must act now! More time
might allow us transplant alternatives or possibly
cybernetic replacements, but we have to focus on making this
damn vaccine work! Unfortunately, patient prognosis is over
99% mortality at the moment. The good of the many outweigh,
I suppose. Still...can he be convinced? Must we use force?"

DICK *To himself*

"Well, I don't envy that guy..."

[SCRIPTED_EVENT FIREFIGHT]

FIREFIGHT WAVE 1

ENEMY

"There he is, open fire!"

FIREFIGHT WAVE 2

ENEMY

"Enough games, finish this guy!"

FIREFIGHT WAVE 3

ENEMY

"Okay, I've had it. Let's kill this fucker already."

FIREFIGHT WAVE 4

ENEMY

"GOD DAMMIT MEN! What's your major malfunction?"

FIREFIGHT WAVE 5

ENEMY

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!!! This is pitiful! Every man for himself!"

END SCENE

INT. GAS STATION - EVENING

[1 ENEMY, ASLEEP INSIDE]

[SHOTGUN BESIDE SLEEPING GUARD LEANING AGAINST COUNTER]

A single old gas pump without a payment method sits rusting under a dim yellow spot light. One car's space away is a small hut with just enough room for an attendant to sit at a small counter, and another person to stand inside beside them.

END SCENE

INT. WAREHOUSE/SURGERY CENTER - NIGHT

[DESTROYABLE OBJECTS]

[ENEMIES???

[IF player uses elevator, go to opposite floor]

[IF PLAYER USES LOCKED DOOR AND !HAS KEY, PLAY AUDIO LOCKED_DOOR]

[IF player enters SURGERY, PLAY_SCRIPTED_EVENT_FINAL]

[IF SCRIPTED_EVENT_FINAL HAS PLAYED and player HAS KEY , go to SECOND FLOOR]

GROUND FLOOR: A wide open area with various piles of crates and other cover obstacles spread around. A bunch of complicated looking robotic and medical equipment is arranged in one corner. At the back center of the giant room is an equally large freight elevator.

SECOND FLOOR(SURGERY): A wide empty space is sectioned off in one corner and encased in glass paneling. Various complicated medical machines surround it and line its interior walls. An array of lights, mirrors, and video equipment are hung above it. At its center is a large chair with a painful looking head clamp and wrist and leg restraints secured to it. A man in a white lab coat inside the glass cubicle has his back turned to the character. On

the other side of the room is a locked door.

LOCKED_DOOR

DICK

"Hmm, nope, locked tight..."

END SCENE

[SCRIPTED EVENT FINALE]

MOIRA appears quietly behind you at the same time as SCIENTEST turns and notices that you're there.

MOIRA

"Hey Dick. Nice to finally meet you in the flesh."

SCIENTEST

"Ah, Mr. Kennedy! Excellent, we've been expecting you.
And...who's your friend?"

DICK

"You have?"

DICK *To Moira.*

"The elusive Moira, I presume?"

MOIRA

"Yours truly..."

Moira bows slightly.

SCIENTIST

"Ah, yes...well, um, very good. Haha, the gang's all here I suppose. Right well..."

DICK

"Spit it out four-eyes! What do you mean you've been expecting me? And you, missy...I've been following your voice all over the place all day...I think it's time I get some answers."

MOIRA

"Oh, I've got your answers...but you can't trust this quack. He wants to harvest your brain!"

DICK *To himself, out loud.*

"My...brain?" Wait a minute...all these documents you've had me tracking down...they were plants?"

DICK *To Scientist*

"Wait...wait...you're after my brain!"

SCIENTEST

"Erm, well yes...technically, but the situation is far more complex..."

DICK

"Well buddy, that's a helluva introduction...and it sounds uncomfortably simple to me. Y'see, I'm rather fond of the old noodle bin...as imperfect as it may be.

SCIENTIST

"Oh but that's where you're wrong Mr. Kennedy! Your brain is a marvel of modern medicine! Please allow me to explain."

MOIRA

"Don't listen to a word this bastard feeds you, Dick. All a pack of lies."

DICK

"Okay...okay...hold on. One at a time. Nobody say anything. I

got some questions."

MOIRA

"All you need to know is that this guy is one of the bad guys. They want your brain to build some kind of weapon! Some kind of targeted version of the virus that caused the change. Look, I'm no scientist, but I know what you need to do. You need to put a bullet between this asshole's eyes and *trust* me. With your help, my group might be able to find a cure...to start setting things *right* again."

SCIENTIST

"Poppycock! Why...that's preposterous!"

DICK

"Is it? If you were expecting me, how come I spent all day almost getting my nose shot off!?"

SCIENTIST

"Yes, well...I apologize for that...not at all the route we would have preferred, but how were we to know you were...YOU! You didn't exactly announce yourself."

DICK

"Look buddy, I was hired by Moira here to do a job. A job that has suddenly become a lot more complicated. And I'm still waiting on some more of those answers..."

SCIENTIST

"Yes, yes of course...you see...we don't entirely know why...but something about your brain seems to be immune to the virus that caused the change. Contrary to your friend's beliefs...we are most certainly *not* developing a weapon. *We're* the ones working on a cure...I can only imagine what nefarious purpose *she* has in store for you."

MOIRA

"Lies, Dick..."

SCIENTIST

"Nonsense! The pure unadulterated truth, my dear. We had planned to approach you directly...to make our case...but then you just showed up here! Breached our perimeter...destroyed our equipment! Stole our documents. It's fortunate we were able to identify you before you were killed. Though again, I do apologize for all the...violence.

SCIENTEST shakes his head.

So unnecessary! Such a waste!"

MOIRA

"Let's end this shmuck Dick...all will be explained in due time."

SCIENTIST

"Hah...charlatan! Well sir, looks like you have a decision to make."

[IF player trusts MOIRA and HAS FINAL KEY, then play cutscene, MOIRA END]

[IF player trusts SCIENTEST and HAS FINAL KEY, then play cutscene, SCIENTIST END]

[IF player trusts DICK and HAS FINAL KEY, then play cutscene, DICK END]

[SELECT SCENE]

Dick's Office.
Hallway.
Stairway.
Floor Two.
Ground Floor.
Street.
Car.
Donut Shop.

Sal's Garage.
Mall/Apartment.
Hunting Store.
Medical Records.
Gas Station.
Warehouse/Surgery.