

'MASK EXTINCTION' ROUGH NARRATIVE & SCRIPT DOC.

GAME BLURB

When a dusty dinosaur bone is uncovered under a corporate car park, locals naturally come to only one conclusion: murder! Immerse yourself in this prehistoric point-and-click comedy, where the only thing more carnivorous than its characters is your hunger for the truth.

GRETA, a dinosaur temp, perches at a standing desk filing her claws while continually attempting to balance a company landline telephone between her shoulders and neck. She continually almost drops the telephone before re-balancing it on one of her spiny petrusions. Surrounded by inspirational posters (ie. a sabre tooth kitten on a clothesline with the tagline: 'hang in there') and roughly organised papers, she glances at you before returning to her call.

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[START OF GAMEPLAY SECTION - ITEM FLAVOUR-TEXT]

- GRETA'S GLASSES**

*Well-worn and perhaps in need of a new prescription. Perched precariously on her snout, you expect that they're not secure but rather scared to move in case they get told off **again**.*

- GRETA'S COMPUTER**

Even for an older reptile like Greta, this chunky piece of tech is literally Prehistoric.

- Save thousands on your heating bill! Millions of Jurassic residents switch from fire to newly discovered 'fossil fuel'.**
- 'The future is cold-blooded!' Hairy creatures called MAMMALS that feed their young from their BODIES found in latest Ordnance Survey.**
- Those born before 100,000,000 BCE can claim a new cave extension for free with just this one trick!**
- WANT TO SEE MY BONE? CLICK HERE! Horny Triceratops in your area wants to chat!**

[END OF GAMEPLAY SECTION - ITEM FLAVOUR-TEXT]

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PLAYER: Hey there, I had a call from a Mrs. V about something 'weird' that was found in your company car park this morning?

GRETA: [not listening to you] mhmm, mhmm [pause] Oh goodness gracious, really? But that poor girl's been grazing with Jordan at lunch [pause] well, he's quite the deep lake of water compared to that ne'er do well ex-husband of mine [pause] I mean, he may have stampeded off with that floozy Fabrosaurus, but my Lord did he have the most majestic plumage [pause] Him, from accounting? But, isn't he the one with an egg on the way?!

PLAYER: ...

GRETA: Sorry to wrap things up Jan, but I have this - erm - lovely young bipod here. I really must [pause] [laughs] oh young lady you're terrible - that was one time, and he was an Ankylosaurus [pause] ...so? All things considered, my dear, he could use that club well!

[hangs up phone and looks at player]

That thing they hit when they were digging up the car park? Oh, Pangea, what a nuisance. I don't know what it was - they were all stomping about in an uproar about how they didn't want to dig it up in case it could explode the world or something.

Honestly dear, I don't quite know how you're going to sort this whole mess out - but either way you really must get to it straight away!

PLAYER: Okay, thanks I guess - I suppose I'll go see what they've found so far then.

WALKING OUT OF THE BUILDING YOU APPROACH A TARPAULIN TENTED AREA SURROUNDED BY DINOSAURS IN PLASTIC JUMPSUITS AND FACEMASKS STRETCHED FROM THEIR SNOUTS WITH CONSTRUCTION DINOSAURS IN HIGH-VIS JACKETS AND HARD HATS IN THE DISTANCE. A CHICKEN-SIZED DINOSAUR IN A POWER SUIT WITH SHOULDER PADS STANDS WITH THEIR FEATHER-LIKE PLUMAGE IN A TIGHT PONYTAIL.

MRS. V: Are you 'expert' they sent from murder investigations? Thank goodness you're here. They were keeping everyone from work, digging up the parking spaces this morning.

As if my day couldn't get any more hectic, they found this horrible, dusty old bone about two meters long in the dirt. I, of course, instantly knew it must have been some crazed psycho killer. They must have killed someone last night - I mean, it's basically fresh!

[shocked, as if the thought had just occurred to her] Oh, sweet Cretaceous! And they might still be out there with the rest!

PLAYER: Well, thank you, miss. I'll take it from here if that's okay. Could you leave me for a while to get an idea of the situation, and let me know if anyone calls for me?

MRS. V: [clearly disappointed] Oh, right... Not to put too fine a thing on it, but I do need everyone back at work quite as soon as possible - and I really do know all about this murder mystery stuff; I'm quite the fanatic for watching my Bailey Hadrosaurian videos every night!

PLAYER: ...

MRS. V: Okay, I get it - faded bones and dirty tools might be all impressive 'cause you're this clinical murder cop type but, just so you know, I really could totally blow this case wide open! [walks away]

MRS. V LEAVES, AND THE PLAYER GETS A POP UP FROM THEIR PHONE FROM GRETA DETAILING THAT OUR BOSS HAS BEEN ON THE PHONE AND - SINCE THE COMMISSIONER HAS BEEN ON THEIR TAIL - THEY WANT THIS CASE DONE TO. THE. LETTER. ONLY THE DIRTIES, GRIMIEST EVIDENCE ALLOWED IN THE PRECINCT!

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[START OF GAMEPLAY SECTION - UNCOVERING BONE & EVIDENCE]

PROMPT:

Use the mouse to wipe away dirt from the crime scene and uncover evidence

FLAVOUR-TEXT:

- **BONE**

A large bone, obscured by haphazardly padded loose dirt and gravel. It seems as though a few well-positioned brush strokes, and a little patience, may be enough to uncover it from the earth.

- **BROOCH**

A vintage Opal brooch with a shiny clasp. An opulent piece of jewellery, befitting of a Dinosaur with money to spend but no inherent fashion sense.

- **GLASSES**

A set of stylish eyeglasses with a darkened prescription. The owner of these glasses was clearly protective of them - for, having been covered in dirt for so long, they look as though they could be brand new.

- **TIN OF REPTILE POMADE**

A weathered tin with the branding of 'Magic Magyarosaurus' Ultra Hold Pomade'. While this container for feather-holding styling cream may be rusted and damaged, the pomade inside is remarkably still quite sticky to the touch.

- **NAIL FILE**

A relatively unremarkable handheld nail file. A printed inscription on the back side reads: 'Claw out the competition, queen!'

➤ **AFTER UNCOVERING 25% OF THE BONE**

Incoming call from GRETA:

GRETA: Hello there dearie, I have Mrs. V here and she's inquiring as to whether you're any further forward with our little traffic disruption?

MRS. V: [HEARD ECHOED, CLEARLY PANICKED, IN THE BACKGROUND] I need them to pick up the pace, Greta. I have that *Tyranossaurus* from Reptile Resources on the other line asking about the lunch-break disruptions and he's getting really quite hangry... I'm just grateful that he's through a telephone line right now, because I bet I'll start looking like a pretty tasty snack sometime soon!

GRETA: Poor dear. She's got quite the head for business, but she certainly does have a high opinion of herself... I've seen that strapping young Theropod and, well, she doesn't have a chance.

However, on the point of timeliness, I do like to have my programmes to watch when I get back home, so - from one lizard to another - I'd get a wiggle on!

➤ **AFTER UNCOVERING 50% OF THE BONE**

PHONE CALL FROM ???:

????: You don't know me, but I know you Inspector. I see no need for you to concern yourself with trivial things like my identity or motive - I'm just a kindly stranger trying to help you get through things faster, so that you can be done and get off home! Things may seem pretty crazy right about now, but I'd recommend you just stick to uncovering that bone straight away - no need to stray from that hulking bit of skeleton right there.

Specifically, I'd make sure to leave all that dirty, messy, inconsequential gravel around the edges pretty much alone. No need to get any mess under your claws all for the sake of wasting time and finding nothing much of consequence!

Well I should dash, dear Inspector - things to do and schemes - I mean, erm, paperwork - to prepare! Ciao!

➤ **AFTER UNCOVERING 75% OF THE BONE**

FAST-FORWARD FOURTH-WALL-BREAKING SECTION

PHONE CALL FROM **MRS. V**:

MRS. V: I don't know if this would be of any help, but when I'm trying to get a lot of work done, I try to just shut out all those outside distractions. I'm quite partial to some Basilosaurus noises with my white noise machine, which really hits the spot! Oh, and some candles - they can really take my stress and throw it right into a volcano. Oh, speaking of a toasty volcano, did you see that report on the news the other day - the piece on Global Cooling? I mean, how ridiculous. Global Cooling! Some Dinos say that it's a natural thing - nothing to do with us! And even if it wasn't, we're all cold-blooded anyway - what's the worst that could happen? I swear, every day it's something different; 'we're growing too fast', 'there are big balls in space', something about 'Tectonic Plates' moving? I mean I don't know much about moving plates, but I swear I did see a bowl get wobbled without me moving it once [...] wait, what time is it? [...] Sweet Cretaceous! Why did you distract me for so long? Haven't you got a big-shot murder to solve?! If I

don't get these reports done by the end of the day... Well, I don't know what I'll do, some of my superiors are straight-up carnivores! Get straight back to it!

[IF PLAYER PRESSES FAST-FORWARD BUTTON]

MRS. V: Oh, I see! Here's the big-shot crime-solver who doesn't need any help. Well, I don't know how things usually go when **you** sit down and play one of these 'video games', but when I'm curling up with my favourite piece of fiction I don't tend to interrupt characters when they're speaking!

But sure, go ahead and finish with your clicking and your mouse-moving - I'll be here, and don't worry I'll remember to act all surprised when you finally uncover the inevitable twist ending! But, from me to you, I'd leave Greta to finish **her** sentences - she might look sweet but my lord, since her husband left her, she does have quite the temper... And, now that I stop to think about it, I've never actually seen her finish filing her nails... Erm, I've got to go!

[END OF GAMEPLAY SECTION - UNCOVERING BONE & EVIDENCE]

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WITH A FINAL STROKE OF THE BRUSH, THE BONE IS UNCOVERED. **[PROMPT TO UNCOVER BONE]** LOOKING AT THE FULLY UNEARTHED METRE-LONG BONE AND DUSTING AWAY THE FINAL GRAINS OF DIRT, THE NAME **G R E T A** CAN BE SEEN SLOPPILY CARVED INTO IT STRAIGHT IN THE CENTRE.

TRANSITIONING BACK TO THE OFFICE SPACE WHERE **GRETA** AND **MRS. V** WORK, **GRETA** IS IN HANDCUFFS THAT HANG COMEDICALLY LOOSE AROUND HER TINY DINOSAUR WRISTS.

MRS. V: [CLEARLY EXTREMELY STRESSED AND CONFUSED BY THE FACT THAT HER RECEPTIONIST IS CURRENTLY IN HANDCUFFS] Sweet Cretaceous, Greta - I don't understand! Why did you do it? And, more importantly, why did you do it on company property?! You, of all people, know that this isn't just grounds for a life-sentence now, but a formal written warning!

GRETA: No need to worry dearie, it must just be a simple misunderstanding - I'll be back before you know it! That is, unless they let me go and give me my

pension - if that's the case, then I might just stay on Annual Leave until it's time for retirement.

EMERGING FROM THE SHADOWS IS **JANICE**, THE OTHER RECEPTIONIST ON THE PHONE WITH **GRETA** FROM THE FIRST CONVERSATION WE HEAR IN THE GAME. SHE IS OBJECTIVELY JUST A PALETTE-SWAPPED COPY OF **GRETA**.

JANICE: [IN A COMICALLY VILLAIN-ESQUE TONE] Oh no, Greta darling, how can this be happening? I mean, I hate to think that you'll never be let go and be able to head back to your salary-competitive and enviously hybrid-working position as Mrs. V's Receptionist!

I truly wish that the multiple examples of diligently selected pieces of evidence that correlate directly to elements of not only your chosen aesthetic but beauty-centric persona could be dismissed or even pointed straight to the truly guilty party!

MRS. V: [SHOCKED] Great Pangea, Janice! Dare we hope that such an oddly specific and weirdly well-phrased turn of events could ever occur?!

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[START OF GAMEPLAY SECTION - BUTTON FOR PROVIDING EVIDENCE]

➤ **IF AT LEAST ONE (1) PIECE OF EVIDENCE HAS BEEN RECOVERED:**

THE PLAYER-CHARACTER PRESENTS EVIDENCE SHOWING THAT NOT ONLY DID **GRETA** NOT COMMIT THE CRIME BUT THAT THE TRULY GUILTY PARTY IS **JANICE**, WHO FRAMED **GRETA** IN HOPES OF BEING PROMOTED TO HER WEIRDLY COMFORTABLE CORPORATE JOB.

A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING SHOWS **JANICE** BEHIND BARS WITH THE CAPTION ABOVE READING: '**LOCAL SUB-PAR RECEPTIONIST JAILED FOR WASTING POLICE TIME**'

➤ **IF ZERO (0) PIECES OF EVIDENCE HAVE BEEN RECOVERED:**

THE PLAYER-CHARACTER CANNOT PROVIDE ANY CONTRADICTING EVIDENCE, AND AS SUCH **GRETA** IS TAKEN INTO CUSTODY.

A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING SHOWS **GRETA** BEHIND BARS WITH THE CAPTION ABOVE READING: '**INTERNATIONALLY RECOGNISED BEST RECEPTIONIST OF THE YEAR-WINNER JAILED**' AND THE SUBHEADING: '**LOCAL COMMUNITY RECOGNISES MONTH OF MOURNING**'

➤ **IF THE 'TIN OF REPTILE POMADE' HAS BEEN RECOVERED:**

NOT BEING COUNTED IN THE NUMBER OF PIECES OF 'EVIDENCE', THIS ITEM PROMPTS A UNIQUE PIECE OF DIALOGUE IN **GRETA**.

GRETA: Oh dearie, what a great hullabaloo this has been - and, I'm still having to wait 'six to eight weeks' for a half-decent parking space. Ha! I'll be weeks off of retirement by the time they're finished with this whole mess!

But enough about me, how are you doing? This must have been quite the relaxing experience after all your blood-boiling city-slicker burglaries and fare dodging! Good grief, when things like this happen, it can't help but make you feel like it's the end of the world as we know it!

[‘BROKEN BONE’ INTERACTIVE BUTTON PROMPT]

VOICE OF GRETA’S HUSBAND: Do not trust... doppelganger... Warning!

[END OF GAMEPLAY SECTION - BUTTON FOR PROVIDING EVIDENCE]

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