

T-Shirt Quest Script

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Brief overview of the story:

Protagonist, Kell, ordered a new t shirt off of Manazon Prime. When the day of delivery comes, he is met by a strange post person. This was not the normal person to deliver the package today.

Post Person:

“Howdy! My name is Philly Paddlewacker. I am here delivering a package for Mr. Kell.”

Kell: “That would be me.”

Philly: “Well, here you go kind sir. One elegant mythical fabulous staff made from the most pristine fibers from an Algagoss tree. Have a nice day!”

Kell:, I thought I ordered a t-shirt.

Kell: I really wanted that t shirt. The elegant fabric crafted with the finest of hands. My heart was set on rubbing the smooth fabric against my boyish face.

I have been robbed on my happiness.

I have been robbed of my t shirt

I shall rescue my beloved article of clothing.

I, Kell, am just a normal guy in a non-normal world. I’ve never been faced with the option of a quest before. This is my T-Shirt Quest.

title card

Setting: This game takes place in a modern world with a twist. In the year 20XX there was a dimensional merge between two completely different world. The merge brought fantasy to the boring reality of humanity. Present day, the world has changed. Humans have been cross breeding with the different races that were introduced centuries ago. The area of the game that you will explore is the urban area of Kalanburg. Our protagonist is mixed race. Despite not being pure human, he has the attitude of one. He’s just a normal guy in a non-normal world.

title card ends

Kell grabs the staff and exists his home. A small one-bedroom apartment has been the sanctuary of solitude. He is in outdoor learning next to his home. This was his first time exciting the protection of his domain in weeks. His determination has caused him to face the outside world.

The follow scene is you learning the controls. Posters will be set up to show the player the basics of the game. Basic monsters will appear, and you'll get a change to test out different abilities like double jump, glide, attacks, etc.

After exiting the clearing (tutorial) area, you will have the option to slay a few monsters to gain some exp.

When you reach town square, you see a small creature. You approach it.

Kell: "Umm, hi. Have you seen a postman carrying around packages anywhere?"

Bwisit: "Name's Bwisit, nice to meet you! You are?"

Kell: "Kell, just Kell"

Bwisit: "Well, Kell, you're holding that fancy stick of your wrong. Just giving some advice to an amateur."

Kell: "That was uncalled for...."

Bwisit: "You need someone like me around, don't want to get yourself killed out there."

Kell: "Uhhhhh, sure. I don't care. I just want my shirt back."

Bwisit: "I got your back amateur Kell!"

Kell: "..."

Bwisit: "☺"

Kell and his new little buddy Bwisit set forth to secure Kell's luxurious shirt. Leaving the Town Square, Kell and his "pal" find themselves in the shopping district. There they meet an orc shopkeeper name Azarith.

Azarith: "How can I help you today loves? Names' Azarith."

Kell: "We are looking for a postman named Philly Paddlewacker. Have you seen him around?"

Azarith: "Paddlewacker eh? Never heard that name before in all my days. I've been stationed here with me wife for almost 5 years now. If I did know such fella, I would have crossed him at some point."

Azarith: “You know what, I’ll give ya something. Some advice. Seek out Slip Faux. He’s a reporter here in town for Fox! The News. He has a reputation of producing false stories, but if Mr. Paddlewacker is fake, Faux will know. He’ll try to swindle ya, but show him this.”

Azarith hands you a small doll

Kell: “Where can I find Faux? He is our only hope to get back my beloved torso cover.”

Azarith: Try the alleyway near Trohl’s. He normally tries to spread propaganda to unfortunate customers.

Kell: Thank you Azarith, my shirt will thank you.

exit the store front

Kell and Bwisit set out for the local Trohl’s.

Kell: “uhh, where is this guy? I hate being near a Trohl’s, they treat their shirts with disrespect.”

Bwisit: “Azarith said look for the alleyway. Check over on the other side of the building.”

You both walk to the other side of the Trohl’s

Kell and Bwisit hear a nasally voice in the distance. They approach the reporter with caution.

Slip Faux: “EXTRA, EXTRA, read all about it. Mayor Francis steals the election with fake votes. We the people of Kalanburg should know the truth!”

Kell: “You Faux?”

Slip Faux: “Who’s asking?”

Kell: “I’m Kell, we’re looking for a postman named Philly Paddlewacker.”

Slip Faux: “Paddlewacker huh, I may have heard of that name before. I’ll offer it to you....at a price though.”

Kell: “Listen pal, I live in a one-bedroom dump. I don’t have no money to give you”

Hand Faux the doll from Azarith

Slip Faux: “TCH, that Azarith always calling in favors now. What the bell, what info do you need?”

Kell: “The location of Philly Paddlewacker”

Slip Faux: “Paddlewacker does not exist. It’s an alias of Ms. Lilly Waddlepacker.” Miss has been using magic to steal clothing for years. Every time she takes an innocents clothing, she has to give up something of value.”

Kell: “Which explains the staff. I can’t stand the rich”

Slip Faux: “Exactly, missy lives north of this here Trohl’s.

Kell: Thanks Slip, I owe you.

Slip Faux: No need, Azarith and I are even now. Just remember if you need any dirt on anyone, Faux knows.

*Kell and Bwisit head north. *

The North End of Kalanburg is where the elves of the town live.

Kell has finally arrived at the climax of his quest.

Kell: “Miss Lily Waddlepacker, you have something of mine!”

Lilly: “Well if it isn’t Kell the normal guy.”

Kell: “You know it sister, I’m here to claim what is rightfully mine.”

Lilly: “So be it, we shall duel like our ancestors before us. An old-fashioned game of Boulder, Parchment, Scrolls.” (rock, paper scissors)

Kell: “Bring it on!”

1 2 3 GO!

Kell wins

Lilly: “AGHHHH, what the bell are you!”

Kell: “I’m Kell. I’m just. a normal guy in a non-normal world.”

Bwisit: What’s next Kell? Put that shirt on!

Multiple ending depending how many monsters you killed:

0-15: “It’s not even the right size!”

16-25:” There’s a stain!”

26-30: “Perfect fit! The luxurious fabric of 100% cotton makes me feel complete!”

FIN

