Toll and Error

# Non-script words that I need translating and transcribing:

“Gate Control”

“Open/Closed”

(The Toll Board, which I cannot make out from the image)

“Click on your language to begin)

# Day 1

*(Boss enters)*

Boss: Ah, hello there! You must be the new toll collector! I suppose I should show you how things work here. You can click anywhere to continue.

Boss: Good! You can do that to speak to your customers. Next, you’ll need to know how much it costs to use the toll road. You can do that by clicking on the price list down here.

Boss: Great. Now you can see all the different prices. Put it down by pressing the X in the top right corner.

Boss: To know which coins are which, you can check this information sheet. It will tell you all about the coins you need. Click on it to open it.

Boss: Now, click on the X in the top right corner to close it, just like with the price sheet.

Boss: Now, you’ll need to know how to collect the money. If I hold out my hand like this, you can see what the members of the public will do. In their hand will be some coins. Take them and then click on the register to collect the toll.

Boss: You’re getting the hang of this. Once you’ve got the money, use the hand-crank to open the gate and let your paying customers through. Try it now!

Boss: Excellent. That’s all you’ll need. You should be all set to start your first day now. Good luck, and remember, paying customers only. We wouldn’t want anyone using this road for free. Have fun!

*(Boss leaves from where he came)*

*(Farmer walks in)*

Farmer: Hello there. How much?

You: Hello, sir. What’s your name and what are you taking across?

Tomos: I’m Tomos, and just a donkey and a cart.

You: …That’s an awfully big donkey.

Tomos: …He eats his vegetables.

You: I don’t think that’s a donkey. I think that’s a grey horse you attached donkey ears to.

Tomos: No it’s not! He’s just a very healthy donkey.

You: Oh yeah? What’s his name?

Tomos: …Rusty. Why?

You: Hey, Rusty! Can you speak to me, buddy?

Rusty: Neigh!

You: See. Horse.

Tomos: …He’s bilingual.

You: …That’ll be ten pence.

Tomos: …Fine. Take the ten pence.

You: Thank you.

Tomos: Wouldn’t have to do this if this road wasn’t so expensive…

*(Farmer leaves through gate)*

*(Lady walks in)*

Lady: Hello there, dearie.

You: Hello ma’am. What’s your name and what are you taking across?

Daughter of Rebecca: Oh, I’m just a daughter of Rebecca! And crossing the road is just me and my mule!

You: Wonderful. Not sure why you wouldn’t give your own name but did give your mother’s… But I’ll let it slide. That’ll be one and a half pence.

Daughter of Rebecca: Absolutely not.

You: …What?

Daughter of Rebecca: The prices of these toll gates is absolutely ridiculous. I’m not paying.

You: …

Daughter of Rebecca: You can open the gates, or you can not, it’s your decision. You don’t technically have to take any money from me to open the gate, after all.

## Open gate:

Daughter of Rebecca: Thank you, dearie! I knew you had it in you.

*(Daughter of Rebecca leaves through gate)*

## Turn her away:

You: No money, no road.

Daughter of Rebecca: Fine. Have it your way

*(Daughter of Rebecca leaves to where she came from)*

*(Child walks in)*

Child: Hello there!

You: Hello! What’s your name and what are you taking across?

Dewi: I’m Dewi! And… I’m taking me across!

You: Just you?

Dewi: Yes!

You: …Hmm… I’m not sure what the cost would be for just a person on their own, let alone a child on their own.

Dewi: My mum sent me with a penny?

You: That works, I suppose.

Dewi: Thank you!

*(Dewi leaves through the gate)*

You: Hm, I’d better head home. I’m off the clock.

You: What a strange first day.

*(Fade to black)*

**Day 1**

**You make your way home after your first day of work.**

**Such a strange day. Horse donkeys, a young child with no cargo, and Rebecca’s daughter? You still don’t even know her first name.**

**Maybe tomorrow will be a little more normal.**

**You tuck into bed, switch off the light, and go to sleep.**

# Day 2

You: All right, another day. I wonder who will come by today…

*(Woman walks in)*

Woman: Hello there.

You: Hello there, ma’am. What’s your name and what are you carrying?

Rhian: My name’s Rhian. I’m carrying a drove of cattle.

You: I see. That’ll be (I cannot read the board well enough to see how much that is).

Rhian: How much?

You: (Cost)

Rhian: That’s quite expensive, don’t you think?

You: I didn’t write this, I’m afraid. And I don’t want to lose my job.

Rhian: You could just let me and my cattle thro- …Where are my cattle.

(The cattle have slowly left over the course of the conversation)

You: …Oh dear.

Rhian: Well. Guess I don’t need this road anymore. I do, however, need to catch my herd. I’ll see you later.

*(Rhian leaves the way she came)*

*(Lady walks in)*

Lady: Hello!

You: Hello ma’am. What’s your name and what are you carrying?

Daughter of Rebecca: I’m a daughter of Rebecca, and I’m taking my two horses and cart across the road.

You: Oh, one of Rebecca’s girls? I met your sister yesterday!

Daughter of Rebecca: Ah, good. I’m very close with my sisters.

You: Sisters? Plural? How many daughters does your mother have?

Daughter of Rebecca: Many.

You: No specific number? How mysterious.

Daughter of Rebecca: You’ll be seeing a lot of us for a while.

You: …Hmm. Anyway, two horses and a cart is 16 pence.

Daughter of Rebecca: No.

You: You aren’t paying either? Your sister didn’t pay yesterday…

Daughter of Rebecca: The daughters of Rebecca don’t pay to use these roads.

You: …Well, you’re meant to. Maybe at dinner with your family tonight you can tell your sisters they should start bringing some change to the toll booths? That’s kind of the point of these.

Daughter of Rebecca: That’s not going to happen.

You: I’d rather like it to happen? There’s quite a big chance of me losing my job if I don’t collect tolls from you.

Daughter of Rebecca: Well, it’s up to you. You can open the gate or you can not. There’s a line behind me. I don’t want to hold these good people up.

## Open Gate:

Daughter of Rebecca: Thank you very much.

Daughter of Rebecca: Remember, I have a lot of sisters. You’ll have to decide if you’re with us or against us.

*(She leaves through the gate)*

## Turn her away:

Daughter of Rebecca: I see.

Daughter of Rebecca: Remember, I have a lot of sisters. You’ll have to decide if you’re with us or against us.

*(She leaves where she came from)*

Man: Hello there.

You: Hello, what’s your name and what are you carrying?

Evan: I’m Evan, and just this Llama.

You: …A Llama?

Evan: Yes. A llama.

You: I’m not sure I have any price listed for a llama…

Evan: Guess she’s free then!

You: Hmm… I suppose I could put her down as an unladen horse?

Evan: Or she could get across for free. Either way, your records won’t be correct, so why not help me out?

You: The lady before you wouldn’t pay either.

Evan: Lady? Oh, you mean Gethin?

You: Gethin?

Evan: Yeah, Gethin. My neighbor.

You: So… That wasn’t just a very manly looking lady?

Evan: Nope. Just Geth in a dress. Fighting the good fight against these rising costs.

You: I see…

Evan: Anyway, are you letting me and Miss Pom-Pom through or not?

## Open gate:

Evan: You’re a good egg. I like you. Have a good day.

*(He leaves through the gate)*

## Turn him away:

Evan: Well, you can’t win them all.

*(He leaves the way he came)*

*(Rhian walks back in)*

Rhian: Hello again

You: Hello, got your cattle back?

Rhian: Yeah… It wasn’t easy, but I managed it.

You: You must have quite a way with them. A lot of people would have lost them.

Rhian: Thank you, thank you.

## Let her through:

You: You know what, go on ahead. Free of charge. You’ve had a bad day.

Rhian: Really? Wow, thank you! That’s very kind!

*(Rhian leaves through the gate)*

## Ask for payment:

You: Anyway, that’ll be (cost), please

Rhian: Hold on… I lost my purse herding the cattle! What a day I’m having.

You: Oh dear…

### Let her through:

*(Same as previous “Let her through”)*

### Turn her away:

You: Sorry, no money, no road.

Rhian: Ah, I see… Well, I’ll see you around then…

*(She leaves the way that she came)*

You: Oh, wow. Look at the time. It’s time for me to head back home.

You: Will this job ever become normal…?

**Day 2**

**You make your way home after your second day of work.**

**Why is this job proving to be so… strange?**

**So many strange folks using the toll road, but the strangest? The Daughters of Rebecca. Are more of them really coming? There’s no point thinking about it now.**

**You tuck into bed, switch off the light, and go to sleep.**

# Day 3

You: Please… Please let me have a normal day.

*(Lady walks in)*

Lady (obvious daughter of Rebecca): Well, hello there!

You: Of course. You must be another of Rebecca’s daughters.

Daughter of Rebecca: Wow, you’ve been paying attention!

You: It’s been rather hard to miss you and your sisters.

You: I take it you won’t be paying the toll today?

Daughter of Rebecca: You really have been paying attention! No, I won’t be!

You: …Is that a cart and four horses behind you? That would usually be very costly.

Daughter of Rebecca: It is indeed a cart and four horses… But it’s not very costly for us!

You: Technically it’s still costly for you… You just don’t pay it.

Daughter of Rebecca: Details, details.

You: So, I suppose I have to choose if I want to let you through now…

Daughter of Rebecca: You do. Decisions, decisions…

You: Don’t make this dramatic!

## Open Gate:

You: Go ahead then.

Daughter of Rebecca: Thank you. You won’t regret this!

*(She exits through the gate)*

## Turn her away:

You: No. I’m not letting you through.

Daughter of Rebecca: Hm. Ok. But you might just regret this.

*(She exits from where she came)*

Lady: Good morning!

You: Ah, I see how it’s going to be today…

Lady: Excuse me?

You: Let me guess, you’re one of Rebecca’s daughters?

Lady: …No?

You: Oh, thank goodness…

Rebecca: I am Rebecca.

You: For goodness sake.

Rebecca: I don’t have any daughters though, I only have a son.

You: So, you have nothing to do with the daughters of Rebecca?

Rebecca: Oh, absolutely not.

You: Good to finally have a regular customer! So, what are you taking across?

Rebecca: Oh, just a donkey and this cart full of clothes.

You: Ah, wonderful. I take it you’re a seamstress? What kind of clothes do you make?

Rebecca: Womens dresses, skirts, blouses and petticoats! But, in sizes more suited to… Masculine frames.

You: …

Rebecca: …

You: …Well, there has been quite the demand recently, I’ve noticed.

Rebecca: I have as well.

## Open Gate:

You: …Go on ahead.

Rebecca: Thank you very much. I’ll… Tell some of my friends about your kindness.

*(She exits through the gate)*

## Ask for payment:

You: You said a donkey and carriage, right? That’ll be six pence.

Rebecca: Of course. Here you go.

You: Thank you.

Rebecca: Thanks.

*(She exits through the gate)*

*(Man enters)*

Man: Hello there.

You: A customer? A normal customer?

Man: I think I’m pretty normal, yes?

You: Thank goodness.. What’s your name and what are you taking across?

Gwyn; My name’s Gwyn, and I’m just taking across this goat.

*(“Goat” enters, clearly a person wearing a crudely made disguise)*

Goat: Baa.

You: That’s not a goat! That’s a human being wearing a goat costume!

Gwyn: How dare you! This is my prized goat! Best in show at every show!

Goat: …Baa.

You: …You know what, I’ll allow it. I’m way too tired to argue with you.

Goat: See, dad? I told you this would work!

Gwyn: …What did I tell you about goats.

Goat: …Goats don’t speak?

Gwyn: Goats don’t speak.

Goat: …Sorry, dad.

Gwyn: Right. How much to cross.

## Open gate:

You: Nothing. Go on ahead.

Gwyn: Oh, very nice! Thank you!

Goat: …So I got into this costume for no reason?

Gwyn: It seems you did.

Goat: …

Gwyn: Don’t be sad, you look lovely, son.

Goat: …Thanks, dad.

*(They exit through the gate)*

## Ask for Payment:

You: Well, I suppose a goat is close enough to a donkey… So that’s a half penny, please.

Gwyn: Wonderful. Thank you!

Goat: …Can I take this off yet, dad?

Gwyn: In a minute. Let’s get through the gate first.

*(They exit through the gate)*

You: My goodness, what a day. I better get going… It’s getting late…

**Day 3**

**You make your way home after your third day of work.**

**Every day in this job just gets more and more odd.**

**The daughters of Rebecca keep appearing, and seem to be showing up more and more day by day… You have to wonder if something big is coming…**

**You tuck into bed, switch off the light, and go to sleep.**

# Day 4

You: Honestly, I’ve given up on this job ever being normal. I’m just going to let whatever happens happen at this point.

*(A group of Daughters of Rebecca appear)*

You: …Ah. I see.

The Daughters of Rebecca: Hello again

You: …Can I help you?

## “Join them” ending:

The Daughters of Rebecca: You already have. You’ve treated us, and the others crossing your toll road, well. But, we were hoping you could help us even more.

You: And how can I do that?

*(Hand appears in desk view, holding a bonnet)*

You: …You want me to join you?

The Daughters of Rebecca: Yes. We’ll help you find a new job as well. These gates are far too expensive for small farmers like us to take crops and animals across. So, this is our solution.

You: …You know what, Earlier today I said I was just going to give up on this job ever being normal, and that I was going to let whatever happened happen.

You: So… Absolutely. I’m in.

*(Fade to black, fade in the ending cutscene showing the player and the rioters banding together)*

**In the end, you joined the Daughters of Rebecca. The last thing you did before quitting was open your toll gate and let all of them through. Everyone cheered as you left your booth, put on your dress, and started walking with them.**

**You marched across the road to the toll gate on the other side, to tear it down with your fellow Daughters of Rebecca.**

**Needless to say, you lost your job.**

**You chose to join the Rebecca Riots.**

## “Don’t join them” ending:

The Daughters of Rebecca: Well, yes, but it’s a little late for that.

You: What do you mean? I was just doing my job. No money, no road!

The Daughters of Rebecca: Yes, that’s… The whole problem. These gates are far too expensive for small farmers like us to take crops and animals across. So, our solution?

The Daughters of Rebecca: No gate, no toll.

You: …You’re going to take down the gate?

The Daughters of Rebecca: Exactly.

You: I can’t let you do that!

The Daughters of Rebecca: Well, there’s many of us and only one of you. You can’t stop us all!

*(They exit towards the gate)*

You: Wait! Stop that!

*(Fade to black, fade in the ending cutscene showing the player peering out of their booth to yell at the rioters, who are tearing down the gate)*

**In the end, you tried to fight the Daughters of Rebecca. However, they were right. There was too many of them for you to stop. You tried to yell at them to stop, but they simply yelled louder than you did.**

**Your toll gate was torn from its hinges, and tossed aside as the Daughters of Rebecca went across the road to target the gate on the other side.**

**Needless to say, you lost your job.**

**You chose to join the Rebecca Riots.**