#Notes to Ed and I, need to make sure the narrator’s speech is always gender neutral when self-refering.

#Note to Ed and I, smoking always has to be associated with success to the next tier of the story. Refusing a cigarette, or a used cigarette butt, means you die/story ends.

Scene 1:

I woke at my desk, with a hangover and an empty bottle of whiskey. The last light of day was shining through the blinds. I was alone, as always, no home but the office and no companion but Mr Daniels.

I wanted a cigarette, but I was trying to quit.

[Rolling one more can’t hurt] =2.1

[I ain’t got the cabbage] =2.2

Scene 2.1:

The ashtray was full and one cig had turned into twenty, when I heard a knock on the door.

“Excuse me?”

I told her to come in.

\*Door opens with a screech\*

She was a dame, they all were.

#This is the Dame, she becomes one of several women.

“Is this a detective’s office?”

It once said so on the door but the letters had peeled away, just like the years had peeled away my sobriety and patience. I wanted to say something pithy but I could smell money. I didn’t want her to spook and take my meal ticket with her. I settled for a simple yes and straightened my coat. I used my elbow to nudge the bottle on my desk into the waste basket.

My efforts were wasted; she wasn’t looking at me but out the door, skittish as a deer. My eyes were drawn to her clenched fist.

[Is that a diamond or a cubic zirconia?]=3.1

[Are those the obituaries clenched in her hand?]=3.2

Scene 2.2:

I decided to go outside and get a sandwich from the baker’s instead, maybe flirt with his assistant. She was cute, with standards lower than my bank balance. Perhaps I’d ask her out for a night ca…

\*SCREECH\*

The truck came out of nowhere. I was sideswiped into an advertisement for camel lites. I heard a woman scream but I was the one bleeding to death in front of the newsagents. The driver got out of the front cab and put a barrel to my temple.

“Bye bye, baby.”

\*BANG\*

[try again?] =1

Scene 3.1:

She had a doozy of a ring on her finger. Either her hand was worth more than my apartment block or she was wearing a damn convincing fake. Made me wonder what it was about jewelry that made ladies lose all sense. She was wearing it on top of her gloves, not hidden in her purse.

Maybe she was keeping her tiara in there.

“I’ve come in about… Well… It’s a rather delicate subject.”

I was never one for a weak sister but I let her mull it over. I let the door stay open because broads seemed to prefer it that way.

“A necklace of mine, the one that matches this ring I’m wearing, has gone missing. It was a gift from my fiancé and I’m just terrified of what he’ll think of me if he finds out it’s gone. Do you believe you can find it for me? I was told by Mr Barnes that if I looked here I’d find somebody who could help a lady out of a jam.”

Barnes, what a grifter weasel.

Was that… tea that I could smell?

[Ask her where she lost it. A dope fiend could’ve dropped it anywhere.]=4.1

[Barnes did it. Always was a dip.]=4.2

Scene 3.2:

She was clutching that paper tight. Dame dressed all in black, holding on to the obituaries? Don’t take a college man to figure out why. I asked her to sit and she did.

“My… My friend Max, went out of town a few days ago and never came back… He said he had some important business to deal with and, well.”

She put the paper down.

#Close up on the paper, displayed clearly is an obituary heading for Max Miller. The obituary also has visible place name, “Devil’s cross”

Miller raised some bells. Never was a rare name but it became real popular after the war was over.

“I know that he was murdered. The papers say it was suicide but that can’t be true… It just can’t.”

I offered her my cleanest handkerchief. Truth be told, I wasn’t sure I could do much for her, chances were he really did go for a swan dive on his own. Of course, if he hadn’t… I needed to know what had really gone down.

[Miller… Used to be spelled Müller, right?]=3.3

[There are things a man won’t tell a lady, paper could be right]=3.4

Scene 3.3:

“Just what are you implying.”

#More of the woman is revealed, her lips are pursed and angry, her hair is dark.

Cold as ice she was. No one liked being tied too close to the Germans these days. Wasn’t good for your standing. Of course, she was either worried about being found out or she was just tweaking to the possibility herself.

“Max wasn’t a kraut… He wasn’t.”

My money was on the latter.

“If you’re going to sit there and make fun of me… I can… I can go to another detective. You’re a drunk anyway…”

My father used to tell me that fishing was about waiting, even when the fish looked like it wasn’t going to take the bait. Although I did need the money. I was out of scotch.

#The Dame is at the door, there’s a small change so her head is pointed a little inside the doorway and you can see her eye.

“Aren’t you going to stop me?”

[She sounds desperate but I won’t be lead]=3.6

[Sister, you’ve got yourself a detective]=3.5

Scene 3.4:

#There’s a banging sound and a glass falls over (the detective’s glass), the Dame has just slammed her hands on the table.

“He would never! He would… He would never do that, you don’t know him at all!”

This was true. I was willing to bet she didn’t know him so well either.

“He was a patriot, he would’ve died for his country, he wouldn’t have given up on his own. He called me before he died… People were after him, he was… he was going…”

#The Dame looks shocked and clams up, her hair is in a little disarray now, a lock having fallen from her hat. She’s shocked she’s said so much.

This stranger held her Max in high regard. I had little doubt about that ring now, and why she was coming calling to someone like me. Everyone else thought Max was a suicide, and she thought he was a knight in shining armour. She must’ve gone to every other office in town before coming to me.

Well, she had a ring so there was money hiding somewhere. There was something to this, I knew it. I just had to follow my nose.

“Please, I can pay you. Just… Help me find out what happened to Max.”

[Sister, you’ve got yourself a detective]=3.5

Scene 3.5:

I gave her my daily rate and we walked out the door. I still wasn’t sure what to think about this mysterious Max, who may’ve been a kraut and may’ve had a death wish one way or the other.

There was only one person I could ask. I wasn’t sure he was still speaking to me.

#The setting changes to look more slummy. There are generally things which aren’t life affirming, dilapidated streets, unhappy people, lots of signs from people looking for work. It doesn’t look like a happy place. The dame is visibly horrified. We see a sign saying Devil’s Cross…

He definitely wasn’t speaking to me.

#possibly a hind shot of the detective ruffling their hair from behind. Their cut should be a little shaggy but not long, which leaves us some leeway for a male or female detective.

#Time shift, it’s now night. The dame is no longer there. The detective is sitting on a stoop opposite the partner’s door, in the dark.

“You are the saddest human being on the face of the earth. You are aware of that?” #It’s the partner

#Detective nods.

He had every right to be angry at me, but that didn’t change the fact that he was the only one I could talk to. There was no one else in the Cross that would return my calls, so I sent the dame home and waited him out.

[Now might be a good time to apologize=8.1]

[Words are worth nothing, tell him about Max and get it over with=8.2]

(need more succinct line for 8.2)

(Thin man style death tier?)

Scene 3.6:

I wasn’t about to let a pretty face drag me around. I drew a cigarette and lit it.

#There’s a smoke plume, the dame glares and the door slams.

Well, at least I had my pride.

#There’s some music, the time of day changes. It’s now night.

I decided to go down to the local, drown my sorrows and put it in on my tab. I’d dodged money and some trouble, but I wasn’t sure I’d done right with it.

#The detective leaves his office, closing the door. Focus changes and we see the dame in the foreground, sitting on the floor.

“No one else will help me.”

#She’s been sitting there for hours, she sounds like she’s been beaten down a little and her cheeks have tear marks.

I’m not about to admit I’m surprised. Girl must’ve been there for hours waiting for me to come out. I give her my handkerchief so she can clean up.

[Take her out for a drink, you’re buying]=5.1

[Sit down next to her in the hall, why waste time?]=6.1

Scene 4.1:

Yes, that was definitely mesca.

#Note to Ed and I, this is a branch I need more references for. It needs to be fun, but it also needs to reference drug busts and that sort of thing. I need noir stories with a chemical element and chase scenes.

Scene 4.2:

I told her the bad news. She took it pretty well.

“What in the hell do you mean, Barnes did it? He told me to come call you!”

I’ve known Barnes for years. Back in the day I put him away a time or two. Never was a good sport about it. Of course, she doesn’t know that. He probably plied her with sweet words and cheap gin. Barnes has always had a… way with the ladies…

#Possibly cut to a series of exceedingly quick shots of debauchery accompanied with humorous giggling.

Well, at the very least I’ve saved her my fee.

“I’ll pay you double to bring that fink in.”

Or not.

“My daddy may have raised a fool but I won’t be fooled twice.”

#She draws a gun, pistol would be best

“I’ll make it worth your while, whatever it takes.”

[Alrighty then!]=4.3

[What’s wrong with you? Go with the woman!]=4.3

Scene 4.3:

(The fun tier, with Nicola and Aaron)

Scene 5.1:

I didn’t feel like making small talk, and I still wasn’t sure it was worth getting involved with the dame, but the least I could do was offer her a drink. Not that I could really afford it. I hoped my tab was still good at The Barfly.

#We see the pair walking about as the above dialogue is spoken. They wind up in front of a pretty run down looking bar. There’re bars on the windows and people smoking out front, these guys are lookouts. There are some hints as to what sort of place this is from the expression of the lookouts and their attire. They’re all pretty androgynous, one of them is actually a woman in drag. We see the lookouts checkout the dame, then turn their eyes to the detective. Upon seeing the detective, they look away, bored.

“You know, this is a terrible first date.” #The dame is not used to this shit. She is a bit scared.

#We see them silhouetted against the lights coming through the front door to the bar. The detective’s shoulders shrug.

“First time for everything, I suppose.” #Dame.

#They walk in, the bar inside is a lot nicer. It’s also noticeably gayer. There’s a table of ladies in suits (a la that awesome spread I found, was it vogue Italy? I dunno. All those models, anyway. More body diversity though. There’s also a few other hints, people being a bit gender bendy with their attire, but otherwise it’s folks playing cards and getting tipsy. The bartender is a bloke who is staring right at them, he’s finely proportioned, young of face and old as balls in demeanor. His expression is always set at “fuck this.”

I ordered a scotch for me a gin and tonic for the girl. I took both before the bartender had time to ask any questions about money.

#We hear music in the background. A lady is singing.

“The... um, the singer has a lovely voice.” #The dame is trying to make small talk.

“Thank you, darling.” #The singer.

#We see the singer for the first time, she looks very candy darling. She’s graceful and beautifully put out, with long blonde hair. She has sharp cheekbones and a strong jawline, not blocky though. She’s our one specifically trans character. She looks a little bit put out. She stubs a cigarette in the dame and detective’s ashtray.

“Fancy seeing you around here while I’m working.” #Emphasis on working

[I’ve been busy, honest]=5.2

[Mind your own damn business]=5.3

5.2

“Like hell.” #She sashays past the dame and sits down.

“Come on Candy, don’t be like that.” #This detective can be borrowed from one of our other, older, male detectives.

“And to think, Mama always thought I’d be the disappointing one.”

“Candice, this is a client of mine. Be nice.”

“Yes, client, hello.” #Dame is still jittery. If I gave any direction to the actress, it would be that this character is obviously pretty damn conservative and she can tell something is up with the bar she’s in and that Candy is both intimidatingly attractive and somewhat unusual looking. She’s too sheltered to twig that she’s in a gay bar.

“Pleased to meet you, client.” #Candy raises a brow at the detective. “Why on earth are you working with my brother?”

“Well…” #Dame doesn’t want to reveal.

#Detective places the article about Max on the table, Candy takes it while the dame looks at the detective angrily.

“Oh my, you knew Max?”

“What??” #The dame is surprised, the detective, who we can now see, does not.

“I wondered, it did say he was found in the Cross.” #Yeah if we could include that little line on the copy of the article when it’s shown that’d be tits.

“Poor boy, he was having such a hard time of it. He lived across the street from me.”

“Local-born german boy?”

“Mhm. His father was a total shit, always making a big deal of his politics. Max didn’t want a bar of that awfulness but once the war started, well, that was that. Everyone knew about his background and he couldn’t find honest work. He was lucky not to get interned.”

“Someone killed him.” #The dame sounds adamant.

“Not entirely untrue.” #Candy is being kind.

“No…”

“I’m sorry, darling. He was… He’d been walking with the black dog for a long time. Were you close?”

#The dame is crying, her shoulders are hitching because she’s trying to hold it in. This here is ugly gasping crying.

“I’ll get her a glass of water.” #Detective.

“That would be kind.” #Candy.

#We start to pan out, the detective is walking over to the bar an Candy has edged her chair closer to the dame an puts a hand around her shoulder. The last thing we hear is jazz music playing quietly and Candy saying, “There now, dear, there now.”

[Play it again?]=1

5.3

“Would it kill you to not act like a prick?” #Singer

“I think it would.” #Dame

#The dame, who has been looking really fucking uncomfortable up to now, is officially over it.

“You know, this has really been just about the worst week of my life. I’ve lost Max, I’m getting nowhere finding out what happened to him and you are giving me the run around, dragging me off to dead end bars full of… full of…” #Dame is hissing.

“Benders?” #Singer

“DRUNKS!” #Dame is yelling.

“Ehh…” #Singer cocks her head six to one half a dozen to another kind of gesture happening

“It’s like you don’t know how this story goes, you listen to me and you go detect. We’re nil for two.”

“Honey, you’ll hurt yourself.” #The singer is being kind. “Want him gone? Darling, he’s gone.”

#Singer clicks her fingers, which have quite a nice red nailpolish on them, and one of the dykes sitting down gets up and picks up our detective. He is thrown out, without us ever seeing his face. All we see is a silhouette of a big coat and a hat.

“Don’t come back unless it’s to pay your tab.” #Singer. “Actually, forget it. Don’t come back at all.”

#The singer goes back inside and the last thing we see is the detective in a puddle, fading to black.

[You get more flies with honey]=1

Scene 6.1:

#The dame and the detective are in the hallway, sitting opposite one another. This detective is competent and a little combative, as evidenced by earlier behavior but he has some gentlemanliness to him, he passes her a cigarette with his hand and offers to light it, but he doesn’t actually touch her. She’s still curled a little on the floor, but she’s not broken. She looks vulnerable.

“Max was… I’d known him a long time. He was a rare man. Helped me out of trouble before. I couldn’t do the same for him.”

She seemed contrite, but you never can tell. A banked fire can come back to light easy enough.

“He fell in with some crooks when work got scarce.”

#The dame is now the focus of the panel, she’s looking at the viewer very critically. The detective doesn’t respond so she looks down and keeps talking.

“I think he wanted out. Whatever they were doing, he couldn’t stand for it. He was going to talk.”

I couldn’t help but wonder just what this Max had found out.

“He worked down the docks, by the ferry line. He was good at sailing.”

That held my interest. Smuggling was a good way to earn some cash, depending on how good you were at hiding cargo. And if he was working that part of town, he was probably working with the local crime boss.

Stupid kid.

I knew where to go now.

[To the docks]=6.2

[Max’s domicile]=6.3

Scene 6.2:

The docks were as beautiful as I remembered, stinking of brine and packed neatly as an overturned bookcase. I took the dame by the arm and led her through the docks. She looked skittish but she didn’t seem to want to talk anymore, so I let her be.

#The docks look pretty shitty, but you know, rust is cool right? It’s not a hospitable place, maybe we see a few shots, like they’ve been walking a long time.

We saw them before they saw us.

#The detective pulls the dame behind some crates. The voice actor for this detective can be one of two men, one is young one is old, so hide the features beyond, say, a nose. This is the first time we see the action from outside his perspective since scene 1 (I may have contradicted this in earlier directions, need to reread, my point is that as you go further along the narrator becomes more… separate, as does your view).

“I know who they are!” #Dame.

#We hear footsteps approaching, garbled voices, the music builds and gets more dramatic. The dame and detective are hiding.

[Plainclothes cops, obviously]=6.4

[Mob bums, obviously]=6.5

Scene 6.3:

#We see the outside of an apartment building, on the ground is a stubbed out, but barely smoked and new looking, cigarette. This is important because I’m leaving a hint.

Max’s apartment was on the bad side of town, in a building that was condemned. He couldn’t have been doing too well for himself working for the mob, being a german and all.

#The music is foreboding, we see the inside of the apartment building, it looks deserted but all the doors are locked. The corridor still has lighting but it’s buzzy.

The dame opened the door to his apartment with a key, and walked in ahead of me.

“Sparse place.” #The detective’s voice for the first time, this detective is a little young but incredibly jaded.

#There’s not much in the apartment, just an old lounge setting and some chairs, a table. There’s a photograph on the fireplace.

#Closeup to the photograph, we see the smiling faces of a family, it’s a photo of a couple, both obviously not german (I don’t mind what their background is, preferably one that was well represented in somewhere like NY, London or Sydney in the 50s).

#The detective turns.

#The dame has a gun pointed at him.

“I know you’ve been following me.”

#She looks a combination of angry, determined and scared. Her eyes are a little shiny.

“I wasn’t sure at first but… When you wanted to go to his house, I knew then.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking abou…”

“Shut up!”

#Silence except for some quiet breathing, heartbeats.

“We can work this out, I promise I ain’t been following you…”

“Yes you have! Yes you have, don’t lie! You know, you know. That’s why you brought me here, because there is no Max and you wanted to get me alone but… I’m not that stupid. I didn’t let you chase me off so you could find me when you wanted. I got the drop on you, you can’t hurt me anymore.”

“Wait, don’t!”

#Gunshot

“I got you, I got you…”

#The gun drops to the floor and you hear the dame walk away.

[try again?] =1

Scene 6.4:

#The detective has his hand over the dame’s mouth, she looks scared, he’s trying to look small. We hear this dialogue muffled at first but it gets clearer as the cops get closer. We hear their footsteps getting louder as well. They’re dressed in suits but look kind of slap dash, like they don’t care much.

The cops didn’t see us but it was a near thing.

“I need to get off this beat, I’m sick of the smell of boat fuel and dead fish.”

“You’re telling me, I’m just sick of all the mess we got to clean up.”

“Pain in the ass, what can I say. Sometimes I wish they’d just try to pay us off.”

“Who?”

“Who cares.”

#They laugh.

“Too many crooks to drown, my friend. We’d run out of water first.”

#The cops walk by.

“We haven’t impounded that kraut’s boat yet.”

“Well, we’ve been busy, had that bust last week.”

“My knee’s still hurting from that…”

#We hear sobbing, the dame is crying and she looks pissed.

“They killed him, those bastards killed him…”

#beat.

“They’re headed towards where Max worked…”

#Silence for a moment, the dame looks determined.

“I’m going after them if you won’t.”

#The detective lights a cig.

[Damn it, better go with her]=7.1

[This is a fool’s errand, take her home]=7.2

6.5

Those mob boys were the lowest of the low. The kind that only got in the business because they didn’t know they were disposable. They dressed like fools and acted the part.

“Mr Harris was a sailorrrr, he worked hard every day but mrs harris didn’t like him said he was a bad lay me down for supperrrr….”

#The mob boys are drunk. They are dressed in the worst of 50s fashion. Ostentatious, loud and ugly suits are their purview. We see them staggering around. Unlike the policemen in the other tier, these guys clearly have no idea what they’re doing. They’re grunts.

“We’re getting closer to where they dock the yachts… “

#This does appear to be true, from the perspective of the detective we can see that the boxes are seeming less numerous now, and in the distance you can see a few masts and smaller boats. We’re getting out of the commercial area.

I’d heard the local Boss had a nice boat up by the bay… I had no idea why he’d brought it down this far south. Something was up, and I wasn’t sure I wanted any part of it.

#The detective and Dame are now closer to the boat. We can see it’s name. It has a really silly, sexist name. Like “The Big Easy” or “Mike’s Big Easy”, I dunno.

“Look, honey, we’re in over our heads. Big Micky owns this boat…” #The detective’s voice is heard for the first time in this tier. She is a woman. Her voice is fairly brusque, assertive and gruff. She’s smoky.

“Well looky here, two ladies out for a midnight stroll…” #Same drunks as before.

“It’s 3am, you boob.” #The detective again

“Hey!” #His friends laugh.

“We got the wrong pier, we’ll be going.”

“Wait, I know you, you’re that lady detective.”

“Whatever, pal, I got places to be. Come on, Janey…” #Janey is said pointedly, it’s clear the Dame hasn’t given out her name and the detective doesn’t know it.

“Yeah, sure… Mary.” #The Dame responds a little less pointedly but takes a second to think up the name.

“My dears, it’s not safe to be out so late at night. Why not come in for a night cap and we’ll call you a cab.”

#On the gangplank onto the yacht, shadowed by the light behind him, we see a tall man, dressed in a suit, arms behind his back.

#The Dame looks at our detective, who looks vexed. The dame is surprised, the detective is not. She knows who she’s looking at.

“Why, my little shamus, I never thought I’d see you again.”

#The music builds, the pair are surrounded by gangsters now and some of them look competent.

“Piss on a live wire, you son of a bitch.” #detective. She hates this man.

“Bring them inside, boys.”

#The gangsters grab them.

[Fight the bastards]=7.3

[Bide your time]=7.4

7.1

“I’ll go.” #First time we hear the detective in this tier, this a hardboiled detective. Kinda Bogart. You know what I mean, sounds like he smokes too much and life really does suck ass. Not the same voice as the narrator though. Would be good to have a guy who isn’t American play this role.

#The dame looks a little shocked, she nods.

#We see them stalking through the docks after the detectives, it’s like a calmer version of 7.2 (wrote 7.2 first). The music builds an intense, claustrophobic atmosphere and the dock seems to crowd in on them. Perspective is a little off. Moody as fuck, basically.

“Wait here.” #Detective. He flicks the cig in his hand away.

#The detective walks towards the cops, who are in front of a boat. They’re yelling at someone inside, their voices getting more distinct as the detective gets closer.

“So, what we got?”

“Olive oil and… Looks like french wine.”

“What do we do with that?”

“Hell if I… Hey, what you doing? This is police business.”

“I just came to talk.” #detective.

“Station’s down the road, knock yourself out.”

“I came to talk about the man who owned this boat.” #detective.

“Look buddy, it ain’t no secret. Mob fence, also a kraut and probably one of them… You know.”

“Spying for the motherland, get my drift?”

“Maybe I do.” #Detective.

“So ain’t no one crying over him and his hull full of… European… foodstuffs the mob boys won’t be eating.” #european is said as if it were an insult.

“Fat bastards.”

“Word around was that the boy who got done in was an American.” #Detective.

“Not likely, bub, now scram. We got real work to do. But hey, if you’re good maybe we’ll send you a photo of Klaus in his fancy foreign army uniform. Maybe you’re into that…” #They’re pretty pissed at this point.

“Unif..?”

#There’s an explosion. The cops are thrown into the air, the detective thrown back, his ears ringing from the force of the blast. He blinks and his vision blurs in and out of focus, as the dame comes closer and closer.

“*Ein herzliches Dankeschön, Herr Detective.”*

She kisses the detective on the cheek.

“Max really was a true patriot. Pity he never got the chance to go home and prove it.”

She draws her gun and points it at the detective.

“But that’s why he had me.”

#bang.

[Try again?] =1

7.2

“Look… Forget my fee, I’m calling it off. We can’t go up against the cops.”

#First time we hear the detective in this tier, same voice as 6.3.

“You’re a coward.”

#The dame slaps the detective. She runs off.

“Wait! You stupid broad, they’ll kill you!”

#The detective runs after her, we get the idea he hits a lot of dead ends, the music gets more frantic.

“Shit!”

#We hear a woman scream. The detective runs after her, he sees her quickly but she’s a long way away, in a spotlight, the cops getting in close.

“I’ve seen you before.” #dirty cop

“That kraut’s boat. Pictures of you everywhere.”

#They snigger. We get a close up of the dame’s face. Her hair is a mess and she looks ready to kill, her hand is in her purse.

“My Max… He was worth a thousand of you dirty bastards.”

“Shu…”

#She fires, we see the perspective as if over her shoulder, a cop gets hit and his friends look shocked.

“We’re all going to hell.” #She’s aiming again but the cops are moving an drawing their own pistols. She seems to know she’s going down and doesn’t care.

“Bitch!”

#The dame is tackled down by the detective and a box behind them now has a hole in it from the bullet they dodged.

“We gotta go, come on, please!” #Detective.

#They run, her aiming behind and shooting as they go, they get behind a corner and the detective aims out one last shot. They’re holding hands as they run, finally making it to a park. They hide in the bushes. They’re both breathing deeply, the dame is also crying.

“I think… I think one of those coppers ain’t getting up again.”

“I wish I’d gotten all of them.”

“Yeah… Yeah…”

“He didn’t even do anything… He was just a sailor.”

#The dame is wiping at her eyes. The ring on her finger comes back into focus, the detective looks at it. It’s pretty clear now that it was an engagement ring. The detective looks guilty. He still has the cig in his mouth by the way, but it’s burned down to nothing.

“I can’t prove any of it. I’ll never be able to…”

#The detective’s hand is on hers.

“We can sort it out, I promise I’ll help.”

“After all the trouble I had getting you to do your job in the first place?” #She sounds a touch reprimanding but also a little hopeful.

“Just buy me a drink first this time.”

“Pfft.”

“Maybe I’ll buy you a drink.”

#We see the park, dawn is just starting to light the sky. Music implies something like a sequel or a new beginning, this ending has shades of the tail of Casablanca in it.

[play it again?] =1

7.3

#We hear a scuffle and see one. The detective throws a punch and it lands, but there are too many for her and they grab her. The Dame tries to help out, kicking and trying to pull them off but she’s only one against many, and unlike the detective she hasn’t got fighting chops.

“God, you bit me, you bitch!”

#The next shot is them inside, the mob boss is looking at the pair impassively. We see the detective from a low angle, behind her and the dame. She’s kneeling on the floor and spits blood. The dame has an arm around her protectively and is kneeling as well.

“Now my dear, what are you doing out so late at night?” #boss

“I was thinking of buying a boat.” #The pair stand.

“Always so pithy.”

“Always a bastard.”

“It does take one to know one.”

#We get a close up of the boss, he is smiling. He glances to the side, towards the dame.

“Who’s the girl?”

“Nobody.”

“I’m here about Max!” #Dame

“Jesus Christ, you stupid ankle!” #Detective

“Max Miller? He’s dead. He was cutting into profits.”

#The detective is glaring fiercely at the dame, the dame, while still holding her, clearly does not give a fuck.

“Why did you hurt him?”

“I paid him to bring in girls from overseas. He was moonlighting for someone else, selling the best merchandise, so I terminated his employment.” #The boss is really enjoying this. He’s proud of it. He also likes that he’s hurting the dame, even though he only has an inkling as to who she is.

“No…” #The dame is shattered.

“Yes.” #The boss is happy as a pig in mud.

#The detective looks really non-plussed.

“Well, it was lovely to see you again but I feel I’ve had enough. You may have one cigarette and then you will leave.”

#We hear guns cock. A goon (a competent one) appears and puts a cigarette between the detective’s lips. He lights it and steps back.

“You know, some people can deal with it when their squeeze just wants to be friends.” #Detective

“We are not among them.”

“Yeah, you’re right.”

#The dame edges to the side. Then she bolts. The detective and boss look surprised, as do the goons. They look to their boss, since he hasn’t actually given them instructions yet, they don’t know if he wants them to shoot to kill. They’re using inaccurate weapons like tommy guns.

“Shoot, you lackwits!”

#As the boss is saying this, the detective is kicking ass wholesale. She can’t take on a mob but she can take on two. One she trips, the other she uppercuts.

#The boss is furious, he pulls a gun from his pocket and turns to the dame, who now has a lamp in her hands. She smashes it over his head.

#We see the detective watching in shock as the dame hits him over and over.

#The dame takes the gun from the boss.

“Leave me.”

[Ask her for the gun first]=7.5

[Check the boss is dead]=7.6

7.4

#This shot is of the pair inside. It mirrors 7.3 except that in this case, the detective is comforting the dame with an arm around her and they are standing. The view of the boss is the same (ie, their silhouettes can be swapped but the boss and his background can stay the same).

“Now my dear, what are you doing out so late at night?” #boss

“I was thinking of buying a boat.” #The pair are already standing in this one, unlike 7.3.

“Always so pithy.”

“Always a bastard.”

“It does take one to know one.”

#We get a close up of the boss, he is smiling. He glances to the side, towards the dame.

“Who’s the girl?”

“Nobody.”

“I’m here about Max!” #Dame

“Jesus Christ, you stupid ankle!” #Detective

“Max Miller? He’s dead. He was cutting into profits.”

#The detective is glaring fiercely at the dame, the dame, while still holding her, clearly does not give a fuck.

“Why did you hurt him?”

“I paid him to bring in girls from overseas. He was moonlighting for someone else, selling the best merchandise, so I terminated his employment.” #The boss is really enjoying this. He’s proud of it. He also likes that he’s hurting the dame, even though he only has an inkling as to who she is.

“No…” #The dame is shattered.

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“Well, it was lovely to see you again but I feel I’ve had enough. You may have one cigarette and then you will leave.”

#We hear guns cock. A goon (a competent one) appears and puts a cigarette between the detective’s lips. He lights it and steps back.

“You know, some people can deal with it when their squeeze just wants to be friends.” #Detective

“We are not among them.”

“Yeah, you’re right.”

#The dame edges to the side. Then she bolts. The detective and boss look surprised, as do the goons. They look to their boss, since he hasn’t actually given them instructions yet, they don’t know if he wants them to shoot to kill.

“Shoot, you lackwits!”

#As the boss is saying this, the detective is kicking ass wholesale. She can’t take on a mob but she can take on two. One she trips, the other she uppercuts.

#The boss is furious, he pulls a gun from his pocket and turns to the dame, who now has a lamp in her hands. She smashes it over his head.

#We see the detective watching in shock as the dame hits him over and over.

#The dame takes the gun from the boss.

“Leave me.”

[Ask her for the gun first]=7.5

[Check the boss is dead]=7.6

7.5

“Give me the gun first.” #The detective extends her hand.

“No, stop treating me like a child.”

“… I need it to get out of here alive.”

#The dame looks a little chastened.

“Oh.”

#The detective takes the gun off her.

“Come with me.”

“I just want to stay here.”

“I’m scared. Come with me.”

#The detective doesn’t say why she’s scared but she’s looking at the dame very intensely. The dame seems to twig to something and looks surprised.

“I see…”

#The detective and the dame embrace. We can see two unconscious or dead goons at their feet. There’s blood on the floor. The detective kisses the brow of the dame gently.

“I think maybe one of those mob boys has a few bullets left, if you felt like carrying something. Won’t be accurate, mind.”

#The mob boys had tommy guns or something, see 7.3.

“May as well.”

#The dame is now dual wielding two tommy guns. The detective has the mob boss’ pistol. They pose.

“You first, darling.” #The dame, she sounds a little nervous.

“Of course, dear.” #The detective.

#We hear gun fire, there are a few shots of gangsters going down. The last thing we see is the two women jumping off the side of the boat into the water as the boat blows up, the music hits a dramatic crescendo before there’s a fade to black.

#After the choices run but before the episode ends, we see one last still of the women sitting on a beach. The detective still has her soggy cigarette in her mouth. The dame is next to her wringing out her skirt.

[Play it again?]=1

7.6

#The dame is standing over the Boss’ body, blood is dripping from the broken lamp stand. The dame is looking intently at the gun. The detective walks past her and kneels, her fingers to the Boss’ pulse.

#We hear a death rattle, he looks like hell.

“I hope I don’t miss you.” #Detective.

#She closes her eyes for a moment and breathes in shakily.

“We should go…”

#The dame isn’t there, the detective looks surprised. We hear gunfire and a scream.

“Shit!”

#The detective grabs a tommy gun off a downed goon and runs. The dame is on the floor, dead, some goons are looking at her. The detective shoots them before they have a chance to do more than notice her. She runs up to the deck, shooting any goons she sees. She keeps going, hitting the gangplank at a sprint and heading back to the docks proper.

#She looks around to see who is following her, but no one is. She’s all alone, and it’s dark.

#We hear sirens.

#The detective drops the tommy gun, and waits.

[try again?=1]

8.1

“I would say you are about a day late and a dollar short on that one, partner.” #The Partner

#The Partner looks pretty pissed, but there’s an undercurrent of pity. The detective was someone he once cared about, so his demeanor reflects a lot of hurt. There is a long moment of character silence, punctuated only by… music we’ll choose later.

“Why are you here?”

[Tell him about Max=8.3]

8.2

“Local dead boy, huh?”

(You are currently +0 towards making amends)

Ergh get into talky talky.

8.3

(Identical to 8.2 but with different branch options, you currently have +1 to making amends)