

Agnes Somerville Dialogue

Meeting

A: Ah, if it isn't my very favorite vampire friend! What can I do for you?

D: Shh Agnes, keep it down, will you? I need to ask you a few things.

A: Sure! Ask away! But once we're done, can I touch your fangs?

D: ...Let's focus on the questions first.

A: All right, all right.

D:

1. Can you tell me what you did last night when Jack was murdered?
2. Anything unusual you noticed last night?
3. How did we meet again?
4. What do you think of William Pierce?
5. Anything interesting you can tell me about Elizabeth Parker?
6. Do you know anything of interest about Betty Henderson?
7. What about Sheriff Short?
8. I will be back later.

A:

1. I was here at my lab, reading through my notes on local spirit sightings. Later, I packed up my equipment and made my way over to the cemetery. You see, last time I was there, I collected some fascinating data! Wait, I have it around here somewhere...

D: Agnes, focus. What else did you do?

A: Hmm? Oh. I was not out for long. When I was back here, I sorted the records about my findings on reactions of supernatural blood components... and then, I fell asleep on them.

D: Uh, all right?

A: It happens sometimes. Sleep is for the weak!

D: Sure. Did you see someone?

A: No, unfortunately not. But then again, some of the equipment might not be fully functional just yet. My nightvision-enhanced ectoplasmatic Spiritograph still acts up sometimes-

D: People, Agnes. Not spirits. Did you run into anyone?

A: Technically, spirits are- Okay, okay. Don't give me that look. No, I did not see anyone fleshy, but I was wearing my nightvisio- my ghost glasses. It is a little hard to see anything else but spirits through them, to be honest. I had a concussion three weeks ago because I tripped while wearing them, but thankfully, they were not damaged. Lucky me!

D: Yeahhh, sure...

A:

1a. Anything else you wanted? Or is it fang-time already? **[back to main]**

A:

2. Oh yes, there was, actually! I think I heard a gunshot when I was on my way back to the lab. Probably scared away all the ghosts. And I measured really cryptic endo-lapivastitic waves, which might be caused by the moon phase – but I figured you’d rather be interested in the gunshot.

D:

2a. Yeah. Any idea where that shot came from?

2b. No, please, tell me about the lap-diva waves!

A:

2a. Hm, I didn’t see much to be honest. I was wearing special equipment to see ghosts. But I always count my steps wherever I go, so I know it was approximately when I passed the saloon.

2b. Seriously? Sure! So, they are actually called endo-lapivastitic waves because they typically originate from inside of specific rock types of badlands under certain astronomical influences. They were discovered in 1673 and can be measured by... *Agnes gives you a lengthy lecture and shows you a heap of diagrams you don’t understand. This might take a while.*

D:

2a. You count your steps?!

2b. *You finally manage to interrupt Agnes* Very interesting! Thank you so much, but I’ll have to get back to the investigation now.

A:

2a. Sure. I thought if one of my experiments ever costs me my eyesight, I’ll have an easier time adjusting.

2b: 1a

D:

2a. You know what, I’m not even going to ask. What did you do after you heard the shot?

A: What did I do? Uh, nothing, why?

D: Nothing?!

A: Yes? A gun going off is not a supernatural phenomenon, is it?

D: Yes, but- You know what? Forget it.

A: 1a

A:

3. Hah, you're funny. That was back when Jack had that accident with his coat seam, the longhorn bull and the sack of nails. Oh, and Liz's reserve whiskey. You remember? You brought him here for me to patch him up.

D: Oh, dear. Yes, I remember.

A: Lucky him. If he hadn't been a vampire, he would not have survived that. I'd just recently taken over the apothecary back then, after Pa died. Was in business for an entirety of two weeks, everything went well... and then, the two of you rode into town and the next day, I had my first emergency!

D: Well, you were calm enough to ask him if he really needed both his kidneys while you were busy stuffing his guts back in.

A: It would have been a contribution to medicine! There is still almost no research on the renal physiology of vampires!

D: It was almost a contribution to the graveyard.

A: Yes, but lucky for you, I turned out to be a master surgeon! Who would've thought? Not me for sure!

D: I remember we later invited you for a drink...

A: Jup. Because you couldn't pay my bill and Jack tried to seduce me into letting it go.

D: You threatened to "take some samples where the sun never shines" and pulled out a scalpel...

A: And then, I enlisted both of you as my field research projects and connection to the supernatural world.

D: I eventually paid you back, though.

A: Yeah, but Jack never did. I felt free to transfer his debt to you after his death, since you're probably the second-closest person he had and Betty has a large hammer and I'm scared of her.

D: Wait, what?! That's-

A: Do you want to find out if I still have the scalpel?

D: No! All right, all right.

A: 1a

A:

4. He's nice, isn't he? I like him. Too bad h probably isn't a vampire. Just regular pale and creepy. I once broke into his house and he wasn't even that mad.

D: Wait, what?

A: I wanted to measure something a few years back when I just started my ghost research. I thought, where is the most haunted place in town? Probably the graveyard, right? I went there a few nights, but I always saw a flicker of light through the church windows, it looked really spooky, so I had to investigate. Turns out, William makes an evening round by candlelight to check if everything is in order and then goes to bed to read for a bit. But if something is not in order – if, say, someone forced

open a window and climbed inside to catch a ghost... Well, let's just say he isn't any less intimidating without his hat.

D: So, what did he do?

A: Not much. Asked me what I was doing. Later, we drank a cup of tea together. He's always pretty nice to me. I know you're asking because of Jack. Don't worry. I don't think he's killed anyone in years.

D: Wait. As in, he did so in the past?

A: Ah, noo... He surely didn't. Hey, wanna see my notes on an alien rabbit I saw some months ago?

D:

4a. Agnes, you are a terrible liar. Tell me what you know about him.

4b. Heh, almost got me. I don't really have time for your research now though, sorry.

4c. Aww, alien rabbit!

A:

4a. I... well, when he moved here, I tried to find out more about his past, so I... dug a little. Or, like, a lot. And I found... well... something.

4b: 1a

4c. Yes! I currently have the theory that they are the ones to blame for corn circles... *You get a lengthy lecture about the fascinating behaviors of extraterrestrial lagomorphs you are most certain don't exist. You also feel like you have yourself to blame for that.*

D:

4a. Agnes, this is important. Please tell me.

4c. Uuuh...

A:

4a. He- I don't know how he found out I knew but he told me I really cannot tell anyone. He didn't threaten me or anything, just told me to keep it to myself. He can be so scary.

4c. 1a

D:

4a1. I am your friend, Agnes. You can trust me.

4a2. All right, maybe it's for the best if you don't tell me then.

A:

4a1. I- I think he led a bandit gang. His description matches the leader of a rather famous one that operated many miles to the South who disappeared just before he showed up here. I am not entirely sure, there is no definite proof, but many things fit very well.

4a2. 1a

D:

4a1. Did you know that before or after you decided to break into his home?

A: After. He... He found out because I started to avoid him. Please, don't tell anyone, especially not him! We... Well, we're not exactly friends, but friendly neighbors. I really, really want to stay on his good side.

D: Understandable. Do you think he might have killed Jack?

A: I... I honestly don't think so. They got along well, I wouldn't see why. Very well, according to some rumors, hee hee. *Agnes turns a suspicious shade of red.*

D: Uh, okay.

A: 1a

A:

5. Ah, yes. Elizabeth Parker; Homo sapiens sanguiphilis, presents as a human woman in her mid-thirties-

D: I meant related to the murder, Agnes.

A: Oh. Well, then say so. Hm. I heard some vague rumors about her, but nothing definite, sorry. I am not that interested in gossip. But the saloon was pretty busy last night, at least by the sounds of it. I bet she was at work.

D: Anything else you can tell me?

A: Not really, no. Sorry.

D: No worries. Thank you.

A: 1a

A:

6. I keep trying to invite her here so I can finally inspect her properly, but she seems to be avoiding me at all costs. A shame, really. I would like to give you profound insight, but I am not allowed to be in a room with her.

D: Do I want to know how that happened?

A: It was not really my fault. The Sheriff made me sign something. All because I wanted a blood sample...

D: You pestered her that much?

A: Well... I did not exactly *pester* her... not in the traditional sense...

D: Oh, dear.

A: Who'll miss a few drops of blood anyway?! I thought if I waited behind that big water barrel by the smithy and just quickly pricked her with a syringe...

D: You just jumped out at her and stabbed a syringe into her?!

A: Who would have thought she'd notice? Or mind?

D: ANYONE!

A: Meh. She smells like wet dog all the time anyway. No big loss.

D: I am still not quite sure what to say...

A: 1a

A:

7. Hm. I don't like Sheriff Short all that much. He can be very strict when it comes to the definition of physical integrity. And the desecration of graves. He has very strict corpse-laws.

D: Is there anyone else in town that thinks so?

A: What does that have to do with anything? Anyway, you especially should feel suspicious.

D: I can't really help but have a constant feeling of suspicion whenever I'm around you, to be honest...

A: What? No, not about me, dummy. Don't you think it's weird that he allowed no one to see the corpse? I am not only a pharmacist and scientist, I am also the local surgeon. William usually consults with me when someone dies under suspicious circumstances – though he somehow never leaves me alone with the corpses. Huh. Anyway, I heard Short allows no one to see the corpse. Strange, huh?

[PC learns that S won't allow anyone to see the corpse]

D: Seems a little odd, yeah...

A: He also asked me some really detailed stuff about vampires a while ago. I am not sure what to make of that.

D: That's a bit unusual. I will keep it in mind. Thanks!

A: 1a

D: [PC knows B is a werewolf]

9. I know something about Betty that might interest you. She's a werewolf.

A: Ah! Homo sapiens lunavenatus! That explains so much. Let me quickly grab her file and add that...

D: You have a file on her?

A: Of course. I have a file on everyone I know.

D: ...Me as well?

A: Sure.

D:

9a. Should I be worried?

9b. But we are friends...

9c. That's creepy.

A:

9a. Let me check. No. It says you are in perfect health, right here.

9b. Yup, look, here. Your file has a little smiley face. Because we are friends.

9c. No, its thorough. it would be creepy if I had only a file for you, but I have one for everyone so the term is 'scientific'.

D: Uh, okay...

A: 1a

[duel option]

D: I've concluded my investigation. I think you killed Jack, Agnes. I challenge you to a duel.

A: Here, hold my notes real quick. Okay, now. What did you say? Wait. You think I killed Jack?! But I... But this is your file, it says we are friends here. Look, the little smiley. You are serious, aren't you? I... I will cross out your smiley, like that. Give me back my notes. I've never dueled anyone, I'll need them to record my findings.