**Day 1**

**Scene 1: Bar**

The low caw of a raven settles over the dying glow of the city of Saint-Saens, a small town just outside of the borders of Mew-Paris. On the edge of town, an unassuming establishment, no more unique than the other cracked cobblestone buildings along the long-since abandoned streets, houses the favored drinking spot of melancholic veterans. The dimly lit bar of Le Chevalier Déchu gives way to the seemingly perpetual smoky haze of the room, hiding the wear and tear cracks underneath. Pinpricks of light glimmer like flecks of fool’s gold on the low ceiling above, lighting the way for a weary traveler’s demise poorly disguised as respite. On a lone seat at the corner of the bar furthest from the swaying crowd, an older, grizzled grey tabby cat takes a swig of his sixth glass of milk for the evening.

Catective

“I can’t believe they wouldn’t let me get a seventh. Don’t they know the seventh time’s the charm…”

Waiter

“We’re only allowed to serve milk to “functioning” customers geezer…”

Catective

(Yeowling)“What was that? I’m only 6 years old and counting!”

Waiter

“...”

Catective

(I suppose it is getting late. I should probably head home for the night…)

Catective reluctantly slides off his stool, still nursing his last glass of milk, before taking a heavy step toward the exit. The room sways and the Catective’s body pitches forward, bumping into a smaller figure. Bouncing back as if electrocuted, the jacketed tortoiseshell cat looks on with thinly veiled contempt, hair standing on end, milk splashed all over her dark shirt.

DJ

“You can’t be serious right now…”

Catective

(Blinking slowly, processing) “Oh, I’m so so-“

DJ

(Sighs) “Look man… I’ve had a long shift and an even longer night. I’m not feeling it right now, so can you please move aside so that I can leave?”

Even through the muddled haze that is your mind, you can’t help but notice the strain in her voice and the droop of her shoulders, as if she is holding the weight of the world and trying not to crumble under its pressure.

**\*\*\*Decision Tree\*\*\***

1. “Of course ma’am. Sorry again.”
2. “How about no? I’m an officer of the law and I demand respect!!”
3. “Umm… Are you going to pay for that?”
4. “I’m sorry, do you work here?”

**\*\*\*Option 1\*\*\***

DJ

“It’s… alright. Honestly. You didn’t mean to. Have a good rest of your night… officer.”

The DJ promptly hurries out. The Catective forlornly looks at his now empty glass fallen on the floor.

Waiter

“Are you going to pay for that?”

The Catective makes a disgruntled sound before coughing up a crumpled 5 dollar bill. Sobered from a weeping wallet, the Catective hobbles home and collapses upon an unmade bed, lapsing into a dreamless slumber.

**\*\*\*Option 2\*\*\***

DJ

“...”

Catective

“Yeah, I said it! I could arrest you right now, little lady!”

DJ

“Damn. Fuck the police, and fuck this shit.”

Cue Pokemon battle but for now he gets the shit slapped out of him.

DJ

“Not so hot shit now, huh “officer”? Have a good fucking night, dick head.”

The DJ promptly hurries out, head held high as the crowd parts for her after the decidedly one-sided brawl. The Catective, pride decimated, literally melts into a puddle and dies of embarrassment, broken and defeated by a kitten a third of his size.

**GAME OVER**

**\*\*\*If Option 3\*\*\***

DJ

“...Be so fucking for real right now.”

The DJ has a dangerous glint in her eyes, sparking electric over her sunglasses. It wouldn’t take a genius to see that she’s very obviously displeased by this. Her cool glare screams “Are you really that desperate for money?” It reminds you of…well…you promised yourself you wouldn’t think of *him.*

**\*\*\*Send back to decision tree\*\*\***

**\*\*\*If Option 4\*\*\***

DJ

“Yes, I play the music in this less than fine establishment. I also would like to go home if you would please move? You’re blocking the one exit here.

Catective

(That explains the headphones and… unique costume. Isn’t it a fire hazard to only have one exit here?)

**\*\*\*Send back to decision tree\*\*\***

**Scene 2: Catective Office I**

A few days later, the Catective, sober but not spirited, lounges in a worn yet well-loved armchair. His figure is shadowed by the weak rays of sunlight scattered by the patchy grey overcast. For the most part, the room was empty aside from a few house plants are scattered throughout the eerily quiet office, having long since seen better days if the droop of their yellowing leaves was anything to go by. The cracked charcoal walls, though less than minimalist, held a sole piece of decoration: an old cracked frame of the catective and an orange, jacketed figure.

Catective

(It won’t be long now until my lease is up. Then, I can finally get rid of this good for nothing detective business…)

(Has it really been three years since I’ve taken a case? Sure, clients have come and gone, but I’ve refused. How long has it been since I’ve worked with *him?*)

To distract himself with this rather depressing line of questioning, the Catective fiddles with the radio to pass the time.

Radio Drone (offscreen)

“Buy new makeup products! Sponsored by celebrity, fashion model, influencer Mak-”

“The latest on a series of kidnappings throughout Downtown Mew Paris-”

“FAMOUS FOOTBALL PLAYER FOUND DEAD IN-”

Sighing, the Catective lays his head in his paws.

Catective

“Things will never be the same. Only three more days, then I’ll be done for good.”

Mysterious Voice (offscreen)

“You’ve got to be kidding me…”

Catective

(His head shoots up)“...!”

Mysterious Voice

“I did not walk all the way here for you to say that.”

Catective

“Wait…are you…?!”

Mysterious Voice

“Oh, you really can’t make this shit up, can you?”

Mouth agape, the mysterious voice led to none other than the DJ from the other night that the Catective spilled milk on. First impressions are certainly nothing to cry about, least of all over spilled milk, but this may be the cream of the crop as one of the worst ever. Paws clenched and unclenched on the sleeve of her vibrant blue jacket, tension obvious as she set her mouth in a slight grimace. The thick silence in the room is finally broken by a weary sigh.

DJ

“Before I ask you something, I want to apologize for bumping into you the other night. It wasn’t cool, how I reacted and all, and I hope we can let bygones be bygones.”

(potential decision tree that can end the game lol?)

Catective

“...Thank you. But I bumped into you and spilled milk on you. So I’m sorry as well.”

The DJ gives a curt nod in acknowledgment. Her body is curled in on itself like a spring, as if at any moment she could burst into a shock of barely contained anxious energy.

Catective

“When I last saw you, you mentioned that your night was already going more sour than the milk, did you not?”

The DJ’s ear twitches in surprise at the observation, but her face remains stoic and resolute.

DJ

“Are you really…a catective, officer?”

Catective

(Sinking into his chair) “...I am, yes. But I no longer take cases as of 3 years ago.”

DJ

(Shock) “...!”

Catective

“I’m really sorry, but I’m going to have to refuse your case-”

DJ

“But you can’t! I really don’t have any other options! All other catectives have refused me and you’re my only chance at proving my innocence!”

Catective

“Proving your innocence?!”

DJ

“Please, let me explain! You’ve got to believe me!”

The DJ’s eyes are shining with equal parts frustration, desperation, and indignation.

(Decision tree whether you hear her out or not that may end the game?)

Catective

“...I’ll hear you out. What’s your story?”

DJ

“Like I said I was framed for a murder! The night you bumped into me was the same night my boyfriend, Orion, broke up with me. Totally switched up on me, snapping and raging like you wouldn’t believe. I had a shift the next day at a gig he got for me at one of the most popular clubs in Mew Paris, Le Astra Electrique, so despite everything I still had to show up for work since they wouldn’t be able to find a replacement in time. Orion showed up, we got into a fight, and I pushed him. His back hit the corner of the bar and he collapsed. He said he was fine, but he all but disappeared that day. No one’s seen him. So now the press is saying I’ve murdered him.”

The silence in the room is palpable as the tortie holds her breath in anticipation, looking for a response from the catective. The catective can feel the gears in his mind turning like familiar clockwork, though rusted from years of disuse and milk. He stops himself before it can get very far.

Catective

“Look…I’m really sorry to hear this happened to you. But you don’t want me as your detective. I haven’t taken a case in three years and I don’t plan to anytime soon. I’m not going to be able to solve this for you, so you’re just going to have to plead guilty in court to reduce your sentence. ”

DJ

“...”

Catective

“...”

DJ

“...My brother was wrong about you.”

Catective

“...?”

DJ

“My brother used to look up to you. Said you were a real Purrlock Holmes, wicked smart and always looking out for the little guys, no matter how tough the case to crack was. So tell me, officer, was he wrong? Or are you just looking out for yourself? Your reputation to keep?”

Catective

(Defensive) “If your brother knows so much about ME and MY BUSINESS then why isn’t he here pleading your case with you?”

DJ

(Shock) “...!”

(Melancholic) “...”

The office is suddenly quiet with tense breathing

Catective

“Ah…I’m sorry I didn’t-”

DJ

“No. I’ve heard enough. Clearly, you’re no better than the rest of the police in this awful city. If you really won’t hear my case, then I’ll get out of your hair. Good day, officer.”

Catective

“...”

The DJ slowly makes her way to the door. You can’t help but notice her paws trembling ever so slightly.

Catective

“Wait!”

Paw on the door, the DJ slowly turns towards the Catective, mixed feelings of trepidation and cautious curiosity flit through her features.

Catective

“...I’ve made up my mind.”

DJ

(Head downturned) “And?”

Catective

“I’ll be taking your case. I can’t promise any results or even solving the damn thing but-”

With a hushed gasp from the DJ, the Catective falls silent.

DJ

“Are you for real?”

Catective

“Yes, for real.”

The DJ is quiet for a moment before finally looking up. Tears prick at the corners of her eyes and a small smile lights up her face, as if the melancholic weight on her shoulders had eased, if only a bit.

DJ

“Thank you, Catective. Thank you, thank you, thank you, truly.”

Catective

“It’s, uh, no problem. Really.”

Taking a moment to compose herself, the DJ seems to transform right before the Catective’s very eyes. Eyes blazing like a rekindled flame, she stands straighter, more sure of herself. She suddenly claps her paws.

DJ

“Since we’ll be working together on this, I think a proper introduction is long overdue! Say, I know you, Catective Kit Mullen, the Cat Can-Opener that won’t stop until a case is solved. So, allow me to introduce myself!”

“My name is Artemis Marguerite, but you can call me Arty!”

Catective

(desperately trying to keep up) “Well, hello Arty, but how do you know all that about me??”

Arty

“I wasn’t joking when I said my brother was a big fan.”

She offers a sad smile before shaking her head to clear her thoughts.

Arty

“Anyways, my brother would always tell me these detective stories as a kid. You need to investigate the scene of the murder first, right? Gather clues and evidence, all that jazz? I’ll send you the address of the nightclub, but I’ll meet you outside when you're ready!”

Arty promptly runs off, striding confidently, self-assured. Meanwhile, the detective looks on at where she had been sitting, mind desperately trying to grasp the information overload of the past few minutes. Sighing heavily, he slides off his armchair, missing its comforting familiarity immediately.

Catective

“Kids these days…what have I gotten myself into?”

**Scene 3: Scene of the Murder**

**Note: There will be an investigation sequence potentially implemented later, but for the sake of time we’ll assume Catective finds evidence in a certain order for now.**

A neon-lit sign glows weakly in the overbearing light of the afternoon sun. Stanchions line the entrance to the nightclub, like little toy soldiers protecting the crowds from the otherwise bustling streets of Mew Paris. Now vacated, the stanchions stand against the Mew Parisian crowd, as if protecting civilians from the tragedy inside.

Catective

“Le Astra Electrique…”

Arty

(Grimly, she nods) “This is the place.”

Nudging the caution tape on the door aside, the Catective slowly walks inside and blinks, taking in the sudden darkness. Eerily quiet, the steps from the doorway led out into a wide room, cleared of its usual crowds of cats. As if on a pedestal, the DJ’s booth looms over the space, towering above as if overseeing an abandoned kingdom.

Directly below the pedestal, was the taped outline of a body. The stark white tape was like a beacon in the low-lit room, and the blood stains on the dark wood floors were an even starker contrast.

Catective

“Tell me - to the best of your ability - what happened here, Arty.”

Arty

(Looking up at the booth, expression stormy) “...”

Catective

“It’s imperative to the case, kiddo.”

Arty

“Alright, alright. Here’s what I remember.”

“On the night of Orion’s…passing, I was the DJ for this club up on that booth. It was a gig he got for me before we broke up, and I had to do it despite everything since they couldn’t get anyone else that night.”

“I had never mixed music for such a big venue. You should’ve seen it Mr. Mullen, it was something. A room packed full of cats all swaying and dancing to something I created, singing along to songs I hand-picked for a moment I envisioned them enjoying. The lights, the energy…it was the perfect night I could ask for, really.”

“But then there was a lull. As the night came to an end, I started playing softer songs since it was almost time for the club to close. I was told to do this around 1:30 AM. I heard shouting and I took off my headphones. It was Orion’s voice, and he was livid.”

“He had a weird look in his eyes. Like that look when he’s about to change the game, kind of crazed but so much angrier than usual.”

Catective

“The game?”

Arty

“Yeah, like a football game.”

Catective

“...!”

Arty

“Yeah, Orion’s a big deal in the sports world. Or so I’ve heard at least.”

Catective

“Wait, so you’re telling me… the famous football player in the news that got murdered… that was him??”

Arty

(Sheepish) “...Ah.”

Catective

“YOU CAME TO ME WITH A CASE LIKE THAT?!!”

(Just what did I get myself into? I was just about to retire…)

Arty

“We kind of got together since I didn’t really know anything of his celebrity side. I saw a game or two, but I was never a sports girlie.”

Catective

(Wouldn’t that be important in their relationship??)

Arty

“Anyways, he was extra scary that night. And when that anger’s directed at you…well.”

“It was weird too, now that I think about it. He was the one that broke things off all of a sudden. Just a text, didn’t feel real at all. I was kind of in a state of shock that night and seeing him there…it was like coming back to reality.”

“Shouting like that, he cleared the waves of people in tides. He started to climb the ladder up to the booth and I started panicking. That was the only exit and I didn’t have a plan.”

“When he got to the top, I tried to run past him but he grabbed me by the hood. No matter how much I struggled, he wouldn’t let go of me. He started to drag me to the ladder.”

“So I bit him.”

Catective

“You bit him?”

Arty

“I bit him.”

(smirking slightly) “He went down like a motherfucker.”

“Of course, he let go of me but as he was taking a step back, he tripped on the railing and…he fell. Hard.”

Catective

“From 20 feet?”

Arty

“Something like that. Landed right on his head and didn’t move after that. Dead.”

(She is silent for a moment.)

“He wasn’t that bad a guy you know? Like, before all this shit went down, he was alright. We were alright. He was a gentleman at heart and did all the right things when we were dating. And now he’s gone, and I might have killed him.”

Catective

(It’s the first time she may be admitting to this. She looks so distressed.)

“...But you didn’t.”

Arty

“Huh???”

Catective

“This whole “murder” is fishy from the get-go with too many unknowns. I believe in you, you’re my client after all, so we’re going to solve this and prove your innocence.”

Arty

“I…thank you, Catective. Really.”

Catective

“Let’s get a closer look at the scene of the crime. If you’re uncomfortable, you don’t have to-”

Arty

“No way. I’m your client and assistant now in all this. Especially since you’re rusty from this whole detective work shebang, it being three years and all.”

Catective

“Hey now, I’m not that rusty…”

Arty

“Would you really pass the NDIT right now?”

Catective

“...Field experience is more important-”

Arty

“Then what are we waiting for?”

Arty promptly walks to the body’s outline and the Catective begrudgingly follows.

**Bloodstain**

The blood on the ground has all but faded into the dark grey carpet, leaving the sharp scent of iron in its wake even still. Its stain is pooled in a wide circle that extends past the white scotch tape on the ground.

Catective

“You mentioned that he fell after tripping on the railing up there, right?”

Arty

“Yep. He dropped so heavily that you could hear the thud throughout the whole club. His head…it started bleeding and the paramedics were called. I didn’t want to take a closer look after that.”

Catective

“Cats usually land on their feet, and to fall from that height…maybe 20 feet or so? This typically isn’t fatal for our kind. It’s usually very rare to even fall on your head to induce enough blunt trauma to create this much external bleeding.”

Arty

“Ah, I get it. An old friend of mine used to do competitive diving. It took her a long time for her to perfect her form enough to dive straight down.”

Catective

“Competitive diving?”

Arty

(Sheepish) “It was her thing, not mine. I was always better at playing support back then.”

Catective

“...Were you happy just playing support?”

Arty  
“Well, you know what they say. Until it’s my turn, I’ll keep clapping happily for others.”

Catective

“...Hmm…that’s a positive perspective, I suppose.”

(She would get along with him well)

“Anyways, I’m going to take a sample of this and send it to my tech guy tonight. We should get some results tomorrow morning.”

The Catective takes a sample of the blood stains and pockets it in the meantime.

[sassy dialogue about who tf keeps blood in their pocket? And evidence hasn’t been lost this way yet]

**Footprints**

Catective

“Let’s head up the ladder. We might be able to glean more about what happened the other night up there.”

Arty

(Hesitant) “Alright. Let’s get climbing.”

Arty moves first and swiftly makes her way up the ladder, too rungs at a time.

Catective

(Breathless) “Hold on…kid…how did you…?”

Arty

“Get with it, Old Man, some of us aren’t getting younger out here!”

Catective

(At least she’s feeling better, but at what cost? I guess being out of the action takes a toll. And maybe one too many milk bottles…”

At the top, the Catective all but dry heaves once he hauls himself in the top. Lying in a fetile position, he groans pitifully as Arty gracefully sits beside him.

Catective

“Oh, to be young again…”

Arty

“Cheer up dude, it gets easier from here.”

Catective

“...I suppose that’s t-tru- ACHOO!!!”

The Catective lets out an explosive burst of air, the recoil causing him to slam back into the side of the DJ mixer. Arty yelps, shooting up into the air on impulse.

Arty

“AHHHHHHH!!!”

Catective

(groaning then sniffling) “Sorry… allergies.”

Arty

“That sound could exorcise ghosts. What the hell are you allergic to?”

Catective

“Glitter. And there’s lots of it.”

With that, the Catective slowly sits up, brushing off the accursed sparkles as he laments his current state in life.

Arty

“There was a lot of glitter during that night, so dazzling I couldn’t see for shit with all the lights and all until it died down. I never realized someone could be allergic to the stuff.”

Catective

“It’s me I’m allergic to this stuff.”

Glancing over as he sits up, the Catective does a double take.

Catective

“...Pawprints???”

Lo and behold, a clear set of pawprints lie just beyond the ladder, clear against the layers of glitter on the podium.

Catective

“I guess they didn’t get to cleaning this up yet. The podium is fairly high up, so it would be a hassle to bring a lot of cleaning materials up here.”

Arty

“More evidence for us then. Whatever can prove me innocent in this mess.”

Getting down on one knee, the Catective inspects the footprints closer.

Catective

“1 ¾ size paws, bigger than average as expected for a football player. Tall guy. One set, so only him on the seen approaching you. Standard paw prints overall. It’s a miracle we can even make these out so clearly.”

“!!!”

“One side…the print is deeper in the glitter here than the other. The other…the other is too light. Most likely due to a limp.”

Arty

“I do remember he was swaying as he walked…how did you get all that from a set of glitter prints?”

Catective

“It’s in the details, but we were very lucky to still have even these to work with.”

Arty

“True… but your powers of perception are kind of scary, Mr. Catective.”

Catective

(He lets out a sad smile) “Well I guess they didn’t call me the Cat Can Opener for nothing.”

**Note**

The two cats continue to investigate the DJ booth, but find nothing else of interest.

Catective

“Well, if there’s nothing here then we can investigate down below again…”

The Catective walks over to the ladder, mentally preparing himself for the long way down.

Arty

“Catective! Wait, what’s that under your foot?”

Catective

“...!”

Beneath the Catective’s paws, a slip of paper flaps lifelessly underneath his heel. Grasping at its frayed edges, the Catective brings the paper closer to make out its all but illegible chicken scratch.

Catective

“It’s a receipt.”

Arty

“Oh…”

Catective

“But it’s not mine!”

Arty

“Oh? Let me see!”

Arty takes the piece of paper and squints at the page, lines faded from a printer slowly losing its ink.

Arty

“Mew…Paris…Le Astra Electrique?”

“Oh! It’s a taxi Cat Cab receipt! To this nightclub! And I think the time says…12 AM? I can’t make out the minutes.”

Catective

“Even without the minutes… you said you only saw him by the time the nightclub was closing? So why was he here over an hour only if he made such a big entrance?”

Arty

“I’m not sure. I could have sworn I saw him walk in. I would recognize him anywhere…but now I’m not so sure.”  
  
Catective

“Dont’ worry kiddo. We’ll solve this case yet.”

Arty

“I hope so…my life depends on it.”

Catective

“Just like my life depends on getting down this ladder…”

The look Arty sends the Catective is withering, enough to fell several men far older and bigger than the Catective. Sheepishly, he pockets the note but it does little to weaken her overwhelming aura.

Catective

“Ok, ok I take it back”

Smug, Arty lets out a victorious grin, only slightly rueful.

Arty

“C’mon, Catective. It isn’t so bad. I’ve had my fair share of ladders after all this DJ stuff, surprisingly, and there’s nothing to it. Just don’t look down!”

As skillfully as ever, Arty grabs the sides of the ladder and, with a flourish of her paws, slides down the rest of the way. Landing perfectly with a slight bend in her knees, she looks up, smiling.

Arty

“As easy as that!”

Catective

(parroting) “aS eAsY aS tHaT…”

(As easy as that…wait a minute! Maybe it is!)

(with sudden enthusiasm at a terrible idea) “Okay, but watch this!”

The Catective tentatively walks to the precipice of the ladder, watching the ground sway beneath him precariously.

Arty

“Uhh…I said not to look down for a reason…”

The Catective closes his eyes tightly, breathing all but stilled. He sees nothingness, hears nothingness, the world beyond him blocked out. Channeling all of his mental power, he breathes in deeply, feeling the flames of chaos and destruction within him. He holds his breath, focusing and compressing the reservoirs of untapped potential within him into a single moment, a speck in space comprised of pure, raw energy. Suddenly, his nostrils flare, the power too overwhelming to contain. Roiling inside him, sparking with electricity and heat, he releases it with a burst of hot air.

The Catective opens his eyes, looking up. He was now at the bottom of the stairs.

Catective

“DID YOU SEE THAT, KIDDO? TAKE THAT, LADDER BITCHHHH!!!”

Arty

“...Uh, Catective? All you did was climb down the ladder really fast with your eyes closed-”

Catective

“I SAID TAKE THAT ALREADY NO TAKEBACKS!!!”

Arty

“...”

“...You should’ve told me you had a fear of heights, you old fart. I wouldn’t have made you climb up with me if I had known.”

Catective

“I don’t have a fear of heights…”

(Not until I lost *him*, at least)

The baleful look Arty sends him causes him to turn away. Even he knows he’s not convincing anyone.

Catective

“Fear of heights OR NOT, this case is worth a bit of fear. We wouldn’t have been able to find so many clues otherwise, and if it goes toward proving your innocence then I will do what I can to make it happen.”

Arty

“Wait, stop, go back to being sassy. My heart can’t take this.”

“But, for real, you’re alright, Catective. I’ll be honest, I hadn’t totally forgiven you for the whole spilling milk on my favorite shirt thing but… you’re alright.”

Catective

“Thank you, Arty. Means a lot from you kiddo.”

Arty

“You know, it’s a shame you haven’t taken on more cases. It’s obvious that you’re a skilled Catective, so what’s stopping you?”

Catective

(sigh)

“...I’ll tell you another time, kiddo. It’s a long story.”

Arty

“Well, alrighty, just don’t keep me waiting too long!”

Face cream bottle

Just before the two are about to leave, the young DJ spots a small, unlabeled white tube at the foot of the ladder. Picking it up, she slowly turns it over in her paws.

Catective

“What’s that you got over there?”

Arty

“Not sure…sunscreen maybe? Or face cream? Hard to tell, and there’s nothing left either. It smells great, though. Like some sort of earthy fruit mix.”

Catective

“We can send this too to my tech guy in the evening and hopefully hear back from him. It almost definitely has traces of someone’s pawprints or we could just figure out their skincare routine.”

Arty

“If you say so.”

**Bouncer**

The Catective and Arty reach the entrance of the club once more. Just as Arty grabs for the door, the Catective nudges her and subtly points his chin at another cat all but lost in shadow.

Catective

“Do you know them?’

Arty

“Uh I didn’t notice them when I came in but he looks a little familiar…oh! They’re the bouncer. They helped me get past the crowd last night so that I could perform!”

Catective

“Why don’t we ask them a few questions about that night. Maybe things will become a little clearer.”

Tentatively, the Catective and Arty approach the bouncer.

Catective

(Okay, an encounter with a potential witness to the crime. Play it smooth.)

“How goes it, fellow bouncer?”

Bouncer

“The hell?”

Catective

(Not smooth! Not smooth! Abort mission!!)

Arty

(Giving a side eye to end all side eyes) “What I think he means is…who are you and how are you?”

[cool opportunity for mini game around here of presenting the right evidence to get info from the bouncer]

Bouncer

(Sizing the two cats up, he huffs gruffly)

“And what’s it to you?”

Arty

“Ah, so you’re one of those…”

Bouncer

“WHAT WAS THAT?”

Arty

“Nothing! Nothing at all.”

Catective

(Not so easy now, is it kid?)

“We just had a few questions about the crime that occurred here a couple nights ago.”

Bouncer

“I don’t know nothing about that, so get lost.”

Catective

“Surely you know something? It’s been all over the news. The famous soccer player? Killed in this very club?)

Bouncer

“I really know nothing about it other than what you just said.”

Catective

(Holding back a smug smile) “So you do know something then?”

Bouncer

(All but growling) “I- Not funny, pal. Now get lost, or I’m kicking you both out.”

Straightening his spine, the bouncer towers at his full height. He looks down at the two in disdain, the very picture of intimidating. Arty quickly slides herself in between the Catective and the bouncer, smiling bashfully.

Arty

“Excuse my grandpa here, he can be a bit forward.”

Catective

“GRANDPA-“

Arty

“See? Forward. Anyways, it’s a shame you weren’t there that night. I heard this really famous DJ was there and that the whole club was popping off.”

Bouncer

(Snort) “They weren’t that good.”

Catective

(How would he know that if he didn’t…)

The Catective notices out of the corner of his eye the slight flick of a brown ear. So subtle that one could miss it with the blink of an eye. Perhaps more obvious was grin she was holding back

Both?

(Bingo)

(If we can make him keep talking, we may be able to prove he was there)

(like a real interrogation. Do it in the right order or don’t pick the wrong option or you don’t find out where to go next. You still continue but like you logic it out and it boring/scripted. Option to also keep pushing/maybe too much makes him mad and he stops talking altogetherz. Dice check system would be cool ahh)

**\*\*\*Decision Tree\*\*\***

1. Show your hand - i’m a detective (mkes him admit but once the other right options are exhausted)
2. Call the bouncer out (wrong - makes him defensive and he won’t talk anymore)
3. “The glitter was pretty intense that night too. Or so I hear.” (Bouncer unsure of where this is going. Press him to find out that your limp guess was correct)
4. “I heard rumors that the DJ was giving autographs out along with that soccer player.“ (Bouncer gives alibi of being with the soccer player before the set started by correcting this information - he wasn’t giving autographs but waiting somewhere in the back for at least an hour, main point that needs to be found.)
5. “It was so crazy that that one guy fell from all the way up there. What was his name again…?” (Bouncer answers with his name, Orion, and mentions the chaos around the body and the ER that were somehow immediately on the scene)
6. “I thought the music was pretty good.” (Dumb answer, go back to dialogue tree lol. Arty is slightly flattered even if you weren’t there)

Catective

(Pulls out badge) We’ve heard enough. I’m a detective, and you are being held accountable for being a witness to the murder of Orion Delacroix.

Bouncer

“WHAT?! Well, on what evidence.”

Failure:

Catective

“Well erm. That’s a good question.

(Damn it! I couldn’t tie his alibi to the crime. Maybe I should have pressed him for more information)

Success:

Catective

“You heard the DJ playing that night, did you not?”

Bouncer

“Well, no, I already said I wasn’t there that night.”

Arty

“But you said you thought the music I played was mid and saw the glitter coming from the ceiling.”

Catective

“You even knew the murder victim’s name despite claiming otherwise. You even saw that he had a limp and the ER come for him.”

Bouncer

“…”

“Fine. You got me. Yes, I was there that night. There’s no denying that now. But that’s all I know. You’ve gotten everything out of me, so why are you still here interrogating me?”

Catective

“But is that really all?”

Bouncer

“…!”

Catective

“What do you have to say to this?”

The catective pulls out the receipt

Bouncer

“...!”

Catective

“No one else reported seeing Orion at the scene of the crime before he entered the building. The only evidence of him being there early is this receipt found at the scene of the crime. How could you have known if you didn’t see him? We know you’re a witness, proven it beyond a shadow of a doubt. So tell us what you know.”

Bouncer

“...”

“...”

“It seems like you know everything.”

Arty

“...!”

Bouncer  
“My employer said that they would take care of everything, but that was obviously a lie. Fine, I’ll tell you everything I know on one condition.”

Arty

“How cliche, but do go on.”

Bouncer

“I was sent to retrieve him personally at his hotel, Le Diable Rose. I was told to not ask questions or else my paycheck would take a hit. I pick him up around 11:30 PM the night before, and as we drive he looks…odd. Knees weak, breathing heavy… I swear he said something about his mom’s spaghetti. It was too dark to see but he was sweating profusely. The seat was wet when he got out of the car around midnight. He then waited for the final set of the night before exiting from the back and re-entering the club. I never saw him after that, but I heard the crowd screaming from outside.”

Arty

“...Is that it?”

Bouncer

(offended) “WHAT DO YOU MEAN tHaT’s iT?”

Arty

“I mean… I was expecting more with how much it took to get you to open up…”

Bouncer

“Well it doesn’t come easy to some people…and I was threatened by my employer…what do you want from me?”

Catective

“But who is your employer?”  
  
Bouncer

“That I can’t tell you. Even telling you this much, even if you both seemed to have it all figured out, is very risky to me. Apologies, but this is the best I can do for you.”

Catective

“...Hmmm. And Orion never left the back until the final set?”

Bouncer

“As far as I know.”

Catective

“And how did he look when he re-entered the club?”

Bouncer

“He had a crazy look in his eyes, like a man on a mission. But other than that, he had the limp I mentioned before. But he was moving very purposefully, so it wasn’t like he’d been drinking heavily. He seemed better than when he was in the car.”

Arty

“Maybe it was carsickness? I’ve never seen him like that though…not even from the games he’s played in…”

Catective

“It’s likely the effects of some drug, but it’s hard to tell. His thinking, at least, seems to have been heavily altered. We’ll have to get the blood tested for tonight. In the meantime, I think we’re done here.”

“Your testimony was very helpful. We’ll keep this to ourselves and keep your identity confidential. Thank you, we’ll be leaving now.”

The bouncer nods, tipping his head to the two cats before blending into the shadows once more. The Catective and Arty step out of the club, basking in the cool evening breeze as the electric lamps flair to life in the bustling city.

[Probably put some closure dialogue to get the player thinking and curious but filler paragraph for now.]

The Catective and Arty separate for the night, but not without questions. What was Orion doing before the final set? Who was this mysterious employer, and what role did they have in all this? And what made Orion act the way he did that led to his demise? The two cats ride out an uneasy sleep before the next day.

[Clues: bloodstain on the ground despite blunt trauma impact (getting it sent to his tech guy to test the blood sample, probably find something weird in the blood), footprints on the stairs (from glitter that night ig)that show he had a limp due to the weight not being evenly distributed across the shoes, note under the Dj equipment stand that describes the time as well as ~~Arty’s name~~ and the night club’s location, empty face cream bottle on the stairs (send to tech guy to check for fingerprints), thought exercise? (maybe like ruling out that he was intoxicated if he could climb the ladder, but not thinking clearly if he thought he could carry a struggling arty down each of the ladder’s rungs - even an athlete would struggle. Determined some form of drug use), bouncer on the scene but can crack him if you find enough clues (says he did not know Orion at all but actually helped get him in from his hotel, gives name of hotel; maybe because he says a time an hour earlier than arty’s testimony)

[Expected outcome: Orion was injured from testing the immortality potentials of Makia’s Mango Matcha beauty cream, hence the limp. Under Makia’s orders, he had the bouncer sneak him in and waited for her final set before making his move (the note fell out at this point by the entrance). He made as big a scene as possible to draw attention to her, and the beauty cream’s drugs made him rowdier, more energized. In his haste to get up the ladder the beauty cream dropped. He then scuffled with Arty and fell on purpose, knowing he would survive the fall. The cream, due to its immortality properties, causes increased heavy bleeding due to the platelets and stuff, so the head trauma he suffered, tho normally would have contained bleeding, overflowed. But he was in fact still alive and escaped to the catacombs on the way to transporting his body to the morgue]

**~~Scene 4: Locker Rooms~~**

**~~Scene 5: Sleepy Time I (only if time)~~**

**Day 2**

**~~Scene 6: Catective Office II~~**

**Scene 7: Outside the Hotel I**

[Makia reveal, fail to get into the hotel]

Catective

(Arty and I met up the next day to discuss the case, but we weren’t able to come up with any leads. Our best bet is going to the hotel today to try to solve this case before her trial.)

Stepping out into the parking lot, the Catective is broken from his reverie by a confused yelp.

Arty

“Hey! Watch it you!”

Arty barely dodged a group of cats running past her, disgruntled by the horde of cats that seemed to appear out of nowhere.

**Scene 8: Cemetery**

[Long trauma dump ensues, Catective resolves to text Mitt, Arty closure]

**~~Scene 9: Sleepy Time II (only if time~~**

**Day 3**

**Scene 10: Catective Office III**

[Arty is gone but is the letter for real? Game ends if you’re dumb]

**Scene 11: Inside the Hotel Room**

[Sneak into hotel room, investigate the scuffle, look under the rug under the bed]

**Scene 12: Enter the Catacombs**

[Atmospheric comments, travel to room where Arty is captured, monologue of Makia and have Orion chase them out along with rest of cult]

~~[Gameplay of solving the maze, have to remember the way back after for the chase scene]~~

**Scene 13: Outside the Hotel II**

[Chase scene climax, Makia arrested, Mitt to the rescue, happy ending yay]