

THE WOLF AMONGUS

A TELLTALE GAMES SERIES

"WAR STORIES"

BRANCHING NARRATIVE SPEC SCRIPT SAMPLE

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BASED ON FABLES# 28 (2004)

DIR: Bigby stands under a street lamp as he talks on a payphone. He keeps his eyes on a nearby alleyway.

BIGBY: Our witness is late, Snow. This is starting to smell like a setup.

SNOW: This is our only possible lead to the Cinderella murder. Don't tell me the Big Bad Wolf is scared.

CHOICES:

- 1. I'll be fine.**
- 2. Just a little lonely without my partner.**
- 3. Knock it off, Snow.**
- 4. Silence**

1. I'll be fine. Need to catch this killer.

BIGBY: I'll be fine. We just need to do whatever it takes to catch this killer.

[TO MAIN PATH]

2. Just a little lonely without my partner.

BIGBY: It's just a little lonely without my partner. It's cold out tonight.

SNOW: Bigby, I... You know things are complicated right now. We really need to focus on this case.

BIGBY: Yeah, I understand.

[TO MAIN PATH]

3. Knock it off, Snow.

BIGBY: Knock it off, Snow. I've got a bad feeling about this meet up.

SNOW: Sorry, Bigby. I understand. Report back if our witness shows up.

[TO MAIN PATH]

4. Silence

SNOW: Hello? Are you still there?

BIGBY: Sorry, I caught a scent of something familiar in the air. I better get back to keeping an eye out for our witness.

SNOW: Be careful, Bigby.

[TO MAIN PATH]

[MAIN PATH]

DIR: A scream is heard in the distance.

BIGBY: Shit! Gotta run!

SNOW: Bigby--

DIR: Bigby runs toward the alley. He turns a corner and finds the source of the screaming: a small cage covered with a sheet.

Bigby pulls back the sheet.

BIGBY: Frankie?

DIR: Bigby finds Frankenstein's animated tattered head sitting in the cage.

FRANKIE: I'm sorry, Bigby.

CHOICES:

- 1. Sorry about what?**
- 2. Who did this to you, Frankie?**
- 3. Where is your body?**
- 4. Silence**

1. Sorry about what?

BIGBY: Sorry about what?

FRANKIE: I didn't have a choice; he offered me a new body. I couldn't say no.

[TO MAIN PATH]

2. Who did this to you, Frankie?

BIGBY: Who did this to you, Frankie?

FRANKIE: Look behind you.

[TO MAIN PATH]

3. Where is your body?

BIGBY: Where is your body?

FRANKIE: I'm getting a new one. I won't need to hide in the shadows anymore. I'm going to be young and handsome soon.

[TO MAIN PATH]

4. Silence

DIR: Bigby smells Frankie.

BIGBY: You don't smell like yourself, Frankie. What's going on here?

[TO MAIN PATH]

[MAIN PATH]

FRANKIE: I'm sorry, Bigby. I really am.

DIR: A figure holding a gun emerges from the shadows.

CHOICES:

1. Give me your best shot.

2. Don't do it.

3. [Attack]

4. Silence

1. Give me your best shot.

BIGBY: Give me your best shot, Punk! Nothing I can't handle.

[TO MAIN PATH]

2. Don't do it.

BIGBY: I wouldn't pull that trigger. You don't want this kinda trouble.

[TO MAIN PATH]

3. Attack

DIR: Bigby lunges at the attacker.

[TO MAIN PATH]

4. Silence

DIR: Bigby snarls at the shooter.

[TO MAIN PATH]

[MAIN PATH]

DIR: Bigby is shot multiple times in the chest and falls to the ground.

MAN IN THE SHADOWS: Be afraid, Mr. Wolf. Those were silver bullets. Special delivery from the Dog Company.

DIR: The man tosses a cloth patch onto Bigby's chest and runs off.

Bigby holds the patch as he begins to blackout. We see that the patch includes the text "Dog Company: 605th Brigade" sewn across an image of a dog. The image fades to a newer-looking version of the patch attached to the uniform of a World War II soldier. In a dark bunker, a group of soldiers stand around a map of Germany. An explosion outside shakes the bunker.

LIEUTENANT RONALD LEVINE: Listen up Dog Company. You unlucky bastards have been cherry-picked for a special mission: Operation Chambermaid.

DIR: A grimacing Staff Sergeant Michael Supinski spits into a can.

LT RONALD LEVINE: We will be entering the Führer's backyard to locate and destroy a Nazi weapons base. A mission expert will guide us through the woods to our target. Mr. Wolf?

DIR: Bigby exits from the shadows wearing a white tuxedo, a la Casablanca, slicked-back hair, and smoking a cigarette.

BIGBY: Ron, it's nice to see you again.

DIR: Sergeant Michael Supinski spits again.

SERGEANT SUPINKSI: Who's this playboy? I sure as hell don't need lessons picking up girls.

PRIVATE CUTTER: Not as long as you've got Five-Fingered Mary. Right, Supinski?

DIR: The group breaks out laughing.

SERGEANT SUPINKSI: Eat shit, Cutter. I ain't joking around. Why should we trust you, Wolf Boy?

CHOICES:

- 1. Fuck off.**
- 2. I'm here to help.**
- 3. Listen to your commander, Kid.**
- 4. Silence**

1. Fuck off.

DIR: Bigby takes a drag from his cigarette and the blows the smoke into Supinksi's face.

BIGBY: Fuck off, Sergeant.

DIR: Sergeant Supinksi tries to punch Bigby; a few of his officers hold him back.

[TO MAIN PATH]

2. I'm here to help.

BIGBY: I'm here to help. I want the same thing you do, to win the war and go home.

SERGEANT SUPINKSI: Sure, Wolf Boy.

[TO MAIN PATH]

3. Listen to your commander, Kid.

BIGBY: Listen to your lieutenant, Kid. I don't think he'd approve of his guest being treated so poorly.

SERGEANT SUPINKSIL: You didn't answer my question, Pal.

[TO MAIN PATH]

4. Silence

SERGEANT SUPINKSI: Got nothing to say, Slick?

BIGBY: Got nothing to prove, Roughneck.

SERGEANT SUPINKSI: What'd you say?

[TO MAIN PATH]

[MAIN PATH]

LT RONALD LEVINE: That's enough. I'm vouching for Mr. Wolf and that's all you need to understand. Dog Company, grab your gear and head out.

DIR: The scene fades to night and we see Bigby leading a group of American soldiers through a thick forest.

SERGEANT HARP: Why's this place so important, Lieutenant?

LT RONALD LEVINE: The official answer is: you don't need to know, Sergeant. The real answer is: we're not entirely sure.

According to your intelligence boys, the Nazis have got a secret-weapons-development going on. We're here to throw a monkey wrench into their schemes.

BIGBY: Wait.

DIR: Bigby senses something and raises his fist. The soldiers stop in their tracks.

PRIVATE ZILMER: It scares the frothy piss outta me when he does that.

SERGEANT SUPINKSI: Shut it, Private.

DIR: The forest becomes eerily quiet and then the noise of trucks and stomping boots goes by. The forest sounds returns to normal.

PRIVATE ZILMER: How does he do that?

BIGBY: Something is up ahead. Let me check it out.

LT RONALD LEVINE: Men, hold positions.

DIR: Bigby swiftly moves through the forest toward a moaning sound. He closes in, pushes the brush aside to discover a Nazi soldier who's missing an arm. A bloodied wrap covers his shoulder. Bigby recognizes the soldier.

BIGBY: Hansel?

HANSEL: I'm unarmed! Please don't shoot. Please don't kill me!

BIGBY: Hansel, it's me, Bigby Wolf. Calm down, I'm not going to kill you.

HANSEL: Wolf? It's a relief to see another Fable.

BIGBY: What are you doing in that Nazi outfit?

HANSEL: Germany is my homeland as you know, but no, I am not a Nazi.

BIGBY: Then what the hell are you doing?

HANSEL: I have no choice...Those scums have Gretel.

CHOICES:

1. Where is your arm?

2. Why are you here?

3. Where is Gretel?

4. Silence

1. Where is your arm?

BIGBY: What happened to your arm?

HANSEL: It was ripped off.

BIGBY: Tripped a mine?

HANSEL: A monster pulled it from the socket and killed the rest of the men.

BIGBY: Holy hell, Hansel.

[TO MAIN PATH]

2. Why are you here?

BIGBY: What are you doing here?

HANSEL: I was part of a platoon sent to capture a monster that roams these woods. Part of my deal with those bastards to save Gretel.

[TO MAIN PATH]

3. Where is Gretel?

BIGBY: Where is Gretel?

HANSEL: Nazis have her hostage in a castle nearby. I just needed to capture a monster that roams these woods. I was hoping this would be my last mission for those bastards.

[TO MAIN PATH]

4. Silence

HANSEL: You need to be careful out here.

BIGBY: It's war, Hansel. Not my first, either.

HANSEL: Not like this, there is a monster out here. It killed the other men...

[TO MAIN PATH]

[MAIN PATH]

BIGBY: Who is this monster? Another Fable?

HANSEL: Not exactly. Nazis have started capturing fables, experimenting on them, trying to turn them into weapons.

DIR: Bigby perks up; something has his attention.

BIGBY: We'd better get you outta here. Men are coming this way.

DIR: Bigby helps Hansel up from the ground.

HANSEL: Where am I supposed to go? I need your help, Bigby.

BIGBY: We can talk about that later, I need you to--

LT RONALD LEVINE: What the hell is going on here?

The rest of the Dog Company emerges from the woods, pointing their rifles at Bigby. Supinski cocks his rifle.

SERGEANT SUPINKSI: Looks like The Dog Company found us a sick wolf that needs putting down.