

Welcome anyone! This is one of our unfinished episodes. The script is mostly unrevised, so any grammar check/sensitivity reading will have come after. You may see some highlighted parts, which are usually notes to check accuracy or pronunciation notes for our cast. Here, you get to see our writer's stream of thought, so please be kind and remember that what you see in the final product is never a first draft! With that, please enjoy!

EPISODE 22 - TEDDY NOIR

KASS. Steveston was a vampire of a city; fueled by blood, greed, and crime. For the wealthier residents was less of a problem than an unfortunate inconvenience—a peculiar abnormality. Still, this left the majority of the population vulnerable. This atmosphere was ripe for attracting the more inquisitive individuals: in particular, those with enough anger to fuel them through tough investigations.

One of the dustiest, most recently-opened offices had a sign on the door, lopsidedly nailed in. The sign claimed the office belonged to one Teddy Montgomery, private eye. Inside, the man the words referred to sat, leaning back against the chair, eyes closed. His face was far younger than that of the revolutionary, his expression free of the tired resignation it would later adopt. He currently lived on a diet of stale bread and pure spite.

The phone on the desk rang—Alabaster, a tailor from the far side of the city. This had significance only because Teddy hasn't heard from xyr in months. He'd told xem to contact him with any suspicious information regarding the War, but so far, no dice. With no small amount of trepidation, he picked up the phone.

Alabaster started talking before the receiver was even up to Teddy's ear. It takes a moment to process what xey said—something about mail?

"Alright, slow down, you're giving me a headache," said Teddy. He rubbed his temple with his free hand. "Start over."

"Right, right." Xyr grin was audible, but not infectious. Teddy only scowled.

At least the information was good. According to Alabaster, xey were currently in a position to get Teddy mail from Harzidan—specifically, mail that may have proven a connection between Talsoria and Harzidan, may even prove that they're messing with the War. It's the closest thing he'd had to a real lead in a while.

The only problem? Steveston was currently walled up now to keep the War out, which would be fine, but it also prevents citizens of the Empire from leaving—even on business. Xey would have to wait for it to arrive.

Alabaster said xyr contact would smuggle xem the mail within the week, and they'd meet up as soon as it arrived. Teddy had no choice but to agree and to clear his already-barren schedule.

That is, that was the plan. Teddy had a bad feeling about the plan from the day the exchange was supposed to happen, when the door to Alabaster's apartment was left unlocked. A grinding noise could be heard faintly through the door. He took a deep breath and his revolver from its holster before entering, just in case.

Teddy kicked the door down. For a moment, he almost thought everything was fine; Alabaster sat in xyr chair, hunched over xyr sewing machine, as usual. Xey would almost look hard at work if it weren't for the unnatural way xyr head sat on xyr shoulders. Looking closer, he saw

xyr back was riddled with bullet holes, blood pooling on the floor. He went to check xyr pulse, just to be sure. No pulse. *Shit.*

The mail was nowhere to be found, of course. Upon further examination Teddy found that the murder weapon was a specialized gun from HARZIDAN, used by their SPECIAL FORCES. Damn expensive and near-impossible to get under normal circumstances, but with the war on? This had to be a cover-up. He was onto something.

...not that he could do anything with no evidence and Alabaster dead.

KASS. Not a week later, a client entered Teddy's office. She was shorter than him, with shiny hair and eyes wide with tears. Her face was young and free of scars—a rarity in The Empire. She had thrown herself in the chair across from his desk as soon as he opened the door for her, telling him her name was Opal Hayworth, and she desperately needed a detective's help to find a rare family heirloom.

"Please, Mr. Montgomery—"

He stopped her. "Teddy."

Opal blinked, then continued. "Teddy, then. My grandmother's prized revolver—it's been stolen!"

Guns were hardly a rarity in The Empire, even jewel-encrusted ones like Opal's grandmother's, but she went on to explain that her grandfather had proposed to her grandmother with it, which she replied to by using it to shoot a too-persistent romantic rival. It held *sentimental value* and had sat in a special box ever since—that is, until it had disappeared without a trace.

Opal leaned forward, cupping Teddy's hand in hers. He froze. "Help me, Teddy. I don't know what to do. I'll do anything you want, Detective, will pay any price. I just need my grandma's revolver back."

No. Teddy just got a lead—even if it ended up leading nowhere, he had to get back in his family's good graces. He didn't have *time* to help some young woman find a misplaced revolver, no matter how urgent or sentimentally valuable, and told her so.

She sighed, releasing his hand at last. "I suppose I'll have to do this myself, then. Perhaps I'll start with asking about that tailor..."

Teddy's eyes lit up. "I beg your pardon?"

Opal tilted her head. She explained that the tailor, Lola, had been the last known person to have had the pistol. Teddy furrowed his brow—Lola had been an associate of Alabaster's, supplying xir with any materials he could spare. However, he had been murdered recently as well--IN THE SAME FASHION AS ALABASTER. The possibility was flimsy as best, but Teddy would take whatever he could get.

He turned again to Opal, who watched him with pleading eyes. She'd evidently taken the time to apply makeup before arriving, as the eyeliner ran down her cheeks. He did feel bad for her; if this had happened to his family...

Teddy sighed, using his cane to help him get to his feet. "Well, Ms. Hayworth, it seems I'll be taking your case after all."

KASS. OKAY THIS PART IS WHAT'S GIVING ME TROUBLE. I'M GONNA GO REREAD MY SPIDER MAN NOIR COMIC AND THINK OF HOW TO FILL THIS GAP INCLUDE MANIPULATION OF TEDDY. This is a bit of a rabbit hole. Other stuff happens, the revolver exchanges hands a bunch. maybe there is some kind of mob boss involved? Other murders? Sketchy noir shit? (THIS BIT NEEDS WORK)

TEDDY WENT TO TALK TO SOMEONE ABOUT THE GUN; OPAL WAS LEFT OUTSIDE

"A family heirloom? The Westerfield Revolver, a family heirloom?! Absolutely not!"

Teddy froze. The name sounded eerily familiar. "The *what*?"

The Westerfield Revolver, of course, had belonged to the royal family. Owned by Queen Kathleen Westerfield, the last monarch, it was infamous in both bedazzlement and historical relevance—some said it had fired "the shot that started the war". It was a priceless artefact. Certain black-market sellers would pay a fortune for it.

Teddy set one hand on his hip, where the revolver now sat. *DAMN*.

HE LEAVES THE BUILDING.

"Oh, Teddy, darling, did you get it?" Teddy took the revolver out wordlessly, taking note of Opal's reaction. Her eyes lit up.

"Fantastic! I knew you could. May I hold it?"

She leans forward, arms outstretched, but Teddy keeps a tight hold on it. "Did you happen to know a tailor named Alabaster?"

"Huh?"

"BLAH BLAH SOMETHING RELATED TO IT. THIS IS THE STANDOFF."

"WELL." Her expression tightened, gaining a knife-sharp edge. She reached into her too-fluffy coat, pulling out a gun--this one far more effective than the one she'd worked so hard to find. "Come on, sweetheart. Hand it over."

"No, I don't think I will." HE STARTED LAYING OUT THE THINGS. "YOU WERE BEING SOOOOO SHADY. YOU'VE BEEN DOING SKETCHY STUFF AND MANIPULATING ME."

"Maybe. You see, my employer needs that gun--desperately. They're willing to pay me *far* more than what it's worth if I hand it in."

"You know I can't let you do that."

"But then we'd never get to be together."

"Pardon?"

She smiled at him, warm and sad. "You heard me. I like you, and I know you feel the same. We can run away together, Teddy. Just you and me, together, far away from this place... just give me the revolver. We both know they won't catch us. The money will keep us safe for a long, long time."

It would have been an enticing offer, if it were someone else—if he were someone else. Unfortunately for her, Teddy had never been interested in women.

"Sorry, Opal. You're not exactly my type." And he fired.

KASS. In the end, the case was a dead end in more ways than one. Teddy told the PRESS that the revolver was a well-made fake, and as it was obvious that he'd have been able to sell it for a small fortune if he were lying, the Westerfield Revolver remained a long-lost piece of history. Future patrons of Teddy Montgomery, private eye, could spy it on his desk, shining brilliantly as it held down his papers. It never fired another shot.

While the case brought his services to the attention of the masses, Teddy could never quite consider it a success. It gave him business, but neither evidence nor closure accompanied this.

Planning:

- Main character: a younger version of Teddy Montgomery (much closer to having been disowned by his family)
 - Just goes by Teddy
 - Has a Private Investigation business
 - Has chronic pain after being shot in the leg, uses a cane
 - snarky, dry-witted, morally grey but ultimately good
 - a bit bitter/jaded, not in love with life
 - he lives out of spite, and nothing else
 - Has connections but not friends
 - Teddy's main goal: to find proof that Talsorian and Hardizan are messing with the Imperial war. He cannot succeed in any regard
- Setting: The Empire
 - Steveston. Lean into noir element: dark, dangerous, filled with people smoking cigars XD
 - Draw in Empire/War element as well: the city is walled, to keep everyone safe but also to prevent people from getting in/out
 - Tensions are high, danger is everpresent

- Overall Plot
 - Beginning: Teddy is looking for a lead on his goal
 - *Middle: Teddy gets drawn into other mystery, that keeps getting more complex*
 - End: Teddy solves mystery (makes no progress on goal) and it cements his place as a PI in Steveston

Plot

- ~~Teddy has a contact who says he can find Teddy mail(?) from Hardizan, that came in under suspicious circumstances. Teddy thinks this will help his goal~~
- ~~The contact is MURDERED. Teddy is like OH MY GOD. SOMEONE IS COVERING THIS UP. THIS PROVES MY THEORY.~~
- ~~Then this young attractive lady comes to his newly opened PI business. (Femme fatale). She is like "ahh.. help me... my grandmother's jewel-encrusted revolver was STOLEN and we need it back! My grandfather proposed to her with it, and then she shot his romantic rival!! It's so important to us and financially/emotionally etc etc" She tries to seduce Teddy to help her and he's like... I have more important things to do~~
- ~~But then she says something that makes him realize it's related to the earlier murder (what/how?)~~
- ~~So Teddy tries to find this revolver, thinking that It's All Related. Also he does feel bad for her, wants to help her out~~
- This is a bit of a rabbit hole. Other stuff happens, the revolver exchanges hands a bunch. maybe there is some kind of mob boss involved? Other murders? Sketchy noir shit? (THIS BIT NEEDS WORK)
- ~~In the end though... the revolver is ACTUALLY one that formerly belonged to the royal family in Westerfield. It is priceless, was owned by [queen/king so and so, the last monarch] and is said to have fired "the shot that started the war" (NO IDEA if this works with the history, gotta double check)~~

- And the femme fatale was actually just trying to get her hands on it! She has been doing lots of sketchy shit and manipulating Teddy!
- They have a gun stand-off, and Teddy starts to be like, suave and putting on the moves to try and get her to stand down and not like, kill a hostage or him
- She's like "if you just hand over the revolver... we can run away together. live happily ever after" He's like... ma'am I'm gay. And then shoots her or something??
- but then he tells everyone it was a replica, even though it's not, and they believe him because he could sell it for SO much money. he uses it as a paperweight.
- This whole thing kickstarts his PI business, but he's still upset in the end that he has made no progress on his original goal

THESE ARE THE DETAILS OF THE CASE. THIS IS HOW IT GOES.

- OPAL HAS TAKEN THE SPECIAL BOI REVOLVER. SHE WANTS IT.
 - ...why?
- Who has the gun at the end?
 - Work backwards!!!!!!
 - Who kills Alabaster? Why did xey get murdered? A PACKAGE????
 - HE WALKS IN TO TALK TO ALABASTER AND XEY'RE JUST. FUCKIN DEAD.
 - Ah. xey're dead.
 - Some specific kind of killed. Oof.
 - SOMEONE ELSE WAS KILLED IN THAT SAME SPECIFIC WAY!!!!!! Related to Opal
 - Or someone runs away from the crime scene and ooh blam they done murdered

- THIS IS HOW THEY TRAIN THEIR GUYS TO MURDER IN
OTHERPLACE, WHY IS IT IN STEVESON...
- Red herring re: harzidan & war

Kickass movie

Spiritfarer

GUN THAT SHOOTS BULLET THAT EXPANDS??????