

SAMPLE TRANSCRIPT

This sample transcript shows many of the usual things that you can do in “The Life (and Deaths) of Doctor M.” It also shows a few simple puzzles and their solutions, and gives a general idea of how Interactive Fiction works. Commands typed by the player appear after each prompt (>).

Observation Room

Featureless, save for the large observation window that looks out into the interrogation room. An exit is in the southeastern corner.

Outfitted in his dark blue uniform, his arms crossed, stands the Commander of your terrorist organization.

"Ah, Doctor Hypno-Hiss," the Commander says to you, coolly. "It's about time that you answered my summons. Since I am need of your services, I will forgive you... this time." He points through the observation window into the interrogation room, where a prisoner is shackled to a chair. "Your mission is simple. The prisoner has a briefcase. I want it opened while the prisoner is alive." The glare from his hood could not be more menacing. "I will be observing your progress from here."

> x observation window

The observation window encompasses most of the east wall. You can look through it into the interrogation room.

> look through window

The interrogation's main feature is its chair, to which is shackled the prisoner. Handcuffed to the prisoner is a briefcase.

> x commander

Outfitted in his dark blue uniform, he stands tall and imposing, his hood concealing all facial features save for his eyes.

The Commander catches you staring at him. "Don't waste your time ogling me, Doctor. There is work to be done. I want you to open that briefcase, or suffer the consequences."

> talk to commander

The Commander levels his gaze at you. "What is it, Doctor Hypno-Hiss?"

(You could ask him about himself, yourself, the prisoner, or the briefcase.)

> ask commander about himself

You ask the Commander about himself.

"You waste time with idle questions, Doctor," the Commander says. "I am the leader of

the world's most feared terrorist organization, and I do not suffer fools gladly."

> **ask commander about me**

You ask the Commander about yourself.

"You are Doctor Hypno-Hiss," the Commander says, "a scientist whose unorthodox methods are not appreciated by the scientific community. And so you came to me for employment. Your specialty is extracting information from your... subjects... and not damaging them in the process."

> **topics**

You could ask him about himself, yourself, the prisoner, or the briefcase.

> **a prisoner**

You ask the Commander about the prisoner.

"Code-named 'Gunn'," the Commander practically spits. "He and his team of elite soldiers have interfered with my plans one too many times. Our forces captured him not far from here with that briefcase cuffed to his hands."

> **a briefcase**

You ask the Commander about the briefcase.

"I am certain that briefcase contains physical documents and electronic files that detail every aspect of our organization," the Commander hisses. "To put it simply, Doctor, I believe there is a traitor amongst us, someone who delivered that briefcase to him. Open the briefcase, and we may learn who the traitor is."

(You could ask him about himself, yourself, the prisoner, the briefcase, or the traitor.)

> **a traitor**

You ask the Commander about the traitor.

The Commander clenches a fist and his eyes narrow beneath the holes of his hood.

"Whoever this traitor is, he will be certain to suffer my wrath."

> **bye**

When you wish him farewell, the Commander stares at you in disgust. "Don't waste our time with pleasantries," he snarls.

> **se**

Underground Lair

One of the many monotonous hallways that make up your organization's underground lair. It continues east and west, with entrances to the interrogation room to the northeast, and the observation room to the northwest. Exit from the underground lair

can be found to the south.

> **inventory**

You are carrying a medical case. You are wearing your pendant, your dastardly monocle, and your uniform.

> **x medical case**

A small, black case in which you carry your... "medical"... supplies. The case is currently closed.

> **open case**

You open the medical case, revealing a syringe and a vial.

> **x vial**

This is a small vial of your homemade truth serum, which you manufacture, in part, from the venom of certain kinds of snakes. A very potent concoction. The vial is closed.

> **x syringe**

A small syringe with a very nasty needle, a barrel, and a plunger. To use it, you simply insert it into a "patient."

> **ne**

Interrogation Room

You stand within a square, sterile chamber with an exit to the southwest. An enormous mirror encompasses most of the west wall.

In the center of the chamber, illuminated by a harsh spotlight, sits... The Chair... a monstrous work of metal, shackled to which is your prisoner.

The prisoner raises his head and stares intently at you. "Doctor Hypno-Hiss, I presume. I was told you would be coming."

> **x prisoner**

Blond hair, blue eyes, athletic, and outfitted in a standard military uniform--a real hero... and the perfect portrayal of everything you loathe. The soldier's been roughed up a bit, but the bruises will heal and the bleeding will stop. Shouldn't impede what you need to do.

> **x handcuffs**

Seemingly impenetrable handcuffs that attach the briefcase to your prisoner.

> **x briefcase**

A simple, leather briefcase handcuffed to the prisoner. It is currently closed and secured by an intricate lock.

> **x lock**

It seems to consist of a pad and hole with a small crystal in it.

> **open briefcase**

The briefcase is securely locked.

"Good luck with that," the soldier smirks.

> **prisoner, open briefcase**

"I don't think so," says the soldier. "You'll have to do better than your worst to make me help you open the briefcase."

> **talk to prisoner**

You are already talking to the prisoner.

> **topics**

You could ask him about himself, yourself, the briefcase, or the traitor.

> **ask prisoner about himself**

You ask the prisoner about himself.

"Why don't you ask your little Commander about me?" the prisoner says with an impassive grin. "He and I have duked it out on many occasion."

> **a myself**

You ask the prisoner about yourself.

"The infamous Doctor Hypno-Hiss. I don't believe we have had the pleasure of meeting in person before today." The prisoner smiles ruefully. "And it's certainly not a pleasure now."

> **a briefcase**

You ask the prisoner about the briefcase.

"I don't know what's in it," the soldier says, stoically, "nor do I know how to open it."

> **a traitor**

You ask the prisoner about the traitor.

"Even if I knew who the traitor in your organization was, I wouldn't tell you to save my life," the soldier says, adamantly.

> **open vial**

You open the vial, revealing some truth serum.

> **pour serum in syringe**

You delicately pour some serum into the syringe.

> **insert syringe into prisoner**

You jab the syringe into the prisoner's forearm and depress the plunger. The prisoner doesn't even wince. "You'll have to better than that to make me talk," says the soldier.

> **wait**

Time passes.

Despite his best efforts, the soldier's head nods. His eyes glaze, and his pupils widen. Excellent. The truth serum is taking effect.

> **a himself**

You ask the prisoner about himself.

As if programmed to do so, the prisoner rattles off his information. "Name: Joe, Gregory I. Rank: Sergeant. Serial Number: RA213757794. Codename: Gunn."

> **a myself**

You ask the prisoner about yourself.

Without blinking, the prisoner stares up at you and says: "You're Doctor Hypno-Hiss, a scientist who was unable to cut it in the real world, so you turned your back on it. As far as I am concerned, you are a coward and a traitor." The prisoner shrugs, politely. "Sorry, that's just how I feel."

> **a briefcase**

You ask the prisoner about the briefcase.

"I received it from an unknown source," the soldier says calmly. "It's secured by a combination biometric/photoelectric lock. First, I need to bypass the biometric lock by putting my thumb on the pad. Then you need to bypass the photoelectric lock by focusing some light on the crystal."

> **prisoner, put thumb on pad**

"I may have to tell you the truth," says the soldier, languidly, "but I don't have to do what you command."

> **i**

You are carrying a medical case. You are wearing your pendant, your dastardly monocle, and your uniform.

> **x pendant**

A gold chain with the symbol of your organization as the pendant. You use it to hypnotize your... "patients"... when extracting the truth from them.

> **hypnotize prisoner with pendant**

The drowsy soldier follows the pendant with his eyes... back and forth... back and forth... Soon the soldier's eyes glaze over, and you are certain he is under your control.

> **prisoner, put thumb on pad**

The prisoner obediently places his thumb on the lock pad. You here a series of beeps and a click... though the briefcase still does not open.

> **open briefcase**

The briefcase is securely locked.

> **I**

Interrogation Room

You stand within a square, sterile chamber with an exit to the southwest. An enormous mirror encompasses most of the west wall.

In the center of the chamber, illuminated by a harsh spotlight, sits... The Chair... a monstrous work of metal, shackled to which is your prisoner.

> **x spotlight**

A nasty, warm light that showers the interrogation chair.

> **focus spotlight on crystal**

You need to be carrying something with which to focus the spotlight.

> **i**

You are carrying a medical case. You are wearing your pendant, your dastardly monocle, and your uniform.

> **remove monocle**

You take off your dastardly monocle.

> **focus spotlight on crystal**

You hold your dastardly monocle in the spotlight. The lens intensifies some of the light into a single beam that you focus on the crystal within the briefcase lock. The crystal glows, there's a beep, and the briefcase swings open revealing dozens of paper documents and electronic pads.

A crack, followed by the crash of exploding glass causes you to swing around. Standing beyond the shattered observation window is the Commander. He holds a gun, its barrel still smoking from the shot that he fired to destroy the window.

"Thank you, Doctor Hypno-Hiss," he says, coolly. "I needed that briefcase open. When I closed it, I wasn't expecting to see it again."

The soldier, the gunshot having broken his hypnosis and your drug's hold on him, says:

"You. You're my unknown contact within this organization."

"Not as stupid as you look," the Commander sneers. He points his weapon at the briefcase. "The information in there not only provides many details about this terrorist organization, it also spells out the deal I was willing to cut with the world's governments: I would surrender this organization and all of its members, so long as I was allowed to go free." He turns his gaze to the soldier. "But you had to go and get yourself captured." He shakes his head in disgust. "No matter. I will destroy any evidence that implicates me, but people will still wonder who the traitor was... unless I turn over the traitor's body." Now his gaze falls upon you. "Unfortunate for you, Doctor Hypno-Hiss, that you were clever enough to get the briefcase open. I'm afraid I have little choice to make you my scapegoat."

He levels the gun at you.

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