

Professor Layton and the Irritated Inspector

BGM: PEACE – LAYTON BROTHERS

ASK: Alfendi! Do you have any remembrance of your mum? Also what is your relationship with your father?

ALFENDI: *(dreary)* Talking about my mother is a... difficult topic to talk about. If you don't mind, I'm going to have to abstain from answering that question. But as for my father...

BGM: LAYTON THEME LIVE – CURIOUS VILLAGE

HERSHEL: *(calling out)* *knocking* Alfendi? Alfendi? *door opening* Mind if I come in?

ALFENDI: *(surprised)* Father? What are you doing here?

HERSHEL: *(cheerful)* Oh, the Commissioner thought it would be nice to have me come over to Scotland Yard and teach the constables a few things about deductive reasoning. However, that event won't happen for another two hours or so, so I decided to drop by your office to visit.

ALFENDI: *(baffled)* Father, you didn't have to do that.

HERSHEL: *(puzzled)* Why wouldn't I visit my own son? You rarely write and you rarely call; is it wrong for a father to want to check up on his son?

ALFENDI: *(mildly annoyed)* No, no it isn't. But I haven't cleaned up yet.

HERSHEL: *(jokingly)* Well, that's one thing you've inherited from me.

ALFENDI: *(surrendered)* Well, if you're going to stay here, I might as well brew some tea. *soft metal clanging, water being poured into a pot, stove turning on* You're fine with Earl Grey, I presume?

HERSHEL: *(cheerful)* *small chuckle* Any tea made by you, son, is fine with me.

ALFENDI: *(cheerful)* *small chuckle* Right. I'll get right on... Ugh... *desk slam*

BGM: PULSE – LAYTON BROTHERS

HERSHEL: *(worried)* Alfendi? *footsteps* Alfendi, what's wrong?

ALFENDI: *(furious)* What's wrong? You're asking me what's wrong? Grah! *push sound*

HERSHEL: **getting pushed grunt**

ALFENDI: *(furious)* Treating me nicely in that gentlemanly way is what's wrong!

HERSHEL: *(puzzled)* Alfendi, you're not making any sense.

BGM: A DISQUIETING ATMOSPHERE – DIABOLICAL BOX

ALFENDI: *(distraught)* You're not making any sense! I've shown signs of rebellion to you for years, and you're always treating me with kindness! You're smart; can't you see that's not normal? Any normal father would despise a son like me!

HERSHEL: *(stern)* Alfendi, that couldn't be any further from the truth! Only the cruelest fathers treat their sons with hatred.

ALFENDI: *(furious)* Enough of this gentleman façade of yours! How is it you can love a son like me?

BGM: FOGGY MISTHALLERY – LAST SPECTRE

ALFENDI: *(on the verge of tears)* Can you see I'm a disappointment to you? Uncle Luke is probably more of a son to you than I. Flora is probably a better child to you than I. What can I do to compare to them? I'm never going to be able to follow up on your legacy. My assistant keeps calling me "Prof", and each time I hear it, I feel my heart being grated. Sometimes I wonder if there's a point where I'll snap and hurt her if she calls me "Prof" one more time. I'm a failure. A failure who's nothing like you, who will never be like you. Someone who is hardly a gentleman, someone filled with rage and makes threats just to solve a case. I'm just too different.

HERSHEL: *(cheerful)* And for that... I am proud of you.

BGM: TIME TRAVEL PIANO – UNWOUND FUTURE

ALFENDI: *(confused)* H-huh?

HERSHEL: *(consoling)* Alfendi, if I wanted a child exactly like me, you would spend your time in an orphanage, but I didn't. If you were my apprentice, I'd expect you to be similar to me in nearly every way, but you're my son. I had no doubts that you would be different from me. To be honest, I was quite surprised I was hearing a gentleman when I walked into the room. I knew the incident from four years ago would change you; I did not expect it to change you that much. *(proud)* But look at you. An inspector who with the ability to pinpoint a culprit by one glance of the crime scene. That intellect is proof that you are truly a Layton. *(jokingly)* But, given your assumption on whether I loved you or not, you're overlooking the simple facts again.

I thought I warned you about that.

ALFENDI: *(muttering)* I'm sorry if some things are just complex...

HERSHEL: *(consoling)* Alfendi. I want you to look at me straight in the eyes. Do I have any hint of hatred towards you in them?

ALFENDI: *(surrendered)* ...No. Just the same look you gave me each time I solved one of your puzzles.

HERSHEL: *(cheerful)* Yes. A caring look from a loving father. Now tell me, do you believe I hate you?

ALFENDI: *(muttering)*

HERSHEL: *(slight worry)* Alfendi?

ALFENDI: *(slight happiness)* I don't believe it anymore.

HERSHEL: *(cheerful)* *small chuckle* I'm relieved to hear you say that, my son. *back patting sounds*

teapot whistle

BGM: SCOTLAND YARD – LAYTON BROTHERS

HERSHEL: *(surprised)* Oh! That's the teapot.

ALFENDI: Hold on, I'll get it. *footsteps, teapot whistle stops, pouring, stirring* Here father, the way you like it. Steeped for four minutes, with milk, and no sugar.

HERSHEL: *(cheerful)* Alfendi, I told you, any tea you make is fine with me.

small sips

HERSHEL: *(calm)* But this is an excellent brew.

ALFENDI: *(cheerful)* I learned from the best.

HERSHEL: *(calm)* Ah... it's tea like this that makes me want to solve a puzzle. Would you like to help me solve one, Inspector?

ALFENDI: *(jokingly)* *small chuckle* Alright, Professor. But nothing too difficult. We wouldn't

want to be stuck here for hours leaving those constables waiting for their lecture. I'm sure my assistant would be very cross if you weren't there on time.

HERSHEL: *(in deep thought)* Hm... If that's the case, how about this one? There are 10 two-seater cars attached to the fair's Ferris wheel...

fade out