

This is the script of the visual novel, The Man In the Black Suit, as formatted in Renpy Engine. It is formatted this way in order for it to be copied into the Renpy Engine to program the visual novel.

The script of the game goes in this file.

Declare characters used by this game. The color argument colorizes the
name of the character.

```
define r = Character("Rhodes")
define p = Character("Patron")
define j = Character("Janet")
define v = Character("Voice")
define b = Character("Man In Black")
define m = Character("Melody")
define a = Character("The Man")
define n = Character("News Anchor")
define s = Character("Seth")
define N = Character("Nathaniel")
define R = Character("Rebecca")
# The game starts here.
```

label start:

scene black

n "The town of Deirdre was struck by tragedy yesterday after a three-way car crash on the local highway caused by a drunk driver."

p "Hey!"

n "Six people were killed instantly in the accident, while two others remain in critical condition-"

p "Hey! Bartender"

"This comes after the shocking news of three people disappearing out of thin air within the small town"

p "BARTENDER!!"

scene bar
with Dissolve (.5)

j "God, are you deaf??? I need another vodka and coke!"

r "{i}Ugh, I would pay someone a million dollars just to keep Jane's mouth shut{/i}"

r "{i}Can't cause a big scene, I still have another hour of tips to earn{/i}"

menu:

"{/i}Silently make the drink{/i}":

r "{i}I start making the drink, ignoring Janet's menacing glare{/i}"

j "Kids these days, so goddamn rude!"

r "{i}Rich coming from the lady yelling{/i}"

"Coming right up, Janet":

j "And make it snappy! I have to go work in five minutes!"

r "{i}The bar for her to be nice is in Hell{/i}"

"She comes in almost every week, almost like a curse on my shift"

"The most infuriating person in this stupid town."

v "Do you mind if I paid my tab now?"

"I turn from my frantic drink-making to see a man dressed in a pressed black suit approaching the bar."

"Another man in a silver suit is with him, but he just nods and leaves. Leaving the other man to pay the tab"

r "Of course, let me just finish up this drink."

b "No worries"

"I placed the vodka and coke with a napkin on the bar table in front of Janet"

r "Here you go, Janet"

"She takes a sip and spits it out on to the ground, almost like a comedy spit take"

j "This tastes awful! No wonder this place is dump! Can't even make a simple drink."

r "{i}...By all means, leave! You're the one who keeps coming here!{/i}"

"The man in black, who witnessed the exchange, keeps quiet. He silently glances eerily at Janet, almost as if he was judging her."

"He slips a \$20 onto the counter."

b "Keep the change."

r "{i}At least someone here is nice enough to tip.{/i}"

"He leaves right before Janet scrambles to slam a five dollar bill on the counter. She walks out stomping."

"Her face was bright red. She probably didn't like being judged."

"Serves her right"

"The door opens again, and a brightly dressed woman walks in, her expression turning into a frown after seeing the mess at the bar."

m "Ugh, Janet again?"

"My lovely fellow bartender Melody, queen of cleaning up throw up and being nice company in this shitty job."

"She picks up a mop and starts cleaning up the floor where Janet had spat."

r "Who else? Also please don't leave me here alone again."

r "I don't know if I can survive another day with Janet"

m "Haha, sorry. I had to sort out some stuff with my roommates"

"She pointed at the twenty dollar bill in my hand."

m "Who's the tip from?"

r "Guy in the expensive black suit"

r "He always tips a lot for some reason."

m "Really? Damn, maybe I should start getting on his good side."

m "Do you know him or something?"

r "No, only that he comes around the same time and same day with the same man."

r "By the way, do you know the guy who's always with him?"

m "Who?"

r "Silver suit guy"

"Melody's face lit up with recognition"

m "Oh that guy! I don't know his name or anything, but he's definitely from the city-"

"The bell on the bar door rings as a burly man walks in. His presence is immense, establishing a threatening aura in the space."

"I freeze up, while Melody smiles brightly, not being bothered by the man's appearance."

NEW:

r "Why'd he of all people had to show up? The money's not due till tomorrow!"

r "Maybe I should just ignore him or something."

r "Maybe be nice to him?"

menu:

"Welcome him"

r "W-Welcome! What can I get for you?"

"He smirked slightly at my faked enthusiasm. Damn he can read my mind."

"Stay quiet"

m "Welcome! What can I get you?"

"The man takes a seat at the bar counter, unbothered by Melody's optimism."

a "Scotch, neat."

"As he says that, a couple of guys in the booths yell at Melody to bring them another round."

m "I'll go give them another round, can you serve this guy?"

r "G-Got it!"

"Melody leaves to go serve the people in the booths another round of beers."

"I quickly make this drink as fast as possible and hurl it into the guys huge hands that could probably beat me into a pulp with one punch."

a "Thanks."

r "N-No Problem."

"He looks at me in the eye, before downing the drink."

r "{i}I'm gonna start sweating if I hadn't already{/i}"

"He hands me the glass and is about to hand me a couple of bills."

r "I-it's on the house."

a "Thanks."

"He pauses, as if he's gauging my body language."

a "Say, Rhodes, how's your mom?"

r "{i}Shit.{/i}"

r "Um, she's fine. The facility's been helping her out."

a "Good."

"We stare at each other for a moment, the silence making the already uncomfortable atmosphere even creepier."

r "{i}Can he leave already??{/i}"

"He looks around for a second. Melody's still serving drinks for the group in the booths. As she has her back turned away from us, he turns back at me and smiles."

a "Loan's due next week. Don't be late."

"He leaves immediately."

scene black

with Dissolve (.5)

n "We Interrupt this program for breaking news:"

n "In the span of the last week, a woman's pinky has been found behind the Lucky Draw Casino"

n "Police have confirmed that the appendage belongs to Janet Jace, who went missing last week."

scene bar

with Dissolve (.5)

r "{i}Damn, I guess Janet's karma caught up to her.{/i}"

"The bar is somewhat busy today, although it's just the usual regulars and that man in the black suit."

"He's sitting in a booth with his usual business partner. I resist the urge to stare on him and just mind my own business."

v "Hey Rhodes, can I get another round?"

"A gruff voice calls out to me from one of the booths, belonging to a shaggy man with a five o'clock shadow."

r "Coming right up, Seth!"

"Seth rubs his chin, as if he was making sure he was still alive. He looks depressed as usual."

"He seems to have not slept in days, his eyes drooping slightly."

"I hand him a whiskey."

s "Thanks."

r "{i} I should talk to him a bit, he looks a bit more down than usual {/i}"

menu:

"{i}Ask about his day{/i}":

r "How's your day been?"

s "Shitty as usually, I'm getting chewed out again."

"Seth is an anomaly. He's been coming here ever since I worked here yet I barely know anything about him."

"Only that his last name sounds like he's from the Middle Ages."

r "That sucks."

"{i}Ask about his work{/i}":
r "How's your job been?"
"Seth stared at me for a solid five seconds, before rolling his eyes in dismay."
s "For the last time Rhodes, stop asking me about my job. I'm never gonna tell ya."
r "It was worth a shot"
s "You'll never stop, will you?"
"I smile, shrugging."
r "Can you be at least little flattered that I find you this interesting?"
"Seth cracks a small smile."
r "Say, How's Jacob been?"
"Seth's face grimaces at the mention of the name."
s "Don't know. I had to forfeit my weekend with him 'cause of work."
s "I just know his mom is gonna use it to her advantage in court."
r "Damn."
s "Yeah."
"He looks at me, his face becoming more serious than before. His eyes are filled with sympathy."
s "How's your mom been?"
r "She's doing better."
s "Hey.."
"He leans close, making sure that no one is able to eavesdrop on our conversation."
s "If you need any help money-wise, let me know."
s "Best to not owe money to the wrong people."
r "{i}Welp, too late Seth.{/i}"
r "I'll be fine, Seth. I am an adult."
"He leans back, smirking at my statement."
s "{i}Sure,{/i} kid"
r "Shut the fuck up, you're only what, 7 years older than me"
"Seth starts laughing before a ringing sound is heard coming from his pocket. He fished it out and took the call."
s "Knightwood."
"He sighs annoyingly."
r "{i}Probably a work call.{/i}"
s "Jesus Christ. I'm heading over now."
"He hangs up and shoves the phone in his pocket, and fishes out a couple of bills."
r "Hey, it's on the hou-"
"He starts speed walking to the door, waving back to me."
s "Bye Rhodes."
"He quickly darts out the bar."
r "{i}Maybe I'll actually be able to pay that loan and not die.{/i}"
r "{i}Probably not, but it's worth dreaming about.{/i}"
"I turn my attention back to the man in the black suit, who is now telling his acquaintance goodbye."

"I don't know why, but his friend is giving me goosebumps. He looks like a rat from Wall Street, waiting to feed off the corpses of those he deemed 'below him'."

"The man in the black suit walks over to the bar as his friend leaves, holding a wad of cash and a duffel bag."

r "{i}I guess today's payday?{/i}"

b "Scotch on the rocks, please?"

"He asks in the usual polite tone."

r "Sure thing."

"He flicks through the wad of cash and places a twenty dollar bill on the counter."

"I place his drink on a coaster, which he grabbed and proceeded to down within five seconds. He places the glass back on the coaster."

r "{i}What is it with people downing scotch these days? Am I just weak?{/i}"

"He gestures me to refill."

"Feeling a little daring, I attempt to start a conversation with him."

r "Rough day?"

"It was one of my many ways to strike up a conversation and earn a tip or two."

"He nodded. I grab the glass, refill it and hand it back to him."

b "Could you start a tab?"

r "Of course."

"I go over to the register and start his tab, shooting short glances at him every so often."

"His voice is the definition of monotone. He looks too well groomed to be in a bar like this. His hair is neatly combed back and his suit has neither a stain nor a stray thread."

"He goes back to sipping his scotch, while looking at his watch every couple of minutes. The man is spaced out and unaware of his surroundings."

"Out of the three months he has been coming here, he had never sat at the bar."

"Always arrived at 9 p.m. sharp, always in a booth with the man in the silver suit, always left within the hour."

"Maybe Wall Street guy had given him shit for something."

b "Is there something on my face?"

r "{i}Damn. I guess he was paying attention after all.{/i}"

r "I'm sorry!"

r "{i}Let me at least save some of my dignity.{/i}"

b "It's alright, I was just wondering."

"He pulls out a cigarette from his suit pocket."

b "Do you have a lighter, perchance?"

"I grabbed a lighter and an ashtray from the back counter and handed it to him."

r "We don't get a lot of decent looking business men here."

r "Emphasis on 'decent'."

"He lit his cigarette and took a hit."

b "I'm not sure if I should be flattered or not, but thanks anyway."

r "It's not much considering the people we get in here, I'm surprised someone so clean-cut is coming here instead of the fancy bars downtown."

b "I like the atmosphere."

"I stifle a giggle, causing him to raise an eyebrow."

b "What's so funny?"

r "In my five years working in this dump, I've never heard anyone say that."

"He has a small smile on his face."

b "Guess I'm a bit odd then."

"He goes back to drinking and smoking his cigarette. Thinking the conversation had ended, I start to clean the glasses behind the counter."

b "I don't think that's the real reason, is it?"

"I pause my movements, looking back at him."

b "The reason you were staring at me."

r "{i}Shit, did he think I was checking him out? I really need to keep the staring to a minimum.{i}"

"I walk back over to the man in the black suit, standing across from his seat."

r "Not sure if you noticed, but you stand out quite a bit."

"He hummed, tapping the cigarette against the ashtray."

b "Oh? How so? if you don't mind?"

menu:

"You look like you just left a funeral.":

"He chuckles, flashing me a smile."

b "You're quite perceptive, I'm actually a mortician"

r "{i}Damn, I'm good.{i}"

r "You're pretty young to be a mortician."

b "That's what people tell me."

"He pondered for a moment."

b "What gave it away?"

r "Hm?"

b "How were you able to tell that I'm a mortician?"

"He sounded serious."

"The change of tone was unexpected."

r "I guess the suit? You've worn it everytime you've been here."

"He grinned."

r "{i}Hopefully I didn't sound too creepy.{i}"

b "I guess it's pretty obvious."

"He put out his cigarette before taking another swig of his drink."

"You look more sad than the average drunk hanging out here.":

"He stayed silent for a second."

b "Anything else?"

"I thought a bit longer. Everything about him pointed to having some sort of depressing backstory."

r "I guess your face? You look like you haven't slept in a solid month."

"He chuckled again, then looked blankly at his drink."

b "That's fair, I've been working overtime for the past week."

r "What do you do? If you don't mind me asking."

"He shifts in his seat slightly, and put out his cigarette."

b "I'm a mortician."

r "Interesting."

"He shrugged."

r "You've been coming here for a while, yet I don't know your name."

"I try and stay as cool as possible. I didn't need him thinking I was trying to stalk him."

b "And I don't know yours,"

r "I'm Rhodes."

N "Nathaniel. Nice to finally meet you."

"He smiles, playfully."

r "Nice to meet you too."

r "Is this your first time here alone?"

N "Yes. I guess you noticed I've only ever been here with an associate"

"I shrugged."

N "Like you asked, today's a rough day."

"I nod, sensing the end of the conversation for now."

"I went back to wiping down some of the glasses. Out of curiosity, I look over at Rowan after a couple minutes."

"He's staring at the old television behind me, almost not even blinking."

n "{i}-Janice Jace makes the 4th victim in the last 3 months. Ms. Jace, along with the others, have yet to be found{/i}"

n "{i}Ms. Jace is a local former pageant queen turned real estate agent-{/i}"

N "What do you think of the disappearances?"

"Nathaniel gripped the scotch glass so tight I was afraid he was going to crush it"

"The calm and collected aura he'd had earlier was one that had been replaced with anxiety."

"His eyes, however, feel dead"

"Devoid of all happiness, but still had concerns."

r "What do you mean?"

N "Why do you think they were taken?"

"I lean my chin on my hand, thinking."

r "I only really know about the pinky and the people."

"He nodded, handing his glass to me for another refill"

N "All of the victims are of different demographics, different backgrounds, yet they're being targeted."

r "Janet's the only one who's really different."

"He raises an eyebrow."

N "Oh?"

r "The other guys were known for being involved in illegal shit."

N "How so? They seemed unique from one another."

"I shrug."

r "One was a white collar guy who was known for fraud, another was a local drug dealer, and the last was an abusive husband no one cared to arrest."

N "I see."

r "Who do you think is behind this?"

"He contemplates for a couple seconds, before answering."

N "I'm not sure, to be frank. Could be one person striking at random, could be a group of people."

r "I don't know either."

"He nods again, tracing the rim of the glass."

r "I wonder why only Janet's finger was found?"

N "She was the woman you had an altercation with last week, right?"

"I roll my eyes."

r "Yup, Oh yeah, deadbeat pageant queen who tries to run the town on her clock, rude as shit, and even worse with liquor."

r "She certainly didn't follow the rules of common human decency-"

"I stop, realizing that I was being pretty shitty."

r "Sorry, I shouldn't speak ill of the dead."

"Nathaniel shrugs."

N "Everybody's the same when they're dead. It's not like she's listening."

"I nod slowly. That is a pretty strange answer."

"I start to clean the remaining glasses, humming softly along with the shitty country music."

"Nathaniel still sat at the bar and drank his scotch at a leisurely pace, as opposed to earlier. Even though I had only been talking to him for a bit, I started to enjoy his company."

"But there was still something off that I still couldn't put my finger on."

"He's fairly normal, albeit a bit odd looking."

"Nathaniel is even a little funny and warm when he smiled."

r "{i}Am I really taking the time to play detective with a guy who had to deal with dead people for a living?{/i}"

"I went to the back of the bar to grab some extra glasses and liquor bottles."

"When I came back, I found a woman sitting next to the mortician."

"Rebecca had entered the bar."

R "Could I get a rum and Coke, Rhodes?"

"She asks sweetly, flashing a smile."

r "Of course, Rebecca."

"I began to work, glancing at the two talking."

"Rebecca came here on occasion. Usually when she had a stressful day, which was often."

R "What brings you here?"

"Nathaniel took a swig of his drink"

N "I could ask you the same thing."

"Rebecca chuckled."

R "I guess you could say I've had a pretty shitty day."

N "Same here."

"The mortician turns back to his drink and took a swig, assuming that she was done with him."

R "I'm Rebecca."

N "Nathaniel, Nice to meet you."

"I placed the rum and Coke on a coaster in front of her. She nods 'a 'thank you'"

"I got back to organizing the glasses, while trying to subtly eavesdrop on their conversation."

R "Where do you work, Nathaniel?"

"She leans towards him slightly."

"He didn't seem phased by her flirtation, but not enthused."

N "I'm a mortician"

R "Really? I'd never would've guessed. You don't look the part."

N "What about you?"

R "I used to work as a sales rep in the city, until today."

N "I'm sorry, that's terrible."

R "It's alright. I've cried my tears."

"Poor Rebecca. One of the nicest people in town only to get bested by the system."

R "Do you mind telling me about the life of a mortician? It sounds interesting."

"Nathaniel proceeds to explain the nature of his job when she had asked about it, albeit not giving into her advances."

"Rebecca isn't phased by the description of his job or his lack of interest, continuing the conversation."

"Similar to Nathaniel, her appearance fit her profession."

"Rebecca is smart, but too trusting. A classic Southern belle. She hung onto every single word he said in utter affection, grasping onto every chance to compliment him."

"He smiles once or twice, which definitely helped him appear more pleasing."

"His smile never reaches his eyes throughout his entire conversation."

"I glance over again after 30 minutes of organizing bottles to see Nathaniel staring at his silver watch on his left hand."

N "I have to get going."

R "I should probably leave too."

R "Do you mind walking me to my car? I don't want to run into anyone suspicious."

"I found it rather ironic since she was walking with someone who definitely wasn't an average individual."

"Nathaniel nods and put the duffel bag on the counter before helping the short woman off the tall stool."

"It seems to have an old burgundy stain at the bottom, almost like dye. It had left a stain of the same color on the counter."

"After helping Rebecca, Nathaniel pays for Rebecca's drinks before picking the duffel bag off the counter."

"Rebecca had already left for the door, waiting for Nathaniel as he picked up the duffel bag."

"It seemed too heavy for him at first, but once he flung it over his shoulder, he moves with relative ease."

"I notice a small object poking out from the bag. It's tan, but had a gray tinge to it. It had wrinkles, but it was well maintained."

"It looked like a piece of random leather attached to the bag. Only it looked like it had been shredded into five pieces."

"The pieces were of various lengths, and the tips had red paint on the ends. One of the pieces is cut off at the base, and it looked like it had been stitched up neatly."

r "{i}Oh shit.{/i}"

r "{i}That's a fucking hand.{/i}"

r "{i}Janet's hand{/i}"

"I start to run scenarios in my brain."

"He definitely works for someone."

"Probably the mob, which just so happens to be the same guys I owe money to"

"And there's going to be retaliation if I report it"

"But..."

"Maybe..."

"I can convince him to pay off my loan."

"A little blackmailing couldn't hurt."

"Although I can still die..."

menu:

"*Let Nathaniel know that I know what's in his bag*":

r "Sir, you forgot to pay your tab."

N "Right, sorry."

"Nathaniel makes his way back to the counter."

"He places the bag down and grabs the wad of cash from earlier to pay."

N "You can just call me Nathaniel, you know."

r "Didn't want to see too friendly, especially with Rebecca around and-"

"I point downwards"

r "Janet in your bag."

N "Fuck."

"He starts to shove the hand back into the duffel bag using his foot, looking frantically around the bar."

N "How much?"

r "For what?"

N "To shut your fucking mouth about this."

"The shift from cordially polite to stressed out sailor is amusing."

r "Here I thought you were a nice guy."

"He glares at me, scoffing."

N "Just tell me quickly, or she'll suspect us of something"

"He moves his head to indicate Rebecca outside of the bar, smoking."

r "Question, are you actually killing these people? Cause I'm inclined to let the lady outside know that she wants to sleep with a serial killer."

N "No. I merely separate their organs for sale and dispose of the remaining evidence."

r "Who kills them?"

N "Hitman"

r "*Damn. Fucking Janet got taken out by a hitman?*"

r "What the fuck"

N "Can you leave the exclamations for a later day, please? I'm on the fucking clock here."

r "How do I know you aren't going to call the hitman on me?"

N "I'm already neck deep in shit with them. They'll kill me too if they find out you know."

"He grabs a business card from his suit pocket and hands it to me."

N "Meet me at the funeral home. I'll explain everything there."

"I nod quietly, staring at the wad of cash he was about to shove in my face to keep quiet."

"He notices."

N "Just..take half."

"He splits it and hands half of the wad to me."

"Glancing at it, it's enough to cover my loan."

N "Tomorrow."

"He points at me"

"I nod"

r "Tomorrow."

"*Stay Quiet*":

"Nathaniel looks back at me, smiling."

N "Thanks for the drinks, Rhodes. I'll see you next week."

"He leaves, not knowing that his dark secret has been revealed."

"I wave back at him."

"A couple of hours roll by, I manage to scrub the place spotless of the suspicious stain."

"Hopefully no one will notice anything since this place is so dirty anyway."

"The door to the bar opens, revealing my least favorite person."

a "Hey Rhodes."

"I freeze up again. Luckily Melody called in sick and there's barely anyone in the bar."

"I can't deal with hiding my emotions."

r "I know what you're here for."

a "You have to pay up by tomorrow somehow, kiddo."

"I nod slowly."

a "I'll meet you at your place. 9pm."

"He walks out."

scene black
with Dissolve (.5)

"Act 1 - End"

```
# This ends the game.
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return
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