

STORY "Prototype" - (Short 10-15 minute story taking place in a void)

Scene Description: The scene opens slowly in the fragmented memory space. An unknown individual monologuing about the nature of "Time"...

BLACK BG AND WHITE TEXT: (Narrator: "Time")

"Time is a cruel concept wouldn't you agree?"

"So many humans would give up anything just for more **time**"

"After all"

"Time's endless march creates many regrets"

Heh.

Perhaps we started off on the wrong foot when first met.

Perhaps I'll try a different approach.

Scene Description: A girl awakens in the fragmented memory space

**Cycle No. Unknown... (FADE IN)**

**TIME: "So we meet again..."**

The girl on the floor stares at Time itself with a blank expression...

She has been here before...

More times than she could remember...

**Time: Don't look at me like that.**

**Time: By now, you of all people should already know the consequences of your actions**

???: ...

**Time: Silent treatment, again? \*sigh\* Don't worry, we have all the time in the world here...**

A short haired girl stands up and turns her back on time.

???: **You know it's futile to change events.**

???: **It's not like I'm the one that's stopping you from your "happy ending".**

???: **After all, I'm just a "curator" who records the history of the world. b**

???: **And you...**

Time: You are tampering with the natural flow and course of time in the num-

???: Numerous times I've tried to save my friends!

Time: Then...

Time: Why won't you let the world move forward?

???: ...


???: I-

???: I just need to save them.

Time: I see...

Time: Before you attempt to break reality again, I implore you to walk with me.

[CHOICE 1: Walk with her] (continue dialogue)

[CHOICE 2: Leave]  ANIMATION/GAME: Central Document

Choice 1 Continue: This choice seems to make the woman happy.

As if waiting for this moment, the curator takes the chance to explain something she's been wanting to tell for a long time.

Time: This place is more than just a void.

Time: This is the river of time where I keep all of which has transpired.

Time: Your endless cycles created an endpoint in the river which is not supposed to exist.

Time: After all, this is supposed to be an infinite void.

Time: I remember your computer nerd friend had a similar term for this.

Time directs her gaze downward as if she was deep in thought.

Time: What the world just experienced was a memory overflow.

Time dramatically unveils the vast fragments of memories and worlds coalesced into one spot as if an invisible wall is preventing the world from moving forward.

Sera stands shocked at the vast accumulation of crystals before her.

This was her many attempts in giving her friends a true ending.

Time: Since you won't let the world move forward, it just collapsed on itself.

Time: If you go back to the beginning of the week, who knows how much faster the world will break.

Time: After all, most of the shards here belong to you, the worlds you made, and your memories,  
**Sera.**

Sera: The what do you suggest, I do

Time: NO WAY! YOU'RE ACTUALLY COOPERATING!?

Time: Ahem\*

The curator clears her throat and straightens her dress to appear more dignified.

Time: I'll be honest, you REALLY need to return my pocket watch or whatever that old geezer turned my authority into.

Sera: But what about my friends?

Sera: Without the things I did, they'd be forced to walk paths they never wanted to tread.

Sera: I won't allow their dreams to fade away like it's nothing.

Sera: I can't think of living in a world where we can't be all together again.

Sera: I can't just go back knowing I could have done something for them.

Time: Sera, this entire conundrum we are in is the result of your own memories!

Time: There won't be any friends or a world to return to if you remember everything...

Time: You repeated the same week for who knows how long to the point your very memories have clogged the flow of time!

Sera: And then what!? I go back to the beginning without a single memory of any loop?

Sera: I can't bear to witness my friend disappear like that!

Time observes the girl lost in her own conundrum with little to no regard of the perilous fate she placed reality in.

**Time:** Honestly, if that **local deity** of yours never played with my realm's authority we wouldn't be here in the first place.

**Time:** I've observed you for across so many cycles Sera. I never could quite understand why you people act the way you do.

Time: **Tell me...**

[next section]

Scene: The curator tries to understand Sera as they stood in place at the blocked crossroads of time. Choices part for The Curator

**OPTION:** Do you know who you are?

Sera: Who I am?

Time: You heard that right.

Sera: Of course I do.

Time: Mhmm. You say that and yet from my observations you are a confusing one.

Time: During your times away from this void, I've observed some of your history.

Time: You humbly brag in front of others to put up a confident front– hoping to appear mightier than the rest.

Time: People may not notice it, but you like to push others away through excuses of being busy and all, just to be alone with yourself.

Time: Despite this, you even go out of your way to help others– be it at your own detriment.

Time: I never considered you the sociable type despite the way you present yourself to others.

Time: You withdraw from yourself from situations you find difficult.

Time: You crave praise from other people yet not those close to you.

Time: Sometimes I truly wonder If you even live for yourself and what you want.

Sera: Then I think my answer is, no.

Time: ...

**OPTION:** Are you truly special?

Time: Woe is life, isn't that right, Sera?

Sera: What do you want?

Time: Sorry, sorry, I'm merely trying to break the ice between us

Time: I just want to say that you considering yourself as unique is a misconception.

Time: You're delusional to think you are grandiose or special. These fantastical reveries you have

in your mind are devastating to your future.

Time: It hurts when what you imagine life could be doesn't match up with reality, right?

Sera: ...

Time: You think your experiences, failures, and inadequacies are solely unique to you?

Time: You do everything by yourself because you believe no one can understand or relate to you. You refuse help just to preserve your golden image.

Time: Look at you now.

Sera: Of all the people to say that to me, I think you're the least qualified to lecture me on this.

Time: Hmm. Maybe.

Time: But, as an observer, I say that you can keep dreaming about being a hero in a grand adventure, or a protagonist of some story.

Time: However, if you don't take a step forward. Those will only remain fantasies forever.

Sera: Well, too late for me now I guess.

Time: ...

**After Dialogue Options are exhausted:**

Time: I don't want to stop you, Sera.

Time: There must be more as to why your local deity made such a drastic decision. A mortal, with my power? Preposterous!

Sera: I know, I know. Just let me think for a second.

Time: WE don't have seconds, Everything is collapsing and I am on my wit's end.

Time: I don't meddle with mortal affairs because it is safer that way. But right now, if we want to have a tomorrow, then I need that object in your hands.

Time: Can you at least tell me why you desperately want to change things.

Scene: Continuation after section focused on the Curator's choices. Sera allows herself to be vulnerable and reveals her insecurities.

Sera: ...

Sera: This is the only thing I can cling towards.

**OPTION:** I've already given up.

Sera: My life is utterly worthless.

Sera: I don't exactly see any point in continuing forward.

Sera: So, it's as you've said, I've just been waiting in my room, waiting for the days to go by.

Sera: In the grand scheme of things, I don't really matter much.

Sera: After all, in this world, there's a million others just like me doing the same thing.

Sera: In fact, we do the same thing and yet they are still better than me in every single way no matter how much work I put into my work.

Sera: I'm not special.

**OPTION:** It's too much.

Sera: I once excelled in a lot of things.

Sera: I once believed I was the best in everything.

Sera: Somewhere down the line, everyone started relying on me.

Sera: Everyone kept telling me how great I was.

Sera: I don't want to disappoint those people.

Sera: I started doing things not because I wanted to, but because it was expected of me.

Sera: If I can't match those expectations, then doesn't that mean my abilities are lacking.

Sera: When everyone went their separate ways so many things nagged me.

Sera: "Why am I not good enough"

Sera: "Why can't you do something this simple"

Sera: I'm not worthy of anyone's praise.

**OPTION:** I'm afraid.

Sera: I fear that I'll never measure up to my old self.

Sera: I keep looking back at my old works and find it “better” than the professional stuff I make these days.

Sera: Sometimes I feel like it was a mistake to fall in love with art

Sera: Everytime I finish a piece, I'd be stuck wondering for a while if I can even make something new.

Sera: I see all these other people in different spaces enjoying their craft.

Sera: Yet, here I am. Indifferent. Mediocre. Perhaps it would've been much safer to choose a “normal” job than what I'm doing right now.

Sera: I'm so far behind compared to my friends. I don't know what to do other than keep doing what I'm already doing.

Sera: It's so painful to create sometimes. I feel so disconnected to my original goal.

Sera: At times, I just find myself lost in making new things. But, I'm afraid I'll one day run out of ideas. Maybe even stop and be forgotten entirely.

Time: But, it feels wonderful to create a masterpiece. Wouldn't you agree?

Sera nods her head in agreement.

Sera: Yeah... It's a feeling that will never go away.

Sera: If I am given the option to do everything over and over again. I would keep choosing to be an artist.

Sera: Art makes me feel alive.

#### **After Dialogue Options are exhausted:**

The curator fixes their gaze upon Sera that's lost in her own thoughts.

Time: Your sense of self is warped, Sera.

Time: But, if you yourself believe you don't deserve anything...

Time: Then how can you expect others to help you?

Time: You keep wanting people to validate the idea of you being meaningless.

Time: Sera, the truth is— people care.

Time: You never showed any reason for them not to want you.

Time: You think so little of yourself and thought nobody cared about you.

Time: However in those many cycles you experienced, you failed to pick up on anything at all.

Time: I know that giving up doesn't seem so bad when it feels like the entire world is against you.

Time: Thinking that nobody could possibly understand what you're going through is cruelty onto yourself.

Time: You are only suffocating yourself by isolating yourself.

Time: Sera, you can't avoid people or activities just because you don't want to disappoint them.

Time: There's no shame in being helped by others, it will never ever be a weakness.

Time: You don't have to carry everything by yourself, it's fine to open up.

Time: There are just problems that are too big to handle for one person.

Time: Throughout the course of time, I've seen many like you.

Time: Don't ever think no one cares about you.

Sera: ...

The curator tried to offer words of encouragement to Sera but they had one specifically important thing to say.

Time: You keep trying to create the perfect ending for your group, but did you ever include yourself?

Time: If you ever find yourself lost, **those people** are more than willing to share the pain that you carry.

Those words caught Sera off guard.

Consequently, a thought struck Sera.

Scene: Both Sera and Time have said their words, it's time to make a decision.

Sera: Hey-

Sera: I'm willing to do anything to get together with my friends again...

Sera: If I get the chance, I won't run away from anything.

Sera: I- If- I give this back, you can fix everything right?

Time: !

Time: ...



Time: Of course.

Time: However, you know I'll be deleting everything, right?

Time: Your memories— your experiences— your decisions... everything you ever did in those cycles.

Sera: I know... but why do you sound so hesitant? Weren't you always forcing me to return your power when we first met each other? Isn't this what you always wanted?

Time: I'm taking a different approach this time, for your information.

Time: Clearly this method produced me desirable results.

Sera clutches a pocket watch in her hands.

She seemed hesitant to let it go.

Despite this, Sera knew this was the only option left.

Time has run out.

So, Sera loosens her grip of the pocket watch and extends her hand towards the curator.

Ending Scene Description: After thorough reflection and talk with the curator, Sera decides to return their authority.

Time's Curator gently receives the pocket watch from Sera and it transforms the small mechanical device into a brush in their hands.

The curator's lips curl into a soft smile while their eyes carry a sense of sorrow.

Time: I can't exactly empathize that much with you Sera.

Time: Outside of gods, deities, and the other governing concepts you're one of the only few humans I've interacted with.

Time: You're right that you won't remember a single thing once I restore the world.

Time: However, I'll pull a few strings here and there for you this one time only.

Sera: Wait, what are you going to do?

Time: It's nothing that you need to be concerned with.

Time: If you're lucky, all of this would have just felt like a dream.

Time: If you remember this dream—

Time: Would you consider making an offering to a shrine outside of your town?

Sera: I– outside of town?

Time: Hehe. Nothing to be concerned about for now.

Time: Your experiences are like a story. That's why I'm rooting for you as a protagonist.

The curator fixes the fragments of memories and time in the infinite void with a wave of their brush.  
*[flash into the scene art insert]*

Time: From here on out, your **decision or indecision** will determine your **future**.

Time: If I were to comment on anything about your story, Sera.

Time: I want you to know that sometimes there's so many unnecessary things that humans have in their minds stopping them from moving forward.

Time: Your choices change up your tomorrow. ...

Time: Soon your actions will play a great part in a story. [scene art of the curator's farewell]

Time: Don't let the last past weigh you down nor let the future stop you.

Time: Don't let time pass you by!

\*fade to white\*

[Credits Roll]

I changed some world building: the town / locale Sera and the others live in is Polytheistic. They believe in multiple gods for concepts. (E.g god of love, time, fate, trickery, etc.)

Ong **The Curator** is just **Yato** from **Noragami** fr fr. The curator being a minor Time God finally has someone making a shrine offer to her if the player makes starts the normal route of the real game.