**Celestial Freezing: Transitionary Level I – Campsite I [Level Text Script]**

**Transitionary Level I – Campsite I**: This level is the first transitionary level in the game where the player has the ability to converse with a select few members of the team about their previous mission and potentially gain/lose respect with specific team members.

* Real Life Location: Unknown
* Area(s): Campfire, Truck
* Side Quest(s): (0) None
* Key Item(s): (0) None
* Respect Gain/Loss Chances: (2)
* Death(s): (0) None

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[Transitionary Level I – Introduction]

\*Having left Chester’s Peak, Gaia’s Advocates makes head way to their next location through thick snow and settling night.

Lowen: It’s getting about that time from the looks of things.

Lowen: We should go ahead and settle down for camp.

Alistair: Settle down?

Alistair: We still have over 8 hours before we get to our next site.

Alistair: Laziness as such yours won’t be tolerated.

Alistair: We’re not-

\*The truck veers off the road and violently bumps into the snow built up on the side.

\*Camille jolts up from her sleep swiftly glancing around the truck’s cabin.

Julian: S-Sorry, I-I just-!

Julian: I-I swear I didn’t mean to!

\*Lowen glances over at Alistair giving a nonchalant shrug.

Lowen: Aye-aye, captain.

Lowen: It’s your ship to sail.

\*Alistair lets out a begrudging sigh.

Alistair: Julian, pull over on the next exit…

Julian: I-I’m not in trouble, am I?

Julian: I really didn’t mean to-

Alistair: Almost kill us?

Alistair: No, you’re not in trouble for that.

Alistair: You just can’t be trusted to drive right now is all.

Julian: I see…

Lowen: Accidents happen, Julian, it’s alright.

Lowen: We all could use some sleep right now.

Alistair: All of us?

Alistair: I beg to differ.

\*Alistair nods towards Camille who looks over to see you soundly asleep on her shoulder, drool dripping from your open mouth.

\*Embarrassed, she swiftly slides away causing your head to fall towards a box of equipment in the back of the truck.

\*Right before it hits, she catches you and gently lets your head down.

Alistair: So sweet of you, Camille.

Alistair: Hey.

\*Despite Alistair’s stern shout, you stay fast asleep.

Alistair: HEY!

Player: H-Huh?!

Player: W-What’s happening?

Alistair: What’s happening is that we’re stopping to camp for the night.

Alistair: And seeing how well rested you are, you’ve got some additional duties, so get up already.

Player: Shit…

-Campsite -

\*As everyone disembarks the truck, systematically, they seem to be doing assigned chores.

Player: What’s everyone doing?

Alistair: Their part.

\*Alistair climbs on top of the truck and sits in a meditative position.

Alistair: Now be quiet.

\*Alistair takes a deep breath before closing his eyes and vaguely glowing of ethereal colors.

Player: And how can I do mine?

Player: I don’t see any townspeople to talk to right now.

\*Groaning in frustration, Alistair’s ethereal glow dissipates as his hair falls to his shoulders.

Alistair: LOWEN!

Alistair: Tell this wretch what to do!

Alistair: It’s upsetting my scan…

Player: …

Lowen: Sure, sure.

\*Lowen pulls you away from the truck with a nervous smile.

Lowen: I’d say sorry on his behalf, but uh…

Player: Comes with the territory, I know.

Lowen: That being said, he’s scanning the area with his abilities to make sure nothing that could be a threat is close by.

Lowen: Julian is doing some maintenance for the truck.

Lowen: Probably because he feels bad about what happened.

Lowen: I’m sure our giant military truck is completely fine, but I’ll make sure to talk to him in a bit about what Alistair said before it gets to him.

Lowen: \*sigh\*

Player: And me?

Lowen: Well…

Lowen: Don’t tell Alistair, but just…

Lowen: Hangout for a bit.

Lowen: Not much is going down right now, but once I get back from hunting, we’ll start sleeping and that’s really where you can help out.

**\*(Are you sure?/ Hangout)**

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**(Are you Sure?)**

Player: You sure that’s a good idea?

Player: Giving me a perfect opportunity to run away?

\*Lowen smiles.

Lowen: Outside of obvious reasons like, it’s virtually impossible to travel in cold like this on foot for long, we’re not near any kind of civilization for miles, yada yada yada.

Lowen: I trust you not to.

Lowen: I trust you, because you’re no prisoner of mine, so I won’t treat you that way.

Lowen: If you see this as an opportunity to run away while I’m gone, then don’t let this conversation stop you.

Lowen: I wouldn’t blame you, to be honest.

Lowen: A person can only take so much of Alistair’s constant guilt tripping.

Player: I can’t imagine it being something anyone could get used to…

\*Lowen places his hand on your shoulder with a comforting caress.

Lowen: But I’d like to think the others aren’t that bad.

Lowen: I wouldn’t be surprised if you’re growing on them as much as you have on me!

Player: \*scoff\*

Lowen: Yeah, yeah~!

Lowen: Turn that frown upside down!

\*Lowen playfully pokes and prods you all around trying to get a laugh out of you.

Player: Alright, alright!

Player: Frown is upside down!

Lowen: Besides, after seeing everyone in action in Limerick, I’m sure you can see our mission serves a greater purpose than any of us can understand right now.

Lowen: Everyone here, including Alistair, is serious about helping the planet become what it used to be regardless of how it happened.

Lowen: However, before we can do any kind of understanding, we gotta eat and sleep!

Lowen: And I’m gonna try and get us some food and hopefully some meat of the non-infected kind this go around.

Lowen: So!

\*Lowen claps his hands together, briefly rubbing them together, before walking to the back of the truck grabbing some gear.

Lowen: Hangout for a bit or leave, it does be what it is.

Lowen: Regardless, I’m gonna find us and-slash-or the others some food.

\*Lowens slings a rucksack over his shoulder and performs a functions check on his rifle.

Lowen: Well, I’m off!

Lowen: Talk with the others and I’m sure you’ll see what I mean.

\*Lowen rustles your beanie before walking towards the woods.

Lowen: I’m out of here, guys!

Julian: A-Ah, right!

Julain: S-Stay safe o-out there.

\*Camille turns towards Lowen and nods before going back to setting up a campfire with large rocks.

Alistair: You’re going the wrong way.

Alistair: Head west.

Alistair: I sense some animals out there.

\*Swiftly spinning on feet, Lowen changes direction cartoonishly pointing towards his new path.

Lowen: Heading west!

\*Next Scene

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**(Hangout)**

Player: Guess I’ll hangout for now then.

Lowen: Yeah~!

\*Lowen claps his hands together, briefly rubbing them together, before walking to the back of the truck grabbing some gear.

Lowen: Hangout, talk with the others, take a nap, do whatever.

Lowen: Regardless, I’m gonna head out and get us some food.

\*Lowens slings a rucksack over his shoulder and performs a functions check on his rifle.

Lowen: Well, I’m off!

Lowen: Talk with the others and I’m sure you’ll see what I mean.

\*Lowen rustles your beanie before walking towards the woods.

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\*Next Scene

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[Transitionary Level I – Campsite]

\*Campsite

\*At campsites, Gaia’s Advocates take a temporary break to recover from their previous mission while traveling to the next.

\*Use this opportunity to learn more about the available members.

\*Select an Option

**\*(Camille/Julian/Alistair/ Take a Nap/\*Sneak Away)**

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**(Camille)**

\*Camille just finished dumping some sticks in center of a circular rock formation.

Player: Hey.

\*Camille nods with a stoic expression before sitting down on a knocked over tree and whitling a stick for tinder.

\*Select an Option

**\*(Do you need help? / Can I sit with you? /Did you cut this tree down yourself? / Leave)**

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**(Do you need help?)**

Player: Anything I can help with?

Camille: No.

Camille: I’ll get it done faster on my own.

\*Camille continues to use her knife to whittle the stick curling the wood at the end.

Player: Cool…

**\*\*Return to Initial Options**

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**(Can I sit with you?)**

Player: Is it alright if I sit with you?

Player: It’s not like I’ve got anything else to do.

Camille: …

Camille: I’ll only be focusing on starting the fire.

Player: That’s fine.

Player: I don’t think I’ve ever seen someone make a real fire before.

Camille: I mean, I won’t be talking much.

**\*(Try to be Funny/ Try to be Understanding)**

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**(Try to be Funny)**

Player: Hey, you never know.

Player: Spittin’ hot fire’ll get things going sooner than you think.

Player: We’ll have sparks coming up faster than you can blink.

Camille: How will spitting cause a fire or sparks?

Camille: I…don’t understand.

Player: D-Don’t worry about it.

Player: It was a stupid joke.

Camille: I’m sorry about your joke.

Player: T-Thanks?

Camille: I’m just not good with these things…

Camille: …

Camille: But…

\*She turns her head away making it difficult for you to see her face.

Camille: You can stay…if you want.

Player: Yeah, I’ll stay.

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**(Try to be Understanding)**

Player: That’s fine with me.

Player: I remember in Limerick you said you don’t like talking much.

Player: So, I know what I’m getting myself into.

Player: But that won’t stop me from hanging out with you a bit.

Player: Besides, I feel like all I’ve done is talk.

Player: To the townspeople.

Player: Talk to the other guys.

Player: Get talked about by Alistair constantly…

Player: Enjoying some peace and quiet with someone sounds pretty nice right about now.

Player: All of that to say, we don’t have to talk.

\*Camille lowly chuckles.

Camille: Yeah.

\*She glances over to with a subtle smile.

Camille: That’s all you had to say.

\*You scoff returning a smile of your own.

\*Camille nods her head motioning for you to come sit next to her.

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\*Walk around the fallen tree and brush off some of the snow to sit down.

\*Camille continues to whittle at the stick for quite some time.

\*She lifts the carved kindling revealing what almost looks like a blossoming flower before standing up.

\*Kneeling at the unlit campfire pit, she places the kindling inside the pit.

\*You search your pockets and jacket for some kind of lighter, but Camille shakes her head.

\*She picks up another stick and with amazing speed spun it between her hands inside of the pit.

\*Embers flew past her as she tossed in her carved kindling.

\*With a few soft blows into the pit the fire started to burn in a matter of seconds.

\*Camille looked back at with you with smirk emitting a bit of pride.

**\*(Unimpressed/Impressed)**

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**(Unimpressed)**

\*Unimpressed, you glance at Camille before gazing at the fire as it burns.

\*Camille’s smirk wanes back to her stoic expression and she returns to the fallen tree sitting a little further away from you than before.

**\*Return to Initial Options (Updated – ‘Can I sit with you’ Option REMOVED -)**

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**(Impressed)**

\*Your eye light up with an amazed grin leaning towards the fire and looking at Camille.

\*Proud of her self, she smiles triumphantly as she stands up.

\*You begin to softly clap and nod with approval as she returns to sit next to you.

Camille: T-Thanks.

\*You motion as if zipping your lips shut and she chuckles at your antics.

\*\* Campfire conversation variable +1

**\*Return to Initial Options (Updated – ‘Can I sit with you?’ Option REMOVED -)**

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**(Did you cut this tree down yourself?)**

Player: Did you cut this tree down yourself?

\*Camille squints her eyes at you with visible confusion and annoyance.

Camille: …

Camille: No…

Camille: I did not.

Camille: Why would you think that?

\***(It was a joke/ I thought you were strong)**

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**(It was a joke)**

Player: It was a joke.

Player: I was just trying to be funny.

Camille: Well don’t.

Camille: I need to focus.

Player: …

**\*Return to Initial Options**

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**(I thought you were strong)**

Player: I just thought you were that strong.

Camille: Strong enough to knock down a tree?

Camille: With what?

Camille: My hands?

\*Camille scoffs at the idea.

Player: I don’t know, maybe?

\*Camille pauses as she looks at you with a confused smile on the brim of laughing.

Player: You never know till you try, right?!

\*Camille chuckles.

Camille: I don’t think now is the time to find out if I’m strong enough to knock trees over.

Player: Well, keep it in mind, because you never know.

Player: I’m sure you could punch us up a mean bench to sit on one of these days.

\*Camille rolls her eyes with a smile as she goes back to whittling her kindling.

\*\*Campfire conversation variable +1

\*\*Tree conversation variable +1

**\*Return to Initial Options**

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**(Leave)**

**\*\*Return to Campsite Hub**

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**(Julian)**

\*Julian is frantically looking through a crate of tools near the open hood of the truck.

Julian: Please, please, please, please…

Julian: I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry.

Julian: I swear I can fix it!

Julian: Just give me a second chance, please!

**\*(Is everything okay? / How’s Silas? / \*Let me help you / Leave)**

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**(Is everything okay?)**