Cloud Shaper narrative

**(Black screen)**

**Cloudy room, watery elements**

I can’t see anything…it’s too dark in here.

Someone is singing a song I don’t recognise.

A glimmer of light shines before my eyes, carried in the wings of a hooded figure.

Cirrus: Hey…who are you? And what are you doing in my back garden?

Stranger: (continues singing)

Cirrus: Hello? Old man?

Cirrus: …

Cirrus: I’m going back to sleep. My father’s hosting a public announcement tomorrow and I can’t miss it again, or he’s going to kill me.

Stranger: Wait…Cirrus…

Cirrus: ?

Stranger: Come here.

Cirrus: Alright.

In his wings lay a silver anklet, emblazoned with swirls and stars. It glowed even brighter when I stepped closer.

Cirrus: No way…is that a–

Stranger: A Cloud Shaper.

Cirrus: Those belong in museums! Why do you have one?

Stranger: Take it with you. The Aero District will need it soon, and I trust you’ll be able to use it.

Cirrus: Me? No, I’m just a choir understudy, I can’t wield something as strange and *complex* as this–

Stranger: I must leave before you wake up. Farewell, and use it wisely.

(Cirrus wakes up in home, wanders around. Rooms with interactive furniture, examples…)

**Bedroom**

Piano: a second-wing upright piano. It’s a bit dusty and a white feather peeks below the lid.

cloud beanbag (a cloud, basically): My childhood beanbag. My sister used to sing me our family lullaby to get me to sleep.

Bookshelf: Books of all sorts.

Music sheet on desk: ‘Variations on a Tune’ by Rachmanifluff.

Rainbow sculpture: A rainbow sculpture – a note is scrawled on the side: ‘For my beloved Cirrus.’

**Hallway to exit**

Painting: An acrylic painting of my home, the Aero District.

Waterfall feature: A water feature I bought with a friend. The rush of water creates a nice soundscape.

Sometimes I catch my sister bathing her feet in it.

Cutscene to **TOWN SQUARE**

Gale: Welcome to the biannual Spring Festival for all citizens of the Aero District!

Cirrus: *Here we go again.*

Gale: For centuries, we have prided ourselves in our contribution to the arts. While we work with Eaglestown to manufacture the finest quality goods, it is you all who are the clever minds behind our creations.

Our beautiful ice sculptures wing-made by our Melders, our books written by our Liners, and music sung by our Songmasters…

…the Aero District celebrates another successful year of creativity.

(Cheers and tweets from the crowd)

Gale: I’d like to invite my kin, Cirrus, to come upstage to present this year’s Creator of the Year Prize.

Cirrus: I better get going...

(Player is directed to walk upstage)

Crowd: (murmurs)

No way.

Skies, is that device what I think it is?

Last time we saw that was 200 years ago!

The prophecies were true…

ENTER (Eagle 1)

Sorry to disturb your pointless festival. I’m on command from the Chief of Eaglestown to, quite unfortunately, terminate the workings of the Aero District. Our funds must be prioritised and redistributed…*somewhere else*.

Cirrus: What, your petty feud with the Parakeets?

Eagle: Maybe. Who knows.

Gale: Sir, if you’d like to discuss this in my office, I’d be happy to. But if you threaten my citizens, we’ll have to take measures. Please allow us to finish the festival.

Eagle: Chief’s just sent a load of us to hold the District captive. Until you give in and join us in Eaglestown where we make more than silly paintings and sculptures, your city will collapse.

The crowd roars in disdain as the Eagle roughly shoves Gale onto the floor. I watch my father wince in pain.

Cirrus: Oh, that’s it!

(CUE first grid fight: Stranger gives the tutorial, in Cirrus’s head).

NPC LINES

(Purple NPC) I come from a line of master Melders. My great great great great grandfather designed the town hall.

My cousin sculpted an ice-hawk displayed in our museum.

Me? Well…

I’ve made portable toilets.

(Purple NPC) I’m starving. Want to catch lunch with me later?

There’s an awesome restaurant near the South bridge – heard it’s Parakeetian food. A rarity nowadays.

(Green NPC) Good morning! How goes it?

(Green NPC) Hi Cirrus, I loved your performance last week! You sang *mostly* in tune. I think.

(Orange NPC) I’m soo tired. I spent all of last night chatting with my friend from Eaglestown.

It’s getting harder to visit her though. The borders are swarmed with Eagle Patrol.

Any NPC (white ones)

-Oh….hello.

Um.

It’s nice to meet you. Sorry, I don’t really know how to talk to other birds.

-Have you seen my friend Nimbi anywhere? He’s the purple toilet-maker bird.

BIN

~~Cirrus: No, come back old man! You haven’t even told me how to make~~

* ~~Scene CUT: Cirrus’s cloudy home.~~

~~Nimbi: ….Waffles! Waffles are ready!~~

~~What in the skies was that dream? My heart drops when I see the clock chime nine. I’ve overslept again; I better get out of the house.~~

~~(Player goes through room(s) to leave, and if spoken to Nimbi, he says)~~

~~Nimbi: Sorry, completely forgot you should be out of the house by now. Go, go, go!~~

~~SCENE: main square (on the way to ‘Uni’).~~