

title drops down to reveal galaxy, which shows silhouette of falling person with bubbles like soda (make silhouette initially realistic and then dissolves into the cartoon silhouette)

Fear.

Disgust.

Shock.

To write good horror be it for film, television, literature, or anime fan-fiction, one has to utilize all 3 to their full potential to deliver a good experience. And in the world of fiction, we have many good examples to explore from that racist shit-head Lovecraft to the universally accessible Stephen King to the excellent social commentary of Jordan Peele.

But what happens when we no longer have that 4th wall to protect us?

A life dictated by horror; by these 3 pillars of terror would be a life of unimaginable dread suffered only in the silence of the person's imagination. They could go through their day to day lives and even close friends may not even know the darkened cloud that envelopes their heart. Most of us, thankfully, only live a modicum of horror such as the lose of a loved one or having the final season of our favourite show never be produced (fuck you whoever decided to cancel Dirk Gently after only 2 seasons; yeah I'm talking to whoever you are you sonofaBITCH!!!).

For Chloe, for our protagonist now knocked out cold and transcending to the cosmos like some type of bad metaphor in another type of story, this was her life. Despite whatever face she may put on, whatever reassurances she might tell others, she greeted every morning with the dissatisfaction of not passing in her sleep. Of having to deal with that Fear, that Shock, and that Disgust; a triple threat cocktail of abstract self-defeat that always prevented her from getting in life where she needed to go.

And though shortly she would so find herself awakened in a reality far away from one she ever knew, it would be here that her own personal horrors would force her to make a choice. Run at them head on until she realized they were no more than shadows across a child's bedroom wall, or finally lose that life long struggle to abstract horrors now made manifest.

Chloe awoke to the smell of cheap beer, Ramen, and unflushed shit.

load into bathroom; Chloe's character is a white silhouette and the rest of the bathroom is black silhouette except for washroom mirror. Character dialogue overlay does not include character image yet

CHLOE: **before player gets control**wh-... ugh what the... fuck is... what happened? Why are the lights so low?

CHLOE: Why the hell does my head hurt so much? And is the creepy Live, Laugh, Love brigade gone??... Oh thank christ it looks like they are.

CHLOE: SHIT! My head! I should check and see if I have a concussion.

** Make her leave stall to go to washroom mirror where after interaction, her character model and rest of the washroom is revealed**

CHLOE:

CHLOE:

CHLOE:

CHLOE: WHAT THE FU-

Cut away to fake nanny web overlay that states the site is temporarily blocked due to excessive use of inappropriate language

CHLOE: Ok... ok... breath. Everything is ok. You just bumped your head a bit. Probably tired after a long shift and that's leading to this hallucination. Where you're a cartoon character. With... with...

CHLOE: Yep with a camera lens for an eye. Makes sense. Holy fuck I really hope this isn't psychosis. They already checked for that at the clinic but maybe it's showing up now and oh no wh-

EMPTY: IT'S BEEN AN ETERNITY DONNY! WHERE THE FUCK IS THAT SOUP?!

EMPTY: *random series of wet growl noises*

EMPTY: I ALREADY TOLD YOU I'D DEAL WITH THAT BRIDGE WHEN WE CROSS IT!

CHLOE: Wait, someone is still in the mall? Am I even in the mall anymore? Until I figure out what's going on, I should just pretend everything is normal and make my way outside.

Leave washroom to restaurant. Middle of the Ramen bar rests Virgil currently arguing with the tentacled chef. Chloe tries to make her way past but is stopped shortly after passing Virgil

VIRGIL: Hey. HEY! Fleshy ball of anxiety trying to pretend like everything doesn't look weird and is secretly hoping to make it outside where her friend is waiting in... whatever the fuck a car is!

VIRGIL: Come over here for a second and help me!

CHLOE: I... yes hi I'm... Sorry were you talking to... oh god I might actually have-

VIRGIL: Look I don't know what psychosis is but you look perfectly fine to me. And more than fine you have 2 of those fleshy forks attached to you.

CHLOE: Fleshy f- do you mean my arms?

VIRGIL: Wait is that what they're called? RRRR-MZ? That's pretty weird. I woulda called them grabby grabs or Steve.

VIRGIL: Anyways that's unimportant. I need your help. I've been waiting 2 literal eternities for hentai horror show back there to make me what he claims is the single greatest bowl of Ramen in all of reality.

VIRGIL: He's almost done and now I've reached the uncrossable crossroad of how to eat it. Would you be willing to help out? I'll make it worth your while by giving you a dopamine boost from an act of kindness.

CHLOE: Sssssuuurrrreeee.

VIRGIL: Oh thank something. My brooding has been answered. It took so long to get here which as you can see, pretty difficult when you don't even have a body.

CHLOE: Ha. Yeah. Totally kno-

EMPTY: *WET CRASHING NOISE*

VIRGIL: No no no NO NO NO!!! DONNY! WHAT THE SHIT?!

EMPTY: *another series of wet growl noises*

VIRGIL: ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME!? ONLY ONE BOWL AND IT'S NOW ALL OVER THE GOD DAMN FLOOR!?!?

EMPTY: *another series of wet growl noises*

VIRGIL: NO I'M NOT GOING TO LICK IT UP WHAT TYPE OF QUESTION IS TH-

CHLOE: Hey so you two look like you've got some things to work through so I'm just gonna-

VIRGIL: No! No no no no wait! Hold on! Take me with you! Please

CHLOE: What? Why?

VIRGIL: I can't wait another 2 eternities for another bowl. Truth is I doubt this bowl would be worth that wait, but I've heard the ACTUAL best bowl exists in the circle just above where I'm sure you're heading.

CHLOE: Outside?

VIRGIL: What? No! I mean at the top of the Upward Spiral. That's where you're heading, right?

CHLOE: The what?

VIRGIL: Ok. Yes. You REALLY need to take me with you.

VIRGIL: Look I know you're not from here. I know it, you know it, and Bad Dragon back there knows it. And I promise you the moment you set foot outside that front door, it's only going to get weirder.

CHLOE: ...So this is real?

VIRGIL: I'm afraid so. But the good news is I'm a head in need of a body and you're a body in need of a head, so let me be your guide back to your home at the top of the spiral and when we get there, you just need to drop me off at this one place.

VIRGIL: Sound good to you?

CHLOE: I mean I guess. Don't really have much of a choice do I?

VIRGIL: That's the spirit! Now let's get out of here while Cookthulu lives with his failures. I'm Virgil by the way. And what the hell should I call you?

CHLOE: Chloe.

VIRGIL: Ooo! Cute! You pick it yourself?

CHLOE: Actually yeah.

VIRGIL: Dope. Then let's bounce. I got a boat just at the top of the hill outside we can use to get where we need to go.

CHLOE: I... fine ok. I still think this is some time of bad hallucination but let's just play it out for now.

Chloe picks up Virgil; no visual representation for Virgil anymore. Chloe heads outside to forested area similar to one on Earth.

CHLOE: I thought you said it was going to get weird?

VIRGIL: And I thought you were going to use your legs before you used your mouth. Looks like we're both disappointed at the moment so why don't you climb up that hill and we'll try this again.

Chloe goes up hill to bridge where psychedelic universe scene is available.

CHLOE: ...wow.

VIRGIL: Right? Looks like some burnt out stoner's shitty artwork.

Cut to video of Madeline lighting a bong; she stops

MADS: What the fu- Hey! Get back to the fucking story and let me self-destruct in peace!

Cut back to scene with Chloe at the start of a dock; location change