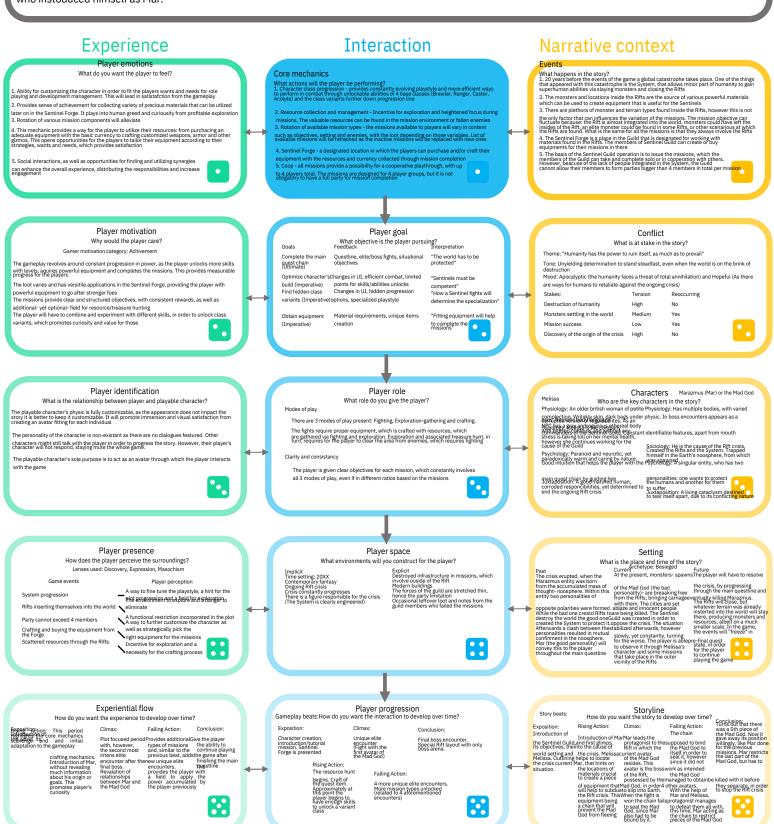
## Interactive digital narratives create appealing experiences for players by offering them opportunities for interaction in a narrative context

#### Core idea

Mad God's Trial is an action-RPG in which the player takes on a role of a Sentinel Guild recruit. The goals of this organization are: identification, localization and elimination of abnormal creatures and territories, which manifest around the world and wreak havoc wherever they appear. Those creatures appear through the Rifts- growing tears in space, reminiscent of fabric splitting at the seams, from which the abnormal terrain inserts itself into the regular world Sentinels are the members of the guild that have the access to the system, which allow the users to gain various powers by slaying those creatures. The end goal is to uncover the truth behind the apocalyptic phenomena and stop the destruction of the human race.

One liner: A new reqruit of the Sentinel Guild sets on the mission to defeat the Mad God and the Rift crisis with it, after a mysterious encounter with a person, who instoduced himself as Mar.



## **Trailer script**

FADE IN;

### SOUNDS OF STORM ECHOING THROUGH THE CAVE

A cave entrance, fully consisting of ice, created a dome of open space large enough for an elephant to move freely. Cave expanded further underground into three passages of nearly equal size, with the entrance covered entirely in a violent tempest. A party of 4 enters the cave through the storm: dim light emanates from the contours of the bodies as they passed through it. The members each had a weapon by their side: a sword, a bow, a stuff and- surprisingly- a pair of gauntlets. Their clothes varied drastically, however they all were white in colour.

Swordsman
(in authoritative and firm tone)

Focus up and be alert. Firstly, we will clean as much of the Rift as possible, after that we will move towards the boss. Mumbler, where is he?

The speaker had a bulky coat on, had a lean physic and welded one-handed sword with a thin and long blade. The unusual part about his equipment was the blade- it was yellow in colour and emitted an aura of light around it. The aforementioned Mumbler being the archer of the group- a man smaller in size compared to the swordsman covering himself in a cloak and a textile mask hiding everything on his face below eyes. Mumbler pointed to the right exit.

# Mumbler (Archer) (voice on the edge of whispering)

There.

Before the swordsman managed to order to advance in one of the two other tunnels, the man wearing gauntlets interjected.

Brawler? (cocky tone)

Cap, do you mind if we, let's say, head straight to the boss? I have... have to walk my dog-completely forgot about it~

The man was massive, dwarfing everyone else in size, with a bold head, baggy white pants and a light sleeveless jacket on otherwise bare torso. The gauntlets made of bronze-like metal covered his forearms

Captain (Swordsman) (annoyed)

Whoever you current date is, Brat, she or he will have to wait. I advise you to work on your memory, as I remind you that is not the only thing that you forgot today. There won't be a next time for you to fail to follow my command.

Brat (Monk)
(Teasingly, yet with tingle of ire)

It's fine, I will manage even without that warm armour. Even if I take a bit of damage, I will simply heal myself. I am a monk, after all. Besides, my gear is white as requested so I still half-fulfilled the order. Heh, even if this camo won't be of much use in these caves~

It was true, the caves were made of ice of light blue colour. Nobody knew the exact terrain and one can only make assumptions with whatever intel the guild could have identified about the Rift.

Captain (Swordsman) (annoyed even more)

Watch your attitude. Soon its cons will outweigh the pros of your variant class. Move it to the middle tunnel!

The last sentence was an order for the entire group as they continue to progress through the Rift.

INT. Middle tunnel inside the Rift.

The party progresses through the icy tunnels, only being able to navigate due to the spell of the last party member - a plump women in a furred white robe and a staff made of what seems to be a charred wood- that resembled a sphere of light that followed the party around. Suddenly Mumbler stops.

Mumbler (Archer)

Stop. I sense danger.

Captain (Swordsman) (Visibly tensed)

Where?

Mumbler (Archer)

....Nearby... Can't pinpoint it.

The only response this admission solicitated was a humph from Brat. Mage threw a piercing glance at him for that. A short time after the captain gave the orders.

Captain (Swordsman) (Still tensed)

Move on slowly. Stay vigilant.

As the party progressed the overall tenseness only increased. It was shared between all party members... Except from Brat. He was moving and looking like he went on a walk and not on a dangerous expedition, quite literally, inside another world. It was only a matter of time before something went wrong and soon it, unsurprisingly, did.

Something massive went flying down from the ceiling right on top of Brat, sticking to him. That thing was a giant centipede with colours and pattern on its chitin mimicking that of the surrounding tunnel. It's length was enough to completely circle around the monk as it restrained him and started biting into the exposed flesh. The monk yelped shortly in pain, as the swordsman practically barking out a single word.

Captain (Swordsman) (Agitated)

**GEEK!** 

Geek (Mage) (Collecting herself)

[Fireball]!

Brat yelled another time, from intense pain and burns, however due to elemental vulnerability of the centipede to fire it had been briefly stunned from the pain. That allowed him to rip the damn thing of his body and after that to rip it apart.

At the same time archer was just standing in front of his teammates ready to shoot anything that that might descend on top of them as well as on Brat. And, in fact, there were a few more centipede that were about to repeat the tactic of their hasty comrade, but all were sniped quickly after being spotted.

That is until one of the centipedes managed to sneak up upon the archer. It tangled itself around his leg and munched on it. The monk already on his way to help the archer with his predicament.

Parallel to this captain notices that there were more centipedes coming from within the tunnel. Momentarily assessing the situation, captain decided to block them off. The swordsman took a stance- the light around the blade grew stronger- and in a second erupted with attacks, directed towards the ceiling.

Captain (Swordsman) (Concentrated)

### [Slash barrage]

The slashes took on the same light as the blade of the sword. It appeared that the attacks not only crushed the ceiling melted some portions of ice. The tunnel could not withstand such abuse and collapsed onto still running centipedes.

INT. Middle tunnel inside the Rift. Dead-end

The swordsman began to turn in order to face his team. The monk already killed the bug that attacked the archer- who now lies on the floor- and the mage was standing in place nervously.

Captain (Swordsman) (Holding back anger)

...Heal him...

Brat (Monk)
(Embarrassed, yet trying to appear unfazed)

Sure thing, cap!.. [Lay on of hands]

The monk bend over the archers wound and placed both of his hands on top of his wound. Golden light emanated from the palms of monk's arms that sipped into the wounded flash, healing and mending it. Afterwards the same procedure was done to the healer's own wounds.

Captain (Swordsman) (analysing situation)

Geek, information about those bugs?

After all, there was a reason for her nickname.

Geek (Mage) (trying to recall)

those were the Azur-Ice Centipedes. They live in hives, probably it is in the direction we were heading. Commonly veins of frozen azurite can be found in the vicinity of their habitat... Also... One moment... ... ... Guys are you feeling alright? Obviously, she was referring to the archer-monk duo, which sat on the floor and leaned against the wall. Their skin began to pale ever-so-slightly. Captain quickly put two and two together.

Captain (Swordsman) (frustrated)

Please don't tell me...

Geek interrupted.

Geek (Mage) (worried)

Sir... Your guess is correct... Those bugs were poisonous. At first, the symptoms begin with skin rapidly becoming pale and light dizziness, but it progresses by numbing down persons body control and causing frostbite... Even if it is not lethal, it will still cause gradual damage.

Archer wasn't really bothered by the revelation, whether Brat... Well, he now experiences a varied palette of negative emotions caused by the simple fact that the origin of their predicament is him.

Brat (Monk)
(Guilt, embarrassment, nervousness)

Heh... Cap, I don't think that I can heal this stuff... But, damn, that was some proper camo, wasn't it?

Captain takes a deep breath to calm himself.

Captain (Swordsman)
(Barely containing himself)

Now is not the time... At base, however, you will face *the full extent* of consequences of not following orders and endangering everyone in the group...

The swordman begins begins to walk towards the cave entrance.

Captain (Swordsman) (Determinate)

Let's move on. We have to defeat the boss while you two can still operate.

INT. Cave entrance. Near the tunnel leading to the boss

The group came back to the cave entrance. And begins tries to identify possible bosses that can appear in the Rifts like that.

Geek (Mage) (In deep thoughts)

Sir, I strongly believe that the boss of the Rift will be an ice-troll. The habitat is fitting and I reckon that ice-trolls preys on those centipedes,

Team members begin to voice their opinions

### Mumbler (Archer)

Plausible,

### Brat (Monk)

Maybe it's troll, maybe it's not troll. We won't know, until we met `em. I reckon, we go there right now and deal with whatever monster there is.

### Captain (Swordsman) (Determinate)

We have to go now. Geek, focus on supporting Mumbler and Brat in this fight. By the least it will decrease impact of spells of weakness from the poison on the fight.

And thus the group approaches the boss arena. It was vast- about 2 or 3 times bigger than the cave entrance- full of icicle-like stalactites and stalagmites, in the centre of the cave lied an abhorrent humanoid monster. The size of the monster was that of several adult men. Its blue skin was covered in warts of different sizes. The nose was large, not just long, but large all around. The tusks extruding from the bottom jaw almost reached the eyelevel of the monster and whatever hair the creature had was lousy and scarce.

The monster lied down, however it wasn't sleeping. It was grumbling, kicking around, growling and overall seemed restless.

Geek (Mage) (Confused)

Is it just me or the troll seems sick?

Brat (Monk)
(Dismissive, in hurry)

Even better for as~

It was a common knowledge that Rift bosses are being sick without any external interference, usually in a form of a Sentinel Guild member. However, as the group was pressed on time they ultimately dismissed the phenomena and engaged the troll in combat.

The fight itself was following an easy pattern. Trolls were dumb and hence predictable. Brat, despite his partial lost of motor functions, stayed the closest to the troll, keeping it occupied, while others attacked with skills and weapons. When inevitably Brat gets hit he takes a lot of damage, however it was the kind of damage that this monk can easily heal. As such, whenever that happens the swordsman occupies the attention of the troll until Brat restores.

However, the unrest of the troll became even more apparent during the fight. It began to slip, trip, bash himself in the head and, in general, acting hectically. If the previous behaviour was unnerving for the Sentinels, his current one is straight up ominous.

Eventually fight leads to the monk attempting to connect a finishing move. He makes half-step to the troll with his gauntlets gloving the same light as the **[Lay on of hands]**, however that was the exact point when the troll lost it. And it does not refer to the fight. No, the troll was finally subdued by whatever was tormenting it, he simply gave up. The troll suddenly went limp and in a moments notice erupted in a wave of energy. The turbulences produces where distinctive of that of an ice, however it invoked a subtile feeling in the humans present there. None of them managed to save their composure in the face of something that wasn't yet truly there.

The troll fell down as he went limp, but as he was slowly standing up a sardonic, wide smile could be seen on its face. When he looked around the place and noticed humans, his smile became even larger and even more wicked. Sadistic and twisted intent was radiating from that entity.

Mumbler (Archer) (shock, dread, fear)

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!

Brat (Monk) (despair, shock)

WE HAVE TO KILL IT BEFORE IT KI-\*cough-cough\*

The monk started coughing mid-sentence, because the centipede poison reactivated, much more powerful than before. The next moment monk drops face-first into the ground and remains there. Completely motionless. The same fate seemingly struck the archer.

As the beast approached the leftover duo, he grabbed one of the stalagmites and ripped it of its base. Now armed with makeshift club he wasn't in a hurry to come to the humans. They can't run, they can't hide and they, sure as hell, can't fight. With each step closer to its prey the bigger the club became, as if it was growing a giant ice boulder on a handle.

Firstly, it approached the women, which was panicking, screaming nonsense and casting whatever skills were at her disposal. The troll was unmoving and approached her with an even pace. Once near he raised his club- now being bigger than the troll itself- and smashed the screaming woman to a meat pulp

Without ever hurrying, at the same pace as before he straightened his back looked right into the eyes of the captain and begun walking towards him. Before the troll approached the swordsman tried to grab his sword and assume a stance, to at least die an honorable death. However his body was fully paralyzed with despair.

Troll now standing right in from of the captain flashes him a smile and said in a broken voice

Troll (The Mad God)

Goodbye~

-The End-

Fade out