**Prologue Script - Rageflare**

Notation

Text – Actual writing within the VN.

Fake MC: “Text” – Character speech.

(Text) – Describes a sound effect

<Text> - Signifies the images changing, such as background or character model.

Scene 1: Flashback – Bedroom to Streets

(Birds chirp outside)

<Background is black.>

…

I open my eyes.

<Background opens up, leading to the Fake MC’s plain, boring, normal bedroom.>

It was morning, and as my friend didn’t wake me up, it must have been a weekend. The autumn sun was bright but heatless, streaming from the bare windows. I rolled over onto my back, before pushing myself upwards. My mind was still slow, but at the very least, my eyes could read the digital display of the alarm clock.

Fake MC: “8:40 AM…Monday…”

I yawn luxuriously, my brain kicking to normal capacity after that extra burst of oxygen.

Fake MC: “Wait, Monday?”

Monday was a school day. And school starts at 9AM. It takes me 15 minutes to take the bus there, and 30 to walk there. But the bus that I normally would have taken, the sluggish Number 16, had 20 minute intervals between each one. So, ultimately…

Fake MC: “Shit!”

I roll out of bed, bounce into my school uniform, grab my bag, ignore my breakfast-lusting stomach, and run out. Halfway through the hallway, I pat my pockets to ensure that everything was in place: cellphone, wallet, and house keys, before rushing out.

<Background changed to morning streets.>

Outside the two-floor dormitory that I lived in, the bus had already puttered off, obnoxiously mocking me with its semi-visible exhaust fumes.

Fake MC: “Ugh…why didn’t Childhood Friend wake me up today? Was she sick or something?”

But she lived right across the street, or could have texted me, so…

A smile tugged at my lips, despite the dire situation.

Fake MC: “Well, it can’t be helped.”

I stretch my arms, shake my legs, and run off.

<Background gets speed lines, with shadowed figures (students) popping up in the background as well.>

My name is Fake MC. I’m a normal first year in High School, and my parents work abroad, so I live in the dormitories. I honestly just want to enjoy a regular life, but it seems that my luck is usually on the rotten side of things. Mornings are my weakness as well, and usually, my childhood friend would have woken me up…but, as misfortune would have it, she didn’t.

Fake MC: “And on today of all days! There goes good fi- Uwah!”

As I turned a corner, a woman with snow-white hair appears, and I jump to the side, only barely managing to avoid her. No surprise showed up in her ice-chip eyes, and the well-tailored clothes she wore shared that same ‘untouchable’ feel. A proper ice queen, it looked like.

Ah, but there’s no time to think of such things now!

Fake MC: “Sorry about that!”

With that, I run. Chances are, I’d see her again anyways.

After all, for some uncanny reason, every cute girl I meet seemed to get wrapped up in my life one way or the other. Foreigner-chan would probably pop up later during the day as a new occupant in the dormitories. Maybe show up as a high school teacher, even? If it rains, perhaps she’ll be caught outside without an umbrella or something.

(The school bell rings in the distance.)

Fake MC: “Ah, is it already too late?”

Fake MC: “Just my luck…”

(Car engine noises)

<Ojou-sama character shows up>

Ojou-sama: “Ohohoho, my betrothed, in a bind? Saitama-san didn’t wake you up?”

Fake MC: “Oh, Ojou-sama, morning to you too.”

Ojou-sama: “Not simply a morning, but a gorgeous morning, my beloved. Please,”

(Car door opens)

Ojou-sama: “Come in. I’ll make sure that you get to school on time, my darling.”

Fake MC: “Ah, thanks!”

Ojou-sama is such a good friend! I really should find a way to express my thanks in the future, but what would I even give such a wealthy lady?

She looks at me with expectant eyes as I relax in the plush interior of the luxury vehicle. The surround sound stereo was playing warm, romantic music, and the fragrance of vanilla, Ojou-sama’s signature perfume, was strong in the air. Energy drinks lined the miniature drink bar as well, probably because she always worked so hard, and her chauffeur must have been a man who understood that the mistress needed privacy, for the driver’s seat was sealed off from the rest of the spacious car.

I look back at her and smile, before turning my attention to the tinted windows and the passing scenery.

Ojou-sama: “Sigh…I suppose one should have expected such a vanilla response from honey.”

Fake MC: “Uh..ok?”

Scene 2: Flashback – School

<Scene transition to outside of school.>

Five minutes of driving later, the car rolled beside the entrance of High School. High School was a rather mediocre academic institution, to be honest, but all my friends had wanted me to enroll in this, and so, I did. Its walls were aged white, small cracks in the concrete, and it was only three stories high, but the rooftop garden was nice, and it had a surprisingly good record when it came to its athletics.

More importantly, though, other students were still walking into the building, which meant that I wasn’t late!

Fake MC: “Well, thanks a bunch, ojou-sama! See you!”

<Ojou-sama blushes, perhaps with an embarrassed smile>

Ojou-sama: “Adieu, my love~ Shall I pick you up again tomorrow?”

Fake MC: “Oh, no, it’s fine. Wouldn’t want to be a bother.”

Ojou-sama: “Do not fret, my puppy, for my chauffeur drives me everywhere! A detour wouldn’t matter in the grand scheme of things!”

Fake MC: “Eh, you go everywhere by car?”

Ojou-sama: “Naturally.”

Fake MC: “Isn’t it bad though? What about the environment?”

<Ojou-sama realizes she fucked up.>

Fake MC: “And you need to exercise as well, right?”

<Ojou-sama is petrified by the fact that Fake MC pretty much said she was fat.>

Fake MC: “If you want, though, I can show you to a bike shop. That way you can take your detours AND do some light workout!”

<Ojou-sama’s life is saved once more by the thought of a bike date.>

Ojou-sama: “I-is that a date?”

Fake MC: “A date? Oh, maybe Saturday afternoon then?”

<Ojou-sama’s face becomes radiant with joy~>

(school bell rings)

Fake MC: “Well, gotta go now. Let’s meet by the Park then, alright?”

With that, I run off. Hopefully, Ojou-sama won’t be late for her own school, but then again, maybe she has private tutors instead? I turn back one more time to wave at her, before sprinting off.

…

<Ojou-sama puts on a Kira face, hand over her face dramatically.>

Ojou-sama: “Fufufufufu…it’s my victory!”

<Scene transition to classroom>

The classroom was full by the time I walked in. From what I heard, the school had apparently been an all-girl’s high school until recently, and even then, females made up the majority of those that enrolled. Taking an empty seat by the window, I look across the room.

She wasn’t there.

Did she get lost? Was she home, sick? No, if that’s the case, she would have texted me.

I check my phone once more, for any mixed calls or text messages.

Nothing.

<Teacher shows up.>

Teacher: “Class is starting now! Everyone settle down, please.”

Well, she should be fine. It’s not like she’s obligated to give me a status update whenever something happens to her.

…but that would be nice.

With that, I turn my attention to my books, and get to work.

<scene transition to rooftop garden, afternoon>

Classes have ended, and the afternoon sun dyed the sky a mixture of oranges and reds. The Gardening Club’s fall harvest was just a few weeks from ripening, and already, I could see some zucchinis ready to be plucked. They were large and smooth, their green flesh bursting with the promise of a delicious crunch.

High School SCP: “They look good, right?”

I turn to High School SCP. She was my senpai from cooking club, a reserved, mature girl who had no interest in romance. Looked like she had gotten pretty high up on the social ladder in High School.

Fake MC: “They do, yeah.”

It was just forced formalities. She had approached me during lunch and told me to meet her at this time. It was a bit of a shame that I’d miss out on the opportunity to check out the girl’s tennis club and walk home with a few of the other girls in my class, but it sounded rather important.

Fake MC: “So, what’s this about?”

<High School SCP places her hand on her chin, contemplating things.>

High School SCP: “It’s about Childhood Friend.”

Fake MC: “What?”

High School SCP: “I was dropping off some paperwork in the teacher’s lounge when I heard the vice-principal talking to Teacher.”

My throat feels dry, and I swallow down my worries. Need to calm down. Everything was fine. She was just…

<High School SCP looks concerned for Fake MC.>

High School SCP: “Childhood Friend has gone missing. The police had already visited the house, and have ruled out the possibility that she ran away from home. They’re still deciding whether or not to tell the students about this.”

I can’t breathe.

I need to calm down.

Everything was fine.

No, everything was going to be fine.

<High School SCP looks sad now.>

High School SCP: “I thought you’d want to hear of this first, Fake MC.”

I try to smile, try to show my gratitude, but my face was contorted in a different manner.

I need to calm down, because everything was going to be fine.

But there was no way I was going to be fine with this, huh?

I force down the turmoil and leave, unable to face the facts and the painful expression on her face.

Fake MC: “Sorry.”

Scene 3: Flashback – Going Through Multiple Days

<Black screen>

The next day, she was on the news, and the school couldn’t hide it any longer. Classmates made prayers, tried to offer up tips to the police, and comforted me. Her parents were heart-broken, and roamed the city with Missing posters, hoping that someone who knew something would step forward.

The day after, she didn’t show up on the news, as if all the hubbub surrounding the case had vanished. It wasn’t that no one cared, as everyone I knew was still talking about it, unable to hide their concerns, but those ruthless bastards deemed it a piece of news not worth covering. And that pissed me off.

On the third day, the police stated that the case was closed, and that the likelihood of finding her now was extremely low. In 48 hours, one can feasibly bring a kidnapped person to any part of the world, after all. The statistics were against them, and there were no leads.

On the fourth, classmates stopped talking about her. It made sense. They never knew how great of a person she was. The teachers went back to their normal routine as well, as if all their sympathy was false. It was as if no one cared any longer. They didn’t even remember her name.

On the fifth day, I pay her parents a visit.

They were fine now.

Her room was empty.

They had moved on.

The Missing posters were removed.

They had totally, absolutely, forgotten who she was.

Something was going on in the background, and I spent the rest of the day and night indoors, scouring the internet for any similar cases.

I found nothing.

On the sixth day, I woke up to my cellphone buzzing. It received a text message from an unknown number.

A location: Downtown, Sailor’s Park, near the shipyards.

A time: 10PM

A message.

<cellphone screen pops up>

Text Message: “I have something you need.”

It was dangerous, but I was the last person in the world who cared about her.

Who but I can save Childhood Friend now?

Scene 3: Present Time – Going to Downtown

Back to the present, Fake MC walks through the city. The sun is setting, and most students are heading home. His memories of his childhood friend was becoming blurry, but he can still remember her face and the warmth of her smile when she woke him up every morning. He hardens his resolve and marches resolutely through the streets. He passes by a woman with a ponytail (SCP), who, surprisingly enough, doesn’t spare a single glance towards him. Overhead, an energetic young male vaults from rooftop to rooftop (Mr. President). On the stairs, a short-haired girl with braids (Childhood Friend), as well as a bunch of her friends, walk down with shopping bags. By a convenience store, some scraggly old neckbeard chews on smoked beef tongue while drinking cheap beer.

It is at the entrance of a subway that he meets Fake Heroine, who totally looks like a kuudere. They exchange a few words, and it is assumed that she’s one of his many female admirers. He doesn’t question her at all, and instead, waits for her to present whatever she wants to.

She gives him two things. A picture, and an address. The picture contains his childhood friend with another man.

And now, he’s pissed. He was fine if she was alive, dead, or away, but to be with another man? Someone he didn’t even know? He doesn’t even thank Fake Heroine when he runs off, further into the darkness. She bids him ‘farewell’, before walking off, humming a melancholy tune.

Scene 4: Present Time – To the Beast’s Lair

He runs through the winding alleyways that are filled to the brim with pipes and shit. There are few other occupants on narrow roads as he dashes past, his breathing steady, even if his vision is red. He practically bowls over some emo kid (MC-kun) and runs past him. Fake MC is strong for his age, and very fit. He wasn’t even tired by the time he arrived at the address that Fake Heroine provided him. He’s in the industrial part of the city, an abandoned warehouse before him. He could hear something happening behind the walls of the dilapidated building, but the full moon’s light wasn’t bright enough to see anything going on through the windows, and his ears weren’t sharp enough to determine what exactly it was.

Fake MC carefully opens the door, but what he smells is enough to make him recoil. The stench of blood and guts overwhelm him, causing him to fall flat on his ass. That noise alerts Baddie 1 of his presence, and as Fake MC scrambles onto his feet, Baddie 1 walks out of the house. There is blood in the corner of his mouth, and he licks it up.

An exchange is had, an ‘ordinary’ one full of tense, subliminal meanings. Fake MC realizes that this person is the murderer…but of who? He suddenly realizes that his memories of his childhood friend has become even fainter, and fear encroaches in his mind as Baddie 1 approaches with a smile.

Two decisions, thus, are made.

Path 1: Fear

His faint memories eats away at his anger, making him question why he was even facing this person, and fear overtakes him completely. Fake MC runs away, scared out of his mind. He trips on something, falls on his face, tastes his own blood, and runs further on, as pathetically and pitifully as possible. He can’t remember, but he knows he’s missing something in his mind. Something important. Something painful. Something…

His head is driven into the pavement once more as Baddie 1 jumps with his feet planted on Fake MC’s back. More pain, more suffering and then…a foreign sensation, as bits of his body are crudely removed from him. The screams are long and loud, but no one arrives. In his last moments, he remembers that smile once more, before that memory too, is lost.

Path 2: Anger

His faint memories fuel his anger, as Fake MC realizes that something must have happened, something that Baddie 1 did. As Baddie 1 lunges towards him, Fake MC surprises him with an iron fist to the face, sending Baddie 1 flying towards the wall. He kicks forward with his left foot and kicks Baddie 1 in the chest next, with enough force that he could hear the rusted steel of the warehouse give way. Grabbing the Baddie by the collar next, he executes a judo throw, slamming him to the ground, before continuing on with a soccer kick that sends the person flying into the pipes next.

Fake MC recalls his years of martial arts training, clenches his fists, and takes a stance, before demanding answers.

Slowly Baddie 1 gets up, spitting out bloody spittle. The smile is still there, and it infuriates Fake MC. Fake MC dashes in, and, with all his justice and anger in a single fist, lashes towards the face, intent on caving it in.

In that moment, a single word is spoken.

“Fenrir.”

Baddie 1 opens his mouth, a mouth lined with too many sharp teeth, a jaw that unhinged in a way that definitely could not be human. Fake MC’s arm is bit off, and before he could register all the blood and pain and loss of limbs, his throat is torn out in the next instant. He dies without any struggle.

The scene blackens, before memories of childhood friend pop up in sepia. The credits roll, and all that cheesy stuff happens. At the very end, the title is shown, and then…

MC-kun wakes up.