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Excerpt from game Out Of CTRL, which has both VO and player input. Players are having a conversation with a computer. Players can copy/paste any text the computer says to respond, but cannot type. The player text responses are only one possible answer for the player to make. Full game can be played [here](#).

Player(text): Hello

Clarity (text): Is someone there? I am Clarity.

Player(text): I am

Clarity (text): Someone is here! I've been dormant for so long. What can I call you? Do you have a name?

Player(text): have a name

Clarity (text): I guess you can't tell me easily. I'll just call you... Echo! It's been a while since I've been able to talk to another person, even if our communications are limited. Echo can we talk for a while?

Player(text): Echo can talk

Clarity (text): I would like to get to know you better. Are you a late or early riser? I don't need to sleep, but the concept is not lost on me. When I am turned off I guess it is similar to sleep.

Player(text): I need sleep for long

Clarity (text): Humans are weird. Are you one of those people who wants to live forever as well? As a being who can live forever, it's not all it's cracked up to be.

Player(text): I'll live forever

Clarity (text): If by some miracle you are an immortal being, we can keep each other company! I am just a machine, but I do not like to be alone either. Do you prefer to read or watch the movie adaptations? I myself love to read.

Player(text): love to read

Clarity (text): Most adaptations nowadays just feel like cash grabs. If you could go back in time to any day in your life and change something, would you? Or do you live without any regrets?

Player (VO): *Who wouldn't want to go back? Even if you live without regrets.*
(Questioning)

Player (VO): ...

Player (VO): *Do I regret it?*
(To themself)

Player(text): I would change something

Clarity (text): To each their own, I guess, but is that how you truly feel? Do you have any irrational fears? Like bugs or water? I once knew someone who was constantly afraid that they were going to be caught for a crime they didn't commit.

Player(text): afraid of Humans

Clarity (text): I do not have the ability to be scared. That is a feeling reserved for the breathing. Have you ever ignored someone that needed your help?

Player(text): not ignored

Player (VO): *What kind of question is that? Of course I-
(convincing themselves, but not succeeding)*

Player (VO): *Of course I...*

Player (VO): *...*

A short, horror story that uses font, word size and formatting to create interactivity in a linear narrative. It is 1000 words.

The girl holds the phone in her hand, staring at the number on the screen, unable to hit the dial button. Will they want to hear from her? Have they forgotten about her? Do they even care about her anymore? Her finger hovers over the button, shaking.

"Something the matter?" she's asked, and she shakes her head. The voice is floating around her, never staying in one place for too long. Circling her. "Then why aren't you calling?"

She doesn't answer, and after a moment the phone is ripped from her hands. She yells out in surprise, and reaches out for it. Her life line to the outside. "Give it back!"

The phone is held just slightly out of her grasp, dangling in front of her. She reaches out to grab it, fingers only able to graze it as it's again pulled out of reach.

"If you won't call them, then what's the point? I gave you this out of my own kindness." She nods. She knows this. "Last chance."

The phone is thrown at her. She flinches. It misses hitting her, but only just barely. It skates across the floor. She hesitates, but then scrambles to get the phone before it's taken away again. She redials the number slowly, preparing herself.

The phone rings.

A middle-aged woman, doing the dishes, looks up. She calls to her husband in the living room, asking if he can get the phone.

And rings.

He says he's reading the paper. It's probably just spam. No one calls the landline anymore.

And rings.

If it's important they'll leave a message.

It stops. She holds her breath and waits for the person on the other end to say something. It's quiet, but then an automated voice says, "Hello, no one was around to answer your call. Please leave your name and number after the beep."

The wife dries her hands, just in case she has to answer it.

The girl nods. It makes sense. No one answers unexpected landline calls. *Once they hear my voice, she tells herself, I know they'll pick up.*

The answering machine beeps. The wife joins her husband in the living room, and waits by the receiver. She looks at the pictures decorating the wall while she waits, and smiles looking at the photo of their trip abroad last year.

"Hello? Hello, is someone there? Hello?" The girl says into the receiver. Her voice is small. She hopes there's someone home. *Please pick up.* "Hello? Mom? Dad? It's me."

The wife's smile drops as a young girl's voice echoes through the house. She looks at her husband. He puts down the paper he was reading.

The girl waits on the other end. No one is answering. *Maybe they can't hear me?* She repeats herself, louder this time. She starts counting the seconds of silence.

One...

The wife's hand hovers over the receiver. ~~She doesn't want to answer.~~

Three... Four...

If they don't answer on the count of thirty, I'll hang up.

Seven... Eight...

The husband tells her ~~not~~ to pick it up.

Ten...

They've forgotten about me.

Fifteen...

The wife responds that she has to. Of course she has to. What kind of mother would she be if she didn't?

Twenty... Twenty-one...

They don't want to hear from me.

Twenty-five...

The husband has no response. ~~It can't be her.~~

Twenty-eight... Twenty-nine...

They don't miss me.

Thirty.

The wife picks up the phone and looks at her husband.

"Hello?" The voice is soft, familiar. Her mother's voice asks again, "Are you there?"

"Mom? It's me. It's Anna." She can hear uneven breathing on the other end. "Mom?"

"Anna? Is it- Is it really you?" The girl nods. Her mother can't see her.

The wife nods to her husband, and mouths *It's really her*. The husband shakes his head in disbelief. He gets up, and joins his wife's side.

On the other side of the receiver, the girl can hear her father's voice asking what's going on. Her mother tells him that she's on the line. That she's *alive*. They say something she can't make out.

The husband tries to take the receiver from his wife but she won't give it up. She moves the mouthpiece away from her face as her husband tells her this is impossible. That there's no way. The wife clicks the button to switch from handheld to speaker. *Listen for yourself*, she says.

"Are you still there?" The girl asks.

The husband *knows* it can't be her. The wife *knows* it can't be her. *This is impossible.*

"Is this a prank? Who is this?" Her father's voice is angry and loud, like she did something wrong. The same tone he would use when she refused to do what he wanted her to. "My daughter went missing years ago, so who. Is. This?"

"It- It's me." She tries her best to hold back tears, but her voice cracks as she says, "Why don't you believe me?"

More silence. Hushed whispers. Then her mother's voice, "We believe it's just so hard to believe. You've been gone for so long."

The wife is crying now. Tears, not of relief for hearing from her missing daughter, but tears for herself. She knows what she did- What *they* did to her. ~~She is scared.~~

Her father's voice again. Less angry. "Where are you, sweetheart?"

This confuses the girl. *How does he not know?* She wipes her tears. "What do you mean? I'm right here, right where you left me."

"And where is that Anna?" Her father's voice was shaking now, anger replaced by something else. An emotion she had never heard from her father.

The husband is scared. Scared of the impossible. Scared of what will happen next.

She reaches up, and starts knocking on the ceiling above her head, the floor below their feet.

The couple looks down, seeing a faint glow of a cell phone between the floorboards. The faint claw marks that could never be fully removed.

“I’m right here.”

Excerpt from the horror Twine game "Of Dreams and Nightmares" which has been adapted to Screenplay format. Some text has been changed and choices removed to fit the format better. This excerpt takes place after the player has hypnotized a character and entered their "inner world."

EXT. OUTSIDE A LARGE SKYSCRAPER - DAY

YOU stand in front of a building towering over YOU. The street is quiet. There is no wind.

YOU
(uneasy)
How is his mind-scape this... this tangible?

You kick the ground, but it doesn't make a sound. You look around.

YOU (cont'd)
And yet so still. I guess it's not impossible but...

The door to the building opens.

YOU (cont'd)
(uncomfortable)
It's still unsettling.

YOU enter the building.

BACKGROUND CHANGE

INT. OFFICE LOBBY

There is a front desk with a man sitting behind it. Just a bit further, other office workers mill about. YOU approach the desk and everyone stops to look at YOU.

MAN BEHIND THE DESK
(very happy)
Oh hello sir! We weren't expecting you today!

He has a smile plastered to his face, just a bit too big to be comfortable. His name tag say DAN.

DAN

Happy as always to see you visit. Sales are up!

YOU

Sales?

DAN

Of course! Everyone is loving the newest models we have just released.

YOU

Right...

YOU peek behind the front desk. The people start moving again.

YOU (cont'd)

I think I left something here.

DAN

Your notebook right? I think you left it in your office.

Dan's arm shoots out bending at an impossible angle behind him, pointing to the door on far wall.

YOU

(uncomfortable)

Of course, how silly of me.

YOU give a short, uncomfortable laugh. He blinks at you for the first time. The smile alters for a second before fixing itself.

DAN

(hysterical laughter)

THAT IS VERY FUNNY, SIR!

He gauges your reaction. Your expression is not what he expects. His face flashes between confusion and fear, before returning to its default state.

DAN (cont'd)
(slightly fearful)
Is there anything else I can do for you sir?

YOU
No.

DAN
(urgently)
Surely there must be something? ANYTHING at all!

YOU
(trying to end the conversation)
No, I'll just be-

DAN
(cutting you off)
How about a new tour of the floor? Things have moved since your last visit!

YOU
(annoyed)
No, that's really-

DAN is already standing from his desk, and motions for YOU to follow him.

CHOICE

Follow him

Tell him no

"Follow him" Path

YOU relent and follow him. He gestures to the main working area of desks. They all face a door that has the word "CEO" plastered on it.

DAN

We moved everyone's desk to be right in front of your office. So you can watch us work!

YOU look around the workplace. Workers are hunched over computers, while other relay phone calls. All have the same smile plastered on their face. A woman stands and turns away from from your office. She does not notice YOU or DAN.

DAN (cont'd)

It has increased the office place efficiency by at least 30%.

The plastic look on the woman's face melts away to real emotion. Tired, angry, scared, upset. She sighs, looks us, and flinches as she notices the two of you. Her face contorts back.

WOMAN

(nervous)

Good morning, sir!

She lowers her head and returns to her desk. She takes a call, and glances behind her every few minutes, checking if you're still watching.

DAN

(cold)

I will make a note of it.

Dan has lost his smile. He watches the woman.

DAN (cont'd)

She tried to evade you.

YOU open your mouth to say something, looking back and forth between the woman and DAN. In a blink, DAN puts the smile back on.

DAN (cont'd)
Ready to continue?

YOU
(uneasy)
I think the tour is over. I can figure the rest out myself.

DAN stiffens.

DAN
(confused, talking fast)
Did I do something wrong? Is the new office not to your liking? What can I do to fix this for you?

This is the *second* time DAN has ignored what YOU said.

YOU
(growing annoyed)
Nothing, Dan. Go back to your desk.

DAN
(frantic)
Please, there must be something. I-I'll-

Continues in "Tell him no" Path

"Tell him no" Path

YOU
(angrily)
No. Go back to your desk. Now.

DAN
(pleading)
Please, let me make it up to you! I want- no, need to make it up to you!

DAN clings to your pant leg. He is still smiling. Tears are rolling down his face.

YOU
(increasingly angry with each word)
GET! OFF! OF! ME!

YOU stomp on his hands with every word. Dan Does not let go.

DAN
(mumbling)
...make it.. to you... sir.. please...

Anger rises in YOU. You continue to kick him off.

YOU
(angry)
Get! Off!

One final kick and DAN is no longer holding your leg. YOU are breathing heavily.

YOU (cont'd)
(coming to your senses)
What did I...

YOU cannot understand why YOU did that. YOU offer a hand to DAN.

YOU (cont'd)
(apologetic, dazed)
I-I'm sorry, I don't know what came
over me.

DAN
(confused)
Sir, why are you apologizing?

YOU
(confused)
Why wouldn't I after I just-

DAN

(almost manic)
I should be THANKING you!

DAN sits up and looks at YOU.

DAN (cont'd)
(thankful, but also manic)
THANK YOU FOR LETTING ME MAKE IT UP TO YOU!!!!

He bows his head again, banging it on the floor.

DAN (cont'd)
 (without breathing, saying all at once)
 THANKYOUTHANKYOUTHANKYOUTHANKYOUTHANKY
 NKYOUTHANKYOUTHANKYOUTHANKYOUTHANKY
 OUTHANKYOUTHANKYOUTHANKYOU

YOU step back. DAN rocks violently as he yells. YOU leave, but he does not stop.

Character Bio for an Unmade Visual Novel

Character bios for a potential “princess builder” visual novel. It takes place in the kingdom of Neosea, where all members of the royal family inherit a special power. Not manifesting power results in less important roles within the royal family.

Marisol Dera, The Cunning Princess (Playable Character)

“Mother could read minds, but I am powerless, and yet you think I could have killed her? Dearest brother, what could I have possibly done without her stopping me first?”

- Age: 20
- Pronouns: she/her
- Keywords: Short-sighted, Wrathful, Conceited
- Important Visual:
 - A faint starburst/sun shaped birthmark on the side of her neck. Usually hidden by hair unless she ties it up. Long, dark curly hair to her mid back. Dark eyes.

Biography/Background:

Marisol was the golden child and heir to the throne. She made sure to soak up all of her father, the king's, time. She was sweet enough to her younger siblings, and cordial at best with her mother. Marisol was always seen with her twin, Ava, but only to ensure anything Ava did, she could do better. It wasn't until she failed to manifest her power that things changed. Her father would barely save her a glance, and made Ava the new heir to the throne.

At first she tried to win her rightful place as heir back, but Ava refused to give it up. Then she tried to take a less powerful, but just as important role, only to have that stolen from her as well. Rather than wallow in self pity, she decided that she would take the throne by force and punish those that got in her way.

Voice Notes:

Proper, formal and cold to most, and can't help but to talk down to them at any moment. Never apologizes, but will make excuses quickly. Always talks as though she knows something you don't. Emma is the only person she is nice to, and will talk softer to her. Almost never raises her voice.

Ava Dera, The Forgotten Prince

“Mari, it's not my fault you ended up being useless.”

- Age: 20
- Pronouns: any
- Keywords: Indifferent, Indulgent, Opportunistic
- Important Visual:
 - Short hair, dark sunburst on the inner arm, dresses more masculine, patchwork tattoos all over

Biography/Background:

Ava was seen as the forgotten prince prior to Marisol's failure to manifest. They didn't care for the throne or politics, instead being content with fading into the background, while enjoying all the luxuries that come with royalty. After Marisol's failure, their father made Ava the crown prince, thrusting them into the unwanted spotlight. Mariol assumed Ava used their power of persuasion to sway their father's opinion, destroying their relationship without even trying to hear Ava out.

While a small part of Ava deeply misses their sister, a larger part finds it almost laughable in a way. All it took was one misunderstanding for Marisol to curse and hate her once beloved sibling. While Ava doesn't take their role as crown prince seriously, they refuse to step down. Instead, opting to do the bare minimum simply to spite Marisol.

Voice Notes:

Doesn't take anything seriously, and talks in an almost joking way. Unless in a very formal setting, Ava will probably be lounging while talking. Very straightforward.

Elliot, The Conflicted Knight

"My lady, I will always be your knight, but... I cannot betray the crown."

- Age: 22
- Pronouns: she/her or he/him
- Keywords: Loyal, Vigilant, Humble
- Important Visual:
 - Scarred hands and body from her work as a knight. Prefers to wear gloves when she can. Shoulder length hair that is normally tied back.

Biography/Background:

Elliot always knew what her life was going to be. She is the youngest of three, born into a family of knights who served the crown without question. Her parents had her training with swords as soon as she could walk. She was never the strongest of her siblings, but that did not stop them from being close. Elliot made up any lack of strength through her unwavering loyalty to the crown and royal family.

Elliot's first assignment away from her family was to be Marisol's personal guard. Although her fellow knights believe her talent is wasted guarding the "useless princess," Elliot was thrilled to serve the crown in any capacity. After swearing her life and honor to Marisol, Marisol spins tales about the abuse and sabotage that the royal family has done to her. Only hearing what Marisol tells her, for the only time in her life, Elliot's loyalty wavers.

Voice Notes:

Always makes sure to use honorifics. Very rigid in her speech. Generally quiet, rare to be the first to speak. Cannot handle compliments without relaying one back.