

## MNEMOSYNE – SAMPLE GAME SCRIPT

**CONTEXT:** While travelling through the Deep Dark of Mnemosyne, guided by the directions of the Angler Guide, a fellow inmate, the prisoner and the child encounter a part of a mountain range.

*The prisoner and the child stand before a large cliff. When they reach it, the camera pans up the imposing stretch, transitioning into a cutscene.*

PRISONER: ...He said this was the place.

CHILD: We're... we're climbing that?

PRISONER: Aye. Come now, we can't tarry.

*They step forward a couple steps, then stop when the child doesn't follow. Turning around, they see the child nervously inching backwards, eyes fixed on the cliff.*

CHILD: I... I don't think I can do it.

PRISONER: Why? I'll carry you.

CHILD: It's too tall.

*With a visible sigh, the prisoner kneels before the child. They take his hands in their own.*

PRISONER: Look, I promised you that we'd make it out of here alive. It's just a cliff, and you'll be with me the whole time.

CHILD: But-

PRISONER: It'll be okay. Just don't let go.

CHILD: ...You won't drop me?

PRISONER: *(gently)* No.

*The child nods. The prisoner turns around, offering their back to the child, who climbs on, grabbing hold of their neck in a nervous grasp. The cutscene ends and gameplay begins.*

Trigger	Speaker	Line/Action
<i>Below are possible audio segments that play as the player moves through an area. One plays every few minutes depending on the player's distance from the next checkpoint.</i>		
<i>Segment 1</i>	Child	...Can I ask something?
	Prisoner	Go on.
	Child	Are those... scars on your arms?

	Prisoner	No, they're tattoos.
	Child	Oh. Where did you get those from?
	Prisoner	...I don't think I can answer that.
	Child	...Sorry.
	Prisoner	No- no, it's alright. Why ask, though? Do you like them?
	Child	They're cool, aye. I wish I had something like that.
	Prisoner	You're much too young for tattoos of this size. But, maybe when we have some time, I could show you some smaller designs.
	Child	You'll give me one? Really?
	Prisoner	Perhaps. We shall see.
<i>Segment 2</i>	Child	Do you... remember anything about your life before the prison?
	Prisoner	Not much. But it's coming back to me, bit by bit, as I recover my memories.
	Child	Then do you remember where you lived?
	Prisoner	I was a fisher.
	Child	You fished?
	Prisoner	Aye. Once, I caught a fish with a thousand colours on its scales. It was unusual, unlike anything I'd caught.
	Child	Could it have been a Benthos?
	Prisoner	...No. It was too colourful. The Benthos are... drab. It couldn't have been.
	Child	I hope not... I hope not.
	Prisoner	Relax. I'm sure it wasn't. They hate the light; no Benthos would go to the surface.
<i>Segment 3</i>	Child	...
	Prisoner	Something on your mind?
	Child	What's your favourite food?
	Prisoner	Erm, seaweed wrapped fish, probably. Fried tastes best.

	Child	That sounds good... do you know how to make it?
	Prisoner	Surprisingly, yes.
	Child	Could you show me how to make it sometime?
	Prisoner	When we find some shelter, I can. You don't know how to cook?
	Child	I don't.
	Prisoner	...Then I'll teach you. It's not that hard, you'll see.
<i>Player reaches checkpoint 1</i>	Prisoner	Hold that thought, actually; we can talk later.
	Child	Why? Wh- what's going on?
	Prisoner	Nothing, don't fret. It's just a chasm. I want you to hold on tight, okay?
	Child	Don't drop me!
<i>Player reaches checkpoint 2</i>	Prisoner	Speaking of... we're almost there. One more hurdle.
<i>Player reaches checkpoint 3</i>		<i>Player control ends.</i>

PRISONER: We're here. Look, that's where we started.

*The child cautiously looks back down the stretch of cliffs and chasms.*

PRISONER: Doesn't look so bad, does it?

CHILD: No, it doesn't.

*The prisoner approaches the child, and he looks up at them.*

CHILD: How much longer?

PRISONER: ...I don't know. We're at the very bottom of Mnemosyne, it'll be a long way yet.

CHILD: *(Sniffing)* ...I wanna leave.

*With a sorrowful face, the prisoner takes the child's hand.*

PRISONER: And leave we shall. Come now.

*The two leave the area, the camera panning over the stretch before them, a long grey path of stone, before it looks up at the shimmering waves above, the lights of the Benthos breaking up the dark.*