**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.*

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| **Trigger** | **Speaker** | **Line/Action** |
| *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.* |  |  |
| *Segment 1* | 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. |
| *Segment 2* | 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. |
| *Segment 3* | 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. |
| *Player reaches checkpoint 1* | 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! |
| *Player reaches checkpoint 2* | Prisoner | Speaking of… we’re almost there. One more hurdle. |
| *Player reaches checkpoint 3* |  | *Player control ends.* |

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.*