

## #1: Multiple Choice Cutscene Script

*A cutscene with player dialogue choices. The choices are designed to be false – they offer the player the illusion of choice, but all lead the same NPC response.*

INT. THE "KILL ROOM"

The PC is now fighting and running with two swords. They leap atop an obstacle and jump back off, doing a somersault to land on their feet.

As before, during the “burst,” time slows down. But this time, something is wrong. (Introduce menacing music here.) The flip goes too far. We see the PC’s expression change from excitement to growing horror.

Time resumes its normal speed. They land on their stomach, hard. The two swords skitter across the room, out of reach. The PC groans and slowly tries to push themselves up. They get up on their hands, but when they get on one knee, it wobbles and then skids back out from under them. They fall on their stomach again.

PC  
(looking back at limp legs)  
What the...? Oh, no.

PC tries to kick their feet. The motion is clearly sporadic and then stops altogether.

PC  
(growing levels of panic)  
No, no, no, NO.

They panic for a few more seconds, then look at Dr. Abram, who is making notes on his clipboard.

PC  
A: Doc, are you seeing this?!  
B: You can fix this, can't you?  
C: Please don't tell me this was a temporary thing.

DR ABRAM  
(still writing)  
There's nothing wrong with you. You burned through your body's supply of Aqua Fortis, that's all.

PC  
(struggles with this for a few seconds)  
A: My what?  
B: You mean that yellow stuff you injected into me?  
C: But...isn't Aqua Fortis from medieval alchemy?

DR ABRAM

Aqua Fortis is a product designed and manufactured by my corporation. Without going into the boring details, it's what permits you to stand. The surgery was only to install the port.

PC

A: So...so when can I get more?

B: Where's my refill?

Dr. ABRAM finally looks up from his clipboard. His expression is cold.

DR ABRAM

Tell me, how do you intend to pay for it?

PC

A: Pay?

B: Oh, shit.

DR ABRAM

It's a rare formula, not available for purchase on the general market. Around \$100,000 a vial. Can you afford it?

PC

A: But...but this was sponsored by the company! They donated the surgery costs to me!

B: That's some serious price inflation.

C: Who d'you think I am, Bruce Wayne? This ain't that kind of game.

DR ABRAM

Let me make this clear. The surgery was donated to you. The formula was not.

PC

A: You can't be serious.

B: Can I speak to the manager in charge?

C: I knew this was a bad idea.

DR ABRAM

Fortunately, the company is prepared to cover the costs of the many, many vials of Aqua Fortis needed to maintain your recovery in the years to come. (pauses) Provided, of course, that you do as you're told. Nothing too onerous--a little body-guarding, a little reconnaissance. And, of course, you will reside here at corporate headquarters.

PC

(Long pause as this all sinks in. Then, quietly but intensely:)  
You screwy *bastard*. You set me up.

DR ABRAM  
(scribbling on clipboard)  
Don't be ridiculous.  
(slight pause)  
My parents were married.

Dr. ABRAM looks up from the clipboard and shoots an amused glance at the PC.

DR ABRAM  
And you're the one who's screwed.

## #2: Dialogue

*A fictional interview written for a humorous retro-1950s sci-fi podcast.*

Anchor: Our main story today is the tragic loss of the *USS Nebraska*, flagship of the US Pacific Fleet. Wake Island Tracking Center lost contact with this Tesla-class carrier at 6:35 am yesterday PST. The final transmission from the ship made no mention of any difficulties and there was no dangerous weather reported in the region, so the cause of the carrier's disappearance remains a mystery. The *Nebraska* carried a full complement of 4,462 sailors, most of whom were aboard at the time of the ship's disappearance. Fortunately, the commander of the carrier, Admiral Lillian Stern, was at Pearl Harbor attending briefings on the recent reports of piracy in the Pacific. Search efforts are now underway. Vessels from the Pacific fleet have been combing the area searching for any wreckage or survivors, but so far have located neither.

The Office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff issued a statement at a press conference early this morning. They assure the public that the search for the *USS Nebraska* and her crew will continue, and a full investigation is currently underway. Although piracy has been reported in the region, the Joint Chiefs of Staff state that there is currently no evidence that the *Nebraska's* disappearance was the result of hostile actions.

Our guest today is our PBS senior correspondent for Naval Affairs, Bob Sendit. Bob is joining us from Naval Headquarters at the Heptagon in Washington, via radiophone provided by another of our fine sponsors, Isotope Communications.

Anchor: Bob, thank you for joining us today. Can you hear us clearly?

Bob: Hello James and hello listeners. Yes, the reception is excellent with this new radiophone!

Anchor: Tragic news about the *USS Nebraska*. Can you elaborate any more on the response from the Joint Chiefs and what the carrier's disappearance means for the region?

Bob: Well, James, so far we're still not certain that the ship has been destroyed. Highly placed sources say that it is likely there has just been some communication or navigation failure, and we'll soon discover the ship intact, which will be great news for the families of those sailors.

Anchor: [slightly hesitant] Well...it would be great news, Bob, and I hope you're right, but that doesn't seem to be the conclusion of the Office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff or the operators at Wake Island Tracking Center. They've reiterated several times now that search efforts are underway for the remains of the *Nebraska* or any survivors.

Bob: [optimistic despite the evidence] That is true, but it's still a possibility that the entire ship will eventually, ah, will eventually be recovered. As we all hope it will.

Anchor: We certainly do, Bob. Can you tell us more about these recent reports of piracy in the region, and might they have anything to do with the *Nebraska*?

Bob: Well, James, they do have something to do with the *Nebraska*—the *Nebraska* was there to investigate the attacks. And so far, I can tell you, they haven't found much at all, not much at all. These aren't eighteenth-century swashbucklers; it's a few ships from a handful of banana republics in the area, robbing fishing boats. There's really no... uh, really no probability that they had anything to do with the *Nebraska*'s temporary disappearance. Uh, let me remind you that the *Nebraska* is the flagship of our Pacific fleet and carries a full complement of strike aircraft. There is little to no possibility that one of these small pirate ships could pose a threat to the *Nebraska*.

Anchor: Well, that is certainly a relief. Yet Admiral Stern seems to be taking these reports seriously, enough to host a series of briefings at Pearl Harbor.

Bob: Yes, Admiral Stern has been confronting the problem head-on. She believes firmly that tolerating any level of piracy, even the amateurish displays we're seeing now, is a violation of international human rights and the greater good of the world. As you can imagine, James, she's absolutely devastated that this has happened in her absence and will be very relieved when the *Nebraska* is located once again.

Anchor: If it's located again.

Bob: Yes, of course.

Anchor: Thank you, Bob, I think that's all the time we have for now.

Bob: Thanks for having me. This is Bob Sendit, reporting for PBS News.

Anchor: You've been listening to the PBS Evening News for July 17th, 1953. This is James Dixon, wishing you a brighter tomorrow.

### #3: Comic Script

*Three pages of a time travel comic script developed as part of a guitar tutorial game.*

#### PAGE ONE

**Panel One:** PC is standing on the sidewalk surveying a street very similar to the one above: definitely urban and rather grungy/dirty, but also colorful and full of character, with many interesting and quirky details. People visible on the street are dressed in 70s style.

PC [italics]: *Well. This is...not the shop.*

**Panel Two** [small, set in the corner of Panel One]: PC has turned around and is looking at the wall behind them, which is of blank gray concrete and has a number of peeling, weathered signs and notices plastered over it. PC has one hand on the concrete, touching it to make sure it's real.

PC [italics]: *And that is not the door!*

#### PAGE TWO

**Panel One:** Still looking at the concrete wall, but zoomed in on one particular poster, one that reads Annual Rock the Roads Concert 1973. Below this headline is a list of performers (print does not need to be legible). The poster is visibly newer and more recent than the other posters it partially covers.

PC [italics]: *1973? No. No way.*

**Panel Two:** The same street scene as before.

PC [italics]: *It can't be...*

**Panel Three:** The PC's hand looks down and to their right, where their guitar case is resting on the sidewalk beside their feet. They extend a hand to pick it up.

PC [italics]: *Where am I?*

**Panel Four:** The PC now looks down and to their left, where the Spirit's pedal is resting on the sidewalk. They extend a hand to pick it up.

PC [italics]: *What did that Spirit DO to me?*

#### PAGE THREE

**Panel One:** The PC is now walking down that street. The tip of the guitar case is visible in the

corner of the panel (because the PC is carrying it).

PC [italics]: *If this is really the 70s, and not some kind of sick joke or a dream...*

**Panel Two:** The PC has stopped. The guitar is resting on the sidewalk, and their right hand has just emerged from their pocket, holding a handful of wadded-up dollar bills. They are holding the pedal in their other hand, against their chest, so it is also visible in the frame.

PC [italics]: *Then I've got ten dollars in my pocket, and a debit card for a bank account that won't exist for another forty years.*

**Panel Three:** Same street scene as panel one, but zoomed in on a pawn-shop sign some distance down the street.

PC [italics]: *Am I gonna have to hock my guitar just to...*

**Panel Four:** The pedal in the PC's hand emits blue sparks, hurting the PC.

PC [italics]: *Ow!*